

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 405

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## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 406

Chapter 406 Victor Carries Joey

It was just a little past nine o'clock, and the snack street had started getting crowded. In front of each snack stall, there was a long line of customers who were waiting for their turns to be served. The snack street here was different from the one that was near the Red Hackers headquarters both in terms of style and quantity. Looking around curiously, Joey wished he could go to every stall and have a taste of what they offered.

Joey was a cute child and he had even worn suspenders that day. As he held Rachel's hand and walked through the crowd, he naturally attracted many people's attention. Their focus was first on little Joey, then on the

two people beside him. From their clothes to their temperament, everything just screamed how different they were. —

“Fifteen dollars for two roasted chicken wings fresh from the grill. Delicious chicken wings cooked with my secret sauce! Buy them while they are still hot.” A vendor shouted as he packed the food for other customers. His voice was the loudest among all the others near them. Attracted by the shouting, Joey stopped suddenly and turned around.

The oven, which was about his height, was full of coal that emitted sparks. Chicken wings were placed on the grill, and sesame oil and sauce were spread on them again and again, making a sizzling sound. They were a nice reddish -brown color that called out to his stomach.

Joey couldn't help swallowing hard with desire shining in his eyes.

After packing the last bag of roasted chicken wings, the stall owner caught sight of Joey who was looking at roasted chicken wings. He had seen that same look in so many different eyes. He smile and called out to him, “Little boy. Say, would you like to have some?”

Joey went to nod but stopped on second thought and looked up at Rachel as if he was asking for her opinion. “Go ahead.” Joey was already walking towards the stall before she could finish her sentence. He stared at the big oven and said, “Sir, I want three skewers, please.”

“Coming right up!” The owner picked up the chicken wings from the shelf quickly and packed them. “Little boy, I also have roasted trotters and roasted drumsticks here. Would you like to buy some of those too?”

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d them. Are they delicious?"

"Of course, they taste good! I made them. Tell you what, if you think they are not delicious, then you don't need to pay them. Little boy, I have never seen you before. So I'm guessing this is your first time coming here, right? I promise you that you made the right choice to come here. My stall may be small, but I have worked here for more than ten years. I have sold at least tens of thousands of roasted trotters in that time. And no one has ever said that the food I cook is not delicious. The sauce is an ancient secret family recipe. You can't find such delicious food anywhere else."

In his ten years of experience, the stall owner had learned how to read his customers. He could tell at a glance that the kid in front of him wasn't from an ordinary family. By just looking at the parents he instantly knew that they were rich. They had probably brought him out to experience an ordinary life for a change. If he played his cards well, maybe he would make a lot of money that night. .

Joey thought about it and said, "Then, if you say so, I will buy some." The owner picked up a long clip and placed it in the oven. Only then did Joey see that the trotters were wrapped in tinfoil and placed in the charcoal under the oven.

But the oven was smoking, so Joey didn't dare to get close to it. He wanted to look at what was inside, but he

couldn't because he wasn't tall enough.

He could only stand on the tip of his toes and try to get a glimpse of it.

Suddenly, a man behind him stretched out his hands, and then Joey was lifted into the air. As he left the ground,

Joey could now see clearly what was in the oven.

He turned around and was shocked to see Victor's face, which was very close to his.

"Mr. Sullivan..."

Victor smiled a bit and replied, "Yes? Can you see it now?"

Joey nodded, but still didn't look at the oven. Instead, he looked down at the hand holding him up. Victor's voice

made him realize that his father was holding him. He didn't know how to react.

Victor's strong arms around him made him feel very comfortable and secure. He knew that he wasn't going to fall no matter what happened. Was this the feeling of being held by his father? Truth was, it wasn't comfortable to be held like that but the fact that it was Victor, made Joey like it. The owner packed the food up fast and said, "There you go, That will be sixty dollars in total."

Victor took out his wallet and paid the money. Then, he used his free hand to pick the to-go boxes from the owner. "There are some tables and chairs just up ahead. You can sit there and eat peacefully. These are extremely delicious when they are hot. If you think the food is delicious, you are welcome anytime!" the owner said enthusiastically as he waved at them

Joey thanked the owner politely as Victor turned around to leave..

There was still a long way to go before they reached the tables and chairs. Joey thought that Victor would put him down now that he didn't need to be carried anymore, so he became a little upset and was reluctant to leave Victor's arms.

"What else do you want to eat?" Victor asked in a low voice, trying to cheer him up. Seeing that Victor was walking forward with his arms still firmly around him, Joey immediately understood that he had no intentions of putting him down. His eyes lit up at the realization and he took the initiative to put his arms around Victor's neck. He then boldly instructed Victor to hold him as they looked around the other stalls and bought a lot of things

Rachel followed them all the time with out saying anything.

Looking at the two from behind, she pursed her lips as she tried to contain the mixed feelings inside her heart.

In the VIP ward of the hospital Susan's face turned white as the blood drained from it. She looked at the long list in her hands, which contained all the brands that had terminated their endorsement contracts with her. "According to the preliminary estimate of the company's operation department, the liquidated damages will reach up to one hundred million dollars." Becky stood beside the sickbed. "And this is only a part of it. There are some notices of termination which will be sent to the company soon enough. If they ask for liquidated damages, the amount will be more than that." "One hundred million dollars... No, that's impossible! Why should they ask for liquidated damages? This is extortion. They want to terminate their cooperation with us. They are taking advantage of my problems for their benefit! This isn't right. I won't pay the money. I won't pay a single penny!" Susan's shock at the numbers turned to anger. In a snap, she tore the list in her hand in half. Becky just stared at Susan

who was shouting at the top of her lungs. Coupled with her disheveled hair, Susan could have been mistaken for a madwoman. Becky had endured a lot of her tantrums but now she didn't care. Her eyes were cold when she said, "You can choose to pay it or not, but the company will not help you pay for any of the damages."

"What did you say? What do you mean that the company won't help me? I'm still a top actress in the company. I've earned so much money for you people. How can you say that you won't help me right now? And those brand owners are obviously blackmailing me, aren't they? I will sue each and every one of them!" "You can sue them as you like. And if you want to find a lawyer, I can recommend an excellent one to you. But before you decide to go to court, you'd better read the content of the contracts on liquidated damages." Becky said

in a calmly not shaken by Susan's fury, "What is it?" "y happen to have a notice of termination of the contract that a brand owner just sent. The liquidated damages cause included in the twentieth term on the fifth page is stated very clearly. You can read it for yourself." Becky took the notice out of her briefcase and threw at Susan. The first page of the notice was the letter of cancellation, followed by a copy of the endorsement contract

seen those before but had never bothered to read any of them. Her work was just to sign.

Susan opened the contract until she got to the fifth page. The twentieth term clearly stated that the spokesperson had an obligation to protect the brand's reputation. If the spokesperson's private affairs caused any damage to the brand's reputation, the brand owner had the right to terminate the contract and ask the spokesperson to pay liquidated damages and any relevant money the brand owner lost because of the reputational damage.

“How is this possible?” Susan widened her eyes in disbelief as her voice trembled.

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 407

### Chapter 407 Please Come With Us

“Susan, it is entirely your fault! You aren’t supposed to blame any other person but yourself. You claim to have made a lot of money for the company, don’t you? Well, we have made negotiations with the other companies. Now the only thing you have got to do is to pay for liquidated damages. And as regards paying the money, the ball is in your court. We are not going to force you.” “No, help me!” Susan pleaded. Her eyes had turned red. “Becky, there has got to be another way.” “I’ve warned you!” Becky stared at her unemotionally. “Did I not tell you to behave yourself and not cause any trouble again? But you refused to take heed.”

“I’m truly sorry. I know I was wrong. But please help me.” Susan grabbed Becky’s hand and cried. “You are the only one who can come to my rescue right now. There has to be something you can do!” “No, there isn’t.” Becky pulled herself free from Susan’s grip and stepped back. “I can do nothing to help you.” And in no time, the hope in Susan’s eyes faded away.

ou the letter of termination. There is another reason.” After a brief pause, Becky said word by word, “From now on, I cease to be your agent! The company has decided that all your current activities will be cancelled. As for when you can start working again, we don’t know yet.” As a matter

of fact, Becky had put it euphemistically. There were only three words in the email sent by the company. “No more activities.”

“I have nothing more to say to you. So have a nice day.” “No!” Susan stuttered. However, Becky left without looking back. Out of desperation, Susan threw the things in her hands to the floor. After coming out of the ward, Becky went straight to the elevator which stopped on the same floor. When the elevator doors opened, a man walked out hurriedly. He was wearing a hat and a mask. His attention was most likely elsewhere because he ran straight into Becky. “Sorry ma’am...I’m very sorry,” he said.

The impact of the collision was quite strong. Becky’s shoulder was hit really hard and she staggered backwards as a result. The man’s eyes showed that he was surprised. And he quickly reached out to hold her.

Becky rubbed her shoulder with one hand. Thereafter, she released the other one from his grip. “I’m fine.” But she still seemed light-headed as she walked into the elevator.

The man still felt bad for what happened. He turned around, bowed to Becky and said, “I’m really sorry.”

Then, the man stood upright again. But the hat on his head fell off because of his movements.

Becky caught sight of the upper part of the man’s face.

He looked very familiar. But she couldn’t remember where exactly she had seen him prior to this very moment. While she thought about it, the elevator doors slowly closed before her.

On the other hand, when the man noticed that his hat had fallen off, he quickly picked it up and put it on again. He didn't turn around and walk forward until the elevator doors were closed. He unconsciously lowered his head and covered his eyes with the brim of his hat. The elevator continued to go downwards until it eventually stopped at the underground parking lot of the inpatient building. When Becky came out of the elevator, a thought flashed through her mind. She suddenly remembered who the man was! Dr. Turner.

Victor was right. Dr. Turner was still in Apliaria.

Dr. Turner had watched the video on the Internet. It dawned on him that he couldn't keep what he had done a secret anymore. The doctor also knew that Victor would send people to look for him.

In an attempt to confuse Victor, he asked for an annual leave and packed all the things in his house. It looked as if he wanted to escape from Apliaria.

He rented a small room in a slum with a mixed population in the suburb with two times the normal rent. He had been paying attention to Susan on the Internet.

After he had known that Susan tried to commit suicide, Dr. Turner wanted to go to the hospital.

But he changed his mind as soon as he stepped out of the room.

He was very sure that once he went to the hospital, Victor's men would catch him before he had the chance to see

Susan.

He did his best to calm down. It was pointless acting impulsively. After waiting for five days, Dr. Turner could no longer stop himself since the news of Susan gradually subsided. He didn't know what happened to Susan after she had committed suicide. He had a hard time staying and waiting in the room. He wanted to know about Susan's condition. He had promised her that he would be responsible for her. He made it clear that he would always stand by her side. He was not going to leave her alone.

In the darkness of night, Dr. Turner changed into completely different clothes. Then, he asked a motorcyclist to take him to the hospital.

The doctor made his way into the VIP area and went straight to the desk. "Hello! May I know Susan Salazar's ward number?" he asked the nurse on duty.

The nurse raised her head and looked at him. He was wearing a hat and a mask which almost covered his whole face. "Are you looking for Susan?" she asked.

"Yes, I want to see her. She is a friend of mine," Dr. Turner said in a low tone.

The nurse looked at him from head to toe. It was as if she was wondering whether or not what he said was true. But after a while, she pointed to the left corridor and said, "Go this way. The fifth ward."

"Thank you very much." Dr. Turner pressed the brim of his hat and walked in the direction pointed by the nurse.

However, he was unaware of the fact that as soon as he left, the nurse took out her phone and quickly sent a message.

Dr. Turner counted silently. In no time, he was already at the fifth ward. The door was ajar. He stood by it and peeped through the gap. He could see that someone was lying in the bed beneath the quilt. Without any form of hesitation, Dr. Turner pushed the door open and walked in. "Susan!" he said with so much concern before walking to her bedside. However, before he finished speaking, the person in bed suddenly lifted the quilt. A completely strange face was revealed. It was that of a man! Immediately Dr. Turner realized it wasn't Susan's ward, it dawned on him that he had been trapped. The idea of turning around and running away crossed his mind. But before he could do so, four men had already surrounded him.

"Dr. Turner, you have got to come with us. Mr. Sullivan wants to see you!" The man lying in the bed stood up and walked towards the doctor. Dr. Turner clenched and loosened his fists over and over again. When he set eyes on the tear-drop shaped obsidian brooch on the man's shirt, he knew that he couldn't run away.

"Very well then, I'll come with you." Dr. Turner's voice was hoarse and powerless. "But can I see Susan first?"

"Who do you think you are to bargain with us?"

"..." Dr. Turner was well prepared before he came here. Notwithstanding, he still wanted to see Susan. "Okay, don't let me see her. Can you just tell me how she is doing? Else, I would rather die here than come with you! I am a doctor, so committing suicide is quite an easy thing for me to do! You know that, right?" It might prove difficult for a doctor to cure his ailment. But killing himself wasn't. "What exactly do you want to know about her?" "I just want to know if she is no longer in any form of danger." "She is in safe hands. She has been out of danger for a long time." When Dr. Turner heard that she was fine, he heaved a sigh of relief. "Then..." "Dr. Turner, you said that you only want to know how

Susan is and will come with us obediently. I will not answer other questions. Perhaps you may want to threaten us with your death. If that's the case, please help yourself. Mr. Sullivan has told us that it doesn't matter if we bring you to him dead or alive!"

The doctor's face turned pale as soon as he heard those words.

The man spoke to him in a neutral tone of voice. Still, he made sure there was no room for negotiation. "Let's go, Dr. Turner."