

Want Nothing But You Chapter 441

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 441

Get Up

The ruthless man kicked Joey, making him twist in pain while holding his stomach.

Joey tried to move, but his body hurt so much. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as he endured the pain.

Underneath his shirt, his back was black and blue.

When the man choked him, Joey fought hard to stay alive. He kicked the man with all his remaining strength, but what could a child like him do to defeat a strong and angry man?

The man easily threw him away. His small body hit the corner of the tea table, which made him groan in pain.

© “I asked you to get up. Are you deaf?” Again and again, the man kicked Joey. “Don’t play tricks on me! Get up and eat! Or I’ll kill you now!” 2

Enduring the pain, Joey held onto the sofa for support and sat up.

The man looked at Joey’s alert expression and sneered. “Are you scared now? Weren’t you very arrogant earlier? Hey! where’s your guts now?”

There was no way Joey could talk back. He was already coughing blood.

The man turned around when he heard footsteps coming from the stairs.

Upon seeing his boss, the man quickly flashed a fawning smile. “Boss, you’re awake.”

The leader put his hand on his neck and twisted it as he yawned. “I didn’t sleep well. There was a wild dog outside last night. It was so noisy.”

“The dog disturbed your sleep? what a stupid dog! I’m going to kill it right now.” Just as the man reached out for his gun at the back of his waist and turned around to leave, his boss stopped him.

“You don’t have to go.”

Hearing this, the man paused and looked at his boss in confusion.

As the leader walked towards the living room, he said indifferently, “It’s dead now.”

The dog was poisoned to death.

To quiet the dog down, the leader tossed the dog a ham sausage with some drug in it. Soon after eating it, the dog started to froth at the mouth and fell to the ground, where it died shortly thereafter.

He just stood by the window watched the dog die.

As if on cue, a child's cry came from outside. Then it was followed by comforting voices of adults.

"Honey, don't cry. Don't cry."

"Oh my God! Why did the dog die suddenly? I don't know who is so wicked to poison a dog!"

"It must have been a thief!"

"How cruel!"

Just as Carson said, in order to avoid the surveillance cameras, the kidnapers had to drive on the countryside road. Moreover, the commercial vehicle was very obvious, so they couldn't go back to the urban area. They could only find a place to stay in the rural area and wait for someone to send a car to pick them up.

The location of this guesthouse was ideal, but it was situated in a village surrounded by the homes of the locals. In addition, the courtyard of the guesthouse became a gathering spot for ladies here since there were normally a few guests coming here.

The women outside were talking about the dog that had been poisoned to death.

The man didn't need to ask what happened because he understood how the dog died now. He put down his hand and said, "By the way, according to the weather forecast, it might rain later. Hendrix said that the people who will pick us up are on the way. I asked the owner of the guesthouse to prepare some food for you, boss. Would you like to eat something? After that, we can change and leave."

When the leader heard that it was going to rain, he looked out of the window. The sun had been shining only an hour before, but it was indeed gloomy now.

"Okay." For some reason, the leader felt a little uneasy.

"What time are those people going to arrive?"

The man, who was about to go to the kitchen, stopped when he heard his boss talk. However, he didn't notice the latter's uneasiness. "It's been half an hour since Hendrix

received a call from the client, saying that the people who will pick US up have left. I estimate that they would arrive in about an hour.”

“About an hour...” the leader murmured. “I hope nothing goes wrong.”

“Boss, what did you say?”

“Nothing.” Only when the leader looked around did he notice Joey curling up on the sofa, “what happened? I have told you not to beat him too much!”

Joey’s skin was as fair and sensitive as Rachel’s, and a simple pinch could leave a red mark on his skin. His bruises, including the mark of the man’s hand on his neck when he strangled him, were very evident. Besides, Joey’s face was pale, which made him look like he was tortured and was going to die at any time.

“Boss, I...” The man struggled to explain. “I didn’t beat him that much.”

Glancing at him, the leader said nothing.

The way his boss looked at him made the man guilty. After all, he did beat Joey hard. But he wouldn’t do that if the kid didn’t bite him. He muttered in a low voice, “I didn’t expect him to be so weak.”

“All right, all right. Go and get some food!” the leader shouted impatiently.

“Yes, boss!” In a hurry, the man turned around and went to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, the leader walked towards the sofa. Joey was too dizzy to see things clearly. But he did notice the leader coming over. He unconsciously clenched his fists, seemingly more alert.

The leader bent down and pinched Joey’s cheek with his big hand. “Wow, you can still stare at me. It seems that you are not seriously injured. I’m impressed.”

Joey didn’t say anything. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of the hand that was pinching his cheek. The tattoo came into his view.

Before Joey could get a better look, the leader let go of him. After a period of silence, the leader called out one of his men. “Hendrix!”

As soon as he heard his name, Hendrix left the front door and came inside. “Boss, did you call me?”

“Get some ointment from the owner of the guesthouse and apply it on this child’s neck.” The leader ordered while looking at Joey’s injuries, “otherwise, we’ll have a hard time explaining to our client.”

Coincidentally, the man who had beaten up Joey came back from the kitchen. He was a little dissatisfied when he heard their boss's order. "Boss, we don't have to do that. His injuries are nothing serious. We are mercenaries. Anyone who dares to hire US should know our rule that we won't guarantee the safety of the hostages."

To generate money, mercenaries risked their lives. They would do whatever it took to get the job done. There were some hostages that were disobedient, so the mercenaries had to discipline them in order to complete the task smoothly. It was just common for hostages to get beaten up.

The man just taught Joey a lesson. And his boss wanted them to apply ointment on the boy's neck. The man felt that his boss was making a mountain out of a molehill. Suddenly, the sound of rumbling thunder filled their ears. Through the window, they watched the rain poured down heavily.

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So You Wish To See Joey

The leader glanced at the man.

The man stopped talking, standing at the side, Hendrix could feel that his leader was getting impatient. He didn't dare say something. He just turned around and walked out of the door to get some ointment from the owner of the guesthouse. He didn't mind walking in the rain.

The leader looked out of the window in the pouring rain. He was becoming more and more irritable.

"Call those people again," the leader barked. "Ask them where they are now."

Even though the leader gave the man a warning look, he couldn't understand why the leader was so anxious. Afraid of the leader, the man didn't even ask him for a reason. He just nodded and walked to the balcony to make the phone call.

It was just the leader and Joey in the living room.

The leader looked at Joey as he sat opposite him. He drew a cigarette from a pack on the table and put it between his lips. He then took his lighter from his pant pocket and flicked it to light the cigarette.

Joey still felt dizzy from the pain.

His whole body was tense. He looked at the leader, thinking of the possibility of his escape from this place. From their conversation, Joey could guess that they were in the village.

How far was this village from the urban area?

He wondered if he would be able to escape. Could he ask the villagers to rescue him?

Joey pursed his lips, thinking of ways to escape. He didn't notice that the leader was observing him.

"Ahem... Ahem..." The room was not properly ventilated. Smoke from the leader's cigarette filled the room since its windows and door were closed. The lack of fresh and cool air made Joey cough seriously.

The coughing stirred up his back pain to the point of discomfort. He raised his hand to cover his nose as he was breathing in cigarette smoke.

"Put your hand down," the leader said tersely and Joey's hand stopped in midair.

Joey looked at the leader with a frown. He knew that it was not the right time for him to go against the leader. After a moment of hesitation, he put his hand down.

This made the leader smile. He seemed pleased with himself. Joey did his bidding even if he was coughing from taking in cigarette smoke.

"Boss, it's raining heavily. This place is remote and the cell phone signal is bad," said the man who came in from the balcony. His clothes were dripping. "I tried calling them twice but no one answered." He continued dialing numbers on his phone.

Swoosh!

Bang!

It was the squealing of tires when a car suddenly stopped. The tires created skid marks on the rough cement ground. Almost simultaneously, a gunshot was heard. The loud sound shocked the people in the room. 1

The leader and the man exchanged looks of apprehension. "Boss, I'll go out to have a look," said the man, walking hurriedly towards the porch. His one hand was reaching to the back of his waist.

The leader stood up to follow the man and see what was going on. He stopped in his tracks when something flashed through his mind. He turned to look at Joey. He almost forgot about Joey.

The leader didn't know what was going on outside. But he always kept careful watch of things around him because of the dangerous things he did all year round. He had a hunch that the gunshot and grinding brakes were related to the child in front of him. So, the most important thing now was to hide this child.

The leader strode forward, carried Joey on his shoulder, and walked to the second floor.

In the yard

There were clear tire tracks on the ground. The black and slick Maybach was parked there. If someone looked closer, he could find a small dent on the front of the car, and it was a new dent.

The bullet lay beside the tire.

Standing by the door, the man looked through the hole in the door. He didn't see the person who got out of the Maybach.

The rain was still pouring down, washing the tire tracks on the concrete ground. It was quiet around.

It was so quiet that it seemed that the gunshot was just their illusion.

The man looked at the car for a long time. Not hearing anything, he wondered, 'Did the person in the car pass out? But why did I just hear a gunshot? And Hendrix? Why wasn't he back yet? Didn't he just go to get the ointment?'

The man touched the gun at the back of his waist. It was cold. He calmed himself down before pulling the gun from his waist.

He didn't care who it was outside! If it was a man, he would kill him! If it was a ghost, he would send him to hell. The man had been a mercenary for so many years. He knew every trick.

These thoughts filled the man as he held the doorknob to open it.

Boom!

Lightning flashed across the dark sky followed by deafening thunder.

The man was a little nervous that his heart seemed to skip a beat. Perhaps it was because the thunder was too loud.

He clenched the gun in his hand.

There was another flash of lightning. The man instinctively closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes, he felt something cold being pointed at his head. He then heard the sound of something rolling down the steps.

The vision became clearer to the man. He was shocked by what he saw.

He saw Hendrix faint and kicked down the stairs.

And the cold thing at his head was Hendrix's gun.

The man's face became taut as his whole body tensed. He was about to turn around to see the person holding the gun when he heard a voice. "Don't move. Or I will kill you."

"You!"

"Where is Joey?"

The man immediately understood the purpose of the man who was holding a gun. He smiled and said, "Sir, I don't know what you are talking about. Who is Joey? I came here with my friends. I don't know the person you are talking about. I'm afraid..."

He stopped talking as he put the gun to Victor's head and pulled the trigger.

But the man failed to shoot Victor, who was quick to dodge. Victor took back his gun. The man didn't actually point his gun at Victor. The bullet from his gun instead hit the potted plant on the edge of the steps.

The potted plant broke into pieces.

The man finally saw who was holding the gun to his head. Then he slowly raised the gun in his hand and pulled the trigger toward Victor.

"Since you want to see him so much, I will fulfill your wish and let you see him," said the man.

Bullet shot out from the muzzle of the gun, headed straight towards Victor.

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We Meet Again

When the bullet exited its barrel, the guy grinned and seemed content.

That smile, however, was short-lived.

The gun in Victor's hand fired a bullet the following instant. 1

Bang!

The two bullets met in the air, and the bullet shells raced away and dropped to the floor.

Victor approached the guy before he could respond. The guy tried to shoot unconsciously, but a powerful wind blew and he was punched before he could squeeze the trigger and turned the gun on Victor.

Due to him not gripping his gun well, he dropped the gun and the ammo clip fell out.

Victor hit the guy so hard that he staggered before he could regain his footing. And there was blood dripping from the man's mouth.

Spitting out blood, he then lifted his hand to wipe away the smear of blood on the side of his lips before gazing at Victor.

After all these years, it was the first time he'd run across someone this difficult. After working as a mercenary for so long, he was enraged. After a brief pause, the guy proceeded to assault Victor with his fists clenched.

Despite the fact that he was unarmed, he had no fear of the gun that Victor was holding.

So what if Victor had a weapon? He had seen a lot of stuff! Even if Victor had a gun, he believed he could take him out!

He assaulted Victor with speed and ruthlessness, leaving little space for Victor to fire. As if the hit had reminded him of his treatment in the Roaring Tiger over the years, maybe the man's stored reluctance and fury could no longer be held, so he poured them out with his fists.

In the past, he had spent half a year in the ungoverned areas before eventually making it into the Roaring Tiger. He was taken into the Roaring Tiger by his boss. He was overjoyed to be able to join the Roaring Tiger, one of the top three mercenary groups, and was expecting great things. In fact, he intended to put in a lot of effort with his boss.

His boss had been marginalized by internal struggle inside the Roaring Tiger and even he had become a non-essential part of the Roaring Tiger. Even though he put forth a lot of effort and even risked his life to finish several assignments, he was still seen as a failure! As a result, he was thereafter limited to menial jobs, such as kidnapping a child.

He would have scoffed at such a job in the past.

Now, though, if he did not take it, he would be broke.

The man's rage grew as he contemplated that. His eyes were a deep shade of red. Furthermore, he savagely and brutally assaulted Victor without regard for any rules.

Another blow was thrown!

Victor had no choice but to lift his arm in order to deflect the hit. He landed a heavy blow on Victor's forearm. After Victor's forearm started shaking and hurting, the gun he was holding dropped to the floor.

Despite the agony in his arm, Victor had little time to think about it, as the guy assaulted him again.

Victor retreated two paces since he was at a disadvantage. After a few punches, he realized the guy was vulnerable. This dude was clearly incompetent. He relied on raw force and impulsiveness. The more impulsive the guy became, the more likely he was to expose his vulnerability.

He was going to hit Victor again as he said, "Burn in hell!" In Victor's eyes, there was nothing but a palpable chill. He lifted his hand to stop the punch that was going to strike him in the temple. The guy hit Victor in the abdomen after Victor instantly grabbed and yanked the attacker's arm. Victor then launched the assailant to the floor.

Bang!

His back slammed to the floor, sending him sprawling.

He fought to stand up, but Victor stepped in front of him before he could stand completely. The guy glanced up and saw that Victor had already retrieved the gun that had fallen to the floor.

Victor was aiming the gun towards the man's forehead and pushing the trigger with his index finger at this point. Insofar as Victor continued to squeeze the trigger more, the bullet would go right through the man's skull and out the other side.

Nothing could have saved him from this.

"Do yourself a favor and tell me where Joey is!" Victor said in a cold voice.

"Do you mean the tiny boy?" he said, spitting blood from his lips. "He's gone. He's a goner!"

Boom!

Another thunderous rumble could be heard in the distance. The white lightning blasted through the black clouds and swept over the faces of the two individuals. The guy was in excruciating agony all over when he fell and realized he couldn't get the upper hand.

But on the other hand, he hadn't fought anybody in a long time and finally had a nice battle after so long. The rage and resentment he felt in his heart had lessened a little.

There was no resistance in the man's demeanor. "I was defeated. You can take my life now." Afterward, he shut his eyes.

In the back of the man's hand, Victor saw a tattoo in the form of a tiger's head. Because the ink was so light, he should have gotten rid of it. Angry at being left out and seeing his leader and himself neglected, the guy decided to remove the tattoo as a method of expressing his frustrations with the Roaring Tiger.

For the sake of his leader, who had saved his life, the man remained in the Roaring Tiger.

He was once pleased to be a Roaring Tiger mercenary, but now everyone in the Roaring Tiger loathed him.

Victor was well-versed in the ins and outs of accepting assignments, and he was also aware of the man's waning motivation to fight. Regardless of whether he killed the man or not, the man would not reveal Joey's whereabouts to him.

He pulled the trigger further.

"Wait!" A voice suddenly emanated through the door.

The man who had just taken Joey upstairs was now standing at the door.

A pair of sunglasses were on the leader's face, and when Victor looked into his eyes, he grinned. "Mr. Sullivan, it's been a while since we've seen each other."

A sudden change in his demeanor occurred when Victor saw the leader's face.

"So, it's you!" Victor's words were frigid.

"Boss..." The guy called his superior.

The leader gazed at the guy who fell to the floor before turning to face Victor. "There is a good chance that you still recall me. It's been fifteen years since we last saw one other. You were just a kid then. But you have grown so fast over the years."

"Who is responsible for the kidnapping?" Victor inquired, his tone stern.

"You ought to be conversant with our policies, Mr. Sullivan. However, I'm willing to work anything out," the leader said.

Squinting his eyes, Victor said, "Is that so?"

“Drop my subordinate,” the boss said. “As a trade, I’ll allow you to see that kid for the last time.”

The leader then activated the security footage on his smartphone and presented it to Victor.

On the surveillance footage, Joey’s wrists and feet were bound and his eyes were covered. At his ankle was a small timer that was constantly ticking away.

“Let go of my subordinate now, and there’s an hour to spend with that youngster,” the leader said as he put down his phone and grinned. “Mr. Sullivan, what do you think?”

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Run Out of Bullets

Victor’s eyes were always cold. But this time, they were colder and scarier.

Unlike the man lying on the floor, the leader didn’t seem affected. As he stared at Victor’s angular face, he remembered the child from fifteen years ago.

“Mr. Sullivan, you don’t have much time to think about it.” He smiled. “But think about it, we are really predestined. Your child ended up in my hands after you managed to escape from me fifteen years ago. This time, I won’t let you and your child escape!”

“Really?” without warning, Victor looked down at the man on the floor at whom he was aiming the gun and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

“Holy shit!” The man cursed in pain. His face instantly turned pale as the bullet penetrated his thigh. Blood oozed out from the wound, staining his trousers.

Victor remained expressionless as he watched the man suffer from pain. After reloading his gun, he pointed the muzzle at the man’s other leg.

“This is my last warning. Let go of Joey.” There was no need for Victor to shout to imply that he was running out of patience. Looking at the leader, he added, “Norton, I will only give you three seconds to think about it.” Norton’s expression shifted a little.

“Little boy, I will only give you three seconds to think about it. Kneel down and beg me to let you go.”

Fifteen years ago, he sat on the leather sofa with his legs crossed as he looked down at the boy curling up on the floor in pain. The picture of him saying the same line with a scornful smile suddenly appeared in his mind. "Three."

As he counted down, Victor pressed the trigger a little harder.

"Two."

Before Norton could say anything, Victor had already pulled the trigger. "Ah!" The man's hoarse cry echoed as the bullet hit his thigh bone. He wanted to pass out when he saw the red blood on his trousers.

The next moment, the muzzle of the gun was pointed at his calf.

Victor clearly knew what he was doing. He shot the man in parts of his body that would give him unbearable pain, but not enough to make him pass out. The man had no choice but to feel the pain.

It was so painful that the man wished Victor would just finish him off. This kind of torture was a humiliation to a mercenary, so he shouted, "Just shoot me dead!" Seemingly irritated, Victor looked down at him. "You're too noisy."

Then he pulled the trigger once again.

Three bullets had now penetrated the man's bones, and he couldn't do anything but whimper in pain. At this moment, he wanted to die already, so that he wouldn't have to suffer such inhumane torture.

"Boss... Kill me." The man looked at Norton with eyes full of despair. He no longer had the desire to live.

He knew that even if he survived, he would be a disabled man.

But Victor didn't want the man to die just yet. He wanted him to stay awake and suffer from agonizing pain.

Looking at his loyal subordinate asking for death, Norton's mood finally fluctuated. "Mr. Sullivan, it seems that you don't want to save that child."

"Norton, you must have had a hard time in Roaring Tiger in the past few years, haven't you?" Instead of retorting, Victor threw a question at Norton as he glanced at his watch. It showed that there were still ten minutes left.

A sudden realization came to Norton's mind, making him infuriated. "It's you! You did it behind my back?"

In the past few years, the internal strife in the Roaring Tiger became more and more intense. Even if Norton tried to avoid this kind of dispute, he was inevitably involved, and he was even be alienated. He was no longer the person who used to be highly admired and known as the future leader of the Roaring Tiger.

Back then, he had many followers. But now, he only had this dying man and Hendrix with him.

Prior this encounter, Norton couldn't figure out why.

But because of Victor's question, he immediately understood that it was his doing.

Recalling how hellish his life had been in the past, Norton's eyes became bloodshot. "I should have thought of you. I... I should have killed you fifteen years ago!" Victor said in a cold voice, "Norton, you wouldn't have been able to kill me fifteen years ago."

In one swift move, Norton pulled out his gun from the back of his waist. Then he pointed it at Victor without hesitation. His hands were trembling because of anger. "Then I'll kill you now to make up for my mistake I made fifteen years ago!"

The gunshots and the raging thunder sounded almost at the same time.

"Boss!"

Hendrix, who had just regained his consciousness, struggled to stand up. The surrounding seemed to spin before him, and when his gaze finally became steady, he saw Norton standing at the door with a bleeding forehead. A bullet went straight to his head, making him fall backward with his eyes open. 1

"Boss..." Unable to believe his eyes, Hendrix was rooted to the spot.

It happened too fast.

When the man Victor shot thrice saw that Norton was dead, his face turned livid. Enduring the pain, he struggled to get up and roared, "I'll kill you!" Unfortunately, before he could pounce on Victor, the latter had already pulled the trigger. An immediate taste of death washed over him as the bullet entered his heart and caused him to throw up.

Even on the verge of death, he still took a step closer to Victor.

But because the bullet pierced a vital organ, the man didn't last long. His eyes went black and dropped dead on the floor.

"Boss, Trevor..." Looking at the two men who fell to the floor, Hendrix almost cried. Then he looked at Victor with bloodlust in his eyes. "You killed them. I'll make you pay with your life!"

Pulling out a folded knife from his shin, Hendrix charged at Victor.

Victor raised the gun he picked up earlier and aimed at him.

Upon recognizing his gun, a smirk appeared on Hendrix's face.

"That gun has no bullets." While talking, Hendrix pointed the knife at Victor.

He moved faster and was more ferocious than Trevor. Perhaps it was because Hendrix was in a towering rage that he showed no mercy. It didn't matter if he died, as long as Victor would die with him.

Both Norton and Trevor were dead now.

It was meaningless for him to live alone.

Besides, he would rather die than admit defeat and beg for mercy.

What mattered the most was that he avenged Norton's and Trevor's deaths.

Taking a look at his watch, Victor saw that there was not much time left.

This fight must end as soon as possible.

Seeing that Victor had been dodging his attack, Hendrix sneered in disdain. "Aren't you being such a coward? Can't you fight back if you don't have a gun? Are you scared now? I'll make you pay for killing them!"

Hendrix tried to stab Victor again but missed. But he didn't stop.

To be honest, Victor was having a hard time dodging the knife, especially now that Hendrix was determined to kill him.

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Explosion

Hendrix soon discovered that Victor was having a hard time avoiding him anymore. Victor's right arm caught his attention. He didn't notice the blood on Victor's shirt at first because the latter was wearing a dark shirt.

The bullet didn't hit Victor, but it grazed Victor's arm. It wasn't a shallow wound, and his sleeve was soon covered in blood.

Hendrix's expression got more ferocious, and his hands moved more rapidly. It wasn't an accident that he kept going after the wound on Victor's right arm.

Victor had no time to get away from the situation. During their fight, they knocked over the tea cabinet.

As a result, the plates resting atop the cabinet were smashed to pieces. Hendrix again stopped Victor as he was about to dodge. He lunged at Victor with a razorsharp knife.

"Fuck you!"

In his pupils, the knife's point grew larger and larger.

Bang!

Clang!

In a sound like a gunshot, Hendrix's knife came loose from his grip. A crackling sound accompanied the plates as they fell to the floor.

Disbelievingly, Hendrix widened his eyes in awe, with his neck stiff, and his face contorted.

His clothes were soon drenched in blood as blood came out non-stop from his heart. All over his body, he felt a sharp, stabbing pain. He swayed, but in the end, he had to let go. At this point, he was on the floor, having fallen to his knees in a flop. He didn't have time to evaluate where the gunfire originated from.

Hendrix didn't realize that a Ferrari was parked in the vacant yard behind him.

Carson sprung from his seat. Smiling, the man shook the gun he held. His gaze fell on Hendrix, who was sprawled out on the floor, as he made his way up the stairs.

His subordinate was right there next to him.

"It seems that I am still an excellent shooter, since I hadn't used it in a while, I assumed my proficiency had deteriorated." A satisfied Carson took a peek at the shot. Carson had already arrived, and Victor had noted.

He struck the tea cabinet intentionally. He purposely turned Hendrix's back to the vestibule, exposing Hendrix's vulnerability.

Carson was able to shoot Hendrix with ease in the back because he could see him from the greatest vantage point.

Given their long history of friendship, there was a tacit understanding between them. At the cabinet, Carson saw Hendrix and Victor together, and he immediately got it.

Hendrix was too rash. Seeing that Victor's arm had been wounded, he started to be careless, entirely forgetting that as a mercenary, the greatest taboo was leaving his back to the adversary.

"Mr. Scott, no one dares to compare their shooting abilities to yours in the Apliaria." The subordinate commended him.

Carson put his gun aside and glanced down at Hendrix, who had stopped breathing, "clean up this room and deal with these corpses," he stated with a sneer.

"Okay, Mr. Scott."

Carson scanned the living room but was unable to see Victor, so he quickly headed in the direction of the second floor.

He was on the verge of ascending the staircase.

"Mr. Scott, be on the lookout!" The subordinate detected the odor of gunpowder in the air and sensed something was amiss. There was a loud boom as soon as he yelled. One by one, the second-floor railings were blasted to pieces by a powerful explosion that erupted from the second-floor chamber. Carson was shielded by the subordinate. They hid behind the couch and lay on the floor.

In the end, the shockwave faded away.

In the blink of an eye, Carson had risen and was on his way to the second floor when he was halted by his guy. "An explosion occurred, Mr. Scott. Someone placed the explosives on the second floor, and it is unknown how many did not detonate."

"Get out of here!" Carson's eyes began to swell.

"But Mr. Scott..."

Carson drew his gun and aimed it at the man's forehead before he could complete his sentence. "Leave. That's all I said. Isn't it clear to you now?"

Carson's subordinate gave him a deadpan glance and made no move.

His job was to keep Carson safe. In light of the circumstances on the second floor, he had no choice but to intervene, as he feared an explosion at any moment. In addition, he had to get Carson out of the situation quickly.

"Don't think I'll stop to shoot you," Carson said, putting his finger on the trigger.

“Mr. Scott, I’m sorry but I won’t let you take the risk while I still breathe.”

Despite Carson’s long look, he did not fire a single shot. Carson looked at the silent second floor as he put down his gun.

Victor was on the second floor.

Joey might perhaps be on the second story too.

His subordinate had made a valid point, and Carson was aware that he could not act on impulse under the circumstances. In his thoughts, he remembered Victor and the little kid.

He calmed himself down and issued the command. “Contact the closest hospital, summon the police, and block any news.”

In the presidential suite of Imperial Hotel

Standing at the French window, Odin gazed out at the world around him. Wallace exited the study, stepped behind Odin, and placed the laptop on the coffee table. “Mr. Sullivan.” Wallace called out to him.

Odin swiveled around to face the laptop and stared at the screen.

Wallace tapped on the keyboard. After then, a clip from a security camera was shown on the screen. The video wasn’t particularly clear, but it wasn’t hard to see that the guesthouse where Norton resided was shown in it. Bang!

In the footage, an explosion could be heard.

Various items were destroyed and fell from the second floor in the video.

“The bomb went off on schedule.” The footage was about fifteen seconds long. Wallace removed his eyes from the screen. “Although the range of the bomb attached to Joey’s body is limited, the explosive force is sufficient to obliterate everybody within the area.”

Odin smiled as he sipped the crimson wine from his glass and replied, “Are you saying that...”

“I mean, Victor should be dead.” Wallace looked ferocious. “Mr. Sullivan, you have been hiding for so long. Finally, you will be able to assume full control of the Sullivan Group.”

Wallace took a peek at Odin’s side face. On the other hand, Odin did not seem to be happy with the position as head of the Sullivan Group. Wallace couldn’t help but inquire, “Mr. Sullivan, what do you fear?”

“Tell your men to keep a close check on every hospital and any emergency operation,” Odin said, putting down his glass. He didn’t answer Wallace’s query.

Again, Wallace re-watched the footage that was on the screen. “Do you suppose Victor is still alive, Mr. Sullivan? That’s a definite impossibility. I’ve seen the strength of that bomb. No one could have survived that.”

With his long and narrow eyes half-closed, Odin sat down on the sofa with his knees crossed.

“There is no space for error. I have battled Victor for so many years, and I am not in a rush.”

“You’re correct, Mr. Sullivan. I’ll notify my men immediately,” Wallace said.

Odin’s eyes became dimmer as he watched the explosion in the video again and again.

‘How can you die so easily, my brother? I’m already thinking that that was just too boring.’