

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 451

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 451

Victor In Carson's Memory (Part One)

"Today..." Rachel was rendered speechless. Did he mean that the mercenary who kidnapped Joey was the one who kidnapped Victor when he was young? 2

Taking out a ziplock in which a bullet shell was stored, Carson said, "Well, this bullet was taken out of that person's body. I plan to give this bullet shell to Vic as a souvenir when he wakes up."

Rachel ignored his humorous remark and asked instead, "Why did they kidnap him?"

Right after she asked this, Rachel realized how stupid it sounded since the answer was obvious.

Carson put away the ziplock and answered, "In your opinion, what is it like to be an unwanted bastard in a wealthy family?"

Unwanted.

Bastard.

Wealthy family.

It was hard to believe that these things happened to Victor in the past. Rachel could imagine how difficult life had been for the little Victor even if Carson didn't tell her about it.

Her eyes subconsciously fell on the closed door of the operating room.

When she was reborn in Rachel's body, she had the memory of the real Rachel. In her memory, although Victor was an illegitimate child, he lived a better life than many illegitimate children. Victor was loved and doted on by Carolyn.

Back then, she assumed that Victor had a great life.

But now, Rachel realized that she didn't know anything about Victor at all. Even the real Rachel didn't know much about him. 1

"What about Mrs. Sullivan? she has been..."

"Although Mrs. Sullivan loved Victor so much, she couldn't watch over him around the clock. Besides, she had to guard the Sullivan Group, so she could hand it over to him

once he was all grown up. As a result, she didn't have much time to look after Victor. At such a young age, he had learned to keep everything to himself. Before the kidnapping happened, Mrs. Sullivan thought he was getting along well with the Sullivan family." Carson looked up at the ceiling with his hands behind his back and continued, "when I first met Victor, he was just eight years old." 1

In silence, Rachel lowered her head and listened to his story.

"A typical eighth-year old child should be in third grade, but Victor was still only in first grade at the time." Reminiscing the good old days, Carson chuckled, "since he was two years older and was taller than his classmates, Victor stood out."

As Carson closed his eyes, the memory of the past rushed to him like giant waves.

At that time, Carson was just in the third grade. He was tall, good-looking, and had lots of pocket money so he was popular. This part of his childhood still made him feel proud even now.

During break time, Carson's classmates asked him to play basketball.

They went downstairs to the playground together. Their classroom was on the third floor, while Victor's was on the first floor beside the stairs.

When they walked past the classroom, Carson caught a glimpse of what was inside. The whole classroom was filled with square desks, where several books were neatly placed.

Being the tallest one in the class, Victor was the first one Carson noticed. He had his head down, busy doing some homework.

The boy next to Carson followed his gaze and saw Victor. "Carson, do you know him?"

"No, I don't." Carson quickly withdrew his gaze.

"That's right. You are so excellent. How could you know such a person?" There was a hint of disgust in the boy's tone.

Holding the basketball in his arms, Carson looked at the boy with his eyebrows raised. "Such a person? You know him?"

The boy nodded. "Of course, I know him. My brother is in this class. Do you know how old he is? Eight years old! He's already eight years old, but he's still in the first grade. My brother said he doesn't say anything, nor does he play with anyone." The boy clicked his tongue and continued to insult Victor. "But that's right. Even I wouldn't want to play with a person like him. He must have repeated a grade. My mother said that only idiots would repeat a grade when they are in the first grade." Hearing this, Carson

couldn't help but take one more look at Victor. But the bell had rung, so he didn't have much time to observe. He and his classmates hurried to the playground.

But then, Victor's figure was already etched in his mind. The second time they met was in the break room.

That was the day when Carson went to school looking like a ghost due to lack of sleep. He did well in the midterm exam, so his father gave him a game console, and he played it secretly until midnight.

When Carson couldn't take his drowsiness anymore, he raised his hand during class. "Sir, may I go out to get some water?"

As soon as he reached the break room, he heard a few people talking inside.

"Hey, I heard that your family is very rich? Give US some money. If we're pleased, we'll protect you from the bullies here in school."

"You just came here, right? Maybe you still don't know about the rules. The newcomers have to give US money!" "That's right. Take out your money now! You will regret it if you annoy US."

Leaning against the wall, Carson peered inside the break room and spotted three senior boys threatening a younger child. He immediately recognized the three senior students who were known for being arrogant and domineering. They always bullied younger students.

Some students had given them money. Carson didn't have to, because he had a driver who dropped him off and picked him up every day. Besides, no one could bully Carson because his teacher always paid attention to him. Unexpectedly, he witnessed them bully someone today. "Hey! I said take out your money. Don't you understand me? Are you deaf?" Because Victor did nothing, the leader of the three young men became irritated.

"This brat seems to be dumb." another boy said.

"Dumb? I don't care if you are dumb or not. Take out your money, or I'll beat you!"

'Dumb?' Somehow, this word piqued Carson's curiosity, so he looked inside again and realized that the three bullies were surrounding Victor.

"Hello, director!" of course, no one else was there. But Carson deliberately shouted to startle the bullies in the room.

As expected, the three bullies immediately stopped pestering Victor and ran away.

Watching them run like idiots, Carson couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Who are you?" For the first time, Victor spoke in school that day.

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 452

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 452

Victor In Carson's Memory (Part Two)

Carson was complacent since the three boys fled away. He was stunned when he heard the voice coming from behind. He quickly turned around and found himself looking straight into Victor's eyes.

"You can talk?" Carson looked Victor up and down and then walked up to him. "Aren't you dumb?"

Victor just looked at Carson with displeasure. He then turned around, picked up his water bottle, and began walking away from Carson.

Carson was incensed that Victor could just ignore him. "Hey, I'm talking to you!"

Victor didn't even flinch at Carson's furious voice. He continued walking toward his classroom.

Carson had never been treated like this before.

He stood there, looking at Victor's back. He somehow had a feeling that Victor was displeased that he had scared the three people away. But he had helped him. So why should Victor be unhappy?

Not far away, the dean was going on a tour of inspection. Seeing the dean, Carson stopped running after Victor. But Victor didn't seem to see the dean at all.

The dean was known for being strict. It was time for class now. If he saw Victor and Carson strolling outside the classroom, he would definitely stop them and question them, whatever reason they gave, the dean would think that they just slacked off.

Carson was an excellent student, which was why his teachers tended to indulge him. They would turn a blind eye to such things as Carson leaving the classroom to fetch water. But the dean thought differently. If he caught a student slacking off, he would show him no mercy. It didn't even matter if he was an excellent student like Carson.

Not to mention the three people, even Carson was afraid of the dean.

Thinking of this, Carson quickened his pace. He then grabbed Victor, quickly ducked into the equipment room, and closed the door.

“Hello, sir.” From behind the door, Carson heard two students greeting the dean. They seemed to have just finished their gym class.

The dean acknowledged their greetings. In a serious tone, he asked, “Are you having gym class?”

“Yes. But the PE teacher said we can do whatever we want. We’re going back to the classroom.”

“The PE teacher isn’t really letting you do whatever you want. What he wants you to do is exercise on the playground, and not sit in the classroom. Now, you go back to the playground.” 2

“Yes, sir.” The students turned around to do as the dean said.

The dean went on with his tour of inspection after the two students were gone.

Carson breathed a sigh of relief. He sneered as he thought of the exchange between the students and the dean.

“Stupid. No wonder they were scolded by the old man!” Carson then felt a little cold. He rubbed his arms and wondered why he suddenly felt cold.

“Achoo!” Carson sneezed, when he turned around, he saw Victor standing not far behind him, with his back against the light. Victor kept a straight face, just like the dean.

Carson seemed to see cool air radiating from Victor’s body.

He touched the tip of his nose and remembered that he pulled him in instinctively.

“Well... Don’t look at me like that.” Under Victor’s gaze, Carson felt a little uncomfortable but he gathered himself. “I was helping you. You’re a new student here, right? You don’t know how strict our dean can be. You wouldn’t want to be seen by him holding a bottle of water outside the classroom. He’ll reprimand you straight away and you’ll never hear the end of it.” 2 His eyes on Carson, Victor just stood there, looking stolid. Carson continued, “Look, this is the second time I have helped you. why are you looking at me like you’re holding a grudge against me? I’m your senior, and twice I’ve helped you out of the kindness of my heart. The least you could do is say thank you. And don’t pretend to be dumb. I know you can talk.”

When Carson was done talking, Victor began to walk towards the door.

Carson noted that he and Victor were about the same height. Victor's face was devoid of emotions which made him look frightening. Carson swallowed and tried to avoid Victor's eyes.

"What do you want? Fight with me? Let me tell you, I practice Taekwondo..."

Before Carson could finish his words, Victor walked past him. He then grasped the doorknob, pressed it down, and opened the door.

Carson couldn't believe what was happening.

Before walking out of the door of the equipment room, Victor turned around and glanced at Carson. "Thank you," he said coldly.

Carson opened his eyes, returning to the present.

After talking for quite a while, Carson felt parched in his throat. He put down his hands on his lap and adjusted his sitting position. Looking serious, he asked, "Can you believe that Victor could be such an austere person? He has been cold since he was a child, when I first met him, I wanted to ask someone to make a plate for him." Rachel turned to look at Carson.

"There could only be four words on the plate—stay away from me." Carson joked.

"That is appropriate," Rachel said.

Carson touched the tip of his nose. "I also think those words suit him all right, what a pity that I haven't made a plate for him until now. When he comes out, I will definitely make one for him. The words on the plate, however, have to be changed. I'll have the words 'a tough man' written on it." Carson chuckled. "If he can survive this time, he has been through two dangerous situations. With his personality, I guess he will not die easily." Carson suddenly stopped laughing.

Rachel's eyes darkened.

The door of the operating room opened again. A different doctor came out and approached them. "The patient suffered a massive hemorrhage in the chest and he badly needs blood. And we have a situation here. The vehicle carrying the people who went to secure blood from the blood bank has been caught at a roadblock. Are there any people here with blood type A that can donate blood?" Lukas hurried forward and said, "Me. Please draw my blood."

As he spoke, Lukas rolled up his sleeve.

The doctor looked at Lukas and frowned. "I'm sorry, sir. There are some requirements to expect for blood donors at your age. And we do need the blood right away." "Look, I'm fine. I'm in good health." "I can donate blood." Rachel stood up. "Draw my blood."

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 453

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 453

she Wants Him Dead

"Here, take this." The nurse pointed to the milk and bread on the table. "You've given a lot of blood and you need to eat something to replenish your strength." The nurse took out the needle from Rachel's skin and put the blood bag in order. "If you feel dizzy, let US know immediately, okay?"

Rachel pressed the spot where the needle had been, her eyes falling on the two blood bags the nurse was holding. She couldn't believe four hundred milliliters of blood had been drained from her body.

Listening to the nurse's instructions, Lukas picked up a glass of milk and handed it to Rachel. "Miss Bennet, here. Why don't you have some milk?"

Rachel stood up abruptly and felt dizzy for a moment, not able to find her footing, she stood still and took a deep breath to recover. Maybe she felt this way because of the four hundred milliliters of blood that was drawn from her body. "Lukas, I'm fine. Don't worry," she said after waking up from her reverie.

"I've asked for a room to be booked in a hotel that is close to the hospital. Considering how busy you've been today, you could use some rest. You don't have to worry. Lukas and I will stay back and keep you updated, okay?" Carson said as he walked over.

Rachel looked to Lukas, and then to Carson, she looked away and said, "I'll wait here. He might need blood later on, and if I'm not..."

"Rachel, unless I'm mistaken, didn't you want Victor to die?" Carson asked, interrupting Rachel abruptly.

Taken by surprise with Carson's words, Rachel completely lost her words and forgot what she was about to say.

Lukas glanced at Rachel shortly, trying to gauge her reaction to Carson's words. He didn't want her to get hurt in any way. "Mr. Scott!" he called out firmly.

The tone of his voice alone made Carson understand what Lukas was trying to convey to him.

He might have understood Lukas' message, but that wasn't about to stop him from speaking his mind. "You've wanted him to die so much for so long! Isn't this a perfect opportunity that has presented itself? If you're scared of feeling guilty if he doesn't survive, you shouldn't. Come on, Rachel! Don't fool yourself! You've already donated enough blood for him. You should just sit and wait for the doctor to announce his demise. You know fully well that that's what you do best."

Rachel pressed her lips into a thin line, looking into Carson's eyes as though she was thinking about it.

Yes, she had to admit that that was what she ought to be doing.

Why then could she only think of being present to help in case Victor needed more blood later on?

"Mr. Scott, I believe you misunderstood Miss Bennet." Lukas frowned.

"Really?"

Rachel walked towards the operating room. "I really do want him to die," she said.

"Miss Bennet..."

"But not like this." Rachel looked at her feet dejectedly. What was wrong with her? Her actions were the complete opposite of the things she said.

She had lost too much blood in a short period of time and her temples hurt. Maybe that was why she was acting that way. The more she thought about it, the more restless she became. Tired of thinking so much, she simply blamed her strange actions on Joey, though she knew fully well that it wasn't true.

Yes, Joey was actually waiting for her.

She had promised to show him a video of a safe Victor when he woke up.

So, of course, she wanted Victor to die. Just not right now. Later maybe.

She wouldn't be able to take it if she was the cause of Joey's sadness, or if she did nothing to make sure he wasn't sad.

Rachel convinced herself of this, she believed that it was the only reason she was trying to save Victor.

Carson looked at Rachel with an unreadable emotion in his eyes. Finally, he chuckled, she looked at him in confusion, trying to understand what was so funny.



“I thought you were a heartless person. Rachel, you may act cold and everything, but deep within you really are warm-hearted.”

“Looks like you know me well, Carson.” Rachel sighed and sat down on the bench.

Joining her on the bench, Carson chuckled lightly and said, “Let’s not stretch it, okay? I don’t know you very well, but we’ve known each other for several years. So, all I can say is I know a little about you and how your head works. Let’s take a rather simple example, huh? You don’t want to show it, but I know you actually care about Victor!”

“Hm...” A strange sound left Rachel’s throat, but she didn’t say any other thing.

Carson didn’t take her silence wrongly. He put his hands on his knees and said, “But really, you’ve really changed a lot.”

Rachel looked up at him and said, “People change, Carson.” “That’s true! But you’ve changed too much in such a short time. It’s...” He turned his head and studied her once more. “How do I say this? It’s just like... Your face and body are still the same, but your soul isn’t.”

Rachel didn’t understand why her heart skipped a beat when she heard this, she dropped her eyes before looking up again and staring into Carson’s eyes.

This time, however, Carson looked away. “Anyways, it’s impossible, right?”

Rachel didn’t say anything.

Drip.

Drip.

Victor slowly opened his eyes. He couldn’t see anything, but he heard the sound of water dripping.

Water? Dripping?

Where was that sound from? why was he getting it?

The last thing he could remember was jumping out from the window of the second floor with Joey in his arms. How could he be hearing the sound of water? He could remember that he had jumped off just in time, because the building exploded behind him just as he jumped off. That was when he felt something strong hit him hard from behind.

He had felt a burning pain in his back just before he passed out.

He couldn't see the surroundings clearly, so he blindly followed the sound. He didn't know how long he had walked or where he was headed to, but he stopped when a white light suddenly shone into his eyes. Instinctively, his hands went up to shield his eyes from the intense light. However, the light didn't go away or get dim, forcing his eyes to adapt to it. slowly, he dropped his hands, no longer having a problem with the light.

Once he dropped his hands and opened his eyes clearly, he was able to see the scene in front of him. It was no longer blurry.

Looking around, there was no doubt he was in an old warehouse.

"Ahem..." Someone coughed, attracting Victor's attention to its owner.

Victor followed the sound with his eyes and saw someone lying on the floor not far away.

He didn't need to look twice to know who it was. That was him at the age of 14.

Starting to feel strange, Victor looked down and realized that he was in the air, and not standing on the floor. Soon enough, he understood that this was one of his memories that he had deliberately shoved to the back of his mind.

Curled up on the floor, young Victor coughed violently before opening his eyes. He looked around, held his stomach tightly and sat up, trying his damndest to bear the pain again.

There was a visible stain of dried blood at the corner of his mouth.

That was the day after he was kidnapped.

He was supposed to have gone abroad the day before. But he wanted to see his mother before leaving Apliaria. He told Carolyn about it and went to the cemetery by himself.

He didn't even get the chance to do what he wanted to do, as the moment he got out of his car at the cemetery, three minibuses surrounded him and the driver.

More than a dozen people quickly got out of the minibuses. Seeing that they were at a disadvantage, the driver told Victor to get into the car quickly and got ready to drive off. Someone smashed the front windshield of the car with a baseball bat before the driver could even start the car.

Others smashed the window of the driver's side, forced the door open and pulled the driver out of the car.

"Run, Mr. Sullivan, run!" the driver shouted.

Unfortunately, Victor didn't have the opportunity to run. Someone opened the door and looked down at him. "Will you get out of the car on your own, or do we have to pull you out?"

After throwing a swift glance at those present, Victor quietly got out of the car.

As soon as he got out of the car, someone tried to tie him up. The kidnappers thought that Victor was scared. Skilfully, Victor seized this chance and pressed the glass fragment hidden in his hand hard against the neck of the man who was about to tie him up.

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 454

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 454

Kidnapped (Part One)

The man didn't expect that a child like Victor would attack him and grab his neck. He didn't dare to move, fearing the Victor would slash his neck any second.

"Boss." The man swallowed hard out of nervousness. He glanced at his boss who was standing a few steps away. It happened sixteen years ago. Norton looked so young and arrogant wearing leather clothes. He smiled contemptuously at Victor, whose height only reached his chest.

As if enjoying a great show, Norton lit up a cigarette and smoke in front of Victor.

Holding the broken glass tightly in his hand, Victor met Norton's gaze.

"Kid, are you seriously threatening me with his life?" With a sneer, Norton added, "It won't work. I have a lot of men working for me, all of whom are more capable than that loser. If you want to kill him, do it!"

"Boss, you can't let him kill me! You..." Victor's grip on the man's neck when the latter tried to speak.

Even though the man begged, Norton remained indifferent. His eyes were only focused on Victor, "what are you waiting for? Kill him."

"Boss..."

As Victor's eyes swept across the area, he roughly estimated that there were at least fifteen people here; all of them were equipped with either baseball bats or knives. He could also tell at a glance that they were trained for this.

In other words, Victor couldn't possibly win against them. The fact that Norton was fine with him killing one of his people made the situation more terrifying.

"Let the driver go." Victor's small yet firm voice rang out. The driver, whose upper body was pressed against the car, struggled when he heard what Victor said. "No, Mr. Sullivan. Leave me here. Run!"

A trace of amazement flashed across Norton's face. "Kid, you can't even protect yourself, how are you going to protect others? Well, let me tell you something. Nice people don't have nice endings."

There was no response from Victor, so he continued, "How about I give you two choices since you are such a good friend?"

Norton threw his cigarette on the ground and stepped on it as he walked forward.

The closer he got, the harder Victor pressed the broken glass on the man's neck.

The sharp glass grazed the man's skin, causing blood to ooze out.

"The first choice is that I will let your driver go with some money. But you have to think it over. It's not guaranteed that your driver will call for help once he gets away. Maybe he will just run away with the money." After all, if the driver went home without Victor, Carolyn would question him. How could the driver explain how Victor was kidnapped?

If the Sullivan family decided to punish him, there was nothing he could do. But if these ruthless men let him go and gave him some money, he could run away from the Sullivan family and live a good life. A wise man knew which choice was better between the two.

"As for the second option..." with a playful smile, Norton continued, "I'll give you a knife and you can kill your driver."

The driver's eyes widened.

"Once you killed him, I'll give you half an hour to escape. I'll give you one minute to think about it. Kid, think wisely. What's more important? Your life, or the life of the person who may betray you?" Norton tested Victor.

The driver trembled in fear. He looked at Victor with pleading eyes and called out his name. "Mr. Sullivan..." Victor cast a quick glance at him before interrupting Norton who was just about to count down. "I don't need a minute to think."

"Oh? Really? Have you made up your mind?"

“Let the driver go, and I’ll follow you.” That was the young Victor’s decision. Despite the possibility that the driver might betray him, he couldn’t be selfish.

“Are you sure? Boy, you should know that this is your last chance to live.” Disappointed by his answer, Norton squinted his eyes. “Let me tell you the truth. Someone paid me to kill you. Do you really think that this is just a kidnap for ransom? Let me say it again. Someone wants you dead.”

These words would have frightened an ordinary child, but Victor didn’t even flinch. His face remained expressionless. “Let him go.”

For a while, Norton stared at Victor and waited if he would change his mind. He sneered when he realized that Victor was serious. “Boy, you will regret it.” The man holding down the driver released him.

True enough, Norton gave the driver a bank card too.

The driver looked at the bank card in his hand, and then at Victor. He knelt on the ground and said, “Mr. Sullivan, thank you. Thank you!”

At this time, Victor threw the glass he was holding since he promise to go with the kidnapers. “Just go,” he told the driver.

“Sir...”

“Please call my grandma and tell her I’m grateful to her.” ‘Thank you for protecting and loving me for the past six years. Thank you for giving me home, and for making me feel that I’m not alone.’ These were the words Victor hoped he could say to his grandmother.

With bloodshot eyes, the driver bowed to Victor three times.

If it were someone else who witnessed such a dramatic moment, he would have been brought to tears. However, Norton only got annoyed. “Are you leaving or not? If you don’t want to leave, you can stay here with him. Anyway, I don’t mind killing one more person.”

Scared for his life, the driver stood up and limped away. Looking at the driver’s receding figure, Norton chuckled and walked up to Victor. “You idiot.”

Suddenly, a loud gunshot echoed in the place.

Before Victor could react, the driver, who was running for his life, stopped. Then, he trembled and fell straight to the ground and never got up again.

Blood gradually flowed out from the man’s body, staining the road.

With wide eyes, Victor turned to look at Norton, who was holding a gun that was still pointing at the driver.

Norton shot the driver dead.

Because of this, Victor, who had always been nonchalant, was enraged. "You broke your promise!"

"So what if I did?" Norton put away his gun, held Victor's face and approached him. "Boy, you should thank me for helping you get rid of a person who betrayed you. Besides, I just promised you to let him go. Did I say that I wouldn't kill him?"

When he tried to touch Victor, the latter shook of his hand.

Norton ordered his men, "Tie him up and take him away! If he resisted, beat him until he couldn't move! But be careful, I don't want him to die so soon. He's interesting."

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 455**

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 455

Kidnapped (Part Two)

The moment Norton gave his orders, his men began to beat Victor up before he even had the chance to protect himself.

Initially, Victor thought that he was strong enough to fight back. However, at the end of the day, he was nothing but a fourteen-year-old boy. Sparring with quite a handful of well-trained men, he soon lost the brawl.

They hit him at all his weakest spots. It was as if they wanted to break all of his bones.

Laughter reverberated through the air. "Little boy, call me Daddy. If you do, I might just go easy on you," one of the men said.

Struggling to cover his head with his arms, Victor was kicked from the back. Soon, he fell to the ground. 1 Before he even had the chance to get up, someone hit him again with a baseball bat. For a moment, all he could see was black as he felt a sharp pain on his back. A sudden surge of blood arose from his chest before he spat it out from his mouth.

"Call me Daddy!"

Laughter broke through the air.

"This boy sure is tough. But I know he's going to break soon. All it takes is a couple more hits."

Their arrogant words seemed to ring in Victor's ears. Struggling to stand up with his hands on the ground for support, Victor spat out blood from his mouth once more.

Seemingly coming from nowhere, a foot stepped on the back of his hand.

"I said, call me Daddy! Are you fucking deaf?!" the man said, putting more pressure on the sole of his foot.

Victor raised his head, matching the man's gaze. Not a word escaped his lips.

Narrowing his eyes, the man gazed at Victor with disdain. He stomped on the back of Victor's hand again. Instantly, Victor felt the intense pain. Cold sweat started dripping down from his forehead, down to the asphalt road.

The physical pain he felt seemed to have reached his heart.

It felt as though he had been stabbed by a knife.

The pain he felt grew every time the man stomped on the back of his hand. He could almost hear his bones breaking.

Even so, Victor was determined to keep his lips sealed. He was stubborn and unwilling to beg for mercy.

It appeared as if the man had grown tired of waiting. Taking the baseball bat from his companion's hand, he moved his foot and said, "You're right. He's not unbreakable, but I like to see how tough this boy is!" The moment he finished speaking, the man threw another blow at Victor.

"Ah!" Victor groaned. There was just so much he could take. After resisting for quite some time, his body seemed to have given up. He fell to the ground. Despite his inability to fight back, the men still kept on hitting him.

They hit him eight more times with the baseball bat. After the eighth blow, blood came out of his mouth and his surroundings seemed to have become more blurry. Victor knew that he could no longer keep his eyes open no matter how hard he tried. When he looked down, he caught a glimpse of the cemetery not too far away.

There was a vague figure of a woman in a floral dress. She had short hair and was walking towards him.

A frown appeared on his lips as he gazed at the woman. "Mom..."

Victor struggled to sit up. The excruciating pain on his body made it hard for him to breathe. It felt as though his organs were being crushed every time a cough escaped his lungs.

He didn't remember when he had lost consciousness.

His eyes wandered around as he raised his hand to wipe the corner of his lips. He wanted to know where he was.

He didn't think that he'd make it out alive.

He thought he was going to see his mother again.

Since his mother's death six years ago, he never once dreamt of her. He thought that he could no longer remember how his mother looked like. However, he was solely mistaken.

Victor had perfect knowledge that he was suffering from intense injuries. He couldn't bring himself to move. Looking around his surroundings, he realized that he was at an abandoned warehouse. A moment later, he laid himself down again and closed his eyes. He knew very well that escaping was impossible. He had no idea when the men would come back. Perhaps, they left him there to die.

However, since he was ever-so-lucky to be alive, he knew that he had to find a way to survive.

The best he could do at this very moment was to recover. He knew that being impulsive would only bring him his demise.

Left with no choice, Victor lay there on the rough, cold floor. It was, undoubtedly, uncomfortable. Staring at the ceiling, he saw spider webs gather around the corners of the building.

He couldn't help but wonder if his grandmother was aware that he had been kidnapped.

'Is she going to find me? who did this to me?'

Perhaps his injuries caused him to be in a daze. Memories of his life with his mother and the car accident played in his mind like a broken record.

After quite some time, someone finally opened the door.

The time Victor spent laying on the floor made him adapt to the pain he was feeling. He felt marginally better than when he had just woken up. He sat up when he heard the noise. His eyes turned to the door. Norton had changed his clothes. Donning a crisp, well-ironed suit, he looked like a different man.



“Wow. I didn’t expect you to be up so soon,” he said. Immediately, a man fetched a stool for Norton to sit down. There was only a few steps separating him and Victor.

With sharp eyes, Victor stared at the man in front of him. Not a word left his lips.

Resting his elbows on top of his thighs, Norton smiled and asked, “Does it hurt, little boy?”

Before Victor could even say a word, he heard the sound of a baseball bat being dragged across the rough floor.

From the corner of his eye, Victor caught a glimpse of the bat. The pain in his back throbbed at the sight of it.

He couldn’t help himself from coughing again, the metallic taste of blood lingering on his tongue.

“Look at you! Didn’t I tell you to be careful? Look at what you’ve done!” There was a smile on Norton’s lips. Although his words sounded as if he was blaming his men, there was mockery in the tone of his voice.

“It’s all our fault,” one of his men blurted out.

Leaning back against the chair, Norton crossed his legs and looked at Victor. “You’ve impressed me, boy. I did not expect a boy from the Sullivan family to be so tough.”

“Who?” Victor asked.

Norton leaned forward, his eyebrows raised slightly. He put his hand next to his hear and asked, “What did you say?”

Victor’s eyes drifted towards him. He knew very well that Norton heard him clearly.

His voice wasn’t loud but it was clear enough to be audible. Besides, the warehouse was quiet and empty. “Who asked you…” There was blood surging from his chest. He felt as if blood would come out of his mouth if he said one more word. After a pause, he continued, “...to kill me?”

“Oh...I see.” Putting his hand down, Norton rested his back against his chair and said, “You are Victor Sullivan. Surely, you’re smart enough to figure it out. You should be able to guess whoever it is who’s longing for your death.”

Victor knew.

There were only a handful of people who wanted him dead, excluding the Sullivan Group’s rivals.

“I’ll give you two minutes to figure it out. If you guess correctly, I will give you a reward. What do you think?” Norton particularly enjoyed making fun of people. There was a playful smile on his lips as his eyes gazed at Victor. “Of course, you will be punished if you get it wrong. You have one minute and thirty six...”

“It’s my father, isn’t it?”