

Want Nothing But You Chapter 456

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 456

Kidnapped (Part Three)

“Seriously?” Norton inquired, his brows furrowed.

As soon as he saw the look of astonishment on his face, Victor knew that he couldn't be more correct. Karl Sullivan, Victor's father, hired Norton to murder him.

When it came to Apliaria and the rest of the country, the Sullivan family was a major and influential family. If someone else had hired Norton to murder him, Norton would be reluctant to comply. Killing Victor would be an insult to the Sullivan family's honor and respect.

However, if someone in the Sullivan family hired him to murder Victor, such as Karl, Victor's father, Norton would not have to worry about it.

Maria and Karl were the only members of the Sullivan family that desired his demise.

It was too risky for Maria to take his life out of the blue.

As a member of the Kennedy family, she took on both the Sullivan family's and the Kennedy family's reputation. Neither she nor the Kennedy family would survive if she did anything reckless.

It would be too early for the Kennedy family to take on the Sullivan family. The Kennedy family would be easy prey for Carolyn to take down even if Karl was guarding the Kennedy family. Therefore, Maria did not dare wager on the Kennedy family.

Karl was the only one who could do anything he wanted to him.

Even though Victor was Karl's first child, everyone in the Sullivan family knew that he was a mistake of Karl's own making. To the public, Victor was perhaps Karl's worst mistake. At social events, Karl would always hear people talking about it. At the very least, his damn kid was a nuisance. His presence appeared to serve as a constant reminder of his relationship with a maid, something he loathed.

In spite of this, Carolyn adored this scumbag of a kid. Karl had a bad experience the first time Carolyn brought Victor back to the Sullivan family. Carolyn was upset with Karl for how he handled Victor, but he was her son, and she had no control over what happened to him or how Karl treated Victor, she had raised Victor by herself so as not to make him upset, and Karl never had to see Victor again.

Initially, life was enjoyable since they did not have to see one another. Even though Karl despised Victor, he did not have to see him. Carolyn, on the other hand, became fonder of Victor as he matured. That was not all. On her 65th birthday, in front of everyone, she said she had been planning on sending Victor to study overseas after two years, and that she'd pass all of her shares in the Sullivan Group to him after he finished his study.

Both Karl and Victor were taken aback when they heard Carolyn.

Carolyn nodded to Victor when she finished speaking, indicating for him to follow her up on her invitation to take the stage. Not until a second later did Victor regain his composure. Looking into Carolyn's soft eyes, Victor stepped towards her so as not to disappoint her.

He got a sight of Karl as soon as he stepped on the stage.

In Karl's eyes, there was an expression of hatred.

Karl didn't look at him in any way closer as a father should look at his son. A vicious and uncaring expression was all that was left in his eyes, not revulsion.

He wished for Victor's doom as he had never before.

At that moment, Victor's mind was flooded with this thought, and even he was surprised. In any case, he was convinced of its truth at the time. He took another glance at Karl, but the latter had already departed. He was unable to do anything except watch his father leave.

There were no doubts that Karl would take over as president of the Sullivan Group in the following several years. After all, Carolyn's retirement was just a few years away. Karl, her only kid, was a not very talented guy, but he would one day be in control of the Sullivan family's business.

Since Carolyn's 65th birthday, tables had turned completely.

Waiting to take over, Karl had discussed the Sullivan Group's future with Carolyn in an indirect manner. Despite this, he had never received a definitive response from Carolyn. At the time, Karl assumed it was just due to her reluctance to retire.

He opted to say no more, believing the Sullivan Group would fall into his hands sooner or later.

However, he was mistaken in this regard. Carolyn never intended to give him the Sullivan Group in the first place, not because she didn't want to retire. She didn't retire because she wanted to keep the position for his scumbag kid!

Ever since that day, Karl desired to put Victor in a casket.

Victor was nothing more than a barrier on his path. So, killing him was the quickest method to get rid of him.

He also believed that Carolyn's knowledge of who hired the kidnappers to murder Victor was irrelevant. She would never harm her own son in any way.

Without saying, Karl wasn't going to order someone to hunt down Victor right away. Instead, he had been patiently waiting for two years and had made the decision to murder Victor on the same day that Carolyn was to ship him abroad.

"Generally speaking, no one is capable of hurting his own children. Your father is such a horrible person that he wouldn't even let go of his own kid." Since Norton was an acclaimed member in Roaring Tiger now, he was aware of the Sullivan family. To be fair, Karl couldn't have been more obvious in his reasoning for wanting Victor dead. He was impressed, and he couldn't help thinking that it wasn't that great to be born into a wealthy family.

Victor kept his mouth shut.

Norton moved over to him after getting up from his chair. He pushed Victor to stare into his eyes while holding his jaw with one hand. "However, you are not any better than your father." 1

Norton had a history of taking risks. As a result, he'd seen and murdered a great many individuals. Victor's gaze made him certain that he would grow up to be a vicious guy, too.

He stared down at Victor with a smirk as he released Victor's chin from his grasp. "I've promised you a prize if you make an educated guess."

Victor's mouth was filled with the stench of blood, and he coughed as a result. To avoid seeming timid at this particular moment, he bit his tongue and remained completely quiet. His eyes became somewhat red as a result.

Norton gazed at Victor, removed an object from his back, and tossed it into his arms.

Victor didn't see it properly. He merely grabbed the object Norton had tossed to him unconsciously. Norton's words interrupted him before he could make out what it was.

"Can you tell where we are?"

The object in Victor's hand was a Swiss knife.

Norton's voice came again before he could say anything. "The warehouse backs up to a forest. You can go back to Apliaria in roughly three days if you walk through the jungle."

Victor pursed his lips as he stared up at him, with the knife gripped in his fist.

“Tonight, as your reward, I will send you into the wilderness. You’ll make it if you can walk back to Apliaria on your own,” Norton said, smiling. But it’s not all good news, however. There’s a whole pack of wolves lurking in there. Let’s see whether you can make it out in one piece.”

Want Nothing But You Chapter 457

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Kidnapped (Part Four)

It was late at night and darkness was all around them. A minibus and a vehicle drove along a rugged mountain road straight into the deep forest. About half an hour later, the vehicles finally came to a stop. In the back seat of the minibus, Victor couldn’t make a move, with his eyes covered with a blindfold and his wrists and ankles tied by hemp rope. After the minibus came to a stop, the man in the passenger seat got out, opened the backseat door, and bent down to pull Victor out of the vehicle.

Victor lost his balance and fell straight to the ground. His knees came into contact with a stone, which made him furrow his brows in pain.

Norton got out of the other car and came up to him on the muddy road. After that, he glanced over at his subordinate.

His man immediately understood what he wanted and took off the blindfold that was covering Victor’s eyes. The sudden light coming right at him made Victor wince. With his face scrunched up into a frown, he slowly opened his eyes to look at the person in front of him. He saw that Norton was holding a flashlight in his hand, pointing it at his face.

After that, his man untied the rope around his wrists and ankles.

Victor lifted his arm to block the blinding light. He still felt pain in his knee.

Boy, you’re here. But it depends on your luck whether you’ll survive this place or not.” As soon as Norton finished saying that, there could be heard a wolf’s howl in the quiet night.

Norton cocked his eyebrow and left with his men.

The minibus and the car drove away together and gradually disappeared from Victor’s line of sight. In just a few minutes, the place was in total darkness once again.

Ahem...” Seeing that they were now gone, Victor finally couldn’t help but cough, hand clamped over his mouth.

His palm got wet as a result of this.

He sensed that it was blood.

Even though Victor couldn't make out the blood on his palm clearly, he knew his physical condition. If he continued to stay in this place, he would die from internal injuries before the wolves could get to him.

Enduring the bursts of pain in his knee, he slowly got up and tightened his grip on the Swiss knife in his hand.

"Awoo..."

A wolf's howl sounded out right then. Looking in the direction of the wolf's howl, Victor found out that the area was so dark that he couldn't even see his surroundings clearly.

But this time, the wolf's howl sounded closer just now, indicating that it was moving in his direction.

There was no way he could stand here anymore.

Wolves were smart animals and they also had a keen sense of smell. Looking down at the blood staining his palm, Victor bent down and grabbed a handful of soil in order to dilute the scent of blood on his hand. He mulled it over in his head, trying to think of a good hiding spot.

As long as he could get through the night, he would be able to find a way to leave the forest once morning came around.

He made his way in the complete opposite direction. Every step he made, he could feel pain all over his body and he wanted to cough out more blood. But he couldn't do this. Once he made any noise and coughed blood, there would be wolves on his trail.

He walked for a distance but didn't get very far.

He couldn't walk very far, especially with his hurt knee. At the same time, his forehead was drenched in a cold sweat after walking not very far. He had no idea what he would run into if he continued walking like this. Besides, wolves hunted in packs. He had only heard the sound of one wolf howling just now. It might be calling out to its companions at this very moment.

If he kept walking forward like this, he might run into the other wolves who might be rushing to his spot at this time.

On the one hand, his injury didn't let him get too far. On the other hand, he wasn't so sure what would happen next so he had to preserve his strength to fight whatever came his way.

He hid behind a huge tree and leaned against it for support.

Victor felt immense pain in his chest and lungs and his breathing became a little heavier. He tightly clutched onto the knife in his hand and stayed vigilant for whatever might come in his path.

He had no idea how much time had passed since the wolf's last howl. Perhaps a couple of minutes, or perhaps even half an hour.

Victor was starting to feel dizzy and he thought he was going to black out.

He knew that his injury must have taken a turn for the worse and he might not be able to hold on for much longer. He needed to find a safe place in order to nurse his wounds.

He stood with his back straight and was about to move on when suddenly there was a "crack" sound behind him. It wasn't all that loud, but the sound was particularly sudden in this altogether quiet forest.

Victor knew it was the sound of a twig breaking.

And then, he heard the sound of heavy breathing behind him.

When Victor turned around, he spotted the eyes of something staring at him. It was none other than the wolf.

Even though he had used dirt to try and cover the blood on his palm, the wounds on his body had yet to heal, and there was still the heavy scent of blood on him, which eventually led the wolf straight to him.

Victor took a step back, going ahead to press the switch of the knife with his thumb, and pointed the blade at the wolf when it popped out.

As long as there was one wolf here, it meant that the other wolves could not be far away.

There was no way he could escape.

The wolf howled viciously and approached him very slowly.

Victor was on high alert and retreated carefully. After taking a few steps back, the wolf appeared to have lost all patience and all of a sudden, pounced on him. There was no time for Victor to get out of the way so he was forced to fight it head-on.

The wolf made a leap at him.

Victor picked up a branch lying on the ground, which was as thick as his arm, and hit the wolf with it. The wolf was caught off-guard and rolled to the ground, but pretty soon, it got up and proceeded to pounce on him again. This time, it came at an even faster speed to attack Victor.

Victor had no time to get away and failed to do anything to the wolf this time.

The wolf pounced on him again. Losing his balance, Victor fell straight to the ground.

He used the branch in his hand to block the wolf's claws aimed at his chest, but he was hurt and was definitely no match for a grown wolf at all. Pretty soon, he couldn't hold on for much longer. The wolf was about to bite his arm.

"Awoo..."

The wolf suddenly released another miserable cry.

Victor took this opportunity to shake it off of him.

The wolf fell to the ground sideways, staring up at Victor with its red eyes. It opened its mouth and bared its teeth, but it couldn't move around at all, and its breath started to become weaker and weaker. Victor stumbled to his feet, held the branch in front of him, and made his way towards the wolf.

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"Awoo..." The wolf cried very weakly this time.

After taking two steps toward the wolf, Victor couldn't help but cough again. Blood dripped down from the corner of his mouth.

He walked toward the wolf, supported himself with the branch, slowly crouched down, and examined the wolf's belly. A knife was deeply inserted into its belly, and blood was gushing out of its wound.

That knife happened to be the Swiss knife that Victor had been holding in his hand earlier.

At the most critical moment just now, he used all his might to stab the knife into the wolf's stomach, which happened to be its weakest point.

Clutching the hilt of the knife, Victor looked deeply into the wolf's eyes and pulled it right out.

More blood flowed out of the wolf's wound.

The wolf let out another very weak cry and its entire body trembled. After that, its breathing finally came to a stop.

Feeling worn out, Victor could barely keep conscious and his vision began to blur.

However, the death of this wolf wasn't the end of his horrible night.

On the contrary, its death would only attract more wolves.

There was no way he could stay here any longer.

Victor got up and was about to leave. However, when he lifted his head, he saw seven or eight wolves staring at him not too far away as if they were keeping an eye on their prey.

Want Nothing But You Chapter 458

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 458

Kidnapped (Part Four)

It was too late.

Victor clenched the knife, with the wolf's blood dripping from its blade. The pungent smell covered the air. Looking at the bloodthirsty eyes of the wolves, he immediately jerked away and stepped back a few steps cautiously.

He almost drained all his strength in taking down one of them.

It would be impossible to win against a pack of wolves, especially in his state. He might not be able to hold up for long. The only way for him to survive was to buy time.

However, the alpha wolf started to trot closer to Victor. When it saw the wolf lying on the ground motionless, it belted out a mournful howl. It then gritted its teeth and looked fiercely at Victor. The next second, it charged toward him with its sharp claws glimmering under the moonlight.

Victor tensed up, looking at the wolf charging at him. He gripped the knife's handle tightly so that the veins on the back of his hands protruded.

He didn't know if he would be able to evade its attack this time, but he would surely die if he didn't fight back. However, the pain he felt in his body from tackling the wolf just now began to worsen as the other charged toward him, making his breathing hitch. The

alpha wolf was now only an inch away from pouncing on him when the unexpected happened. Whoosh!

In just a split second, the charging wolf howled and fell heavily to the ground. It writhed in pain until it stopped as if dead.

Victor was stunned. Before he could react, a blaze flew in his direction and landed only a few steps in front of him. The dead branches and leaves on the ground immediately caught fire and set ablaze, isolating Victor from the rest of the wolves in front of him.

From the emitting light, Victor saw the dart pierce into the alpha wolf's chest. It was what killed it in one strike.

The presence of the dart, however, meant only one thing. There was another person around besides Victor.

Seeing how the weapon mercilessly killed a beast, Victor felt rather overstrung. He couldn't say for sure if the other person came to his rescue or was targeting him. The remaining wolves wanted to go near him, but they were obstructed by the blazing fire. Wolves were afraid of the flames.

Enduring the pain all over his body, Victor picked up a stick and walked over to the flames. He tore off the sleeve of his shirt, wrapped one end of the stick with it, and put it above the blaze enough for it to catch fire.

Just then, two more blazes flew in the direction of the wolves.

It startled the wolves and sent them fleeing away.

Victor watched sternly as the feisty beasts scattered away in fright.

Suddenly, he started to cough incessantly. Gripping the knife and stick in his hands, his gaze shifted to the fire. Under the light, he could vaguely see a figure approaching.

His jaw clenched.

Right then, his chest tightened, and he felt stuffy. Blood began to gush out of his mouth as he coughed. Cough!

It caught him off guard as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Clang!

His grip loosened, and the knife fell to the ground.

He was about to pass out and lose consciousness completely.

Before his vision blurred, however, he saw the figure coming closer.

In the next second, everything turned black as he fell to the ground in a loud thud.

When Victor regained consciousness, it was already dawn.

The brightening sky greeted his eyes as he opened them slowly. He could also hear the faint sound of trickling water from a stream not far away.

'Am I dead?' As Victor wondered, someone suddenly spoke near him.

"You're finally awake."

'Who is it?' Victor was bewildered.

"Hey, can you move?" Before Victor could say anything, the voice spoke again. The person looked down at him, blocking the sunlight from his view.

It was a girl. Up close, Victor could see her beauty clearly. Her eyelashes were long and pretty.

Victor looked the girl straight in the eyes for a moment.

After making sure Victor was awake, the girl looked away and walked to a nearby stone to sit down. "Are you hungry?" Do you want fruits? I picked some of these. They're sweet."

Victor's whole body hurt, and his head was still in a haze.

Struggling, he supported himself to sit up. His eyes then fell on the girl.

She had short hair and wore a plain T-shirt atop casual pants. Her shoes were so muddy that their original appearance was almost unrecognizable. At one glance, one would mistake her for a boy because of how she dressed. Even though she was sitting, Victor could tell she'd stand just above his shoulders. "I'll give you these two." The girl threw him the fruits.

1 Victor caught the fruits instinctively.

"How long was I unconscious?" Victor asked in a slightly hoarse voice. If one didn't listen carefully, they wouldn't hear what he had just said.

"Not that long. Just about three or four hours." The girl looked at him and took a bite of the fruit in her hand. A smile instantly appeared on her face because of its sweet taste. "Eat. They're really sweet."

Victor looked down at the fruit in his hand, but he was in so much pain to even have the appetite to eat. However, the expectant eyes of the girl in front of him made him take a bite, albeit hesitatingly.

“What do you think? Sweet, isn’t it?”

“It is,” Victor said in a low voice. “Thank you.”

“It’s nothing. If you want more, just tell me and I’ll find you more,” the girl said and continued to eat her fruit in haste.

Looking at the unusual girl up and down, Victor recalled what had happened before he passed out. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw several darts on another stone.

He was sure it was the person who saved him from the wolves last night. His savior was this beautiful girl who stood just above his shoulders and dressed like a boy.

‘Who is she? Why did she save me? What’s her reason? Did Norton send her?’

Questions flooded Victor’s mind, but the girl seemed unbothered at all. After finishing her fruit, she looked at Victor and found his fruits still there. “You don’t like them?”

Her voice took Victor out of his thoughts. “I’m just not hungry. Do you still want to eat? You can have them.”

“Are you really not going to eat?”

Victor didn’t answer and just handed her the fruits.

The girl smiled and got down from the stone she was sitting on. Taking the fruits from Victor, she said happily, “Thanks.”

Looking at the innocent face of the girl before him, Victor started to doubt the thoughts he had earlier. It was hard to associate person who saved him last night with a nice-looking girl like her.

“Where are we?” Victor asked.

“I don’t know.” The girl looked around and shrugged. “When you passed out last night, I didn’t know if you were still alive. If I left you in there, you would surely be eaten up by those wolves if they came back. So I took you here. I’m sure we are still somewhere inside the forest, though.”

The girl then rubbed her shoulders. “You are so heavy, you know. How did you get here, anyway? Did you get lost?”

Want Nothing But You Chapter 459

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 459

Shelia

After consuming the fruit, Victor coughed.

The girl stood up and handed him the water. "I simply collected some water from the river. Filtration has been done with small stones. It's clean. Drink it."

Victor stopped momentarily as he inspected the water as if suspecting it was poisoned.

The girl didn't seem to grasp Victor's thinking. She persuaded Victor to drink the water. "Quick. There is no need to be worried. For the past few days, I've been drinking the water. My bowel movements are normal."

"Thanks," Victor mumbled as he took the water.

"We're in the same boat. We both got lost in the forest. Humans have a built-in tendency to give a hand to each other." she nonchalantly waved her hand. The sun was blazing. "Then again, we can't stay here for long. There has to be a way out."

Rather than drinking it, Victor quietly set the water down.

He was extremely thirsty, and he had been injured. However, he was skeptical of the person in front of him despite the fact that his body needed water very badly at that moment.

"Hey! What's your name?" The girl shifted her attention to Victor. For a fleeting moment, she caught a glimpse of the water jug. She could tell he hadn't drunk the water. Pretending not to see it, she shifted her attention elsewhere.

"Vic."

"Van?" she asked since she didn't hear it clearly.

Observing her, Victor paused before nodding in agreement. "What about you, then? what is your name?" 1

"My name? Shelia Davis." Shelia's two deep dimples were clearly visible as she smiled. "You can call me Shelia." 2

"Shelia..." Softly, Victor whispered the name. "That's a pretty name."

“You mean? I chose the name for myself.” As Shelia leaned against Victor, she crossed her legs.

“Did you say the name you chose for yourself?”

“Yes. I chose the name because I like the way it sounds and because it’s unique as far as I’m concerned.” Shelia wrote the name with a branch that she found on the ground while she was speaking. Victor hadn’t figured out how to spell Shelia’s name until that point.

Shelia...

Nothing about it sounded boyish to him.

The only thing that set Shelia apart from other girls was her short hair and carefree demeanor. In that regard, she was like a boy.

Shelia added the word “Van” to the end of her name after she was done writing hers. “This is your name, correct?”

Victor was his name. But for some reason, he didn’t correct her and just nodded.

“Since we now know each other’s names, we can call each other friends.” In a gesture of friendship, Shelia extended her hand. “Let’s do this once again! Hi, my name is Shelia.”

“Pleasure. I’m Van.” Victor extended his hand to Shelia and they exchanged a handshake.

Shelia stood up and patted the soil on her body after she had thrown away the branch she was holding. “Is it possible for you to stand? To avoid being stalked again by wolves at night, we must find a way out.”

Victor was also aware that they wouldn’t be here for long.

He nodded and stood slowly with his hand on the stone. “Let’s get going!”

As soon as she had the darts in a cloth bag, Shelia returned to Victor with the bag tied to her waist. She took the jar of water that he hadn’t consumed, surveyed the area, and indicated in the direction of a nearby road that was reasonably smooth. “Let’s take this route.”

Victor’s gaze remained fixed on Shelia.

His eyes became dark as he watched Shelia deftly stow the darts. He gave her a thoughtful look.

Shelia claimed to have lost her way.

Last night, however, she was able to save him from the wolves. In addition, she had a strong ability to survive in the wild. It was apparent that she wasn't lost or in need of help at the very least. Victor was on guard against the girl. 1

Shelia led the way. Since Victor was injured, she didn't move as quickly as she perhaps could if he was in perfect condition.

They strolled the forest for about forty minutes, and they still hadn't come out.

The temperature was surging upwards into the triple -digit range. Shelia used her hand to block out the sun as she wiped away the sweat from her. "Why do I feel like we've been traveling in circles?"

Victor, too, came to a halt. "This is the third time we've come across this tree," he said, looking at the trunk near him.

Shelia's eyes widened in amazement. "Really? How did I not notice it?"

She walked rapidly over to the tree and scowled. "Are you sure? Here, every tree has the same appearance. Could you be wrong? So much time has passed. We've possibly been going round and round in circles, which is really absurd."

"This tree has a slight fracture," Victor said.

Shelia followed Victor's lead and discovered the fracture he had indicated. "Wow! How every observant of you!"

Victor remained silent. He wondered whether Shelia was genuinely pretending or she honestly didn't know. Shelia's response revealed that she was completely unaware of the fact that they were circling.

But could someone have traveled the same route three times in a row without question? Was Shelia stalling for time?

Shelia had no idea what Victor was thinking at the time. Her gaze remained fixed on the crack, and she couldn't help but sigh. "Van, you are quite sharp."

"I was under the impression that you were already aware of this."

Shelia blushed and said, "I'm sorry. I had no idea where I was going. It's as though everything here is the same. I wouldn't have been stranded here for so long if that wasn't the case."

"Right." Victor's response was unemotional.

Signing, Shelia said, "If so, what should we do next, then? We can't just keep going forward and back all the time. What do you think?"

Victor remained quiet for a few moments as he studied Shelia's concerned expression. "Since we've walked so much, you're worn out. Let's take a rest. We'll find a way out, I assure you."

"There's no other way," Shelia answered, nodding her head.

She raised the water in her hand and said, "We've been walking for a long time. Would you want some water now? I haven't had a sip of the water yet. After a lengthy stroll, I'm concerned you'll get dehydrated. You don't seem to be in the right shape."

Victor hobbled up to the shady spot next to the tree trunk and sat. He gave Shelia a sideways look when he heard her.

Shelia had urged him to drink water for the second time. 1

"Here you go. After walking for so long, I'm starting to feel a bit hungry. I'll be right back. You know, I'll check if there's any fruit around here." Shelia didn't even wait for Victor to respond. She tossed the water at him, removed the dart from the cloth bag, and began walking away.

Victor narrowed his eyes as he gazed at the water in his arms. He then turned to watch Shelia's back as she walked far away.

If Shelia was indeed sent by Norton, this was his greatest opportunity to escape!

Want Nothing But You Chapter 460

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 460

Are You Worried

Forty minutes later

From a distance, Shelia could be seen dragging something across the ground. She had one hand filled with a pile of fruits and the other holding what seemed to look like a tail.

After quite some time of walking, she finally stopped. Shelia wiped the sweat off of her forehead as her eyes drifted to the boy leaning against the tree. "I'm exhausted. Luckily, I didn't get lost. Are you hungry, Van?"

Victor did not go anywhere.

The truth was that, he was capable of walking nonstop for forty minutes.

However, he was completely clueless as to why he did not take his leave. Perhaps, he was too injured to walk. Victor tried to convince himself this was the reason he didn't leave.

His eyes followed the sweat dripping from her forehead before looking at what was behind her.

From a distance, he couldn't quite tell what she was dragging around.

It was a dead wolf. The same exact one that Victor killed.

"Why did you bring that here?" Victor asked in confusion.

There was a smile on Shelia's lips as she turned to get a glimpse of the dead wolf. "For food!"

"Food?"

"Yeah, but the thing is, I have no idea if would meat would be delicious, still, it's better than nothing. I've thought about it. We can't always just eat fruits all the time. Besides, you need to eat something good in order to recover from your injuries. That's why I went back to the place where you fainted last night to check if the wolves were still there."

Exhaustion ran on Shelia's nerves. After all, she had been walking for quite some time now. She picked up a fruit and took a generous bite of it. "I didn't anticipate for them to still be there. Maybe God really is looking after US."

Victor's eyes drifted from the dead wolf towards Shelia. Not a single word escaped his lips.

The smell of the blood from his throat grew stronger. Suddenly, he felt suffocated. He had the urge to cough, but he knew very well that once he did, blood would come out of his mouth. Despite having rested the entire night, he still did not get better. He was barely able to hold on.

There was a throbbing pain in his temples and his eyesight was so blurred that he could barely see anything. All he wanted to do was sleep. He was exhausted.

Shelia stood up and walked towards Victor. She put her hand against his forehead. "It's so hot."

Victor felt how cool her hand was. Suddenly, a sense of comfort rushed into his heart.

However, that moment did not last long since Shelia moved her hand away.

"You're feverish," Shelia said.

Coming to his senses, Victor said, "I'm fine. I'll be better once I get some rest."

Shelia's lips formed into a straight line as her eyes drifted to the jar of water next to Victor's hand. It seemed that he did not drink it at all.

Her eyes focused on Victor's lips. They were chapped and dry because of dehydration and blood loss.

"You're not feeling well. Why don't you drink some water?" Shelia couldn't understand why Victor did not drink a single drop of water. For a while now, she had been holding her tongue because she knew that it was none of her business. However, seeing how uncomfortable he was, she could no longer keep her curiosity to herself.

Victor raised his head a bit and looked into Shelia's eyes.

Unable to hold their gaze, Shelia blinked her eyes a couple of times before finally looking away. She picked up the jar of water, unscrewed the lid and took a sip. "I think it's safe to drink."

Victor did not expect what she did.

Before he could even react, Shelia handed him the jar. "Don't you really want to drink? Even just a little? You should hydrate yourself now that you're sick."

"Thank you," Victor said as he took a sip.

The filtered water from the river felt cold as it flowed down his throat, washing away the smell of blood in his mouth.

Raising her hand to block the sunlight from her line of sight, Shelia looked around. "It's not even noon yet. Do you want to close your eyes and rest for a bit?" she asked.

Indeed, Victor was exhausted. "What about you?" he asked as he put the jar of water down.

"Me? I'll be right here. I'll clean the wolf while I watch over you." Pointing at the wolf's carcass, Shelia added, "Go get some sleep. When you wake up, you'd finally be able to enjoy some meat. We can leave when we're no longer hungry."

There was silence in the air as Victor gazed at her.

His eyes that seemed to pierce through her soul made Shelia feel a little uncomfortable. Touching the tip of her nose, she asked, "What's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

"Nothing. I'm going to sleep for a bit." Victor's voice sounded hoarse.

“Alright. I’ll wake you up once I’ve finished cooking.” Suddenly, an idea occurred to him. ‘If Norton really sent Shelia to kill me, why hasn’t she done anything yet?’

Not too long after closing his eyes, Victor fell into a deep slumber.

The wonderful smell of roasted meat wafted through Victor’s nostrils, waking him up.

Slowly, he opened his eyes. His vision was still blurred.

“Shelia,” he called out.

As if on cue, Shelia looked back and walked over. “I was about to wake you up but you already did before I could even come to you.”

Victor’s eyes shifted to the piece of roasted meat in her hand. “You…”

Before he could even finish his words, Shelia handed him the piece of meat and said, “I roasted the meat. Give it a try. I marinated it with some fruit juice. It should taste good.”

Her face was flushed and covered with sweat because of the heat from the fire.

Taking the piece of roasted meat into his hand, Victor took a bite. It tasted quite off and was still a bit undercooked.

“What do you think?” Shelia asked.

For a moment, Victor was silent. His eyes drifted to the cut on her hand. Instead of answering her question, he asked, “What happened to your hand?”

“Oh… I cut myself while I was chopping the meat,” Shelia answered as she looked at the wound on her hand, she didn’t seem to care about it at all. Again, she asked, “How is it? Am I a good cook?”

There was a hint of expectation in her voice. Victor could not bring himself to tell her the truth. “It is delicious,” he lied.

“That’s great! I was afraid you wouldn’t like it.” Heaving a sigh of relief, Shelia continued, “I’ll cook some more for you!”

After having some sleep, Victor felt a little invigorated.

He stood up and sat next to Shelia. There was a bonfire right in front of them. She used a dart to poke some holes into the meat and then used a branch as a skewer before roasting it over the fire.

“Van, you didn’t get lost, did you?” Shelia asked out of the blue.

Victor was taken by surprise.

“While you were asleep, I wanted to do something about your fever. I accidentally saw the wounds on your body. Initially, I thought that your injuries were from your encounter with the wolves. Later on, I realized that they weren’t. You were beaten up. Plus, you didn’t want to drink the water I gave you.” Shelia turned around. “Van, are your enemies hunting you down? You were worried that I was going to poison you so you didn’t drink the water, right?”

Victor looked intently into her eyes. One of his hands was behind his back, gripping on the knife he had hidden. With the gentle press of his thumb, the tip of the knife popped out.