

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 461

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 461

In Order To Survive

Shelia didn't notice what was going on at all. She wiped off the sweat collecting on her forehead in a casual manner, flipped the meat over, and went on to roast it. "But if you really don't want to tell me, then forget about it. I was just being a little curious."

Narrowing his eyes at her, Victor said nothing, and silently retracted the knife he was hiding behind his back.

He had a feeling that Shelia didn't mean him any harm. Shelia crushed some fruits and poured the juice over the meat. "Well, this definitely could be eaten. Here you go."

"And what about you?" Victor turned to look down at the meat Shelia was holding out in her hand and didn't make a move to take it.

"I'll roast some more for myself later." Seeing that Victor wasn't going to take the meat, Shelia smiled as if she had just realized something. "Don't worry about it. This meat isn't poisonous. You can rest assured and eat it with ease."

Victor was on high alert right then, watching Shelia with vigilant and cold eyes.

Even though Shelia happened to be an easy-going person, this didn't mean that she was reckless. She had thought that Victor had gotten lost. But after she saw his injuries, she knew she was wrong and he was on guard against her.

"I'm not very hungry. You go ahead and eat." Victor turned to look away and placed the meat aside. "I'll roast the rest for you."

Seeing that he wanted to help, Shelia nodded and said, "Okay, it's perfectly fine if you don't eat."

She took a bite out of the meat. After chewing for some time, she furrowed her brows and stuck out her tongue. "It's really hard to chew. It was not cooked fully yet. The meat I gave you just now must be the same. Why didn't you tell me? You even finished it." Seeing that Shelia spit the meat out, Victor didn't say a word and only continued to roast the meat.

Putting her meat aside, Shelia turned around and spotted Victor's smiling face. "Why are you smiling? Van, you did this deliberately, didn't you?"

'What? Am I smiling?' Victor never even realized that he was smiling.

He lifted his hand and gently touched the corner of his lips. "Allow me to roast the meat for you. You have gone a long way. Go and get some rest."

"I'm not tired at all. I'll just sit right here." With her hands propped under her chin, Shelia proceeded to sit down next to Victor. Seeing Victor roasting the meat so skillfully, she blinked her eyes and said, "Van, you're good at cooking meat, aren't you? Did you learn this skill all by yourself?"

"Yes. I learned how to survive in the wilderness." Victor spoke in a deep voice.

"Survive in the wilderness?" This was the very first time that Shelia had ever heard of such a thing. "Why did you go out of your way to learn that?"

Imitating what Shelia did earlier, Victor also crushed some fruits and poured the juice over the meat. Also, he used a knife to slice the meat. When he heard what Shelia asked, his eyes darkened visibly. After a while, he said, "I have no idea."

In fact, Victor knew the reason why.

He learned that because he wanted to be prepared in case of any crisis. Carolyn knew ahead of time that even under her protection, Victor would find himself in danger one day. She pushed him to learn more skills so that he would at least have a better chance to survive in case of an emergency.

"Alright." Pouting, Shelia continued to focus her gaze on the burning flames.

Out of the corner of his eye, Victor caught a glimpse of Shelia's profile and the dust that rested on the tip of her nose. He stretched out a hand to wipe off the dust.

Shelia was startled and turned to look at Victor with a blank expression.

When Victor looked straight into Shelia's eyes, he started to feel a little embarrassed. He retracted his hand, looked away, and explained, "Your nose has dirt on it."

"Is that so?" Shelia went ahead to rub her nose with the back of her hand. "And what about now? Is it still dirty?"

"No," Victor said, glancing over at Shelia.

"Good." Shelia smiled. "Van, what else did you learn other than roasting meat? I want to learn too. Can you teach me?"

"Why do you want to learn this?"

"In order to survive." The words came out of Shelia's mouth very naturally.

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Come with Me

"In order to survival," Shelia said casually. But Victor felt sad upon hearing that.

"Is the meat ready to be flipped? It's on the verge of being burned." Shelia pointed out.

Upon recall by Shelia, Victor saw a small burn on the meat's exposed side when he looked at it closely. He flipped the meat over while he was still thinking about what she just said.

He had second thoughts about whether or not to ask her about it. It was, after all, Shelia's own business.

Shelia, on the other hand, didn't seem to take it seriously, she asked, "Will you please teach me?"

"Hmm," Victor said after a while.

"Is that a yes?" Suddenly, Shelia's eyes glowed, and she broke into a grin. Her two dimples, meanwhile, became much more stunning.

Victor nodded, "Okay."

Shelia grinned broadly as she said, "Thanks so much, Van. You are the kindest individual I've ever encountered, except for my caretaker in the orphanage."

"Orphanage?"

"Yap! That's where I was raised. However, two years ago, the orphanage was taken over and the old woman was unwell and died." Shelia's eyes clouded as she spoke about this. "The elderly woman was a wonderful friend. When I was younger, she prepared great meals and gave me a lot of fresh fruits."

'She is an orphan...' Victor pursed his lips. "A guardian was needed to look after you since the orphanage was taken over. Why didn't you leave with the other kids?" Shelia looked up at Victor and answered, "I didn't want to leave."

That was the only home Shelia had known for so long. "Are they okay with you being outdoors on your own?" Shaking her head, Shelia said, "No. But I was desperate to visit her tomb, so I fled. My whereabouts remain unknown to them, and I don't intend to return." In spite of the dingy ground, Shelia lay down immediately, she was bathed in shards of sunshine that had been scattered by the trees and fallen to the ground, she

placed her hands behind her head, her lips quivering. She sighed with disappointment as she gazed up at the sky. "I want to visit her."

"So, what keeps you from doing so?"

"There are people guarding the area. They'll find me if I go there. She had no idea that I have a name now. I'll tell her my name when I meet her again in the future," Shelia said, blinking her eyes.

Victor's black eyes remained fixed on Shelia and he said nothing.

Shelia continued, "If she had the chance to see you, Van, it would be more than likely that she would like you. She had a soft spot in her heart for adorable kids. She said that I was a lovely girl."

Adorable? It didn't seem appropriate to use this term to describe a boy.

Looking at Shelia, Victor concluded that the adjective "lovely" was an apt description of her features, particularly her eyes.

Without thinking twice, Victor asked her, "Since she was responsible for your upbringing, how come you got your name so late?"

"She was unable to communicate since she was deaf, mute, and illiterate. She never referred to US by name. Only a poker card was in my possession." Shelia gently removed it from her pocket as if it were a treasure and presented it to Victor as she spoke.

"In the orphanage, each kid was given a unique card. When the elderly woman split the fruits, she put them on the cards and let US take them as we pleased, but we were naughty." Shelia erupted into laughter, which was maybe due to the reference to the pleasant thing. Victor stared at the card—the King of Hearts.

"Hey! Did I get the best card?" Shelia inquired.

"It's definitely the best."

Shelia retracted the card and said, "I am the only one with the King of Hearts."

The meat was roasting as they were conversing.

Victor gave her the meat after he re-applied the juice.

"It's all set to go. Eat, please."

A growl came from her gut just after his words ended. Shelia was embarrassed, so she put her hand to her stomach and ate the meat with a greedy slurp. "Yummy! It's much better than the meat I made myself! Van, you're outstanding!"

Victor's expression softened somewhat.

Shelia felt rejuvenated after a good meal. As she rose to her feet, she said, "Let's keep going!"

Victor nodded and was ready to rise when Shelia abruptly extended her hand to him. "Come on, get up." Victor was taken aback, and after a little pause, he took Shelia's hand in his and replied, "Sure."

After learning the hard way, Shelia used a dart to put marks on the tree trunks.

They had lost track of time as they went. The sun had cooled down considerably.

Shelia assisted Victor in sitting down on a stone and drank some water. "I'm not sure how far we'll have to travel until we're out. Hopefully, we can get out before the sun sets."

Victor drank some water as well. His body was perhaps exhausted after so much walking, and he was coughing up blood for the second time. He said incoherently, "I'm sure we can. Let's move forward." "You still have the energy?"

"Like never before..."

Shelia nodded and continued to hold Victor. In her forward motion, she murmured, "Van, you look rather frail. After you return, be sure to eat extra." Victor lowered his gaze to the side of her face. Shelia's small face was covered in mud after a day and a night in the forest. "And you? What's your plan?" "Plan?" Shelia was slow to respond.

Victor remarked, "What are your plans once we leave the forest? Where will you be heading?"

"I don't know... I want to continue my travels and explore the world's finest rivers and mountains. I'll go to the police station when I can no longer walk and beg them to take me back," Shelia answered with a grin.

"Shelia." Victor appeared to have made up his mind after staring at Shelia for a long time.

"What's the problem?"

"Please come with me after we get out of here. I'm sure my grandma will like you. I will defend you if she doesn't like you. You can count on me."

“You want me to come with you?”

“Is it all right with you? If you don’t want to, it doesn’t matter.” Victor was concerned that Shelia might refuse.

Shelia paused for a while before asking, “Are you joking right now?”

“No, I’m not. I promise to treat you the best I can.” Victor convinced her.

Shelia nodded and smiled at Victor, saying, “Okay. I’ll agree when we get out of the jungle.”

“Sure.”

The moment they emerged from the woods, though, everything changed.

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 463**

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Let Her Go

The sun started to disappear below the horizon, basking the forest in a pale red glow that passed through the branches and leaves. The light glimmered on the bodies of Victor and Shelia.

They had been walking since high noon and now, the sun was setting. Their tiredness was assuaged when they saw a relatively spacious country road.

“Finally, we’re out of the forest. Maybe we’ll meet local villagers if we walk a little further. We can...” Before Shelia could finish her sentence, she saw Victor stop walking.

She was confused, she looked at Victor, wanting to know why he stopped. “Van?”

“Well, well, well, I didn’t expect you to come out alive.” Norton’s voice came.

Shelia looked for the source of the voice, she saw three cars that were parked not far from them. Norton stood at the front, looking at them intently as he played with a knife.

Shelia could feel right away that they were Victor’s enemies.

She instinctively moved to shield Victor, who in turn stood protectively in front of her. Victor didn’t take his eyes off Norton, watching his every move.

In a voice that only Shelia could hear, Victor said, "Run into the forest when I tell you to. You won't get lost even when it gets dark. When we were finding our way out of the forest, I put marks all the way. Follow these marks and you can get back here."

"And then?" Shelia asked, her eyebrows furrowed.

Victor looked straight into Shelia's eyes. "Walk along this road, when you meet villagers, borrow a mobile phone from them, and call this number."

Victor knew that Norton didn't intend to let him go.

Norton just wanted to play a game with Victor by throwing him into the forest. 2

Victor felt that if he couldn't escape this predicament, Shelia shouldn't be implicated. He had promised to give Shelia a family, bring her back to see his grandmother, and treat her as his own family. But it seemed that Victor could not fulfill the promise he made in the forest.

Holding Shelia's hand, Victor wrote a phone number on her palm with his fingertip.

"Shelia, call the number once you get hold of a mobile phone," he whispered. "This is my grandmother's number. Call her and she will pick you up wherever you are."

Shelia just looked down at her palm.

Seeing that Shelia didn't respond, Victor looked at her and asked in confusion, "Shelia?"

"No." Shelia pulled her hand back. Her eyes were a little red. "I don't want to remember the number, nor do I want to."

"Shelia, be a good girl." Victor frowned. He was so anxious that he coughed violently as soon as he finished speaking.

Shelia remained adamant and clenched her fists, she just didn't want to spread her palm and let Victor write the phone number again.

Even if Norton couldn't hear what Victor and Shelia were talking about, he could tell that they were reluctant to leave each other. With a condescending sneer, he said, "Tut, tut, tut, this is so touching. Such strong feelings for each other! I'm so moved by you." Victor tensed up when saw Norton approaching them. He intuitively pulled Sheila behind him.

Victor was seriously injured and keeping himself standing steadily was taxing for him. It would be hard for him to fight off Norton. Norton deliberately walked up to them slowly. Victor and Shelia stepped back.

Losing patience with them, Norton pulled Shelia towards him.

Norton was too fast for Victor to stop him. "Let her go!" Norton kept a firm grip on Shelia's wrist. He found satisfaction in hearing vexation in Victor's voice.

"You know, you look pretty," Norton said as he wiped the mud on Shelia's face with his thumb. He knew this would all the more incense Victor. 2

Disregarding body pain, Victor rushed over and tried to take Shelia back from Norton.

But he stopped in his tracks when something silver flashed through his eyes. It was a knife that Norton pressed against Shelia's neck.

Victor spat out a mouthful of blood. "No."

"What are you saying?" Norton said in a contemptuous tone and gave Victor a mocking smile, pretending not to hear what Victor had said.

Victor felt that he had difficulty in breathing.

He clenched his fist and tried to steady himself. "What you want is my life. It has nothing to do with her. So, let her go!"

"Oh, wow! This is so touching." Norton curled his lips. "But I don't want to let her go. I don't where she comes from but I find your reaction quite interesting. Mr. Sullivan, do you think it's boring for you to die alone? I can do something about that and let her accompany you." 2

With red eyes, Victor breathed heavily.

With the tip of the knife pressed against her neck, all Shelia could do was raise her chin. Her body was tensed up.

But when she saw Victor spat out blood and beg for mercy, she scoffed at Norton. "Is that all you can do? Threaten kids?"

Norton kept his mocking smile plastered on his face. Yet, his eyes narrowed in anger when he heard Shelia's disdainful words. "What did you just say?"

"I said you are a loser." Shelia swallowed. "You just feel a sense of accomplishment by threatening two kids. What's more, you don't have in you to do what you intend to do. So, cut the crap. If you want to kill me, then do it."

"Shelia..." Victor desperately tried to stop Shelia.

He knew that she was provoking Norton.



He was afraid that Shelia would make Norton's hackles rise and the man would do just what she was saying.

Norton was indeed angry. He looked fierce, but he kept his voice in check as he talked to Shelia. "Oh, really? Looks like you really want to die."

Shelia rolled her eyes.

"I can help you with that," Norton said, laughing derisively. He turned to his men and instructed them, "Tie her up."

Victor squinted his eyes and asked anxiously, "What are you going to do?"

Norton didn't answer. He just glared at Victor. Norton's men did as they were instructed. With her hands and feet bound, Shelia was taken to one of the cars. Victor was made to ride a different car.

Victor racked his brain thinking about where Norton was taking them.

About ten minutes later, the cars stopped.

Two men dragged Victor out of the car. He stood there seeing the turbulent river in front of him.

Before Victor could figure out what was going on, Norton's men pulled Shelia out of another car and pulled her to the river.

"No!" Victor cried out. He understood what they were going to do. He tried to shake off the men holding him so he could rush over to Shelia, but no avail.

A rope was tied around Shelia's body. Norton was holding the end of the rope.

Bang!

The men threw Shelia into the river.

Victor fell to his knees. His eyes widened in anger. He spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Do you want to save her, Mr. Sullivan?" Norton was laughing madly. He was enjoying the pained look on Victor's face.

Victor gave Norton a glare of contempt.

Norton handed the rope to one of his men, who promptly tied the rope tightly around a rock. The man then made a fire under the rope.

Shelia's life hung precariously as the fire slowly licked the rope. Once the rope was cut, she would be washed away by the turbulent water. If her head hit a stone, life would be snuffed out of her.

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 464

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 464

Victor Woke Up

Ahem! Ahem!" The river was flowing rapidly. As soon as the water rushed over, it inundated Shelia, making her choke easily.

Victor saw how Shelia's face became paler by the moment. His hands clenched into fists, and the blue veins on his neck became very visible. He gritted his teeth and yelled, "Let her go!"

Unable to open her eyes because of the gushing water, Shelia had difficulty speaking. She actually wanted Victor to run away. But the moment she opened her mouth, she was choked by water. Soon enough, her eyes became redder.

Looking at the exasperated expression on Victor's face, Norton scoffed at him. He thought that Victor might be strong but he was useless in this kind of situation. "You're making me laugh, boy. Do you think that I'm a good man? why the hell should I obey you?" With a cunning smile, Norton approached the rope, squatted down, and blew the unsteady flame. "But for the sake of you wanting to save her so much, I will give you a chance. There's still some good in me, huh? What do you think?" 2

Victor could just glare at Norton. He would do whatever it took to save Shelia.

Looking Shelia, who was in the middle of the river, Norton squinted his eyes and snapped his fingers.

Immediately after, two men behind him appeared and stood between the rope and Victor.

Norton slowly stood up and looked at Victor with a wry smile.

Here's what I'm thinking. These two are the weakest among my men. The one on my left has only killed two people, and the one on the right has killed five. After a brief pause, Norton continued, "You want to save her, right? Knock them down!"

As soon as Norton finished speaking, the two men who had been holding Victor's arms let go of him and took a few steps back. 1

While playing with the knife in his hand, Norton touched its tip with his thumb and warned, "But of course, you have to hurry up. Defeat these two before the rope breaks, otherwise, you can say goodbye to your good friend. The moment she's washed away, I'm afraid that you won't even find her corpse."

Looking at the flickering flame, Victor didn't care about anything else. Time was of essence, so he quickly rushed up and fought against the two men. Norton was a mercenary and the most popular leader the Roaring Tiger had. Of course, even his weakest subordinates should be strong as well.

Moreover, Victor was currently badly injured. But even in his peak state, he might not even be able to defeat one of the two weakest subordinates of Norton. Both of them were tall and burly men that could easily flip Victor over.

Without a doubt, Victor was at a disadvantage from the very beginning.

As Victor rushed over to them, the two men punched Victor right in his abdomen one after another, and hit his back with their elbows.

Bam!

As soon as he was hit, Victor staggered and struggled to stand steadily. But because he was hit repeatedly, his strength left him, and he eventually knelt on the ground. The pain of his bones being broken scattered all over his body, making him feel somewhat awake. At this time, Victor's face looked black with bruises.

He still tried to stand, not ready to give up.

However, before he could even get back on his feet, he saw another punch coming. He was still able to subconsciously use his arm to block it, but it didn't make much difference.

As he was hit again, Victor spat out a mouthful of blood, and a tooth also fell out.

At this point, Victor's vision became blurry. Nonetheless, he still managed to fix his eyes on the rope, which was only a few steps away from him.

It didn't matter how many injuries he obtained. As long as the fire was put out and the rope was grasped, Shelia's life could be saved.

He got her into this trouble, so he was willing to do anything to rescue her.

As much as his mind wanted to go on, his body couldn't keep up any longer. Eventually, he fell back to the ground and lost his consciousness.

'Is it raining?'

After some time, Victor was somewhat awakened when he felt droplets of rain falling on his face. He struggled to open his eyes, but his vision was still blurred.

He just lay there on the ground, watching the raindrops fall.

He couldn't help but wonder if he was still alive. His consciousness hadn't fully recovered yet, so he thought that he might be dreaming.

But soon enough, the sharp pain that pierced every inch of his body made Victor realize that he was still alive.

Shelia...'

Victor wanted to stand up, but he couldn't move even an inch. He could only move his hands a little bit, grabbing the mud under his hands in vain. Trying his best, he turned his head to look at the river, only to find that there was nothing in it anymore. There was no trace of Shelia.

Ahem!" Victor coughed violently, spurring out more blood.

Forcing himself, he grabbed onto the soil and opened his eyes as wide as he could. He looked at the river expectantly, as if he was waiting for something to show up. He waited for a long time. In fact, he didn't even know how much time passed by. But he never found the person he had been waiting. He hoped that someone would raise her head from the river or come out from somewhere and call his name.

Due to loss of blood and the excruciating pain he was experiencing, Victor couldn't keep himself awake. Eventually, he lost consciousness again.

When Victor woke up again, he was finally saved. Carolyn's subordinates found him near the river. The operation to rescue him lasted for two days and two nights. After a doctor's diagnosis, it was found out that Victor had fractures in eight different body parts. The bones in his right knee were shattered, his chest and lungs were inflamed, and the critically ill notice was issued six times.

The first thing Victor did after he woke up was ask Carolyn to send people to look for Shelia.

He was still wearing an oxygen mask and struggled speaking. His life was not completely out of danger yet, but all he cared about was Shelia. Carolyn didn't even know who Shelia was, but she could sense that she must be a very important person due to his concern for her. Therefore, she didn't dare delay to send people to search for Shelia along the river.

The search lasted for seven days, but Shelia couldn't be found.

One week passed and there was still no news about Shelia. All Carolyn was able to give Victor was a crumpled playing card that got wet from the rain and then dried by the sun. Its surface was mostly covered with mud, but one could easily recognize that it was the King of Hearts.

Two years later, Victor completely recovered. The first thing he did after fully recovering was buy a graveyard. He put the King of Hearts card in a box and buried it under a tombstone.

There was nothing on the marble tombstone aside from the card. There wasn't even Shelia's name on it.

In the second year of Victor's recovery, while Karl was on a business trip, he suffered a sudden heart attack. People still tried to rush him to the hospital, but he was declared dead on arrival. 1

It was also in that year that Carolyn sent Victor abroad. After two more years, he finished his studies and finally returned. He began taking over several small companies under the control of the Sullivan Group. In the shortest time, Victor raised the sales of these companies from a very low level to one of the top in the industry. Since Victor was able to prove his outstanding ability, Carolyn gradually handed over the Sullivan Group to him. 2

At this time, Roger entered the ward where Rachel was. There he saw her sitting on the edge of the bed, holding a bowl of porridge, and coaxing Joey to eat more.

Mommy...I can't eat any more." Joey had been eating porridge for about half a month. So now, he couldn't even stand the smell of porridge anymore.

Rachel sighed and had no choice but to put the bowl down. Then, she said, "Eat it again when you get hungry."

Joey stuck his tongue out, not intending to eat it. Then, he saw Roger standing at the door, so he politely greeted, "Mr. Jimenez." 1

In the past half a month, Roger came to the hospital to visit Joey from time to time. Therefore, the kid gradually got acquainted with him. what Joey liked about him was that Roger would bring some snacks when he came. Although Joey couldn't eat too much, he could at least taste something aside from porridge. Of course, Joey could only eat them in secret.

When Joey greeted Roger, Rachel turned around and was surprised to see him. "Didn't you say that you wouldn't come today?"

Every time Roger came here, he would send Rachel a message in advance to ask her if she wanted to eat something or if she needed something. Although she would say no

every time, he would still insist on getting her something. Last night, when Roger asked, he said that he had an important project meeting today, so he might not be able to come. If he could still visit, it would probably be very late already.

“Well, initially, I couldn’t come.” Looking at Rachel, Roger hesitated for a moment before finally saying, “But I got a message.”

In response, Rachel furrowed her brows in confusion. “Rachel, Victor woke up.” Roger broke the news.

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 465

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 465

### Dark Circles

The operation done to Victor lasted for more than 70 hours. The door of the operating room opened and closed for several times as doctors went in and out. Lukas and Carson couldn’t do anything but wait outside until the procedure was finished. Finally, on the fourth day since the operation began, the indicator light outside the room was turned off. <sup>3</sup> This indicated that the surgery was successfully done. Victor’s life was saved, but he wasn’t completely out of danger. Then, he was wheeled to the ICU. It was not until two days ago that his vital signs became stable. He became eligible to be transferred to the general ward. However, he was still in a coma. Carson invited an expert in the field to check Victor’s condition and give a diagnosis. However, it wasn’t what he was expecting. Victor sustained serious injuries. Although his old wounds had healed, they still had an aftereffect. Moreover, his new injuries just made matters worse. In the end, he said that only a miracle could save Victor’s life. <sup>2</sup> “Can you at least tell us when he will wake up?” Carson asked in a gloomy tone. “I’m afraid I can’t say that either.” The expert couldn’t help but frown as he made things straightforward. “In fact, if I may be blunt, please consider preparing for the worst-case scenario.” <sup>2</sup> “So, you’re saying there’s a chance that he’ll never wake up? Is he going to become a vegetable for the rest of his life?” Although the expert didn’t say this, it was obvious that this was what he meant. It was not a hundred percent, but there was a huge chance that this was it for Victor. Except for Carson and Lukas, Rachel was the first one to know about this. Carson deemed that Rachel had the right to know. He leaned against the wall outside Joey’s ward, holding a cigarette between his fingers. He looked slightly disoriented, and there were dark circles round his eyes. He just went down to tell Rachel about this important thing. But when Rachel heard the tragic news, her face didn’t show much surprise. It was as if she had already prepared herself for something like this. In fact, Carson was a bit shocked. He didn’t know when she became this mentally prepared. Perhaps, it was when Victor had been in a coma for about half a month after the surgery. Or it might have been even earlier. She was also there outside the operating room for 70 hours before the indication light turned off. After a moment of silence, Rachel glanced at the cigarette in Carson’s hand and reminded him in a low voice, “This is the area for children’s wards. You can’t smoke here.” As if he regained his senses,

Carson put out the cigarette. Seeing her indifferent expression, he didn't bother continue discussing about Victor's grim condition. He then changed the subject and asked, "Anyway, how is the little boy?" "Joey? He's fine. The doctor checked him up yesterday and said that he has been recovering pretty well. In fact, it's expected that his plaster will be removed ahead of the initial schedule."

Carson turned his head and peeped through the glass panel on the door. He saw Joey sleeping soundly in the bed. With a faint smile, he stretched for a bit and said, "Good for him. Alright then, I'm leaving now." After saying that, Carson turned around and left without looking back. It seemed that he really just visited to tell Rachel about the doctor's diagnosis regarding Victor's condition. Apart from that, he had nothing else to say. In the blink of an eye, two days eventually passed by. Although she was made aware of Victor's condition, Rachel didn't intend to visit him. She just stayed in Joey's ward almost twenty-four hours a day. At the same time, Carson didn't show his face to her again. Because the diagnosis came from an expert, she was also convinced that Victor would never wake up. <sup>2</sup> But now, Roger broke the news that Victor had miraculously woke up from being in coma. Obviously, Rachel was stunned. She stared at Roger for a long time without being able to speak a word. It was as if she was still judging Roger's expression if he was saying the truth. "So, Rachel... Do you want to go upstairs and see him?" Roger asked slowly. This time, Rachel pressed her lips hard and remained silent.

Out of nowhere, someone gently pulled her sleeve and pulled her back from her deep thoughts. "Mommy, I want to see Daddy..." It was Joey, pleading in a soft tone. She failed to hide the fact that Victor was in a coma after obtaining serious injuries. When Joey woke up in the hospital, he actually had a vague guess. Later on, he found that Rachel had always been absent-minded and Victor hadn't come up in any of their conversation.

Therefore, when Joey finally found out the truth, Rachel didn't have the heart to hide it anymore. Hearing the full truth, Joey didn't cry or say anything, nor did he pester Rachel to go to the ICU to see Victor. Instead, he just smiled and made a joke. "Mommy, Isn't daddy bad? They say bad people live long lives. So, we don't have to worry too much about him." <sup>3</sup> Looking at Joey's bright eyes, she felt a lump in her throat. After a few moments, she mustered her courage and nodded. "Yes, of course." The following two weeks, Joey had a good rest in the hospital. He didn't mention Victor, as if there was nothing wrong going on. But Rachel knew that Joey would actually wake up in the middle of the night from time to time and look at the ceiling with his eyes wide open. He was a brave kid for keeping it all inside him, but Rachel was aware that he missed Victor so much. "Okay..." Rachel's heart softened, and she agreed. Victor's ward was in the second inpatient building. Since Joey's wound hadn't fully healed yet, it was inconvenient for him to walk all the way there. So, Rachel simply let him sit in a wheelchair. Roger pushed the wheelchair for him, and the three of them went to Victor's ward together. Soon enough, they reached the elevator. Ding! The elevator finally stopped at the floor of the ward where Victor was. It turned out that the entire floor was a VIP ward, and there was only one patient at this time. Carson was sitting on the sofa



in the hall, dealing with his work. When he heard that there were steps approaching, he furrowed his brows and eventually saw three people approaching like a family. If Victor had seen this scene, Carson knew that he would have been very jealous. "Little guy, it's the first time I've seen you up here. What brings you here?" Carson asked Joey as he quickly set the document he was holding aside and raised his eyebrows. "Have you been beaten?" Joey asked, blinking his innocent eyes. "Me? Beaten? Why would you ask that? Do I look like someone who will be beaten easily? Ha! I'm the one who beats others, you know?" "Then where did those dark circles around your eyes come from?" "Dark circles?" Carson almost choked at Joey's question. In a panic, he picked up his phone, opened its front camera, and looked at his face. He realized that Joey was right. He looked totally haggard, and his eye bags were so big that it seemed like someone punched him. But of course, this was only to be expected. He hadn't have a good sleep for half a month. Carson was originally a handsome young man, but even he was susceptible to stress and fatigue.

"Ha-ha!" Joey couldn't help but laugh after seeing the upset look on Carson's face. Hearing Joey's seemingly innocent laughter, Carson realized that he was fooled by this little guy again. Shaking his head, Carson stepped forward and pinched Joey's face hard. "You, brat. How dare you tease your godfather? You have guts, huh?" Joey felt a sharp pain on his face and retorted, "Huh? Who said that you are my godfather? I don't remember recognizing you as one." "You have no opinion regarding that. Your father and I grew up together. We are best friends. He's the one who picked me. So, that's how I became your godfather." Carson raised his eyebrows and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Unfortunately for you, even if you don't want it, that fact won't change."

Joey tried to pull Carson's hand away using his uninjured hand and said, "Humph! If I don't want to admit it, no one can make me!" Carson clicked his tongue as he withdrew his hand from Joey's face. Then, he muttered in a slightly low voice, "I also didn't expect that I would have a godson someday. But as I said, it's a fact that you can't change. So, you'd better change your attitude towards

me."

Joey didn't say anything more, but he stuck out his tongue at Carson. Out of the corner of his eye, Carson recognized Roger standing there. He then tried to regain his composure and commented, "I see that you're not busy today, Mr. Jimenez." "Well, I heard that Mr. Sullivan has woken up. So, I came here with Rachel and Joey to see him," Roger explained. He didn't plan to lose his composure just because of Carson's sarcasm. "Oh, I see." Then, Carson pointed at the room and said, "His ward is over there. He is resting inside. You can go and see him."