

Want Nothing But You Chapter 496

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 496

Injured (Part Five)

After a long moment of silence, Victor did not bother to answer Carson's hypothetical question.

Carson cocked his eyebrow. Sensing that Victor wasn't about to say anything, he thought his good friend, Victor, was so self-assured that he hadn't thought about this at all, which was why Victor couldn't come up with an answer at that moment. In fact, that was not the case at all.

The night before, Victor had thought about this question for the entire night, but even though he had gone over it a hundred times in his mind, he still couldn't find an answer. If this was in the past, he might force Rachel to be with him by doing everything possible to keep her by his side. Even if she thought he was mean and disgusting, he would not hesitate to do that at all.

But now he was not so sure about any of that. He didn't want to let Rachel go and he knew he couldn't do that.

But if Rachel really was in love with Roger, would he really be willing to force her to stay with him and watch her suffer a lifetime with someone she didn't love? He couldn't bear to see Rachel in pain.

So he tossed and turned in bed and wasn't able to get an exact answer.

He could only tell himself again and again that there was no way Rachel could be with Roger.

"Vic, you know the answer, don't you?" Carson asked.

"She is most likely going to be with Roger than with you."

Victor opened his eyes and turned to look at Carson with his dark eyes.

"A lot of things have happened between the two of you. The thing standing in your way is Abby. But even so, you actually think that she will agree to be with you again. Think about it, nothing is standing in their way if Rachel and Roger decide to be together. What's the likelihood that she'll choose you?"

These words were not fatal, but they had the ring of truth to them.

"What are you trying to say?"

Carson threw up his hands in exasperation and said, "Nothing, I know you've already considered all these things. I just want to say them out loud so that it's clear to you what's going on."

Carson glanced over at Victor, but saw that his expression was still the same as if Victor couldn't care less about what he had just said at all.

This time, he had no clue what Victor was thinking.

"What has Wallace been doing these days?" Victor asked.

He decided to change the topic and hold back his emotions.

Yesterday, Carson had sent a message to Rachel, saying that he was too busy to pick Victor up.

That was the truth.

At present, the Sullivan Group was in great trouble.

Carson had been going to meetings for several days now and he was indeed very busy. Of course, in addition to that, he also had to deal with the newly appointed technical director, the King of Hearts, the man who offered himself up for the role as director, "Everything is going well. For the majority of the time, he just stays in his office and only goes out to the archive to get some documents occasionally every day."

Carson felt that that was strange.

Half a month had gone by, but Wallace acted just like a normal commuter. He didn't even bother to access the core area of the archive.

"Continue to have someone keep an eye on him," Victor commanded.

Carson's hand went up to touch his jaw and he said, "Don't worry about it. My men have been watching him. But..."

Seeing that Carson was being hesitant, Victor gave Carson a confused look.

"I knew that it would be difficult to tie Wallace with the King of Hearts, but it's harder than it looks. I really can't find any evidence. Indeed, no other person has ever been capable of improving the photo's definition except for the King of Hearts, and recently, the people of the technology department also said that Wallace happens to be very good at code editing and data technology as well."

Seeing this, it looked like Wallace was indeed the King of Hearts.

The only suspicious thing was why the King of Hearts suddenly popped up at this time and happened to be targeting the Sullivan Group for no reason at all.

Carson felt that something was very wrong. Even though there was no one who displayed such an astute ability of restoring such a photograph and improving its definition other than Wallace, that didn't mean that no one else knew how to do it.

As for the code editing and data technology, the King of Hearts had always kept a low profile.

The public knew little about the King of Hearts and just how powerful he was.

Even though Wallace displayed such skills, this did not readily mean that he was the real King of Hearts.

At that moment, the ringtone on his phone disrupted Carson's line of thought.

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Injured (Part Six)

Carson glanced at the caller ID before answering the call.

As the person over the phone spoke, the look on Carson's face became more serious.

Moments later, he replied, "I sec."

Then, he disconnected from the call, turned his attention to Victor and said.

"It seems that our enemy feels that we're progressing too slowly, and he's growing more impatient every passing day."

Victor's face turned grim. He looked back at Carson, pursed his lips, but said nothing. Moments after Carson disconnected from the earlier call, his smartphone buzzed again. He looked down and found that a message had been sent to him.

The words, Sullivan Group, were particularly eye-catching "Looks like these media companies have long been dissatisfied with the Sullivan Group!"

Carson slid his fingers across the screen, causing the message to disappear right away.

"Right after they heard some news about the Sullivan Group, they become riled up and couldn't wait to report news about it. They are probably afraid they might not be able to

find anything bad about the Sullivan Group Carson put his phone in his pocket and let out a sigh.

“People really do enjoy kicking a man when he’s down, huh?”

Thereafter, he sent a message to Ivan, asking him to figure out the media companies who had reported bad news about the Sullivan Group and made it their headlines Ivan had just seen the news at this moment.

Just before he could contact the people in Baltimore to inquire about the situation, he suddenly received a message from Carson.

“Why”

he asked, Carson replied, “I want you to find them, so that we can settle the score with them later on.”

Ivan was stunned by Carson’s message, but he didn’t ask any other questions.

He just asked someone to help him document all of the media companies that had released any bad news about the Sullivan Group.

Once that was done, he went on with his work.

After giving Ivan his orders, Carson felt pleased.

‘Looks like I’m going to be entertained in the near future’ he thought in the restaurant Rachel put down her knife and fork.

During the meal, she had introduced the benefits that the Bennet Group could bring to the Tucker if they were to cooperate with her company.

While she was presenting the plan to their potential clients, her voice was flat, yet pleasant to hear.

Kyle listened intently to her presentation and would occasionally ask questions.

Rachel was able to answer every question without flaws.

The assistant who was sitting next to them was amazed by Rachel as she listened in on their conversation.

She now saw Rachel in a new light.

During this period of time, Rachel had been taking care of Joey, so she rarely had the time to go to the company.

And even if she were in the company, most of the time, she would come and go in a hurry.

Moreover, Rachel went to the company mostly for the welfare house project.

The cooperation plan of the Tucker and Bennet Group was sent to her via email yesterday in urgency.

And because of that, the assistant was worried that Rachel might have difficulties in dealing with the presentation today.

She stayed up all night to make preparations, thinking that it could help Rachel in the event that the latter might not be able to deal with it.

But now, the assistant realized that she was just overthinking.

Rachel did a splendid job.

If the assistant had done the presentation, she might not have been as good as Rachel.

"I'll review your plan carefully when I get back," Kyle said, "I'm looking forward to the cooperation between Bennet Group and Tucker in the future."

The assistant's eyes lit up.

'Is he saying that they've reached a consensus to work together?'

"Thank you for putting your trust in the Bennet Group. Mr. Bentley. I believe that we'll both benefit from this cooperation."

Rachel shook his hand and gave him a smile.

At this point, Kyle stood up and said, "My colleagues are planning to host a welcome party for me tonight. I wonder if you'll give me the honor of gracing me with your presence at the party."

"Sounds like a plan, Mi. Bennet! It'll be my pleasure."

Since they had already reached an agreement, there was no reason for Rachel to refuse his invitation "I'll ask my assistant to pick you up on the scheduled time."

Rachel nodded in agreement. Moments later, Kyle's phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID, and bade Rachel farewell before leaving.

Meanwhile, Rachel remained in her seat, taking a sip of coffee. As the assistant watched Kyle leave the room, she breathed a sigh of relief.

“Miss Bennet, you’re incredible!” she exclaimed

“Huh?”

Rachel responded.

“I wasn’t expecting that the negotiation with the Tucker Group to go so smoothly,” the assistant explained.

“Because of this project, we’ve gained even more confidence. I’m sorry for ever doubting that you wouldn’t be able to handle the presentation, Miss Bennet. I’m ashamed of myself.”

“Are you hungry?” asked Rachel

The assistant was feeling guilty earlier, but now she was confused by the question.

Rachel tapped a fork on the bowl of soup and said, “If you don’t have some right away, it’s getting cold. It won’t taste as good if it’s cold.”

“Miss Bennet...”

The assistant had been worried that Kyle might deliberately ask difficult questions about the project. She was afraid that Rachel might not be able to answer them, and she hadn’t eaten anything.

Needless to say, she was pleasantly surprised that Rachel noticed this. She was really touched by her gesture.

Just then, the assistant’s phone rang. She was surprised by the news that popped up on her phone.

“The project of the Sullivan Group in Baltimore went wrong again. The purchasing manager committed suicide by jumping off a building, and the director of the branch company has been taken by the police for further investigation.”

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Injured (Part Seven)

Rachel was about to take a sip of her coffee when she heard what her assistant said, her cup suspended in the air.

“What did you say?” she asked, wanting to make sure she heard correctly. The assistant skimmed through the news and then saw the confusion on Rachel’s face.

She remembered hearing from the senior employees that Rachel was once married to Victor, the CEO of Sullivan Group

“As stated here, I’m afraid the Sullivan Group is currently in serious trouble.”

Rachel’s eyes darkened as she drew the cup of coffee to her mouth and took a sip.

She didn’t say anything, and her expression remained stern.

It was hard to decipher what was in her mind By three in the afternoon, the share price of Sullivan Group had dropped nearly thirty percent in the stock market

The news about the company’s employee jumping off a building became widespread Many people demanded that the authorities thoroughly investigate the project and that the Sullivan Group put out an official statement

The controversial project was doing fine in the past few days after its previous issues gradually died down, but this unfortunate incident suddenly broke out, inflicting more damage to the Sullivan Group.

The blow was even greater and utterly unexpected this time.

The day the man committed suicide was the day the investigation team came to inspect the alleged anomalies of the project Some people speculated that the man killed himself because he feared facing the punishment and being put to prison, but others thought it wasn’t that simple.

They suspected the man was murdered.

The public had become suspicious and vigilant more than ever.

This had inevitably put the Sullivan Group in deep water After leaving the restaurant, Rachel went straight to the company instead of going home.

As soon as she sat behind her desk, she turned the computer on and looked up the issue about the Sullivan Group.

Both the company’s shareholders and the people online were apprehensive and high-strung.

Rachel hovered the arrow mouse cursor on the top-most search results and clicked on an article with the headline,

“Victor Sullivan, Come Clean Now!”

Most of the people were clamoring for Victor to come out and release a statement regarding the incident.

Some of them believed he was behind the death of the employee, despite not having solid evidence.

The whole situation was starting to get out of hand as different opinions and sentiments from the public began to clash Rachel suddenly felt a headache coming.

She closed her eyes and rubbed her temples, trying to massage away the throbbing pain.

A knock then came on the door.

Her assistant pushed it open and found her in that state.

“Miss Bennet,” the assistant politely said as she put the folder on the desk.

With head still throbbing, Rachel looked up at her. The assistant noticed the weariness in her eyes.

“You don’t look well, Miss Bennet. Do you want me to reschedule the meeting so you can go home and rest?”

“I’m fine,” Rachel said softly.

“No one’s rescheduling the meeting.”

Admittedly, business wasn’t Rachel’s forte. She wasn’t really good at it, so she felt pressured at times.

It was far more complicated than editing codes, in her opinion.

On top of that, she was heavily put off by the fierce competition among business people in the circle.

But since she had already set herself up to bring the Bennet Group to its previous glory, she had no choice but to work hard.

No matter how difficult the problem was before her, she had to find a way to solve it.

The assistant didn’t persuade Rachel anymore and excused herself to prepare for the meeting. After her assistant left, Rachel took her phone and searched her contacts.

After hesitating for a while, she called home.

“Hello, Miss Bennet?”

Lila’s voice came on the other line.

“I might go home late tonight, Lila. Please look after Joey while I’m still out,”

Rachel said as she opened the folder her assistant brought and signed her name at the bottom of the document.

“Don’t worry, Miss Bennet. I’ll take care of Joey.”

Lila agreed immediately. Out of the corner of her eye, Rachel caught a glimpse of the top-search results on the computer screen.

After a moment of silence, she said, “Lila...”

“Yes, Miss Bennet?” Lila answered, slightly confused by Rachel’s tone.

“Did they leave?”

She had just finished signing her name when she paused to wait for Lila’s response.

The ink from the tip of her pen immediately spread on the document, smearing the paper black.

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Injured (Part Eight)

Lila was stunned for a while before she realized who Rachel was referring to.

“Mr. Scott left with Mr. Sullivan a long time ago,” she replied.

Truth was, they had gone out together just a half an hour before.

“Okay.”

Rachel answered absentmindedly. Noticing the ink blot on the document, she moved the tip of the pen away and stared at the writing, which was still wet.

Somehow, it all made her feel depressed, she didn't know what pushed her to ask about their whereabouts. No matter how much trouble the Sullivan Group was in, it didn't concern her one bit.

She had no right to care. Lila's voice came from the other end of the call again, her tone slightly tainted with worry.

"When Mr. Sullivan left, his face was still quite pale and he didn't look well. I'm not sure but I think he might have had a high fever again."

A high fever? Hadn't he been better before she left that morning? Could it have gotten worse? The worried thoughts Mashed through Rachel's mind, but before she could think too much about them, her assistant knocked on the door and informed her.

"Miss Bennet, the meeting will start in ten minutes."

"Okay, I'm on my way"

Rachel nodded and hung up the phone after saying goodbye to Lila.

The meeting went on for two hours and before she knew, it was in the evening.

When they were left alone, Rachel's assistant helped her sort out the documents they had been given.

"Miss Bennet, Mr Bentley's driver is waiting for you downstairs."

I took Rachel a whole minute to remember that she had promised to attend Kyle's party that night. She rubbed her temples to keep away the migraine she felt was on the way. Her assistant was worried about her when she saw that Rachel didn't look too good.

"Miss Bennet, if you are really tired, we can just..."

"No, I'm fine" Rachel knew what she wanted to say.

"We have just reached an initial cooperation with Tucker, I can't afford stand Kyle up at this critical moment. Don't worry. I just didn't sleep well last night, but I can handle a few more hours."

"I'll go with you then," her assistant said quickly.

She couldn't help but be worried.

Rachel looked up at her and nodded. Then, she went back to her office, packed up her things and hurried downstairs with her assistant.

The car had been waiting at the entrance of the building.

The driver saw them, quickly got out and opened the door of the back seat for Rachel

“Miss Bennet.” He bowed his head respectfully.

Rachel nodded and got in, while the assistant sat in the front passenger seat.

The driver closed the door for her and got back to his seat. He started the navigation system, and stepped on the gas as they made their way to the destination.

Rachel rolled down the car window.

The sun always set earlier in winter than in summer.

With the window down, the chilly winter breeze blew in and Rachel felt less stuffy.

“Miss Bennet, be careful. We wouldn’t want you to catch a cold. It would be better to close the window,” her assistant said thoughtfully.

Just then, a gust of cold wind blew over Rachel’s face, making her feel better.

Hearing the assistant’s words, she said nothing and only rolled up half of the window.

As she did so, her phone rang. She looked down at the screen and saw a message there from an unknown number.

It was all just numbers and letters that seemed random at first glance.

Was it some kind of prank? She raised her eyebrows slightly, but did not delete the message as other people would have.

She was intrigued.

Instead, she copied the text, pasted it on her browser and searched it online.

Her phone screen suddenly darkened.

It was not until fifteen seconds later that a progress bar finally popped up on the screen.

Lines of binary crawled up her screen and more of them kept coming.

It seemed as if her phone was being hacked or a virus was downloading itself.

Rachel looked at the progress bar and saw a yellow duck jumping on it.

Among the blocks of code, it looked really silly and funny.

“Boss, hello? Boss, can you hear me?”

In the earpiece that had been hanging on her left ear, Quintin’s voice came through along with intermittent current noises.

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Injured (Part Nine)

When Rachel was done speaking, she heard a grating sound from the earpiece. She pulled it off from her ear and put it back on. She then gently knocked on the earpiece

Quentin who was on the other end of the line, heard the knock He knew that it was not appropriate for Rachel to

speak at the moment, “Rachel, you asked me this morning to investigate Kyle and I found something about him,”

Quintin said “You guessed it right. Little is known about him. I searched the database of the alliance, but there’s still no information about him. So, I thought of asking my friend to help me find out things about him.”

Rachel lowered her head and looked at the screen. The screen was broadcasting a presentation Featured in the presentation was the personal information of Kyle

Rachel already knew the information on the screen. This was the same information given to her by her assistant. But something caught her interest a photograph Rachel clicked on it. It was a picture of Kyle on an ID card it looked like it was taken when he had just graduated.

The photograph showed Kyle with his hair neat and tidy His skin was relatively fair. He was wearing a pair of eyeglasses. He looked gentle, albeit a bit childish. Looking at the photograph, Rachel was reminded of seeing Kyle that afternoon

The man in the photograph was obviously the younger Kyle. Judging from his looks, it seemed that he had changed a lot

“But there is one thing that is strange” Quintin’s voice came through the earpiece, interrupting Rachel’s thoughts

Sensing the confusion in Quintin's voice, Rachel looked away. It was rare for Quintin to feel strange about something Rachel knocked on the earphone and told Quintin that she was still listening

"In October this year, Kyle was on a business trip when he happened to encounter a terrorist attack. When he was returning to the hotel, he passed by a destroyed residential building. Part of the wall fell and hit the hood of his car and broke the windows. The car driver died on the spot and Kyle was seriously injured and hospitalized."

Frowning, Quintin looked at the time displayed on the computer screen.

"I have checked his admission record. I'm sure that he was seriously injured at that time and he was in a coma for half a month." Rachel didn't say anything. She just looked at the photograph. She knew what Quintin thought was strange.

"Despite his condition, Kyle was discharged from the hospital just a month after he came around from his coma. And soon after, he went back to work." Quintin pressed the switch of the pen he was holding and Rachel heard the sound it made.

It was somewhat unbelievable that Kyle would be able to recover so soon from a serious injury.

But of course, it was not impossible. There were a few people who had strong self-healing abilities in the world. But the man in the photograph didn't seem to be one of them.

October...

A car accident...

Rachel had this indescribable feeling relating the man in the photograph with the Kyle she had seen earlier,

Her rumination was interrupted by the car stopping at the gate of Valmead Club.

"Miss Bennet, here we are," informed the driver dutifully

Rachel knocked on the earpiece to say goodbye to Quintin. She hung up the phone, touching the button on the side of the phone with her thumb and slightly pressing it down. She then locked the screen. After she and her assistant got out of the car, she followed the waiter who came to welcome them into the club. They all went to the elevator that would take them to the banquet hall on the sixth floor,

The elevator doors opened and Rachel saw men and women in the banquet hall happily talking to one another

As Rachel walked out of the elevator, she heard someone call out, "Miss Bentley."

Rachel scanned the hall to look for the owner of the voice. She saw a man in a black suit talking to another man. The man was Kyle. He was standing sideways so Rachel could practically see only half of his face.

Moreover, Kyle was wearing sunglasses, which covered most of his face. Seeing Kyle, Rachel narrowed her eyes.