

Want Nothing But You Chapter 501

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 501

Injured (Part Ten)

“Miss Bennet.” Kyle noticed Rachel, so he said something to the man he was talking to before approaching Rachel with a smile

Rachel looked back at him with a smile. “Welcome to Apliaria, Mr. Bentley! I have a gift for you.”

Right after she said that, her assistant handed the gift box they had prepared in advance to Kyle. Kyle raised his eyebrows, seeming as though he didn’t expect this. Upon opening the box, he saw an exquisite glass lying in the middle of the box. The dark flannel of the glass’s rim made it even more resplendent.

“I apologize for not being able to prepare well for our meeting, because the time was rather limited. As far as I remember, you once majored in fine arts and design in this country, and that you’ve always been fond of studying the process and designing of ancient cups. I also heard that you collected lots of exquisite instruments. This glass was found during my mother’s business trip, back when she was still alive. Though it may not be the most precious gift there is, its exquisite design is something to marvel at. I believe that you’ll like my gift,” said Rachel

Kyle took the glass out of the box. As he inspected it and held it in his hand, he marveled at its resplendence and beauty

“You’re right. I do like the gift.” He then put down the glass. “Thank you, Miss Bennet!”

“I’m glad you like it, Mr. Bentley.” Having said that, Rachel casually glanced at the sunglasses Kyle was wearing.

“My assistant reminded me just now, so I’d like to ask about...”

Kyle looked at Rachel, visibly confused.

“How’s your injury?” The tone of her voice was casual enough to make it sound like she had just thought of the question

The smile on Kyle’s face disappeared. But before he could respond, Rachel spoke again.

“I read about the terrorist attack about a month and a half ago, and found that you were one of the injured victims during the attack. It must’ve been frightening.”

The assistant was surprised about this fact.

'A terrorist attack? Why didn't I know about that? Is Miss Bennet mistaken or something? I didn't say anything about Mr. Bentley being in a terrorist attack before.'

The assistant wanted to tell Rachel that she must've remembered it wrong, and that this might strain their current working relationship with Kyle.

After all, it would be terrible if anything that Rachel said would hinder or even ruin their intent of cooperation.

But before the assistant could say anything, Kyle replied, "Thanks for your concern, Miss Bennet. I'm quite alright."

This time, the assistant was at a loss for words.

Rachel gave him a smile and replied, "I'm glad you're alright, Mr. Bentley. I must say, you recovered well, and so quickly at that! You were able to recover within a month and a half. Seems like you pay a lot of attention to your fitness and health!"

Having said that, she felt Kyle's gaze through his sunglasses. It felt as if he wanted to see through her mind and find out the true purpose of her question. But no matter how Kyle looked at her, Rachel kept her smile. It was hard to read what was on her mind.

Before he could say anything else, someone approached him and reminded him that the welcome party had begun and that it was his turn to make a speech.

And so, Kyle nodded at Rachel and turned away.

As they watched him disappear into the crowd, the assistant turned her attention to Rachel.

"Miss Bennet, how did you know that Mr. Bentley was once in a terrorist attack?" She had ran a thorough background check on Kyle, but not once did she find anything about a terrorist attack

Moreover, if something like that had happened in the country, it would probably be kept as a secret. If it had

happened abroad, it would certainly be difficult for them to get first-hand information, considering how far away heir country was from Kyle's. Foreigners attached great importance to privacy in their personal lives. Even if there was news about the terrorist attack, no media outlet would publicize the names of the victims.

That was why it was understandable that the assistant was confused.

Bring me a glass of red wine, thank you.

Rachel just smiled at her assistant and didn't bother to answer the question. And so, the assistant decided to drop the topic, nodded, and went to get her a glass of red wine. Once her assistant had left, Rachel's phone buzzed. She took out her phone and saw a picture and a message from Quintin,

"Rachel, why do you want Odin's photos?" it read.

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Injured (Part Eleven)

Rachel didn't reply to Quentin's message. Her eyes were fixed on the man in the photograph.

The man was wearing a black suit and the first two buttons of his white shirt were unbuttoned. His collarbone was partially visible and the necklace on his neck was exposed. This made him look a bit unruly. It was different from the ID photo of Kyle which was earlier sent by Quintin. She looked steadily and intently at Odin's face.

Quintin had searched thoroughly from the alliance's database and finally, he found the photograph. It was not easy to find it. It was taken a day before Odin took charge of the supervision of the foreign branch company. It was originally taken for a media company, but for some reason, the photograph had not been made public. Nonetheless, it was kept in the database of that company.

The alliance had always been independent in its collection of information about well-known people here and abroad. Odin made a hit when he was in charge of the branch company. Someone from the alliance came across this photograph from this company's database and saved it into the alliance's database.

Odin and Victor had different mothers but the same father. This was why they bore a striking resemblance which gave people strange feelings about them.

Victor's eyes were dark and brooding, making people afraid of looking at him. Odin had a small mole below his left eye. It drew attention to his eyes, making them more distinct.

While Odin and Victor looked alike, they had different personalities. Compared to Victor, Odin looked a bit effeminate.

As far as Rachel could remember, she had never seen Odin before. She knew little about him. What she knew was he had a very weak relationship with Victor.

When he was at home, Victor would be abroad. When their grandmother died, Odin went abroad and Victor came back home. After their grandmother died, Rachel could have met Odin. But when Rachel learned about the old woman's death, she couldn't accept it and cried on and off for two days. She wasn't able to go to the funeral because she was running a high fever then

For years since then, Odin had kept a low profile when he was abroad and he seldom appeared in public. It was not that Rachel was interested in him. She was just curious about one thing. Out of the corner of her eye, Rachel saw her assistant coming over with a glass of red wine. She immediately turned off the phone screen.

"Miss Bennet, this wine has a strong delayed effect. Please don't drink too much." the assistant whispered. Rachel took the glass and took a sip.

The assistant then turned her head to the stage. Kyle was giving a speech to express his gratitude to the people for attending his welcome banquet.

"I think that Mr. Bentley and Mr. Jimenez look alike," she said and then sighed.

"Why?" Rachel asked.

"Mr. Bentley is as gentle and elegant as Mr. Jimenez." The assistant smiled.

"I don't know if Mr. Bentley is married. Is he? I'd really like to know."

"Why you do want to know?" asked Rachel, looking at her assistant with her right eyebrow raised.

"Do you like him?"

"Oh, please don't make fun of me, Miss Bennet," said the assistant, blushing.

"Hmm?" With a mischievous smile, Rachel looked at her assistant with interest. Rachel's ribbing brought a deeper blush to her assistant's face.

"It's just that Mr. Bentley is a great guy. I know that many girls like him. And even if I like him... I can only admire him from afar." She took a deep breath and then smiled shyly

Rachel looked at her assistant and smiled indulgently. "Look, if you really have feelings for him, it is best to curtail them or you will get hurt."

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What Should I Call You

The assistant froze for a moment, stunned and confused as to why Rachel suddenly talked about this topic with her 50 seriously She smiled awkwardly and said, "I know, Miss Bennet"

Rachel's eyes bore into her as if checking whether she had truly understood or not.

The assistant looked up at the man on the stage and said softly, "I know too well that Mr. Bentley won't ever be mine Someone like me doesn't deserve him. Don't worry, Miss Bennet. I have a clear knowledge of my limitations"

A disappointed frown flashed across Rachel's face. Her assistant had misunderstood the point.

"I didn't mean it that way" Rachel looked at her carefully.

"Women shouldn't look down on themselves. Personally, I think you are great and you deserve anyone you like."

"Miss Bennet." The assistant bit her lower lip.

The reason I told you not to fall in love with Kyle wasn't because I think you don't deserve him. I just don't want you to get hurt," Rachel said, The assistant felt embarrassed.

She thought Rachel didn't like her for Kyle.

After all, she was nothing compared to these celebrities and their rich backgrounds.

She had only lived an average life together with her average family ever since, and even if they combined their incomes all these years, it still wouldn't compare to how much these celebrities earned.

Maybe it was even lesser than the money they spent on just their jewelry and other miscellaneous items.

Even though it was true that she had always looked down on herself, it still hurt when Rachel made her feel insecure again by telling her not to fall for Kyle.

So when Rachel told her the real reason why she had said those things, she felt guilty.

"Miss Bennet... I'm sorry."

"You don't need to apologize."

Rachel patted her shoulder and then looked at Kyle.

Kyle closed his speech and walked down the stage.

A number of new designers in the design circle of Apliara came to him right away and proposed a toast for him.

Even with the mob of people before him, he seemed to have noticed Rachel's gaze and turned in her direction.

Although his glasses were on, Rachel knew his eyes fell on her. She immediately looked away.

The assistant spoke again beside Rachel.

"Miss Bennet, I know that you only said those things to keep me from being hurt, but I don't think Mr. Bentley is that kind of person."

Her voice dropped a little as she continued, "Besides, the two of us live in completely different worlds. He is high above while I'm down below. It's very unlikely for us to be together."

She couldn't help but feel a little envious of the people around Kyle with their fancy and elegant clothes, which only showed how far behind she was from him in terms of status and fame. She wished she could be as successful as him in her career and gain admiration from others.

"And if, by some miracle, Mr. Bentley notices me. I don't think he is an irresponsible man."

"How old are you again?" Rachel asked suddenly, shaking her wine glass a bit.

The assistant blinked her eyes twice, slightly taken aback by the shift of topic.

"I was born in 1998. I graduated two years ago and joined the Bennet Group shortly after."

"Have you ever been in love before?" The assistant immediately blushed.

She hesitated for a while before muttering, "No."

Rachel's eyebrows raised as she looked at her assistant from head to toe. She was pretty and had a great personality.

It was surprising that she had never been in love or in a relationship since.

"I... I didn't want to be in a relationship when I was in school and just focused on my studies because my parents were very strict," the assistant explained.

“They only allowed me to go out with men after I graduated.”

“No wonder.”

“No wonder what “No wonder you are so naive.Do you really know Kyle?”

Rachel looked at her assistant seriously

“Like what you said earlier, you don’t even know if he is married.What if he is but he just hides it to the public? You know, looks aren enough to know a person fully.”

“That’s true...”

The assistant paused, and her eyes narrowed a little.

“Miss Bennet, why do I feel like you’re acting quite strange tonight?”

“What are you two ladies talking about? Can I join you?”

Kyle eventually broke free from the crowd and walked over Startled, the assistant immediately murmured a greeting

“Hello, Mr.Bentley.”

Kyle smiled at her as response and looked at Rachel.

Rachel shifted her gaze from her wine glass and up to Kyle.Her eyes bore into him sharply as if she could see through his sunglasses.

“We are discussing what should I call you.” A cold smile flashed on Rachel’s face.

“What would you like me to call you, Kyle or Odin?”

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How Did You Know

“Mr.Sullivan?”

The assistant’s pupils dilated when she saw the man wearing sunglasses in front of her.

“But isn’t he...?”

The man slowly took off his sunglasses, revealing his captivating dark brown eyes.

Even though Rachel exposed his identity so directly, it didn't seem to bother him.

"Rachel, my sister-in-law," the man greeted with a smile.

"I'm surprised that I still can't hide from you." Odin still looked the same as he did before, but he looked more mature than he was in the past.

"I divorced Victor four years go," Rachel replied in a flat voice.

Even though she and Odin had never met before, for some reason, Rachel felt uncomfortable around him.

The fact that he regarded her as Victor's wife got on her nerves.

Her intuition told her that she should minimize contact with this man as much as possible.

The man who supposedly died two months ago was now standing here, alive and well.

He even came back to Apliaria using another identity. If he were to claim that he had no ulterior motives, nobody would believe him.

But no matter what Odin was planning, it had nothing to do with her.

Rachel didn't want to get involved in the Sullivan family's internal strife.

"Sorry, I almost forgot about that." Odin apologized.

"Miss Bennet...My apologies."

This time, Rachel didn't say anything.

"Are you mad at me? I didn't mean to do it," Odin remarked.

"No, I'm not," Rachel replied indifferently.

"I just didn't expect that Kyle would be you."

The way she said those words made it seem like she wasn't surprised at all.

"I'm not the real Kyle," Odin responded.

"Just like you said before, Kyle was one of the victims of a terrorist attack about a month and a half ago. He was grievously injured and he's been unconscious for over two weeks. Even until now, he still hasn't recovered. I'm a friend of Kyle. The Tucker Group is

planning to develop its operations in the domestic market. It's a difficult task, and there's no other suitable man to lead the project, which is why I decided to do him a favor."

Rachel nodded in response. She didn't bother to think about the truth of Odin's words. She stared at the glass of red wine in her hand.

The purpose of Odin's return this time was no mystery to her.

It wasn't as simple as he stated it to be, and she knew that she shouldn't get involved.

For that reason, she figured that the cooperation between the Bennet Group and the Tucker Group might not push through.

These days, the employees of the Bennet Group had been busy.

Rachel felt really bad for them.

But compared to getting involved with the Sullivan Group's internal strife, giving up early was the best decision.

After a moment of silence, Rachel looked up, seeming like something dawned on her.

"I've got things to do. Welcome to Apliaria, Odin. I'll be taking my leave now."

Having said that, she dragged her dazed assistant out of the banquet hall.

Meanwhile, Odin just stood rooted to his spot.

He didn't utter a word, nor did he try to stop Rachel.

After a while, a man in black came up from behind him and asked, "Shall I stop her?"

"Hmm?"

Odin raised his eyebrows.

"For what reason would you stop her?"

The man in black was stunned.

He couldn't figure out what his master meant.

"Why not, sir? She knows your real identity. If she tells Victor about it once she's out of here, it could be troublesome for you."

"She's not going to tell Victor," Odin replied with certainty.

Once more, the man in black was befuddled.

Qdin put on his sunglasses again, and said nothing more, The black car drove steadily across the highway.

The assistant was sitting in the passenger seat, looking behind her from time to time.

Rachel leaned against the window.

Her eyes were closed as if she was sleeping.

“What do you want to ask?” Rachel asked with her eyes closed when she noticed that her assistant looked at her again.

“Miss Bennet, are you awake?” the assistant asked back.

Rachel opened her eyes, stared at her assistant and replied, “You’ve been glancing at me a few times. I can’t fall asleep even if I want to. Just tell me, what is it that you want to ask?”

“I...”

The assistant thought of how Odin took off his sunglasses and called Rachel his sister-in-law.

After a moment of hesitation, she said, “No, I don’t have anything to ask. I’m sorry, Miss Bennet. I’ll stop looking at you. Get some rest, please. We’re still a little far from the company.”

Rachel sat up straight and rubbed her temples.

“Well, if you don’t want to ask, then forget it. Once we get back to the company, I need you to work overtime for a little bit to send a letter to the Tucker Group with regards to the termination of our cooperation with them.”

“You want me to send a termination letter? Miss Bennet, are we not going to cooperate with them anymore?”

The assistant was shocked.

“We’re not going to push through with it. However, the bonus will still be given to everyone.”

Rachel wanted to stay away from the members of the Sullivan family as far as possible.

Since she knew that Odin was related to the Tucker Group, even though she wasn't sure what his purpose was, it was better to terminate the cooperation with them in advance.

Upon hearing this, the assistant looked at Rachel anxiously.

"But you've been working on that project for a long time! We've finally reached an accord with them. Isn't it a pity to give up so easily?"

"You're right, it is a pity!" Rachel responded.

"If you think it's a pity, Miss Benet, then..."

"We still have to terminate the contract."

Rachel was so stern that that the assistant was rendered speechless.

The assistant was disappointed and confused.

But when she thought of Rachel's connection to the Sullivan family, she connected the dots.

'Is it because Miss Bennet doesn't want to get involved with the Sullivan family? After all, everyone in the company knows that she really loved Victor"

Though she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she had heard it from the senior workers.

'Does Miss Bennet still have feelings for Victor? Odin is Victor's younger brother. If this project were to continue, Rachel would inevitably have contact with the Sullivan family.

Will Rachel be sad if she sees anyone from the Sullivan family? The assistant was really curious about this matter.

After pondering on it, she finally decided to ask, "Miss Bennet, how did you figure out that Kyle is actually Odin? Didn't they say that Odin is already dead?"

The assistant's voice trailed off. It was as if she feared that she had said something wrong.

"Have I not told you about that yet?"

The assistant was stunned.

She rubbed her chin and muttered, "Have you told me?"

Rachel turned her gaze towards the window and stared at the passing scenery.

“Kyle has been seriously injured and has been comatose for over two weeks. If you think about it, it’s strange that he can manage to recover in less than a month.”

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Go Back

“What? But that’s such a small thing. The assistant was surprised.

“Miss Bennet, you are awesome! It’s really perceptive of you to find out he isn’t the real Kyle!”

Rachel looked at her assistant and said nothing. It was not that she was insightful.

She just felt that something was fishy about Kyle.

The first time she saw Kyle, she felt a sense of familiarity with him.

This was the reason she had already doubted him even at the beginning.

While she was on her way to the banquet, Quintin told her that Kyle was attacked and injured a month and a half ago.

When Quentin was done talking, Rachel looked at the ID photo of Kyle.

Something struck her but it was a fleeting thought.

The terrorist attack... And it happened about two months ago...

Rachel felt weird about the coincidence of the time of the attack and Odin’s return.

When Rachel arrived at the banquet hall, the first person she saw was Kyle who was standing not far from the entrance.

He was talking to someone.

Rachel immediately noticed the small green mole on his face and this reminded her of a blurry face.

“Miss Bennet, are we not going to work with Tucker?” The assistant spoke again.

Her voice filled with reluctance and pity.

“No.”

The reason for Odin's return was not simple.

There was no need for her to put the Bennet Group in danger.

The assistant knew that Rachel wouldn't change her mind.

She sighed and said, "I'll just go back and prepare the letter of termination."

Rachel didn't say anything. She rolled down the window to let the cold wind and this sobered her up.

It was now late at night.

After putting Joey to sleep, Rachel went back to her room to take a shower.

While drying her hair with a towel, she walked out of the bathroom. She then heard Quintin's voice on the phone that was on her bed. She put on the Bluetooth headset and told Quintin what had happened earlier that night.

On the other end of the line, Quintin frowned.

He couldn't understand Rachel.

"Boss, I think Odin pretended to be dead and then sneaked back to Apliaria because of the Sullivan Group."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Rachel rolled her eyes as she heard the distressed tone of Quintin. She asked, "Did you think long and hard about this? And you've reached this conclusion?"

"No. It was the recent incident of Sullivan Group in Baltimore that made me think about this."

On his end, Quintin was seated before a table.

He rested an elbow on the table and one hand supported his chin.

"Boss, Sullivan Group has always been prudent in their infrastructure projects. Every phase has been carefully studied and executed. When the incident happened, I happened to have time on my hands so I decided to check the inspections of the constructions in the past two years. And I must say that they have done a good job. But it was different this time with the news about the jerry-built. The falsified project data was exposed."

“You seem to be very interested in this matter. Not too long ago, you told me you were busy with other pressing jobs,” said Rachel as she put the towel on the chair beside the bed.

“Yet, you have time—and you just said so yourself—to check on the project information of Sullivan Group. It seems that you’re not busy after all.”

Quintin was stunned. He sat up straight.

Rachel’s words sent a chill down his spine.

“Boss, don’t get me wrong! I’m busy... I’m really busy! It’s just that I’m worried about you and Joe.”

Quintin tried to explain himself to Rachel. If he could just swear he was telling her the truth, he would.

“You’re worried about me and Joe?”

Quintin took a deep breath and then said a serious tone, “That incident is quite odd. It’s obvious that someone deliberately made the situation worse. And then, Joe was kidnapped so I thought I’d look into it and try to find the person behind it.”

A construction worker was seriously injured and went into a coma.

The person in charge committed suicide.

The more Quintin thought about it, the more he became convinced that someone was pushing this matter so that it would turn public opinion against them.

It was like the person wanted the people to take the incident more seriously.

“I was wondering who could hit the nail on the head. It is very evident in the project progress of the Sullivan Group. If it was a competitor, he may not be so efficient. Besides, once problems were found in an infrastructure project, the investigation team would definitely look into other projects. They would probe into these competitors’ projects and they might tighten the policy,”

Quintin pondered aloud.

“So even if competitors could get first-hand information about the project of the Sullivan Group, they would never dare to be so arrogant notwithstanding how they acquired the information and the trouble this might cause. After all, there is a high probability that they sow the wind and reap the whirlwind in the end. So, it seems that the person behind all these could be Odin.”

Rachel lowered her head and didn't say anything.

"Boss," Quintin said tentatively after a while.

"Go on. I'm listening."

Quintin heaved a sigh before he spoke again.

"Boss, why don't you and Joe come back as soon as possible?" Rachel picked the towel on the chair and folded it.

She then stood up and walked back to the bathroom to put the towel away.

As she thought about what Quintin had said, her expression changed momentarily.

It happened too fast that it wouldn't be noticed by anyone.

"Why?"

"Odin is back. Victor has been injured. The Baltimore project is the talk of the town. It's obvious that the situation in Apiliaria is going to change. I'm worried that you and Joe will be involved in the fight between Odin and Victor."

Rachel furrowed her brows, thinking that Quintin's worries seemed justifiable.

"Boss, my job is done. Maybe I should fly to Apiliaria and bring you two back. If Victor dares to stop you, I'll fight him to death. But I don't believe that he'd dare to be an enemy of the Red Hackers. Boss, this is not four years ago. You are not the same person as you were then. You are now the president of the Red Hackers. I don't think Victor has the power to stop you."

Rachel mulled over Quintin's words before she said, "Okay. The bandage on Joe's arm will be removed in two weeks. When it's done, I'll go back to the Red Hackers with him."