

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 511

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 511

Misunderstanding

It dawned on Joey how he was fooled, but there was nothing he could do aside from venting his anger on slamming the door close as he strode out.

After putting away his phone, Carson trailed behind him leisurely. They walked a good distance; Carson treaded closely after Joey.

“Why are you following me?” Joey stopped in his tracks. He pivoted, frowned and looked up at Carson.

The latter made no effort in minimizing his presence as he followed Joey.

“I’m sending you to your mommy.” Carson said.

“There are so many people here. What if you get lost? Now that I ran into you, I’m obliged to send you back to your mommy safe and sound.”

“I know the way. Don’t worry, I won’t get lost,” Joey said in a tough tone.

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that. You remember last time,”

Before Carson could finish, Joey’s face dimmed, cutting whatever words were about to slip off Carson’s lips. Joey couldn’t have made it more obvious that he had no intention of hearing what happened last time, so Carson changed the topic.

“Anyway, the hospital is not always safe. Did you watch the news? Many kids got lost in hospitals and were targeted by human traffickers. Then, they couldn’t be found anymore. Do you want to be an addition to their collection? Look at you. You’re only around three or four years old, and you’re so handsome. It wouldn’t surprise me if you’ve already been targeted by human traffickers.”

Carson tried to frighten him in hopes that Joey would give in and let Carson follow him.

Unfortunately, although Joey was a kid, he was more mature and intelligent than his peers. What Carson told him did not frighten him-not even an ounce.

“Hey, look up,” Joey urged. Carson raised an eyebrow and looked at the ceiling.

Before he could see what Joey wanted him to look at on the ceiling, he heard the child’s voice, sounding like he was talking to a fool.

“A surveillance camera is over your head,” Joey said.

“You know, there’s a camera every one hundred meters all over the hospital, and it’s connected to the public security monitoring system.”

Carson tilted his head down to look at him and heard Joey say, “The news you referred to is from more than ten years ago, am I right?”

Carson was dead silent.

“You should read the latest news. But then again, I can understand why you don’t since you’re busy.” Joey didn’t mention a word about what had happened to the Sullivan Group, but he urged Carson once more.

“I’m safe. You can go back to your work!”

After saying that, Joey turned on his heels and took a step forward.

But with one hand tucked in his pocket, Carson stayed where he stood, not fazed by the walking child. He cracked a smile and uttered, “I thought you were so heartless that you didn’t care for your father at all.”

Joey stopped and looked over his shoulder and at Carson. His tone as he denied Carson’s observation wavered, signaling that even he wasn’t sure about his answer.

“I don’t care about him.”

“If you didn’t, then why would you waste your time keeping an eye on the Sullivan Group?” Carson asked sharply.

Joey’s lips pursed into a thin line and he frowned.

“I saw the news on TV and changed the channel as soon as I read the headlines. I don’t care!”

“Alright. If you say so…” Carson took a calculated step forward and looked at the time his watch read.

“If I’m not mistaken, you’re here to have your arm checked. Yes?” Joey kept his mouth shut, relaying that he wanted to end his conversation with Carson.

“Well, your father is also having a check-up here. Do you want to see him?”

“No.”

Carson looked into Joey's eyes and didn't say anything to him, no matter how cunning Joey was, a kid would always be a kid

Joey felt uneasy under Carson's gaze, but he stood on his ground. He looked away and said, "I said I wouldn't go. I have to end our talk now, or Mommy will start worrying about me."

Carson stretched out his arm to prevent Joey from escaping him.

"Kid, I really don't understand one thing."

"You're an adult, yet you don't even understand everything. Then do you think I, a three-year-old child, can understand what is even beyond your comprehension?" , Joey walked away from Carson's extended arm.

But this time, Carson didn't intend to let him go so easily.

"Joey, even if you don't like your father, you must know that he saved you." Carson creased his brows.

"It's not too much to ask you to visit him, isn't it? I really don't understand why you hate him so much. Where is your loathe coming from? Why don't you make an effort and go see him now? He put his life on the line-and almost lost it just to save you, kid. Do you know what he looked like when he knew you're his son and the expression he wore when he found out something had happened to you?" Carson touched Joey's forehead.

"How can you be so heartless? You don't even acknowledge him as your own father." Hearing this, Joey shook off Carson's hand and his eyes suddenly turned red.

"It's not that I don't recognize him. It's because he doesn't want me!" Joey's revelation stunned Carson.

"What? He doesn't want you? Are you kidding me? You have no idea how happy he is to know that you're his son! Why would you ever think that he doesn't want you?"

"He abandoned me." The grief Joey had been suppressing the past few days had riled up inside him and was released under the guise of tears welling up in his eyes. He was a kid, after all.

Panic overwhelmed Carson as he saw little Joey starting to cry. He reached out his hand and tried to wipe the little guy's tears, but Joey turned his head sideways, avoiding his hand.

"Joey, is there some kind of misunderstanding between..."

A thought crossed Carson's mind before he could finish his sentence.

“Of course, that must be it. A misunderstanding!” Joey wiped his tears with the back of his hand.

“There’s nothing like that.” “No, Joey, listen to me. Your father didn’t mean to deny you.”

“I’m going abroad.” Joey interrupted him with red eyes. Carson was taken by surprise.

“You’re going abroad?”

“Yes.” Joey nodded.

“Mommy has made up her mind. We will leave Apliaria after the cast is removed next week. She plans on leaving for good. With me, of course.”

The news sent Carson’s brows knitted together. He looked serious.

Joey took a deep breath and continued, “And I don’t care if I have a father or not. My mommy and Mr. Jimenez are going to be together.”

“What? I don’t think we’re on the same page here.”

“Mr. Jimenez will leave Apliaria with me and my mommy. Although Mommy hasn’t completely accepted him, the two of them will eventually get along with each other. They will definitely be happy together.”

As soon as Joey finished his words, his watch vibrated. Joey understood that Rachel was worried about him being out for too long and was looking for him. When she was about two hundred meters away, his watch would vibrate to remind him that they were close to each other.

“My mommy is looking for me. I’m leaving. Goodbye”

After saying that, Joey scurried towards where Rachel was. Standing still and looking at Joey’s back, Carson narrowed his eyes. He didn’t come to his senses until he got a call from Ivan. He turned around and left, heading towards the opposite direction. He went into the elevator and headed for the ward where Victor was.

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Investigation

Alle running for a short distance, Joey finally saw Rachel.

He then quickened his pace and threw himself into her. She embraced him and noticed that there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

“Why are you in a hurry? Is everything okay? Did something happen?”

“Nope!”

While Joey was embracing his mother, he pressed his forehead against her lower abdomen.

“I was just excited to see you. I missed you, Mommy!”

Rachel was amused to hear him say that she smiled while ruffling his hair.

Joey looked behind her, only to find that Riley and Roger weren't there.

He looked back at Rachel and asked, “Mommy, where are Riley and her uncle?”

“Roger took Riley to see her mommy. They'll come find us later. We'll just wait for him outside,” Rachel explained.

Joey nodded in response, held her hand, and followed her out of the hospital.

After taking only a few steps, he glanced back at the place where Carson was standing earlier.

The man was already gone.

Rachel noticed that her son was absent-minded, so she followed his gaze, only to find that there were no other people in the hallway “What's wrong, Joey?” she asked while stopping in her tracks

“It's nothing,” Joey replied while withdrawing his gaze and looking ahead.

Rachel didn't buy it, so she just looked at him and crossed her arms.

“Fine, I'll tell you.”

Joey was well aware that he wouldn't be able to hide anything from his mother, no matter how hard he tried Rachel looked at him, waiting for his explanation.

This time, Joey looked into her eyes and asked, “Mommy, have you really decided to be with Mr. Jimenez?”

The question left Rachel stunned.

After gathering her composure, she asked, "What's the matter, Joey? Do you not want me to,"

"It's not like that."

Joey shook his head.

"I like him and he treats you well. I believe you'll be happy together."

"Then, why did you ask me that question?" said Rachel.

"Because you don't seem very happy, Mommy."

Joey answered with a frown.

"Did you decide to be with Mr. Jimenez because I keep saying that I want a dad and you didn't want to disappoint me? If that's the whole reason you plan to be with him, I don't want you to do it just for me. Listen, Mom, what I want is for you to be happy. I admit that I'm fond of him, and I think he's a really nice person. But if you decide to be with him just for me, I don't want it."

A smile appeared on Rachel's lips. It warmed her heart to hear him say that, but she felt sad as well.

Joey has grown up to be a thoughtful little guy "How do you know that this isn't what I want?"

Rachel bent down at eye level with him. She gently placed her hand on Joey's shoulder.

"Besides, we're not together yet. We're just giving it a shot. I agreed to date him, not because of you—well, not completely for you. So, don't feel guilty about it, okay?"

"Really?" Joey asked, his eyes lighting up. Rachel fell silent for a moment before nodding in response.

"Yes, really. Anyway, can we go now? Roger should be here soon."

She ruffled his hair again.

Joey nodded and decided to stop thinking about it. He then held Rachel's hand and walked on.

"Achoo!"

Just as Carson was about to open the door, he sneezed.

Suddenly, the door opened from inside.

“M! Scotl, you’re back.”

Ivan was the one who opened the door.

He was surprised to see Carson, While touching the tip of his nose, Carson said in a nasal voice, “Yeah.Where are the investigators?”

“They just left.”

Ivan noticed the dark circles around Carson’s eyes and thought of the fact that the latter just sneezed.

“Sir, did you catch a cold? I can handle things here.You should go home and get some rest.You haven’t been able to rest properly for days.”

Carson was about to refuse, but then he sneezed again.

Lately, the weather was growing colder by the day.He had indeed been staying up late for several nights, Chances were, he might’ve caught a cold.He cleared his throat and said, “No, it’s fine.You should go home and get some rest, Ivan.You haven’t been able to have a good rest for over two weeks as well.”

“Sir, I’m fine.Your work is much more exhausting than mine.Mr.Scott, you should—”

“Fine, fine.I’ll do it.”

After sneezing two times in a row, Carson felt that his nose was clogged up.

He was starting to get a migraine because of Ivan’s nagging.

“We both haven’t had any proper rest for days.If you don’t want to go home or take a break, we’ll both stay here and work together.That way, we can go home and get some rest later.”

Having heard the suggestion, Ivan said nothing more.He just nodded and made way for Carson.

The hospital was a well-ventilated place, and it was getting colder every day, which meant that it was a lot easier to catch a cold here.

The windows of the corridor were opened.

A gust of cold wind blew in, causing people to shiver.

Once they were inside the room, the air conditioning made Carson feel much warmer.

“Tell me, what did the investigators say?”

Carson asked while looking at Ivan and pouring a glass of warm water for himself.

After a moment of silence, Ivan answered, “They didn’t really say much.” I asked them a bunch of questions, but they answered none of it.

They claimed that it was still confidential, since the investigation was ongoing.”

“In that case, why did you look so sullen seconds ago?”

Carson put down the glass.

“I know you were just nervous, but if someone else saw you like this, they might think that Sullivan Group is about to go bankrupt.”

“How are you still in the mood to joke, Mr.Scott?”

“Am I not allowed to crack a joke or two every now and then?”

Carson chuckled.

“Should I be wearing the same stoic face as you are? I don’t look handsome while scowling, you know!”

Ivan was rendered speechless.

At this point, he didn’t know what to say.

“Since the investigation is still ongoing, there’s nothing else we can do but wait,” Carson said.

“Victor would’ve said the same thing.”

Ivan looked at him, visibly surprised.

‘They really are best friends! They can tell what the other is thinking all the time’

Even though Victor hadn’t said anything, he was just as Carson had described.

Ivan’s eyebrows knitted together.

“There’s one more thing you need to know, sir.The investigation team asked Mr.Sullivan to sign the agreement for them to able to investigate the headquarters.And it seems like



they're not just investigating the project in Baltimore this time. It looks like they're also investigating all the projects that the Sullivan Group has handled in the past five years. They've also asked permission to access the files in the core data bank"

"The core data bank?' This was the second time someone had asked for permission to access the core data bank of the Sullivan Group recently. The first one was Wallace.

During the past decade, nobody had ever asked for it. But just this past month, there had already been two instances. Carson raised his eyebrows.

As far as he could tell, only contracts and dust were in the core data bank. He had no idea why those people were so interested in it.

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 513**

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Create An Opportunity

Just as the saving went, bad news indeed traveled fast. As soon as the investigation team had asked Victor to sign the agreement, a bunch of rumors spread.

Some said that the investigative team was stationed at the headquarters of the Sullivan Group.

Others claimed that new information had been discovered by the investigative team. While Carson was drinking water, his phone rang a dozen times.

Many wanted to extract more information from him. He rubbed his nose and said, "Let's go inside and check on the patient."

Ivan had just responded to the message sent by the department manager who asked about the investigative team.

Just as he was about to follow Carson into the bedroom, his phone rang.

Carson inadvertently glanced at the screen of Ivan's phone. He noticed that it was a call from the manager of their company's public relations department. He probably couldn't get through to Carson, but didn't have the courage to call Victor.

Thus, he decided to call Ivan, the only person who could contact those two.

"Answer the phone,"

Carson commanded, knitting his eyebrows together.

“Victor and I don’t have anything important to talk about right now, but I want to have a little chat with him.”

The investigative team had come to the hospital, which wasn’t a good sign in everyone’s eyes.

As a matter of fact, it was true.

The Sullivan Group had a deep-rooted foundation.

If something happened to the company, it would have a big impact in the industry.

For that reason, the investigative team had to be very careful with every step they took.

This meant that the team only came to the hospital after a thorough consideration, and it was very likely that they had found something wrong.

The worker who fell off the building was grievously injured, and was still in a coma.

The director of the purchasing issued a public apology and committed suicide by jumping off a building.

There were two casualties already, and the matter was getting out of hand.

Even though this was clear to Ivan, he knew damn well that he shouldn’t panic.

If he were to show even a tinge of agitation, the entirety of the Sullivan Group could collapse. And so, Ivan nodded and picked up the phone.

While listening to the manager of the public relations department over the phone, he went to the balcony.

Carson withdrew his sight from Ivan and opened the bedroom door.

There, he saw Victor leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed.

The curtains in the bedroom were closed.

It was dark inside, but he was still able to see Victor’s deathly pale face.

“I just fetched your examination result.”

Carson sneezed while speaking, “Doesn’t look so bad. It says here that you’ll be discharged from the hospital in two weeks’ time, and that you have to stay at home by then.”

It would take several months for the average man to recover from a fracture, let alone a man like Victor who almost lost his life.

During this month, all Victor had done was lay in bed, aside from the several times he refused to listen to the doctor's advice and insisted on getting out of bed.

Additionally, he didn't have to worry about the company's business operations.

And for that, he was able to recover well.

When Carson heard from the doctor that Victor was recovering well, he was doubtful of it.

He thought that he had read the report wrong, or perhaps the doctor had made a mistake.

Silence ensued in the room.

At this time, Victor shot Carson a sidelong glance.

The smile on Carson's face disappeared.

"Ivan said that during the past two days, Wallace would pass by the archive before getting off work. It seems like he can't wait any longer. But he didn't go in. He's really not like the rumored courageous King of Hearts."

Carson sounded like he really disdained Wallace.

Ever since Wallace showed up.

Carson's fantasy of the King of Hearts over the years had been shattered.

It was understandable that he'd dislike the guy.

"He's waiting for an opportunity to strike. In that case, we should give him an opportunity and let him in."

Victor looked straight into Carson's eyes.

His deep dark eyes were daunting, and his face remained stoic.

"Understood."

They were really good friends, so they were able to understand each other easily.

Carson was able to decipher the plan Victor had in mind just by hearing that one sentence.

“Leave it to me. I’ll get it done, Victor. Don’t worry.”

He then sat on the sofa and added, “Unfortunately, the investigative team has been trying to get some information out of us, and word of it is spreading like wildfire. Sounds like the person pulling the strings is getting impatient.”

A moment of silence ensued between them.

“It’s time,” Victor replied.

Three days later, at ten in the morning, a report was broadcast by TV news stations.

It was like a bomb that woke Apliaria up on Monday morning, causing an uproar in the business world.

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 514**

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 514

No Visitors Allowed

News about the findings of the investigation of the Sullivan Group had proliferated through various media outlets.

“According to reports released at eight o’clock this morning, the Sullivan Group is engaged in jerry-building, tax evasion, and bribery. Furthermore, there are problems in many of the company’s projects. The investigation team, together with Apliaria’s discipline inspection department, has already summoned the people in charge of the disputed projects. Meanwhile, the authorities have sent people to secure the ward where Victor Sullivan, CEO of the Sullivan Group, is presently confined. Until he is cleared for his involvement in the cases, he is not allowed to leave the ward and no one is allowed to visit him. When the market opened, the Sullivan Group’s share price fell to its lowest price ever. At 9:08, the Sullivan Group is facing risk across multiple project defaults. Financial experts are advising shareholders that the Sullivan Group is likely to hit limit-down today. This has triggered many shareholders to sell their shares in an attempt to retrieve the loss. For our part, we caution you that there are risks in the stock market, and so, prudence should be best considered when making investments.”

The news anchor concluded the report about the investigation of the Sullivan Group. The news had left many people flabbergasted. It was unthinkable that the Sullivan Group would go bankrupt. So, many people were discussing the challenges that the Sullivan Group would face, considering that the voting rate of bankruptcy could be as high as seventy-three percent. Dark clouds seemed to shroud the offices of the Sullivan

Group People were walking in the corridors with their heads down. Others sat in their workstations in utter dejection.

That their company, the Sullivan Group, was under deep scrutiny made people feel crestfallen.

Moreover, they were afraid that if they said something out of line or strayed from the path, so to speak, they would be fodder for the investigations, getting themselves into trouble.

But with several people in the company, there could be one or two who would talk boldly about what they knew. Someone passed by the meeting room and peeped through the door crack to see what was going on inside.

“So, have you found anything?” asked a voice from behind the man. He also felt a hand patting him on the shoulder. His heart leaped and he immediately turned around to see who was behind him.

“You scared me!” said the man, sighing relief seeing that he was a colleague. He glanced at the door of the meeting room and said, “Nah, I don’t know what they’re talking about. The voices were low and soft.”

“Well, stop peeping” The colleague looked at where the man was looking and then looked away.

“Aren’t you going to the coffee room? C’mon, let’s go.”

“Wait a minute.” The colleague was about to leave but the man held up his hand. He thought he heard something and stopped in his tracks immediately. The conversation inside the meeting room seemed to have stopped, too. Still, he didn’t hear anything.

“Look, let’s go. They would be coming out soon.”

Not waiting for the man to answer, the colleague dragged him away from the meeting room. The man had no choice but to go to the coffee room with his colleague. The man wanted to say something to his colleague when they ran into a member of the investigation team. The man shut his mouth, lowered his head, quickened his pace, and walked past the investigator. When they got into the coffee room, the man covered his chest and said, “Gosh, the air can really get depressing.”

“Well, we’ll just have to put up with it. I guess it will be like this for some time.” The colleague made himself a cup of coffee.

“I don’t know when this will end.”

“But why are you so calm?” the man asked curiously when he saw what could be perceived as an unperturbed look on his colleague’s face.

“What else can I do?”

“Aren’t you wonned? The investigation team has taken several department heads to the meeting room. How long has Ivan talked to them? More than an hour, right? Besides, Mr. Sullivan is still in the hospital, practically under house arrest.” He frowned.

“And now the stock price of the Sullivan Group has fallen to an extremely low level.”

“Of course, these things are disturbing. But then, what’s the point of worrying? What will happen happens.”

“What do you think will happen to our company? Will it go bankrupt? Those projects.. Is there really something Wrong?” he asked thoughtfully.

The colleague could only shake his head. Before he could open his mouth, a figure came into view.

“Oh, Mr. Finch,” he said, recognizing the person.

Nodding in response, Wallace walked into the coffee room. He looked at the men up and down.

“What are you two talking about?”

“Mr. Finch, is something the matter? What made you come down to the fourteenth floor?”

“oh, the water dispenser upstairs is broken.”

Wallace shook the cup in his hand. “Did I hear something going bankrupt just now? What are you talking about?”

Sounding really worried, the man replied, “Mr. Finch, everyone is saying that our group might go bankrupt.”

“How is that possible? Don’t be silly.” Wallace replied, smiling, and yet, there was nothing intrinsically genuine about his smile.

“The Sullivan Group has such a solid foundation. How can it fall down so easily? What is happening is just a small blow. So, there’s nothing really to worry about, The Sullivan Group will get through this.”

“You seem to be so confident, Mr. Finch? You must know something.”

Wallace took a sip of tea and gave out a smile that anyone could tell was not authentic

“You know, both of you should really go back to your stations and get on with your work. I’m leaving.”

Wallace then turned around and left the coffee room.

When the man and his colleague walked out of the coffee room, the door of the meeting room opened. The members of the investigation team came out one by one. They were followed by Ivan and Carson who looked unhappy

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 515**

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 515

How Much He Wants

As Wallace passed by the meeting room, the door was open and the room was empty. Only a few used paper cups were left on the desk

The investigation team had interrogated Carson and Ivan for more than an hour.

Wallace narrowed his eyes as a sudden thought came to his mind. He mulled over it on his way over to the elevator. While waiting for the elevator that would take him up to his office, his phone suddenly rang. Five minutes later, Wallace knocked on the door of the CEO’s office,

Almost immediately, Ivan opened the door and said, “Mr. Finch, come in.”

“Hello, Ivan.” Wallace nodded in response as the man ushered him in. Five minutes before, he had received a call from Ivan, who asked him to head up to the CEO’s office. He glanced around the office briefly until his eyes came to rest on Carson, who was standing in front of the French windows

“Was there any problem with the investigation team? What did they say?” Wallace asked with concern. With a worried look, Ivan sighed and his smile earlier turned into a frown. He didn’t answer the question. Instead, he just said, “Mr. Finch, have a seat first.”

Seeing this, Wallace knew not to ask any more questions. He walked over in Carson’s direction and greeted, “Mr. Scott.”

When the door was closed, Carson finally turned around and nodded.

“Wallace, I asked you to come here because I need a favor from you.” “If you need any help, just tell me. I will try my best to fulfill it.” Wallace said seriously.

Carson looked at Ivan. Ivan immediately decoded the unspoken message, tapped on the tablet he was holding and handed it over to Wallace. Confused, Wallace took the tablet, looked at Ivan and then at Carson in confusion. Carson only signaled to him to check what was on the screen, but didn't say anything more.

Wallace lowered his eyes and analyzed the contents on the tablet. The stock price graph rose and fell, fluctuating in line with the investors' actions in the stock market. In the past month, the stock price of the Sullivan Group's shares had risen a few times in the middle, but the overall price was on a downtrend and sinking fast. Today, it fell to an all-time low.

"Well..." Wallace looked at Ivan in confusion. He wasn't sure what was expected of him.

"Please continue to the next page. That's where things get interesting." Wallace immediately scrolled to the second page, and saw a more detailed data graph. Every time the stock price was at a low price, the equity changes of the Sullivan Group on that day were specifically marked in red.

In the past month, almost every time the stock price fell to a certain number, someone would purchase a bulk of the shares in the hands of individual investors.

Although there was not much in a single purchase, it all accumulated to one point five percent.

"Someone is buying the shares of the Sullivan Group?" Wallace frowned when he saw the pattern.

Ivan nodded.

"Their actions were not obvious before, and they only bought a little each time. But after nine o'clock this morning, within half an hour, dozens of accounts with different IP addresses purchased so many of our company's public shares. If these accounts and IP addresses all belong to one person, then this person now owns at least two percent of the Sullivan Group's stock."

As he spoke, Ivan swiped right on the tablet and turned to the next page, on which many IP addresses were densely listed on the screen.

\*\*Two percent."

It was not a big number, but it was not a small one either

At that moment, there was a shareholder who held three percent of the company shares in the board of directors. That was to say, if this person continued to acquire the shares as they were doing, they would soon become a director of the Sullivan Group.



With the company already in the eye of the storm, a change of equity would inevitably cause an even greater storm.

“I see. Do you want me to find out who this person is?” Wallace put away the tablet and asked.

“No. For now, it doesn’t matter who they are.” With one hand in his pocket, Carson leaned against the edge of the big marble desk

“At the current rate of share price decline, about 15 minutes from now, the group’s share price will be suspended in the market.”

“So what is the plan?”

“Ivan and I have our hands full with handling the investigation team.” Carson looked up at Wallace.

“I want you to keep an eye on this person for the next fifteen minutes. I want to know just how much they want.”