

Want Nothing But You Chapter 526

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 526

Board Meeting (Part Two)

A hiss slithered neatly across the meeting room, echoing all the way, and all heads turned to Ivan sitting in the front.

An apparition of frown evinced on Ivan's countenance but only for a fleeting moment. He pacified himself before asking in a deep voice, "Does your brother know about it?"

"Of course."

Odin glanced at his subordinate behind him with a smile. The man understood that it was his cue to move and put the document he had prepared on the table.

At the same time, Odin said, "But it's a pity that he doesn't have time to attend." It only took one casual glance from Ivan at the folder and he narrowed his eyes.

"If Mr. Sullivan isn't here to attend the meeting, the board meeting,"

Someone couldn't help but speak, but he trailed off when he felt a pair of gloomy eyes staring at him. A shiver ran down his spine and he trembled. He unobtrusively rotated his head towards the direction of the gaze and found that the owner of that intense stare was the man behind Odin.

The warning look the man in black was giving him was enough to prompt a lump in his throat.

When he saw the cold and tense face of the man in black, his heart skipped a beat in fear for his life.

Beads of sweat began to form on his forehead, and a strong sense of oppression was starting to choke him out of breath.

However, it wasn't the man who was oozing with this feeling of despotism.

It was Odin.

At the front of the long conference table, Odin sat in the executive chair.

His slender and bony fingers tapped from time to time as if to tick everybody's nerves off.

The sound it was creating was not loud in the expansive room, but it was as clear as the almost tangible tension that hung in the air. It was as though a hammer was smashing against one's eardrum.

Opposite to the anxious situation everybody else was in, there was a crack of smile on Odin's lips.

The smile was unnoticeable and faint, giving off the vibe that Odin was more unpredictable than the man in black.

This incomprehensibility was the source of the pressure—that smile could mean anything.

“That's why I brought with me another piece of good news.”

Odin pushed the document to Ivan.

“From today on, I'll take over the Sullivan Group temporarily.” Silence prevailed.

This time, not an indistinct reverberation of gasp could be heard, but the astonishment was evident on everyone's face, except for Odin and his men.

Ivan unfolded the folder and the words “Letter of Attorney” greeted him.

Then, Odin's voice rang again. He said, “Victor himself signed this letter. He entrusted me to be fully in charge of all the decisions regarding all the projects of the Sullivan Group during his absence. He knew about this board meeting and asked me to be in charge of it.”

The others looked at each other, but no one dared to speak.

The contents of the letter was succinct, and both the bright red seal and private seal were clearly visible and undeniable.

Odin looked at Ivan and asked, “Ivan, do you have any questions?”

When he did so, everyone else looked at Ivan again.

For a moment, it seemed that they were looking forward to how Ivan would react and answer.

After all, among all the people present in the room, Ivan was the one who knew Victor best and was the most qualified to represent him in his absence.

“I have none,” Ivan answered and closed the folder, devoid of any expression.

“If you have any doubts about this letter, you can always come and tell me.”

The tranquility Ivan was displaying dissatisfied Odin. Seeing him in the carriage of serenity was not what he wanted to happen.

“For example, you may have doubts about the authenticity of the signature or about the contents of the letter. After all, I’ll temporarily take over the Sullivan Group, and you’re my brother’s right-hand assistant. As it follows, you will help me manage the company.”

Ivan raised his eyes and met Odin’s.

Odin’s voice was light, but every word that his mouth was spitting was a heavy stone pressing on Ivan’s shoulder.

If Ivan were to agree, in the process of Odin’s takeover of the Sullivan Group, he couldn’t raise any questions.

But if he were to refuse, he was sure that Odin had already known how to retort.

Either way, he would be backed to a corner.

Therefore, no matter how he answered, he would end up having to unconditionally obey Odin’s decision.

“Mr. Chavez, is the signature true?” someone couldn’t help asking in a low voice.

Ivan narrowed his eyes.

“It’s true.”

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A Better Employer

Ivan had been working for Victor for several years now. He could tell whether the signature was genuine or not.

This was also why he had been silent just now. The signature was genuine, but he had never seen this letter before. He didn’t know what was going on.

How could Victor sign this letter? When did he sign it? Did Carson know about it? Ivan was clouded by doubt.

The crowd was stunned yet again upon hearing this confirmation.

For a moment, everyone was silent.

This was exactly what Odin wanted. He broke into a satisfied smile and glanced at one of his men who stood behind him.

The man immediately understood. He took a few steps forward and took the letter from Ivan.

“Well, do you have any other questions?” Odin asked casually, as he glanced at everyone.

No one made a sound. And if anyone had any questions, they did not dare ask.

Odin let about ten seconds pass before saying, “Since everything seems clear, I’ll let everyone get back to work.”

As Odin was speaking, his assistant had already walked toward the meeting room. He held the door open for them. It was clear that Odin’s words were an order.

Everyone had come to the meeting room, being the first people to know that Odin had returned and would temporarily take over Sullivan Group.

Now, they were being forced out of the room.

Whether they came or left, this whole thing was not up to them.

This was a direct attack by Odin.

Eventually, everyone exited the meeting room.

As they were on their way out, the realization finally dawned on them—Sullivan Group was no longer as same as before.

Ivan was the last to stand.

Just as he turned to leave, Odin’s voice stopped him.

“Ivan.”

“Mr. Sullivan, what else can I do for you?” Ivan replied.

Odin stood up and walked toward Ivan.

He put a hand on the latter’s shoulder and said, “You are my brother’s right-hand man and an extremely talented one at that. You have been at his service for so many years. You deserve better.”

Stone cold, Ivan took a step back and lowered his gaze.

“I’m happy with my job.”

Odin glared at him.

He put one hand in his pocket and said, “I haven’t been here in a while, so there’s a lot I don’t know. I may need you to help me with the turnover.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Sullivan. I will do my best,”

Ivan responded.

“Good.”

Odin smiled.

“Well, you can go back to your office now.”

Ivan nodded, turned around, and left. He had thought that this was the end of the conversation, but as he neared the door, he heard Odin’s voice once again.

“Ivan, I think highly of you.”

This stopped Ivan in his tracks.

“If there’s anything you want, just tell me,” Odin said softly.

“I’m not my brother. I cherish talent, especially people like you.”

The number on the elevator’s indicator kept changing until finally, it stopped on the number thirty-three.

Beep! The elevator doors opened.

Ivan stepped out. He glanced at the closed door of the CEO’s office before walking into his own.

Upon stepping foot in his office, he immediately tried Carson’s number.

“Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unattended. Please try again later.”

He tried three times but got no answer each time. He frowned at his phone screen.

All of a sudden, he remembered what Carson had told him two days prior. He had been on the sofa then, working overtime.

"Ivan, I advise that you choose a better employer if you have the choice to do so. At the very least, your boss should value you. Victor has done a really good job of exploiting you."

At the time, Ivan had not paid much attention to it.

After all, he had been busy with work. He had simply smiled as he listened to Carson.

But now, those same words played in his head. He stood in front of the French windows and took in the scenery below. He could not help but fall deep in thought.

Extremely preoccupied, he did not even hear the knock on the door.

"Mr.

Chavez."

It was not until he heard someone behind him calling his name that he finally came to his senses.

Ivan turned around to see Wallace standing at the door.

"Mr. Finch," he said.

"I knocked and knocked, but no one answered. The door was not completely closed, so I came in. I'm sorry," Wallace explained.

Ivan shook his head.

"It's okay. What can I do for you?"

"Actually, it's nothing serious. I just noticed that you looked a little distracted when you left the meeting room. I was a little worried, so I came up to check on you," Wallace said.

"I'm fine."

Finally, Ivan was thinking clearly.

"Are you worried about Mr. Sullivan?" Wallace asked.

"How is he now? Did you get in touch with him?"

After a moment of silence, Ivan softly shook his head.

Wallace sighed.

“Word about Odin taking over Sullivan Group has spread. Now, the whole group is a little confused and alarmed. Ivan, do you really not know about Mr. Sullivan’s current situation? He signed the letter. He should have told you, right? Did he tell you what to do next?”

After a brief pause, Ivan simply said, “No.”

Wallace’s eyes grew wide.

“No?”

“I’m unable to contact him now. I just learned about the letter,” Ivan said in a low voice.

Wallace studied him for a while as if trying to guess what he was thinking or feeling.

Unfortunately, he got nothing.

“I see...”

The helplessness was evident in Wallace’s voice. He looked at the screen of his mobile phone and said, “Listen, Ivan. There are things I need to deal with in my department. I may have to...”

“Go ahead,” said Ivan.

On his way out, Wallace stopped near the door and turned to look back at Ivan.

“Don’t worry too much.”

Ivan nodded without a word.

Wallace closed the door behind him and stepped into the elevator, but he did not press the number for the floor of his office.

Instead, he returned to the meeting room on the 13th floor.

There were two sharp raps on the door.

Soon, it was opened by someone from inside the room.

“How are things going?” Odin asked, standing in front of the window with his back to Wallace, but he seemed to know that it was him.

Wallace glanced back at the door behind him to confirm that it was closed.

“Ivan didn’t know about the letter. And he hasn’t contacted Victor yet.”

Odin lowered his gaze and fumbled with his phone.

“Do you think he truly didn’t know, or is he only pretending not to know?”

“In my opinion, it didn’t look like he was pretending.”

Wallace frowned.

“Mr. Sullivan, is it possible that the arrest warrant was issued too quickly that Victor didn’t even have time to talk to Ivan.”

Odin turned around.

“Didn’t have time?”

Wallace looked into Odin’s eyes. He opened his mouth to say something but stopped.

Odin’s question was rhetorical.

“I don’t think so,” Odin said with a grim smile.

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Found Guilty (Part One)

Wallace’s eyes darkened.

“The arrest warrant came pretty fast. Other than our men, no one else knew about it. Victor wouldn’t have had enough time to react because it happened so fast.”

He only learned about Victor being taken away from the hospital during the meeting.

Brian frowned in thought, and as was his habit, he rubbed the ring on his index finger.

Three hours ago, the investigation team was hard at work.

They stayed up all night and then took turns to sleep once it was bright outside.

Davis yawned as he printed a stack of reports and returned to the meeting room.

One of the team members who had just woken up saw Davis enter with the reports.

“Davis, why don’t you go and get some sleep?”

“No, that’s okay.By the way, these are all the reports left.”

Davis placed the papers on the table.

“You woke up so soon.”

“Yes.I managed to sleep for half an hour.Let me tell you that this was the best sleep I had in a long time.I was practically dead to the world!”

He half laughed, half yawned.

Davis patted the stack of reports.

“Since you’re awake, help me go through these files.We need to find the issue.This seems to be our last hope.”

The man’s eyes widened incredulously.

“That’s a lot.It will take us days!”

Davis glanced at him and pulled a report from the stack.He then took a few sips of his coffee and said, “At the rate you’re dawdling, it will definitely take weeks.Don’t you want to get to the bottom of this and go back to your family? Your wife?”

“Don’t mention her.My wife is surely going to ask for divorce if I continue to spend long hours at work.”He then walked up to Davis and took some financial reports before returning to his seat.

Davis glanced at the reports in his hand and paused.

“Get to it sooner.That way, you can go back to her quickly.”

After that, they stopped talking and went through the reports.

Kent had gone out to make a call and report the progress of the investigation.

When he came back in, he saw the two men with their noses buried in the financial reports.

“What is this? This number seems to be wrong!”

Confused, the man who had been talking to Davis drew a circle around a number.

Davis asked immediately, “What number?”

Anyone could say that he sounded expectant.

Kent looked at him, but when he saw that Davis seemed normal, he didn't think much about it. He then turned his attention to the other man who had just spoken.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"Kent, look at this number. The investment last quarter was only thirty million. However, the amount increased twelvefold in this quarter. But if I remember correctly, six years ago. Due to their bad investments, Bennet Group faced a huge financial crisis. Back then, no company wanted to invest in them to save them. So how did they manage to get so much money?"

He walked to Kent with the report.

Cash flow was the best reflection of a company's operating situation.

Bennet Group had been struggling in the last quarter, but by the next quarter, it was brought back to life.

Moreover, this money wasn't mentioned in the previous financial statement.

Hadn't the man quick to do some math, they wouldn't have found it. It was obvious the money was legitimate.

It meant Bennet Group suddenly got hundreds of millions of dollars.

However, even with that kind of money, Bennet Group didn't use it.

Instead, it continued to shrink its size and almost went bankrupt.

Why didn't they use the money? Also, where did the money come from? Kent's face changed to that of seriousness.

"Check all the financial statements and reports around this point in time. Find out where the money came from and where it went!"

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Found Guilty (Part Two)

"Yes, of course, sir, I'll get this done immediately!" the man replied seriously.

Davis checked the numbers on the report. His eyes flashed with a sudden light, and then he proceeded to pat the man on the shoulder.

“Why don’t you wake everyone up and ask them to help us with the investigation? As long as we find out the truth of the matter, we’ll be able to complete the task!”

They hadn’t eaten or slept well for an entire month. The man cheered up right away, thinking that this investigation would soon come to a close. He nodded and woke up the other team members who were still fast asleep on their stomachs.

Davis pounded his shoulders, stretched his body, and glanced over at Kent rather casually. He saw that Kent was still studying the report data in his hand, with a frown on his face. He coughed and said, “Finally, we’ll be going home soon.”

Kent didn’t say anything. He simply looked at the data and felt it looked very familiar.

But during this period of time, he had handled way too many documents than he could count.

All numbers looked the same, but they were put together to form thousands of combinations. He really couldn’t remember everything and maybe it was all in his head that all this looked familiar.

“Kent.”

Davis suddenly placed his hand on Kent’s shoulder and leaned over toward him.

Kent’s thoughts were interrupted just then by the sound of Davis’ voice. He looked up at him in surprise and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Shall we have a drink together once this is all over?” Davis asked with a smile.

Kent pulled away, looked at him, and didn’t say a word.

Feeling Kent’s eyes on him, Davis started to feel a little uncomfortable. He retracted his hand awkwardly and said, “Kent, why are you staring at me like this?”

Kent knitted his brows. He recalled seeing Davis last night when he stood in front of the French windows. He hesitated for a moment and then opened his mouth to speak.

“Last night, you…”

Davis’ heart raced in his chest, but he still maintained his calm.

“Last night? Did something happen last night? Kent, you’re being so serious that I’m feeling flustered.”

“It’s nothing, I just saw you come out of a strange car last night,” said Kent as he glanced over at Davis.

The smile on Davis' face froze for a second there.

When he met with Odin last night, he was being very careful.

Besides, the place was so far away from the Bennet Group's building.

How did Kent manage to see them? If Kent did indeed see them, then what did he see? And did he see it clearly? Did he recognize the car? In just a few seconds, Davis's mind was filled with questions.

"You... You must've been mistaken," Davis said tentatively.

"In fact, maybe I was mistaken."

Kent didn't bother thinking about it too carefully. He couldn't see clearly and he did think that he was mistaken about it.

After all, he had worked all day and his eyes must've been tired.

As soon as he finished saying that, the person who was checking the report suddenly said, "Kent, Davis, come over here quickly! I've discovered the source of the money!"

The conversation between Kent and Davis was suddenly interrupted and the two of them made their way over.

"Look, six years ago, the cash flow of Bennet Group's investment increased in the first two months and Sullivan Group went on to make ten payments. We've made some calculations and the extra money from Bennet Group appears to be exactly the same. In the fourth quarter, it looks like Victor purchased forty-five percent shares of Bennet Group at a price lower than twenty percent of the market pricing."

"This is the agreement signed by Victor and Jack Jenkins, the person who was then in charge of Bennet Group at that time."

The team member took out the agreement.

"If we add the money that was less than twenty percent of the market price back then, it'll be the same amount as the ten payments Sullivan Group made."

As the group member reported and analyzed each data, Kent's face became grimmer and grimmer.

"Tell me, what's your conclusion?" Davis said in a barely audible voice.

"According to the data we have just discovered, it's nearly certain that the capital used for the acquisition of forty-five percent of the shares of Bennet Group six years ago was

from Sullivan Group, which was used under the label of expense. That's to say, Victor abused his power and used the capital of Sullivan Group to achieve his own personal goal."

He concluded, looking at Kent for confirmation.

"Kent, we can report it to the police and apply for an arrest warrant immediately."

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Found Guilty (Part Three)

The arrest warrant was issued very soon after.

As soon as they received it, the police hurried over to Victor's ward. However, this matter wasn't small. If they took Victor away just like that, it would inevitably cause a huge splash, and it might also alert him.

Therefore, in order to ensure the success of the arrest, the police didn't put on uniforms but simply donned casual attire.

Kent and Davis had been waiting outside the ward this whole time.

When they caught sight of the police, they hurried up to them.

"Hello, I'm the leader of the investigation team. My name is Kent Bates. Pleased to meet you."

Kent greeted the leading police and extended his hand out to the man.

With a serious expression, Dewayne Yang, the leader of the police team, shook hands with Kent and said, "I've heard so much about you. Thank you for your hard work these past few days. Now we'll be take charge of this matter. The procedure of taking over the case is still processing as of right now. It should be finished very soon."

Davis stretched his body and rubbed his waist.

"The next step will be very hard. But we already have evidence. It should be over very soon."

Dewayne nodded and checked his watch.

"It's nearly done. Let's head inside first."

Kent and Davis nodded their heads and were about to make way for them, but before they could move aside, the sound of footsteps came from behind them.

Seeing the approaching man not far away, Kent and Davis were startled. Davis' face changed visibly. Kent furrowed his brow and felt that the man looked very familiar, but he just couldn't put a finger on who he was.

One of Dewayne's men turned around and called out in surprise, "Mr. Sullivan?"

"Mr. Sullivan?"

Dewayne was confused to hear that name.

"Odin Sullivan? Why did you mention him? Isn't he..."

Before he could utter the word "dead," Odin dressed in a suit had already shown up before him. He slowly pulled off his sunglasses, smiled, and said, "Hello, Mr. Fuller, I never expected to see you here today. Are you here to talk about the good old days with Mr. Bates there?"

As soon as Odin finished saying that, he inadvertently sized up Dewayne's uniform. It really didn't look like they were here to talk about the good old days.

Dewayne's lips were slightly parted.

After a good while, he finally regained his senses and coughed.

"Hello."

After that, Odin turned to look at Kent and Davis. He nodded modestly and said, "Mr. Bates, Mr. Myers."

Kent finally remembered who Odin was. He was shocked for a while there and could only nod in response.

"I'm sorry, did I interrupt you just now?"

Odin asked, "After all, Dewayne had experienced a good deal of things in his lifetime."

Facing the "resurrected" Odin before him, Dewayne was not surprised for too long.

"Are you here for your brother?"

"Yes. There's something I need to tell my brother. I know my brother may be incapable of seeing others at this time, but this matter happens to be very important, related to the

future development of Sullivan Group, so I hope you can make an exception for me this time," Odin said as he looked at Kent.

"It's late," Kent said in a serious voice.

"We just handed over the case to the police about ten minutes ago. So Mr. Sullivan, please excuse me, I'm so sorry that I can't help you out this time."

Odin cocked his eyebrow and turned to look at Dewayne.

Dewayne appeared to be as indifferent as Kent was.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sullivan, your brother can't see anyone right now. If you want to meet him, you should send a request to the police first."

"The police have really taken over the case?" Odin asked.

"Yes."

"That should be easy."

With a smile, Odin glanced over at his subordinate.

The subordinate took the hint, stepped forward, and handed a document to Dewayne.

Feeling confused, Dewayne took the document into his hands.

But before he could get a good look at the content clearly, Odin spoke again.

"This is the visiting document approved by the state police station. I think you should recognize it, isn't that right?"