

Want Nothing But You Chapter 531

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 531

I'm Back

His boss's signature appeared at the bottom of the paper.

How on earth could Dewayne have missed it? Even though Kent had no idea what was going on with this paperwork, there was no reason to prevent Odin from entering because the official documentation had been provided.

"Is there an issue, Mr.Fuller?" Odin asked.

Dewayne gave Odin the paper and replied, "No.I can't stop you since you have the paperwork."

He stepped aside for Odin as soon as he was done speaking.

Odin answered with a chuckle, "Have no fear.I won't complicate your life.I will be leaving in ten minutes.Just ten minutes."

Dewayne nodded his head in agreement.

Odin entered the ward on his own.He cast a sideways look at Davis as he went by.

Since Odin appeared, Davis' nerves were on edge.

When their eyes met, Davis instinctively looked away.

Kent's eyes darkened as he saw Davis' demeanor shift as he stood next to him.

Three guys observed Odin as he entered the ward.

"You can leave it to us, Kent, Davis.You've had a hard time lately.Go home and relax a while," Dewayne said.

He didn't want to attract attention, so he asked Kent and Davis to leave.Kent and Davis quickly grasped the gist of what he was saying after hearing him.

"Thanks.We'll be leaving you now," Kent said.

Dewayne grinned and touched the shoulder of Kent.

"Let's go out for drinks someday."

Kent rattled the vacuum cup in his possession.

"I'm allergic to alcohol. My wife will prepare a cup of tea for you if you come over to my place."

"So, that's it."

Dewayne's face lit up. His phone rang seconds after he finished speaking. He glanced at the caller ID, looked at Kent and Davis, turned around, and walked a few steps before picking up the phone.

When Kent glanced up from the vacuum cup in his hand, he saw Davis absentmindedly standing nearby.

"What do you have in mind?" Kent inquired.

Davis regained his composure and shook his head.

"Absolutely nothing. Let's return and complete the report. After that, we will be able to slumber well."

Kent nodded and headed for the elevator.

The two individuals entered the elevator sequentially.

As soon as they looked around, they noticed that Dewayne had completed his phone conversation and was returning to the door of the ward.

The sight of Odin made Davis a bit uneasy. His head ached.

When he saw that Kent was staring at the elevator doors, he relaxed and inquired, "What is so eye-catching?"

"Something's not right."

This was a level of sensitivity honed throughout the course of his career, which spanned over two decades.

"What is the problem?"

"I'm stumped. I just believe things went too nicely."

Davis smiled.

"Too nicely? Surely you are a workaholic, right?"

Kent cocked his head to the side and gazed into Davis' eyes. He remained silent.

Davis' heart began to race.

The elevator stopped on the first floor of the inpatient facility.

Kent exited it and headed right towards the entrance.

Behind him, Davis said, "Our vehicle is in the garage, Kent! What's with you getting out of the elevator now?"

"You may return first. I will go to Bennet Group."

Kent then stepped out the entrance, flagged down a cab, and left.

Davis was astounded by what he said and stopped in his tracks.

Inside the ward Odin made his way through the VIP ward's living area and unlocked the door to the bedroom.

The moment he opened the door, he spotted Victor leaning against the headboard of his bed.

Victor's big medical robe made him seem fragile.

When he heard the sound, Victor glanced up at him. The form of Odin was mirrored in his eyes, yet he did not seem shocked.

"Victor, I'm back."

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Victor Must Stay

Victor just gave Odin a fleeting look before lowering his eyes and returning his attention to the paperwork in his palm that he was studying. Odin's grin froze in an imperceptible manner. He clenched his fists.

"The last time we saw one other was a couple of years ago. You're still the same person you were back then, Victor." Victor ignored Odin, like he always did.

Odin remembered seeing Victor for the first time when he was only three years old. Victor was taken back to the Sullivan family by Carolyn. Odin was still doing jigsaw

puzzles with his parents at the time. When his parents spotted Victor standing behind Carolyn, their smiles froze.

Odin gave Victor a curious look before smiling.

“Grandma.” Maria quickly grabbed his hand as he was going to drop the puzzle and hurry to his grandma. He was struck by a sharp pain. Maria’s hold on his hand became harder and tighter the more he tried to pry it free.

“Mom.” Odin’s father rose to his feet, grimaced, and regarded Carolyn with a stern and disapproving face. The living room was tense for a little while. Odin didn’t understand the tension in the air as a youngster, but he couldn’t help but glance back at Victor. His first impression of Victor’s clothing was that it was of extremely low quality.

Victor’s lengthy eyelashes shielded his eyes as he lowered his gaze. At the time, no one could see what he was thinking. Odin, despite his immaturity, was able to pick something out. Victor had a striking resemblance to his father. Despite this, he was unable to decipher its significance.

Carolyn called out, “Lukas!”

Lukas, who was at the peak of his powers at the moment, rushed over in a hurry.

“Mrs. Sullivan...” Carolyn softly beckoned Odin, who was being held by Maria.

“Come here, Odin.” Odin wanted to stroll over almost unconsciously.

Maria grabbed his hand again as soon as he made a step forward. This time, Odin was really hurt. He scowled.

“Ouch, that hurts!” Maria did not release her grip as if she had not heard him. Carolyn’s grin faded away.

“Odin is still young, Maria. Holding him like that will cause him pain. I am no man-eater. Do you think I’ll eat him? What exactly do you mean when you behave in this manner?”

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“How come you brought him back, Mom?” Odin’s father, who was standing next to Maria, spoke before she could utter a word. While speaking, he avoided looking Victor in the eye.

“Did you just ask why I brought him back? What, do you not realize?”

“I don’t know a thing. And I’d rather not contemplate it either,” Odin’s father said coldly. Odin couldn’t tell that his father and grandmother quarreled because of the youngster

standing behind Carolyn, but he didn't know why. Carolyn was angered by her son's statements, but she tried to remain cool when she saw Odin's gaze on Victor.

"Lukas, take Odin upstairs," she instructed Lukas. Lukas stepped up to take Odin from Maria. Maria remained steadfast in her grip on Odin.

Carolyn said with a frown, "You may do anything you want if you don't believe it matters whether Odin witnesses his parents arguing. No matter what you believe or what you say, Victor stays!"

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He Is My Brother

Lukas walked behind Odin as they climbed the stairs to the second floor. They stopped in their tracks when they heard a loud bang.

It came from the living room. It was as if something dull and heavy had fallen to the floor. Odin felt Lukas' hand heavily on his shoulder. Even if he wanted to turn around to look at the source of the banging sound, he just couldn't.

"Mr. Sullivan, we'll just go upstairs. Didn't you say that you wanted to solve a jigsaw puzzle this afternoon? I've asked someone to buy it for you. It should be in your room now," Lukas said in a gentle voice, not giving Odin a chance to refuse.

Looking straight into Lukas' eyes, Odin was able to tell the difference between their strength. He took a deep breath and acquiesced in Lukas' bidding. The two reached the second floor and walked towards Odin's room. Lukas opened the door and Odin entered the room.

The first thing he saw was a box of jigsaw puzzle on the carpet. It was the same one he saw that afternoon. Yet, Odin had already lost his interest in the jigsaw puzzle. He just stood there, seemingly watching Lukas open the box. His mind was full of the boy that his grandmother had brought back.

"Lukas!" Odin blurted out. Lukas stopped what he was doing. Raising his head to look at the boy, he said concernedly, "Mr. Sullivan, is there something wrong?"

Odin walked over and sat on the floor opposite Lukas. "Do you know him?" he asked. Lukas gave him a perplexed look. His eyebrows furrowed, he asked, "Him? Who? Mr. Sullivan, who are you talking about?"

Lukas then lowered his head and continued opening the box. Apparently, he didn't intend to answer Odin's question. Odin was persistent. "I know you know who I'm talking about. Lukas, can you tell me?"

"Mr. Sullivan, you are still young," Lukas said in an evasive tone. "Even if I tell you, you won't understand."

The boy shook his head slightly.

"Well, I already know," Odin said, his round eyes blinking.

"The boy Grandma brought back is my brother, right?" Lukas was dumbfounded. He quickly searched his memory for an instance of him mentioning the identity of Victor. His eyes darkened as he looked at Odin up and down.

"You don't have to worry about hiding it from me," Odin told Lukas candidly. Lukas coughed to clear his throat before he said, "Mr. Sullivan, you..."

Odin cut in and bombarded Lukas with his questions. "He is my brother, isn't he? Why Lukas gave him a perplexed look. His eyebrows furrowed, he asked, "Him? Who? Mr. Sullivan, who are you talking about?"

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"He is my brother, isn't he? Why didn't Grandma bring him back earlier? My parents didn't seem happy to see him either. Tell me, don't they like my brother? But why? I just don't get it because he is also their child."

Lukas found it impossible to deal with the questions all at once. He felt relieved when the sound of the car engine interrupted their conversation. Curious, Odin got up, walked to the balcony, and looked down. His eyes fell on his grandmother getting in the car with Victor. Odin looked long and fixedly on Victor. Victor raised his head as he seemed to have felt Odin gazing at him. Their eyes met unexpectedly.

Holding Odin's stare, Victor's eyes were cold and emotionless. Odin gripped the handrail more tightly. He didn't take his eyes off Victor. But in his mind, he was seeing his parents' faces just now. He also remembered the sound of violent smashing Odin watched his grandmother and Victor as they left in the car. He didn't see his grandmother in the days that followed.

Meanwhile, his mother would remind him to study hard. Odin had to learn many things since that night. No matter how hard he cried, Maria wouldn't let him rest. And so, he passed out. His parents had a bitter quarrel about his brother. Even if he was dazed, he heard them mention Victor's name. He came to realize that it was this person who had caused every anguish that he had been through—his mother's quiriness, his parents' rows, and his grandmother's unwillingness to come back.

"Victor!" Odin said the name over and over again.

"Aren't you happy for me that I'm still alive?" Odin asked and smiled wryly.

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She Would Do It

Upon hearing what Odin said, Victor stared coldly at him. Odin remained unbothered as he pulled out a chair and sat by the bedside, revealing a smug grin. "Oh, you should be disappointed to see that I'm still alive."

"You were the one behind the Baltimore project," Victor said in a calm voice. Odin leaned back slightly and admitted it.

"Well, that's correct, but you should know it's not entirely my fault. You are also to blame here. Clearly, you're not a good judge of character. You see, the person in charge of purchasing was too greedy and disloyal. I gave him a little benefit. He agreed without hesitation and tampered with the purchase list." Victor remained composed and said in a low voice,

"Do you know his daughter is dead?" Odin thought Victor couldn't see a person's true colors. How could this heartless man refer to it as just a little benefit? Perhaps it was true in Odin's eyes, but for the head of the purchasing department, that little benefit was enough to save the very foundation of his family.

As soon as the accident happened, Carson sent someone to visit the director of the purchasing department. The moment Carson's people entered the room, the director immediately knelt and lowered his head. His daughter was lying in bed, with tubes all over her body. She was only seven or eight years old, but she already looked worn out like a dead tree. The girl had a deadly case of leukemia.

The little benefit that Odin mentioned was that he offered to get in touch with the most highly-sought expert in the world for his daughter, who had successfully cured a patient with the same disease as the little girl. The director was left with two choices. Loyalty or his daughter's life? He had been restless and troubled for the whole night.

Through the window of the ICU, he saw his daughter lying in bed and struggling with each breath. Turning his head to the side, he saw his depressed wife, who had aged significantly in just a few months. She looked gaunt and cried each day. As the head of the family, he had his back up against the wall.

Time was running out, and he had to act soon. The director knew he was in the wrong and that there was no possible escape, so he didn't flee for his life. Instead, he waited at home for Victor's men to come to him. Desperate and deeply exhausted, the man cried and confessed.

At last, he only hoped that Victor would let his wife and daughter go. Carson didn't judge when he reported back to Victor. He did his duty and chose not to make things much more difficult for the man's family. But in the end, the so-called authoritative expert was nowhere to be found. The director's wife helplessly watched their daughter die. She couldn't bear the painful ordeal and fainted soon after.

The most frightening thing in life was not being stuck in darkness for a long time. The false hope that came during the time of darkness was even more terrifying. In the middle of his suffering, the director suddenly saw a beam of light appear in front of him. After struggling for so long, he was finally about to seize a second chance for his family. But just as he was about to reach the glorious beam of light, he suddenly came crashing down into a darker abyss. He could only watch in terror as the beam of light passed through his fingertips.

The director's wife fell into a coma, and his daughter was pronounced dead. He lost his highly-coveted job and eventually became a person hated by everyone in the industry. After enduring so much grief and pain, the director couldn't take it much longer. He jumped down from a tall building and ended his life once and for all. But now, the heartbreaking story was described by Odin as just a little benefit. What a cold-blooded bastard! Family ties considered, Victor should also be a cold-blooded man. The entire Sullivan family was a group of ruthless individuals. At the very first moment Victor learned about this, anger flickered in his heart. When Carson reported the whole situation, he sighed in disappointment.

“What a pity! Odin is still the same as before. He doesn’t care about people’s lives. He is so cunning that we can’t catch him.” Hearing this, Victor blinked and casually signed some documents.

“Is his wife paying for the house by monthly instalment?”

“Yes. She has to pay twenty thousand dollars a month. The director was kind of irresponsible; don’t you think so? His wife hadn’t been working for a long time. After he kill himself, she was left with a mess. Twenty thousand dollars a month is too much for an unemployed person to afford. It’s simply not possible for her to pay on time,” Carson said with pity.

“Ask the personnel department to settle his project bonus this year. See to it that it is done immediately.”

Sitting pensively, Victor added, “As for his daughter’s death, the Sullivan Group’s union shall pay the pension. On top of that, I want you to give his wife an extra one hundred thousand in cash.”

“Uh, I’m sorry. I’m not sure if I heard it right.” Carson mumbled in disbelief.

“You want me to do what? Project bonus and pension? Plus an extra one hundred thousand? By my calculations, all this money is enough to buy a new house. Are you trying to help her out because she’s too pitiful?” Victor raised his eyebrows and said nothing. Carson dashed forward with a concerned face and put his hand on Victor’s forehead.

“You don’t have a fever. Vic, are you out of your mind? Because of him, Sullivan Group is under investigation. And you still want to clean up this mess for his wife’s sake? Since when have you become so kind and compassionate?”

Victor stared coldly at his friend and moved his hand away. Was he indeed becoming soft-hearted? Carson’s remarks brought him back to his senses. He had never done such a gracious deed for others before, and he wouldn’t forgive anyone who had betrayed him.

“Vic, I think you have changed.” Carson looked at him with astonishment. With a slight sneer, Victor replied coldly, “That’s what you said four years ago.”

“No, I mean you have become the exact opposite of who you previously were.” Carson explained further, “Four years ago, I said you had changed. I could feel that your emotions were easily disturbed and affected by Rachel. But now, I was referring to your change of character. Do you know how cold blooded you used to be?”

Hearing his words, Victor clasped his hands together and remained silent.

“In the past, if someone was killed in your presence, you would simply mind your own business and not give a damn. But now, not only do you give up punishing a traitor, but you also take out a sum of money to help his wife. Do you understand what I’m saying here? Vic, you’re not the cold–hearted man I once knew. Since when have you changed?”

Carson’s hard–hitting question deeply embedded itself in Victor’s mind. Victor didn’t give an answer back then. But at this present moment, the lingering question popped in his mind once again when he heard that Odin viewed the life and death of that family as if they meant absolutely nothing. He didn’t know when, but he knew the reason why he had changed. It was because of Rachel.

He thought that if Rachel had known about the unfortunate situation, she would have done the same thing he did. She was a woman who always gave off a cold image, but she always had a warm heart.

“Yes, I know about that. In fact, I also heard that the late director’s wife is currently suffering from depression and almost committed suicide herself.”

When Odin spoke, there was a wicked smile on his face. It was clear that he felt no remorse. Victor kept silent.

“But it’s a pity that she is still alive. I heard that she received a large sum of money from a generous benefactor. It gave her so much hope that she wants to start over with a new life.” Odin leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his palms. He stared at Victor with great interest.

“Brother, I have a question for you.” Victor glared at him and said nothing. He pressed his thin lips together in disdain. He didn’t feel any family affection towards his brother, but only disgust.

“Who sent her the money? Her husband didn’t have much to his name when he was still alive.” Odin paused and asked with a disturbing smile, “Brother, why are you so kind?”