

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 386 by Adolf Dunne

Victor raised his head, sensing that Rachel was staring at him.

Their eyes met all of a sudden and she quickly averted her gaze.

Victor's eyes darkened as soon as he noticed that she avoided eye contact with him.

No one could guess what was going through his mind.

"Mommy, try this!"

Joey observed that Rachel didn't eat much, so he placed a sparerib onto her plate and urged her to try it.

The little kid assumed his mother had no appetite because of Victor's presence.

Hearing this, Rachel turned to face Joey with a smile.

"Okay."

She tried to regain her composure and forced herself to forget about the events of last night.

Soon, Ivan entered the restaurant, looking like he was in a hurry.

"Mr. Sullivan," he said as he approached their table. His eyes widened when he spotted Rachel sitting next to Victor. "Miss Bennet." "Ivan," Rachel replied casually. It suddenly occurred to Ivan that Victor had asked him to bring him two sets of clothes this morning. He was confused as to why Victor requested for women's clothing, but after reading today's

news, he assumed it was for Susan. He never expected it was for Rachel. "What's the matter?"

Victor asked as he looked up at him. Hearing his question, Ivan came back to his senses. He walked over to him and glanced at Rachel. After hesitating for a moment, he leaned closer and said, "Mr. Salazar wants to see you, Mr. Sullivan." As soon as the video was posted on the internet, Susan's name had been trending along with the Salazar Group. Because it was regarded as a major scandal, it had a detrimental impact on the Salazar Group's stock price. James was in shock, unable to handle the fall. His last resort was to ask Victor for help. He was the only person who could give him assistance. "I'm not seeing him," Victor coldly remarked.

Rachel was eating the sparerib with her eyes down and appeared to be uninterested, but the talk between Ivan and Victor caught her attention.

If Ivan hadn't mentioned James, she would have forgotten about Susan.

Her mind was telling her to check her phone and read the news, but as soon as she placed her hand in her pocket, she remembered her phone battery was dead.

Rachel pursed her lips, realizing she could only read the articles once she returned home.

"Understood, Mr. Sullivan."

Victor's refusal came as no surprise to Ivan.

Susan had done such a thing, yet the Salazar family still expected Victor to help them? The rest of the lunch was very awkward.

After they finished eating, Victor and Ivan headed out without saying anything.

Rachel prepared to leave as well. She had no desire to be here any longer. She asked Joey to stay here for a bit, then went upstairs to get her phone.

But when she came down, Joey wasn't in his spot anymore. "Miss Bennet, Mr. Sullivan and Joey are waiting for you outside," Ivan remarked. Rachel was surprised to see him waiting by the entrance. She thought Ivan had already left with Victor just now. Didn't Victor leave? Rachel pressed her lips in a thin line and walked out of the restaurant. When she came outside, she saw a Maybach parked at the door. "Mommy, I'm here!"

The window of the back seat rolled down, revealing Joey and Victor sitting next to each other. Why didn't he leave? Why was Joe with him in the car? Did he expect her to just go inside? Rachel's mind was filled with questions as she slowly approached them. She slung the coat over her arm and unconsciously clenched her hands. Ivan opened the back door for her and said, "Miss Bennet, please." Joey moved closer to Victor in order to leave some room for Rachel. "Mommy, get in the car. We're going home."

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"You can go back first." Rachel loosened her grip under the coat and took a step back without saying anything.

"Mommy? Why?"

The smile on Joey's face froze.

He had thought that since Rachel didn't mind eating lunch with Victor, she wouldn't mind riding in the same car as him. He was taken aback when Rachel declined.

Somehow, he felt that Victor and Rachel's relationship had gotten worse.

"Joe, you should head back first. Mommy has something to deal with."

Joey got out of the car and trotted over to Rachel when he heard this.

"Where are you going, Mommy? I'll come with you." After saying that, Joey turned to Ivan and said, "You can go now."

I'll stay with Mommy.

We'll go home together later."

Ivan was in a dilemma as he stood by the car.

He glanced at Victor inside, only to find that he had no expression on his face, as if he hadn't heard Rachel and Joey's conversation at all.

Ivan had no idea what was on his mind.

However, the more he acted like this, the more Ivan began to suspect that he was suppressing something.

"Miss Bennet, you should get in the car. I can drop you off to where you're headed," Ivan said.

"There are so many reporters outside Waterfront Hotel, so getting a cab will be difficult. Also, there are paparazzi out there who would do anything to gain first-hand information from you. Taking the child with you isn't going to be safe, Miss Bennet." Ivan had a point.

Paparazzi were crazy.

It might not be such a big problem if Rachel was alone.

In the worst-case scenario, she would only have to answer a few questions and everything would be over.

But if Joey was with her...

Rachel exhaled and looked at Joey. Her lips slightly quivered, but before she could respond, the little boy held her hand tightly, without any plans of letting go. It was as if they were connected in their minds. "Let me go with you, Mommy." Rachel looked at him helplessly. She couldn't bear to watch Joey with such pleading eyes. She had to prioritize his safety. In the end, Rachel got in the car. Ivan was right, indeed. A huge number of reporters and media personnel were waiting outside Waterfront Hotel. The reporters' eyes were fixated on each passing vehicle.

Among the crowd, there were also a lot of Susan's fans. However, no one dared to stop Victor's car because they were too scared to offend him. Sue Garden was almost a half-hour drive from Waterfront Hotel. During the ride, Joey made himself comfortable in the middle and was fiddling with Rachel's hair. But he soon dozed off. He was really exhausted and

didn't sleep well last night. Joey sat on the stairway waiting for Rachel because she hadn't returned last night.

He soon realized it was late, so Lukas urged him to return to his room and sleep, which he did. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't fall sleep. He was pestered with nightmares about the press conference. In his dreams, Victor shielded him under his body and gunshots were fired.

The little boy was currently sleeping soundly as he leaned on Rachel's arm, and holding her finger in his hands. Rachel's arm became a little sore when she realized he was sleeping. She smiled softly and pulled her finger out of his grip, and was about to give him a cushion. Suddenly, a shadow fell over her, and before she could react, Victor took Joey from her side and held him in his arms.

"Victor..."

"He's heavy," Victor remarked in a low voice as he met her gaze.

It was the first time he had spoken to Rachel since she got in the car.

Rachel was surprised to see him being thoughtful.

However, Joey would be furious if he found out what Victor had said about him.

"Hmm..." Joey seemed to feel uncomfortable in his sleep.

He mumbled as his eyelashes moved. He unconsciously intended to grab something, but he grabbed Rachel's hair instead.

Only then did Rachel notice that her hair was still tangled around Joey's finger.

Feeling the pain in her scalp, Rachel took a deep breath and moved closer to Victor.

She had to lower her head to untangle her hair that had become knotted around Joey's finger.

The two of them got closer and closer to each other.

Victor could even smell the faint scent emanating from her body.

He looked down and noticed a hickey on her neck that he had marked up just last night.

Thinking of how he pressed her on the sofa last night, his body felt hot again and he wanted to kiss her on the neck.

Rachel felt someone looking at her as she was carefully fixing her hair.

She came to a complete stop knowing that it was Victor, and she realized she was too close to him right now. She immediately drew her hair back and moved away from him.

At the same time, Victor also turned his head on the side.

Victor remained still for the next half minute.

Out of the corner of her eye, Rachel took a glance at Victor and noticed that his arm was slightly bent, and his elbow was on the window ledge.

His hand was curled into a fist as his head was resting on it. At the same time, Joey was laying on his other arm. Rachel wondered if she was mistaken about him staring at her just now because he appeared to be calm. Was she overthinking things?

Rachel had thought that what had occurred was merely a figment of her imagination, but the Band-Aid on Victor's hand reminded her that it was all real. The awkwardness continued through the entire drive. As soon as the Maybach came to a stop at Sue Garden's courtyard, Lukas hurried over to them and greeted, "Miss Bennet, Mr. Sullivan, you're back." Rachel gave him a slight nod. Victor came out of the car right after, carrying Joey in his arms.

"Is Joe sleeping?" Lukas took the initiative to approach Victor and was about to take Joey from him. "It's okay," Victor said as he swerved Lukas' hand and walked inside while cradling Joey. Rachel was standing by the car with her arms crossed, looking troubled. Was he going to stay here? It suddenly occurred to her that she didn't have any idea where Victor had been staying for the past two weeks. Realizing what she had been thinking, she shook her head. What did it have to do with her, exactly? He was the CEO of Sullivan Group, and obviously had a lot of places to stay.

She didn't need to be concerned about him. "Miss Bennet, let's go inside." Noticing that she had been standing still on the side, Lukas came over and invited her in. "Alright." Despite saying that, Rachel looked very hesitant. She remembered what Victor had promised her. As long as she stayed with Joey in Sue Garden, Victor shouldn't show himself at all. If he went

against this agreement, she had the choice to leave at any time. Thinking of this, Rachel bit her lip and followed Lukas behind.

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Victor didn't seem to be leaving, though, which surprised her.

Rachel was engrossed in the Bennet Group's most recent quarterly financial report as she sat cross-legged in the living room.

While the situation remained bleak, she had become the largest stakeholder in the Bennet Group, despite everything.

Whatever the case, she had to be aware of the company's financial situation in case the board of directors exploited it against her.

Her iPad memory was clogged with all sorts of statistics and data, which disturbed her.

In addition, she discovered that she was unable to concentrate at all.

Rachel figured out what was causing her anxiety.

Victor was the cause of her lack of peace.

The thought of still him being there made her unable to stop herself from looking at the second floor out of the corner of her eye as if she was scared Victor might suddenly emerge from the study at any point.

Rachel squinted as she contemplated this.

“Miss Bennet.”

Lukas showed up as usual.

In possession of a pen.

Rachel was using her iPad to write things down.

As Lukas got closer, he could make out “Vic” on her iPad.

While Rachel eagerly waited for Victor to leave, she suddenly sensed someone’s presence nearby.

Her muscles tense up subliminally.

In her eyes, there came a heightened sense of alertness.

“Miss Bennet?”

Lukas was astounded for a split second when he saw the icy glance.

Rachel, on the other hand, reverted to her normal demeanor in the blink of an eye.

“Lukas, everything okay?” Relieved, Rachel laid her iPad down and exhaled a deep breath of relief.

She thought it was Victor.

With a smile, Lukas told her, “It’s half-past five, Miss Bennet. Do you have any preferences about what to eat for supper tonight? I’ll see to it that the chef prepares it as you want.” “I’m not a fussy eater, and I’ll eat anything.” Rachel was still reeling from the horror she had experienced earlier. She sipped her tea from her cup on the table. She felt considerably more at ease after sipping on the cup of iced tea.

“All well, then, I’ll ask the chief to make some light meal,” Lukas remarked, looking down at Rachel’s iPad on the couch. Lukas was ready to depart when Rachel looked at the study and called out to him.

"Miss Bennet, how can I be of assistance to you?" Lukas inquired. "Victor..." "Oh, I see Mr.Sullivan has plans for the evening.) don't think he'll remain for dinner," Lukas said right away. He knew what Rachel was worried about. 'So Victor won't be around, then?' Rachel was relieved when she heard what Lukas had to say. She was supposed to be cheerful, but somehow, she wasn't. In her chest, she felt a little suffocated, but she couldn't put her finger on it. Rachel's headache intensified as she ruminated on the subject. She made the conscious decision to no longer dwell on it.

After three hours, she figured Joey needed to get out of bed, or he would have a hard time sleeping at night. When she climbed the stairs, she carried her iPad with her to rouse him. The study and Joey's room were also adjacent. Rachel had to pass through the study if she wanted to get there. When she walked by the study door, she made a subconscious effort to quiet herself. However, nothing probably ever went as planned for her. Her path to Joey's room was abruptly cut short when the study door was unlocked from the inside. Rachel and Victor met. She paused, torn between walking on and pausing. He held a suit on his arm and was dressed in a shirt. He was preparing to leave the house at the moment.

"Victor...Are you leaving the house?" Rachel asked dryly.

Victor could feel that she was remorseful and sought to separate herself from him.

"Yes," he said in a quiet voice.

Rachel stepped aside and added, "Drive carefully."

Rachel was going to walk on as soon as she concluded her remarks.

Victor's voice came from behind her and she couldn't make out what was on his mind because of the low tone of his voice.

Victor said, "I won't be returning tonight for supper."

Rachel hesitated and said, almost imperceptible, "I got that from Lukas.I'll be sure to tell Joe."

Then, without a second thought, she entered Joey's room.

By doing that, she left Victor with no chance to say more.

His eyes clouded as he saw Joey's bedroom door locked. His phone rang at the same moment.

"I'll be there in a few minutes," Victor said and ended the call.

Rachel mustered up and leaned against the door.

"Mommy?"

Joey was up. He got up from his lying position and rubbed his still sleepy eyes.

On opening his eyes, he was startled to see Rachel leaning up against the door.

Regaining her composure, Rachel inquired, "Yes? You woke up already?"

Joey sprang out of bed, barefoot on the covers, and hurled himself into Rachel's arms with a wave of his hand. He had only just gotten out of bed and wasn't really awake.

"I had another nightmare, Mommy." Rachel was well aware that Joey had been suffering from nightmares lately. Despite Joey's outward appearance of maturity, he was still a youngster. As a result of everything he had been through, it was only natural for him to feel shaken. Rachel's attempts at resolving the issue had been ineffective. Joey was also more connected to her after suffering from two high fevers. "What happened in your nightmare?" Rachel stroked his back as she inquired, her voice soft and soothing. "I dreamt that someone was pointing a pistol at me."

Joey clutched Rachel's neck firmly. "I was covered in blood and kept weeping, but no matter how hard I wept, no one came to help me..." Rachel cradled him close to her chest.

"I bet you can recall what Mommy told you. The polarity of reality is constantly flipped in dreams. There's nothing to be terrified of, honey. Now you may rest easy. You will not be harmed in any way."

"Mommy, how about you sleep with me this evening?" "Okay." Rachel made up her mind and decided to schedule an appointment with a psychologist. "Joey, do you want a new pal?" Joey's eyes darted to her. "Who is this new pal, Mommy?" "A friend of Mommy's," remarked Rachel, pinching his nose. "I see, a man or a woman?" "Is that supposed to count?" His question baffled Rachel. "Just wanted to know." Joey pulled his tongue out and said the

words. He did, however, feel a sense of crisis for Victor. Perhaps, if it were a guy, he might challenge Victor for his affections.

In such a case, it would be far more difficult for Victor and Rachel to reconcile. Joey sighed quietly to himself. Victor looked to have a long way to go before he could fix things with Rachel. Rachel had no idea what was going through his head. Because she didn't want Joey to refuse to consult a psychologist, she lied to cover her tracks. At the hospital When the elevator finally came to a halt, the doors gently opened.

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The indicator light outside the operating room was turned off.

At the same time, Victor walked out of the elevator.

Ivan, who had been waiting at the elevator, immediately greeted him, "Mr.Sullivan."

Acknowledging his presence, Victor nodded at him.

The door of the operating room sprang open, revealing the doctor who was taking off his mask.

He glanced at the people waiting outside and asked, "Who is the patient's family?"

"I...I am her mother.Doctor, how is my daughter?"

It was Tammy who responded first.

She hurriedly approached the doctor with a worried expression. Her gown and hair were both in a mess. Her poise and elegance were gone because of what had happened tonight.

"Mrs. Salazar, your daughter just had a gastric lavage. But don't worry, she's safe now. You just have to wait for about an hour before she wakes up."

The doctor took a form from the nurse and handed it to Tammy.

"Mrs. Salazar, please sign this and go through the hospitalization procedures."

Relieved that Susan was out of danger now, Tammy exhaled deeply as if she had been holding her breath for a long time.

"Thank you," she said and then signed the form.

Once the doctor was gone, Tammy asked someone to arrange Susan's admission procedures.

Only then did she remember her husband, who had been silent the whole time.

Just as she turned around to talk to him, James had already walked up to Victor.

"Mr. Sullivan."

James' appearance was no better than Tammy's; his suit was crumpled, and his tie was crooked. But he quickly straightened it and forced a smile when he saw Victor. "As soon as the video went viral online last night, tons of reporters and Miss Salazar's fans flocked outside Waterfront Hotel. The police only arrived in the afternoon to help Miss Salazar leave the hotel. But when she went home, she took a lot of sleeping pills. It was their servant who found her unconscious," Ivan explained. He didn't have to explain what happened after because Victor had already heard what the doctor said.

A trace of embarrassment flashed across James' face when Ivan mentioned the video. He had watched the video himself. And even though others might not be able to recognize Susan right away, he did. After all, she was his daughter. It was just hard to believe that at her birthday party, she... But that was not what was important now. James was problematic about the Salazar Group. His phone almost exploded with the number of messages and calls he received from the board directors.

If he failed to give them a reasonable explanation, he might lose his position as the CEO. "Mr. Sullivan, the video last night was a misunderstanding. It was a trap. Someone wanted to ruin Susan's reputation." In a hurry, James thought of an excuse. He knew that if he didn't say anything, his entire family would be doomed. "A trap?" The corner of Victor's lips raised. His voice was dripping with sarcasm as he spoke. "Did Susan tell you that?" James was stunned with his question. Of course, it was just a guess.

He had assumed that since Victor was the best man out there, Susan wouldn't dare to choose a scumbag over him.

Even if Victor didn't want to marry Susan anymore, James believed that his daughter wouldn't settle for less.

So naturally, he thought it was a trap.

"Ivan." Victor didn't want to explain anything to James.

Understanding what he meant, Ivan clicked on a video and showed it to James.

Although the latter was confused, he still took the phone and played the video.

The video was short and had low quality, but James could easily tell that the person in it was Susan.

It was shot at the entrance of Waterfront Hotel.

There was no sound, but he could tell from the video that Susan seemed to have a pleasant conversation with the man whom she made out with later. It meant Susan knew him.

If it was indeed a trap, the mastermind wouldn't use someone she knew.

Moreover, the man went to the villa after he and Susan separated.

By the time the video ended, James' face was already gloomy.

"It... There must be some misunderstanding..."

The evidence was shoved into his face, but James still found it hard to believe. He was lost for words.

"Mr. Salazar, there is one more thing you have to know. We found out that Miss Salazar's assistant transferred money to this man's bank account five minutes after they separated."

As he explained, Ivan took the phone from James' hand and looked for the transfer record to show it to him. When James saw the amount, his eyes widened in shock. 'Five million dollars? Yes, Susan's assistant transferred five million dollars to the man's bank account.

How could an assistant have so much money? The money transfer happened after Susan met that man. Did that mean...? James' lips parted, but he couldn't say anything. He suddenly felt that his head was spinning. He had thought that someone must have plotted against Susan, but now he was told that he was wrong.

It was stupid of him to hope that he could beg for Victor's help one last time since he used to be Susan's fiance. Now it was impossible. How could Victor help them after his daughter cheated on him? Thinking of this, James staggered. His chest hurt as if it had been stabbed with a knife.

"It's all my fault. If Susan did this, I will tie her up and ask her to apologize to you, Mr. Sullivan. Please, Mr. Sullivan, have mercy on us."

Having no intention of staying for a long time, Victor checked the time on his watch. Taking the hint, Ivan handed a folder to James. With a puzzled expression, James accepted it. But he hesitated to read it. "What's this?" "Termination contract." It was just two words, but James felt like a bomb had exploded in front of him.

His hands trembled, causing him to drop the folder on the floor. A piece of paper fell, which clearly stated that the cooperation of the Sullivan Group and the Salazar Group had ended. "As for the penalty, our lawyers will contact you soon. If you have any questions, you can contact them at any time," Ivan continued in a low voice. As if he was struck by lightning, James stood there speechless and unmoving.

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Chapter 390 Homeless (Part Two) When James finally regained his senses, Ivan and Victor had already left the premises. He remained standing motionless with a blank expression. Watching him from across the room in silence, Tammy couldn't help but feel disappointed. Her husband didn't even care to ask about their daughter's wellbeing. All James could think about was the Salazar Group. However, she knew that they were in big trouble now, so she kept her thoughts to herself instead and picked up the file from the floor. "I have to go back to the company before it's too late." Before Tammy could even respond, James left in a hurry. Seeing that her husband cared more about the company than their own daughter, Tammy felt her blood boil in an instant. She rushed after him and grabbed his arm. "What is the matter with you?"

"Are you going to leave our daughter here while she's struggling to recover? She needs both of her parents!" Tammy raised her voice and pushed him in frustration. But all James could think about was the imminent termination of the contract. Once the cooperation between the Salazar Group and the Sullivan Group ended, the consequences would be severe. The Salazar Group might have to file for bankruptcy, and James couldn't allow that to happen. He was in no mood to listen to Tammy's complaints. Shoving her aside impatiently, he glared at her and said, "Get out of my way. I have no time for this."

James was a strong man, and the brute force sent Tammy staggering a few meters away. How dare he push her like that? She clenched her fists in anger and shouted, "What the hell is wrong with you?" At this moment, the elevator doors opened. Tammy quickly stepped forward and blocked the entrance, preventing James from leaving. "What are you doing? Have you lost your mind? I said get out of my way!" James was in no mood to argue with his wife. He was getting annoyed by her constant pestering. "Oh, so you think I'm insane? James Salazar, have you forgotten that you are a father?"

"Our daughter is in the hospital, fighting for her life! We almost lost our little girl! And look at you now! Have you stopped to ask about her? What have you done as a father? From last night until this moment, you have been busy talking about work on the phone, and you never once showed concern for our daughter! Have you forgotten about your responsibility to her?" Tammy fired her words of disappointment and resentment at her husband relentlessly.

Her eyes turned red with tears at the thought of Susan, who was still unconscious in the hospital bed.

Amidst all the turmoil and issues surrounding them, Susan was still her beloved daughter. She had been the apple of her mother's eye since she was born. It broke Tammy's heart to see her precious child in such a dreadful state. "Excuse me? Are you questioning my role as her father? What do you want me to do? Tell me. Let's hear another one of your bright ideas. Do you want the entire Salazar Group opinion down with her? Do you know how much I sacrificed for this family?" Whenever Tammy cried in

the past. James would hold her in his arms and comfort her with words of endearment. But now that she wept in front of him, he only felt irritated. A moment of dreadful silence hung in the air. "Huh? What do you mean that the Salazar Group is going down with her?" After a minute of waiting, the elevator doors closed automatically, and the lift began its descent. James threw his hands up in frustration, then pressed the button as he waited once more. He tried to calm himself down, but his patience was running thin. "Just read the document." Tammy frowned in confusion as she slowly opened the folder in her hand.

The words "termination contract" immediately caught her attention. With a wave of anxiety in her heart, Tammy quickly browsed the file. There were several business terms with underlying conditions, but a few key phrases stood out, such as "the Sullivan Group" and "the Salazar Group." No further explanation was needed. Like a splash of cold water on her face, she suddenly realized the severity of her husband's situation. Her expression became livid. With seething eyes, she voiced out her anger.

"What is this? How could Victor break his promise? This is unacceptable! Even if Susan slept with someone else, it doesn't matter anymore because they're no longer engaged. Besides, it's obvious that it was Victor who didn't want to proceed with the wedding anyway!" Having been raised in a wealthy family, Tammy tended to view matters differently from the rest of society. There were several instances wherein she failed to see the bigger picture and only cared about herself. She didn't need to be reasonable. After all, other people constantly adjusted to her needs and beliefs all her life.

However, the truth was that the Salazar Group was nothing compared to the Sullivan Group. Something needed to be done to save the cooperation, or else Tammy and her family would suffer the consequences. "Do you hear yourself? Do you really think all this trouble is caused by infidelity? The Sullivan Group has funded countless projects of the Salazar Group

in the past years. When Mr. Sullivan broke off the engagement to Susan, he signed a new strategic partnership with us.

Do you really think that he would terminate the cooperation just because he thought Susan cheated on him?" Tammy was stunned. She gulped nervously and asked, "Then, what could be the reason for this?" With a loud ting, the elevator finally arrived at their floor once again. "Why don't you go and ask your precious daughter what she has done?" James didn't want to waste more time reasoning with Tammy. He brushed past her and entered the elevator.

Tammy stood still with the folder in her hand, lost in thought. She didn't come to her senses until the elevator doors closed.

The controversial video spread like wildfire online and sent shockwaves in the news industry. Becky had been busy the whole time managing her workload in the company, and Susan hadn't responded to the scandal at all. It was as if she was waiting for the issue to simply blow over and for everyone to forget about it.

However, the stock price of the Salazar Group continued to plummet, and it was about to go bankrupt soon. Both distraught shareholders and concerned employees began to gather at the gate of the Salazar Group headquarters to protest. Earlier that day, the Sullivan Group officially announced that they would soon terminate the cooperation with the Salazar Group. This revelation became shocking news in both the entertainment and the business world. On the 33rd floor of the Sullivan Group building the elevator doors slid open to unload its sole passenger. Ivan stepped out into the hallway and went straight to the CEO's office with a serious demeanor. The door to the office was slightly ajar.

Ivan raised his hand and knocked politely to announce his arrival before coming in. "Mr. Sullivan, the paternal test result had been sent here," Ivan said as he put the paperwork on the desk. Putting down his pen, Victor looked at the document with a blank expression and said, "Open it." Hearing this, Ivan unzipped the file bag and took out the test result. There were a few pieces of paper with all kinds of data and professional terms printed on each page. He quickly scanned each paragraph, but he didn't understand what they meant. In addition to the test result, a small bag of pills had been delivered by the clinic. At a glance, Ivan immediately recognized what they were meant for.

They were all white round pills with the letter "T" printed on each piece. It was a new medicine that Victor had been using recently for his sleeping problem. But why did he send the pills to be tested? While Ivan began to wonder, he turned to the last page of the test result and saw the word "Sildenafil." It was one of the main ingredients of the medicine. "What?" Ivan's jaw dropped in shock. How could there be sildenafil in the medicine?

Wasn't it some kind of aphrodisiac? How could it possibly be used to treat a sleep disorder? With several thoughts running through his mind, Ivan quickly checked the composition list and discovered that the dosage was not that high. "There's something I need to tell you, Ivan. I was drugged that night in Waterfront Hotel," Victor said in a low voice. "What? You were drugged? By whom?" Astonishment was written all over Ivan's pale face. He returned his gaze at the word "Sildenafil" on the paper and then something quickly formed inside his mind.