

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 407 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 407 Please Come With Us

"Susan, it is entirely your fault! You aren't supposed to blame any other person but yourself. You claim to have made a lot of money for the company, don't you? Well, we have made negotiations with the other companies. Now the only thing you have got to do is to pay for liquidated damages. And as regards paying the money, the ball is in your court. We are not going to force you." "No, help me!" Susan pleaded. Her eyes had turned red. "Becky, there has got to be another way." "I've warned you!" Becky stared at her unemotionally. "Did I not tell you to behave yourself and not cause any trouble again? But you refused to take heed."

"I'm truly sorry. I know I was wrong. But please help me." Susan grabbed Becky's hand and cried. "You are the only one who can come to my rescue right now. There has to be something you can do!" "No, there isn't." Becky pulled herself free from Susan's grip and stepped back. "I can do nothing to help you." And in no time, the hope in Susan's eyes faded away.

ou the letter of termination. There is another reason." After a brief pause, Becky said word by word, "From now on, I cease to be your agent! The company has decided that all your current activities will be cancelled. As for when you can start working again, we don't know yet." As a matter of fact, Becky had put it euphemistically. There were only three words in the email sent by the company. "No more activities."

"I have nothing more to say to you. So have a nice day." "No!" Susan stuttered. However, Becky left without looking back. Out of desperation, Susan threw the things in her hands to the floor. After coming out of the ward, Becky went straight to the elevator which stopped on the same floor. When the elevator doors opened, a man walked out hurriedly. He was wearing a hat and a mask. His attention was most likely elsewhere because he ran straight into Becky. "Sorry ma'am...I'm very sorry," he said.

The impact of the collision was quite strong. Becky's shoulder was hit really hard and she staggered backwards as a result. The man's eyes showed that he was surprised. And he quickly reached out to hold her.

Becky rubbed her shoulder with one hand. Thereafter, she released the other one from his grip. "I'm fine." But she still seemed light-headed as she walked into the elevator.

The man still felt bad for what happened. He turned around, bowed to Becky and said, "I'm really sorry."

Then, the man stood upright again. But the hat on his head fell off because of his movements.

Becky caught sight of the upper part of the man's face.

He looked very familiar. But she couldn't remember where exactly she had seen him prior to this very moment. While she thought about it, the elevator doors slowly closed before her.

On the other hand, when the man noticed that his hat had fallen off, he quickly picked it up and put it on again. He didn't turn around and walk forward until the elevator doors were closed. He unconsciously lowered his head and covered his eyes with the brim of his hat. The elevator continued to go downwards until it eventually stopped at the underground parking lot of the inpatient building. When Becky came out of the elevator, a thought flashed through her mind. She suddenly remembered who the man was! Dr. Turner.

Victor was right. Dr. Turner was still in Apliaria.

Dr. Turner had watched the video on the Internet. It dawned on him that he couldn't keep what he had done a secret anymore. The doctor also knew that Victor would send people to look for him.

In an attempt to confuse Victor, he asked for an annual leave and packed all the things in his house. It looked as if he wanted to escape from Apliaria.

He rented a small room in a slum with a mixed population in the suburb with two times the normal rent. He had been paying attention to Susan on the Internet.

After he had known that Susan tried to commit suicide, Dr. Turner wanted to go to the hospital.

But he changed his mind as soon as he stepped out of the room.

He was very sure that once he went to the hospital, Victor's men would catch him before he had the chance to see

Susan.

He did his best to calm down. It was pointless acting impulsively. After waiting for five days, Dr. Turner could no longer stop himself since the news of Susan gradually subsided. He didn't know what happened to Susan after she had committed suicide. He had a hard time staying and waiting in the room. He wanted to know about Susan's condition. He had promised her that he would be responsible for her. He made it clear that he would always stand by her side. He was not going to leave her alone.

In the darkness of night, Dr. Turner changed into completely different clothes. Then, he asked a motorcyclist to take him to the hospital.

The doctor made his way into the VIP area and went straight to the desk. "Hello! May I know Susan Salazar's ward number?" he asked the nurse on duty.

The nurse raised her head and looked at him. He was wearing a hat and a mask which almost covered his whole face. "Are you looking for Susan?" she asked.

"Yes, I want to see her. She is a friend of mine," Dr. Turner said in a low tone.

The nurse looked at him from head to toe. It was as if she was wondering whether or not what he said was true. But after a while, she pointed to the left corridor and said, "Go this way. The fifth ward."

"Thank you very much." Dr. Turner pressed the brim of his hat and walked in the direction pointed by the nurse.

However, he was unaware of the fact that as soon as he left, the nurse took out her phone and quickly sent a

message.

Dr. Turner counted silently. In no time, he was already at the fifth ward. The door was ajar. He stood by it and peeped through the gap. He could see that someone was lying in the bed

beneath the quilt. Without any form of hesitation, Dr. Turner pushed the door open and walked in. "Susan!" he said with so much concern before walking to her bedside. However, before he finished speaking, the person in bed suddenly lifted the quilt. A completely strange face was revealed. It was that of a man! Immediately Dr. Turner realized it wasn't Susan's ward, it dawned on him that he had been trapped. The idea of turning around and running away crossed his mind. But before he could do so, four men had already surrounded him.

"Dr. Turner, you have got to come with us. Mr. Sullivan wants to see you!" The man lying in the bed stood up and walked towards the doctor. Dr. Turner clenched and loosened his fists over and over again. When he set eyes on the tear-drop shaped obsidian brooch on the man's shirt, he knew that he couldn't run away.

"Very well then, I'll come with you." Dr. Turner's voice was hoarse and powerless. "But can I see Susan first?"

"Who do you think you are to bargain with us?"

"..." Dr. Turner was well prepared before he came here. Notwithstanding, he still wanted to see Susan. "Okay, don't let me see her. Can you just tell me how she is doing? Else, I would rather die here than come with you! I am a doctor, so committing suicide is quite an easy thing for me to do! You know that, right?" It might prove difficult for a doctor to cure his ailment. But killing himself wasn't. "What exactly do you want to know about her?" "I just want to know if she is no longer in any form of danger." "She is in safe hands. She has been out of danger for a long time." When Dr. Turner heard that she was fine, he heaved a sigh of relief. "Then..." "Dr. Turner, you said that you only want to know how Susan is and will come with us obediently. I will not answer other questions. Perhaps you may want to threaten us with your death. If that's the case, please help yourself. Mr. Sullivan has told us that it doesn't matter if we bring you to him dead or alive!"

The doctor's face turned pale as soon as he heard those words.

The man spoke to him in a neutral tone of voice. Still, he made sure there was no room for negotiation. "Let's go, Dr. Turner."