

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 406 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 406 Victor Carries Joey

It was just a little past nine o'clock, and the snack street had started getting crowded. In front of each snack stall, there was a long line of customers who were waiting for their turns to be served. The snack street here was different from the one that was near the Red Hackers headquarters both in terms of style and quantity. Looking around curiously, Joey wished he could go to every stall and have a taste of what they offered.

Joey was a cute child and he had even worn suspenders that day. As he held Rachel's hand and walked through the crowd, he naturally attracted many people's attention. Their focus was first on little Joey, then on the two people beside him. From their clothes to their temperament, everything just screamed how different they were. --

"Fifteen dollars for two roasted chicken wings fresh from the grill. Delicious chicken wings cooked with my secret sauce! Buy them while they are still hot." A vendor shouted as he packed the food for other customers. His voice was the loudest among all the others near them. Attracted by the shouting, Joey stopped suddenly and turned around.

The oven, which was about his height, was full of coal that emitted sparks. Chicken wings were placed on the grill, and sesame oil and sauce were spread on them again and again, making a sizzling sound. They were a nice reddish-brown color that called out to his stomach.

Joey couldn't help swallowing hard with desire shining in his eyes.

After packing the last bag of roasted chicken wings, the stall owner caught sight of Joey who was looking at roasted chicken wings. He had seen that same look in so many different eyes. He smile and called out to him, "Little boy. Say, would you like to have some?"

Joey went to nod but stopped on second thought and looked up at Rachel as if he was asking for her opinion. "Go ahead." Joey was already walking towards the stall before she could finish her sentence. He stared at the big oven and said, "Sir, I want three skewers, please."

"Coming right up!" The owner picked up the chicken wings from the shelf quickly and packed them. "Little boy, I also have roasted trotters and roasted drumsticks here. Would you like to buy some of those too?"

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d them. Are they delicious?"

"Of course, they taste good! I made them. Tell you what, if you think they are not delicious, then you don't need to pay them. Little boy, I have never seen you before. So I'm guessing this is your first time coming here, right? I promise you that you made the right choice to come here. My stall may be small, but I have worked here for more than ten years. I have sold at least tens of thousands of roasted trotters in that time. And no one has ever said that the food I cook is not delicious. The sauce is an ancient secret family recipe. You can't find such delicious food

anywhere else."

In his ten years of experience, the stall owner had learned how to read his customers. He could tell at a glance that the kid in front of him wasn't from an ordinary family. By just looking at the parents he instantly knew that they were rich. They had probably brought him out to experience an ordinary life for a change. If he played his cards well, maybe he would make a lot of money that night. .

Joey thought about it and said, "Then, if you say so, I will buy some." The owner picked up a long clip and placed it in the oven. Only then did Joey see that the trotters were wrapped in tinfoil and placed in the charcoal under the oven.

But the oven was smoking, so Joey didn't dare to get close to it. He wanted to look at what was inside, but he

couldn't because he wasn't tall enough.

He could only stand on the tip of his toes and try to get a glimpse of it.

Suddenly, a man behind him stretched out his hands, and then Joey was lifted into the air. As he left the ground,

Joey could now see clearly what was in the oven.

He turned around and was shocked to see Victor's face, which was very close to his.

"Mr. Sullivan..."

Victor smiled a bit and replied, "Yes? Can you see it now?"

Joey nodded, but still didn't look at the oven. Instead, he looked down at the hand holding him up. Victor's voice

made him realize that his father was holding him. He didn't know how to react.

Victor's strong arms around him made him feel very comfortable and secure. He knew that he wasn't going to fall no matter what happened. Was this the feeling of being held by his father? Truth was, it wasn't comfortable to be held like that but the fact that it was Victor, made Joey like it. The owner packed the food up fast and said, "There you go, That will be sixty dollars in total."

Victor took out his wallet and paid the money. Then, he used his free hand to pick the to-go boxes from the owner. "There are some tables and chairs just up ahead. You can sit there and eat peacefully. These are extremely delicious when they are hot. If you think the food is delicious, you are welcome anytime!" the owner said enthusiastically as he waved at them

Joey thanked the owner politely as Victor turned around to leave..

There was still a long way to go before they reached the tables and chairs. Joey thought that Victor would put him down now that he didn't need to be carried anymore, so he became a little upset and was reluctant to leave Victor's

arms.

"What else do you want to eat?" Victor asked in a low voice, trying to cheer him up. Seeing that Victor was walking forward with his arms still firmly around him, Joey immediately understood that he had no intentions of putting him down. His eyes lit up at the realization

and he took the initiative to put his arms around Victor's neck. He then boldly instructed Victor to hold him as they looked around the other stalls and bought a lot of things

Rachel followed them all the time with out saying anything.

Looking at the two from behind, she pursed her lips as she tried to contain the mixed feelings inside her heart.

In the VIP ward of the hospital Susan's face turned white as the blood drained from it. She looked at the long list in her hands, which contained all the brands that had terminated their endorsement contracts with her. "According to the preliminary estimate of the company's operation department, the liquidated damages will reach up to one hundred million dollars." Becky stood beside the sickbed. "And this is only a part of it. There are some notices of termination which will be sent to the company soon enough. If they ask for liquidated damages, the amount will be more than that." "One hundred million dollars... No, that's impossible! Why should they ask for liquidated damages? This is extortion. They want to terminate their cooperation with us. They are taking advantage of my problems for their benefit! This isn't right. I won't pay the money. I won't pay a single penny!" Susan's shock at the numbers turned to anger. In a snap, she tore the list in her hand in half. Becky just stared at Susan who was shouting at the top of her lungs. Coupled with her disheveled hair, Susan could have been mistaken for a madwoman. Becky had endured a lot of her tantrums but now she didn't care. Her eyes were cold when she said, "You can choose to pay it or not, but the company will not help you pay for any of the damages."

"What did you say? What do you mean that the company won't help me? I'm still a top actress in the company. I've earned so much money for you people. How can you say that you won't help me right now? And those brand owners are obviously blackmailing me, aren't they? I will sue each and every one of them!" "You can sue them as you like. And if you want to find a lawyer, I can recommend an excellent one to you. But before you decide to go to court, you'd better read the content of the contracts on liquidated damages." Becky said

in a calmly not shaken by Susan's fury, "What is it?" "y happen to have a notice of termination of the contract that a brand owner just sent. The liquidated damages cause included in the twentieth term on the fifth page is stated very clearly. You can read it for yourself." Becky took the notice out of her briefcase and threw at Susan. The first page of the notice was the letter of cancellation, followed by a copy of the endorsement contract

seen those before but had never bothered to read any of them. Her work was just to sign.

Susan opened the contract until she got to the fifth page. The twentieth term clearly stated that the spokesperson had an obligation to protect the brand's reputation. If the spokesperson's private affairs caused any damage to the brand's reputation, the brand owner had the right to terminate the contract and ask the spokesperson to pay liquidated damages and any relevant money the brand owner lost because of the reputational damage.

"How is this possible?" Susan widened her eyes in disbelief as her voice trembled.