

Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell

#Chapter 121 - Read Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell Chapter 121

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Chapter 120 That wasn't right. Carlisle was the one taking advantage of Wanda! She puffed out her cheeks and looked up at him. "You're the one who purposely stopped..." She didn't finish her sentence. The way Carlisle stared intently at her made her stop. Under the dim lights, the moonlight cast on her face through the tree branches. Her red lips gleamed delectably. Carlisle gulped, unable to stop himself from leaning down to kiss her. Wanda widened her eyes in surprise as her heart raced. She wondered if Carlisle was going to kiss her. This was her first kiss! Should she reject him? She thought that she couldn't let this happen. He'd yet to confess his feelings to her, so she wasn't his girlfriend yet! But... if she were to turn him down, wouldn't she be just like Sarah? After a round of mental struggling, Wanda slowly lifted her head and shut her eyes tightly. She was going to throw caution to the wind. This would be Carlisle's first kiss, too-she wasn't losing out on anything! Suddenly, there was a loud bang from the square nearby. It made Wanda jump in surprise and turn to look at the square. There was a crowd at the square, and fireworks were being set. They exploded in the night sky in a flurry of colors, lighting it up momentarily. "Wow, they're gorgeous..." Wanda's eyes gleamed brightly." Carlisle sat there and asked her softly, "You don't get the chance to see fireworks often?" "I spend the holidays at the county, and they don't allow fireworks there." "Do you like them?" "Yeah! | love the moment when they explode and light up the sky. The sight of them in that split second is so memorable." Wanda looked up at the sky, looking dreamy. The colorful fireworks, the twinkling stars, and the fact that she could witness all of this with the person she liked... It was wonderful. Carlisle lay on the grass with his hands behind his back. He crossed one leg at the knee and wiggled his toes as he looked up at the sky with his eyes half-shut. "Wow!" "Kiss her! Kiss her!" The crowd at the square started cheering and whooping. A couple hugged each other and shared a kiss. Wanda's eyes lit up at the sight. "Look, Carlisle! That's so romantic!" He asked lazily, "Is that a hint for me?" Chapter 120 "What? No, of course not! Don't overthink this!" Wanda shook her head vigorously. Carlisle smiled without saying anything else. He already had it planned out-on the day he confessed his feelings for Wanda, he would light enough fireworks to make Riverland's sky light up like it was daytime. They strolled around the square for a while before taking a cab back to campus. Carlisle walked Wanda back to her dorm before returning to his. Kelvin was playing a game on his phone as he lay on his front. When he saw Carlisle walk in, he mocked, "You thought you were a big shot back in high school, didn't you? Why'd you back down like a coward today?" Carlisle gathered his clothes and said, "You were a pretty big shot in high school, too. Why are you someone's lapdog now?" "Fuck! Say that again!" Kelvin jumped out of bed, looking like he would swing a punch at any second. Carlisle couldn't be bothered. He turned to leave with his shower necessities.

Kelvin stood in his way and said obnoxiously, "You'd better watch yourself when you're talking to me. You couldn't afford to offend me in Rainville, and you can't afford to do it now!" Carlisle looked at him. Kelvin was half a head shorter than him and was as skinny as a stick. Then, he sidestepped Kelvin to leave. If he was still the same person he'd been before being reborn, Kelvin would already be lying on the floor and screaming for mercy. Now that Carlisle had been given a second chance at life, his mindset had changed drastically. He would take Kelvin's insults in stride and pretend they were nothing but ant bites. After taking a shower, he returned to his room and lay on the bed. Then, he called Thomas to wish him a happy birthday. Chapter 121

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The male students were equally enamored. They whispered among themselves.

'Man, she's so classyl

"I just thought of something to describe her... What was it again?"

"That she's a goddess and you want her?"

"Yeah, exactly. Don't you think she's a true lady?"

"Ms. Lowe's always been so goddess-like. I've decided to focus on my education from now on. That way, I'll be able to marry her in the future..."

"Yeah, right. Look at how ugly you are. Do you think you're worthy of her?"

"Fuck you. Don't go anywhere after class-fight me!"

Meanwhile, Wanda prodded Carlisle's elbow and asked, "Do you like Ms. Lowe's dress?"

He hadn't taken his eyes off Susan since she'd entered the room. Carlisle grinned. "It's not half bad!"

Susan's style wouldn't be considered old-fashioned even after more than a decade from now.

Wanda blinked. "Do you think I'd look good in a dress like that?"

Carlisle imagined what she would look like in that dress. Wanda was about five feet and five inches, and she was slender. There was a sort of ladylike air about her-Susan's dress, coupled with the sense of innocence Wanda exuded, would be a great idea.

"You're gorgeous, Wanda. You'd look good in anything!" Carlisle chuckled.

If he really had to choose something that would look good on Wanda, he thought she'd look best in princess-like, pouffy dresses. She'd look amazing with her hair tied in two pigtails.

It was too bad there weren't any such outfits in the country at this point. People would only start producing them sometime in the future.

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Still, Carlisle supposed he could kick start the process a little earlier once he had some extra money..

"Silence, everyone!" Susan rapped the table lightly, and everyone fell silent. She continued, "You're all going to go through military training for the next half a month to improve your health and stamina. This is your trainer, Lawrence Hanson."

She turned to Lawrence. "I'll leave them to you, Mr. Hanson."

"Thanks." Lawrence smiled.

Susan gave the students a meaningful look before leaving the classroom. As soon as she left, everyone seemed to lose interest in the remainder of the class. They slumped in their seats.

"Sit up straight!" Lawrence slammed the table, shooting a sharp gaze over the class. It scared the Chapter 122

students and made them sit up straight.

"I don't care what you're like in other classes, but when I'm running things, I want all of you to do as I say. He put his hands behind his back and slowly walked down the aisle. His face was devoid of emotion, but he exuded an air of oppression. None of the students dared to breathe loudly, let alone speak.

"First, let me introduce myself. My name is Lawrence Hanson, and I'm a retired soldier. I've also been selected as Riverland University's best trainer for seven years in a row! Oh, and I have a nickname-Big L."

Some of the students couldn't stop themselves from laughing. Lawrence joined them, baring his teeth in a wide grin. His skin was tanned, so his teeth seemed to gleam. The students who had been holding back their laughter couldn't take it anymore. They burst into laughter.

Wanda was the only one who looked worried. She mumbled, "So, he's Big L... We're in for some harsh training!"

"Why do you say that?" Carlisle asked.

"Queenie's mentioned him to me before. He's supposed to be some monstrous trainer, All the freshmen he's trained come out on the other side looking worse for the wear!" She sighed.

"It can't be that bad, right?" Carlisle's eye twitched ominously. He wasn't already starting to imagine how horrible the training would be.

"I guess we'll have to wait and see!"

Lawrence held up a fist, and the students instantly fell silent. He said calmly, "We have a long path ahead

of us. Firstly, I'm going to tell you a bit about my life as a soldier. Then, I'll brief you on our training plan. I hope we'll be able to get along well for the next two weeks!"

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Lawrence quickly went over his life as a soldier from recruitment to retirement. At the same time, he gave the students some lessons in patriotism. Then, he briefed them on the training schedule. They would train from 7:30 am to 11:30 am and then from 2:30 pm to 5:30 pm.

At the end of the training, there would be a bonfire party.

Just then, the bell rang, signaling the end of class. Lawrence said, "Training starts tomorrow. Since it's your first day tomorrow, I hope to see all of you present half an hour earlier than scheduled. Gather at the field at 7:00 am sharp. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir." The students didn't look too happy at having to gather a whole hour earlier than the time their classes usually started.

"Are you guys starving or something? Louder!" Lawrence barked.

"Yes, sir!" the students shouted.

"Good, Dismissed!" He strode out of the class with his hands behind his back.

"Ugh. I hate military training!" Phoebe slumped on her table, putting her jaw on top of it. She looked glum.

Wanda pouted.. "Me, too. The sun's been shining so brightly lately-I know I'm gonna get a sunburn after the training!"

They'd already been through military training during high school. Though her family had treated her like a princess when growing up, she wasn't the coy type and had never complained no matter how tough things got. She was actually fine with getting sunburnt.

Now, however, she was a little worried. She wasn't particularly pretty, and the only thing that made her stand out amongst the prettiest students on campus was her fair skin. If she were to lose that advantage, would Carlisle be disdainful of her?

The thought of that made Wanda's eyes turn a little red. She pinched Carlisle's arm and said with grievance, "You can't scorn me, Carlisle..."

"Huh? Why would I do that?" He grabbed her hand and played with it.

She pulled it back like she'd been zapped. Then, afraid he would take it the wrong way, she explained in a soft voice, "We're still in class!"

Carlisle rubbed his nose and smiled. "Answer me, then. Why would I scorn you?"

"Well... even if I get a sunburn from the military training, you can't get mad at me!" she mumbled as she lowered her head.

Carlisle was happy to see how cautious she was. He said tenderly, "I'll never be disappointed or mad at you, silly."

His tenderness got Wanda right in the heart. Tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of happiness. They overwhelmed her. In truth, she was easily satisfied- even a simple promise or a small expression of love DE Chapter 123

was enough to make her happy.

"God, could you two stop being so sweet?"

"I've had enough. Enough!"

Behind them, Phoebe's deskmate, Tim Weal, couldn't take it anymore. He gave them both reproachful looks.

Wanda blushed and slumped on her desk, no longer daring to look at Carlisle..

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The next few classes were for them to self-study. Most of the students didn't have cell phones, so they focused on their studies.

Soon, it was noon. Wanda wanted to have lunch with Carlisle but Quèènie ve called her when class was

almost over and invited her out.

Queenie was Wanda's future sister-in-law, so she agreed to eat with her so they could get to know each

other better.

Carlisle headed to the cafeteria alone. He'd just taken his seat after getting his food when Gordon called him. "Hey, Dad."

Gordon asked grimly, "Are you dating a young lady named Wanda Thompson?"

Carlisle stopped eating. He frowned and asked in return, "Did someone say anything to you?"

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"No, I just think you should focus on your education since you're still young. It won't be too late for you to start dating after you graduate!" Gordon advised seriously.

Carlisle could tell his father was hiding something from him. He quickly guessed that Zachary had pressured his parents.

Gordon sighed and continued, "Besides, I heard that the young lady comes from a good family. Our family is no match for theirs, so you should break up with her. Don't distract her from her studies!"

"Alright, I know what to do." Carlisle tightened his grip on his cutlery. All he wanted to do was have a simple relationship with the woman he loved. He wondered why things had to be so hard.

Gordon sighed again before hanging up. Carlisle lost his appetite. He took a few more bites of his food before calling Sunny.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cig. I'm in the middle of a meeting!" Sunny whispered. He wouldn't have answered the call if it were any other client, but Carlisle was important. If he successfully closed this deal, the commission would be enough to put food on his table for quite some time!

"Prepare the contract. I'll head over there to sign it right now." Carlisle hung up immediately after saying that.

Sunny almost jumped with excitement when he heard Carlisle's words. He'd earn just over 4000 dollars in commission for each unit, which meant he'd get a total of 24 thousand dollars from selling these six units. It was equivalent to the amount a regular individual would earn in two years!

The manager, Bill Dawson, flung a magazine at him and barked, "Haven't I told you guys that you're not allowed to take calls during meetings?"

"That was a big client, Mr. Dawson..." Sunny had graduated from university a year ago. He'd interviewed for jobs at companies that fit his major, but he'd felt like there wasn't much of a future working for them.

To train and upskill himself, he'd gotten a job as a realtor. This was his second year in sales-he wasn't the best at sales and had almost gotten fired a few times. Now that he'd stumbled upon this rare opportunity, he had to give it his best!

"A big client? How big?" Bill's eyes gleamed slyly.

When Sunny saw that he seemed to be appeased, he said, "This client wants to buy all our listings at Riverwatch District. We have six in total now."

"Are you sure?" Bill looked wary. Many people had moved out of Riverwatch District, and there weren't any commercial businesses there to improve the economy. Why would anyone be silly enough to purchase property there?

"Positive! He's already on his way here to sign the contract!" Despite his words, Sunny's eyes darted around. He wasn't actually too confident.

Sunny thought Carlisle had sounded young over the phone and probably wasn't over 20. He doubted if Chapter 124

Carlisle was capable of purchasing all six units in one go.

"You're still too young, Sunny. You have no idea how cruel society can be sometimes. I'm almost positive you've been tricked this time around!" Bill took a sip of his water. He continued, "Since you haven't brought in any sales for the past five months, the company's decided to fire you."

The first half of Bill's sentence had moved Sunny-he thought Bill was teaching him a life lesson. Then, he widened his eyes in shock at the latter half. "Y-You're firing me, Mr. Dawson?"

The property at Riverwatch District had never been easy to sell, and their branch focused on selling secondhand properties. Hadn't his colleagues also gone without sales over the past half a year?

Bill pulled out a bunch of 100-dollar bills from his briefcase. "Here's 2000 dollars. It's enough to cover five months of your basic pay!"

*Mr. Dawson..."

"Get out of here!" Bill's expression darkened. He looked like he would hit Sunny if the latter refused to leave.

Sunny gulped. He slowly took off his lanyard and pulled out the cell phone the company had provided. As soon as he put the phone on the table, he realized what Bill was trying to do. Bill wanted to kick him out of the company so he could take Sunny's client.

Bill had a cousin who was a member of the underworld, while Sunny's parents were both working in Riverwatch District. If he dared to retaliate, there was a high chance Bill would take it out on his parents.

The cruelty of society, huh? Society wasn't the cruel one-people were.

Sunny counted eight notes from the stack of 100-dollar bills. That was the amount he deserved.

Bill lit a cigarette. Once Sunny was out of sight, he grabbed the phone and checked the list of recent calls. He found the most recent one and dialed back.

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A brand-new Mazda6 attracted attention as it cruised down one of Riverwatch District's streets. Francis had just collected the car that morning. It had cost 40 thousand dollars.

Riverwatch District was filled with old houses and apartments that had been built in the '70s. Even the streetlights were lightbulbs in wooden holders.

As Francis drove, he occasionally sneaked glances at Carlisle, whose eyes were shut as he sat in the back seat, in the rearview mirror. Carlisle hadn't said a word since getting into the car, He hadn't even reacted when Francis told him how much the car cost.

Francis couldn't help feeling on edge as he drove. He sensed a sort of dominance in Carlisle-it reminded him of how he'd felt when facing his platoon leader in the army. It was weird because he hadn't felt this way before today!

The car stopped at a fork in the road. Francis cleared his throat and asked, "Boss, could you ask them for their address?"

Carlisle had just pulled out his phone when it rang. It was a call from the number Sunny had used to reach him. Carlisle answered it and put it on speaker. "I was just about to call you. I'm already at Riverwatch District. Where's your building, and what's it called?"

"Where are your parents, kiddo?" Bill thought the client's child had answered the phone because of how young it sounded. He tried to keep his tone jovial.

"I'm the one buying the property."

"You?"

"Why? Is there a problem with that?" Carlisle's tone turned a little grim.

"No, of course not! Our company's called Premier Properties, and we're at No. 178, Riverwatch 3rd Avenue," Bill hurriedly said.

Bill thought it didn't matter if the client was young. Perhaps he was some fun-loving rich kid!

Carlisle told Francis the address after hanging up. Then, he shut his eyes again. Ten minutes later, they pulled up outside Premier Properties.

Bill was smoking a cigarette at the entrance. When he saw the brand-new car with a temporary license plate, he threw the cigarette aside and strode forward.

Francis asked curiously, "You're not buying property here, are you, boss?"

He drove cabs quite often, so he was familiar with the area. Since the main factories and plants had moved out of Riverwatch District, many people had left with them. Even the nearby karaoke places and bars were close to bankruptcy.

Only a fool would purchase property there.

"Can't I?" Carlisle got out of the car.

Bill came over to him with a wide smile. He held out a greasy hand and said. "You must be Mr. Cig. I'm the manager of this company, Bill Dawson!"

Carlisle shook his hand politely. "My surname's actually Zahn."

"Ah, Mr. Zahn. It's a pleasure to meet you!" Bill glanced at Francis, who'd just gotten out of the car. "And this is..."

"My driver." Carlisle smiled.

Bill thought Carlisle must be a rich kid, as he even had a driver. He was excited to learn of this. "Should I show you the properties now?"

Once Bill sold off the six units, he'd earn a huge sum even after headquarters took their portion of the commission. Things had been high and dry for the past few years, but this was his chance to change that!

"Where's Sunny?" Carlisle suddenly asked.

"He had to take the day off to deal with an emergency, I'll show you around, Mr.Zahn!" Bill lowered his eyes a little, and his smile stiffened

Carlisle could immediately tell he'd lied. He'd already made an appointment with Sunny to sign the contract. Even if something urgent had cropped up. Sunny would've called him to inform him.

Since he hadn't called and the phone was now in Bill's wasn't hard to do it m deduce that Bill had shatched Sunny's listings. Perhaps he'd even fired Sunny

"I'll only sign the contract with Sunny. Since he's taken the day off, I'll come back some other day." Carlis turned to leave.

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Francis turned to head to the driver's seat.

"Mr. Zahn, wait! I'll call Sunny right now and have him come over to show you the units!" Bill hurried forward to place a hand on the door. It wasn't like he would come across fools like Carlisle every day. He couldn't let him get away!

up He quickly called Sunny's personal number. When the first call went unanswered, he followed with a second. It still went unanswered.

Finally, someone answered on his seventh try. Sunny sounded cold as he asked, "Why are you still calling me, Bill?"

Bill could sense Sunny's anger even over the phone. He laughed ingratiatingly and said, "I was a fool earlier, Sunny. Hurry up and come back to work!"

Capable salespeople were gods to a company that required salesmen to stay afloat. As long as Sunny could close this deal with Carlisle, Bill was willing to get on his knees and beg for forgiveness if necessary.

After a moment of silence, Sunny asked, "Is Mr. Cig there?"

"Yes, yes. He specifically said he would only sign the contract with you!" Bill had deliberately stepped away from Carlisle and Francis when calling Sunny. He was now about 60 feet from them.

Sunny hesitated, then sighed. "Fine. I'll head over there right now."

He wasn't heading back there for the job. He just wanted to fulfill Carlisle's need to purchase property. Since Carlisle had specifically asked for him to be there, it was apparent he wanted to help. Sunny didn't want to let Carlisle down.

"Don't say anything about me firing you, okay?" Bill asked.

"I know what to do." Sunny hung up and left the house.

Meanwhile, Carlisle leaned against the car door with his arms crossed. Francis approached him after finishing a cigarette and tried to talk some sense into him again. "Boss, the property here has no room for appreciation. You really should reconsider this!"

"I've already thought things through," Carlisle turned to look at the dated streets as a confident smile crept over his face.

"Well, you're the boss. You call the shots!" Francis shrugged. "Don't say I didn't warn you if you ever regret this decision."

Carlisle smiled without saying a word. He checked his watch and saw that half an hour had already passed. He would probably return to campus late, so he called Susan to let her know. She didn't say anything much since he didn't have any classes in the afternoon.

Bill bought three cans of Red Bull and handed one each to Carlisle and Francis before opening his own.

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After taking two gulps, he asked with a smile, "What sort of business do you do, Mr. Zahn?"

"I run a game studio."

"Oh, you mean an arcade?" Bill was from the older generation and hadn't really played games before. He knew that many people visited arcades in recent years, though. He thought that was what Carlisle meant.

"Yeah." Carlisle didn't have too good an impression of Bill and couldn't be bothered to explain further.

Bill could tell Carlisle wasn't too fond of him. He smiled awkwardly and glanced at the path Sunny had to take to get to the company. "It's been ages. Why isn't he here yet?"

Carlisle said, "There's no rush. I'm free the whole afternoon."

After about ten minutes, Sunny finally showed up at the end of the street while pushing his bicycle. It was a bout of bad luck-the chain had snapped while he'd been on his way.

He locked the bicycle and jogged over to Carlisle. Holding out a hand, he said, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Cig. I'm Sunny Little!"

Carlisle shook his hand. "Cig isn't my surname. It's Zahn."

"Good day, Mr. Zahn!" Sunny smiled.

Carlisle returned the smile.

Sunny chow me the units."

nodded and looked at Bill. "Lend me your car, Mr. Dawson."

Bill was about to pull out the keys when Carlisle said, "You can just take my car he content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!"

Francis had already gotten into the driver's seat. Sunny hurriedly opened the door for Carlisle. He shut it once Carlisle was in the car and got in from the other side.

He said politely, "Drive straight ahead for about 500 yards mister

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Francis started driving to Rhonwen Road. Carlisle leaned back and crossed his legs, lightly tapping at finger against the window. He exuded the air that only someone used to being in a position of power would.

Sunny sat up straight, seemingly rather nervous. Carlisle was younger than him, but he was rich. This was Sunny's first time coming into contact with someone as wealthy as Carlisle since starting this job.

The three of them didn't speak. The silence became a little oppressive. Carlisle was the first to break the ice. He asked, "How long have you been in this line of work?"

Sunny hurriedly answered, "Two years and six months if you include my internship!"

Carlisle nodded and smiled. "Would you be interested in working with me?"

Sunny's eyes widened. He scratched his head. "I'm worried I won't be able to do well, though. I don't exactly have the best results to show despite being with Premier Properties for so long"

Carlisle chuckled. "A good salesman needs to have courage-the courage to try new things and the courage to put their thoughts into action. They need to have their own opinions and judgment. If you don't dare to try something new, how will you go further in this industry?"

Regardless of the industry or field, salespeople were important. They had a direct impact on the company's revenue and development.

Things were the same for Carlisle's game studio. If he had a good salesman promoting the games, it would be a quick way to make money for the company.

"What sort of business is your family in, Mr. Zahn?" Like Bill, Sunny thought Carlisle's money came from his parents. If he was asking Sunny to work with him, it was likely he was going to take over the family business.

"My family isn't doing any business. I'm the one starting a business, and I have a game studio," Carlisle explained

"Oh. Alright, then. I'll do it!" Sunny didn't hesitate anymore. He agreed to Carlisle's proposal. He had no intention to return to Premier Properties, so he was jobless for now. If that were the case, he would work for Carlisle for some time to see how things went.

Ten minutes later, they pulled over at Rhonwen Road. Sunny showed Carlisle around the apartment, which was a solid brick building that had been built in the '70s and '80s. There were even outdated murals and slogans on the wall.

Sunny pointed at a seven-story building and said, "The six units you wanted are all in here, Mr. Zahn."

Francis lit a cigarette and narrowed his eyes as he asked, "So, how much do these old units cost?"

Sunny glanced at Carlisle. He was a little diffident as he said, "They're 150 dollars per square foot."

"What the fuck? Something like this costs that much?" Francis' eyes bulged. He was this close to calling Chapter 127

Sunny a daylight robber, The average prices for new homes nowadays were about 200 dollars per square foot. The units at Riverwatch District were secondhand, and they were old ones that had been built in the '70s and '80s. They looked like they would collapse at any time. And they were priced at 150 dollars per square foot!

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Sunny's face warmed. "Since I've already decided to work with you, Mr. hn, I'll be frank. The units here. genuinely aren't worth buying..."

Francis chimed in, "You really should reconsider this, boss!"

Carlisle smiled. "No, I'll take them all!"

150 dollars per square foot was much lower than he'd budgeted.

Francis and Sunny both sighed helplessly. Then, their jaws dropped when Carlisle spoke up again. "I have eight million dollars right now. I want to invest all of it in here!"

"What the fuck?"

"What?"

Francis' and Sunny's eyes bulged. They thought eight million dollars was a bit of a stretch.

Francis said doubtfully, "You're not pulling my leg, are you, boss? You even borrowed money from that rich lass a few days ago!"

Carlisle smiled. "Do you know why I did it?"

Francis squinted and thought about it. Then, he said, "You bought a painting with it. Don't tell me you bought something genuine with that money!"

Carlisle's smile widened. He didn't say anything. Francis clutched at his chest and breathed deeply. "With your money, youdan buy expensive cars and a huge villa. Even

if you just save the rest of the money in the bank and live off the interest, you won't have to worry about money for the rest of your life!"

Sunny's eyes were bright. He thought Carlisle was just a regular who would have about as much money as Richie Rich, a million dollars or so. Eight million dollars was way beyond his expectations.

Carlisle looked at him. "That's my mission for you. I want you to help me invest all my money over the next two days."

Sunny gulped. "Are you sure you won't reconsider, boss?"

Carlisle shook his head. "Just do as I say."

Sunny didn't understand his thought process, but neither did he have the nerve to defy his new boss. He could only nod and say, "I'll try my best to find appropriate listings, then!"

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After that, Carlisle, Sunny, and Francis strolled along Rhonwen Road. Sunny took down the phone numbers of listings for sale or rent.

Then, they returned to Premier Properties. Carlisle signed the six contracts before heading to the bank to transfer 890 thousand dollars to Bill's account. It was 3:00 pm by the time they were done dealing with all the necessary procedures.

Sunny asked Bill for 20 thousand dollars—that was his commission. Bill reluctantly went to the safe to retrieve the cash.

On their way back to the game studio, Sunny gave the money to Carlisle. "I'll return this to you, boss."

Carlisle could've signed the contracts with Bill, but he'd given him the chance instead. The money shouldn't have been his.

"But why? This is what you deserve. Carlisle pushed the money back.

"Premier Properties has already taken 20 thousand dollars in commission—those units should've only cost 850 thousand dollars in total. I'm giving you these 20 thousand dollars to cut your losses," Sunny explained helplessly.

"Yeah, yeah. Look, you don't have to be so polite to me. What's meant to be yours should be yours. It's better for you to get the money than for Bill to get it, alright?"

"Well... okay." Sunny cautiously put the money away.

Carlisle leaned back and fell into deep thought as he stared out the window. Riverwatch District's property prices were much lower than he'd expected. He'd probably be able to earn about 80 million. dollars once he sold the units in three days. Then, he'd have enough to start up the studio.

However, he still needed money for research and development, as well as the manufacturing of customized equipment. That would be a considerable sum. He still had a long way to go if he wanted to develop his very own phone brand!

Just then, his phone pinged with a notification from MSN messenger. It was from Wanda.

Wanda: "Have you taken the afternoon off, Carlisle?"

Carlisle: "Yep!"

Wanda: "What's wrong? Is something bothering you?"

Carlisle: "No."

Wanda: "Then why are you so cold?"

Carlisle: "I'm still busy with something right now."

Wanda: "Don't forget that you owe me a smoothie. Remember to buy me one after class later!"

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Carlisle: "I don't think I have the time for that today. Maybe we can take a rain check on that."

Wanda: "Alright, then. You go do your thing."

Carlisle shut his eyes after ending the conversation. He didn't know how to handle his and Wanda's relationship at this point. If they were to continue seeing each other, Zachary would probably do something to harm his parents. But he was unsure if he wanted to break things off with Wanda.

"Do you have a a cigarette, Sunny?" he asked with his with his eyes still shut.

"I don't smoke." Sunny patted Fran on the shoulder. "How about you, Francis?"

Francis kept one hand on the wheel as he stuffed his lighter into his box of cigarettes. He'd already smoked half of them. Then, he threw the whole thing into the back seat.

Carlisle lit one and took a few drags. This was his first time smoking since being reborn. His heart was in a mess.

He thought he could make a fortune based on his memories of his m

previous life and that he and Wanda could be together forever. He never would've expected to be under such pressure from Wanda's family.

Meanwhile, back at Riverland University, Wanda had slumped on her table, feeling down. Just then, Susan appeared at the entrance to the classroom with a few middle-aged men in white shirts.

Everyone fell silent. Wanda turned to look at them, and her heart clenched when she saw that. Susan CO approached her, looking like she had mixed feelings. She said softly, "Wanda, the dean wants to have you

transferred to Class 2."

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Wanda's lashes fluttered. The dean was suddenly transferring her to Class 2, and Carlisle was giving her the cold shoulder for no reason. It went without saying that Zachary and her father were behind this.

He answered almost immediately when she called Zachary. His tone was calm as he asked, "What's wrong?"

"Shouldn't I be asking you that? Was it your idea, or was it Dad's?" Wanda sounded icy. She didn't harbor any illusions that Zachary had nothing to do with this.

"Has Carlisle Zahn spoken to you?" Zachary chuckled.

"No, he hasn't. And he won't do it because you're pressuring him!"

"I'm doing this for your own good, Wanda. He's not worthy of you!"

"I'm the one who gets to decide whether or not he's worthy of me. If you insist on splitting us up, I'll hate you for life!" Wanda's eyes turned red. Her voice became a little shaky toward the end of her sentence

"I never would've expected you to hate me because of an outsider. Zachary smiled self-deprecatingly.

Then, he lit a cigarette and took a drag. "But no matter how much you hate me, I'll still stop you from being with him. You'll understand why I'm doing this in the future."

He hung up after that. This was also the first time he'd ever hung up on Wanda. Tears streamed down her face.

Susan had overheard the conversation. She sat in Carlisle's seat and said softly, "You and Carlisle are still young, Wanda. It's not the right time for you two to be dating.

"Besides, it's against the university's rules for students to date before graduation."

Wanda lowered her head, feeling like her heart was being ripped to shreds.

Just then, Carlisle messaged her. "Let's split up for now, Wanda. Give me some time-I'll soon make your brother and family acknowledge and accept me.

"I'll study hard and turn my business into the best there ever was. I'll think about you every day. You're the only woman I'll marry!"

Wanda's tears flowed faster when she saw the messages. He was only 18, yet he had to bear so much pressure. And what would he do if his business failed?

As her tears continued flowing, she replied, "I'll wait for you."

Susan sighed to herself when she saw Wanda's message to Carlisle. Just earlier, she'd found out about Wanda being Shein's daughter Carlisle probably came from a regular family, which would explain why the Thompson family was against him and Wanda being together.

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2/2

Yet, Carlisle had made Wanda promises that were almost impossible to fulfill. If he wanted the Thompson family's recognition, he would have to have several million dollars in the bank.

A university professor's average salary was around 750 dollars a month, which amounted to only nine thousand dollars annually if one didn't spend a single cent.

So, Susan didn't think Carlisle and Wanda had a future together.

Wanda packed her things and left. Everyone in the classroom watched her as they tried to guess what had happened.

What's up with Wanda?"

"No idea. Look at all the faculty members who came, though. She must've broken some rules or

something."

"Stop with the guessing. I bet she got caught for secretly getting into a relationship!"

"Well, it's not like she tried to hide it.

Even a fool would be able to tell they were dating?"

Christine watched Wanda leave, feeling confused.

Was it really as everyone said? Did the fa

Chapter 130

Susan walked to the front of the class and rapped her knuckles on the lectern.

"Silence!"

Only then did the students stop whispering among themselves.

She continued, "I don't want any of you to overthink this. Wanda has only been transferred to Class 2.

that's all."

When Wanda stepped out of the classroom, the dean, Peter Smith, said helplessly, "Don't blame me for this, Wanda. It's what your grandfather wanted."

She forced a smile. "I don't blame you. This has nothing to do with you."

hing She hadn't expected Zachary to drag their grandfather, James Thompson, into the fray.

James was a stubborn old man who strongly believed that two people had to come from similar families to be together. He was the one who'd picked out Zachary's fiancée.

Even her parents' marriage was a political one. They were no better than acquaintances even after getting married since they were busy with their respective businesses.

Many people wished they could be born into affluent families, but they had no idea how hard life was as one of their members.

At Dragonaire Studio, Team Legendary received six new computers. Owen and Benjamin, who still had bruises on their faces, were busy running around. Heath sat on the couch and negotiated with several recruits.

When he saw Carlisle, he told them, "Stand up. Allow me to introduce you to our boss, Carlisle Zahn."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Zahn," the recruits greeted him simultaneously. They looked to be between 16 and

25. 25.

They were all surprised to see Carlisle—none of them had expected him to be so young.

He nodded at them with a smile. "Sit. You guys continue."

He was pleased at how efficient Heath was.

Just then, Cameron approached him, looking a little awkward as he said, "I want to take some time off to head back to Rainville, Carl."

Heath frowned slightly. "Team Mystical's computers are gonna be installed soon. I don't think this is the right time for you to ask for time off."

Cameron hung his head, looking ashamed. "I'll be back tomorrow."

Heath looked aloof. "We've already recruited people for Team Mystical. They don't know much about The Mystical Journey; we were waiting for you to show them the ropes!"

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Cameron gulped and looked at Carlisle cautiously.

Worried that Carlisle would mistake him for bullying Cameron, Heath explained, "I already told them we'll start counting their pay from today.

"The computers will be installed by this afternoon, and Hank's already done up the script. My plan was to get Team Mystical up and running overnight."

Carlisle smiled. "What's another day, right? They can still get their pay-take it as a welcome bonus."

Then, he turned to Cameron. "You're going back to pick your sister up, right?"

"Yeah. She's alone there without anyone to care for her, so I wanted to bring her over here." He looked guilty. "I'm sorry about this, Carl. You can dock my pay for whatever losses you've made."

"It's not a big deal." Carlisle grinned. He turned to Francis. "I'll have to trouble you to make a trip, Francis."

Cameron jolted. He hurriedly said, "I can just take the train back, Carl!"

It was bad enough that he was taking time off at such a critical juncture. How could he take things further and use Carlisle's driver?

Carlisle said, "Your sister's just been through surgery, so she can't go n't gon through all that trouble Things will be allot easier for you and her if you have a car to take you back and forth."

"Thanks, Carl." Cameron's heart warmed at Carlisle's kindness.

Only then did Heath know Cameron had a younger sister who'd just had O. surgery. He said quittily "Why didn't you tell us about your sister earlier, Cam? I'm sorry for being a little harsh earlier. Don't take it to

heart!"

"It's fine, Heath." Cameron continued awkwardly, "It's my fault for not having complete faith in Carl. That's why I didn't bring my sister with me."

He gave Carlisle a guilty and awkward look. He felt bad about the whole thing. Carlisle had only met him once when he'd asked to borrow some money from him, yet Carlisle had lent him 500 dollars without

hesitation.

Later, Carlisle had even asked him to join his team so they could make money together.

Though he'd come to Riverland with Carlisle, he hadn't actually believed he could make money with Carlisle. He'd gauged Carlisle's heart with his own mean measure.

Carlisle smiled uncaringly. "It's getting late, so you guys should get going. Have a safe trip!"

Chapter 131