

# **Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell**

## **#Chapter 171 - Read Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell Chapter 171**

Chapter 171

As for Polar brand phones, Carlisle was no stranger to them.

Polar used to make radios before venturing into mobile phones. They developed their first branded phone in 1994, making them ploneers in the industry.

However, due to intense competition, Polar phones did not survive in the mobile market.

Carlisle pulled his mind back to the present and smiled calmly. "Gionee and Borda are indeed big brands. They are pretty strict with contract manufacturers.

\*Our small factory of 16 hundred people may not seem impressive to them. Moreover, the news of Caleb's embezzlement and escape has probably spread. It's understandable that they refuse to cooperate.

"Since Polar is willing to subcontract phones to us, let's cooperate with them."

Kenny smiled bitterly. "But the subcontracting price Polar offered us is too low. After deducting labor and utilities, there's only a profit of three cents per phone." Carlisle exclaimed, surprised, "We can still profit from it?"

Kenny's lips twitched harshly. "Mr. Zahn, do you really want to make no profit at all?"

Carlisle chuckled. "I've said before, our goal in subcontracting is to support our workers."

"I've only calculated the workshop staff's wages. I haven't included the management."

Carlisle shrugged. "Supporting those workers is enough. I'll take care of the management team."

With a net worth of over 100 million, he spoke with confidence.

In fact, the salaries of company executives and managers were relatively low. The real expense lay in the R&D Department.

Of course, Carlisle wasn't worried about that. The R&D department has always been a money-draining sector. Large enterprises would pour billions into their R&D departments.

Mr. Zahn, I'm sorry I couldn't find any high-quality clients," Kenny muttered with his head down. Even though Carlisle said it didn't matter, he knew he hadn't done the job well.

Carlisle smiled and said, "You've done a great job already. Don't blame yourself. I'll give you another task."

"What task?" Kenny's spirit was lifted at Carlisle's praise.

"I need you to contact the suppliers for Riley's phone screens, batteries, chips, and cameras. They're to come to my office at noon on Saturday to collect payment."

Kenny was to them?"

puzzled. "Is it necessary to go through all this trouble? Can't we just transfer the funds directly Carlisle leaned back in his chair, his deep gaze fixed on Kenny's eyes.

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"I... I'm sorry, I spoke out of turn!"

Kenny wished he could slap himself. Why did he need to say so much when Carlisle had decided? Just follow orders and spare the unnecessary talk.

Carlisle waved him off. "You can go now."

Kenny entered the office with a smile but left with a bitter expression.

Carlisle checked his phone and saw over 20 unread messages. He found they were all balance change notifications from the bank.

After military training, he had forgotten to switch his phone to standard mode, so he missed all the alerts.

The 800 thousand dollars from the Commercial Bank's Riverwatch branch were deposited into the account.

The remaining 20 or so messages were transfers from Islo Clothing's account, each totaling 8 million dollars, amounting to a total of 180 million.

As Carlisle looked at the lengthy balance, a smile curved his lips. In three months since his rebirth, he had gone from a student at a poor high school to a millionaire with assets approaching 200 million dollars.

The small change from selling equipment didn't count. It only took him a week to truly start making money.

The over 50 sets of houses he owned could probably fetch around 30. com million. Meanwhile, the skating rink and karaoke were in prime locations with large land areas, estimated to fetch around 40 million.

Receiving these two sums would boost his assets to 250 million dollars.

However, Carlisle felt unhappy about this amount of money.

Next, he had to invest in several suppliers. Upgrading equipment and researching new hardware would take a long time.

During this period, his money would only flow out like and he hadn't yet received any income. So,

he had to work hard to earn more money.

Carlisle initially planned to go out for dinner. But, seeing how busy his colleagues in the finance department were, he called Francis over to help out instead.

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Francis struck up a conversation with someone in the finance department beside him. "Hey, beautiful, do your hands cramp up after counting money for so long?"

The finance beauty rolled her eyes. "I've done this even longer before and never experienced hand cramps!"

"Then maybe you haven't counted enough!"

"Hm," The beauty responded indifferently, seeming uninterested in engaging further.

Francis persisted. "How long have you been doing finance?"

"Three years."

"Your salary must be pretty high, then."

"Not really."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"No."

"What kind of boyfriend are you looking for? I know..."

"Can you please shut up?" The beauty suddenly interrupted Francis, her anger evident. This caught the attention of the other staff nearby.

Francis instantly became nervous and stuttered, "I'm sorry, I..."

Another finance staff rolled their eyes. "Come on, we're counting money here. You're distracting her, and it's easy to make mistakes."

Francis awkwardly scratched his head. "I'll keep quiet from now on!"

However, the next moment, the previously angry beauty stared at Francis in surprise and exclaimed, "Are you Francis?"

Francis was stunned, then earnestly examined the woman. "Do you know me?"

The beauty exclaimed, "I'm Renee Brown, Rebecca's younger sister!"

Francis' lips twitched slightly. "Oh, it's you!"

Carlisle interjected, "Do you two know each other?"

"Yeah, he's my sister's high school classmate!" Renee replied.

Renee started blushing after scrutinizing Francis. "Francis, you've become quite sturdy after serving in the army."

Before Francis could respond, she regained her composure and questioned him with a serious expression, "When did you retire? Why didn't you come to see my sister?"

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Francis hung his head and smiled bitterly. "Your sister is married now. I didn't want to disturb her life..."

Renee took a deep breath and said, "It seems she didn't tell you anything."

Francis looked up at Renee, his gaze sharp.

With her eyes slightly red, Renee choked out, "My sister has been gone for four years now..."

Francis' eyes widened, his emotions uncontrollable as he grabbed Renee's shoulders. His voice was hoarse. "What? Say that again?"

Tears streaming down her face, Renee explained, "My sister was diagnosed with lymphoma in her junior year, and she passed away the following summer."

Francis was stunned, his eyes bloodshot, trembling as he muttered, "How could this happen? Why... Why didn't she tell me?"

At this moment, the finance supervisor frowned and said, "Renee, it's working hours now. Can't you catch up later after work?"

Renee wiped away her tears and went back to work.

Carlisle silently counted the money, not saying anything, either. Over a thousand employees were waiting to receive their salaries and go home.

Although he didn't know Francis'

story, he could guess the general idea. Francis beloved had passed away, and he didn't even know until now.

Carlisle had seen similar plots in TV shows and novels: one person hides a terminal illness from their loved one, while the other leaves for a distant place, unaware of the truth.

Many years later, the one kept in the dark was devastated after learning the truth.

Such plots were melodramatic. Yet, reality often proved to be even more melodramatic than fiction.

What happened between himself and Wanda was a perfect example. Wasn't that also incredibly melodramatic?

With tear streaks on his face, Francis choked up and said to Carlisle "Boss, 1. Carlisle nodded. "You should take F

a trip back."

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"Thank you, Boss," Francis said with a heavy heart as he stood up.

the table Carlisle took a stack of cash from the table and handed it over. "Take this money and buy something for her parents."

After hesitating for a moment, Francis accepted the money.

He hadn't received a regular discharge from the army, so he had no severance pay. All the money he earned from driving taxis had already been given to his elderly parents.

Carlisle then asked Renee, "Do you need to take leave?"

Renee trembled slightly and cautiously glanced at the supervisor. "Madam, I..."

"Mr. Zahn has spoken. Can you still refuse?" The supervisor rolled her eyes.

The finance supervisor, Gladdish Carter, was a woman in her 40s, wearing a pearl necklace, a silver bracelet, and a gold ring. She was slightly overweight and wore heavy makeup.

Logan frowned at Gladdish, and the other managers also quivered in response. One manager, who sat closer to Gladdish, quickly moved his chair to the side.

They were all veterans in the workplace, skilled at reading between the lines.

"Thank you, Ms. Carter. I'll come back to fill out a leave request later," Renee said, then grabbed Francis' sleeve and walked out.

Around 10:00 pm, after the salaries of all employees and the management team had been paid out, there was still 760 thousand dollars left from the initial 4.2 million.

Carlisle looked at Logan and asked, "Does the company have any positions like a factory manager or a general manager?"

Logan shook her head. "The factory manager is Caleb's cousin. He went on extended leave before Caleb disappeared. He probably won't be coming back."

There was a hint of anger on Logan's face as she spoke. Several managers lowered their heads, seeming to stifle laughter.

Logan glared at them. "What are you laughing at?"

The management team feared Logan, and seeing her anger, they immediately suppressed their smiles. One manager pinched his thigh hard to resist laughing Carlisle chuckled. "Could it be that you have a story with Caleb's cousin?"

Logan's face was full of grievances. "He pursued me for two years, and I just agreed to start dating him."

But then he disappeared without a trace."

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She was 32 this year but had never been in a relationship. The management team had given her the nickname "Spinster Warrior".

Just when it seemed like she was about to find her first love, her potential partner turned out to be Julian Davis, Caleb's cousin.

She had been happy to shake off the "Spinster Warrior" title and even flaunted it around the company. Little did she know that Julian would go on extended leave within three days, and his phone would be unreachable.

Frustrated, she even went to Caleb's door, but all he said was that Julian had some business. He had returned to his hometown in the mountains with poor signal.

After three days, Caleb also ran away with his mistress.

By then, Logan had finally woken up to the reality of the situation. At the same time, she felt grateful for being cautious enough. Otherwise, she would have been deceived for money and affection.

"Do you have a safe in your office?" Carlisle didn't pry into Logan's personal matters.

His question about the factory or general manager was aimed at temporarily depositing the remaining 400 thousand dollars in cash to the highest management.

Since there was no factory or general manager, and Hank was probably too lazy to deal with company affairs, Logan held the highest position in the company, excluding himself.

Carlisle felt more at ease letting her store the cash. As for the finance department, Carlisle didn't trust the finance supervisor Gladdish, so he wanted to take precautions.

Logan nodded. "Yes, we have several safes in the R&D department."

The R&D department was one of the company's core departments, and many documents needed to be securely stored, so they had prepared several safes

"You take care of the remaining cash."

Then, Carlisle took ten thousand dollars from the cash pile and split it into two, stuffing it into his left and right pockets.

Logan glanced at Gladdish, immediately understanding Carlisle's intention. She smiled and said, "Of course, Mr. Zahn!"

"Mr. Zahn, shouldn't this cash be kept in the finance department?" Gladdish, still unaware of the impending

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disaster, sounded displeased.

Carlisle smiled faintly. "I feel more at ease keeping the money with Ms. Cooper."

After saying this, he walked out of the finance department, leaving behind a group of managers looking at each other in confusion.

"Mr. Zahn is new here and not very familiar with the finance department. Once he gets acquainted with it, he'll naturally trust me."

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Gladdish tried to maintain a composed facade despite the mounting pressure.

Several managers shot her meaningful glances, silently conveying that she was on thin ice, Suddenly, Logan spoke up, "Ms. Carter, you don't need to come to work tomorrow."

Gladdish's eyes widened in shock. "Ms. Cooper, what do you mean by this?"

Logan was the second in command in the company. She had full authority to dismiss anyone.

But had Gladdish offended her in any way? Why would she want to dismiss her? "Aren't I clear enough?" Logan's tone was indifferent yet assertive. "You're fired."

It was evident that Renee and Francis were friends. However, Gladdish seemed oblivious and dared to give Renee a hard time right in front of Carlisle. Wasn't that a slap in his face?

"I refuse to accept this! I will speak to Mr. Zahn about this!"

She tried to rise from her chair, only to find her legs turning jelly, unable to muster the strength to stand.

During her 30s, she spent money to study accounting for a few years, then worked in several small companies to gain three to five years of work experience.



At 38, she entered Riley Corporation based on her work experience. She had been working there for four years since Riley Corporation's establishment.

Now, at 42 and being dismissed, it would be difficult for her to find another position as a finance manager.

At this moment, Kenny spoke calmly, "Ms. Carter, you've been in the workplace for over a decade. Can't you see why Mr. Zahn doesn't trust you?"

Gladdish pondered briefly, quickly recalling that Carlisle had just given ten thousand dollars to Francis.

"Do the boss and Renee's friend know each other? Gladdish wiped away her tears, feigning innocence. "I

.... I didn't know!"

-Logan remained unmoved by Gladdish's tears. She turned to a staff member in the finance department and said, "Eddy, give Ms. Carter four months' worth of salary."

Eddy pursed his lips, trembling as he counted a stack of cash from the drawer.

It was already 2:00 pm when Carlisle returned to Dragonaire Studio.

Team Legendary department's living room had two poker tables set up, filled with the pungent smell of smoke. As soon as Carlisle entered, the bustling living room instantly fell silent.

Heath explained with a smile, "Boss, the internet is down today. Several nearby residential areas are also without network."

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"What are you guys playing?" Carlisle smiled as he approached.

"Black Jack! Do you want to play a few rounds?"

Heath offered his seat to Carlisle.

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Seeing everyone placing hundred-dollar bills in front of them, Carlisle shook his head and said, "You go ahead. We're all friends here, so there's no need to bet so high!"

guys Heath laughed. "They won't be satisfied if it's small stakes!"

Most of these people used to be his second-rate buddies, always ready to spend more than they had, especially at the gambling table.

Carlisle checked the kitchen and found the pots and pang ready, but ve there was no gas. So, he settled for

instant noodles for dinner.

While eating instant noodles, he also played a few rounds of Black Jack.

Whether it was due to bad luck or not, he lost two thousand dollars in the time it took to eat his noodles.

"Forget it, I'm done. My luck is terrible!"

Carlisle threw his cards onto the table and then went to bed.

"Haha! Boss, you owe me 300!"

"Carl, did you forget to wear your lucky color today?"

"Oh my, Carl, your luck is terrible!"

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## Chapter 175

The following day at 6:00 am, Heath, who had been playing cards all night, entered the bedroom to wake up Carlisle.

Carlisle sat up, yawning, and asked, "Is the internet back?"

"Not yet."

"Can you get a pen for me?"

"Sure."

Heath left the room and quickly returned with a ballpoint pen.

Carlisle took a folded check from his jeans' back pocket and filled in the amount.

Heath's eyelids twitched uncontrollably.

Was Carlisle really going to give him ten million dollars? Didn't Sunny say those properties hadn't been sold yet? Where did Carlisle get ten million dollars from?

"I'm giving you 15 million dollars to settle Ian as soon as possible."

Carlisle handed the check, filled out for 15 million dollars, to Heath.

15 million dollars?

Heath's breath became heavy as he took the check with both hands.

Carlisle continued, "After you integrate the underground industries, I want 50 percent of the profits."

"50 percent... That's too much..." Heath took a deep breath.

Carlisle hadn't expected Heath to have such a big appetite. He narrowed his eyes and said, "You should know that without my investment, you might never have had the opportunity to deal with Ian in your lifetime."

Heath was briefly stunned. He then forced a smile and said, "Carl, you've misunderstood. What I meant was that you're giving me too much. I only need 30 percent."

He used to be Horace's right-hand man, so he knew how profitable those industries were.

Horace made over 500 thousand dollars during his peak daily. That's half a million a day, which adds up to 15 million a month.

Taking 30 percent profit for himself would still mean 450 thousand dollars a month. The thought of earning that amount was beyond his wildest dreams.

Carlisle had indeed misunderstood Heath's meaning earlier.

Now that Heath had explained it clearly, Carlisle breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. "I'm providing you the money without effort while you and your comrades risk your lives. It's only fair that you get 50 percent Charter 175

of the profits.

"Let's settle on that. You take care of things at the studio here, and I'll head to school."

Even as Heath saw Carlisle off in a taxi, he had not fully recovered from his shock.

He had followed Horace since he was 15, living on the edge. He had seen a lot in the eight years of ups and downs, though perhaps not everything.

But now he found himself unable to see through Carlisle at all. He even had a strange feeling that an ancient soul inhabited Carlisle's 18-year-old body.

At Riverland University's entrance, as soon as Carlisle got out of the car, he saw Mike and several classmates huddled together, munching on bread.

Kelvin spotted Carlisle and immediately exclaimed, "Mike, Carlisle is here!\*

Mike threw the bread on the ground and gritted his teeth. "Damn it, today I'm going to teach him a lesson!"

He had gone to find Carlisle for the promised money last night, but Carlisle wasn't in the dormitory, leaving him waiting for over two hours.

Kelvin incited, "I can see he doesn't even respect you, Mike. We must teach him a lesson today!"

Mike's expression grew even colder.

Carlisle noticed the hostile looks from Mike and his group and realized they must have waited for him in the dormitory last night. Now, they were likely eager to vent their frustrations. There was no other choice. He would just have to spend some money to settle the matter. After all, they wouldn't cause trouble for long.

With his hands in his pockets, Mike stared coldly at Carlisle as he approached. "You..."

"Mike, here's five thousand dollars. Sorry for the delay last night. Don't take it to heart." Carlisle handed five thousand in cash to Mike.

Mike swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue and begrudgingly took the money, stuffing it into his pocket.

Then, he slung his arm around Carlisle's shoulders and walked toward the school. "Carlisle, my man, you're too kind. I like dealing with smart people like you. If you ever have trouble, come to me!"

As Heath had said, anyone in their circle wouldn't say no to money. These people spent money as if it

grew on trees. Sometimes, they were even worse off financially, than their e classmates from ordinary families

With a resentful expression, Kelvin watched Carlisle's back and om muttered, "Odon't believe your money will

never run out!"

Kelvin's three thousand dollars monthly allowance already exceeded that of 99 percent of college students.

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He had thought he could thrive in university, but now he found himself relegated to being someone else's lackey.

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He never thought Carlisle, whom he disliked, would be so wealthy.

When Carlisle returned to the dormitory, he received a call from Logan.

"Boss, sorry to disturb you. Are you in class?"

"If it's important, go ahead. I have to attend the military training assembly soon."

"I have two things to report. First, I dismissed Gladdish last night. Second, the business manager, Victor Clark, refuses to hand over his work. He holds a lot of client information."

"Those don't really matter. Handle it as you see fit."

Carlisle trusted Logan, which is why he dared to hand over 700 thousand dollars in cash to her. He was delighted with Gladdish's dismissal.

"Alright. I won't bother you further, Boss."

Logan was about to hang up the phone when Carlisle said, "Wait a moment."

"What is it, Boss?"

"Bring the documents and evidence from my office drawer to Riverland University later. We'll register the company together at noon. I'll be done with class at 11:00 am."

"Okay, Boss."

After hanging up, Carlisle headed to the assembly area.

Suddenly, Phoebe came over with two sandwiches and a bottle of yogurt. "You haven't had breakfast, have you? Please have some!"

Carlisle instinctively looked toward Wanda. He saw that Wanda also had the same yogurt and sandwiches in her hand.

Wanda noticed Carlisle looking at her, but she restrained herself from looking back at him.

Queenie had bribed the students from both Classes 3B and 3A, and they were monitoring every move Carlisle and Wanda made.

If there were any ambiguity between Carlisle and Wanda, Queenie would inform Zachary, who would then up trouble for Carlisle.

Seeing how Carlisle would face challenges head-on, Wanda couldn't afford to be weak, either. She firmly believed there would be a bright future ahead for both of them.

The sandwiches and yogurt Wanda bought seemed incredibly delicious. As Carlisle ate the sandwich, a faint smile appeared on his lips.

Carlisle only had an hour of military training in the morning. Lawrence had some small games planned for them for the rest of the period.

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Carlisle sat nearby, watching, occasionally glancing toward Wanda.

Wanda was busy answering phone calls and messages. Carlisle felt confusion creeping in and sent her a message on MSN messenger.

Carlisle: "Wanda, what are you busy with?"

Wanda: "I'm dealing with clients."

Carlisle: "Uh... Did you take over the family business?"

Wanda: "No, I registered my own company. It has nothing to do with my family's business!"

Carlisle: "What kind of company did you register?"

Wanda: "I established a loan company. If you need money, you can come to me!"

Carlisle: "Uh..."

Carlisle was speechless, but he admired Wanda.

A loan company was a lucrative venture. It could be like I'd be like picking up e money from the ground if managed properly.

Carlisle's only concern was whether Wanda would encroach on someone else's territory, especially since many underground forces were running high-interest loan companies.

Carlisle: "Why did you suddenly decide to open a loan Company?"

Wanda: "It makes money quickly!"

Carlisle: "Are you planning to do online loans?"

Wanda: "How did you know?"

Wanda looked up at Carlisle, her eyes filled with curiosity.

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## Chapter 177

Wanda had done her research before deciding to start her own business.

First, she posted on the Widetalk Community, asking what projects could make money quickly for college students who were starting a business.

The Widetalk Community was a hidden gem, harboring elites from various fields.

Ignoring some joking replies, she browsed through several serious responses and analyses of the commercial situation.

One senior member replied that she should either venture into the internet industry or start a short-term loan company for quick lending.

She could also try stock trading and futures if she had the courage.

ich Wanda had.

dabbled in the stock market, she had heard warnings about its risks, so she decided to give up on stock trading.

After some screening, she set her sights on the internet and short-term lending. After reading several articles about internet development trends, she suddenly had a bold idea. What if she could combine the internet with a loan company to find customers and lend money online?

With this idea in mind, she contacted her cousin, who was studying finance at Sunnyside University. Her cousin was impressed by this idea and decided to return after graduation to join her.

After that, Wanda came up with the name "online lending".

This secret was only known to her cousin, Christine, and Phoebe.

Phoebe was her dorm mate and had become her confidante. Without her consent, she would never tell anyone else about it.

Could it be Christine?

But that didn't seem right. The three of them had dinner together last night. After a few drinks, Christine even confessed that she used to have a crush on Carlisle, but she had completely given up.

Plus, she hadn't sent Carlisle a message on MSN messenger recently.

Just then, she received another message from Carlisle. Wanda quickly checked her phone.

Carlisle: "I was just guessing!"

After sending this message, Carlisle couldn't calm down for a while.

Carlisle had thought that only he could drive the times forward, but he hadn't expected Wanda to also push forward an era-defining product because of his influence.

Online lending was created in 2005 in Aviarria. The first domestic online lending company was established around 2007. Online lending really boomed after 2010.

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In his past life, Carlisle had borrowed from many online lending platforms. At that time, there were countless online lending platforms available.

While they were convenient, the interest rates were terrifyingly high. Some unethical online lending companies could cause harm to young people.

For a moment, Carlisle even considered stopping Wanda from promoting online lending. But then she realized that even if he stopped Wanda, the online lending industry would still rise with the internet's development.

Instead of stopping her, it would be better to support her. She would grow this online lending company into a leader in the field and establish regulations for the online lending industry.

Another message from Wanda came in.

Wanda: "You're really amazing. Could it be that you've also had this kind of idea?"

Wanda felt that Carlisle, who had transformed from a poor student to a top student and was admitted to Riverland University within a month, must have a very sharp mind.

So, it was reasonable to think he could come up with ideas similar to hers.

Carlisle. "I did have this idea before, but I felt the risk was too high, so I gave up on this path."

In this day and age, there were pros and cons to doing online lending. The advantage would be that Wanda could have this piece of cake all to herself since there were still no online lending companies.

The downside was that the credit system wasn't perfect yet, and most ordinary families didn't have smartphones. When borrowers default, how would they be tracked down?

Wanda understood that Carlisle was warning her about this industry's risks. She quickly edited her response and sent it.

Wanda: "High risk, high return, right? I think doing business is like gambling. Either you make a small bet or a big one. Besides, the amount of money I'm putting in isn't too much anyway!"

Carlisle chuckled and replied, "Alright, then I wish you success!"

He knew Wanda was starting her business for him. If she wanted to try, then he would let her try it out. With him backing her up, she wouldn't fail in her entrepreneurial venture.

Wanda: "Hehe, let's work hard together! By the way, how's your game studio doing?"

Carlisle: "Very smoothly. I expect it to start turning a profit next week!"

Wanda: "So soon?"

Wanda was surprised, but she felt happy for Carlisle.

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It had only been about a week since they started school. Was it just her, or had Carlisle gone from starting a business to turning a profit way too quickly?

Carlisle: "Quick, isn't it?"

Wanda: "Yeah!"

Carlisle: "Do you like how fast I'm going?"

Wanda: "Sure do!"

As Wanda finished typing her response, she suddenly looked up at Carlisle.

Was he making sexual jokes?

Queenie and her friends often joked around like this. Their words had another layer of meaning.

Though Carlisle didn't lift his head, Wanda could still see the mischievous grin playing at the corners of his mouth.

Wanda's cheeks flushed red, and she replied, "Big dummy, you're up to something!"

Carlisle's smile froze on his face as he glanced up at Wanda. Did she understand his teasing?

Carlisle: "What do you mean, up to something?"

Wanda: "Hmph, I'm not talking to you anymore!"

Wanda snapped her phone shut and raised her fist in Carlisle's direction.

Sitting on the other side were several of her female classmates.

Ruby tugged at the sleeve of a girl next to her and whispered, "Tiffany, how did the task I asked you to do go?"

"Oh... I'm sorry, I forgot!" Tiffany Hall seemed afraid of Ruby and quickly apologized.

"Hmph, you really don't take my words seriously at all!" Ruby stared coldly at Tiffany.

"N-No, it's not like that. I... I'll go find him right away!" Tiffany trembled all over as she said.

Ruby withdrew her gaze and said softly, "Calm yourself down first."

Tiffany took a deep breath. It took a while to suppress the fear in her heart.

Seeing that Lawrence's attention was on the students who were engaged in the games, she walked hesitantly toward Carlisle.

At this moment, Carlisle was about to call Sean. He was about to press the dial button when a petite, pretty girl suddenly crouched before him and whispered, "Carlisle can I get your MSN messenger ID?"

"Why do you need my MSN messenger ID?" Carlisle looked at the girl in confusion. She seemed to be Chapter 178

from Class 38.

Tiffany blushed and said, "I... I'm asking for my friend."

"Who's your friend? Is it a guy or a girl?"

"A girl, but I can't tell you who she is right now."

"But I don't use MSN messenger."

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Carlisle refused in an indifferent tone. Since they weren't classmates, exchanging contact information was unnecessary. What if Wanda got jealous?

Tiffany's eyes reddened. She was on the verge of crying. "Carlisle, please help me. Just this once, please!"

Carlisle furrowed his brows. Looking up, he noticed a bruise on the corner of Tiffany's left eye.

It seemed that she had been bullied.

Her request was probably out of desperation. She might get into trouble if he didn't give her his MSN messenger ID.

With this in mind, Carlisle asked, "Do you have a phone?"

Tiffany lit up and replied, "I don't have a phone, but I can remember it. You can just help me the ID number."

Carlisle gave Tiffany his MSN messenger ID. It was a six-digit number he had registered three years ago when he first entered high school, and it was easy to remember.

"Thank you!"

After thanking him, Tiffany quickly left.

Carlisle kept his head down, pretending to look at his phone, but his eyes followed Tiffany's retreating figure.

He wanted to see who was asking for his MSN messenger ID.

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To Carlisle's surprise, Tiffany didn't return to her previous spot. Instead, she walked to the outskirts of the crowd and found a vacant space to sit down.

Carlisle's plan fell through, and he sighed to himself. Anyway, that person would message him on MSN messenger sooner or later, and he would eventually find out who she was.

Carlisle tried calling Sean, but his phone was turned off, most likely due to military training.

Wanda sent him another MSN messenger message.

Wanda: "What were you and Tiffany talking about?"

Carlisle admitted truthfully, "Um... She asked me for my MSN messenger ID."

Wanda and Tiffany were in the same class, so even if he didn't say anything, Wanda would have definitely found out.

Wanda: "Did you give it to her?"

Carlisle could sense Wanda's slight anger even through the screen.

Carlisle replied tentatively, "Are you jealous?"

Wanda: "Not at all!"

After sending this message, Wanda glanced at Tiffany.

It had been five days since Tiffany was transferred to Class 3B. During these few days, she noticed Tiffany always stood by the window, lost in thought.

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Tiffany seemed a bit aloof, and most female classmates had distanced themselves from her.

Why would such a withdrawn girl suddenly ask for Carlisle's MSN messenger ID? Could she be forced to do so?

Wanda quickly realized that Tiffany asking for Carlisle's MSN messenger account was not her intention.

At this moment, Carlisle sent a message to explain.

Carlisle: "The girl just now has been bullied before. She was probably doing it under duress. I'm worried she'll be bullied if she doesn't complete the task.

Wanda: "Mm-hmm, I understand.

She sighed. The only bully in her class was Ruby. Could Ruby be behind this?

Ruby was Yuriel's daughter, Could Carlisle resist this temptation?

No, she shouldn't jump to conclusions. Carlisle was definitely not that kind of person.

Chapte 179

The students gathered around after school.

Lawrence looked satisfied as he addressed the group, "Time flies, and it's already been a week. I'm surprised and pleased by everyone's performance. "Have a good rest this weekend because next week, we'll have a two-day outdoor training!"

A student asked, "Mr. Hanson, where will the outdoor training take place?" Lawrence smirked mysteriously. "Why the rush? You'll find out when the time comes."

Another student asked, "What do we need to prepare for it?"

"You don't need to prepare anything. I've already prepared medical supplies out of my own pocket."

"Medical supplies? Does that mean we might get hurt?" A female student panicked.

Lawrence smiled faintly. "Preparing medical supplies is just a precaution for any accidents. Students, don't worry about it."

The students started murmuring, expressing their distress.

"Oh no, he's smiling. When he smiles, anything could happen."

"We're doomed; outdoor military training is definitely going to be tough."

Lawrence raised his hand, signaling for the students to quiet down, and spoke with a serious tone, Military training is not just about physical exercise, it's also a form of mental discipline.

"We can cultivate discipline, teamwork, and a sense of responsibility through military training. These qualities will accompany us throughout our lives, playing essential roles in our studies, work, and daily

lives!

"During outdoor military training, simulated combat lets everyone experience the excitement and tension of battle.

"Through practical combat, students can understand and master basic military skills, enhancing theoretical knowledge and improving coordination and reaction abilities!

"After this training, if students encounter danger in the future, they won't be powerless!"

Lawrence stood with his hands behind his back, his gaze sharp as he shouted,

"Tell me loudly, what's our motto?"

"Military discipline is like iron; willpower is like steel. Brave to shoulder responsibilities, strive for excellence.

"Proud warriors in the military and elite in the campus. Marching forward bravely, who dares to compete?"

The students shouted in unison. Their voices echoed throughout Riverland University, stirring and inspiring.

## Chapter 180

"Will you back down?" Lawrence continued to ask.

"Challenge limits, surpass oneself, strive constantly, and uphold integrity!"

"Very good. You can disperse now." Lawrence nodded in satisfaction.

The students scattered.

Wanda found Phoebe and Christine and whispered a few words to them. Then, she walked straight toward the school gate.

Carlisle went back to the dormitory with Daniel.

Just as they arrived at the dormitory door, Carlisle received a call from Sean.

"Carl, did you call me?"

"Do you have time tonight? Let's grab a meal together." Carlisle intended to talk to Sean about SociableNet.

"I'm busy tonight." Sean awkwardly chuckled. "I have a date with Lily. We're going ice skating!"

"What about tomorrow?"

"I'm going mountain climbing with Lily."

"The day after tomorrow?"

"Um... We're going to the amusement park."

"Damn it, go to hell!" Carlisle hung up the phone directly.

He was focused on making money, but what about Sean? He was indulging in love and couldn't extricate himself.

Sean was calling again.

Carlisle answered the phone and said indifferently, "Go accompany Lily!"

Sean chuckled. "Carl, don't be like this. Why do I feel like you're jealous?"

Carlisle's mouth twitched a few times. "Jealous of you? Dream on! Don't you still want to make money?"

"I do! Of course I do!" Sean hurriedly replied.

But he hesitated a bit when he thought about his plans with Lily for the next few days. "But I will be busy these next few days. She just agreed to date me, and I can't just go back on my word, right?"

Carlisle sighed. "How about this weekend night? Otherwise, we'll have to wait until next Tuesday."

Time equaled money. Carlisle didn't like beating around the bush.

Sean chuckled. "Alright, this weekend night it is!"

Just as Carlisle hung up Sean's call, Sunny called.

"Boss, we've got a major deal! Evermore Properties wants to buy our properties for nine thousand per square foot! For the ice skating rink and karaoke, they're offering up to 46 million!"

Sunny's voice was trembling with excitement, his facial expression distorted.

"Evermore Properties is Yuriel's company, right?"

"Yeah, that's right!"

"For the residential properties, counter them for 950 per square foot, and the ice skating rink and karaoke.

for 50 million."

Carlisle didn't have much fondness for Yuriel and Austin, but he couldn't deny their wealth. So, he thought the more he could profit from them, the better.



It wasn't taking advantage of them; the future development of Riverwatch District into an economic zone would surely lead to a significant increase in consumer spending.

By capturing the market in Riverwatch District, they would quickly recoup their investment.

The prospects would be unimaginable if they turned the ice skating rink into a large shopping mall. The karaoke, currently a two-story bungalow, could also be transformed into a 20-story commercial building.

It wasn't the ice skating rink and karaoke that were valuable; it was the location and the commercial prospects.

"50 million? Isn't that too high?" Sunny asked incredulously.

After an afternoon of negotiations, 46

million was already Evermore m

Properties' limit Those residential properties prices had already exceeded all the property prices in Riverwatch District.

Wouldn't he offend the wealthiest man in town if Carlisle insisted on such a high price?

Carlisle said calmly, "This is the second time, I don't want there to be a third."

Sunny was initially stunned, then quickly said, "Boss, I... I understand!"

After ending the call, Sunny couldn't help but slap himself. Why couldn't he control his mouth? Carlisle had his reasons for the decision. Why did he dare to question it?

On the other side, Lethan called Carlisle just as he hung up. "Carlisle, do you have any other properties in Riverwatch District?"