

Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell

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"I do..."

Carlisle's voice faltered when a female voice came from the other end. "Carlisle, I'm Wanda's aunt. Could you do me a favor for Wanda's sake and let go of the properties you have?"

Carlisle was not unfamiliar with this female voice.

She had previously called him to buy a painting. It seemed she was from Windex Corporation.

Lethan had sold Riverwatch Hotel to Shania at a low price. Now, this woman was looking to buy from him again, indicating that she was Lethan's third sister.

She claimed to be Wanda's aunt, so Lethan was actually Wanda's uncle.

Carlisle couldn't help but smile bitterly. He wasn't on good terms with Wanda's brother but was doing business with her uncle and aunt.

"Carlisle, say something. I'll pay you no less than Yuriel," Shania urged on the other end. She was both excited and nervous at the moment.

Carlisle had a very rich inventory of properties. Windex Corporation would have a foothold in Riverwatch District if Shania could buy them.

She was nervous because she worried Carlisle might have already agreed to Evermore Properties' offer.

"Okay, let's meet up and talk."

After all, she was Wanda's aunt, and they would be family in the future. So, Carlisle was very willing to cooperate with her.

"That's great! You probably haven't eaten yet, have you? Let's have dinner together at Imperial Hotel."

Shania was as happy as a lark at the moment, showing none of the maturity and composure expected of a real estate company's CEO.

Lethan shook his head repeatedly, but he could also understand. Shania had always been straightforward. Even though she was already 29 years old, she had been pampered since childhood.

Shania smiled and said, "By the way, Carl, since you and Wanda are in the same school, why don't you invite her, too?"

"I missed her at the last family gathering since I was on a business trip. It's been almost a year since I last saw her, and I really miss her!"

Carlisle chuckled. "Our situation is a bit special. Let's not invite her for now."

Shania was puzzled but also knew it wasn't the time to dig deeper into it. "Alright, then. Do you want me to arrange a car to pick you up?"

"That would be great, thank you, Ms. Warbane. I'll go take a shower first."

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"Okay, see you later."

After hanging up the phone, Shania handed the phone to Lethan, her face full of excitement. "Lethan, what's the relationship between Carlisle and Wanda?"

Lethan shook his head and said, "I'm not too sure either, but their relationship should be pretty good. They even attended the same high school."

Shania narrowed her eyes and asked, "So, who exactly is this Carlisle? How did he know that Riverwatch District would be developed?"

Lethan lit a cigarette, then took a piece of A4 paper from his desk's drawer and placed it on the table.

Shania stepped forward to examine the A4 paper.

Name: Carlisle Age: 18

Home Address: 75 Whitewood Street 2, Harveston, Rainville, Cascade State.

Schools attended: Harveston Kindergarten, Rainville Second Elementary School, Rainville First High School, Department of E-commerce, Riverland University.

Family Members:

Grandfather. Herbert Zahn, 76 years old, a retired construction worker. Engaged in farming before retiring at the age of 55.

Grandmother: Agnes Marshall, deceased at the age of 38 due to pancreatic cancer. She worked as a lathe worker in a garment factory.

Father: Gordon Zahn, 42 years old, a former general worker at Rainville

Water Plant. He was laid off in mid-June this year and is currently unemployed, earning income by part-time shoe sole processing.

- Mother: Hilda Young, 40 years old, part-time hardware assembly worker.

- Uncle: Gerard Zahn, 44 years old, made some money selling DVDs in earlier years, later switched to operating internet cafes. Currently operates three internet cafes in the county.

Eldest aunt: Maria Davison, 42 years old, has an average family m

background, details not specified. Gerard's family has a son and a daughter, and conflicts have arisen between them and Gordon's family.

Maternal grandfather: Lloyd Young, started working as a carpenter with his father at the age of 19. At 36, he started a brick kiln factory, which went bankrupt after six years of operation due to poor business conditions. He has since continued working as a carpenter.

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The investigation showed that Carlisle's family had no political connections.

After reviewing the information on Carlisle's identity, Shania took a deep breath and asked, "No political connections? How did he know about the development plans for Riverwatch District, then?"

Lethan picked up the landline and made a call.

"Gusto, head over to Riverland University and pick up someone for me. I'll send you his number later," he instructed.

"Got it, Boss!"

"Do Lethan promptly hung up and sent Carlisle's phone number to the new driver he had hired, muttering, you think it's possible that nobody informed him about the development plans for Riverwatch District?"

"I don't think so." Shania shook her head, rejecting Lethan's speculation without hesitation.

She continued, "If he didn't know about the development plans for Riverwatch District, why would he have bought so many houses and even authorized you to spend 36 million on acquiring Riverwatch Hotel?"

Never mind an 18-year-old student, even Yuriel, the richest man in Riverland, wouldn't dare to invest so much money without certainty about Riverwatch District's development.

Lethan was now filled with doubts.

Before this, he suspected Josie had found out about the affair between Quinn and his driver.

Due to some misunderstanding between her and Lethan, she didn't want to deal with him directly. That was why she had Wanda warn him about it through Carlisle. But now, it seemed that wasn't the case.

Shania was right. If Carlisle hadn't known about Riverwatch District's development, he wouldn't have hoarded so many of that area's properties.

He, too, wouldn't have strongly insisted on buying Verwatch Hotel.

Carlisle had no political connections, yet he predicted Riverwatch District's upcoming development.

Lethan even suspected Carlisle possessed the supernatural ability to see the future.

"Lethan." Shania smilingly asked, "What do you think of Carlisle?"

Lethan pushed up his glasses and replied, his expression conflicted, "Even though he's worth billions now, he's taken the wrong path."

"Oh? Has he invested in other industries?"

Lethan nodded.

Shania continued asking. "What industry is it? It's not smartphones, is it?" Chapter 162

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Lethan was at a loss for words. "That's exactly it. The competition in the smartphone industry is fierce. How can a naive brat like him compete with other smartphone giants?"

"Ha... It's a bit of a pity indeed." Shania sighed, then stared at Lethan accusingly. "Why didn't you try to talk.

him out of it?"

"I did, but it's no use. As the saying goes, 'Good advice falls on deaf ears,' and Carlisle sure as hell is deaf! Lethan glanced at the Rolex watch on his wrist. "Let's go. We'll order food at the hotel first."

At the same time, Carlisle put on clean clothes and walked out of the school gate after taking a shower.

Parked by the roadside outside the school was a black Mercedes with a young man in a white shirt standing beside it.

"Carlisle. What a coincidence." A soft female voice came from his left.

As Carlisle turned his head to take a glance, his good mood was instantly ruined.

His tone was indifferent when he asked, "Yes?"

Sienna smiled gently. "I always see you when I come to your school."

Carlisle, who didn't have time for small talk, walked across the road impassively.

Seeing this, Sienna paused for a moment, then stomped her foot angrily.

"Carlisle, you jerk! Why are you acting so aloof?" she hissed.

When Carlisle walked to the Mercedes, the young man with an crew cut respectfully helped him open the

door.

Sienna was stunned again upon seeing that.

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This wasn't an unfamiliar scene.

The last time Sienna came to school, she saw Carlisle slipping into a brand-new Mazda6.

It wasn't uncommon for older students from well-off families to drive cars like this at this school.

After all, one could buy a house in Rainville with 130 thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, it would take an average family half a lifetime to save enough money to buy a house.

This time, Carlisle had upgraded to a Mercedes.

Carlisle was good-looking, and he was wealthy now. Also, Sarah mentioned that Carlisle and Wanda broke up.

Sienna felt something stir in her chest.

Sarah didn't want Carlisle, and Wanda didn't want him, either.

But Sienna could have him.

What was Carlisle even pretending to be all high and mighty for?

"Hmph. It's just a crappy Mercedes anyway. Mr. Gust drives a Porsche! Sienna complained with her nose crinkled, her chest heaving with anger.

At that moment, Sarah emerged from the school building. Her presence was, as always, attention-

grabbing.

Men couldn't help but stare at her, while women couldn't help but feel inferior. It was as though the world had turned colorless.

"Enna..." As Sarah approached Sienna, she couldn't help but ask when she noticed the latter's displeasure. "Enna, what's wrong?"

Sienna huffed. "I just saw Carlisle. He completely ignored me when I greeted him!"

Sarah wore a small smile. "He's just being all high and mighty because he's a little richer now. Stick with me; we and Carlisle will be in different worlds in the future!"

Sienna responded with a pout, "But he's driving a Mercedes now, and it's worth four million dollars..."

However, Sarah wasn't impressed at all.

"It's just a Mercedes. If you like riding in fancy cars, I can take you for a ride in a Porsche every day from now on."

"Sarah." Sienna gratefully held Sarah's hand. "You're so kind..."

"But unfortunately, these things aren't truly ours, Sarah replied, her eyes narrowed. "True talent lies in having something of your own!"

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Sienna looked at Sarah in surprise. She hadn't expected Sarah to consider this.

Pursing her lips, she asked, "Are you thinking about starting a business to make money?"

Sarah nodded. "I talked to Austin last night. He said he could provide 10 million to support my business."

"T-Ten million?"

Sienna was so shocked that she covered her mouth, her eyes almost popping out of their sockets.

To her, who only had a monthly allowance of 500 dollars, this astronomical figure was hard to imagine.

"Could you stop being so surprised? You're acting like a bumpkin!" Sarah scolded and gave Sienna a disdainful look.

But the truth was, Sarah even screamed in her dormitory when she received the news last night. She only calmed down after spending an entire day coming to terms with the information.

At this point, her views on money had undergone a huge change.

From the girl who used to ride a bike to high school, she had now become a multimillionaire who wore branded goods from head to toe.

Wanda's family was also wealthy, and while Sarah couldn't compare to Wanda's family, she at least wanted to match them.

Austin also said that the Gust and Thompson families were at odds with each other and they would eventually bankrupt the Thompson family.

Sienna took a while to come back to her senses. Suppressing her own excitement, she stammered with a blush, "Sarah, c-can you ask Mr.

Gust to introduce me to a man?"

"What's this?" Sarah smirked. "Do you want to marry into a wealthy family, too?"

Sienna nodded, her face flushed.

"I also want to wear nice clothes and live a good life like you..."

Sarah pondered and then said with a sly smile, "Alright, I'll have Austin help you find someone."

Sienna had a decent appearance.

One should always have their guard up, even against their best friend. Since Sarah often took Sienna to ride in Austin's car, what if Austin started liking Sienna at some point?

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When Carlisle arrived at Imperial Hotel, a 40-plus-story five-star hotel, the parking lot was full of luxury cars.

Cars like Mercedes and BMW seemed somewhat insignificant here; Porsche, Lamborghini, and Ferrari were the real top luxury cars.

The customers entering and exiting the hotel were all decked out in gold and silver, adorned with luxury brands from head to toe.

Carlisle felt out of place in his 30-dollar outfit.

The young man with a crew cut, Gusto, led Carlisle to the hotel reception.

Immediately, the lobby manager eagerly approached them and asked, "Sirs, do you have a reservation?"

Gusto only replied, "Lethan Warbane."

The smile on the lobby manager's face brightened even more. "So you're Mr. Warbane's friends! I'll take you to him right away!"

With that, he led the two of them toward the elevator. As they reached the elevator, the doors opened slowly.

Inside stood a group of tall, muscular men, each with tattoos on their arms.

At the front stood a bald man in a white shirt tucked into his trousers, with a bunch of car keys hanging from his waist and a phone clipped to his belt. His face bore a menacing scar.

"M-Mr. Carlson, have you had your meal?" The lobby manager bowed and greeted them.

However, the bald man walked out of the elevator and led his group away, ignoring the greetings.

The lobby manager's demeanor changed from obsequious to disdainful when he entered the elevator.

"What rubbish. He wouldn't act so arrogant at Imperial Hotel if Mr. Lynch hadn't gone abroad for vacation. these days."

"Is he Ian Carlson?" Carlisle asked, to which the lobby manager nodded.

"He is. He's just a lackey anyway. He's nothing compared to Mr. Lynch!"

Carlisle asked again, "When you mentioned Mr. Lynch, were you referring to Titan Lynch?"

The lobby manager's pupils slightly contracted.

"My friend, you can't just call Mr. Lynch by his name. We all call him Mr. Lynch!"

Gusto sneered. "Is he the king or something? We can't even call him by his name??

The lobby manager didn't know how to react. "You don't know how ruthless Mr. Lynch is. He and Mr. Gust are sworn brothers. Even Mr. Lethan Warbane has to respectfully address him as Mr. Lynch!"

Gusto wrinkled his nose and fell silent upon hearing that.

On the other hand, Carlisle stood with his hands in his pocket impassively.

Titan and Jalen Holder, who were known as the Heroes of Riverland, controlled 90 percent of Riverland's gray market.

However, these two forces would be cracked down on in 2008.

Titan and Jalen were particularly unlucky; even their best subordinates were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Gusto knocked on Room 8's door on the 18th floor, Lethan's voice came from inside. "Come in."

At that, Gusto pushed open the door. "After you, Mr. Zahn!"

Carlisle strode into the private room with a big smile, greeting. "Good day, sir."

"No need to be so formal." Lethan chuckled dryly at that. "Have a seat."

Shania's clear eyes assessed Carlisle.

Judging from his appearance, Carlisle stood about six feet tall and had delicate features and a confident demeanor. He would easily be considered a heartthrob at school.

Carlisle pulled out a chair and sat down, looking somewhat bashful as he addressed Shania.

"You must be Ms. Warbane, Windex Corporation's chairwoman."

Seeing Carlisle's shy demeanor, Shania couldn't help but chuckle. "Didn't you already figure that out?"

Carlisle scratched his head awkwardly in response.

Of course, he knew who she was. He only came up with something to greet her with as he felt embarrassed under her gaze.

Lethan coughed twice with his mouth covered.

Shania then realized she wasn't there to meet her nephew-in-law. This 18-year-old was a businessman E

with assets similar to hers.

She collected her thoughts, smilingly mentioning, "Mr. Zahn, let's not beat around the bush.

"As far as I know, Yuriel intends to buy your properties at 900 dollars per square meter. He's also offering 46 million for the ice rink and karaoke spot. I can add an extra million on top of his offer!"

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Lethan, who had reserved the private room in advance, notified the waiter to serve their food.

Meanwhile, Shania asked Carlisle with a smile, "What's your major, Mr. Zahn?"

"Please don't call me that, Ms. Warbane. Just call me Lyle or Carl," Carlisle exclaimed.

Carlisle had already set his mind on Wanda. Since Wanda's aunt would be his family too, he felt it was best to behave for their first meeting.

"Alright. I'm straightforward, so let's skip the formalities. I'll just call you Lyle or Carl from now on," Shania mentioned without holding back.

After informing the waiter to serve the dishes, Lethan returned to his seat. "Carlisle," he smirked, "tell me honestly. How far have you gotten with Wanda?"

Those words piqued Shania's interest.

"Exactly! Lyle, how did you manage to woo Wanda? She promised her mother she wouldn't date until she finished college!" Shania exclaimed.

Carlisle let out a sigh. "Wanda and I have just started dating, but we've encountered some obstacles."

Shania and Lethan exchanged glances, immediately understanding what Carlisle meant by that.

Lethan grunted, explaining. "Things indeed are a little troublesome. Shein's family has some issues."

"What's so troublesome?" Shania asked with a chuckle. "You'll soon have 200 million in assets. That's enough for you to rank among the top 100 wealthiest individuals in Riverland, no?"

"I don't think Shein would refuse such a promising young man."

Lethan opened his mouth but hesitated to speak.

Indeed, having over 200 million in assets could secure a spot on the top 100 list of wealthy individuals in Riverland.

However, there was still a high chance that Shein would shut the door on Carlisle.

The reason was simple-Carlisle hailed from the countryside. He lacked a commercial foundation and connections to provide substantial assistance and support to the Thompson family.

But Shania wasn't worried about all that. She smilingly announced, "Carl, feel free to boldly pursue your relationship with Wanda, I support you!"

Despite her words, Carlisle gleaned some information from Lethan's expression. It seemed that marrying Wanda might be more difficult than he had imagined.

But it didn't matter. As long as Wanda loved him, he would strive and fight for her.

200 million was just the beginning. In the future, Carlisle would stand above all! Chapter 185

The waiter soon began serving the dishes, presenting a table full of delicacies from both sea and land, highlighted by a glistening roasted whole suckling pig.

It was even more extravagant than the deluxe set menu at A1 Seafood Restaurant.

Lethan proceeded to uncork a bottle of 1982 Lafite and poured three glasses, placing them in front of himself and the others.

Meanwhile, Shania cut a piece of meat from the roasted pork with her knife and fork before placing it on Carlisle's plate.

"Carl," she urged, "try this roasted pig. It's delicious."

"Thank you, Ms. Warbane." Carlisle smiled shyly as he picked up his fork and took a bite.

The crispy golden skin and aromatic flavor burst in his mouth, leaving him wanting more.

"How is it? Isn't it good?" Shania cut herself a piece and asked with a smile.

Carlisle nodded. "It's excellent!" he praised.

Lethan chuckled at his reaction. "The chef who prepared this is of national-level standard. In fact, national-level s m

Imperial Hotel's manager only got him to be the head chef here after several tries!"

He then raised his wine glass. "Let's celebrate our collaboration!"

Shania and Carlisle also raised their glasses and clinked them with Lethan's.

Just as they were about to drink, they suddenly heard a knock at the door. Shania asked in confusion, "Are there more dishes coming?"

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Lethan glanced at the dishes on the table and replied, "It's all here."

"Did you invite anyone else?" Shania continued to ask.

"No."

Lethan didn't immediately let the person in but instead stalked toward the door with a grim expression.

As one of the hotel's Diamond members, he was entitled to Diamond services. He shouldn't be disturbed if he didn't call for a waiter.

However, Lethan's words were caught in his throat as soon as he opened the door and saw who it was.

He choked on his saliva and started coughing from the shock.

"M-Mr. Gust!"

"Lethan, you don't mind us joining in, do you?"

Standing at the door was the corpulent Yuriel, holding a cigar while wearing a kind smile. Behind him were a group of well-dressed bodyguards and three high-ranking executives from Evermore Properties.

Lethan's pupils narrowed slightly.

Yuriel's sudden arrival likely had something to do with the properties Carlisle was handling.

What a sharp sense of smell Yuriel had. He was just like a dog.

As much as Lethan wanted to refuse, he couldn't and didn't dare to. He only forced a smile and uttered, "Of course not, Mr. Gust. Welcome."

Shania's muscles tensed the moment she heard Yuriel's voice. As her heart rate increased, she tightened her grip on her fork, not even daring to breathe too loudly.

Although Windex Corporation was well-regarded in the real estate industry, it paled in comparison to Evermore Properties, especially when it was led by Yuriel himself.

Carlisle continued to cut the roasted pig with his utensils, seemingly unaware of who the newcomer was.

Shania whispered, "Carl, Yuriel is here..."

Carlisle only dipped the cut pork into some sauce and smoothly popped it into his mouth, smiling.

"Well, if he's here, let him be. It's not like he's going to eat us."

"But..."

"Carlisle, my friend! We meet again!" Yuriel's voice interrupted whatever Shania was about to say as he entered the room.

Shania stood up and greeted him with an air of composure, "Mr. Gust."

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Carlisle also stood up politely. "Mr. Gust, are you here to see me?" he smilingly asked.

Yuriel laughed heartily. "No need to be so formal. Let's sit down and eat!"

Carlisle, of course, didn't refuse the offer and promptly took his seat. Yuriel wouldn't bother with a young man like him.

With a smile, Yuriel sat opposite Carlisle.

Shania and Lethan waited until Yuriel sat down before they took their seats.

Finally, the three high-ranking executives from Evermore Properties sat down as well.

At that moment, the waiter brought over a few sets of cutlery.

Yuriel turned to the waiter and instructed, "Bring us two more bottles of '82 Lafite. Put the bill for this table under my name."

"Yes, Mr. Gust!" the waiter responded carefully before turning to leave.

Yuriel then placed his cigar in the ashtray and looked at Carlisle with a smile.

"Carlisle, my friend, I didn't think you would have such keen business insight at such a young age. You even predicted Riverwatch District's development!"

If Lethan could gather information about Carlisle. Then it was a given the richest man in Riverland could do the same.

Carlisle had no political background and couldn't have received news about Riverwatch District's development from the county or Lumina.

Moreover, the original plan for Riverland's development was to develop the Tristream District.

It was only when officials from the planning bureau came to Riverland and discovered that Riverwatch District was significantly behind that they changed their plans.

So, Yuriel thought Carlisle must have stumbled upon some good luck like a blind cat that found a dead mouse.

Yuriel had been frustrated for a few days now. He should have thought of this himself.

Riverwatch District was located in the downtown area and had suffered from neglect over the years.

It had led to a loss of personnel and decline in the economy, which in turn dragged down the entire Riverland GDP. It was indeed necessary to develop and obtain investment as soon as possible.

Fortunately, Yuriel had obtained a piece of land in a decent location. With that piece of land as a foundation, he could still secure a significant share of the Riverwatch District market.

As Carlisle took a bite of the fish and smiled lightly, he mentioned, "It was just good luck."

Yuriel's lips curved into a smile at those words.

"I'll stop beating around the bush. Let's proceed with the transaction for the properties you have at the

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Shania turned pale instantly upon hearing Yuriel's words.

Had Carlisle already negotiated the price with Yuriel? Why didn't he mention it earlier? He had given her false hope!

While Shania could do without the luxury homes in Carlisle's possession, the karaoke spot and ice skating rink held significant commercial value.

She wanted to speak up and negotiate with Yuriel but ultimately restrained herself.

As she knew about Yuriel's ruthless ways, she was aware that being allowed to keep one property would already be considered a great favor.

After knocking on the door, the waiter entered with two bottles of Lafite and asked in a gentle tone, "Mr. Gust, would you like them opened?"

"Open them," Yuriel instructed. He picked up his cigar from the ashtray and took a puff, his sharp gaze fixed on Carlisle.

Meanwhile, Carlisle continued to indulge in the delicacies. Although he wasn't particularly refined, he was mindful and didn't have a trace of grease on his lips.

Beside Yuriel, a middle-aged man with a receding hairline tapped the table and reminded Carlisle, "Kid, the chairman is talking to you!"

The man was Yohann Gust, Yuriel's cousin and Evermore Properties' vice president. He also knew about how Carlisle was from the countryside and lacked power and influence.

It was Yuriel who had spent a hefty sum to purchase that promising property from Carlisle. Carlisle wouldn't have had money to buy those properties in Riverwatch District otherwise.

Everything Carlisle had was given by Yuriel. Now that Yuriel had humbled himself and was personally negotiating a collaboration with Carlisle, Carlisle actually dared to act so indifferently!

"So, you do realize that your chairman is speaking to me." Carlisle took a few tissues from the tissue box to wipe his mouth.

His gaze was piercing as he continued, "Didn't Mr. Gust tell you that you shouldn't interrupt during business talks?"

"You..."

"Shut it!" Yuriel hissed and glared at Yohann who promptly closed his mouth.

There was a hint of shock in Shania's eyes.

Wasn't Carlisle being too audacious for reprimanding Yuriel's subordinate right in front of Yuriel?

Shouldn't Carlisle have at least considered how Yohann was one of Yuriel's men before he ridiculed him, especially considering that Yohann was Yuriel's cousin?

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Lethan's heart also raced.

Had Carlisle become too arrogant because of his wealth? Was he disregarding even the richest man in Riverland?

However, Yuriel continued to take a puff of his cigar before he turned his gaze back to Carlisle, his face showing a genial smile.

"It's my fault for not disciplining him properly. I hope I didn't embarrass myself, Carlisle."

Carlisle put on a small smile. "Don't worry, Mr. Gust. I have a habit of not talking during meals, which is why I didn't reply immediately earlier."

"Haha! I don't mind at all. You can just answer now," Yuriel said, tapping his cigar on the ashtray.

Taking a deep breath, Carlisle confessed, "Mr. Gust, I must om apologize. I sold all the properties I had on hand to Windex Corporation before you arrived."

The air grew heavy the moment Carlisle said those words. Everyone at the table stared at Carlisle in disbelief.

Hadn't they already agreed on the price? Was Carlisle standing Yuriel up?

Suddenly, Yohann slammed the table as he jumped to his feet in anger.

"Carlisle Zahn, is this how you conduct your business? Let's not talk about you raising the pricecut of nowhere our chairman personally g

came to discuss a collaboration with you, and yet you're going back on your word!"

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Yuriel didn't intervene this time; he merely calmly puffed on his cigar.

Meanwhile, Shania stared at Yohann and asked in a strange tone, "Mr. Gust, how dare you question how someone does business? I'd like to ask you how you conduct yours. Is it through coercion?"

"Shut your mouth! Did I ask for your opinion?" Yohan roared, glaring at Shania.

Shania was Windex Corporation's CEO, whereas Yohann was Evermore Properties' vice president.

Despite that, Yohann didn't show her any respect. To him, Shania was just a young upstart.

Suddenly, Yuriel's bodyguards charged into the room.

Shania's heart skipped a beat when she saw this. If only she had brought a few bodyguards with her when she left!

When she glanced at Carlisle and noticed his slight frown, she sighed inwardly before saying to Carlisle, "Carl, you don't have to feel pressured. If you made a prior promise to Mr. Gust, you can go ahead and sell those properties to him."

Although she desperately wanted the properties Carlisle had, she couldn't jeopardize him.

After all, Carlisle had no power or influence. Yuriel could easily make life difficult for Carlisle in Riverland.

And if something happened to Carlisle, no one would be able to help him seek justice.

Yuriel turned to look at Yohann, his tone indifferent as he scolded, "The strong bullying the weak? What kind of behavior is this?"

"Did I not tell you to control your temper during negotiations? If you don't fix your temper, how can I entrust Evermore Properties to you in the future?"

It was clear to everyone that Yuriel was just making empty threats.

Hearing those words, Yohann forced a smile and sat down. He believed that his show of force would intimidate Carlisle.

Yuriel then sat down his cigar. Elegantly picking up his wine glass, he took a sip from it and put on a small smile.

"Carlisle, my friend, this is my cousin Yohann Gust. He's new to his position and has a bit of a temper.

Please don't take offense."

Carlisle remained composed as he gently sipped from his wine glass.

Shania noticed that ripples formed in the wine when Carlisle lifted his glass. It was clear that Carlisle was only pretending to be calm, Even Shanja, a 30-year-old and a company's CEO, would feel nervous facing Yuriel, the wealthiest man in Riverland.

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After taking a sip of wine and setting down his glass, Carlisle calmly stated, "You can buy the residential properties, but the ice skating rink and karaoke spot must be sold to Windex Corporation."

Shania's eyes widened at his words, emotions swirling in her chest.

While she was touched by Carlisle's consideration for her despite the pressure from Yuriel, she was also anxious because she knew Yuriel would likely refuse Carlisle's condition.

If Carlisle insisted on his own course of action, he could very well find himself in a dangerous situation. Neither Shania nor Lethan could guarantee his safety.

Shein could intervene, but at this critical moment, he wouldn't easily offend Yuriel.

"Carlisle, we've worked together before; you know I'm a frank person. I must have all the properties you have!

"How about this? Since your parents are currently unemployed, I happen to own a molding factory in Rainville.

"If you agree to sell me your that properties, I'll arrange for your parents to become executives at th company company. You attended Rainville High School, so you must have heard of Sentaur Molding Factory."

Yuriel bore a gentle smile, and his tone and attitude were sincere as he continued to convince Carlisle Of course, Carlisle knew about Sentaur Molding Factory. It was Rainville's largest factory which offered excellent benefits to its three thousand employees.

Owen's father was a supervisor there, and he made 15 hundred dollars a a month, making him'à respected En figure in the entire Franklin Complex.

But these were all secondary considerations. The message Yuriel conveyed was that he knew everything about Carlisle.

If Carlisle didn't agree to his demands, it could potentially affect his parents as well, Carlisle's grip on the highball glass tightened. Still, he quickly composed himself and smiled.

"Since you've put it this way, Mr. Gust, it would seem like I don't know what's good for me if I don't agree to it!"

Yuriel laughed heartily at that. Raising his glass, he announced, "Then let's toast to a pleasant cooperation!"

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their of When Yuriel directed his gaze toward Lethan and Shania, both of them raised and forced out uncomfortable smiles.

Carlisle felt equally helpless.

It would have been better if the deal had already been completed.

After all, Shania came from a prestigious family, With Shein backing her up, Yuriel wouldn't easily mess with Shania despite his dominance.

But life was unpredictable.

Yuriel had chosen this exact moment to interfere.

Carlisle wondered if Yuriel had arranged for someone to monitor him, Carlisle didn't like this uneasy feeling, but what more could he do when his opponent was the all-powerful richest man in Riverland?

This sucked. Couldn't Carlisle just be left to grow stronger peacefully? He had barely started making money but had already caught a city tycoon's attention!

After finishing his wine, Yuriel glanced at the time and smilingly said, "I have some business to attend to. I won't keep you company any longer. Yohann, you can handle the transaction with Carlisle."

His tone then turned serious as he added, "And be a bit more polite to Carlisle. Courtesy goes a long way in business."

Yohann smiled in response. "I understand, sir!"

With that, Yuriel left with a smile. He glanced at Lethan's driver, Gusto, as he reached the door.

This didn't go unnoticed by Carlisle. Something was wrong with Gusto!

Yuriel hadn't arranged for someone to monitor Carlisle. Instead, it seemed like Lethan and Shania were the ones being watched.

"Mr. Zahn! When should we sign the contract?" Yohann's earlier dominance had softened, and his face now bore a radiant smile like a sunflower in full bloom.

Carlisle couldn't be bothered to spare him a glance as he pulled out his phone and dialed Sunny's number.

"Boss..."

"I've already negotiated with Evermore Properties. Bring the transaction documents to Imperial Hotel,"

Carlisle instructed.

"Yes, Boss!"

After hanging up the phone, Carlisle continued digging into the delicacies on the table.

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"Lethan, Carl, I'll head back now to attend to some business at my company."

Shania had lost interest in staying any longer and left with those words.

Lethan, on the other hand, drank his wine with a bitter expression. He regretted not bringing Carlisle to his own home. Surely, Yuriel wouldn't have dared to barge into the Warbane residence!

In high spirits, Yohann looked at Lethan's bitter expression and asked, "Lethan, what's a fashion designer like you doing tagging along with Shania?"

"I have a business relationship with Carlisle. How is having a meal with him considered 'tagging along?'"

Lethan spat in return.

While he was wary of Yuriel, he didn't fear Yohann. Seeing Yohann's smug look, he retorted and then squinted, asking. "Did you arrange for someone to tail Carlisle?"

Yohann smilingly touched his mustache and chuckled, "Lethan, don't be so quick to point fingers."

"We all do legitimate business here.

We utilize human reasonably. Whocom we get someone to monitor a freshman?"

w would I know?" Lethan snorted.

"How

Yohann shrugged off the remark and raised his glass. "As my cousin said, businessmen should be amicable to prosper, Lethan, please don't hold grudges. Here, let me toast to you."

Ignoring Yohann, Lethan took out a cigarette and lit it.

Yohann only wore an unfazed smile as he finished his drink. Whenhen turned to Carlisle, he found the young En man studying how to eat a king crab.

A hint of disdain flickered in his eyes.

As expected of a peasant from the countryside. Carlisle didn't even know how to eat a king crab!

About 40 minutes passed before Carlisle finished the crab under Lethan's guidance.

At that moment, Sunny arrived at the private room. He bought a briefcase and had styled his hair into a pompadour.

"Boss..."

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Sunny approached Carlisle and cautiously called out to him.

Carlisle nodded in response. "Show them the property deeds."

"Okay!" Sunny replied, taking out the documents from the briefcase and handing them to the people from Evermore Properties.

After the executives cross-checked and confirmed everything was in order, they nodded smilingly.

Yohann took out the prepared contract and said with a smile, "Carlisle, take a look at the contract. If everything looks good, go ahead and sign it."

Sunny brought the contract to Carlisle, who carefully reviewed it to ensure there were no traps before signing it with a pen.

Yohann became even more cheerful after the contract was signed.

"Carlisle, would you like a check, or should we transfer the money to your bank account?" he asked.

Hearing that, Sunny asked in a quiet voice, "Don't we need to go to the County Recorder's office for the transfer?"

"You don't need to worry about that." Yohann chuckled. "We can handle it."

Sunny obediently remained silent after that. As the leading real estate figure in Riverland, Yohann spoke with authority.

Next, Yohann wrote a check for the agreed amount of 87 million.

"The original price was just over 86.9 million dollars. I rounded it up for you," he explained as he placed the check on the table and rotated it so it was in front of Carlisle.

Carlisle proceeded to hand the check to Lethan. "Mr. Warbane, could you verify this for me?"

Given the substantial sum involved and the fact that he didn't entirely trust the situation, caution was necessary.

Lethan took the check and looked at it a few times before commenting with a sneer, "Although Evermore Properties can be shameless at times, they are relatively reliable when it concerns their reputation."

Yohann also snorted. "Why didn't you make a sound when Yuriel was here?"

"I was showing him respect," Lethan retorted with a frown. "You're just acting tough because of him anyway."

Yohann smirked arrogantly at those words. "I'm lucky because I have what it takes to be arrogant. If you had the ability, you could be arrogant, too."

The two had known each other for quite some time; they often exchanged banter at other business gatherings as well.

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At the same time, Sunny was drooling over the sumptuous dishes on the table. He hadn't had dinner, after all.

Seeing this, Carlisle smilingly offered, "Sunny, why don't you sit down and take a bite?"

"Oh... A-Are you sure that's okay?"

Sunny glanced at Lethan and Yohann.

One was the chairman of the leading fashion company In Riverland, Islo Clothing. Meanwhile, the other was the president of Evermore Properties, the leading real estate industry player in Riverland.

How could he, with his modest background, sit at the same table with them?

Carlisle frowned slightly at his reaction. "If I tell you to sit, sit!"

Thinking Carlisle was angry, Sunny quickly pulled over a chair and sat down.

Carlisle then leaned over and whispered, "Let them argue. We should have our fill before we head back."

Upon hearing that, Sunny nodded and mustered up the courage to start eating the food on the table.

Lethan and Yohann argued for about ten minutes. It wasn't until Yohann answered a phone call that things calmed down.

Yohann raised his glass and took a sip of red wine to quench his thirst. "I don't have time to argue with you today, but next time, I'll make sure to shut you up!"

Lethan chuckled. "I'll be ready whenever you are."

Carlisle couldn't help but glance at the two of them a little more.

Did all businessmen communicate in such a straightforward and unadorned manner?

Yohann and his team from Evermore Properties soon departed.

No longer containing the rage within him, Lethan slammed his fist hard on the table.

He was so damn frustrated.

He was supposed to be a representative figure in the Riverland fashion industry. Yet today, he had to watch as people from Evermore Properties bullied his sister.

Sunny, who was cutting the roasted pork, was so startled that he dropped the knife on the table. Unaware of the earlier events, he thought Lethan was angry with him for his lack of manners.

As he stood up timidly, Carlisle pressed him back into his seat.

"Just focus on your meal," he reassured Sunny. "It's not about you."

Lethan then bitterly took a sip of wine, leaned back in his chair, and lamented guiltily, "I'm a terrible older brother. It had been more cautious, Yuriel wouldn't have dared to take advantage of my sister!"