

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

## **#Chapter 191 - Read Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell Chapter 191**

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Sunny finally understood what was going on.

It seemed Shania was interested in the properties Carlisle had. During their meeting for the transaction at Imperial Hotel, they were interrupted by Yuriel and the others from Evermore Properties. That was why Lethan felt so remorseful.

Since it had nothing to do with him, he continued eating. After all, there was so much delicious food that shouldn't go to waste.

With that, Sunny sat back down and continued to enjoy his meal.

"Gusto, you too. Lethan gestured toward the door. "Come in and have something to eat."

Seeing Lethan invite someone else to join them, Sunny hastened his eating.

Gusto then entered and sat beside Lethan to dine.

Carlisle, holding a glass of red wine, smirked ever-so-slightly. "Mr. Warbane, is this your new driver?"

Lethan nodded. "With all the social engagements, it's more convenient to have my own driver."

Carlisle's lips curved in a half-joking manner. "You called him Gusto just now. He wouldn't happen to be related to Yohann, would he?"

With a clang. Gusto knocked over the glass in front of him.

"Please don't joke around, Mr. Zahn. I have no connection with the Gust family whatsoever," he blurted out, chuckling nervously.

Lethan nodded in agreement. "He was introduced to me by a close friend I've known for years. He's reliable, for sure."

After saying this, he lit a cigarette and continued, "When you have time, I'll introduce you to my buddy. He also enjoys connecting with young people." Carlisle only took a sip of his wine. His eyes narrowed as he smiled.

Lethan felt uneasy under Carlisle's smiling gaze. His heart skipped a beat.

Could something really be wrong with the new driver he hired? But that was impossible! His buddy was like a brother to him, and he was always there to help Lethan through tough times.

Plus, his buddy had conflicts with Yuriel in the past; they couldn't possibly be colluding!

Then again, Carlisle's intuition was usually spot-on. It was as if Carlisle had a sixth sense. Should Lethan trust Carlisle's instincts or the friend he had known for over a decade?

After finishing his drink, Carlisle turned to Sunny and asked, "Are you full yet?"

Sunny burped and patted his round belly, expressing his satisfaction. "I'm full!" Chapter 191

"Let's head back, then."

Carlisle stood up from his chair and walked out without looking back.

Seeing this, Sunny hurriedly got up I followed him.

"Mr. Warbane, you have to believe me." Gusto looked troubled. "That dude is being too paranoid. He's labeling everyone named Gust with the same brush."

"I believe you," Lethan reassured with a slight smile and patted Gusto on his shoulder. "You were introduced to me by a good friend. I wouldn't disrespect him by doubting you."

Feeling grateful, the young man thanked Lethan. "Thank you for trusting me, Mr. Warbane!"

"You go ahead and eat. I'll go to the restroom," Lethan informed.

"Alright, Mr. Warbane."

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As Carlisle and Sunny returned to the studio, they found out Heath only took Benjamin with him.

Before leaving, Heath rearranged the studio's structure-Owen was then studio head, Cameron the deputy studio head, and Sunny the business manager.

Just as Carlisle and Sunny walked in, Owen, who was in a meeting with the employees, loudly exclaimed, Hey, Carlisle!"

"Hello, Carlisle!" the dozen or so employees echoed in unison.

Carlisle almost didn't recognize Owen, who had silver hair and tattoos covering his arms.

The only one with normal hair was Cameron, who had a head of flowing hair.

As Carlisle stared at the tattoos on Owen's arms, he recalled a scene from his past life when Owen boasted about his tattoos to him.

"Carlisle, how cool is my Patton tattoo?"

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"Do you know who George S. Patton is? He had a badass nickname -Old Blood and Guts! Carlisle, from now on, please refer to me by my nickname, Owen "Blood and Guts!"

When there was no response, Owen asked, "Um... Carlisle?"

Seeing Carlisle staring blankly at the tattoo on his arm, Owen thought Carlisle also liked the tattoo. He eagerly asked, "The tattoo parlor is just around the corner. Do you want me to take you there?"

Carlisle snapped out of his daze upon hearing that. He had an empty smile as he asked in return, "You... didn't get a George S. Patton tattoo on your back too, did you?"

"Holy cow, how did you know?" Owen asked, staring at Carlisle incredulously. He just got the tattoo yesterday. Also, Carlisle hadn't been here for days.

Cameron couldn't have gone out of his way to do something so pointless like telling Carlisle that Owen got a George S. Patton tattoo on his back, could he?

Owen took off his shirt and arched his back, boasting, "Carlisle, look at this. Isn't it badass?"

Stunned, Carlisle stared at the fierce and imposing George S. Patton tattoo on Owen's body.

In Carlisle's past life, Owen got the George S. Patton tattoo in Rainville.

In this life, Owen got the George S. Patton tattoo in Riverland.

What was even more absurd was that his words were exactly the same as back then.

"Why aren't you saying anything, Carlisle? Are you impressed by my tattoo?"

Owen put his shirt back on, smiling at Carlisle with satisfaction. He was pleased with Carlisle's current.

expression.

It seemed he made the right choice with the George S. Patton tattoo.

Owen turned to the employees and said in an edgy manner, "Tomorrow, all of you will get George S.

Patton tattoos.

"From now on, everyone at Dragonaire Studio is a god of war. Our nicknames will end with 'Blood and Guts' followed by the last word of our names!"

"Haha! That makes me Tyrese 'Blood and Guts!'"

"I'm Brian 'Blood and Guts!'"

"And I'm Fern 'Blood and Guts!'"

The rest of the employees kept introducing themselves before Owen enthusiastically told Carlisle, Carlisle, from now on, you are Carlisle 'Blood and Guts,' Crimson Carnage's leader!"

Carlisle frowned and angrily asked, "Did I hire you to work or become a thug?" Chapter 192

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The fate trajectory from his past life once again fell upon Owen. Carlisle had to organize, or Owen might cause trouble later on.

Startled by Carlisle's outburst, Owen retorted with his head lowered, "You even gave money to Heath to deal with the matters in the studio. I just want to synchronize with him and the others!"

Carlisle coldly stated, "I have my plans. If you work with me, you'll definitely make a name for yourself in the future, provided you listen to me!"

Owen pouted at those words. "I'm still young. It feels like I'm in jail when I stay here all the time. I want to go with Heath!"

At that, Carlisle slapped Owen across the face.

"You asshole..." Owen exploded in anger and grabbed a stool.

"Owen, don't be impulsive!"

"Owen!"

Several employees quickly stepped in to intervene when Owen was about to strike back.

Owen's stool hit the ground. Instead of hitting Carlisle, it hit Cameron next to him.

Carlisle rushed forward and slapped Owen across the face again before grabbing him by the collar and slamming him against the wall.

His expression was dripping with disdain as he demanded, "What do you think you can achieve in the real world with your skinny arms and legs? Do you really think the outside world is like your school?"

Owen grabbed Carlisle's neck with both hands, his face full of anger as he shouted, "Damn it! Let go of me! If you dare, fight me one on one!"

In response to that, Carlisle punched Owen in the stomach.

"Damn it!" Owen was in so much pain that tears streamed down his face. "It hurts like a bitch! I'll kill you!"

Carlisle punched Owen in the stomach twice more.

Owen held his stomach, spitting bile as veins bulged on his forehead.

"I'm going to die... I'm going to die... Take me to the hospital..."

Carlisle only mentioned impassively, "Listen carefully, Owen. This is your final warning. If you want to make something of yourself, behave. I can promise you wealth and prosperity for your family.

"However, if you don't behave and think you can make it on your own, you can go and fend for yourself. I promise I won't bother with you anymore."

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Carlisle's tone was cold and imposing.

After saying those words, he turned to the employees with their hair dyed in various colors and announced, "And all of you, if you want to make money, I want you to work hard.

"The studio is still in its development stage, but it will eventually become a big company. We may even develop our own games.

"If any of you want to go out and mess around, I can let Heath take you. However, I guarantee you will regret it in the future."

These youths older than Carlisle lowered their heads one after another.

Money would always be king.

Because Carlisle had money, even Heath, who had made a name for himself, respected him.

At this moment, they believed in every word Carlisle said.

One of them, a red-haired youth about five feet five inches, stammered, "I-I'll dye my hair back tomorrow."

Another young man with white hair beside him chuckled and scratched his head. "Carlisle, we'll do whatever you say. Just tell us what to do."

Carlisle waved his hand. "Get back to work, all of you!"

Everyone immediately returned to their positions.

Holding his stomach, Owen stood up from the ground and glared at Carlisle with resentful eyes.

"I want to join Heath!" he insisted.

"Request denied!" Carlisle refused without hesitation.

Owen was la rebellious age. He wouldn't even listen to his parents, let alone anyone else.

Sunny, who stood behind him, felt the corners of his lips twitch.

Owen's words earlier were just empty talk!

Owen paused for a moment before he started choking up. "I think I can handle it!" he insisted. "You don't have to care about me!"

"Sure. Go ahead and fend for yourself. Carlisle changed his mind again.

Hearing that, Owen hesitated for a moment before striding straight to the door.

Since Heath had ten million on him, Owen figured he could make something of himself by joining Heath.

At this moment, Carlisle took out his phone and called Heath. He put the call on speaker mode.

"Boss?"

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"From now on, stop providing Owen any help!"

After saying this, Carlisle directly hung up.

"Carlisle, you're going too far!" Owen stopped in his tracks and yelled at Carlisle.

Carlisle shrugged indifferently. "Hit me if you can."

Owen was so furious that he clenched his fists. Even so, he knew he was no match for Carlisle. It would only bring trouble to pick a fight with Carlisle.

"Owie, trust Carlisle. He's doing this for your own good," Cameron whispered.

"Trust him? No way! He's not my dad; why would I need him to tell me what to do?" Owen stormed out in anger.

"I'll go check on him..." Sunny said, about to follow him when Carlisle stopped him with a frown.

"No need to bother."

Owen hadn't lived a difficult life before. Carlisle wanted to let him experience some setbacks in the outside world. He would surely come back one day.

After Owen went out, he immediately called Heath. However, Heath didn't answer any one of his calls,

"Fuck this..."

Owen hurled his phone onto the ground before taking out a cigarette, putting it in his mouth, and lighting

1. it.

Jean, who had just returned from playing card games outside, curiously asked, "Owen? What's wrong?"

"What's it to you?" Owen hissed and glared at her before storming out of the area.

Jean picked up the phone from the ground and went upstairs to see Carlisle.

When she saw Carlisle sitting in a chair emotionlessly, she asked, "Did you have a fight with Owen?"

"We had a little disagreement." Carlisle forced a smile.

Wrapped in a dress, Jean sat down on the opposite chair.

"You look like you're older than him. Why don't you give in a little?"

"He's at a rebellious age. The more you give in, the more he'll take m advantage of you. Letting him suffer abit outside might do him some good!"

Carlisle ended his words with a sigh. He was a bit worried that Owen might get into trouble..

After all, he had brought Owen up.

How could he face Owen's parents if something happened to him?

As he thought about this, Carlisle took out his phone and called Heath again.

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"Boss, I didn't answer his call!" Heath's voice came from the other end of the phone.

"You should go pick him up and bring him to your place," Carlisle mentioned.

"Okay. I'll have Ben meet him."

After ending the call, Carlisle sighed again. "If my child turns out like him, I'll probably have a brain hemorrhage from anger!"

Jean couldn't help but chuckle at those words

"You're still young. Aren't you thinking too far ahead?" she teased.

"It's late, Jean." Carlisle smiled. "Aren't you going to sleep?"

"What's wrong? Can't I sit here for a while?"

"I didn't mean that!"

"What did you mean, then? Are you trying to kick me out?"

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"Of course not! Have a seat anywhere, Jean."

The two of them chatted for a while. Perhaps Jean was feeling a bit tired, she yawned and said, "I have to go to sleep, Carl. Do you want to come to my place for a while?"

Carlisle complained with his lips pursed, "I'm afraid I won't even have my bones left if I go!"

"You brat," Jean scolded out of embarrassment

"What do you take me for?"

Although she usually liked to flirt with young men, she had never thought deeply about it. She only enjoyed seeing the blush on their faces.

Everyone had some kind of special preferences. Men like their women young, so what was wrong with her liking fresh-faced men?

Carlisle apologized sheepishly, "Alright, alright. My bad."

"Hmph, I'll forgive you this time. I'll castrate you the next time you get strange thoughts!"

Jean snorted and then left, swaying her hips like a belly dancer.

Carlisle merely wore a wry smile as he downed his cup of tea.

Suddenly, Sunny stood up excitedly from his chair and loudly informed, "Boss, we've got an important client who wants to contract all of our Legendary equipment!"

Hearing that, Carlisle raised an eyebrow, got up, and walked over to Sunny.

The computer screen displayed the chat history between Sunny and the client.

The client was very straightforward, promising to take all the mission materials and equipment above Rank Ten.

However, seeing the client's name on the screen gave Carlisle a headache.

It was Chaos Hero.

Wasn't this Zachary, who Carlisle defeated and won the Heavenly Sword from?

"I wonder if this client is legit or not. I wouldn't want him to stand me up!"

Sunny stuffed a cigarette into his mouth and lit it. He had just learned to smoke these past few days. He felt a bit out of place whenever he chatted with the boys without smoking.

Carlisle rubbed his chin, smiling. "We can trust this client. However, you can't let them know who we are."

Sunny looked puzzled upon hearing those words. "Why not? What if he wants to check our studio's qualifications?"

Carlisle showed a faint smile. "If he doesn't trust us, he can buy what he wants elsewhere. We'll never lack clients; we just need to find them slowly."

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"I see!" Sunny nodded in understanding. "We have the final say!"

Carlisle only nodded in agreement. He didn't tell Sunny about his conflict with this big client.

Sunny then returned to her seat and continued communicating with the client.

Meanwhile, Carlisle went to the second and third floors for a walk.

Since the Mystical Journey and God of Doom 2 leveling accounts were almost done, they would start making profits next week.

Around midnight, Carlisle went to sleep in the bedroom on the third floor.

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The next day at 9:00 am, Carlisle was awakened from his dream of kissing Wanda by the ringing of his phone.

"Ah, fuck..."

As Carlisle picked up his phone in frustration, he found it was a call from Logan.

"Mr. Zahn, did I disturb your rest?"

Today was the weekend after all. Logan thought that Carlisle would be sleeping in.

"No... Are you in Riverland now?"

"Why would I be in Riverland?" Logan asked in return.

"Aren't you going to register the company at the Secretary of State's office?"

"But it's the weekend!"

"Then why are you calling me?" Carlisle asked extremely annoyed. His beautiful dream had been shattered by this meaningless call.

"I just wanted to let you know that I overlooked this issue that day m Logan awkwardly mentioned.

"Okay. I'm hanging up now if there's nothing else. I want to go back to sleep."

Carlisle hurriedly hung up, wrapped himself in a thin blanket, and m continued sleeping. He tried to recall the

scene from his dream.

In a daze, he actually continued the dream he had just been in.

Cupping Wanda's cheeks, he was about to kiss Wanda when... His phone rang once more.

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Carlisle's beautiful dream shattered once again.

"Which idiot is disturbing my beautiful dream this time?"

He clenched his fists and pounded the bed twice, cursing himself for forgetting to enable silent mode on his phone.

Next weekend, he resolved to activate silent mode before going to sleep.

Picking up his phone, he saw that the caller ID read "Mother Dearest".

Carlisle felt a pang of frustration as he reluctantly answered the phone.

"Mom... Why are you calling so early?"

"You brat, what time is it? Are you still not up?" Hilda's scolding came through the phone. However, Carlisle could hear a hint of joy in her voice.

Curious, he asked, "Did something good happen? You sound happy."

Hilda joyfully exclaimed, "Yes, there is good news! Your father and I have been requested to work at Sentaur Molding Factory!"

Sentaur Molding Factory was one of the top companies in Rainville.

While other small factories only paid 400 to 500, Sentaur Molding Factory paid over 900 dollars a month, with the possibility of earning more through overtime.

Getting a job at Sentaur Molding Factory would elevate the Zahn couple's status in the village.

Carlisle suddenly sat up in bed, his tone serious as he declared, "Mom, please don't work at Sentaur Molding Factory..."

Yuriel mentioned last night that if Carlisle agreed to cooperate with him, he would help Carlisle's parents. get management positions at Sentaur Molding Factory.

-Carlisle thought that it was all talk. He didn't expect Yuriel to actually do it.

If Hilda and Gordon worked at Sentaur Molding Factory, Yuriel would have control over Carlisle. And when Carlisle's mobile phone company took off, who knew what Yuriel might have in mind?

Hilda retorted impatiently, "You brat, are you still half asleep? Do you even know how much the normal workers at Sentaur make?"

"Hayley made 985 dollars last month, and her husband made 12 hundred dollars. They want us to take management positions, with a guaranteed minimum of 16 hundred a month!"

Carlisle didn't know how he should feel about this.

"Mom," he sighed, "have you wondered why Sentaur is offering you such a high salary?"

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Hilda replied, "Of course, we've thought about it. Your father used to work at the water plant and had a good relationship with one of the department heads. Your father thinks it's probably that department head who helped us out."

Carlisle's lips twitched slightly as he asked, "Is Dad beside you?"

"He's here!"

"Please give him the phone," Carlisle said, thinking it would be better to talk to Gordon.

Carlisle knew who that department head was.

Back in middle school, Gordon had taken the department head, Shawn Jill, to dinner. Gordon also brought Carlisle with him back then.

At the dinner, there were also workers from the water plant. They made Gordon imitate a pig when they got drunk.

At that time, Carlisle thought it was just a game among adults. It was only later when he grew up that he realized they were actually bullying his father.

"Hey, Carl!" Gordon's voice was loud and filled with joy.

On the other hand, Carlisle's tone was serious. "Dad, do you really think it was that department head who

helped you?"

Gordon guffawed at those words. "Of course! Shawn and I have a gooch relationship, just the other day, he kept speaking up for me during the company downsizing."

Carlisle's nose tingled as emotions welled up inside him.

"Dad... You were already laid off before my college entrance exam, weren't you?

Why did you lie to us?"

The smile on Gordon's face gradually froze.

And since the phone was on speaker, Hilda also heard it. She could only stare at Gordon.

"What nonsense are you on, you brat? I was laid off just three days ago!"

Gordon's tone turned stern.

Hilda then forcefully slapped Gordon's arm, her eyes red.

"You're still lying even now! I've long suspected that you weren't working at the water plant. Since when

do state-owned enterprises work on weekends?

Gordon could only smile awkwardly before he demanded, "How did you find out, you brat?"

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"I'm smart, that's how!" Carlisle replied, pursing his lips.

Gordon let out a sigh. "Let's not talk about this anymore. I'll have a better job soon."

"But back to the main point," Carlisle continued. "Do you really think that department head would help you get such a high-paying job?"

"But I can't think of anyone who would do it besides him!" Gordon replied with a confused tone.

He and Shawn both started working at the water plant ten years ago.

Their relationship was good at first. However, Shawn started to distance himself after he got to his new position. In recent years, their relationship had become increasingly strained.

To avoid being kicked out of the water plant, Gordon would invite him to dinner now and then.

However, Shawn would use alcohol as an excuse to make things difficult for Gordon during the dinners.

In order to keep his job and support his family, Gordon had to swallow his pride and fulfill all of Shawn's requests.

Gordon thought that Shawn would help him during the layoffs this time. To his shock, his name was on the first list of layoffs.

Yet, today, the people from Sentaur Molding Factory wanted Gordon and Hilda to join as managers.

Gordon thought Shawn was helping him out after realizing his mistake. He even planned to give him a valuable gift once he settled into the new job.

However, Carlisle's words brought Gordon back to his senses.

Shawn had been trampling on his dignity for years; he would have been elated to see Gordon suffer, so how could he possibly help Gordon get a high-paying job?

Gordon reached under the couch cushion and pulled out a half-pack of Pall Mall cigarettes.

Just as he was about to light one stick up, Hilda slapped him on the face, reprimanding him, "You promised your son you wouldn't smoke. How could you smoke behind his back?"

Carlisle, hearing his mother's words, grew displeased.

"Dad, you don't keep your promises, do you? I'll start smoking too, then. There are plenty of smokers in my dorm!"

Gordon quickly responded, "No, I won't smoke anymore. Please don't start smoking!"

Hilda promptly confiscated Gordon's cigarette before returning to the conversation. "If it's not the department head, could it be Sylvester?"

Sylvester was Hayley's husband and Owen's father.

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Gordon shook his head. "Sylvester is just a team leader, and his salary is only 12 hundred dollars. How could he get us a job that pays 15 hundred?"

Hilda added, "Whoever it is, it's good enough as long as we can get the job."

However, Gordon didn't think so. He asked Carlisle on the phone, "Carl, why don't you want Mom and me to work at Sentaur?"

Carlisle didn't know how to explain it. He couldn't tell them about the conflict he had with the richest man in Riverland, could he? If he did, his parents probably wouldn't be able to sleep at night.

"Because I'm making money now. I can make sure you and Mom will live well!" Carlisle announced with confidence and pride.

Gordon chuckled at that. "Did you release some equipment in that game again?"

"Not really. I've opened a gaming studio here. I can probably earn tens of thousands each month. Isn't that more than enough to keep you and Mom comfortable?"

"Tens... of thousands?" Gordon stuttered, almost choking on his saliva.

Like buying the lottery, gaming equipment was just a matter of luck with very low odds of winning.

But when Carlisle said he opened a gaming studio and could earn tens of thousands each month, wasn't that akin to running a factory?

"Yup! I can easily make 20 to 30 thousand."

Knowing that it would shock his parents, Carlisle didn't tell them about his wealth of millions.

Moreover, this money was to be used for investment.

Gordon's mouth suddenly felt dry as he hesitatingly asked, "Carl... You're not doing anything illegal, are you? can you 'you really make that much money with something like that?"

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Hilda's expression was also one of astonishment as her heart thumped at irregular beats.

Her son had just gone to university, but he was now earning tens of thousands every month!

Even Sean's father who had been doing business for over ten years only made about 7000 or 8000 a month.

Hilda couldn't help feeling anxious about how Carlisle might be involved in something illegal.

At this moment, Carlisle insisted resolutely, "This is just the beginning. I can earn even more once I expand and strengthen the company."

Dragonaire Studio wouldn't be limited to mundane projects. With the smartphone era approaching, Dragonaire Studio could transition to mobile games.

Given Electronic Arts' size and influence, it wouldn't hurt them for Carlisle to preempt a few games, right?

"Carl," Gordon squinted skeptically when he finally calmed down, "You're not lying to me, are you?"

Hearing that, Carlisle complained, "See? You don't trust me again.

"Remember when I said I can get into Riverland University? You didn't believe me then, either. Do we have no trust between us even though we are father and son?"

"Hahaha!" Gordon was amused by Carlisle's words. "Alright! I believe you, Carl!" A smile finally appeared on Carlisle's face.

However, Gordon continued the next moment, "But I've still decided to go to work at Sentaur with your mother. We're still fit. It's better than sitting idle at home. No one complains about having too much money."

Carlisle's smile disappeared in an instant. He said anxiously, "Dad, why are you so stubborn? Let me tell you this. If you and Mom go to work at Sentaur, it might affect my business!"

Gordon was stunned. "H-How would it affect your business? You run a gaming studio, whereas Sentaur makes molds. There is no relation at all, right?"

"Geez, can't you just listen to your son?" Hilda rebuked, impatiently glaring at Gordon.

Gordon returned her a disdainful look. He knew how she would probably be more stubborn than himself if Carlisle hadn't said that last sentence.

"Alright, we won't go!" Gordon uttered, compromising as he was worried he would affect his son's career.

Right then, Hilda snatched the phone and asked, "Carl, you don't resent us, do you?"

Carlisle was puzzled when he heard that. "Why would I resent you and Dad?" "You know. About Wanda..."

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"You and Dad are not accountable in any way, Mom."

"But..."

"Mom," Carlisle interrupted, "I will take care of this."

Hilda suddenly asked then, "You're starting your own business to make yourself worthy of that lady, aren't you?"

Carlisle nodded in response. "Partly, yes."

After a moment of silence, Hilda encouraged him. "Keep it up. You have my support. I'm sure you will win over the girl you like one day, Carl."

Carlisle couldn't help but smile at those words. "I'll send you and Dad some money. If you're bored, you can open a small shop or a teahouse."

"Who asked for your money?" Gordon asked in a loud voice. "Keep it for yourself. We're not short on money anyway."

Hilda added, "You need money to start your business. We still have a lot of the money from the last celebration."

"Alright, then, That's about it for now. I have to get up," Carlisle said to his parents.

"Okay! Take care of yourself at school."

"Yeah, I will!"

"It's gotten colder these days. Remember to buy some warmer clothes for winter. Hilda began her role as the typical nagging mother.

Carlisle's pupils dilated all of a sudden.

Winter this year was, indeed, unusually cold.

Cascade State was also located in the southern region.

In the past, it rarely snowed during winter. And even if it did, it was usually just sleet.

But things were different this winter.

Almost every city and county in Cascade State would be blanketed by heavy snow, and the temperatures would drop to more than ten Fahrenheit.

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This era's meteorological department wasn't advanced enough to predict this snowy disaster. The heavy snow caused many industries to collapse, especially the aquaculture industry.

"Mom, I have something to do. I'll hang up now!" Carlisle blurted out and hung up without waiting for a response. He then called Lethan..

Lethan was also resting today. After being awakened by Carlisle's call, he asked in a voice dripping with annoyance, "Do you know that disturbing someone's sleep is like killing their parents?"

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"I have a money-making opportunity. Are you interested?"

"I'm wide awake now. Can we make tens of millions?" Lethan's spirit suddenly lifted,

"More like billions," Carlisle solemnly stated. "If things go well, we might make ten billion.

Lethan's heart thumped, and he immediately lowered his voice, asking, "Where are you? I'll come meet you!"

He firmly believed in Carlisle's words. Nowadays, there was high technology to monitor phone calls. To be safe, he didn't dare to discuss things with Carlisle over the phone.

Carlisle told Lethan his location before he hung up and got up to wash up. When he went to Team Legendary on the first floor, he saw Francis sitting by the window, drinking tea.

Francis' eyes were melancholic, his hair was disheveled, and he had stubble. Despite the messiness, he exuded a kind of rugged handsomeness.

A song called Lilac Flowers was playing on the phone on the table.

Seeing this, Carlisle sighed inwardly and went over to comfort him.

"The dead cannot come back to life. Please accept my condolences."

With a wry smile, Francis uttered in a hoarse voice, "Her grave is under the maple tree where we had our first date. We were surrounded by her favorite lilac flower... But she clearly liked roses!"

As he spoke, tears welled up in his eyes again.

Carlisle remembered the song about lilac flowers.

The lyrics were: "The flowers before your grave were the beauty you yearned for so much. Do you still feel lonely despite seeing them everywhere you look?"

Carlisle comforted him softly, "She must have planted lilac flowers in front of her grave in hopes of you seeing the flowers she liked when you visit her."

"That's what she wrote in her will. I regret it so much. If I hadn't been so impulsive back then, I could have accompanied her through those last few years. Chapter 198

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"Renee said Rebecca was in so much pain when she passed away... Even when she was barely conscious, she kept calling my name!"

The more Francis spoke, the more agitated he became. Tears streamed down his chin and fell onto his chest.

People said real men don't cry easily, but that was only until they were truly heartbroken.

Francis, who had been in the army for several years, was definitely as tough as a nail. However, he was crying like a child right now.

Carlisle felt a prickling sensation in his eyes.

He took a few tissues from the tissue box on the coffee table and handed them over. "Here. Wipe your tears. Do you want to go back and spend some more time with her?"

Francis took the tissues, wiped away his tears, and shook his head.

"No... I need to make money. I need to fulfill her unfulfilled wishes."

Hearing that, Carlisle asked, "What other wishes did she have?"

Francis whispered, "She wanted to build a school in her hometown and pave the road with asphalt so that the road with the children who were left behind wouldn't have difficulty going to school anymore."

Rebecca was such a kind woman. Unfortunately, fate had other plans.

Carlisle couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

Francis quickly composed himself then. "I'll go get some rest. Call me anytime if you need the car."

Carlisle nodded in response, saying, "Just rest well."

Francis went to rest in one of the bedrooms.

Meanwhile, Lethan arrived before Carlisle could even finish his cup of tea.

He was wearing a white shirt that was neatly tucked into his pants.

m There was an Ly bext around his NO waist, with a bunch of keys hanging from the buckle and a bulging wallet under his armpit.

"Damn, you started a game studio, too?" Lethan fanned away the smoke with his wallet, looking

disdainful. "Can you make money with just a few computers? Hown about I invest five million, and we start a game development company?"

## Chapter 199

"Damn, who's this dude? Why is he talking so big, throwing around five million like it's nothing?"

"He's bluffing, isn't he?"

"If you're going to brag, at least plan out something better."

"Hey, he's Lethan Warbane, the chairman of Riverland's largest clothing factory. He's worth at least 100

million!"

Hearing that, Sunny glared at the employees. At the same time, he couldn't help but admire Carlisle.

Had Carlisle's reputation grown to the point that Lethan himself came to visit?

Lethan walked over to Carlisle and looked at the shabby, cigarette-burnt second-hand couch. He hesitated to sit down.

Carlisle smilingly asked, "Shall we move to a different place to talk?"

As Lethan came from a wealthy family and had been pampered since childhood, he naturally couldn't stand the environment here.

Carlisle hadn't thought this through. He should have arranged to meet at a cafe.

"Did you pick this couch up from a garbage dump?" Lethan finally sat down, albeit reluctantly.

If Carlisle, now a multi-millionaire, could sit on it, why couldn't he?

Carlisle smiled and explained, "We didn't have much money when we started, so having a couch to sit on was already good enough for us."

Soon, Sunny came over with two cups of coffee for them.

Lethan blinked at Carlisle. "Have you considered what I said earlier?"

He was convinced that Carlisle's business would definitely make money. Starting a game development company with five million wouldn't be a bad idea.

"Starting a small studio is just a small-scale operation. It can make some money, but if you want to make big money, forget it. If you really want to invest, I don't mind!" Carlisle grinned.

"I won't invest, then. I'll stick with you and explore other business opportunities. Tell me about the thing you mentioned on the phone earlier!"

Lethan took out a box of high-end cigarettes from his pocket and lit a stick. "You're still young, so I won't offer you a smoke."

"Build a greenhouse and get into aquaculture!" Carlisle uttered just seven words.

Lethan's hand that held the lighter froze for a moment. He didn't light it and left the lighter and the cigarette on the table.

Chapter 199

With a puzzled expression, he asked, "The aquaculture market is already saturated. Isn't getting into aquaculture a dead end? Besides, Riverland has a unique climate. We don't need greenhouses at all."

"What if we have heavy snow this winter?" Carlisle stared at Lethan with a sly smile.

Lethan was left speechless.

What if? How could there be so many "what-ifs"?

The probability of it being one in ten thousand could be completely ignored.

Besides, even if it snowed heavily, it was unlikely to pierce through the bottom of the lake, right?

The water had different temperatures in different seasons.

In summer, the temperature at the bottom of the water was lower than the surface temperature, allowing fish to move at the bottom.

By winter, the temperature at the bottom of the water was higher than the surface temperature. Even if the lake froze over, fish could still live at the bottom as long as it wasn't frozen through.

The aquatic ecosystem wouldn't be greatly affected.

Carlisle could tell that Lethan was speechless. It was as if he had just pulled Lethan over for a joke.

Carlisle blew gently on his coffee and took a sip once it had cooled a bit.

"Sometimes, I really wonder if you're an adult who came back to your youthful days. I've lived for over 30 years and have never seen a university student as mature as you!" Lethan exclaimed.

without getti After waiting for so long an explanation from Carlisle, Lethan felt somewhat frustrated.

Carlisle was even leisurely sipping his coffee, looking so mature and composed that it was almost.

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Taking another sip of his coffee, Carlisle put the cup down and pretended to be mysterious as he asked, "Do you know what geomancy is?"

## Chapter 199

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## Chapter 200

Lethan was momentarily stunned, then his face turned dark as he asked, "Why are you talking about that mythical stuff again?"

"I predicted that there will be a cold wave this year." Carlisle sighed with a worried expression.

His demeanor didn't seem like an act at all.

"What?" Lethan sat up straight, his eyes wide with disbelief. "Are you serious?"

Carlisle had already surprised him by uncovering the affair between Quinn and John. He even predicted Riverwatch District's development, which earned him millions.

Now, bringing up metaphysics didn't seem so far-fetched.

"Do I look like I'm i I'm joking with you? I'm worth over 100 million. Would I be doing this if I had time?" Carlisle rolled his eyes.

Lethan gulped at that. "Tell me about my marriage, then!"

Carlisle's mouth twitched.

Why was Lethan even asking about his married life? With his wealth, he could have any woman he wanted!

Carlisle took another sip of his coffee before replying flatly, "I'm here to talk to you about a collaboration. If you're in, great. If not, I'll find someone else."

"Of course, I'm in! Even if you said you wanted to fill the ocean or tile the Statue of Liberty, I'd still cooperate without hesitation!" Heath exaggerated.

Carlisle raised an eyebrow at those words. "Why do I feel like you're trolling me?"

"Trolling" you? What do you mean?" Lethan didn't understand Carlisle's use of trendy internet phrases.

"Never mind." Carlisle shook his head. "Let's talk about how we can collaborate."

Lethan's expression became serious.

"I'll go get a map," Carlisle informed.

There was a map of Cascade State hanging in Carlisle's master bedroom.

Carlisle went to the bedroom, brought back the map, placed it on the coffee table, and picked up a pencil before pointing at Cascade River,

"Cascade State is one of the top four provinces in the country in terms of annual fishery output value. Cascade River, the largest river in Cascade State, branches out into eight cities.

"65 percent of Cascade State's aquatic products came from Cascade River. The cold wave will affect Cascade River's aquatic ecosystem.

"Now, we need to buy Cascade River and the fish from other aquatic businesses in advance.

Chapte 200

Lethan pinched his nose bridge. "How cold does this cold wave have to be to affect the river's ecosystem?"

He felt conflicted. As much as he wanted to believe Carlisle's words, he also felt that Carlisle was being too far-fetched.

Carlisle continued, "I plan to build greenhouse complexes in Cascade State's 13 cities. With three in each city, there will be a total of 39 complexes.

"Since we have very little time left, we need to speed up the company's construction. The construction cost will be high because of that. I estimate that we will need to carefully invest around three billion."

"Three billion is nowhere near enough," Lethan mentioned as he picked up his cup and sipped his coffee.

He continued, "Cascade State's total fishery output value in 2003 was about 9.7 billion. The end of the year is the peak season for fishery sales, accounting for at least 30 percent of the total output value.

"We need to invest at least ten billion. Three billion will be used to build the greenhouse complex ecosystem, and seven billion will be used to buy fish!"

"Can you get that much investment?" Carlisle asked with a smile.

"No... No one else other than me will believe your words."

Lethan took another sip of his coffee before continuing, "However, can ask Shania to invest. We can put in four billion, and with your two billion, we'll have a total of six billion.

"I'll ask Shania to think of other ways; she has a few pursuers who are quite e wealthy. Maybe she can bring

in the rest of the investment!"

However, Carlisle said, "I can only invest one billion."

Lethan protested, "What about the other billion? Are you planning to use it for another business?"

Carlisle nodded and admitted, "I need some investment for my mobiler phone factory.

Lethan looked at him with a conflicted gaze then.

"Will your mobile phone factory really make a profit?"

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