

Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell

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"What do you mean by saying I handed in an empty paper? I'm just that capable! The essay question was too easy," Carlisle said with confidence.

Gordon also knew that his son would not have handed in an empty paper. He had noticed the changes in his son throughout the past month.

"Then, how many marks do you think you'll get?" Gordon asked nervously.

Although he had never taken his SATS, he knew that the highest score for the SATS was 1600 and that the essay held a large portion of the marks.

"I think I could easily get a 85% score," Carlisle said as he slipped his hands into his pockets.

Immediately, the parents around him looked at him in disdain.

"I'm being serious with you!" Gordon exclaimed as his lips twitched. Every parent's dream was to see their child become an outstanding student. He was no different.

He would thank the gods if Carlisle managed to score 60%. Yet Carlisle claimed he could score above the

85% mark.

"I'm not joking with you either!" Carlisle smiled in exasperation.

He had studied the essay theme for a month. With his experiences in both lives, the essay title, "Variety is the spice of life" would allow him to score.

He also doubted he made any major mistakes on the other questions.

"Carlisle, your father has always been an honest man. Why can't you just follow in his footsteps?" One of Gordon's colleagues teased with a smile.

"Nothing I say will make you believe me. Just watch what happens when the results are out!" Carlisle said calmly as he glared at the man.

He no longer had the energy to fight with unimportant people. He would have to prove them all wrong.

when the results were out.

Carlisle continued to complete the following exams within an hour. He came out looking relaxed as he stuffed his hands into his pockets.

Gordon was speechless as he stood there and smoked his cigarette.

Then, he decided to accompany Carlisle to lunch before heading out to find another part-time job.

By now, most people knew that the boy who had come out within an hour was his son.

A few of the nasty middle-aged women were conversing and talking nastily about his son. He felt uncomfortable and sad when he heard them!

In the afternoon, Carlisle waited for Sean.

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"Carl... My wonderful and amazing Carl! From today onward, I shall worship you," Sean said excitedly, pulling Carlisle into a bear hug and squeezing him twice.

"Fuck off! Don't be disgusting." Carlisle said as he pushed Sean off of

"Oh. Mr. Zahn is here!" Only then did Sean notice Gordon. He smiled at Gordon as his face flushed red.

Gordon smiled and walked forward.

Sean held Carlisle by the shoulders and said excitedly, "Carl, the essay title was Variety is the spice of life. 'I think I can get a high score for my essay this time!'"

The requirements to enter a high-tiered university were written in black and white. A single mark difference could also cause one to lose the opportunity to study in his dream school.

"Good luck. Let's all work hard to get into Riverland University!" Carlisle said as he playfully punched Sean in the arm.

Sean pursed his lips and said, "I don't have any high hopes for Riverland University. I'll be happy with just entering a Tier 2 University.

Although Sean had frequented the cybercafe, he wasn't behind in his studies, Carlisle's hard work for the past month had also enticed him to study.

"Oh, right. Have you seen Wanda?" Carlisle asked out of the blue.

"Nope. Why are you suddenly asking about her? Are you two..." Sean suddenly smiled wickedly.

"Stop overthinking. I was just asking," Carlisle said as he rolled his eyes at Sean.

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Gordon had ordered a few dishes for them to eat. He had ordered a salad, a plate of lasagne, and some grilled chicken.

Soon, Gordon left after they filled their stomachs.

Carlisle realized his father was in somewhat of a daze. It seemed like his father was still worried about his results.

Carlisle had another two papers in the afternoon.

Like before, Carlisle had finished the papers within an hour and left the exam hall with his hands in his pockets.

He did not have to worry about anyone mocking his father since his father had already left.

The weather in the afternoon was great.

There were a few reporters from the Riverland TV Station. A reporter immediately dragged the cameraman toward Carlisle when they saw him come out.

"Hello. Are you the student who keeps finishing their papers within an hour?"

"You're right. That's me!" Carlisle said, feeling a little awkward.

It was just an exam. Why were there reporters here?

Too bad he had no interest in being an influencer. Otherwise, he could have become a great influencer with the exposure.

"Can I conduct an interview with you?"

"Sure!"

"Did you focus on answering all the questions within the hour of your exam? Did you decide to give up and stop answering after spotting too many difficult questions?"

"I did answer all of them correctly. I handed my paper in early because those questions were relatively easy. So, I finished them quickly.

"I felt bored sitting in the exam hall, so I decided to leave and get some fresh air," Carlisle said confidently,

"Can I ask you an unrelated question? Did you hurt your face due to your arrogance? Did someone beat you up as they couldn't stand it anymore?" the reporter asked with a smile as disdain flashed across their eyes.

The reporter's questions managed to cause all the surrounding parents to laugh. It was clear that the reporter was insulting Carlisle.

"The injuries on my face were due to a bike incident this morning!" Carlisle answered calmly.

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"Oh! That was careless of you. You should slow down and be careful the next time you ride your bike!"

"Thank you," Carlisle said impassively.

"Were the questions for today's exam tough for you?"

"It was easy. Why would I be able to finish within an hour if it was hard?" Carlisle said with a smile.

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Since they believe he was faking it, he would persist till the end.

The reporter continued to ask, "Then, could you give me your number? I would like to continue our interview once the results are out!"

"Of course. I can give you my father's number!"

It was still normal for kids his age to go without phones.

The reporter quickly scribbled down Carlisle's number into a notebook.

The reporter wanted to continue their interview after the results were out to see how Carlisle would break down before the camera after receiving his results Carlisle had just finished his interview when Lucy rushed toward him with Christine in tow.

There were a few men with document bags beside her. It looked like they were from the police station.

"Are you Carlisle Zahn?" One of the men asked with a smile.

"That's me."

It was the man he had fought with this morning.

"I don't know him!"

"Do you really not know him? Or are you just pretending?" The officer questioned solemnly.

"I did fight with him this morning. Does that count as knowing him?" Carlisle asked calmly.

The officer narrowed his eyes. Why was he so calm?

Something was wrong with how calm he was.

The officer took a deep breath and said, "Could you please come with us to the station?"

Carlisle nodded. "Sure!"

Carlisle and Christine were brought to a police car. Lucy had also followed along.

After a series of questions, Carlisle explained everything that had happened in the morning.

aren't close friends.

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Carlisle finally understood what was happening.

The police were suspicious that he was related to the fat man due to his knowledge regarding the incident from his past life.

"Christine has a poor family background. She usually walked to school often ended up late! Today is our SATS. I was worried she would not make it to school in time. So, I wanted to go over and fetch her."

Carlisle's brain had worked quickly to think of a perfect and logical explanation for why he went to meet Christine.

The policeman and his colleagues relaxed slightly after hearing Carlisle's explanation.

After talking to a few people, they also understood that Christine was often late to class. Her teacher knew about her circumstances and had never punished her for it.

Lucy left the police station with Carlisle and Christine.

Christine's expression was deathly pale.

The police officer had just told her that the man from this morning was an extremely perverted rapist. He had assaulted five women in three years.

Due to the lack of surveillance cameras and his ability to avoid being captured, the police had failed to arrest him for three years.

The consequences would be horrifying if Carlisle had not arrived in time.

Lucy was also terrified when she heard what had happened. She held onto Christine's hands and said, Christine, you'll have to be more careful and alert in the future!"

Christine was still frightened by the whole ordeal. She could only nod as she felt something being stuck in her throat.

Lucy then turned to look at Carlisle and showered him in praise.

"Carlisle, you did well. I'm so proud to have a student like you. I'll return to the school and request that you receive an award for your bravery. I want everyone to know how courageous and kind you are!"

He had gotten injured because he had fought with a seasoned rapist. However, Carlisle had told everyone that he had gotten the injuries from a bicycle accident.

He was trying to hide his good deeds!

In the past, Lucy had always been disappointed in Carlisle's behavior.

Now, she looked at him as if he was her own son.

"It is cowardly to see what is right and not to do it. Being courageous has always been an important value

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within our society.

"It shows our integrity as a nation, and we should embody that as a citizen of our country. Our country has given us the opportunity to receive education.

"That's why we should hold onto our country's beliefs and influence our society. That way, we can make our country a better place." Carlisle's words came from the bottom of his heart.

Lucy's gaze sparkled as she turned to look at Carlisle with respect and s Back then, Carlisle would always sleep during lessons and skip school just to go to a cybercafe.

Now, he was one of the top-performing students in her class. How could he change so much in a month?

Christine's gaze shone with an unknown emotion after hearing Carlisle's words.

She suddenly seemed to have thought of something as her face flushed red. She looked down at her toes.

Lucy used her own money to treat Christine and Carlisle to a meal. Then, she booked a room for Christine in a hostel nearby.

It was still bright outside, so Carlisle had planned on riding home. But he ran into Sean on his way out.

"Carlisle, where did Mrs. Turner bring you and Christine?"

"To the police station!"

"What the heck? Did you cheat or something?" Sean asked as his eyes widened in shock.

But then, he scratched his head and said, "That's not right. I don't think getting caught cheating would lead you to the police station. Am I wrong?"

"Do I look like I need to cheat?" Carlisle glared at Sean and explained to Sean what had happened.

Sean burst into laughter as he listened to Carlisle's story. He said, "To me, you deserve full marks for your creativity!"

"What do you mean?" Carlisle didn't understand what Sean was trying to say,

"Your imagination is wild. You should write your own novel since you have such a vivid imagination." Sean believed that Carlisle was trying to fool him.

"Fuck you. Believe what you like!" Carlisle smiled as he kicked Sean.

Sean turned around to dodge and put his arm around Carlisle's shoulders. "I saw an arcade when I went out to eat just now. Let's go and play at the arcade."

"Do you not plan on going home tonight?"

"What are you talking about? I've already booked a hostel for two. You'll stay with me tonight!"

Then, the two of them head over to the arcade together.

His youth would only last so long. He decided he would enjoy his youth now that he had been reborn.

They played in the arcade until midnight before returning to the hostel to sleep.

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On the last day of exams, Carlisle continued to finish the exam within an hour, Many parents would turn to look at him with disdain every time he left the exam hall. No one believed that he would do well and get admitted into college.

Of course, Carlisle did not put those parents' gaze to heart. He had alren juten used to their stares in two days.

However, Carlisle had not seen Wanda once. But he did see Sarah twice.

a Sarah had been acting very cold toward him. She didn't even spare him a glance.

Carlisle bought a can of Coke and a bag of chips as he sat on the seat by the park..

Sean had already exited the hall. Yet Wanda was nowhere in sight.

The Rainville Beta High School had two entrances. There was a high chance that Wanda had left the school through the other exit.

Carlisle sighed in exasperation. It seems like he would only be able to meet her at Riverland University.

"Hey, Sarah. Take a look. Carlisle is waiting for you!" Sienna said as she left the school with Sarah.

Sarah immediately used her hands to hide her face. She was furious when she said, "Can you please don't mention him to me? Do you not know how infamous he's been for the past two days?"

She didn't want people to know that she knew Carlisle, nor did she want them to know that Carlisle was waiting for her. Otherwise, people might think that they were friends or something more.

After all, he had finished all of his exams within an hour.

Sarah had been in the same examination hall as Wanda. How could Carlisle finish his exams within an hour if even Wanda could not?

He probably gave up after finding the questions too difficult.

If nothing unexpected happens, she will lead a different life from Carlisle.

Sienna stuck her tongue out and said, "We're all classmates here. Do you really not plan on seeing him.

now that our exams are over?"

"Didn't you notice I've ignored him for the past two days? He might think he has a chance if I continue to humor him!" Sarah exclaimed with a smile.

Sienna nodded with understanding.

Carlisle couldn't hear their conversation. But he could see the sympathetic look Sienna was giving him.

To Carlisle, Sarah was probably being a narcissist, as usual. He shook his head.

Soon, Sean left the school and headed straight to Carlisle. "Carl, were you waiting for me?"

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"What do you think?" Carlisle was not going to admit that he was waiting for Wanda.

He threw his empty chip bag into the trash and downed his Coke. Then, he smiled and said, "Let's go and play The Mystical Journey!"

The Mystical Journey would gain high popularity in the next two years.

Carlisle had spent all his money on pleasing Sarah in his past life. He de play such games.

ave enough money left to This time, he wasn't playing those games for the sake of playing. He had planned on earning some money through the game.

There will be an increase in esports teams in the future, iture. He wanted an head start and to earn some money from that industry.

"Where's the fun in playing such a game? It's expensive and boring.

"Do you want to earn money through playing games?"

"Of course. Why would I keep farming my stats in

of swords for five hundred dollars! The Heavenly Sword might even earn me five figures!"

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Sean immediately became interested when it came to making money.

Which guy didn't dream of playing games and making money at the same time?

After a moment of contemplation, Carlisle shook his head and said, "The drop rate for the rare.

equipment, Judgment, was too low, and their value depreciated rapidly.

"The Judgment could sell for five or even six figures in 2002. Last year, it could still fetch four figures. But this year, it's down to three figures!

While speaking, he stood and stared straight at Sean, emphasizing each word. "Besides, when I talk about making money, I mean making big money!"

Players of The Legendary Tale should know that in 2002, the first server of The Legendary Tale was sold for over 300 thousand dollars.

At that time, 300 thousand dollars was more than enough to buy a 2000 square feet house in the town.

"Making big money..." Sean muttered to himself. "How much do you mean by big money?"

Carlisle held up one finger.

"Ten thousand?" Sean swallowed hard.

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In this era, where the average salary was less than one thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars was indeed a significant sum.

However, Carlisle shook his head slowly.

Sean's throat felt even drier, "100 thousand?"

Carlisle shook his head again and said, "Let's start with a small goal. We'll aim for a million!"

A million!

A small goal!

These two phrases circulated in Sean's mind continuously.

After a while, Sean finally came to his senses. He reached out to feel Carlisle's forehead, then his own. He muttered, "Do you have a fever? Or is it me?"

A million?

And that was considered a small goal?

How could Carlisle dare say such things?

It was good to have dreams. But the dream had to be somewhat grounded in reality.

Sean's ran his own business and made only 30 to 50 thousand yearly. Chapter 75

It would take 20 years to make a million.

"Forget it. There's no point in explaining further now. You'll understand later!"

Carlisle couldn't be bothered to explain. However, he understood Sean's skepticism.

Had it not been for his rebirth, anyone saying such things to him would have seemed like a fool.

After the two agreed to meet at their usual spot to surf the internet, they went their separate ways to go home.

Carlisle went upstairs after he locked his bike downstairs. Just as he reached for the door, he heard Hilda sobbing.

"If he fails the exam, he can simply retake it. He's only 18 now. Repeating for a year will only make him 19!"

Word of Carlisle's deeds had reached her ears.

Like others, they also believed that Carlisle hadn't taken the SATS seriously due to immense pressure.

Gordon lit a cigarette and puffed out smoke. He said, "I'll talk to him when he gets back. If he's really not interested in studying, he can pursue a skill!"

"I still think it's better to repeat the year!"

"If he can't get into college, will you be able to raise your head when we return to the village to visit?" Hilda lowered her head and wiped away her tears.

Gordon took a deep drag of his cigarette. With a loud voice, he said, "What do you to raise you mean by not being able to raise my head? How many college students are there back in the village?"

Gordon's mood soured due to Carlisle's situation. In frustration, he raised his voice.

Hilda was startled and trembled slightly.

With her eyes reddened, she shouted, "Are you still unaware of your brother's and sister-in-law's characters?"

"In no time, they almost belittled you to the point of humiliation. And you don't even dare to stand up to them?"

After being yelled at by Hilda, Gordon's face dropped into silence.

Hilda added, "I don't care. If our son doesn't make it to college, I'll have him repeat the year, even if it means selling pots and pans!"

As he stood outside the door, Carlisle felt a pang in his heart after hearing his parents' argument over him.

His parents held high expectations for him, but he had disappointed them in his previous life.

Not getting into college must have

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made his parents very upset. Yet, they always wore a cheerful m demeanor around him.

"Mom, Dad, I'm home!" Carlisle called out as he pushed the door open.

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"Hurry up and wash your hands for dinner. I'll get you a serving."

Hilda smiled and walked into the kitchen.

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When Hilda turned around, she discreetly wiped her tears away.

Witnessing this, Carlisle felt another pang in his heart. He clenched his fists.

In his heart, he vowed that his parents would be proud of him when his SATS results were released.

At the dining table, Gordon took out the unfinished wine he had served Gerard!

ime.

"You're an adult now, and you've finished your SATS. Have a drink with your old man!"

"There's beer in the fridge, so just drink beer. Why are you drinking wine?" Hilda glared at Gordon with annoyance. Then, she walked to the fridge and grabbed a bottle beer.

The father and son drank together, chatting intermittently.

Gordon didn't mention a word about Carlisle's entrance exam.

After a few drinks, Gordon suddenly asked, "Son, if you don't pass the exam, are you planning to retake it or pursue a skill?"

To Gordon, it was necessary to have a good talk with Carlisle even though this question would hurt his pride.

Carlisle drank half a glass of beer. He replied confidently, "There's no ifs. I'll pass for sure!"

Gordon stared at Carlisle with slightly reddened eyes. Seeing his son's confident expression, he swallowed the rest of his words.

Gordon raised his glass and said heartily, "Let's not talk about it anymore. Let's drink,"

"You two, take it easy on the drinks," Hilda said with her head lowered as she sipped the tomato soup.

After Carlisle finished his beer, he announced, Dad, I've made plans with Sean to play basketball!*

Gordon waved his hands. "Go ahead. Youngsters should stay active!"

"I might stay over at his place," Carlisle added.

Gordon asked, "Won't you be disturbing his family?"

"No. His parents are usually at the store!" With these words, Carlisle left the house.

Hilda sighed softly and set her spoon down. "He's probably going with Sean to surf the internet!"

"The SATs are over, let him be. He's not a child anymore!"

Gordon munched on some nuts.

Although they had revised with Carlisle all this time, they weren't strict with him.

In fact, they even pampered him.

Chapte Before Carlisle, they had another child.

Tragically, that child was taken away just a month after birth.

During that time, their world was veiled in darkness.

In this era of limited information, it was almost impossible to find the person who took the child away.

When Carlisle was born two years later, they poured all their love into their son.

Meanwhile, Carlisle rode his bike to an abandoned grain center.

As soon as he locked his bike, someone tapped him on the shoulder from behind.

"Hey, Carl..."

Carlisle turned to see a boy about his age. The boy had a cigarette behind his ear. His hair covered almost half of his face.

It was Kade Zimmer, Hayley's son. He was expelled in the second year of high school due to fighting.

Later, he was transferred to a vocational school.

In Carlisle's memory of his previous life, Xavier would impregnate a female classmate the next semester, Thus, he would be expelled from school again.

In the next few years, Kade would hang out with delinquents and m neglect his studies. Eventually, he would

receive a six-year prison sentence for multiple robberies and causing injury.

Despite all this, Carlisle harbored no ill feelings toward Kade. In fact, he admired him.

One day, about three years later, Gordon got drunk and got into a conflict with someone.

The other party threatened to teach Gordon a lesson with a bunch om gangster's Kade immediately called a group of his friends to help out.

Fortunately, Gordon became scared and vehemently opposed any escalation to violence.

"You ran out of money for the internet again, right?" Carlisle asked as he pocketed his bike keys..

In his previous life, Kade had shown kindness to Carlisle's father.

In this life, Carlisle would change Kade's future and steer him away from prison.

"How'd you guess?" Kade chuckled, scratching his head.

"If you had money, would you be standing outside?"

Kade faked a cough. "Money's been tight lately. Is Sean coming?"

"No need to wait for him. Let's go, I'll treat you to the internet. But next time you get caught, don't use me as a cover again."

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Kade frequently got caught surfing the internet and always used Carlisle as his cover.

As a result, Hayley harbored many negative opinions toward Carlisle.

Their last encounter almost led to a fight between Hayley and Hilda.

"Okay, Carl. I promise not to betray you anymore." Kade walked into the inter over Carlisle's shoulders.

fe with his arm draped As they entered, they were greeted by the scent of athlete's foot, cigarettes, and microwaved meals.

However, for regulars at internet cafes, these odors were hardly noticeable.

The internet cafe was divided into two floors. Each floor was equipped with more than 30 large computers.

The first floor bustled with activity. Numerous elementary and high school students occupied each.

computer.

In this era, smartphones had yet to emerge, and cell phones had just begun to circulate. Thus, computers were considered a novelty.

Computer games were especially favored among teenagers.

"Boss, is there any space upstairs?"

Carlisle took out a few ten-dollar bills from his pocket.

The internet cafe's owner was a thin man and had a cigarette in his mouth. He tilted his head and glanced at the pair. "How many do you need?"

"Three."

The internet cafe was crowded as it was the summer vacation. Carlisle was concerned there wouldn't be any space later, so he reserved one for Sean in advance.

"We've got two upstairs. One will be available downstairs in ten minutes!"

"Great. Three computers for the whole night!"

"That will be 50 bucks!"

"The price went up?" Carlisle was taken aback..

Usually, surfing the internet costs a dollar per hour. Even for an entire night, it was only six dollars.

It was 8:00pm now. Three computers until midnight would have cost 12 dollars. For the whole night, it would have been another 18 dollars. Shouldn't it have been 30 dollars?

Even with a price increase, it shouldn't be this outrageous, right?

"Take it or leave it." The internet cafe owner's attitude was somewhat rude.

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It was summer vacation, and there were only two internet cafes in Rainville. He wasn't worried about having no business at all.

Carlisle took out another 20 dollars from his pocket. "Kade, get three cans of Coke."

The owner accepted 60 dollars and gave him four dollars in return.

Kade faked a cough. 'Carl, can you lend me these four dollars? I want to get a pack of cigarettes...

"Smoking is harmful to your health. Avoid it if you can," Carlisle politely rejected Kade.

The kid wasn't even 18 yet. Carlisle had to lead him to the right path.

"Never mind if you don't want to lend money to me. So stubborn."

Kade's expression shifted swiftly, like pages turning book. After he handed Carlisle the two cans of Coke, he headed to his computer to wait.

"Boss, are there any computers left?" Sean pushed the door curtains aside and entered, panting.

"There's no-" The owner didn't even bother to look up at Sean.

"I've already set up the computers. Let's go! Carlisle handed a can of Coke to Sean.

"Damn. Why are you here so early?" Sean looked at Carl in surprise.

"I have nothing to do after dinner, so I came early, Carlisle explained casually.

The duo went upstairs together.

The ceiling on the second floor was low, and the space was cramped! Even with four fans blasting at full e

speed, it still felt like a sauna.

The two available computers weren't next to each other. Sean graciously e
offered the cleaner one to

Carlisle.

Once the computers booted up, Carlisle skillfully clicked on the penguin icon on the desktop.

He entered his username and password, then pressed the enter key.

"Ding ding ding"" echoed from the computer.

As soon as he went online, the penguin icon flashed. Carlisle clicked on the penguin icon.

It was a message from an account named "Goldfish memory.". This was Christine's MSN messenger

username.

"Carlisle, are you free tomorrow? I want to treat you to a meal!"

"Sorry, I'm busy tomorrow!" Carlisle quickly typed a reply on the keyboard.

He knew that Christine wanted to thank him for saving

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At this age, when emotions were budding, he had saved Christine from the tragedy. However, he couldn't stop her from having wild ideas.

Carlisle decided it was best to keep his distance from Christine since his heart nged to someone else.

There was no response from Christine for a long time. He assumed she probably went offline. It wasn't easy for her to access the internet as she didn't own a phone or computer, Closing the pop-up window, Carlisle navigated his "Friend's List" and located Sarah in a separate group.

Sarah's MSN messenger username was "Fallen Angel".

It had been over 40 days since he last messaged Sarah. And within those 40 days, she had not replied to any of his messages.

But Sarah had a phone and was always online.

He resisted the urge to remove Sarah from his list after a moment of hesitation. Instead, he added her to a class group..

"Carl, go online. Let's play The Legendary Tale!" Sean shouted from across the room.

"You go ahead," Carlisle replied. He opened the class group and found the MSN account of the group admin, "Frosty Gal. He clicked to add her as a friend.

It was Wanda's MSN username.

Besides Sarah, this was the second female classmate Carlisle had added on MSN, He waited ten minutes and had no response. Then, he opened The Legendary Tale to reminisce about his youth.

"Sean, where are you? I'll come to you."

Carlisle played the role of the Wizard. His current rank stood at 42, nearing the highest rank of 47, Meanwhile, Sean's Warrior role had already reached rank 45. Despite his high rank, he lacked equipment and struggled to make an impact in the guild.

"I'm at the Demon Valley with some other guild members. You play on your own for a while!"

Sean stared straight at the computer screen. His hands were constantly on the mouse and keyboard.

Feeling a bit restless, Carlisle decided to join the fight against the Death Lord in Demon Valley.

The Demon Valley had just been launched this year. There was a high chance for the Death Lord to drop at Judgment.

This had drawn a significant player base to Demon Valley.

As soon as the Death Lord respawned, hordes of players swarmed over.

Carlisle casually killed several Skeleton Monsters and left the battlefield.

With his subpar equipment, he couldn't withstand the attacks from those affluent players.

Carlisle lost interest after he played for a while.

He returned to the main server and logged off. He then proceeded to open the official website of The Mystical Journey.

In his previous life, a coworker often spent his spare time immersed in The il Journey With two computers and ten accounts, he made over ten thousand dollars a month.

It was noteworthy as that was in 2016 when The Mystical Journey had already lost a large number of its players The game was at its peak from the year 2002 to 2005.

Although it was 2004 now, there weren't many professional gold farming teams.

As the popularity of computers grew in the future, the decline of the gaming industry gradually led to the decline of game account farming.

The Mystical Journey, God of Doom 2, and Legends of Fiery Passion were the three most popular games. now. They could still make some money in the next two years.

Carlisle went downstairs to the toilet and then took a stroll around the internet cafe.

After a quick survey, he noticed there were about 20 people playing Legends of Fiery Passion, ten playing The Mystical Journey, and another ten playing God of Doom 2.

The rest played MapleStory and other single-player games. These three games were certainly still mainstream.

Carlisle bought a bottle of water and then found someone playing The Mystical Journey to join him.

Initially, he planned to have Sean join him. But Sean became too excited as soon as he started his game.

Around one or two in the morning, Kade shamelessly asked Sean to borrow three dollars to buy a microwave meal.

Sean slapped ten dollars on the table.

"Grab one for me and Carl. Use the rest to buy yourself some water!"

"Sure thing." Kade went downstairs happily with the money.

In no time, he returned with two steaming boxes of microwave meals.

By then, the person who played The Mystical Journey with Carlisle had already left.

Sean switched to the computer next to Carlisle.

The two teamed up to take on the Death Lord in the Demon Valley.

Chapte

"How's it going? Any luck with equipment tonight?" Carlisle asked casually between bites.

"Not even a strand of hair, let alone a skill book!" Sean replied irritably.

Carlisle squinted his eyes. "When om things don't go as expected, o m something's probably off. I'm logging ve in

now. We'll tackle the Death Lord together later!"

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Chapter 29

Sean became suddenly energized. He quickly finished his microwave meal in just a few bites. Then, he logged back into his account.

The two of them teamed up and ventured to the Zuma Shrine to kill monsters.

Sean's Warrior took the brunt of the attacks while Carlisle's Wizard inflicted damage from behind.

Both had mediocre equipment, and Sean's health bar was nearly depleted several times.

Fortunately, timely healing sustained him through the ordeal.

After an hour of relentless effort, they finally defeated the Zuma High Priest. Unfortunately, the Zuma High Priest only dropped two skill books.

"Damn! What's going on today? Is the game glitched? I've been playing The Legendary Tale for over a year and never encountered this situation!"

Sean's eyes were bloodshot. He grabbed his hair in frustration.

Sean wasn't alone in his agitation. Many players in the public chat voiced similar complaints.

The drop rate for equipment today seemed unusually low.

Suddenly, Carlisle stared at the screen and said, "Sean, there's a Zuma up ahead in the upper left corner that's almost dead."

On the screen, a rank 47 Warrior battled a red Minotaur.

The Warrior's health bar was dangerously low.

Sean glanced at the screen, and his gaze narrowed. "That's a member of the Wolf Clan."

Any player of The Legendary Tale would recognize this guild.

The Wolf Clan, also recognized as The Hungry Wolves, emerged in early 2004.

Within only five months, it earned a reputation as the most ruthless guild.

Bathing the game world in blood, the pack of wolves howled in the Red Desert. Through the trials of life and death, they stood united as the Wolf Clan.

The Wolf Clan boasted over 70 thousand members, with over ten thousand online at any given time.

They were undeniably one of the dominant forces in the game.

Currently, the Wolf Clan was ranked second. They showed potential to surpass the top guild, Braggs.

"You're not thinking of robbing him, are you?" Sean shivered.

His guild, Makers of Chaps, held the eighth rank.

Considered a scrub in his guild, Sean lacked the courage to offend members of the Wolf Clan.

"I don't belong to a guild anyway." Carlisle rarely came to the Internet cafe since he started to pursue Sarah. He had already left his guild at the end of last year.

Even if he defeated the leader of the Wolf Clan now, they wouldn't be able to find him.

"I'll go check downstairs." Sean's heart raced.

He went downstairs and saw that all players of The Legendary Tale were asleep. So, he returned upstairs and stood behind Carlisle to block the camera.

The internet cafe owner was also a player of The Legendary Tale. Sean feared Carlisle took a deep breath and directed his character to charge forward.

exposed by him.

The Warrior from the Wolf Clan was named Lone Wolf. He sported a full set of Holy War gear with terrifyingly high attack power.

Two years ago, this set of equipment could fetch a sky-high price in version 1.5 of the game.

Even now, it was still considered top-tier equipment, although the price had dropped significantly.

Carlisle loitered around, killing small monsters nearby.

When the Minotaur's health dropped to one-tenth, Carlisle launched a sudden attack. He hurled Infernal Blast and Hell Thunder at Lone Wolf.

However, these two skills didn't inflict much damage on Lone Wolf.

"Damn. Are you asking for death?" A message popped above Lone Wolf's head.

Ignoring him, Carlisle unleashed several high-level skills at Lone Wolf once more.

While Lone Wolf hurriedly healed himself, Carlisle cast Frost Palm and e
Annihilation Fire.

Simultaneously, the Minotaur landed a blow on him.

Lone Wolf's health bar was instantly depleted.

Carlisle approached the Minotaur and continued to unleash his skills.

Three minutes later, the Minotaur was defeated.

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Chapter 30

Chapter 30

A massive, rare sword suddenly appeared.

“Heav—Heavenly Sword...”

Sean’s legs went weak as he gripped the chair with both hands. His eyes bulged in disbelief.

Carlisle’s body quivered with excitement. He was so excited that he even forgot to retrieve the equipment.

“Damn. It’s the Heavenly Sword?”

The internet cafe owner, who had just come up from downstairs, dropped the cigarette from his mouth onto his chest. Despite being a heavy spender in the game, he had only heard rumors of the Heavenly Sword and never witnessed it himself. The trio breathed heavily. Their eyes widened in awe.

“Hurry—Hurry up and grab it, then log off!”

The internet cafe owner was the first to react. He spoke with a trembling voice out of excitement.

Carlisle snapped out of his daze and quickly seized the Heavenly Sword. He then used a Town Portal Scroll and logged off the game.

Carlisle’s excitement couldn’t be contained, even after having his second chance at life.

The Heavenly Sword was top-tier equipment, even rarer than the Judgment. The first sighting of a

Heavenly Sword on the entire server dated back to 2002.

Even two years later, the Heavenly Sword remained as scarce as dinosaurs.

“We're going to be rich! Carl! We're going to be rich!” Sean, who had regained his senses, vigorously shook Carlisle’s shoulder. The internet cafe owner gazed at the two students before him coldly.

The current value of the Heavenly Sword was easily over 100 thousand dollars. If he wasn’t the owner of

this internet cafe, he might have resorted to underhanded means to obtain it.

At such a price, it wouldn’t be surprising for someone to resort to theft or even violence.

*Sean, I’m exhausted. Let’s head home first!” Carlisle rose from his seat and shut down the computer.

Sean was wide awake, buzzing with excitement. He nodded eagerly. “Alright! Let’s go!”

The owner of the internet café took out a pack of cigarettes. He offered one cigarette to Sean and another to Carlisle. Grinning, he displayed a mouthful of yellow teeth and asked, “Boys, are you planning to sell this Heavenly Sword?” Carlisle accepted the cigarette. The internet cafe owner hurriedly took out his lighter to light Carlisle’s cigarette.

To appear unfazed, Carlisle held the cigarette between his fingers and took a drag.

He had learned to smoke from Sean a year ago. Exhaling a cool plume of smoke, he fixed his gaze on the Internet cafe owner. “What's your offer?”

The internet cafe owner didn’t respond right away. Instead, he lit his own cigarette and took a few drags.

“The value of legendary equipment depreciates rapidly. Last year, it fetched 100 thousand. But this year, it's probably around 50 to 60 thousand.”

“Bullshit.”

Like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, Sean shouted loudly. “Do you really think we don’t browse the forums? Several guilds are offering over 100 thousand for the Heavenly Sword!”

Sean's outburst startled several teenagers sleeping on the second floor, who woke up abruptly. "Heavenly Sword?" "Where's the Heavenly Sword?" asked a groggy young man in his twenties with dyed hair.

"Who's spreading rumors? Where did this Heavenly Sword come from?" The internet cafe owner retorted with a laugh, then shot Sean a fierce glare.

This Internet cafe owner had been around the block for a few years. He was covered in tattoos on his arms and neck. Just a glance from him was enough to intimidate Sean. Sean took a couple of weak steps toward Carlisle.

The internet cafe owner turned to Carlisle with a smile. "Shall we continue this talk downstairs?"

"Sure, let's go," Carlisle agreed and followed the internet cafe owner downstairs.

The owner brought the pair into his bedroom. The air conditioning felt like a fealing woe! shiny machete

was laid on the floor in the corner. The content is on

Sean was visibly nervous, constantly swallowing saliva. Carlisle, on the other end, appeared very calm.

This street already had surveillance cameras installed. Carlisle assumed that the internet Cafe owner wouldn't dare do anything rash. The content is on

Besides, the internet cafe had over 60 computers, amounting to more than 100 thousand dollars. The content is on

As he observed Carlisle's calm demeanor, the Internet cafe owner held him in even higher regard. He pulled out two stools, "Have a seat. I'll get some drinks for the both of you!"

As the two sat down, the internet cafe owner exited the bedroom. Sean immediately asked nervously, Chapter

Carl, do you think this guy will try something?"

Carlisle shook his head. "Unlikely. His internet cafe is worth more than 100 thousand!"

Sean breathed a sigh of relief and asked, "Then how much do you plan to sell it for?"