

# Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell

## Chapter 211

"I'll buy your company for 55 million. Your dad can even remain as the chairman," Carlisle continued.

He meant to use 50 million to purchase the company, with the remaining five million to retain Ryan.

As Daniel had said earlier, Terrence had stolen Ryan's research papers. This proved that Ryan was an expert in the semiconductor field.

Thus, spending five million dollars to retain a promising expert like Ryan was an excellent deal for Carlisle.

"Carl, are you sure you're not joking?"

Daniel's voice trembled as his eyes reddened.

Carlisle took his phone out and navigated to the bank balance notification. Then, he showed it to Daniel, whose eyes widened at the sight of the nine-digit figure.

Certain he was dreaming, Daniel slapped himself. The stinging pain on his face confirmed that he was not.

So, Carlisle had over two hundred million worth of assets. Even the wealthiest young man in Riverlands, Yuriel, could not come up with that amount.

Seeing Daniel in a daze, Shane became curious about what was displayed on Carlisle's phone. He peeked over to see, but Carlisle had already put away his phone.

Carlisle asked, "Do you believe me now?"

"I believe you."

Daniel snapped back to reality. His gaze at Carlisle had changed. There was newfound fervor, reverence, and respect.

"Carlisle, if you don't mind, I'd like you to become my godfather! Daniel joked as he extended his hand.

"Call your dad and discuss the matter with him first."

Carlisle dipped a piece of French fry in mustard before chewing it.

"Okay!"

Daniel immediately called Ryan. However, the call did not go through.

Daniel became anxious.

"He'd typically immediately answer the call. What's going on with him today?"

Carlisle frowned, muttering, "Could he be thinking of doing something rash while under too much pressure?"

"Damn!"

Daniel was shocked and took off running out of the restaurant.

Carlisle took a wad of bills from his pocket and placed it on the table.

"Shane, settle the bill. I'm going to check on Daniel!"

The two of them sped down the stairs. Carlisle then led Daniel to Francis' car.

"Xenos Factory in Cedarbrook!"

Daniel frantically gave the company's location.

Francis gripped the steering wheel as he accelerated to the maximum speed. After all, Daniel's home in Cedarbrook was over 37 miles from Riverlands.

It was pitch black at Xenos Factory in Cedarbrook.

A shirtless middle-aged man sat on the top floor of the eight-story building. Next to him was a nearly empty bottle of liquor and a barely touched plate of braised meat.

He was the chairman of Xenos Factory, Ryan, one of the leading semiconductor experts in the country.

It was not an exaggeration to say that over 30% of the domestic m unbranded phones used processors developed by Xenos Factory's technology.

The latest processor they developed was comparable to Nexus om Instruments' OMAPXX10 processor. However, Terrence had stolen his research papers and preemptively filed several patents.

Six months ago, Wind Corporation launched that processor. Within half a year, it had surpassed Xenos Factory significantly.

Under Wind Corporation's suppression, Xenos Factory had accumulated massive debts and was on the brink of bankruptcy.

This was Ryan's third time on the rooftop contemplating suicide, He had chickened out the previous times. But that day, he refused to retreat.

Ryan finished the last drops of his liquor and stood up shakily.

He gazed at the pitch-black sky and murmured, "Terrence, I will continue to haunt you after my death!"

"Dad!"

Just as Ryan was about to leap off, a black car crashed through the retractable gate and sped toward him.

Francis executed a perfect drift and stopped the car right in front of the entrance of the building. Carlisle and Daniel then exited the vehicle.

Daniel yelled up toward the rooftop. "Dad, come down!"

Ryan's body stiffened.

He slowly opened his eyes and gazed at Daniel on the ground, saying, "Daniel, I'm so tired!"

He was 50 million in debt and had no way to repay it. The company had to be sold, but no one was willing to take over. The court was about to enforce its judgment, and Ryan did not have the courage to face the situation.

Daniel noticed that Ryan had been drinking. Thus, he did not dare to continue yelling to avoid agitating him further.

Instead, he spoke gently, "Dad, this is my classmate, Carlisle. He wants to take over the retain you as the chairman. Could you please come down first?" company and Ryan gazed at Carlisle and laughed bitterly. He thought Daniel was being very naïve. He felt that Daniel should have brought an adult along if he wanted to deceive him.

"Daniel, you've grown up so much. I've been so useless. I couldn't give you a good future. I've let you and your mother down!"

Ryan choked as tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Dad, please calm down. Everything I've said is true. Carl has money. He has two hundred million!"

Daniel was so frightened that he was trembling.

He turned to Carlisle and pleaded, "Carl, please tell my dad I'm not tying to him!"

Carlisle raised his head and shouted, "What's the point of jumping off?"

Daniel shuddered. He had no idea what Carlisle was up to. Carlisle was supposed to help him advise Ryan, not tell him off.

It would be all for nothing if Ryan became agitated and jumped.

"Your debt will be passed on to your Daniel's shoulders.

con. Even if you die, the 50 million dollars worth of debt will fall on

"It'll be over for you once you're dead. But what about your son and wife? Your family? How will they survive? Don't you want to take revenge on Terrence? Even if you're dead, he will still laugh in his dreams!"

Carlisle put his hands in his pockets as he shouted, his voice echoing through the empty building.

Ryan clenched his fists on the rooftop. He detested Terrence and wished he could destroy him. But he could not seek revenge in his current state.

"Don't be foolish. Death won't solve anything. It's the act of a coward. Daniel isn't lying to you. I will purchase your company.

"If I'm lying to you, may I be struck by lightning as soon as possible!"

Carlisle swore upon his life to reassure Ryan.

Daniel's eyes welled up with tears of gratitude.

"Carl, thank you!"

But he ignored Daniel and kept his eyes fixed on Ryan.

Finally, Ryan took a few steps back from the edge.

Carlisle had already made his points, and most of them were true.

Ryan thought Carlisle was right. Death would not solve any problems. Ryan had not even seen Daniel start

his own family yet.

He could not die now.

Seeing Ryan retreat made Daniel relax.

Ten minutes later, Ryan looked despondent as he exited the building.

"Dad!"

Daniel ran up to hug Ryan.

"I was so foolish!"

Ryan patted Daniel's back and sighed. They embraced for a moment before parting.

Ryan then awkwardly turned to Carlisle and said, "Young man, thank your, Ryan Scott, owe you my life!"

Carlisle's words earlier had hit home, alerting Ryan of his foolishness.

"Then, you must repay me well!"

e Carlisle replied with a smile. Are you really going to buy my company?"

### Chapter 213

Ryan still had some doubts.

After all, the young man appeared to be the same age as his wn son, likely just 18.

"Let's discuss this in your office," Carlisle sald, sounding too exhausted to elaborate further.

The most convincing evidence would be to place the check on Ryan's desk. However, he wanted to better understand the company before doing so.

Ryan brought them to his office.

Daniel pulled out a chair for Carlisle, saying, "Carl, take a seat."

Carlisle settled into the chair without hesitation. Meanwhile, Ryan occupied his own desk.

With a smile, Carlisle extended his hand and said, "Let's reintroduce ourselves. I'm Carlisle Zahn, the new chairman of Riley Phones."

Daniel looked at Carlisle in astonishment.

"Wait. He's the chairman of a phone company?" Daniel muttered to himself, processing the name.

While he hadn't heard much about Riley Phones, his admiration for Carlisle remained undiminished.

As Daniel gazed at Carlisle in astonishment, he couldn't help but wonder, "Carl's a billionaire, leading a phone company, and still in his first year of college. How on earth had he accomplished so much at such

a young age?"

"Riley?"

Ryan shook hands with Carlisle. His expression shifted at the mention of Riley Phones.

The company was supposed to be his client, but they had suddenly backed out and partnered with Terrence instead.

"Yeah, I acquired Riley Phones, Carlisle replied nonchalantly.

He sat and asked, "Do you have any issues with Riley?"

"Not really." Ryan shook his head.

"We were discussing a collaboration, but they backed out and teamed up with Terrence instead. Can't blame them, though. I saw it coming when Wind Corporation launched their new processor."

Carlisle didn't dwell on the topic further. Instead, he glanced at the display case behind Ryan.

"May I take a look at your processors?"

Behind Ryan's chair was a display case with several processor models.

"Of course..." Ryan replied, reaching into the display case to retrieve his latest developed processor.

The processor was rectangular and housed four different types of chips along with numerous electronic components.

"This processor is getting close to Nexus Instruments' new OMAP1710, consuming even less power. The only thing we're missing is their advanced packaging technology," Ryan said, sounding proud as he leaned back in his chair.

Nexus Instruments was a big name in the chip Industry. Most Nokia phones were using their chips.

Daniel scoffed.

"Carl doesn't know anything about the OMAP1710. Why are you telling him this?"

Ryan shot Daniel a look.

\*Do you really think Carl is clueless like you? If he's in the business of making phones, he definitely knows his stuff about processors!"

Carlisle was indeed familiar with the OMAP1710 processor. It was presently a hot commodity in the smartphone market.

Running at an ARM frequency of 220 MHz, this upgraded processor was poised to dominate the multifunctional phone market for the next three years.

Moreover, it could even support the Symbian system.



Carlisle was surprised to learn that a processor of this caliber was being produced domestically.

He couldn't understand why such an important project wasn't receiving support from the government.

Adding to his confusion, he noticed that high-end domestic phone m brands weren't opting for these processors.

In fact, Carlisle had never even heard of these two companies.

It dawned on Carlisle that Ryan might have connections at Nexus Instruments.

"This processor just isn't good enough," Carlisle said, handing it back to Ryan.

At Carlisle's critique, Daniel's expression subtly shifted.

His father was usually reserved and had a good temperament. But Ryan ButRyan could lose his cool regarding criticism of his processor.

Daniel looked nervously at his dad and saw him staring hard at Carlisle.

"Dad... Please, don't get angry," Daniel cautioned.

"Carl just saved your life!"

## Chapter 214

Worried his dad might use the ashtray in anger toward Carlisle, Daniel swiftly moved it away from Ryan's hand.

With the company relying on Carlisle's help, Daniel made sure to prevent any potential conflict.

Then, Ryan changed his tone, saying, "My processor works with almost all phones out there. I've seen Riley Corporation's products. Trust me, they'll work great with my processor."

Despite his bold claim, he secretly doubted that Riley Corporation's phones could even come close to matching his processor's capabilities.

Ryan thought that perhaps Daniel had a point. Carlisle didn't seem to grasp much about phones, let alone processors.

At that moment, Carlisle took out his phone and called Hank.

"Boss..." Hank's hoarse voice came through the phone.

Carlisle casually asked, "Could you send me our smart system concept book?"

"To your

"Yeah."

Messenger inbox?" inquired Hank.

After ending the call, Carlisle got up and turned to Ryan, asking, "Do you mind if I use your computer?"

Ryan stood up from his chair to accommodate him. Carlisle then opened the computer, logged into his MSN messenger account, and accessed his email. Ryan hovered behind Carlisle, peering over his shoulder at the computer screen.

As Carlisle refreshed the inbox, Hank's email appeared promptly. He clicked to open the attachment. Inside was a comprehensive manual detailing the functions of the Smartphone's smart system. The document also included designs for the phone's appearance and user interface.

These designs were crafted based on Carlisle's descriptions.

However, the feasibility of bringing them to life depended on the manufacturing capabilities of the hardware. Hank's cleverness was evident from his extractions of the core technology from Carlisle's descriptions.

Carlisle stood up and said, "Mr. Ryan, take a look at these blueprints. I'm curious if your processor can handle powering my phone."

With that said, he settled back in and took a sip from his cup.

"My processor can handle Nokia and Motorola, let alone your obscure phones," Ryan shot back.

He grew increasingly irritated with the incessant provocation from someone barely older than his son.

Daniel chimed in, urging. "Come on, Dad, Give it a chance before you judge."

He wouldn't have easily trusted Carlisle before. But ever since he saw Carlisle's bank balance, he had not reason to doubt him now.

Ryan narrowed his eyes at Carlisle, asking. "Are you playing games with me, or are you genuinely interested in buying my company?"

"If you're just here to comfort me on behalf of my son, then consider your mission accomplished."

With a resigned sigh, Carlisle retrieved a checkbook from his pocket and wrote a 55 million-dollar check.

It was worth noting that at that time, 55 million would be of equal value to five hundred million in the next ten years or so.

Ryan and Daniel both widened their eyes simultaneously, their expressions nearly identical.

Carlisle tore off the check and casually slid it across the table with a smile.

"You might be skeptical about the legitimacy of this check, but you're welcome to verify its authenticity."

With decades of business experience under his belt, Ryan could easily distinguish between real and fake.

checks.

He flicked the desk lamp on and inspected the check under its glow.

"Dad, Carl really has two hundred million. I'm not joking, Daniel insisted.

He was slowly feeling frustrated by his father's skepticism.

Daniel worried about the consequences if they upset Carl, and he backed out of buying the En company.

Carlisle remained calm and showed Ryan the bank text messages on his phone.

As Ryan scrolled through the notifications of balance changes his eyes widened dramatically upon seeing over 20 transactions from Islo Clothing transferring funds.

He looked up at Carlisle and asked, "What's your connection to Lethan?"

Islo Clothing had transferred 180 million dollars to him.

Ryan couldn't help but wonder if Carlisle could possibly be Lethan's illegitimate child.

## Chapter 215

Ryan thought about it and felt it couldn't be right. Lethan was only in his early 30s. Even if he had an illegitimate child, the child couldn't be that old.

"We're just business partners, Carlisle said with a smile.

"Then who are your parents?"

Anyone who could partner with a business mogul like Lethan must be of considerable standing.

Carlisle was losing patience.

"Do I really need to go into all this with you?"

It was just a business deal, yet Ryan was prying into his personal life.

"Carl Daniel glanced anxiously at Carlisle, then back at his father.

"Dad, Carl's already written the check. What else do you want?"

Ryan took a deep breath and settled into his chair, focusing on the document on his computer screen.

"Multi-touch screen interaction functionality!"

The first feature alone hooked Ryan instantly.

He was stunned as he read through the three pages describing this concept. The idea of launching phone. apps by simply touching the screen seemed straight out of science fiction.

While touch screens were not unheard of, they were mainly used in imported CNCquipment.

However, the concept of applying touchscreen technology to phones baffled Ryan. No phone manufacturer had even considered it yet.

As Ryan examined the diagrams of the phone models, he couldn't help but be impressed by the full-screen design.

The document ran over hundreds of pages. As Ryan sifted through it, he couldn't help but visualize operating a full-screen phone.

After flipping through nearly 20 pages, Ryan felt like his entire outlook had been shaken to its core.

His heart pounded, his breath quickened, and excitement surged through him. Compared to this revolutionary phone, those big-name brands on the market seemed like ants.

"Dad... You don't look too good. Are you feeling unwell?"

Noticing his father trembling with a pale face, Daniel couldn't help but feel concerned.

Ryan shook his head and gestured to his son.

"Daniel, could you step outside for a moment?"

Daniel appeared cautious.

"I'm not leaving. I'm worried you might lose your temper, and things could get physical.

Ryan's lips twitched with a mix of amusement and exasperation:

"I won't lose my temper. Just step out for a bit, I need to discuss something important with Carl."

Daniel furrowed his brows, hesitating as he glanced at Carlisle.

Carlisle nodded reassuringly.

"Go on, Daniel."

Daniel reluctantly rose from his seat.

Casting a watchful glance at his father, he urged, "Keep your cool!"

After delivering his message, he left the office, leaving the door slightly open behind him.

Outside, Daniel remained vigilant, prepared to step in if things got out of hand between his father and Carlisle.

Inside the office, Ryan lit a cigarette and then spoke in a low voice, "This phone you're proposing will revolutionize the entire era. Who's the genius behind this design?"

Carlisle brushed it off, saying. "That's not your concern. I just need you to develop the chip I want."

Ryan chuckled and shook his head, "I can't do it. It would be challenging to produce even with the most. advanced technology from Nexus Instruments. It's at least two years out of reach."

The phone Carlisle envisioned was too powerful. It required a chip with computer-level capabilities to achieve all its functions.

It was like turning a phone into a miniature computer.

And not to mention, even if chip development were possible, then current phone components on the market wouldn't meet the requirements of this phone.

Carlisle smiled nonchalantly.

"I just want you to explore this direction. I'm not asking for immediate results."

"1

He knew how challenging chip development could be.

Even powerhouse companies like Ember; their first processors were based on CRM chip technology.

Both companies were global tech giants that had dominated the tech era since the 90s and were expected to thrive for decades to come.

All smart chip manufacturers would need to license architecture technology from CRM in the future.

Ryan did a quick cost estimate and looked at Carlisle.

"Do you know how much investment it would take to develop the chip for this phone?"

## Chapter 216

"No matter, I will make it happen no matter how much money it takes. Whether it's ten billion or a hundred billion..."

Determination was written all over Carlisle's young face.

He was dead set on succeeding in the smartphone industry, no matter how difficult it would be. With memories from a past life, he felt a duty to give back to his country and people.

He even planned to establish a real estate company to develop Wenninson town in Caulitorna, in preparation for the inevitable disaster four years later.

From Carlisle's expression and words, Ryan sensed a solid determination to succeed at any cost.

Hence, even as a newcomer to the mobile phone industry, he opted to take a bold leap.

"Also... your phone needs a 3G network to really shine, but our country isn't even considering it yet."

Ryan lit another cigarette. He was convinced Carlisle's plan to create this phone was simply unrealistic.

"Don't worry about that. Just focus on developing the chip," Carlisle replied calmly as if he had everything under control.



Although the current era was dominated by 2G, numerous countries were already transitioning to 3G.

The Ministry of Industry and Information Technology (MIIT) planned to save costs by skipping the 3G phase and moving directly to 4G.

It wasn't until smartphones became widely adopted in the country that the MIIT issued 3G licenses in

009. 2009.

The establishment of 3G signal stations took several years.

Just as the 3G network became prevalent, the MIIT issued 4G licenses in 2013.

The advent of the 3G network marked the true onset of the Internet era.

If smartphones had been developed earlier, the 3G network would have been established sooner.

However, one would need a considerable reputation to advocate for the issuance of 3G licenses.

So, Carlisle had to make a big name for himself within two years to have the social capital to negotiate with the MIIT.

"You're the boss now, so it's your decision!"

Ryan still doubted Carlisle could pull it off, but since Carlisle had already bought the company, it was no longer Ryan's decision to make.

Ryan reviewed the project proposal on his computer again and asked, "How much do you know about this chip? Can you go over the details with me?"

Carlisle checked the time. It was already late, but he wasn't tired since he'd taken a long nap in the afternoon.

Smiling, he said, "It's pretty late. I don't mind, but-"

"Don't worry about me. I'm used to late nights," Ryan interrupted.

"Alright. I'll tell my driver to take a break," Carlisle said, pulling out his phone to call Francis.

Ryan left to send Daniel out for drinks, alcohol, and snacks.

The lights in the chairman's office at Xenos Factory stayed on all night.

Carlisle explained the features of future smartphones, while Ryan, like an eager student, wrote down almost everything Carlisle said.

Before they knew it, it was already 10:00 am the next day.

Carlisle finished the last bottle of water and looked at Ryan, who was still full of energy.

"Mr. Ryan, do you have any more questions?" he asked.

Ryan looked at Carlisle with a complex expression.

"You've told me so much. Aren't you worried I might run off with these ideas?"

This chip was revolutionary. Once developed, it would drive significant technological advancements.

Carlisle gave a slight smile.

"What do you think of Motorola and Nokia?"

Ryan thought for a moment before replying, "They're giants."

Both companies were leaders in the phone market with long histories and vast influence.

Facing them felt like a kid going up against a giant.

Carlisle continued, "They are powerful. But if we develop this m En phone, surpassing them is just a matter of time."

"Wow..."

Ryan couldn't help but take a sharp breath.

He thought Carlisle was absolutely right-foreign technology was far more advanced.

Most of the current local high-tech products were imported.

Nokia and Motorola held nearly 60% of the global mobile phone market.

If anyone else had said that, Ryan would have dismissed them as crazy. But his opinion changed since it was coming from Carlisle.

After their long conversation the night before, Ryan had gained a fresh appreciation for Carlisle. His perspective had been thoroughly shaken.

So, he believed that what Carlisle was suggesting was entirely possible.

Ryan took a gulp of his now lukewarm tea.

He cleared his throat before speaking earnestly, "But you must mentally prepare yourself.

"Developing this chip will require a huge investment, and there's no guarantee of success."

"Where there's a will, there's a way. I believe we'll make it! Don't worry about the money. If we need more, just let me know anytime."

Carlisle naturally understood the difficulties of developing a chip from-scratch.

And once the chip was developed, dealing with the intricacies of lithography machines would be another challenge.

Orion only established their chip company that year, but it wasn't until 2009 that they came out with their first chip.

To put it into context, Orion was already achieving 15 billion in annual sales four years ago.

Yet, even with that kind of success, it took them five years to develop a chip.

As for the investment, it was an incomprehensible sum.

But they built everything from scratch, doing it all on their own.

In contrast, he was at least giving Ryan a roadmap for chip development.

In fact, Carlisle had considered sharing the chip development direction with Orion.

If he were to reveal the concept and functionalities of future chips to Orion, it would be like giving them a head start-they'd be able to develop it in no time.

However, that also meant giving up his hold on the mobile phone market.

"We're strapped for cash at the moment. The 50 million you provided will barely cover our bank debts. I Chapter 220

want to reserve the remaining five million to bring in a few old allies..."

Ryan had several friends in the chip development industry. But they were all working for a company.

overseas.

Carlisle figured Ryan's contacts were probably at TI, so he grinned and said, "Sure. Once the company is officially in my name tomorrow, I'll inject some funds into it."

It wasn't that he doubted Ryan-after all, he had already divulged the core secrets of the chip-but it never hurt to be cautious.

"Okay, it's getting late. We'll head to the business registration office together tomorrow," Ryan said, his eyes betraying a hint of sadness.

Having to hand over a company he'd worked hard on for over 20 years wasn't something he'd be thrilled about.

"Alright. I'll head back to sleep," Carlisle said.

Despite picking up on Ryan's reluctance, Carlisle needed to secure control of Xenos Factory.

He felt that if Ryan performed well, he could always give him some shares later.

Carlisle left Xenos Factory. He was about to call Francis when he spotted ke him smoking across the street.

Francis looked well put together as if he'd had a haircut recently it recently He wore a crisp white shirt, black trousers, and polished dress shoes.

Carlisle crossed the street and approached the car, smiling.

"When did you get the haircut?"

Francis smiled faintly.

"Last night. Do I look good?"

Carlisle nodded with a smile and then got into the car.

Francis drove them back to Riverland.

In the car, he glanced at Carlisle through the rearview mirror andm asked, "Did you end up acquiring that semiconductor company too?"

## Chapter 218

Chapter 220 Ryan couldn't help but take a sharp breath. He thought Carlisle was absolutely right-foreign technology was far more advanced. Most of the current local high-tech products were imported. Nokia and Motorola held

nearly 60% of the global mobile phone market. If anyone else had said that, Ryan would have dismissed them as crazy. But his opinion changed since it was coming from Carlisle. After their long conversation the night before, Ryan had gained a fresh appreciation for Carlisle. His perspective had been thoroughly shaken. So, he believed that what Carlisle was suggesting was entirely possible. Ryan took a gulp of his now lukewarm tea. He cleared his throat before speaking earnestly, "But you must mentally prepare yourself. "Developing this chip will require a huge investment, and there's no guarantee of success." "Where there's a will, there's a way. I believe we'll make it! Don't worry about the money. If we need more, just let me know anytime." Carlisle naturally understood the difficulties of developing a chip from-scratch. And once the chip was developed, dealing with the intricacies of lithography machines would be another challenge. Orion only established their chip company that year, but it wasn't until 2009 that they came out with their first chip. To put it into context, Orion was already achieving 15 billion in annual sales four years ago. Yet, even with that kind of success, it took them five years to develop a chip. As for the investment, it was an incomprehensible sum. But they built everything from scratch, doing it all on their own. In contrast, he was at least giving Ryan a roadmap for chip development. In fact, Carlisle had considered sharing the chip development direction with Orion. If he were to reveal the concept and functionalities of future chips to Orion, it would be like giving them a head start-they'd be able to develop it in no time. However, that also meant giving up his hold on the mobile phone market. "We're strapped for cash at the moment. The 50 million you provided will barely cover our bank debts. I want to reserve the remaining five million to bring in a few old allies..." Ryan had several friends in the chip development industry. But they were all working for a company overseas. Carlisle figured Ryan's contacts were probably at TI, so he grinned and said, "Sure. Once the company is officially in my name tomorrow, I'll inject some

funds into it.” It wasn’t that he doubted Ryan—after all, he had already divulged the core secrets of the chip—but it never hurt to be cautious. “Okay, it’s getting late. We’ll head to the business registration office together tomorrow,” Ryan said, his eyes betraying a hint of sadness. Having to hand over a company he’d worked hard on for over 20 years wasn’t something he’d be thrilled about. “Alright. I’ll head back to sleep,” Carlisle said. Despite picking up on Ryan’s reluctance, Carlisle needed to secure control of Xenos Factory. He felt that if Ryan performed well, he could always give him some shares later. Carlisle left Xenos Factory. He was about to call Francis when he spotted him smoking across the street. Francis looked well put together as if he’d had a haircut recently. He wore a crisp white shirt, black trousers, and polished dress shoes. Carlisle crossed the street and approached the car, smiling. “When did you get the haircut?” Francis smiled faintly. “Last night. Do I look good?” Carlisle nodded with a smile and then got into the car. Francis drove them back to Riverland. In the car, he glanced at Carlisle through the rearview mirror and asked, “Did you end up acquiring that semiconductor company too?” The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

## Chapter 219

Chapter 220 Ryan couldn't help but take a sharp breath. He thought Carlisle was absolutely right—foreign technology was far more advanced. Most of the current local high-tech products were imported. Nokia and Motorola held nearly 60% of the global mobile phone market. If anyone else had said that, Ryan would have dismissed them as crazy. But his opinion changed since it was coming from Carlisle. After their long conversation the night before, Ryan had gained a fresh appreciation for Carlisle. His perspective had been thoroughly shaken. So, he believed that what Carlisle was suggesting was entirely possible. Ryan took a gulp of his now lukewarm tea. He cleared his

throat before speaking earnestly, “But you must mentally prepare yourself. “Developing this chip will require a huge investment, and there’s no guarantee of success.” “Where there’s a will, there’s a way. I believe we’ll make it! Don’t worry about the money. If we need more, just let me know anytime.” Carlisle naturally understood the difficulties of developing a chip from-scratch. And once the chip was developed, dealing with the intricacies of lithography machines would be another challenge. Orion only established their chip company that year, but it wasn’t until 2009 that they came out with their first chip. To put it into context, Orion was already achieving 15 billion in annual sales four years ago. Yet, even with that kind of success, it took them five years to develop a chip. As for the investment, it was an incomprehensible sum. But they built everything from scratch, doing it all on their own. In contrast, he was at least giving Ryan a roadmap for chip development. In fact, Carlisle had considered sharing the chip development direction with Orion. If he were to reveal the concept and functionalities of future chips to Orion, it would be like giving them a head start—they’d be able to develop it in no time. However, that also meant giving up his hold on the mobile phone market. “We’re strapped for cash at the moment. The 50 million you provided will barely cover our bank debts. I want to reserve the remaining five million to bring in a few old allies...” Ryan had several friends in the chip development industry. But they were all working for a company overseas. Carlisle figured Ryan’s contacts were probably at TI, so he grinned and said, “Sure. Once the company is officially in my name tomorrow, I’ll inject some funds into it.” It wasn’t that he doubted Ryan—after all, he had already divulged the core secrets of the chip—but it never hurt to be cautious. “Okay, it’s getting late. We’ll head to the business registration office together tomorrow,” Ryan said, his eyes betraying a hint of sadness. Having to hand over a company he’d worked hard on for over 20 years wasn’t something he’d be thrilled about. “Alright. I’ll head back to sleep,” Carlisle said. Despite picking up



on Ryan's reluctance, Carlisle needed to secure control of Xenos Factory. He felt that if Ryan performed well, he could always give him some shares later. Carlisle left Xenos Factory. He was about to call Francis when he spotted him smoking across the street. Francis looked well put together as if he'd had a haircut recently. He wore a crisp white shirt, black trousers, and polished dress shoes. Carlisle crossed the street and approached the car, smiling. "When did you get the haircut?" Francis smiled faintly. "Last night. Do I look good?" Carlisle nodded with a smile and then got into the car. Francis drove them back to Riverland. In the car, he glanced at Carlisle through the rearview mirror and asked, "Did you end up acquiring that semiconductor company too?" The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

## Chapter 220

Chapter 220 Ryan couldn't help but take a sharp breath. He thought Carlisle was absolutely right-foreign technology was far more advanced. Most of the current local high-tech products were imported. Nokia and Motorola held nearly 60% of the global mobile phone market. If anyone else had said that, Ryan would have dismissed them as crazy. But his opinion changed since it was coming from Carlisle. After their long conversation the night before, Ryan had gained a fresh appreciation for Carlisle. His perspective had been thoroughly shaken. So, he believed that what Carlisle was suggesting was entirely possible. Ryan took a gulp of his now lukewarm tea. He cleared his throat before speaking earnestly, "But you must mentally prepare yourself. "Developing this chip will require a huge investment, and there's no guarantee of success." "Where there's a will, there's a way. I believe we'll make it! Don't worry about the money. If we need more, just let me know anytime." Carlisle naturally understood the difficulties of developing a chip from-scratch. And once the chip was developed, dealing with the intricacies of lithography

machines would be another challenge. Orion only established their chip company that year, but it wasn't until 2009 that they came out with their first chip. To put it into context, Orion was already achieving 15 billion in annual sales four years ago. Yet, even with that kind of success, it took them five years to develop a chip. As for the investment, it was an incomprehensible sum. But they built everything from scratch, doing it all on their own. In contrast, he was at least giving Ryan a roadmap for chip development. In fact, Carlisle had considered sharing the chip development direction with Orion. If he were to reveal the concept and functionalities of future chips to Orion, it would be like giving them a head start—they'd be able to develop it in no time. However, that also meant giving up his hold on the mobile phone market. "We're strapped for cash at the moment. The 50 million you provided will barely cover our bank debts. | Chapter 220 want to reserve the remaining five million to bring in a few old allies..." Ryan had several friends in the chip development industry. But they were all working for a company. overseas. Carlisle figured Ryan's contacts were probably at TI, so he grinned and said, "Sure. Once the company is officially in my name tomorrow, I'll inject some funds into it." It wasn't that he doubted Ryan—after all, he had already divulged the core secrets of the chip—but it never hurt to be cautious. "Okay, it's getting late. We'll head to the business registration office together tomorrow," Ryan said, his eyes betraying a hint of sadness. Having to hand over a company he'd worked hard on for over 20 years wasn't something he'd be thrilled about. "Alright. I'll head back to sleep," Carlisle said. Despite picking up on Ryan's reluctance, Carlisle needed to secure control of Xenos Factory. He felt that if Ryan performed well, he could always give him some shares later. Carlisle left Xenos Factory. He was about to call Francis when he spotted him smoking across the street. Francis looked well put together as if he'd had a haircut recently. He wore a crisp white shirt, black trousers, and polished dress shoes. Carlisle crossed the street and approached the car, smiling.

“When did you get the haircut?” Francis smiled faintly. “Last night. Do I look good?” Carlisle nodded with a smile and then got into the car. Francis drove them back to Riverland. In the car, he glanced at Carlisle through the rearview mirror and asked, “Did you end up acquiring that semiconductor company too?” The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!