

Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell

Chapter 241

Five minutes later, Wanda was holding a massive **cotton** candy. Its size was **akin to** a washbasin.

She felt **a wave of** embarrassment as she caught the amused glances of other tourists, wishing she **could** disappear for a moment.

Meanwhile, Carlisle seemed utterly unfazed by the attention. He happily munched on his equally large **cotton candy**, savoring its sweetness.

Wanda struggled with the size of her treat and voiced her concern in a plaintive tone.

“I told you the **three**–dollar one was enough, yet **you** insisted on the ten–dollar one. How should I eat **this** huge cotton candy?”

Carlisle responded with **a hearty** laugh, “Watch and learn!”

He then stretched his neck and skillfully curled some cotton candy into his mouth`using his tongue.

Wanda wrinkled her nose but followed his example, trying to manage the unwieldy mass of sugar.

Carlisle watched her, his smile broadening as he saw her cheeks flush red.

“Is this what being in love feels like? It’s quite wonderful,” he mused within.

A mischievous glint appeared in Wanda’s eyes.

She held her cotton candy to Carlisle’s mouth and sweetly said, “Take a bite.”

Carlisle didn’t hesitate, opening his mouth to comply.

Just as he bit down, Wanda playfully pressed one hand against his head and smeared the cotton candy

across his face.

“Um... Wanda...”

With his face sticky from the cotton candy, Carlisle watched as Wanda sprinted away.

She glanced over her shoulders, sticking out her tongue and teasingly chanting.

Carlisle chuckled, quickly devoured the rest of his cotton candy, and dashed after her.

Hearing his footsteps closing in, Wanda quickened her pace, her eyelids twitching in mock terror.

However, Carlisle's longer strides quickly closed the distance between them.

He reached out and grasped the back of her neck, halting her escape.

"I was wrong... Forgive me!" Wanda pleaded.

Amused by her antics, Carlisle replied with a sly grin, "Tell me, how will you make **it** up to me?"

Her reply was barely audible, as soft as a whisper, "How do you want me to make it up to **you?**"

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With a playful glint in his eye, Carlisle responded, "Give me a kiss!"

Wanda's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red.

Taking a deep breath, she fluttered her eyelashes and instructed with a hint of mischief, "Close your eyes."

Carlisle eyed Wanda's lips briefly before he swallowed hard. He then obediently closed his eyes and

leaned in.

"Come on, Darling."

In the background, Leon snapped a photo of the playful chase.

Carlisle waited for the touch of Wanda's lips, but nothing came. Confused, he opened his eyes only to find

that Wanda had slipped away once more.

Annoyed and embarrassed, Carlisle took off after her again.

Carlisle thought to himself, "Don't let me catch you, or I'll kiss you until your lips swell."

Wanda stopped before a legless disabled man.

The man, in his 20s, wore tattered clothes and lay on a wooden board cart. On the ground in front of him, his pitiful life story was written in chalk.

The man had lost his mother at three and his father at five. At seven years old, a truck had run over his legs. The driver had fled the scene, and he had been begging on the streets ever since.

The disabled man was pale. His lips were cracked.

He looked up at Wanda weakly, saying, “Miss, please help. I haven’t eaten in three days!”

Wanda typically avoided giving money to beggars, but she felt compassion for the disabled. She felt that the man truly lacked the means to work, having no legs.

She pulled out 20-dollar bills from her bag.

The man’s eyes widened, and he quickly began to cry out in gratitude, “Thank you, beautiful lady. You are as kind as you are beautiful. Blessings of health and prosperity upon you and your family!”

Wanda smiled gently and placed the money in the box beside the beggar.

Just then, Carlisle grabbed Wanda’s wrist.

Wanda looked at him, puzzled.

“What are you doing?”

Carlisle smiled and asked, “Did you really believe his performance?”

“What do you mean? Is he pretending? But he has no legs!” she protested, her gaze darting to the space beneath the cart where the man’s legs should have been.

Carlisle reached forward, his hand moving toward the man’s pant legs.

The man’s reaction was swift and defensive.

His face contorted in anger as he snapped, “What are you trying to do, you brat?”

Carlisle responded calmly and probingly, “It’s scorching today, yet you wear long pants. I’m just trying to cool you down...”

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“Fuck off. Believe it or not, but I’ll kill you!” the disabled man snarled, his fury palpable.

Carlisle, worried that the man might be part of a group, said, “You can deceive others, but not my girlfriend!”

The man glanced at the 20-dollar bills still in Wanda’s hand.

He gritted his teeth in frustration and said with a hint of menace, "Take your girlfriend and get out of here. Don't let me see you again!"

With the end of the workday approaching and schools about to let out, more tourists would soon be on the island. To avoid losing his begging opportunities, he chose to back down.

As Carlisle and Wanda walked away from the tense situation, Wanda was still troubled by doubts.

"He doesn't have legs. How could he be faking it?"

Carlisle explained, "They are trained to tuck their legs under themselves."

He knew of the deceptive techniques that exploited sympathetic passersby, having become aware of such frauds through his experience.

Wanda was curious about Carlisle's discernment and asked, "How did you figure it out?"

With a knowing smile, Carlisle elaborated, "He wore long pants on a sweltering day, a clear sign he was hiding something. If he were genuinely disabled, he wouldn't have a reason to hide his legs."

He even warned that future con artists might employ realistic prosthetics to further their deceit.

Wanda expressed her frustration, "These people are despicable. We should have exposed him right there."

Carlisle shook his head.

"They likely operate in a small group. If we mess with their livelihood, we could have trouble coming our way!"

"I wonder how many kind-hearted people have been deceived. I simply don't understand these people. They have hands and feet, so why can't they find a legitimate job?" Wanda complained, wrinkling her nose.

Carlisle stuffed his hands in his pockets and looked ahead.

He murmured, "This is just the tip of the iceberg. Once the Internet develops further and smartphones become widespread, internet scams and telephone fraud will become rampant."

Wanda pursed her lips.

"They may think they can get away with this, but karma will catch up with them eventually."

The evening grew darker as they continued their walk, the path illuminated by twinkling fairy lights strung along the trees.

Carlisle discreetly texted Heath, who quickly grasped the situation and instructed Wade to deploy a team to Yearning Island.

Meanwhile, Carlisle and Wanda arrived at a plaza–like platform at the end of the road.

An old man was fishing off the edge, and the couples nearby were participating in the romantic activity of

releasing sky lanterns into the night sky.

Wanda’s eyes sparkled with delight.

“Carlisle, I want to release a sky lantern, too.”

Responding to her wish, Carlisle purchased two lanterns from a nearby stall.

He then crouched to light the wax block inside Wanda’s sky lantern.

“Remember to make a wish when it goes up!”

“Alright!”

Wanda nodded.

As the sky lantern slowly began its ascent, she clasped her hands together, closed her eyes, and whispered her wish into the quiet of the night.

“I hope Carlisle and I can have a perfect future together.”

Carlisle joined Wanda in the ritual, bringing his hands together.

He silently wished, “I hope Wanda will have quite a few of my kids.”

This moment did not escape Leon’s keen eye.

He captured several photos of the couple making their wishes, then lay on the ground to capture a more dramatic shot with the lantern–filled sky as a backdrop.

When the two opened their eyes, Wanda asked, “What did you wish for?”

“It won’t come true if I tell you.”

“Alright. Then let’s launch another sky lantern!”

They lit another lantern, watching it ascend as they closed their eyes and made more wishes.

Wanda wished, “I hope that my family and Carlisle’s family will always be safe and get along well in the future.”

Meanwhile, Carlisle wished, “I hope that my family and Wanda’s family will be healthy and live long lives.”

Their wishes intertwined, reflecting not only their personal desires but also their deep care for each

other’s loved ones.

As they wrapped up their activity, they encountered a magician performing tricks in the plaza.

After observing the act for a while, Wanda tugged at Carlisle’s clothes.

“Carlisle, I’m hungry!”

Carlisle glanced at Wanda’s flat stomach with affection.

He teased, “Shall we go out for a meal?”

“No, I want to spend more time with you.”

Carlisle suggested, “Then let’s find a place to snack.” “Sounds good!” Wanda agreed.

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Under the soft glow of the scattered street lamps, Carlisle and Wanda settled onto a bench along the riverfront promenade to enjoy their snacks.

Carlisle spread out the snacks and fruits he had purchased, creating a small feast between them.

As they began to eat, Wanda whispered, “Should we invite Leon to have some?”

Carlisle nodded in agreement and called out, “Leon, would you like some?”

Leon approached briefly, grabbed two bananas from the assortment, and returned to his chosen spot,

keen to capture the night from the best possible angle.

Wanda appreciated his dedication.

“Leon truly is dedicated. I can’t wait to see the photos!”

“They’re sure to be stunning,” Carlisle responded, confident in Leon’s skills.

“It’s a pity he doesn’t want to work at Uncle Lethan’s company.”

Wanda sighed with a hint of regret in her voice.

“Everyone has their own dreams. He’s well-off and free to pursue what he loves.”

Wanda directed the conversation toward him.

While munching on a chip, she asked, “What kind of life do you want?”

Carlisle grinned and declared, “A life with you in it!”

“Oh... Can you be serious?”

“How is that not serious? I’m speaking from the heart!”

After their snack, Carlisle finished his water in one gulp.

Wanda only managed half of hers before rubbing her stomach contentedly and exclaiming, “I’m so full. I haven’t eaten this many snacks in a long time!”

Carlisle carefully gathered all the trash into a plastic bag and disposed of it in a nearby garbage bin.

He returned to find Wanda engrossed in a conversation with Phoebe and Christine about their recent

endeavors.

After securing their first client, Wanda treated them to new mobile phones to enhance their communication capabilities.

She chose the Nokia 6260 flip phone, a newly released model that month.

The phone was equipped with the Symbian system and supported MSN Messenger. It was pretty advanced for its time and had a launch **price** of five hundred dollars.

Christine was her high school classmate, and Phoebe was the first friend she had made in university.

Since they were now working together, Wanda felt it was only fair not to skimp on them, opting for a better business phone to help them look for clients online.

Carlisle watched Wanda as she engaged enthusiastically in her conversation. Not wanting to interrupt her, he pulled out his phone and began browsing the Riverland forum.

Just then, a notification chimed.

It was a message from Sean on MSN Messenger.

Sean: "Carlisle, I've got everyone together. Should I register the company tomorrow?"

Carlisle: "Yeah, go ahead and register!"

Sean: "We're short on cash, Carlisle. We don't even have computers!"

Carlisle: "Come see me after school tomorrow."

Sean: "Hehe, sure, Carlisle. How much are you planning to invest?"

Carlisle: "A million!"

Sean: "Holy shit!"

Sean almost dropped his phone in shock at the substantial investment.

Carlisle's initial goal had been to earn one million. Now, he was casually investing that same amount.

He continued browsing the forum, seeking the next lucrative opportunity.

Dragonaire Studio's profits were too small.

The mobile phone companies were only burning through cash at the moment and weren't profitable yet.

Holly Fisheries wouldn't start showing returns until at least next March.

Carlisle only owned 20% of the shares. So, even if they made a billion, he would only receive two hundred million.

While it seemed like a lot, it would quickly be consumed by the expenses at Xenos Factory.

Carlisle squinted at the lake and sighed.

At the sound of Carlisle's sigh, Wanda put down her phone and looked at him curiously, "Carlisle, what's

wrong?"

"Nothing..."

Carlisle offered a dismissive smile.

"Nothing, my foot. Is it something to do with business?"

"No."

"Then why the sigh? You must have something **on** your mind. Spill it..."

Wanda urged, setting aside her

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phone.

"It's really nothing..." Carlisle maintained a lighthearted tone.

He didn't want to burden Wanda with his financial worries, especially since they were beyond minor cash flow issues.

He figured that even Shein probably couldn't sustain his chip company.

"Are you going to tell me or not?"

Wanda was relentless, pinching Carlisle's leg playfully as if to threaten him.

Carlisle took her hand, his smile turning mischievous.

"Do you really want to know?"

She nodded earnestly.

"Of course. We're good friends. I want to share your worries!"

Carlisle then hung his head.

"Actually... I've been wanting to ask you something. But I've been too afraid to ask. That's why I sighed!"

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Wanda couldn't help but chuckle at Carlisle's words.

"Is there really something you're afraid to ask? Go ahead!"

Carlisle gazed at Wanda's youthful face and asked solemnly, "Really?"

"Yes."

Wanda looked at Carlisle expectantly, nodding her head.

"Just... just... never mind!"

Carlisle hesitated for a long time, then deliberately played coy.

"Oh, come on. You're just teasing me. Tell me."

Wanda was starting to get annoyed.

"Alright... Here it goes!"

Carlisle seemed to muster a lot of courage before looking at Wanda.

He asked earnestly, "Wanda, may I kiss you?"

"What?"

Wanda looked at Carlisle in shock, her cheeks blooming with a deep blush.

Carlisle pursed his lips and said, "I told you I shouldn't ask, but you insisted..."

“Alright.”

Wanda managed only a whisper, a soft confession meant only for herself. Her heart raced, and her breathing quickened.

“What?” Carlisle echoed, genuinely stunned.

He had only meant to divert the conversation so Wanda wouldn’t probe into his affairs.

Who would have thought Wanda would actually agree to his request?

“Never mind. Let’s head back to school.”

Wanda got up and started walking ahead. She regretted it.

Leon was nearby, watching her and Carlisle.

He wondered how she could have agreed to such a request.

Wanda didn’t dare to continue walking as she walked through the lit area under the street lamp. She glanced back to see if Carlisle was following.

As she expected, Carlisle was right behind her, his expression intense and focused.

Wanda felt anxious.

“Carlisle, just calm down-”

But before she could complete her sentence, Carlisle closed the distance between them and gently pressed his lips to hers.

Wanda’s eyes widened in surprise. Her mind went blank as if she had forgotten how to breathe.

And just like that, her first kiss was gone.

Carlisle was also very nervous at that moment.

After two lifetimes, he had finally experienced his first kiss.

As Carlisle sought to deepen the kiss, Wanda pushed him away gently and took a deep breath.

Carlisle was still caught up in the excitement.

He chuckled, “Wanda, your lips are so soft!”

“You even dare to say it aloud...”

Wanda then stomped her foot, visibly flustered and blushing.

“Who said you could kiss me?”

Her tone wasn't angry but carried a hint of jest.

At the sight of Wanda's adorable reaction, Carlisle reached to kiss her again.

She quickly covered her mouth with her hand, causing Carlisle to kiss the back of her hand instead.

A

Wanda's muffled voice emerged from behind her hand.

“Next... Let's kiss next time!”

“Alright. As you wish!”

Carlisle was content with her response. He understood the importance of pacing their advances to keep their budding relationship comfortable for both of them.

Internally, he harbored hopes for a more intimate kiss the next time, though he wondered when that might

1. be.

He sighed softly and continued walking, holding Wanda's hand gently.

Wanda walked beside him, her thoughts swirling with their recent encounter.

She was confused and questioned her reaction to their kiss.

She contemplated the experience should have felt more profound, given it was her first kiss.

The thought lingered that perhaps she should have embraced the moment a little longer.

She scolded herself for being too hasty.

As they exited Yearning Island, **they** reached the dock to take the boat back to the **mainland**.

The boatman greeted them with alarming news.

“You really dared to come back? I just saw dozens of thugs with iron rods on the shore. It looks like they

might be that old lady's son and his gang!”

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Wanda's face paled slightly, and she looked anxiously at Carlisle.

“Don’t **worry**. I’ll make a call and check!”

Carlisle took out his phone and dialed Heath’s number.

“Boss, I’ve already sent people,” Heath informed him.

“What’s his number?”

“I’ll text it to you!”

“Alright.”

Carlisle hung up and received a text moments later.

He quickly dialed the number.

On the other end, Wade answered, “Who’s this?”

Carlisle replied, “This is Carlisle. Is it safe by the dock?”

Wade immediately perked up when he learned it was Carlisle.

“It’s safe. That bunch of cretins ran off scared when they saw us.”

Carlisle then asked, “So, the people by the shore are your guys?”

“Yes, that’s right!”

“Thank you. You can head back now.”

“Alright, boss!”

After ending the call, Wade motioned for his gang to retreat.

Wade felt a tinge of disappointment in being unable to meet the elusive boss Heath had mentioned.

As they exited the park’s main gate, Wade wiped his bald head and squinted.

“Everyone, stay hidden for now. I don’t think those punks are gone yet!”

More than 30 men dispersed, disappearing into the surroundings.

Wade stopped by a small shop to buy a can of Red Bull and a pack of cigarettes, then settled onto a

bench to smoke.

About half an hour later, Carlisle, Wanda and Leon appeared at the park gate.

A weary Leon said, “I’ll take a cab back now. The photos will be ready tomorrow. I can deliver them to you, or you can pick them up yourself.”

Carlisle handed Leon six hundred dollars.

“Five hundred bucks for the photos and the extra for your taxi fare and a meal!”

The extra cash was quite generous, especially considering Leon’s shop was nearby,
and the cost of food in the area was modest.

Leon pocketed the money without hesitation and handed out two business cards.

“If you need any design work or custom clothing, please contact me.”

After a brief exchange, Leon departed.

Francis pulled up in his car at the entrance just as two vans abruptly surrounded them.

The doors swung open before the vehicles had even stopped completely, and over 20 thugs wielding baseball bats leaped out.

Francis stepped out, his eyes narrowing sharply as he faced the group of young men in their 20s.

“What do you want?”

Bruno, a burly man in his 30s with a mohawk, stepped forward.

“Mind your own business. Get lost while you still can.”

“And what if I don’t?” Francis’ tone was icy, his body tensing like a coiled spring.

“Oh yeah?”

Bruno sized Francis up and scoffed.

“Then you’ll get beaten too!”

But when their eyes met, the man shivered uncontrollably.

He cursed inwardly and wondered what was happening. He questioned if he was genuinely feeling

intimidated by just a look.

Shaking off the unease, Bruno dropped his cigarette.

He stamped it out and turned to Carlisle.

“So, you’re the one who messed with my mom?”

Carlisle replied with a cool detachment, “Your mom was out of line.”

The man’s face darkened.

“I admit my mom can be overbearing, but did you really get hurt just because she reprimanded you a

little? Didn’t your parents teach you to respect your elders?”

Carlisle chuckled.

“Did I lay a hand on your mom?”

“You didn’t hit her, but you did splash her clothes with ink and water.

Moreover, that was her favorite

outfit.”

“**It** was just a little dirt. She didn’t lose a limb, did she?”

“Damn it. I don’t have time to reason with you. A big fist is the only logic I know!”

In a swift motion, Bruno grabbed a baseball bat from one of his thugs and swung it **at** Carlisle.

Wanda screamed in fright and instinctively shut her eyes.

In a flash, Carlisle pulled Wanda into his arms and shielded her with his back to the man.

Francis wasn’t about to let Carlisle take a hit.

He sent Bruno flying six feet back with a swift and decisive kick.

“Holy shit...”

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Bruno’s lackeys stood bewildered.

Groaning from the ground, Bruno barked, “What are you all standing there for? Didn’t you see me get **hit**?”

His lackeys exchanged nervous glances.

One of them stammered, “Boss, that guy seems pretty skilled...”

“Skilled, my ass! There are so many of us. Are you guys afraid of one guy?” the man shouted angrily.

Francis stood protectively in front of Carlisle.

“You guys get in the car. I’ll deal with these punks.”

a car.

“Be careful,” Carlisle urged as he shielded Wanda and helped her into the

He climbed in after her.

Emboldened by their numbers, Bruno’s lackeys raised their baseball bats and charged at Francis.

“Stop!”

Wade appeared with over 30 men, surrounding the attackers.

Bruno’s subordinates froze.

They wondered who the other men were.

Wade’s men were a uniformly imposing crew, clad in black vests with muscles bulging and tattoos peeking out. Some even carried wrapped weapons.

Bruno was stunned.

He wondered what was going on. He thought Wade and his men were supposed to be at the dock.

He didn’t know that Wade was there to support Carlisle.

About three hours earlier, Bruno had received a call from his mother, saying she had been bullied at the park. He immediately gathered his gang and rushed over.

Initially, he planned to head straight to Yearning Island to confront the guy who’d bullied his mom. But a **bald** guy with a crew of tough-looking men had shown up first.

His small-time crew couldn’t compare to the gang of really tough guys.

Bruno and his gang fled before the **bald** guy’s crew even arrived to avoid a confrontation.

Determined not to let the incident go, he had waited outside the **park** for the couple his mother had described.

When he spotted them, he immediately surrounded them **with** his gang! He hadn't expected the guy's driver to be a martial artist.

However, he didn't think it was a significant issue. After all, weapons trump martial arts.

Despite his confidence in numbers, he hadn't anticipated these tough guys intervening in his business.

Bruno shakily rose to his feet.

"Excuse me, sir. Who do you work for?"

He was answered with a swift slap.

Blood instantly poured from his nose and mouth. His head buzzed, and his ears rang. He suspected **his** eardrum had been ruptured.

Wade said calmly, "Listen up! I roll with Ian Carlson."

Bruno squinted.

"Well, go back and tell Ian Carlson that he's made an enemy of me."

Wade delivered a swift kick, knocking Bruno to the ground.

He sneered, "We already have plenty of enemies. Who the hell do you think you are?"

Bruno's lackeys trembled in fear.

They thought Wade and his men were ruthless and wondered if they were even human.

Wade walked over to the car with a smile. He then knocked on the window.

Carlisle rolled down the window and said, "Thanks."

Wade glanced at Wanda in Carlisle's arms. A wide smile grew on his face.

"No problem."

Carlisle then rolled the window back up, respecting Wanda's wish to keep some distance.

Wade approached Francis, squinting as he said, "Your legwork is impressive. How about a sparring match

sometime?"

Francis glanced at Wade nonchalantly and said, "I didn't learn martial arts to show off."

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"Alright. I'm a man of peace, too. I'm not in it for the fight. It was just a joke," Wade quickly clarified.

"Let's go, Francis said calmly before getting into the car and starting the engine.

Wade bent down, smiling and waving at Carlisle.

Wade's smile vanished as the car drove away. He slowly approached Bruno and stomped hard on his knee.

With a sickening crack, Bruno screamed in agony, clutching his knee.

Wade looked at Bruno's subordinates and smiled.

"Remember, I roll with Ian Carlson."

Terrified, the lackeys nodded vigorously.

This incident earned Wade the nickname "Smiling Demon" in Riverland.

Wanda snuggled into Carlisle's embrace in the car.

Carlisle held her gently.

Neither of them spoke, simply enjoying the warmth of each other's presence.

Francis drove quietly, not disturbing the peaceful atmosphere.

As they neared the school, Wanda finally spoke, "Carlisle, I had a great time today!"

Carlisle looked down at Wanda in his arms, his eyes filled with affection.

"Me too!"

Despite a few unpleasant moments, the day had been exciting and ultimately safe.

Wanda played with Carlisle's thumb and murmured, "I wonder when the next time will be."

Carlisle held Wanda's hand and **said** softly, "If you like, I can take you out this weekend!"

He had already managed to get Lethan and Shania to cover for them, so he felt that he should be able to

take Wanda out.

Wanda shook her head gently.

"This isn't a long-term solution. We must earn money quickly to escape my dad and Zac's control."

They only had Saturdays and Sundays available for work because of school, and she didn't want to miss out on those days.

Just as Wanda finished speaking, her phone rang with a pleasant ringtone.

She sat up and took a look at the caller ID.

It was Zachary.

Wanda's face instantly changed, and she quickly shushed Carlisle.
Carlisle instructed Francis, "Pull over."

Francis parked the car by the roadside.

Only then did Wanda dare to answer the phone.

She pretended to be sleepy and said lazily, "Zac... I was sleeping."

Zachary sounded puzzled, "Aunt Shania said you just returned to school. How did you fall asleep so fast?"

Wanda bit her lip, her mind racing as she quickly replied, "I went to register the company today and followed Uncle Lethan around, so I fell asleep as soon as I got back."

Zachary replied coolly, "Alright then. I'm at the school gate: Come out and have some late-night snacks. I'll have Queenie go get you."

"What?"

Wanda's eyes widened in alarm.

"No-no need. I-I ate a lot of snacks before bed..."

Sensing her nervousness, Zachary's tone grew stern.

"That's settled. Change your clothes quickly. I'll send Queenie to get you."

He hung up before Wanda could respond.

Wanda anxiously grabbed Carlisle's arm.

"Zac wants to take me for a late-night snack, and he's sending Queenie to my dorm to fetch me!"

Carlisle felt a headache coming on.

"Francis, take us to the school gate quickly."

"No. Zac is at the gate..."

Wanda shook her head, her eyes welling up with tears.

“What do we do? What do we do?”

Francis shifted gears and floored the gas **pedal**, speeding away.

Wanda’s voice trembled,

“Where... where are you taking us?”

Carlisle was equally confused.

“Francis, what are you doing?”

Francis calmly replied, “I know a place where we can climb over the wall, right by the female dormitory!”

Wanda was overjoyed at this news.

“That’s perfect. Drive faster.”

Francis nodded, shifting into fifth gear and flooring the accelerator.

Meanwhile, Zachary sat in his BMW at Riverland University’s entrance.

He smoked with his legs crossed while calling Queenie.

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Zachary had already called three times, but no one answered. It was his fourth attempt.

Finally, Queenie picked up.

“Hello? I was in the shower,” Queenie explained.

“I’m at the school gate. I want to treat you and Wanda to a late-**night** snack. Come out together!” Zachary said.

“Why didn’t you come yesterday on Sunday? Now, you show up on Monday night for a late–night snack? What are you thinking?”

Queenie’s voice was quite exasperated.

“I’m in a good mood today!” Zachary said cheerfully..

“Oh? Did you get some rare equipment in your game or finally close that deal?”

Queenie put him on speakerphone as she dried her hair at her vanity.

“We merged with another guild in the game, and I closed the deal. How could I not be happy?” Zachary said, swinging his legs with a smile.

“How did you manage to close that deal? I heard even Austin couldn’t do it,” Queenie asked curiously.

“I’ll tell you about it later. Just come out already. I’ve been waiting for over ten minutes!” Zachary coaxed. her patiently.

Queenie agreed. She hung up and started doing her makeup.

Zachary flicked his cigarette butt out the car window.

Suddenly, a black **sedan** sped by like a rocket.

The speed was so fast that a small stone was kicked up and hit Zachary’s forehead.

“Ouch, damn it!” Zachary cursed, clutching his stinging forehead.

His driver opened the car door and got out, but the black sedan had already disappeared.

Zachary followed, angrily glaring down the road and shouting, “Are you in a rush to meet your maker of something?”

He lowered his hand, seeing blood on his palm. Looking in the rearview mirror, he saw that his forehead

was

scraped.

The driver asked with a stern/face, “Do you want to track down that car?”

Zachary waved it off.

“Forget it. I’m in a good mood today, I won’t stoop to their level!”

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Zachary was indeed in a good mood. He had stayed up all night, merging his game guild with another.

He then successfully bought into Wind Semiconductors during the day.

Wind Semiconductors was the leader in Riverland’s semiconductor industry. With Wind Semiconductors as his cornerstone, he even felt ready to venture into the mobile phone industry.

He was meeting Queenie that night to discuss whether they should enter **the** mobile phone market.

Meanwhile, Francis drove to the back of the female dormitory near Riverland University’s west gate and

stopped.

He pointed to a gap in the wall.

“You can climb in there.”

The wall was about nine feet high, with a three-foot section broken down.

Wanda quickly opened the car door **and** got out, followed by Carlisle.

Wanda pouted as she looked at the remaining six feet of the wall.

“I can’t get up there!”

Carlisle crouched down and said, “Step on my shoulders to get up.

After hesitating for a moment, Wanda held her skirt and tried to lift her leg to step onto Carlisle’s shoulders.

However, holding her skirt restricted her movement. She couldn’t lift her leg high enough.

Reluctantly, she had to lift her skirt a bit higher, just above her knees.

Then, she placed one hand on the wall and stepped onto Carlisle’s shoulder.

With both feet now on Carlisle’s shoulders, she blushed and whispered, “Carlisle, I—I’m ready.”

Carlisle slowly stood up.

Wanda grabbed the top of the wall with one hand, then used her other to hold onto the wall as well.

With her hands occupied, her skirt fell, draping over Carlisle’s head,

“Whoa, what a view!” he thought.

In those days, leggings or tights were not a thing.

Carlisle couldn’t help but look up, feeling a surge of excitement.

Chapter 249

Wanda managed to clamber over the wall.

The drop on the inside was only about three feet, making it easy to jump down.

Looking back at Carlisle, she said, "Carlisle, I'm going now."

Seeing Carlisle's somewhat disappointed expression, she asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Carlisle forced a laugh.

"It's nothing. Just be careful when you jump down!"

Wanda nodded and jumped off with a light hop.

Carlisle pouted, feeling a bit let down.

"She was wearing denim shorts under her skirt. Who's she protecting herself from?"

Still, her white, smooth legs were quite a sight.

Carlisle got back into the car with a smile.

Francis asked, "Are you returning to the dorm or the studio?"

Carlisle yawned as he reclined in the seat.

"Back to the dorm, but only after Zachary leaves."

"There's a small hole near the male dormitory..."

"Do I look like I'm in a hurry?"

Wanda returned to her dorm.

On the **bed** was a set of casual clothes Phoebe had prepared for **her**.

Wanda took her clothes and headed into the bathroom just as there was a knock on the dormitory door.

The roommates exchanged glances, and then all eyes turned to Phoebe.

Phoebe cleared her throat before asking, "Who is it?"

"It's Queenie. I'm here to see Wanda!"

“Wanda’s in the bathroom.”

“Oh, then open the door,” Queenie said casually

“Alright. Layla, can you open the door?” Phoebe asked one of the roommates near **the door**.

The girl named Layla got out of bed and opened the door.

Wearing a sexy off-shoulder dress and perfectly done makeup, Queenie walked into the dormitory with her long legs striding gracefully.

Phoebe’s eyes widened in admiration.

“Wow, you look stunning!”

A roommate from a nearby bed chimed in, “Oh my gosh! Is this Riverland University’s top beauty?”

“I wish I had even a fraction of your beauty.”

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“Can I get your messenger username?”

“It’s not that exaggerated. There are plenty of girls prettier than me here,” Queenie said, feeling a bit embarrassed by the compliments from these sweet girls.

She would have been annoyed if the compliments had come from a group of **guys** because they would only be interested in her for her looks. But these were innocent girls. They couldn’t possibly have any ulterior motives, right?

Wait...

She was here to find Wanda!

Queenie gathered herself and walked toward the bathroom.

“Wanda, are you almost done?”

Wanda responded from inside, “Almost ready.”

Hearing Wanda’s voice, Queenie returned to continue chatting with the girls.

Wanda finished changing.

She washed her face and returned to the room as she complained, “What’s with Zac? He didn’t treat us last night and only shows up on a Monday!”

“Yeah, I said the same thing to him just now! Let’s go. We shouldn’t keep him waiting. We can’t disappoint his kind gesture,” Queenie said as she linked arms with Wanda and started walking out.

“Yeah!”

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Wanda nodded, then asked her roommates if they wanted her to bring back any **food**.

The roommates shook their heads, knowing Wanda came from a wealthy family and had recently **started** a company. They didn’t dare to trouble someone like her.

It was already 11:00 pm, and the school gates were closed. However, Queenie’s status made it a **non-** issue.

The security guard eagerly opened the gate for Queenie.

The two got into Zachary’s BMW.

Chapter 249YA

Queenie noticed the band-aid on Zachary’s forehead and asked, “What happened to your forehead?”

“Don’t even ask. I encountered some bad luck today!”

Just thinking about it made Zachary fume.

“Some idiot was driving at least 65 miles. They probably hit a small stone with their tire, which hit **me**.”

Queenie couldn't help but laugh.

“Were you sitting in your car?”

Zachary replied with a dark expression, “Yeah. That's why I said it was bad luck!”

Chapter 250

Sitting in the passenger seat, Wanda blinked when she heard Zachary's encounter.

Driving at 65 miles per hour?

She wondered if it was Carlisle's car.

After all, Carlisle's car had just passed by the school entrance.

Wanda had **seen** Zachary's car and even ducked onto Carlisle's lap to avoid being seen.

“Drive to the barbecue place in South City,” Zachary instructed the driver.

Then he put his arm around Queenie's waist and smiled.

“You look stunning today. Give me a kiss...”

Queenie raised her hand to block Zachary's approaching lips, blushing as she playfully scolded, “Knock it off! Wanda's right here.”

Wanda pursed her lips and said, “I can't see anything.”

Zachary, worried about provoking Wanda and rekindling her relationship with Carlisle, decided to tone it down.

“Wanda, may I borrow your phone for a second?” Zachary suddenly asked.

“Okay!”

Wanda handed her phone to Zachary

Anticipating that Zachary might check her phone, Wanda had already deleted all her chat history with Carlisle and the two photos in her album, knowing she could get them from Lily or Phoebe later.

Zachary took the phone, first checking the call logs and messages. There was no contact with Carlisle.

He then opened MSN Messenger and clicked on Carlisle’s chat, but there was no history of any conversation.

Zachary nodded in satisfaction.

He was about to open the photo album when Queenie smacked his leg hard.

Zachary looked up to see Queenie staring at him coldly.

Realizing he had crossed a line by inspecting a girl’s photo album, he returned the phone to Wanda with a smile.

“You’re really not talking to Carlisle anymore?”

Wanda said calmly, “I don’t want to cause him any trouble.”

Zachary rubbed his nose and sighed..

“Dad and I are doing this for your own good. The both of you come from different worlds.” Wanda retrieved her phone and turned her head away.

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Francis drove Carlisle to the school gate when Zachary’s BMW drove off.

Seeing the closed gate, Carlisle sighed.

“Guess I’ll sleep at the studio tonight.”

Francis turned the car around and headed to the studio.

They bought some late-night snacks and two cases of beer on the way back.

A new desk had been added to the studio's living room, equipped with a computer and landline phone.

Sunny was sitting at the desk, handling business calls.

When Carlisle entered the room, Sunny immediately stood up and called out, "Boss."

Carlisle nodded.

"I registered Dragonaire Game Company today. Let's celebrate with everyone."

"Got it."

Sunny cheerfully went up the stairs to gather everyone.

Soon, everyone gathered on the first floor, eating snacks and drinking beer.

Sunny asked quietly, "Is Owen really not coming back?"

Carlisle shook his head while drinking his beer

"He's going through a rebellious phase. He'll come back eventually."

Cameron then asked, "Are we still planning to expand the game company?"

"Of course. I won't be taking any money from the studio for now. It will be used to buy more computers. By next year, we'll get a bigger place! Carlisle replied, finishing a bottle of beer before stumbling off to sleep.

The following day, Carlisle woke early and headed to school. His roommates were still slumbering in their dorm.

He changed into his military uniform and sat on his bed for a while.

Noticing a few creamy candies by his pillow, he pocketed them. Sandy from the R&D department had given them to him while playfully teasing him.

Just then, his phone chimed with an MSN Messenger notification.

Thinking it was Wanda, he quickly looked at his phone.

It was a friend request from someone with the username “Beauty_Like_Jade”.

Carlisle quickly remembered the mysterious person who had asked for his messenger username.

After a moment’s thought, he accepted the request. The person promptly sent a message.

Beauty_Like_Jade: “Hi, Carlisle!”

Carlisle: “Who is this?”

Beauty_Like_Jade: “Hehe, that’s a secret!”

Carlisle: “That’s childish!”

Beauty_Like_Jade: “Why is it childish? Keeping a little mystery isn’t a bad thing, is it?”