

Love Spell 311

Chapter 311

Carlisle examined the renovation drawings and found the layout styles for the four areas to be very stylish.

Diego was the planning director of a renovation company, after all. Shania had even recommended him.

While the design was reliable, Carlisle had a different idea.

He wanted to allocate a block for Sean to set up Alumni Network. However, the layout style on the plan

was intended for an overall company structure. Thus, some minor modifications were required.

“Help me divide it into four office areas,” Carlisle proposed.

“Four?”

Diego stared at Carlisle in confusion.

“Do you have four companies, Mr. Zahn?”

Carlisle nodded and replied, “I have a game company, a mobile phone company, a software development technology company, and a social network company!”

He also owned Xenos Factory, but there was no rush to relocate it. Thus, he did not bring it up.

Even so, Diego’s heart trembled. It was no wonder his former classmate, Shania, had asked him to be

more courteous toward Carlisle.

He had initially thought Shania and Carlisle were related. Now it seemed to be due to Carlisle being a

formidable person.

As a 17 to 18-year-old student, Carlisle already owned four companies, including a mobile phone

company.

Many mobile phone manufacturers had failed at the start of the year.

Diego was very tempted to advise Carlisle to give up on his mobile phone business. But he said nothing in

the end.

His instinct told him that Carlisle would succeed.

“Okay, I will do it. Let’s exchange contacts. Tomorrow, I’ll send the amended renovation drawings to you!”

“You can do it by tomorrow?”

“We do things efficiently here!”

Diego smiled.

Carlisle gave his MSN username and phone number to Diego. After chatting for some time, Diego went

back to work.

Sean was still in shock even after Diego had left the lobby. It did not take long for Carlisle to own four

companies. He thought Carlisle was very outstanding.

“It’s getting late. We should go back!”

Carlisle’s voice brought Sean back to his senses.

By the time he looked up, Carlisle had already walked to the entrance. Sean hastily got up and followed

him.

The three of them sat in the car.

Carlisle instructed, “Send Sean back to his school first”

Francis nodded and drove in the direction.

Sean sat beside Carlisle. He could not help but feel nervous.

He wondered how much money Carlisle had now.

Carlisle’s phone emitted a notification sound from MSN messenger.

He thought Wanda had texted him. He took out his phone and noticed that it was a message from Ruby

instead.

Ruby: "Carlisle, what are you doing?"

Carlisle: "Is it any of your business?"

Carlisle had responded impatiently. He thought nothing of the entire Gust family. Thus, he had no interest in interacting with Ruby,

If he weren't worried about Ruby unleashing her anger on Shania, he would have deleted Ruby's contact

long ago,

Ruby: "Carlisle, don't be so cold, okay?"

Ruby felt uneasy. She had many admirers, but none of them deserved to have her contact information.

She had put in a lot of effort to add Carlisle on MSN. Yet, he unexpectedly treated her coldly.

Ruby was sure he was unaware of her true identity. She considered if she should tell him that she was Yuriel's daughter.

After some hesitation, she sent him another text message.

Ruby: "Carlisle, do you know who I am?"

Carlisle could not be bothered to reply to her.

Ruby waited for a while. She felt even more aggrieved when she realized he would not respond.

Ruby: "I am Class 2's Ruby Gust."

Carlisle: "Oh!"

Ruby: "My father is Yuriel Gust."

Carlisle: "Oh!"

Ruby: "Don't you know who Yuriel Gust is?"

Carlisle: "The richest man in Riverland."

Ruby: "Then, why are you so calm?"

Ruby furrowed her brows, feeling like she was being looked down upon.

Carlisle: "Whoever your father is has nothing to do with me, right?"

Carlisle shook his head, finding it uninteresting.

Ruby had clearly brought up her identity to gain his attention.

Carlisle wondered if she had fallen for him. He touched his handsome face, feeling emotional. He realized that looking handsome could be a burden,

With his attractive looks, finding a girlfriend would be very simple. He had no idea how he ended up hanging himself on a tree in his previous life.

Ruby: "No, it's fine!"

Carlisle: "Anything else? If not, I wish to rest."

Ruby: "Isn't it daytime?"

Carlisle: "It's nap time!"

Ruby: "Oh. Then, rest well. I won't disturb you any further!"

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After ending the conversation, Ruby lay on her bed in a daze.

Other classmates had fought to prove their worth after learning of her identity. Yet, her tactic did not work

on Carlisle.

Ruby's phone emitted a notification sound from MSN messenger. Thinking that Carlisle had texted her

again, she quickly picked up her phone to have a look.

But it wasn't him.

Sarah: "Ruby, are you at home?"

It was a text from Sarah, Austin's new girlfriend. It seemed that Austin really liked her. Otherwise, he

would not have passed Ruby's MSN username to her.

Ruby: "Yes."

Ruby simply responded.

Sarah: "I have nothing to do. I'd like to bring a few friends over to your house for some fun. What do you

think?"

Sarah had a company of her own now. She also owned a luxury car. However, she did not own a mansion.

Thus, she wanted to experience living in one as early as she could.

Ruby: "Sure. Come over then!"

Feeling bored, Ruby readily agreed.

Meanwhile, Carlisle had shut his eyes to rest in the car.

There was another notification on his phone. This time, it was a text from Wanda.

Wanda: "Carl, what are you doing?"

Seeing the way she affectionately addressed him, Carlisle grinned and replied playfully.

Carlisle: "I was thinking of you, of course!"

In that day and age, these replies were not too playful. Most of the youngsters would reply this way.

Young women did not socialize much during the era of mobile phones and social networking. Hence,

their relationships could last for a very long time.

Once social media became popular, the flashy world would provide more distractions. Naturally, everyone would have more options.

Wanda glanced at the phone/screen with a radiant smile:

Wanda: "I was thinking of you too!"

Carlisle: "Are you done with your annual memorial visit?"

Wanda: "Not yet. Uncle Sebastian and the rest aren't here yet!"

Carlisle: "Uncle Sebastian?"

Wanda: "Yeah. Uncle Sebastian does business in Mocuwait. In fact, he's far more talented than my dad!"

Carlisle: "Then, are your dad and your uncle on good terms?"

Wanda: "No. They have different values. Hence, they often argue and even fight over various matters."

Carlisle: "That's good!"

He had impulsively sent his reply. He regretted it within the next second. He thought it was a shame that he could not delete the message.

Wanda's smile froze.

Wanda: "What?"

Carlisle: "I mistyped. What I meant was it's not good. Brothers should always help and support each other. After all, a happy family would result in more successful endeavors!"

He hastily replied. Inwardly, though, he did not want them to be on good terms. He already faced a lot of

pressure.

If Carlisle had to go against Shein one day, and Sebastian Thompson came to his rescue, he would have a more challenging time.

Wanda: “Yeah, I always advise them, but they don’t listen to a single word!”

Wanda: “Uncle Sebastian and the rest have arrived. I need to go back to town. I’ll speak to you some

other time!”

The signal in town was not good. Hence, Wanda had deliberately run to the top of the hill at the back of town to text Carlisle.

Trodie Town was the Thompson family’s hometown.

Many generations ago, the Thompson family’s ancestors had made a fortune by selling peaches.

The Thompson family had established its business the way it was that day through the efforts of several generations. Trodie Town was no longer in poverty during Wanda’s grandfather’s generation.

Every household had built a villa by the time it was Shein’s generation. In fact, the people of Trodie Town had also preserved the Thompson family’s memorial hall very well.

When Wanda returned to her ancestral home, seven or eight black Mercedes cars were parked by the roadside. A large truck loaded with supplies such as rice, oil, and salt was parked at the front.

Wanda realized that Sebastian had outdone himself that year compared to the memorial visit from the year before.

Sebastian exited the car and chivalrously opened the back door. A dignified lady wearing a long dress, with a slit stepped out of the vehicle.

She wore a gold necklace around her fair neck, looking haughty. She looked like a court minister serving

the king.

Wanda could not help but watch the scene play out in her mind.

“Sebastian, Yolanda,” Shein greeted with Zachary and Wanda in tow.

“Uncle Sebastian, Aunt Yolanda!” Zachary and Wanda greeted them.

Sebastian nodded nonchalantly.

The elegant lady, Yolanda Abbott, said disdainfully, “Is Josie absent again?”

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Shein continued smiling.

“It’s not like you’re unaware of my situation with Josie. Why bother asking?”

Yolanda was a successful entrepreneur in the maternal and infant products industry in the bustling city of Mocuwait. Her family background was comparable to that of the Thompson family.

Yolanda sneered at Shein’s explanation.

“You’ve been going through a divorce lawsuit for three years. Perhaps you two don’t even plan to divorce, right?”

Zachary’s and Wanda’s eyes widened at the revelation. They had no idea Shein and Josie were in the middle of a divorce. They had never brought it up.

Wanda’s eyes reddened.

She asked shakily, “Dad, why are you two divorcing?”

Zachary narrowed his eyes, looking thoughtful. Soon, he realized that Shein and Josie were merely putting

on an act.

Hence, he crossed his arms, looking unfazed.

Shein smiled helplessly.

“You’ve also noticed that I’ve had a strained relationship with your mother for the past few years. We even

live separately often.

“Actually, we’ve been wanting to divorce for a long time. It’s just that we’ve dragged it on for so long as we’ve never reached an agreement regarding property.”

“No! I don’t want you to divorce!”

Tears streamed down Wanda’s face. Since she was young, she never worried about having no food on the

table. The only thing she lacked was the love and care of her parents.

Now that she had grown up, Shein and Josie were about to divorce. She could not accept that.

Shein did not know whether to cry or laugh.

“Many things are not within our control.”

Wanda cried, “Why not? Is it because of your assets?”

Shein and Josie were entrepreneurs. Not only did they divide their property, but they also had an agreement related to their interests.

Wanda thought they were in conflict due to the uneven distribution of

interests, leading to a divorce.

Shein felt guilty as he gazed at Wanda, who was in tears. He thought her to be silly. Even Zachary

understood what was going on. Shein hoped she could as well.

Yolanda was delighted to see Shein and Wanda at odds with each other with merely a few words from

her.

She turned to look at Sebastian and said, "Let's hand out the gifts to the townspeople!"

Sebastian nodded with a grin. He waved his hand for the bodyguards in the lorry to unload the goods.

Zachary pulled his hand out of his pocket and ruffled Wanda's hair with a smile.

"Alright, stop crying. You're looking like a mess!"

"Mind your own business."

Wanda pushed Zachary's hand away and glared at Shein with reddened eyes.

"Dad, if you and Mom divorce, I will never forgive you for the rest of my life!"

With that, she whirled around and ran toward the memorial hall.

“Silly Wanda...”

Shein stared at Wanda’s retreating figure while sighing.

Zachary lowered his voice and asked, “Should I tell her the truth?”

Shein shook his head with a smile.

“No need. Your mom and I are really going to divorce soon!”

“So, you’re really going to divorce? I thought it was all a show for Yuriel!”

Zachary was astonished.

“Yuriel isn’t so easily fooled!” Shein said lightly before heading toward the ancestral home.

Carlisle did not return to the dormitory. Instead, he rented a well-furnished four-bedroom apartment near

the school.

After signing the contract, he called Lethan again to deliver a computer.

The apartment had 16 floors. Carlisle stood by the window. He could see the balconies of the women’s dormitory at Riverland University.

But he could not clearly see who was on the balconies as a few streets separated the buildings.

Daniel mimed a telescope and asked slyly, “Carl, shall I go downstairs and buy you a telescope?”

Carlisle rolled his eyes.

“I’m not a pervert!”

Once he finished speaking, his phone rang. It was a call from Heath.

“Mr. Zahn, are you at school?”

“Yes, I’m nearby!”

“A few of our guys are outside Papplewick Tea Shop. You should meet them!”

“Sure.”

After hanging up the phone, Carlisle asked Francis to send him to Papplewick Tea Shop, located diagonally across the school gates.

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The shop was adorned with many colorful decorations.

At that moment, more than 30 juniors and seniors were queuing outside the tea shop. There were also many other people hanging around as well.

They were all meeting for the first time. They introduced themselves while exchanging cigarettes.

“My name is Arthur Gray. My older cousin is Prince Heath’s trusted right-hand man.”

“Wow, that’s so cool!”

Everyone turned to look at Arthur. While they found his name strange, no one dared to laugh at him.

Arthur was about six feet tall. His tight top outlined his muscular body.

Someone handed him a cigarette.

“Arthur, please look out for me in the future!”

Arthur accepted the cigarette and leisurely said, “Sure, sure. Once I’ve made a name for myself, I’ll hand

over the power over the campus to you after college graduation!”

The person smiled in delight.

“Sure, Arthur. I’ll follow your advice.”

“I like dealing with smart people like you!”

Arthur put his hands in his pockets and shook his head to move his side-swept bangs covering his eyes.

Then, he asked in confusion, “Speaking of which, do any of you know who Carlisle Zahn is?”

The people exchanged glances and shook their heads.

Arthur’s sharp eyes had noticed that one person in the crowd seemed lost in thought.

He pointed at him and said, “You, come out here.”

Everyone whirled around to look in his direction.

Kelvin came to his senses and pointed at himself, saying, “Me?”

“Yes, you,” Arthur replied.

Someone shoved Kelvin, who stumbled to the front.

Arthur inquired, “You’re a freshman, right?”

Kelvin anxiously nodded.

“Yes, Arthur!”

Arthur continued asking, “Then, do you know who Carlisle is?”

Kelvin inhaled sharply.

“Yes, he was my classmate. We used to go to the same high school!”

Kelvin had been in a daze earlier for a reason. Lately, he was often getting bullied. He had even received threats that if he dared to make a complaint, he would end up with broken legs.

Feeling fearful, he called his father, Eugene Knox, requesting to transfer schools.

After understanding the truth, Eugene decided to look for connections for Kelvin. Shortly after, he found someone to be Kelvin’s protector.

It was none other than the rising star, Prince Heath.

Although it was actually Heath’s henchman that Eugene connected Kelvin to, it would at least prevent him from being bullied at school.

Mike wanted to take his anger out on Kelvin earlier in the morning. He had called him, ordering him to go to the alley behind the school.

Thus, Kelvin immediately called for backup from his protector, who brought more than 20 people to assist him.

This time, Mike was humiliated, receiving two slaps from Kelvin's backer.

Kelvin had finally vented his anger and was energetic and lively throughout the day.

He even considered taking revenge on Carlisle. Ultimately, he held back.

After all, Carlisle was richer than Kelvin and Eugene. Thus, Kelvin was worried that Carlisle would use

more money to buy off his new backer.

Yet an hour later, Kelvin had received a call from his protector, asking him to go to Papplewick Tea Shop to speak to the school's big shot.

In fact, Kelvin was instructed to serve the big shot well.

When Kelvin inquired about the big shot's identity, his backer had mentioned Carlisle's name.

Shocked, he asked his protector about Carlisle's identity.

It turned out that Carlisle was Heath's boss.

At that moment, Kelvin felt his scalp tingling as though he had been struck by lightning.

For a whole hour, he remained in shock from the revelation.

So, when Arthur had called upon him, he was still lost in thought.

Arthur's body tensed when he heard Kelvin's answer.

He narrowed his eyes and asked, "Who does he hang out with?"

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“W—with Prince Heath!” Kelvin stammered.

Arthur rolled his eyes.

“That’s obvious. Everyone here has someone working for Prince Heath. I want to know which one of Prince Heath’s men your backer is working for.”

Arthur tightened his grip on Kelvin’s shoulder. It made Kelvin yelp in pain and double over.

“Ouch, ouch! My guy isn’t any of his men. I think he reports directly to Prince Heath!”

Kelvin was on the verge of tears. He had just escaped one dangerous situation only to fall into another.

Arthur quickly let go and flashed an apologetic smile.

“Sorry about that, Kelvin. I didn’t mean to be so harsh. No hard feelings, okay?”

Kelvin was bewildered by Arthur’s sudden change in demeanor but managed to shake his head.

“It’s fine, Arthur.”

The classmate who had offered Arthur a cigarette earlier pulled out another pack and handed it to Kelvin.

“Kelvin, this is a small gesture. Please, take it.”

“He’s only a freshman. You want him to start smoking?” Arthur snapped, glaring at the guy.

He took the cigarettes from Kelvin and handed them back to the guy.

That guy was his classmate, Jamie Pattinson, a junior in the e-commerce major and known for his sharp

mind.

Jamie understood the reason behind Arthur's change in attitude. Arthur had heard of Wade-Heath's right-

hand man, who reported directly to him.

This meant Kelvin could potentially become the second-in-command of this powerful group.

Arthur threw an arm around Kelvin's shoulder with a cheeky grin.

"Kelvin, I got a little carried away earlier. Don't take it personally. I hope you can look out for me in the

future."

Kelvin also understood why Arthur's attitude had changed,

When he mentioned that his backer reported directly to Heath, it was insinuated that it was Wade. Arthur immediately backed down, showing that Wade's influence was indeed powerful.

He had the best shot at becoming a leader alongside Carlisle in this group.

However, Kelvin had a history with Carlisle.

If Wade learned about his issues with Carlisle, it was uncertain if he would continue to protect him or,

even worse, decide to teach him a lesson.

Faced with Arthur's enthusiastic attitude, Kelvin didn't dare act superior. He gave a nervous laugh.

"Arthur, you're joking. You should be the one looking out for me."

"No, no. I was simply bluffing earlier. My connection is my cousin. He's just a grunt under one of Wade's guys," Arthur admitted, swallowing his pride.

Everyone around shot Arthur disdainful looks but kept quiet. After all, nobody dared to mess with

someone as muscular as him.

Kelvin had already suspected this, and with Arthur's admission, he knew better than to show any disrespect.

Forcing a smile, he said, "Then let's help each other out from now on."

Arthur laughed heartily.

"Exactly. We'll have each other's backs!"

The group quickly bonded with smiles all around.

With this crew, they wouldn't have to worry about being bullied by the school thugs anymore.

Only Kelvin looked worried.

He figured Carlisle was probably on his way to the tea shop. He suspected that Carlisle would definitely

not want him joining his group.

After all, Carlisle had already made it clear he wouldn't tolerate him.

After thinking for a moment, Kelvin took out his phone and stepped aside to call Wade.

Wade answered quickly, sounding tipsy.

"Kelvin, what's up?"

Kelvin hesitated.

"Hey, man, I need a favor."

Wade chuckled.

"Just spit it out. There's no need to beat around the bush."

Kelvin paused before explaining his history with Carlisle.

Wade's tone sobered up as he sat up on his office couch.

"Seriously? Of all people, you had to piss off Carlisle? And his girlfriend?"

Kelvin was nearly in tears, his voice trembling.

"Please, you've got to help me. I can't lose your support."

Wade sighed.

"Dude, there's nothing I can do. I'm just a grunt under Heath. Do you know how much Heath respects Carlisle? If I crossed Carlisle, Heath might cut off my fingers..."

Kelvin's face turned even paler. Just then, a black Mazda pulled up at the curb.

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The car door opened.

Daniel immediately stepped out from the passenger seat and opened the door for Carlisle.

Carlisle got out and gave Kelvin a glance.

That simple look was enough to terrify Kelvin and weaken his legs. He nearly collapsed.

Carlisle looked away and headed toward Papplewick Tea Shop with Daniel and Francis.

With his voice shaking, Kelvin said, “Wade, Carlisle’s here. Please, you’ve got to help me!”

Wade rubbed his bald head and gritted his teeth.

“Alright. I’ll help you this one time. But don’t get your hopes up too high.”

Kelvin was nearly in tears.

“Thank you, Wade!”

Carlisle arrived at the entrance of the tea shop.

Everyone’s eyes were instantly on Carlisle.

Carlisle said himself, “You guys must be the ones Heath sent.”

Arthur asked softly, “And you are...?”

Daniel stood tall.

“This is Carlisle, your new boss.”

“Nice to meet you, Carl...”

Arthur, despite being six feet tall, immediately lowered his head in greeting.

The rest of the group quickly followed, echoing. “Nice to meet you, Carl!”

Carlisle waved his hand and smiled.

“It’s getting dark. Let me take you all out for dinner.”

Jamie spoke up, “We can’t let the boss pay on our first meeting. Dinner’s on me tonight. Let’s go to A1

Seafood Restaurant.”

Arthur chimed in, “I’ll cover it. I recently won some money from the lottery.”

Carlisle chuckled.

“There’s no need to argue. Tonight’s on me. We’re all acquainted now, so let’s not be so formal.”

He knew they wanted to make a good impression. But as their leader, he needed to show generosity and establish a positive first impression to earn their loyalty.

Jamie and Arthur reluctantly agreed.

Carlisle looked at Arthur and asked, “What’s your name?”

Arthur quickly responded, “I’m Arthur Gray.”

Carlisle nodded.

“Take them to A1 Seafood Restaurant.”

“Alright,” Arthur replied, organizing everyone to catch taxis to the restaurant.

Noticing Kelvin still standing there, Arthur called out, “Kelvin, what are you standing around for? Get over

here!”

Kelvin trembled and reluctantly walked over.

Carlisle then asked, “Is he with you guys?”

Arthur nodded. “Yeah, he’s one of Wade’s people.

Carlisle was puzzled, wondering when Kelvin had gotten involved with Wade.

After a moment, he said, “I only want juniors and seniors.

After all, in Carlisle’s eyes, freshmen and sophomores were too young and wouldn’t have any presence.

Most of the other gangs on campus comprised juniors and seniors.

Kelvin’s face fell. He couldn’t help but think Carlisle was deliberately targeting him.

Arthur was secretly pleased. Without Kelvin, he could solidify his position as second-in-command.

He quickly turned around to gather the group and sort them out. From the original 38 people, only 30

remained.

Carlisle's phone rang. He checked the caller ID and saw it was a local number he didn't recognize.

"Hello, who's this?"

"Boss, it's me, Wade..."

Wade's submissive voice came through the line.

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"Are you calling to plead on Kelvin's behalf?"

Carlisle already knew Kelvin was connected to Wade. With Wade calling, it was clear he was trying to

advocate for Kelvin.

Wade hesitated and stammered, "B-boss, I took 100 thousand dollars from that dude's father, promising to look out for him. If I'd known you two had issues, I wouldn't have taken the money."

He paused, lowering his voice

"Could you do me a favor and let him off this time?"

Carlisle responded coolly, "I'm not planning to cause him any trouble."

Wade felt a surge of relief.

"Thank you, boss. Thank you. If he ever disobeys, I'll take care of it for you."

"Nah. I don't want freshmen or sophomores. I'm only interested in upperclassmen."

“Well.. Alright then,” Wade replied with a resigned chuckle.

“Is there anything else, or can I hang up?” Carlisle asked indifferently.

“N–No, nothing else,” Wade replied.

Carlisle ended the call the next second.

Daniel had already opened the car door for Carlisle.

As Carlisle got into the car, Kelvin followed, asking, “Carl, let me join your team!”

Carlisle shut the car door without saying a word.

He had already shown leniency by not confronting Kelvin. Allowing Kelvin to join his team would be

humiliating.

After all, Kelvin had spread rumors and slandered Wanda in the group chat, making her cry.

As Francis drove off, Kelvin stood there, stunned.

Wade called Kelvin.

Kelvin, feeling lost, answered, “Bass...”

“I already did what I can. Carl won’t come after you, but he won’t let you join his team either. Also, our

deal still stands. J

be more careful in the future,” Wade said before hanging up abruptly.

As Carlisle headed to A1 Seafood Restaurant, he got Mike’s phone number from a classmate and dialed

it.

Meanwhile, Mike was having dinner at A1 Seafood Restaurant, preparing to toast with a school belle from

his class. She wasn’t too keen, but with encouragement from Mike’s friends, she reluctantly raised her

glass.

Just then, Mike’s phone rang on the table.

“Damn it...

Mike saw it was an unknown number and promptly hung up.

Before he could set the phone down, it rang again.

Mike answered angrily, “Who the hell is this?”

Carlisle chuckled lightly.

“Mike, it’s me, Carlisle.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you? I’m busy right now,” Mike snapped.

“Mike, I just got my allowance today. It’s tens of thousands of dollars. I plan to pay another year of protection fees, Carlisle replied calmly.

“Oh?”

Mike squinted slightly, smiling.

“It seems someone’s feeling generous today.”

Carlisle responded on the phone, “A wise man must know when to seize the opportunity.”

“Come to A1 Seafood Restaurant,” Mike said.

Carlisle didn’t reply and simply hung up.

Mike put down his phone and continued to raise his glass to the school belle.

“Let’s continue…”

After hanging up, Carlisle called Sean.

Sean informed him he was having dinner with their team at A1 Seafood Restaurant.

After exchanging pleasantries, Carlisle hung up..

Then, he called Owen.

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Owen and Carlisle had been beaten badly by Mike’s people last time.

was time to settle the score.

Upon hearing that Carlisle was going to help him get revenge, Owen was so excited that he rushed downstairs.

On the way, he called Heath.

Heath frowned slightly.

“Did you hear it from Carl himself?”

“Yeah!”

“Alright, go over there. Keep an eye on Carl and make sure he doesn’t get hurt.”

Heath hung up the phone and glanced at Wade, who was on the couch watching a ‘90s drama with

interest.

“Wade, gather the crew. We’re heading out!”

“Where to?”

“Luke’s old place.”

“Damn, that’s intense!”

Wade jumped up from the couch.

After Ian died, Luke took over all his business. Luke often indulged in wine and women, neglecting the operation of his entertainment venues, which led to many of Ian’s former associates quietly leaving.

Ten minutes later, five vans and 12 black Santanas split into two groups and hurried toward Luke’s old

haunt

Heath felt a wave of emotion in his heart as he sat in the car and watched the scenery fly by outside.

It had only been a week since he took over as boss, but so much had happened in that time.

Just a week ago, he would have been intimidated by Mike. Now, Mike meant nothing to him.

Wade excitedly rubbed his hands together.

“Once we take care of Luke, our influence will be comparable to Albert’s!”

Heath smiled faintly.

“Don’t celebrate too soon. Going after Luke will surely provoke Albert. Let’s get through this first.”

Wade furrowed his brows

“Shouldn’t we wait a little longer then?”

Heath shook his head.

“Let’s deal with our boss’ trouble first.”

At A1 Seafood Restaurant, Mike had already poured several glasses of wine for the school belle, Melanie

Yost.

She was flushed and dazed. Swaying in her chair, Melanie was on the verge of collapsing. But fortunately, a few female classmates were there to support her.

Mike lit a cigarette, pulled out two thousand dollars in cash from his pocket, and tossed it before the two

female classmates.

“Your business here is done. You can leave now.”

One of the female classmates eyed the crisp hundred-dollar bills with envy.

The other furrowed her brows lightly.

“Are you saying we should leave Melanie here?”

“Of course,” Mike said with a smirk.

He had been pursuing Melanie for a long time, hoping to win her over with his sincerity. But she was playing hard to get, so he had arranged this meeting to get her drunk and finally have her all to himself.

*No way. I have to take Melanie with us!” the female classmate said while eyeing the cash on the table.

Mike’s lips curled into a sly smile.

*Not satisfied with the amount, are you?”

The female classmate immediately averted her gaze and said earnestly, “Melanie and I have been best friends for three years. There’s no way I’d betray her for money.”

Mike tossed another two thousand dollars without waiting for her response. Then, he pulled out another two thousand and placed it on the table.

The other female classmate quickly pocketed the money and stood up.

“I’m heading back now...”

The remaining classmate, Katie, was stunned. She couldn’t believe her classmate could do this

Mike tossed another two thousand dollars over.

“That’s all the money I have. You should know that regardless if you accept the money, you won’t be able to take Melanie with you today.”

“I... I want ten thousand!”

Katie finally spoke up.

She was clearly unsatisfied with the amount.

Mike narrowed his eyes.

“Katie, you’re being too greedy. It will eventually ruin you.”

Katie shrugged, unbothered.

“Give me ten thousand dollars. If something happens later, I’ll stand by your side and testify that Melanie seduced you.

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Mike clucked his tongue.

“You’re indeed Melanie’s best friend!”

Mike gave Katie an appreciative look and then threw five thousand dollars at her.

After Ian’s death, Luke took most of the money, leaving only ten million for Mike.

It wasn't much compared to Ian's billions, but he was satisfied.

Mike felt it was at least better than the three thousand dollars monthly allowance Ian gave him.

Katie pocketed the ten thousand dollars and was about to leave.

Melanie, feeling woozy, grabbed Katie's wrist.

"Kat... please... take me with you..."

Katie shook off Melanie's hand and said, "Mike truly cares about you. If you stay with him, you'll live in luxury and won't have to wash dishes or do part-time jobs just for some spare change."

Hearing Katie's cold and heartless tone, Melanie's eyes filled with tears.

After Katie left, Mike waved his hand, and his men, who occupied three tables, cleared out of the room.

Moments later, screams and sounds of dishes and glass shattering came from the room.

At the same time, Sean and Owen arrived with over 30 people.

Carlisle and Francis didn't tag along. They stayed back in the private room, ordering food.

In the hallway, Mike's subordinates recognized Sean and Owen.

Sean and Owen had been beaten black and blue before.

At the sight of them with so many people, they were clearly here to cause trouble.

Arthur asked, "Sean, do we go straight in, or.?"

Looking at the familiar faces in the hallway and hearing Melanie screaming from the private room, Sean said, “Screw it. That bastard’s hurting a girl. We’re going in now.”

Arthur had been a brawler since high school and had even undergone special training. He tore off his

shirt, revealing a formidable set of muscles, and charged in.

In the private room, Carlisle could already hear the sounds of the fight outside.

Francis chuckled.

“I wonder if they can handle it. Maybe I should go help.”

Carlisle shook his head.

“That musclehead can take on five guys by himself.”

A glint appeared in Francis’ eyes.

“You sure have a knack for finding the right people!”

He recognized Arthur’s incredible strength. In a life–or–death match, Francis might be able to kill him, but in a brawl with restraint, even he might not stand a chance.

The manager of A1 Seafood Restaurant entered the private room, trembling

“Mr. Zahn, the surveillance cameras are off.”

He had just received a call from Heath, insisting that the current incident be swept under the rug or A1 Seafood Restaurant would be out of business. He relayed this to the boss, who told him to handle it.

Carlisle smiled and gestured for the manager to sit.

“Relax. I’ll cover the cost of any damages.”

The manager sighed.

“Even though Ian is dead, Luke is still around. He’s even more ruthless than Ian.”

Carlisle suddenly looked up at the manager, who flinched.

Did

“Did I say something wrong?”

“No, you actually reminded me of something.”

Carlisle pulled out his phone and called Heath, intending to have him cause Luke trouble.

As soon as Heath answered, Carlisle said, “Create some trouble for Luke.”

Heath laughed.

“I’m already at their doorstep.”

The sounds of fighting erupted over the phone.

Carlisle’s tone grew serious as he asked, “Are you planning to take them all out in one go?”

Heath replied, “Yeah, in one swift move.”

Carlisle warned, “You risk mutual destruction. Watch out for Albert.”.

The noise on the other end was overwhelming, and Carlisle hung up after a few more words.

Back in Mike's private room, Mike had several deep scratches on his face. Melanie's clothes were torn, exposing a lot of her pale skin.

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Melanie, disheveled and terrified, was huddling in a corner. She was clutching a piece of broken glass so tightly it cut her hands, though she didn't seem to feel the pain.

Mike cracked his neck and said coldly. "I'll deal with you once I've handled the situation outside."

He opened the door and stepped into the hallway.

Mike frowned when he saw the two groups locked in a fierce fight. The numbers were about even, but the opposing side had a muscular powerhouse.

Sensing things were going south, Mike retreated to the room and called Luke,

But Luke didn't answer.

Mike began to panic. He called repeatedly.

However, regardless of his desperation, Luke wouldn't pick up.

At Sanctuary Resort, Heath was already seated in the seat that should have belonged to Luke. Luke was now kneeling on the floor, covered in blood.

Heath hadn't expected Ian's men to be such cowards. The fight had barely started before someone was

begging for mercy.

Heath's recent ruthless actions had clearly instilled some fear.

Luke's phone kept ringing in his pocket.

Heath, looking down on him, said, "Answer it.

Luke pulled out his phone and saw it was Mike calling. He answered.

"Luke, help! They're beating me up!"

Hearing Mike's desperate plea, Luke looked up at Heath and pleaded, "Leave someone from the Carlson family alive..."

With a mocking smile, Heath replied, "It's not like we're in the dark ages. I'm not looking to kill anyone."

Luke's words made it sound like Heath intended to kill both him and Mike.

Luke gritted his teeth and asked, "Then what do you want?"

Heath lit a cigarette and exhaled a plume of smoke.

"Simple. Hand over all your assets.

Luke was on the verge of collapsing,

"Fine. I'll give up everything."

Heath smiled brightly and snapped his fingers. Benjamin walked in, carrying a

stack of contracts.

Just as everything seemed to be going smoothly, a terrified lackey rushed in.

"Heath, we've got trouble. Albert's coming with a lot of men!"

Heath took a deep breath and looked at Wade.

Wade's eyes gleamed with intensity as he grinned fiercely.

"Let's take them on. I don't care who he is."

At A1 Seafood Restaurant, Arthur dragged a battered Mike into Carlisle's private room. Arthur had several bleeding wounds.

Carlisle turned to the manager.

"Do you have a doctor?"

"Yes. I'll get one right away."

The manager nodded, trembling.

The restaurant had two seasoned doctors on staff to handle any potential seafood allergies.

Arthur, eager to impress, said to Carlisle, "Boss, I took down eight guys..."

Carlisle gave him a thumbs-up.

"Impressive. I'll make sure to reward you in the future."

Arthur's eyes welled up with tears. He knew the weight of Carlisle's words. After all, Carlisle was a top-tier boss. Even Heath respected him.

Mike, bruised and swollen, crawled to Carlisle's feet. Tears were streaming down his face.

"Carl... Carl, I know I messed up. Please, forgive me!"

