

## Love Spell 321

Chapter 321

Carlisle was calmly sipping his fish chowder.

Suddenly, his expression darkened.

Mike almost wet his pants out of fear.

When Carlisle had called him earlier, Mike had suspected that Carlisle wasn't just being generous. He figured Carlisle might cause trouble now that Ian was dead.

Still, he hadn't taken it seriously.

After all, Luke had taken over Ian's businesses and would protect him.

But no

it seemed Luke was in trouble too.

Mike concluded it was Heath. He figured Carlisle and Heath were working together.

They had planned to take down both him and Luke that day.

It had to be that.

Mike was drenched in sweat, trembling.

"Today's fish chowder soup is a bit salty," ignoring Mike, Carlisle turned to the manager of A1 Seafood Restaurant and remarked.

“I—I’ll have it replaced right away, and today’s bill is on me. We’ll also change the kitchen staff,” the manager stuttered nervously.

Carlisle put down his spoon and waved away the smell of urine in the air.

‘Forget it. I’m not hungry today,” he said lightly.

The manager stood frozen.

Carlisle then looked at Mike kneeling on the ground and smiled.

“Mike, I’ve stashed quite a bit of money with you. Don’t you think it’s time you return them to me?”

Mike nodded frantically.

“Yes, yes. I have 100 thousand. I’ll give it all to you, just spare my life!”

Mike had given up any illusions with Luke in trouble and his last hope shattered. He thought Carlisle perhaps wouldn’t harm him, but he feared Carlisle might hand him over to Heath to chop off his

fingers.

“100 thousand?”

Carlisle’s displeasure was evident.

“I paid a million for protection, remember?”

Mike immediately changed his tune.

“O—one million, I’ll... I’ll give it to you!”

He had ten million, so giving Carlisle one million still left him with nine. That amount was enough for him to live comfortably for the rest of his life.

Carlisle smirked.

“After Ian’s death, Luke took over his businesses. You must have received more than just one million,

right?”

Mike shuddered.

“I... I have three million. I’ll.. I’ll give it all to you!”

After saying that, he stared at Carlisle intently.

Three million was his limit. If Carlisle continued to demand more, he’d rather have Heath chop off a few

fingers.

Carlisle’s smile widened slightly. He felt three million wasn’t a bad offer either, and he knew Mike had more than that. He didn’t think there was any need to squeeze him dry.

He looked up at Arthur and said, “Write up a receipt for the repayment.”

Arthur borrowed paper and a pen from the manager to prepare the receipt.

The manager was happy to oblige. He could tell Carlisle was a man of integrity. Carlisle would likely compensate for A1 Seafood Restaurant’s losses that night with this three million.

Arthur’s handwriting was messy. Nevertheless, it was still recognizable.

After writing the receipt, Arthur handed it to Carlisle for inspection.

Carlisle added the word “cash” after the three million and wrote his own name as the recipient.

“We need two copies of the receipt,” Carlisle instructed Arthur and the manager.

Arthur wrote another copy while the manager fetched the ink pad.

After a while, Mike signed the receipt and pressed his inked thumbprint next to his name. Despite losing three million, he still felt a sense of relief. With seven million left in the bank, he could live comfortably for the rest of his life.

Carlisle took one copy of the receipt and stood.

\*How much cash do you have at home?”

“T—three million!” Mike replied cautiously, eyeing Carlisle nervously.

He had five million in cash at home. If Carlisle followed him there, he might lose it all.

“Owen, Sean, Arthur, take Mike to collect the money. Be nice, Carlisle instructed the three men with a

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Three million dollars was no small amount.

Mike had never physically harmed Carlisle in school, and Sean and Owen had already settled their

grievances. After accepting Mike’s three million as compensation, they would remain as future alumni.

Arthur and the other two eagerly accompanied Mike to his house to collect the money.

Carlisle instructed the manager to clear out two more private rooms.

As they exited the room, Melanie stood outside with arms crossed over her chest.

“Carlisle, thank you...”

She had just learned that Carlisle was the leader of this group. Without them, she would have undoubtedly been violated that night.

Melanie’s scantily clad figure was captivating, leaving everyone unable to look away. The exposed skin

caused the men around her to swallow hard.

Carlisle paused momentarily, giving Melanie a brief once-over before making a rough guess about the

situation.

He replied nonchalantly, “I was just seeking revenge. Saving you was purely coincidental.”

Melanie pursed her lips and lowered her head.

“I understand, but I still want to thank you. You saved me, and that’s a fact.”

Without saying another word to Melanie, Carlisle walked toward another private room while dialing Heath’s number on his phone.

Melanie watched as Carlisle left, surrounded by others. She then glanced down at her exposed chest. Everyone had seemed captivated by her earlier, Everyone but Carlisle, whose gaze remained clear and unaffected by her beauty and exposed skin. She figured it was perhaps because he was still young.

Melanie comforted herself with this thought and then called her roommate to bring her some clothes.

Meanwhile, Carlisle had arrived at another private room. Heath didn't answer his call, leaving Carlisle distracted and preoccupied.

In the span of half an hour, Carlisle made three calls to Heath and five to Wade. Unfortunately, none of them went through, intensifying Carlisle's unease.

As the waitstaff began serving dishes, many of Carlisle's classmates approached to offer him drinks. Carlisle accepted them all and downed over a dozen shots in no time.

Finally, when Jamie approached to offer a toast, Carlisle spoke up, "Call one of your friends who hangs out with Heath."

Jamie was puzzled.

"What should I tell them?"

"Just see if you can get through."

"Alright."

Jamie took out his phone and dialed his friend.

The first call didn't connect. The second call was the same. After the third attempt, Jamie shook his head.

"I can't get through..."

Carlisle clapped his hands.

"Everyone, quiet down!"

The occupants of the private room immediately fell silent.

With a serious tone, Carlisle continued, "Contact your friends who hang out with Heath and see if you can

reach them."

Everyone took out their phones and began dialing.

Carlisle watched as they repeatedly tried to make calls. His heart sank.

Just then, the manager of A1 Seafood Restaurant knocked on the door and entered.

He said solemnly, "Mr. Zahn, could you step outside with me for a moment?"

Carlisle's mood instantly plummeted.

Feeling lost, he followed the manager outside.

Once they were out, the manager led Carlisle into the adjacent private room and closed the door behind

them.

Then, in a low voice, the manager said, "I just saw on the news that there was a massive brawl at Sanctuary Resort. Over 300 police officers were deployed to quell it. It seems to involve Prince Heath's group and Luke's people, right?"

Although Carlisle had mentally prepared himself earlier, hearing this news still made his heart skip a beat.

He took a deep breath and tried to appear calm as he asked, "Did anyone die?"

The manager shook his head.

“I’m not sure. The scene is locked down, and reporters can only report from outside.

Carlisle clenched his fists momentarily but then relaxed them. He took out his phone to call Lethan

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Lethan returned to his mansion to relax in the hot tub after a busy day. Just as he was about to get in, his phone on the coffee table rang. He picked it up and answered the call from Carlisle.

“Carlisle, do you want to join me for a soak in the hot tub?”

“I’m not in the mood. I need you to find out what’s going on with Prince Heath.”

“Prince Heath?” Lethan said, surprised.

“Are you close to him?”

Carlisle explained, “He’s the one I backed to take on Zachary.”

“Holy shit...” Lethan blurted out.

He couldn’t believe Heath was Carlisle’s guy all along. It’s no wonder Heath had been rising fast lately.

For a moment, Lethan didn’t know how to feel about this. Zachary was his nephew. Carlisle was his close business partner and also the guy Wanda liked.

Yet, these two were at each other’s throats.

Still, he had to admire Carlisle. At just 18, he had a talent for gathering capable people around him.



Lethan was puzzled.

“If you know Prince Heath so well, why do you need me to look into him?”

Carlisle sighed.

“He’s in trouble. I think he might have been arrested.”

Lethan raised an eyebrow.

“I have an old friend who works at the police station. I’ll see what I can find out.”

After hanging up, Lethan called his old friend.

“Hey, Mr. Warbane! My, my. The big shot himself actually has the time to call me?”

A deep voice came from the other end.

Lethan grinned

“Hey, we were high school buddies. It’s been a while since we’ve hung out. I’m thinking of organizing a

reunion soon. Do you have time to come?”

“Of course. I’d love to join! Just send me the time and place, and I’ll be there.”

“What’s been keeping you busy lately?”

Lethan didn’t jump straight to asking about Heath. Instead, he wanted to warm up the conversation first.

“What else? Keeping the peace in Riverland, of course.”

“I remember your dream was to maintain world peace!”

Lethan brought up Gabriel’s childhood dream to remind him of their close bond.

“Cut to the chase, Mr. Warbane. What do you want?”

Gabriel Yost, the deputy chief at the city police department, had climbed up the ranks and could easily

read between the lines of Lethan’s chatter.

Lethan chuckled awkwardly.

“Alright, I’ll get straight to the point. I’m inquiring about Prince Heath.”

Gabriel immediately fell silent.

Lethan quickly added, “If it’s not something you can talk about, that’s fine. I’m just asking for a friend.

”

Gabriel narrowed his eyes.

“Is that friend of yours Carlisle Zahn?”

“Carlisle?”

Lethan’s heart raced.

“He’s my business partner. The friend I mentioned isn’t him.”

Lethan grew anxious. He wondered if Heath had sold out Carlisle. He pondered why else Gabriel would mention Carlisle if that wasn't the case.

Gabriel remained silent, and Lethan hesitated to speak further. The tension was thick.

After a short while, Gabriel said, "Prince Heath is seriously injured and in the hospital undergoing

emergency surgery.

Lethan pressed, "Was his operation dismantled? Is he facing execution?"

"Mr. Warbane, you seem quite close with Prince Heath, Gabriel remarked pointedly.

Lethan quickly backpedaled.

"Not at all. I'm simply curious."

Gabriel laughed, then said thoughtfully, "It's best if you're not. I wouldn't want to see you end up here for a

chat."

After some small talk, Lethan hung up and relayed the information to Carlisle.

Hearing that Heath was critically injured, Carlisle sank into his chair, drained.

Lethan cautioned, "You'd better not visit him now. It seems that they know about your connection to Heath I suspect he sold you out."

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Carlisle said firmly, "Heath would never do that!"

If Heath had betrayed him, the police would have already come for him.

Lethan wanted to say more but refrained from doing so.

Carlisle's voice was hoarse as he said, "I'm hanging up. I need to go to the hospital."

Lethan almost jumped out of his seat.

"You're seriously going to visit him now?"

He had just warned Carlisle not to go. But here Carlisle was, Ignoring his caution.

Carlisle replied calmly, "Prince Heath is my friend. What's wrong with visiting a friend?"

Lethan gritted his teeth.

"I'll go with you."

Half an hour later, both Carlisle and Lethan arrived at Riverland Paper Mill Hospital.

They inquired at the front desk about where Heath was being treated.

The nurse informed them he was in the emergency room on the third floor.

As they walked toward the elevator, the doors opened, and a man with a briefcase stepped out. He was flanked by two uniformed officers.

Lethan's mouth twitched.

The man with the briefcase smiled and said, "Mr. Warbane, are you here to see Prince Heath?"

Before Lethan could respond, the man turned to Carlisle.

“And this must be the friend you mentioned?”

“He-”

“Carlisle Zahn...” Gabriel interrupted Lethan, cutting him off.

Carlisle smiled.

“Yeah, that’s me.”

Gabriel gave a faint smile.

“Go on up and see him. I’ll wait outside. We can talk afterward.”

Carlisle nodded and stepped into the elevator, with Lethan following tensely behind.

As soon as the doors closed, Lethan whispered anxiously, “Carlisle, you’re in trouble.”

Carlisle pressed the button for the third floor and said calmly, “We’ll take it one step at a time.”

Lethan’s mind raced, and then a thought struck him.

“Maybe you should reach out to Gareth.”

“Nah,” Carlisle replied.

Not only did he lack a strong connection with Gareth, but even if they were close, Gareth might not be willing to help save Heath.

Outside the emergency room on the third floor, Carlisle sat quietly on a chair, waiting.

Lethan paced back and forth with arms crossed.

After about an hour, the emergency room doors opened.

A nurse pushed Heath out, who seemed critically injured.

Carlisle quickly stood up and approached them.

Heath was wrapped head to toe in bandages, with only his eyes visible. He was staring blankly at the

ceiling.

“Heath...” Carlisle called out as he walked beside the stretcher.

Heath didn’t respond or even glance at Carlisle.

The attending surgeon removed his mask and asked, “Are you related to the patient?”

“I’m his friend...”

“Good. You’ll need to cover the medical expenses,” the surgeon said.

“Money’s not an issue. How is he?” Carlisle asked.

His eyes reddened as he looked at Heath.

The surgeon sighed.

“His condition is critical. He has a punctured lung, 18 stab wounds, and blunt force trauma to the head, causing intracranial bleeding.

“He needs to be in the ICU for now, and it’s uncertain if he’ll survive. Even if he wakes up, he’s likely to be

paralyzed.”

Carlisle felt a sharp pain in his chest but said firmly, “Give him the best treatment available, no matter the

cost.

He believed Heath would pull through, Heath was destined to be the future kingpin of Riverland. He wouldn’t go down like this.

The surgeon looked skeptically at Carlisle.

“Are you sure you want the best treatment for him?”

Carlisle turned to Lethan

“Did you bring your checkbook? Lend me a million dollars.”

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“It’s in the car. I’ll go grab it,” Lethan said, heading toward the elevator..

Just then, Heath moved his eyes to look at Carlisle.

Carlisle noticed the subtle movement.

Regardless of whether Heath could hear him, he said gently, “Focus on getting better.”

Heath seemed to hear Carlisle’s voice and slowly closed his eyes.

The surgeon turned to the nurse.

“Take him to the ICU and get him on oxygen.”

Carlisle’s phone rang. He pulled it out and saw an unknown number.

After a moment of hesitation, he answered.

“Carl...”

Benjamin’s voice came through the line.

“Where are you?” Carlisle whispered.

Benjamin’s ability to make the call indicated he was okay.

“I’m at your game studio. My brother and his crew got into trouble,” Benjamin choked out.

“Stay at the studio. I’ll come find you soon.”

Carlisle hung up and found Lethan. He paid the hospital a million dollars in medical expenses and got a

receipt.

As they walked out of the hospital, Carlisle remained uneasy.

“Mr. Warbane, do you know any specialists in neurology?”

Lethan thought for a moment, then shook his head,

“I don’t, but Shania might. I’ll give her a call.”

A horn sounded from the parking lot. It was a police car.



Carlisle took a deep breath and walked over.

Lethan watched Carlisle's figure and tightened his grip on the phone.

"Lethan..."

Shania's voice came through the phone.

Lethan snapped out of his daze and asked, "I remember you have a friend who's a neurology specialist. Am I right?"

Carlisle approached the police car, where Gabriel opened the door and gestured for him to enter.

Once seated, Gabriel got straight to the point.

"You gave Heath 15 million to develop underground forces."

Carlisle chuckled lightly.

"I think I should consult with a lawyer before discussing this further with you. This sounds like defamation.

Gabriel glanced at Carlisle in surprise. Was this the thought process of an 18-year-old? He only intended to bluff him, but Carlisle was already discussing getting a lawyer.

Gabriel smiled faintly.

"There's no need to be nervous. Let's just chat."

He then said, "Let's start with introductions. I'm Gabriel Yost, the deputy chief of police."

"I'm Carlisle Zahn, a freshman at Riverland University," Carlisle calmly introduced himself.

He knew Gabriel likely had access to his information. However, since Gabriel introduced himself, he felt reciprocating was only fair.

Gabriel continued, “What’s your relationship with Heath?”

“We’re friends,” Carlisle replied.

“How did you meet?” Gabriel inquired further.

Carlisle answered truthfully, “Through a mutual friend.”

Gabriel pressed on, “And who is this mutual friend?”

“Owen...”

Gabriel asked again, “Could you elaborate on how you two met and why you gave him ten million?”

“Sure... Heath and Owen are my friends from The Legendary Tale‘ game. I met Owen through mutual friends in our neighborhood. After I got into Riverland University, I invited Owen to join me, and through Owen, I met Heath...”

“Owen is only 17. Shouldn’t he be in school? Why did you take him with you?” the law enforcement officer sitting in the passenger seat asked while jotting down notes.

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Carlisle explained, “Owen was always skipping school to go online and hang out with the wrong crowd. I

was worried he’d go down the wrong path. So when I decided to start a business in college, I brought him

along to work for me.”

Gabriel nodded.

“Go on...”

“I opened a game studio, but we were short-staffed. Owen introduced Heath to me, and he started working at my studio. Later, when Heath needed money to start his own business, I lent him 15 million.”

“So, you’re saying you didn’t know about his involvement in underground activities?”

“I found out later and tried to talk him out of it, but it didn’t work...”

Carlisle’s responses flowed smoothly, with hardly any flaws...

Gabriel was about to ask more questions when a lady approached and knocked on the car window.

It was Melanie.

As Gabriel towered the window, he noticed Melanie’s bruised face.

He furrowed his brows and asked, “What happened to your face?”

Melanie saw Carlisle sitting beside her father and exclaimed, “Carlisle?”

Carlisle looked equally surprised but smiled and replied, “What a coincidence. Nice to see you again so

soon.

Gabriel spoke sternly, “I’ll talk to you later.”

Melanie blinked and turned back to Carlisle, saying. “Carlisle, do you have time tomorrow? I want to treat. you to a meal to thank you for saving me.”

Gabriel, noticing Melanie’s injuries, asked in a deep voice, “What happened? Who hurt you?”

Tearing up, Melanie explained, “It was one of my classmates. He took me out for drinks, got drunk, and then tried to take advantage of me. Fortunately, Carlisle saved me.”

Gabriel sniffed and detected the scent of alcohol on Melanie

He grimaced and sternly said, “What were you doing drinking? Who tried to take advantage of you? I’ll

bring him in for attempted assault!”

“There’s no need. He’s already been dealt with. He won’t dare to touch me again,” Melanie said.

Worried about implicating Carlisle, she quickly made an excuse before turning away.

Gabriel sighed in resignation.

Then he said to Carlisle, “I’ll keep investigating. I hope you’re not lying to me...

Carlisle gave a slight smile.

“I’m here to cooperate with the officers at any time.”

Gabriel suddenly asked, “How did you make so much money in such a short time?”

Carlisle chuckled.

“It’s a trade secret!”

Gabriel didn't press further when Carlisle dodged the question. After all, he had already examined Carlisle's bank accounts, and his money sources were very clear.

Gabriel's expression softened a bit.

"Give me your phone number. If there are any issues, I'll contact you."

Carlisle gave his phone number to Gabriel.

Then he asked, "May I go now?"

Gabriel nodded.

Carlisle opened the door, got out, and headed toward Lethan.

The officer in the passenger seat said in a low voice, "Boss, this kid is really something!"

Gabriel narrowed his eyes.

"Indeed. He's calm, composed, and doesn't seem like a typical 17 or 18-year-old. It would make sense if he were from one of those famous business families, but his parents are just ordinary workers."

"Are we heading back to the station now?"

"You

guys head on back. I'll deal with my daughter's situation first."

Lethan dropped Carlisle off at the studio.

After getting out of the car, Lethan finally said what he had been thinking, "I think you should mend fences with Gareth as soon as possible, just in case."

“I know,” Carlisle replied with a smile before heading into the studio.

Owen and the others stood up to greet him, but Benjamin sat by the window lost in thought. When he heard the others call out to Carlisle, he quickly turned to look.

Carlisle walked over and sat on the couch by the window.

Benjamin couldn't wait any longer.

“Carl, how's my brother?”

He had already heard that his brother was seriously injured and undergoing surgery at the hospital. He

also heard that there were people from the police department present, so he didn't dare to go.

“Your brother has come out of surgery. He's okay...”

Carlisle's face lit up with a natural smile.

Benjamin breathed a sigh of relief, repeating, “That's good, that's good!”

Carlisle picked up a cigarette from the table, lit it, and then asked, “How many people did your take with him ?”

brother

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“There were about 80 people, I think. I was still hungover, and my brother didn't wake me up.

Benjamin's eyes filled with tears as he slapped himself hard.

"Drinking screws everything up. I swear I'll never drink again."

Carlisle sighed softly.

"Don't beat yourself up. Even if you hadn't been drunk, your brother wouldn't have taken you along."

Benjamin was very close to his brother, Heath.

Knowing how dangerous it would be to confront Luke at his hideout, Heath chose to leave Benjamin behind.

"Carlisle, I want to see my brother," Benjamin choked out.

He and Heath had relied on each other for years.

During their time on the streets, Heath went hungry so Benjamin wouldn't have to.

His brother was his world. If Heath fell, his world would collapse.

Carlisle understood how Benjamin felt and tried to comfort him,

"Your brother just had surgery, and it's really late. Let's go see him tomorrow, okay?"

"Thanks, Carlisle," Benjamin said, wiping his tears.

"Who's managing your businesses now?"

"My brother hired a manager. He's been handling everything."

“Good. You should return and oversee things for now.”

Carlisle stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray.

“Okay, Carlisle.”

Benjamin stood up, ready to leave.

Carlisle suddenly asked, “By the way, did any of the guys make it back?”

“Yeah, about ten of them.”

“Bring one over.”

Carlisle wanted to understand the events.

Heath was always very careful.

Knowing his personality, he wouldn't have made a move against Luke unless he was absolutely sure he could pull it off.

Deciding to take on Luke and ending up seriously Injured, with everyone else captured, didn't add up.

Carlisle felt there had to be more to the story.

Benjamin pulled out his phone and made a call.

Fortunately, one of the escaped men was already outside in a car, so they didn't have to wait long.

Ten minutes later, a burly man in a black tank top, Hook Graham, approached.



“Benjamin...”

Hook stood with his hands behind his back.

“This is Carlisle,” Benjamin said, purposely leaving out Carlisle’s relationship with Heath.

The fact that Carlisle was the boss was only known to a few of Heath’s closest confidants.

Hook glanced at Carlisle and nodded.

“Carlisle ”

Carlisle gestured to the couch.

“Have a seat.”

Hook sat but kept his head bowed.

Carlisle furrowed his brows slightly.

He casually asked, “Besides Luke’s men, did anyone else show up afterward?”

Hook nodded.

“Yeah. Titan showed up with almost a hundred guys. Luke’s crew had already surrendered, but they fought

back when they heard Titan was coming. We were caught in the middle and took a beating!”

Carlisle narrowed his eyes.

Titan was also aiming to take out Luke's operation, but he didn't have many people in the area. This led to a standoff with Heath, with neither making the first move.

That day, Heath acted early against Luke to settle a score with Mike. Titan seized the opportunity and brought in his men to reap the benefits.

But how did the city police learn about it so quickly?

Deploying 300 officers quickly indicated that they must have known about it at least an hour in advance.

Carlisle wondered if it could be Jalen

He suddenly thought of another key player.

After Ian's death, Titan wasn't the only one eyeing this prime territory. Jalen was also in the mix.

Carlisle took out another cigarette, lit it, and looked up.

"You can go now."

Hook nodded and left.

"Carlisle, I'll head out too," Benjamin s

"Wait a minute," Carlisle replied.

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"That guy we just talked to is suspicious. He might be working for Jalen or Titan. Find a way to get rid of

him."

Benjamin's eyes widened in disbelief. Then his expression darkened.

"Got it, Carlisle."

Carlisle continued, "While you're at it, see how many more of their people are embedded with us. Get rid of all the moles

"Understood."

Benjamin nodded firmly and quickly walked out.

Carlisle stubbed out his cigarette and leaned back on the couch, rubbing his nose.

Francis, who had been standing behind Carlisle, asked, "How did you figure it out?"

Carlisle, still rubbing his nose, explained, "He never looked me in the eye. The eyes are the windows to the

soul. He was afraid he'd give himself away, so he avoided looking at me."

Francis nodded in understanding. His admiration for Carlisle grew even stronger.

Carlisle hadn't eaten at A1 Seafood Restaurant, and his stomach started to grumble.

"Owen, who has the three million dollars?"

"I brought it back and left it

on your bed."

"Good. Go downstairs and buy some deli meats and a few beers."

“Will do.”

Benjamin returned to the disco.

Hook got out of the car and opened the door for Benjamin.

Benjamin patted Hook on the shoulder.

“You did well in front of Carlisle. He even praised you. Come to my office. I’ll reward you with two thousand dollars.”

“Thank you, Benjamin.

Hook’s face lit up as he followed Benjamin toward the office.

Benjamin clenched his left hand into a fist behind his back.

The guys trailing behind exchanged glances and then followed along.

Benjamin walked into Heath’s office and sat down in his chair.

Hook rubbed his hands together, looking slightly guilty.

“Benjamin, honestly, I didn’t do that well. You can just give me a thousand.”

The office door slammed shut with a bang.

Hook looked back in surprise and saw the four guys who had escaped with him standing by the door.

“Ben... Benjamin... you...”

“Tell me, are you working for Titan or Jalen?”

Benjamin pulled a black knife from the drawer. It was the one Heath used for cutting off fingers.

Hook started shaking.

“Benjamin... I—I don’t know what you mean. I’m loyal to Wade!”

Benjamin gave a signal to the guys behind Hook.

They rushed him, and Hook fought back hard, quickly taking down two of them. But the other two managed to pin him to the ground.

Benjamin said calmly, “Drag him to the warehouse. We’ll stop when he’s ready to talk.”

The two who had been knocked down got back up and started beating Hook, who curled up on the floor, covering his head without making a sound.

A few guys carried Hook to the warehouse.

Benjamin, holding the knife, walked out of the office.

At the same time, Kelvin, sitting in a corner drinking, saw everything.

The guy next to him with the dyed blond hair nudged him and grinned, “Don’t worry. Benjamin won’t last long either.

Kelvin took a long swig from his glass. With Heath and Wade in trouble, his 100 thousand dollars was as good as gone. Feeling down, he went to Wade’s disco to drink.

The blond guy, who had bummed a cigarette off him earlier, turned out to be Landon Johnston, a close associate of Jalen. Landon was present to keep an eye on Heath’s crew.

Landon chuckled.

“Hey buddy, you got any more cash? Lend me ten dollars so I can book a private room for the night.”

Kelvin pulled out a hundred dollars and handed it to Landon.

Impressed by Kelvin’s generosity, Landon said, “You’re a real pal. I’m sticking with you.”

Sipping his beer, Kelvin asked, “Can I join you guys? I just don’t want to be bullied at school anymore.

Landon took a swig straight from the bottle.

“That’s easy. This guy, Alex Holder, is a big shot at Riverland University. He’s our boss’ nephew. I’m on good terms with him. I’ll introduce you tomorrow.”

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“Alex? Yeah, I know him. He’s pretty close with Ruby.”

Kelvin’s eyes lit up, feeling a bit conflicted.

Landon laughed heartily.

“Exactly. The Gust family’s princess is under Alex’s protection.”

Kelvin’s mood lifted, and he raised his glass.

“Here’s to you, Landon. Drink up tonight. I’ll get you a woman later...”

Landon was touched. He thought this friendship was definitely worth it.

The two clinked glasses and drank together.

Landon soon became quite drunk and was eager for Kelvin to fulfill his promise.

Determined to secure an ally, Kelvin took Landon to a nearby hotel.

They stumbled into a room with arms around each other.

Once they got to the hotel and Kelvin dumped Landon on the bed, Landon's PHS phone fell out of his pocket onto the floor.

Kelvin was also quite drunk.

He picked up the phone, intending to place it on the bed.

Suddenly, a text message came through.

"Go to Trodie Town and keep an eye on the Shein family."

Kelvin sobered up a bit at the mention of the Shein family.

"Kelvin." Landon suddenly muttered.

Kelvin froze, looking at Landon.

Seeing that Landon still had his eyes closed, Kelvin carefully placed the phone on the bed.

"Hurry up and get me a woman..."

"I want a young one—preferably a college girl!" Landon mumbled, his speech slurred.

Kelvin grinned.

“Sure thing, Landon. I’ll call the front desk right away.

Many hotels would allow guests to request prostitution services directly from the front desk in that day

and age.

Kelvin was contacting the front desk when Landon’s phone suddenly rang irritably.

Landon, still half-conscious, reached into his pocket for his phone. But he couldn’t find it in either pocket.

Too lazy to open his eyes, he asked, “Kelvin, help me find my phone.”

Just as Kelvin was connecting to the front desk, he heard Landon’s request. He hung up and went to the

bed to hand Landon his phone.

“Hello...”

Landon held the phone to his ear but didn’t press the answer button. The ringing continued.

Kelvin couldn’t help but laugh at the situation. He pressed the answer button for Landon and even put the call on speaker in case Landon couldn’t hear properly.

“Damn it. Landon, are you dead or what?”

A barrage of curses came through the line as soon as the call connected.

At the sound of his boss’ voice, Landon instantly snapped to attention, sitting up straight.

“B-boss...”



His speech became more coherent.

“Did you see the text I sent you?”

“I was peeing just now. I didn’t notice it.”

“Check the damn message right now, read it, and then delete it. If you mess this up, I’ll break your legs.”

“Okay, boss.”

After hanging up, Landon opened the message and read it. Then, he looked up at Kelvin with narrowed

eyes.

“Kelvin, you didn’t look at my phone just now, did you?”

Kelvin remained composed and shook his head.

“No, I was just about to get you a woman.”

Landon rubbed his groggy head.

“No need for that now. I have other matters to attend to. You’ve been kind enough today. I’ll treat you to dinner another day.”

With that, he stood up and headed out. He walked as though he were treading on cotton, swaying as he

went.

“Landon, take it slow,” Kelvin said, stepping forward to support him.

He placed one of Landon’s arms over his shoulder and smiled.

“What’s the rush? It’s almost 10:00 pm.”

“Don’t ask too much,” Landon replied, still fully drunk but aware of the severity of the situation.

“Landon, you’re in no shape to be out like this. How about I accompany you?” Kelvin suggested.

“No. This matter is extremely important, and outsiders can’t get involved,” Landon insisted.

“Okay then. I’ll help you hail a taxi,” Kelvin offered.

Kelvin assisted Landon to the roadside and flagged down a taxi. But Landon shook his head.

“No, I can’t take a taxi.”

The person they were surveilling this time wasn’t just anyone—it was Shein, a well-known entrepreneur

Riverland.

in

Landon’s boss definitely had plans regarding Shein. If something happened to Shein and the police traced it back to a taxi, he couldn’t escape.

Realizing this, Landon dialed Alex’s number on his phone.

“Why are you calling me at this hour, Landon?” Alex answered.

“Alex, can you arrange a car for me?” Landon requested. “Where are you?”

Chapter 330

Alex didn’t ask for details. He only wanted to know Landon’s location.

Glancing back at the hotel sign, Landon provided the location to Alex.

Landon lit a cigarette after he hung up.

“Kelvin, you should head back to school. When I return, I’ll introduce you to Alex. With my recommendation, Alex will treat you like family.”

“Thanks, Landon,” Kelvin said.

He was touched by Landon’s gesture of friendship over just a few cigarettes and drinks.

Before long, a shiny black Volkswagen pulled up by the curb.

Landon got into the car and waved to Kelvin.

“Kelvin, go on back now.”

Kelvin nodded with a smile as the car drove off.

His smile gradually faded.

“Shein went to Trodie Town. That must be his hometown, right?” Kelvin mused to himself.

It was the weekend, so Shein would likely bring Wanda along when he visited his hometown.

That meant Shein and his whole family could be in danger.

“They’re planning to kidnap Shein’s family!”

Kelvin took a deep breath, hesitating whether to inform Carlisle.

Memories of Carlisle’s treatment of him flashed through his mind. He instantly dismissed the idea.

He felt Landon was far better than Carlisle in every way.

Kelvin lit a cigarette and headed back to the hotel to sleep.

The next day, Carlisle woke up when the sun was already high in the sky. After freshening up, he called Shania to inquire about the neurosurgeon.

Shania informed him that the neurosurgeon was studying abroad and wouldn’t return until the following Wednesday.

Then, Carlisle called Lethan

As soon as the call connected, Lethan said, “I was just about to call you. What’s on your mind?”

Carlisle asked, “How will the city police handle Heath’s people?”

“I was just about to tell you,” Lethan replied.

“Most of them will be detained for 30 days, and those involved in violent acts might get three years.”

“What about Heath?” Carlisle inquired.

Lethan continued, “Heath was the instigator of the conflict. However, due to his severe injuries, he’ll be placed on probation for three months under home confinement if he wakes up.”

Carlisle breathed a sigh of relief.

“That’s good to hear.”

Lethan smiled and added, “It’s fortunate that Heath and his group weren’t involved in any serious criminal activities, which is why the penalties aren’t too severe. But considering the scale of this conflict, Heath naturally can’t escape the consequences as the leader.”

It was undoubtedly good news. Three months of probation meant local community supervision. Three months wouldn’t be enough time for Heath to recover fully.

After ending the call, Carlisle took Owen to the hospital to visit Heath. Owen also made a phone call to Benjamin.

When Benjamin answered, Owen heard heartbreaking cries from the other end. Owen quickly moved the phone further away.

It wasn’t until Benjamin called out for Owen that he brought the phone back to his ear.

“Go to Paper Mill Hospital. Carl and I are on our way,” Owen relayed.

“Okay, I’ll be there soon.”

Benjamin hung up the phone, visibly agitated.

Then, with impatience written all over his face, he looked at the battered Hook and said menacingly, “I’ll give you one last chance.

“If you cooperate, I’ll give you some money, and you can take your family and disappear. But if you keep resisting, I’ll start cutting off your fingers!”

“Okay... I’ll talk...”

After a night of torment, Hook finally capitulated.

He weakly confessed, “I—I’m Mr. Lynch’s man.”

Benjamin narrowed his eyes.

“How many others are with you?”

“T-three...”

Hook spilled everything he knew. True to his word, Benjamin gave Hook 20 thousand dollars. Before heading to the hospital, he made arrangements to deal with the other two men affiliated with Titan.

Meanwhile, Carlisle had arrived at the hospital. As he, Owen, and Francis were about to enter the elevator,

Carlisle’s phone rang.

Stopping in his tracks, Carlisle pulled out his phone. He thought to hang up when he saw the unknown number, but he pressed the answer button instead on a whim.

He brought the phone to his ear and asked, “Hello, who’s this?”

“Carl, it’s Kelvin...”