

Love Spell 331

Chapter 331

Carlisle recognized Kelvin's voice and immediately frowned. He was even ready to hang up the phone.

Just as he was about to disconnect, he heard Kelvin say, "Carl, wait! Don't hang up. I have something vital

to tell you. It's about Wanda's safety!"

Carlisle's finger hesitated momentarily before he put the phone back to his ear.

He spoke coldly, "You better not be lying to me."

"Carl, trust me. I wouldn't dare lie to you!"

"Alright, what is it?" Carlisle asked.

He knew Kelvin wouldn't risk lying to him. After all, Kelvin was well aware of Carlisle's extensive

connections.

*Jalen might be planning to kidnap Shein's family!" Kelvin whispered, his voice solemn and urgent.

"What?"

Carlisle frowned.

"Where did you hear that?"

“Last night...”

Kelvin told Carlisle everything that happened when he ran into Landon the previous night.

He had spent the entire night weighing his options.

If he kept this secret, Landon would introduce him to Alex once he completed his task. That would mean no more bullying at school,

But if he told Carlisle the secret, it could resolve their tension.

was more dangerous

Kelvin repeatedly asked himself—who Carlisle or Alex?

The question haunted him all night.

By the morning, he had his answer.

Carlisle was far more dangerous than Alex.

Alex’s power came from Jalen, making him a schoolyard tyrant.

Carlisle had built up a formidable figure like Prince Heath on his own.

Even though Heath had fallen, he wasn’t dead.

Once his allies were released, Carlisle would still be an unbeatable force.

Even in the worst-case scenario, if Heath were dead, Carlisle could still build Benjamin into someone like

him.

Carlisle had already elevated someone powerful enough to overshadow Ian in less than two weeks.

The most unsettling part was that Carlisle was only 18 years old.

It was clear that Carlisle was far more dangerous than Alex. He was even more fearsome than Alex's

uncle, Jalen.

After a night of deep thought, Kelvin decided to make peace with Carlisle.

"Landon went to Trodie Town last night, Carl: You need to figure out a plan. This is all I can do," Kelvin

said.

"If what you're saying is true, then I owe you one," Carlisle replied before hanging up.

He then dialed Lethan's number. The call was quickly answered.

Carlisle asked directly, "Mr. Warbane, is Shein's hometown in Trodie Town?"

"Why are you asking?"

Lethan's heart skipped a beat. He wondered if Carlisle was planning to go after Shein for Wanda's sake.

"They're in danger. Just answer my question," Carlisle said impatiently.

He was worried about Wanda's safety.

After a brief pause, Lethan decided to trust Carlisle.

“Yes, it’s in Trodie Town. But Shein took plenty of bodyguards with him. They should be safe, right?”

“What if Jalen is targeting Shein?” Carlisle asked.

Lethan fell silent. Jalen was in bed with Yurriel. If given the chance, they might really go after Shein. Moreover, Shein’s trip back home for ancestral rites was the perfect opportunity.

Taking a deep breath, Lethan asked, “What do you plan to do?”

*Call the police.”

“Should you call, or should I?”

“You should. They might not believe me.”

Alright...

Lethan hung up and immediately called his old friend Gabriel,

Carlisle tried calling Wanda, but the signal in the mountains was too weak, so the call didn’t go through. He then sent her a message/ But with no signal in the countryside, there was no way it would be received. Carlisle felt a growing sense of anxiety.

Chapter 332

At that moment, Benjamin walked into the hospital with some of his guys.

He quickened his pace when he saw Carlisle standing by the elevator.

“Carl...”

Carlisle glanced back.

Noticing the bloodstains on Benjamin's face, he frowned and said, "Don't you wash your face in the

morning?"

"Is my face that dirty?" Benjamin asked, turning to one of his followers.

One of them nodded and said, "There's blood..."

The elevator doors opened, and two uniformed officers stepped out.

Benjamin's muscles tensed, and his men appeared equally nervous.

"Benjamin Walton?" one officer asked, his eyes sharp and scrutinizing.

"What do you want?" Benjamin replied.

Swallowing hard, he was clearly uneasy.

The officer asked, "What are you doing here?"

Benjamin nervously replied, "I'm here to visit my brother."

The officer squinted and asked, "You were at Sanctuary Resort yesterday, weren't you?"

Benjamin straightened up and confidently replied, "I wasn't there. I got drunk and slept at the disco. The staff there can vouch for me, and surveillance footage proves it."

The officer eyed the blood on Benjamin's face.

“What about the blood on your face?”

Benjamin quickly said, “I butchered a chicken to make soup for my brother...”

The officer smirked.

“Your brother is unconscious. How would he drink soup?”

Benjamin started to panic.

Carlisle stepped in, explaining, “He didn’t visit the hospital yesterday, so he doesn’t know about Heath’s

condition.”

Benjamin nodded vigorously.

“Yeah, I thought my brother had already woken up.”

The two officers exchanged a glance before walking away.

Benjamin let out a long sigh of relief. His shirt was already soaked with sweat.

Carlisle led the group into the elevator.

A moment later, they arrived outside Heath’s ICU room.

Two officers stood guard outside the ICU. Their only task was to ensure no one had contact with Heath, so they didn’t question Carlisle and the others as they watched Heath through the glass.

Heath lay on the bed with an oxygen tube in his nose. His body was covered in bandages.

Benjamin placed his hands on the glass, his eyes red and body trembling. He was so tense his teeth were

almost ground into dust. If he could, he would trade places with Heath in a heartbeat.

Carlisle patted Benjamin on the shoulder and said, “Your brother’s tough. Even the Grim Reaper wouldn’t

be able to take him.”

Then, Carlisle searched for Heath’s attending physician to inquire about his condition.

Dr. Rowan Lowe was the attending physician who had operated on Heath the previous day. He was 52 years old, the head of surgery, and a professor of neurology.

Carlisle asked, “Dr. Lowe, what are the chances of Heath walking again?”

Rowan sighed and shook his head.

“Less than 1%”

Carlisle felt a heavy weight settle in his chest. According to the trajectory of Heath’s life in his previous experience, Heath shouldn’t be out of commission like this. He wondered if his intervention had altered

Heath’s fate

In his past life, Heath had risen to power on his own. This time, Carlisle had given him a push. Was it Carlisle’s involvement that had shifted Heath’s destiny?

Carlisle then asked, “What if we send him abroad for treatment?”

Given that the domestic medical field was still relatively underdeveloped, perhaps there was hope.

overseas.

Rowan shook his head again.

“Heath suffered 60cc of intracranial bleeding, and because he arrived at the hospital so late, his brain tissue is severely damaged. Even with advanced treatment abroad, a full recovery is doubtful.”

Carlisle’s heart sank. He contemplated if he really was going to have to give up on Heath.

There was a sudden knock at the door.

“Come in,” Rowan said calmly.

A woman in a white shirt and jeans with a ponytail entered the room. It was Susan.

Chapter 333

“Dad, can you give me the keys to our old house?”

Susan walked into the office, speaking in her usual carefree manner.

It was completely different from her quiet and elegant demeanor at school.

“You’re taking your boyfriend to that house? Isn’t he supposed to return to the army today?”

Rowan retrieved a bunch of keys from the drawer.

Susan pressed her lips together.

“Tomorrow is Mom’s anniversary, so he extended his

to butun dave

Rowan's hand trembled slightly as he held the keys. He chuckled.

"He's thoughtful."

Susan snorted, "He's definitely not like you. Would you forget your wife's anniversary again if I didn't

remind you?"

With

hand, she turned to leave. As she glanced at Carlisle sitting in the chair, Carlisle also

looked over at Susan.

"Carlisle... What are you doing here?"

Susan was stunned. Her face turned red when she realized how carefree she had appeared to be just

moments ago.

Her carefully crafted image at school was falling apart.

"My friend is hospitalized, and it turns out his attending physician is Dr. Lowe," Carlisle explained.

"I didn't realize he is your father, Ms. Lowe, Carlisle said with a smile.

People often said the truth would be stranger than fiction, and this situation proved it.

Susan and Rowan didn't resemble one another. Carlisle speculated that she may have taken after her

mother instead.

"Oh, I see. So, what's wrong with your friend?"

Susan's tone softened as she tried to salvage her image.

Rowan spoke up, "There's intracranial bleeding. He also took over a dozen stab wounds..."

Susan's eyes widened in shock, and she stammered, is it that serious? Your friend isn't someone from your class, is he?"

Carlisle shook his head with a smile.

"No, he's not."

Susan breathed a sigh of relief internally but still expressed concern, "Everything happens for a reason.

Don't be too sad."

Then she turned to Rowan, saying, "Dad, Carlisle is an excellent student in my class. Can you help him.

out?"

Rowan chuckled.

"You know me well. I always do my best for all patients, regardless."

Susan nodded lightly.

“My boyfriend is waiting downstairs for me. I’ll head off now.”

Both Carlisle and Rowan nodded in agreement.

As Susan left the office, she closed the door behind her.

Rowan picked up his thermos, took a sip, and then spoke solemnly as if making an important decision.

“Should we try alternative medicine?”

It was a proposal that went against hospital regulations. Most Western doctors were skeptical of alternative medicine. Patients like Heath, who could afford expensive treatments, brought considerable profits to the hospital.

Rowan’s suggestion was entirely based on Carlisle being his daughter’s student.

“Do you have any recommendations, Dr. Lowe?” Carlisle hurriedly asked.

He understood why Rowan suggested it. If Rowan dared to bring it up, it meant he had a reliable alternative medicine physician in mind.

Rowan wrote down a phone number and address on a piece of paper and handed it to Carlisle.

Carlisle was stunned when he saw the address. The paper had “Franklin Complex” and “Sawyer Hughes”

scribbled on it.

Wasn’t that the neighborhood where he lived during high school?

Chapter 334

Carlisle wondered how he had never heard of a remarkable alternative medicine physician, having lived in

Franklin Complex for so long.

Rowan said, “Sawyer Hughes is an informal physician. He doesn’t have a pharmacy or a clinic, but his

prescriptions, combined with his acupuncture therapy, are very effective for post–treatment of intracranial

hemorrhage.”

“Thank you, Dr. Lowe!”

“This stays between us. Don’t spread it around.”

Rowan’s voice was low and serious as he warned Carlisle.

“Absolutely. No one else will know,” Carlisle made a solemn promise.

Even though he knew that stepping into another field came with its challenges, he knew hospitals had

their own rules and politics.

He remembered a documentary from his past life about a doctor who performed ultrasounds but had

crossed a line at the hospital. This led to the doctor being ostracized and having to work in the hallway

for over 900 days.

“So, may I take Heath now?”

Carlisle wanted to get Heath to Sawyer as soon as possible for treatment.

Rowan shook his head.

“Not yet. Heath is still in critical condition. He needs to be monitored for at least three more days. If his vital signs stabilize during that time, he can be moved to a regular room. Only then may you take him.”

Carlisle subtly inquired, “What about the police? Will they allow me to take him?”

Rowan smiled and said, “Don’t worry about that. If you choose to discharge Heath against medical advice and sign the paperwork, we will issue the necessary documentation. Given his current condition, the authorities will allow the family to take him home for care.”

Perhaps sensing he might have shared too much information, Rowan took a sip of coffee and continued, “Other patients are waiting. You should leave now.”

Carlisle pulled out ten thousand dollars in cash from his pockets and smiled.

“Dr. Lowe, this is a small token of my appreciation.”

Navigating human relations was a skill Carlisle had mastered, Rowan had done a lot for him, and offering a token of gratitude felt appropriate.

“What are you doing?”

Rowan’s expression darkened with displeasure.

“Hospitals have strict policies against bribery. You’re putting me in a difficult position!”

Carlisle looked around and noticed the surveillance cameras, realizing his mistake. He chuckled awkwardly.

“Sorry, my mistake.”

Rowan waved a dismissive hand.

“Just head out.”

Carlisle left the office.

The surveillance cameras didn’t have audio recording capabilities at that time, so Rowan felt comfortable.

saying that much.

But everything could have been exposed if he had taken Carlisle’s money.

Carlisle still needed to get the money to Rowan, but he’d have to find a more discreet way.

Carlisle left the hospital alongside Owen and Benjamin. Sorrow and anger were reflected in their

bloodshot eyes.

Benjamin gritted his teeth and said, “Damn it. I’m going to find a way to kill those bastards who did this!”

Carlisle glanced at Benjamin and said, “They’re all locked up. Are you planning to go to jail just to kill

them?”

Benjamin then said, “Then I’ll take out Titan!”

Carlisle’s voice turned cold.

“How can I entrust Heath’s business to you if you remain in this state?”

Hearing this, Benjamin froze momentarily before tears welled up in his eyes.

With a trembling voice, he said, “Carlisle, what did you just say? Are you going to entrust me with Heath’s businesses? Does that mean Heath might not wake up?”

Carlisle got into the car and said calmly, “Let’s talk inside.”

Owen and Benjamin followed him into the car.

Once they were all inside, Carlisle explained, “Heath needs a long period of recovery. It’s going to take a while, so someone needs to manage his businesses in the meantime.”

Benjamin’s eyes lit up with hope and excitement.

“So there’s still a chance Heath will wake up?”

“Heath is tough. He’ll pull through this,” Carlisle said with a faint smile. Then his expression turned serious

“But that means you need to step up. Keep a firm grip on Heath’s empire. Jalen will likely make a move on those businesses soon.”

“Got it, Carlisle. I’ll definitely get rid of my bad habits!” Benjamin vowed, patting his chest.

Benjamin had faced troubles without fear when Heath was around, knowing he had Heath’s support.

But now, with Heath needing time to heal, Benjamin realized he had to rely on himself..

Carlisle advised, “Patience is key. If you can’t hold back, you’ll ruin everything. Stay calm and collected when facing problems. That’s the only way to resolve matters.”

Chapter 335

Carlisle reiterated his point, ensuring Benjamin understood the gravity of his words.

Benjamin looked at Carlisle with admiration and nodded earnestly.

“I’ll keep that in mind!”

Carlisle leaned back in his seat, pulling out his phone to call Gordon.

As he dialed, he said to Benjamin, “Alright. You should get going.

“Sure thing, Carlisle!”

Benjamin opened the car door and stepped out just as Gordon picked up the call.

“Hey, son! What made you think of calling me?”

Gordon’s voice came through.

Carlisle smiled.

“I just wanted to check in on you guys.

Gordon’s mood lifted even more, and he laughed heartily.

“You’re getting better with your words, I see. How’s school going?”

“I just finished up military training.”

“And how’s your game studio? Keeping you busy?”

“Being the boss has its perks. How about you and Mom? Are you keeping yourselves entertained?”

“Your mom and I opened a convenience store. We even sell breakfast in the mornings.”

“Why bother with breakfast too? Isn’t running the store enough work?”

Carlisle’s tone was filled with concern.

He knew how early breakfast vendors had to start their day, often rising around 5:00 am to prepare for the morning rush of students and workers.

Gordon and Hilda had spent their lives working hard. Now that Carlisle was established, he yearned for them to enjoy their golden years.

Gordon chuckled.

“We’re still young, not some 70 or 80-year-old fogeys. This little bit of work is easy and gives us freedom. We don’t have to answer to anyone, and it’s quite enjoyable!

Carlisle wasn’t giving up.

“No more breakfast duty. Stop it, or I’m coming back there and flipping that stand myself. And hire

Carlisle reiterated his point, ensuring Benjamin understood the gravity of his words.

Benjamin looked at Carlisle with admiration and nodded earnestly.

“I’ll keep that in mind!”

Carlisle leaned back in his seat, pulling out his phone to call Gordon.

As he dialed, he said to Benjamin, “Alright. You should get going.”

“Sure thing, Carlisle!”

Benjamin opened the car door and stepped out just as Gordon picked up the call.

“Hey, son! What made you think of calling me?”

Gordon’s voice came through.

Carlisle smiled.

“I just wanted to check in on you guys.”

Gordon’s mood lifted even more, and he laughed heartily.

“You’re getting better with your words, I see. How’s school going?”

“I just finished up military training.

“And how’s your game studio? Keeping you busy?”

“Being the boss has its perks. How about you and Mom? Are you keeping yourselves entertained?”

“Your mom and I opened a convenience store. We even sell breakfast in the mornings.”

“Why bother with breakfast too? Isn’t running the store enough work?”

Carlisle’s tone was filled with concern.

He knew how early breakfast vendors had to start their day, often rising around 5:00 am to prepare for the morning rush of students and workers.

Gordon and Hilda had spent their lives working hard. Now that Carlisle was established, he yearned for them to enjoy their golden years.

Gordon chuckled.

“We’re still young, not some 70 or 80–year–old fogeys. This little bit of work is easy and gives us freedom. We don’t have to answer to anyone, and it’s quite enjoyable!”

Carlisle wasn’t giving up.

“No more breakfast duty. Stop it, or I’m coming back there and flipping that stand myself. And hire

someone to help out at the store too.”

Gordon laughed.

“Alright, alright. Like you said, we’ll stop selling breakfast in a few days!”

“Dad, is there a man named Sawyer Hughes who practices alternative medicine in our neighborhood?”

“Sawyer? I think I’ve heard of him. He’s studied alternative medicine for a few years, but I’ve never seen

him treat anyone.”

“Is he still at Franklin Complex?”

“Yeah, he’s the old man working as the security guard.”

Carlisle was speechless.

He couldn't believe a man seemingly respected by someone like Rowan was relegated to being a security guard in a rundown complex.

Gordon grew concerned.

"Why are you asking? Are you sick?"

Carlisle explained, "A friend of mine is in a bad way. I was hoping Mr. Hughes could offer some alternative treatment."

"Hospitals are better equipped for serious illnesses, wouldn't you say? Sawyer's skills might not be up to par. Think about it—if he were truly exceptional, would he be working as a security guard?"

"There's an old saying, 'Still waters run deep'. Maybe he's just humble."

"Alright. When your friend comes over, they can stay with us. Your mom and I have plenty of free time to help take care of him."

"That's what I was thinking. It'll probably be in about a week. I'll call you then. In the meantime, could you talk to Mr. Hughes for me?"

"Sure. I'll grab a drink with him after the store closes tonight.",

"Great. I've got some things to take care of, so I'll talk to you later."

Carlisle ended the call and leaned back in his seat with a sigh of relief.

"I hope this alternative medicine physician can really cure Heath," Carlisle thought to himself.

Just as he closed his eyes, his phone rang again.

It was Lethan

“Carlisle, they’ve already dispatched the police. My old classmate is leading the team himself.”

“Let’s just hope everything goes according to plan,” Carlisle murmured.

He was genuinely curious. He wondered why Jalen was having someone monitor Shein instead of kidnapping him outright.

Lethan offered an explanation, “Jalen’s crew probably lacks the guts for a direct move yet. Shein’s brother is the mayor of Mocuwait. As long as he’s still around, Jalen wouldn’t dare make a hostile play.”

Carlisle absorbed Lethan’s explanation. Jalen was keeping tabs on Shein’s family, waiting for the mayor’s departure before making a move.

After exchanging a few more words with Lethan, Carlisle ended the call.

He then turned to Francis.

“Francis, head to Trodie Town. And make it quick.”

Without a word, Francis shifted gears, released the clutch, and pressed hard on the gas pedal. His movements were smooth and swift.

...

Meanwhile, the scene shifted to Trodie Town.

Chapter 336

Sebastian was preparing to head back home.

The villagers warmly escorted the Shein family to the edge of the village, their faces filled with reluctance to see them go.

Sebastian and Shein discussed development plans with the town chief..

Feeling bored, Wanda took out her phone and wandered toward the back mountain.

The signal tower nearby was blocked by the mountain, so she needed to head there to obtain a signal.

At the same time, Zachary was also at the back of the mountain, taking a call from Queenie.

Queenie updated him on everything that had happened at Sanctuary Resort.

As he listened, Zachary's face darkened with anger, his knuckles whitening as he tightened his grip on his phone.

Fortunately, it was a Nokia phone, which wasn't easy to break.

"Prince Heath and Titan were both apprehended?" Zachary asked through gritted teeth.

After Ian's death, Luke had struggled to make any significant progress.

Zachary had hoped to ally with Titan, but Titan's demand for half of Ian's properties had soured the deal.

Zachary refused these terms and decided to endorse Luke instead.

But as soon as he began to back Luke, Heath made his move.

Just as Heath was ready to progress his plan, Titan appeared like a hawk swooping down on an

unsuspecting rabbit, thwarting him.

This gave Zachary some comfort.

After all, Heath was only climbing up the ranks, whereas Titan had been a prominent figure for over a decade. He was someone even Shein would give way to.

Losing to him didn't feel as disgraceful.

"Titan is already out, but Prince Heath is in critical condition, with two wounds to the head causing brain hemorrhage. He won't likely make it, and even if he does, he'll be bedridden and paralyzed for life

," Queenie explained to Zachary softly, her face pale.

"Zachary, your parents have already paved a path for you. There's no need to get entangled in these dangerous affairs. Those people are dangerous and wouldn't hesitate to kill if pushed," Queenle added

Zachary sighed,

"I know, but I just want to achieve what my dad couldn't. If Yuriel can

dominate both the legal and Illegal worlds, so can !."

Queenie felt helpless at Zachary's determination.

She said, "Alright then. I'm going back to sleep."

Wanda didn't dare approach Zachary. She stayed at a distance, searching for a signal to log into MSN

Messenger.

A text message came through with a ding.

Although the sender was unidentified, Wanda immediately recognized Carlisle's number, which she had long since committed to memory.

It read, "Someone's planning to harm you guys. Be careful!"

Wanda's brows furrowed as she read the text message. She immediately called Carlisle to confirm if he

had sent it by mistake.

After all, Shein was a well-known entrepreneur in Riverland. Who would dare to mess with him?

Just then, Zachary approached her.

"Wanda, has Uncle Sebastian left?"

Wanda quickly hung up the call and shook her head.

"Not yet."

At that moment, her phone rang. It was Carlisle's number again. Wanda hastily declined the call.

But Carlisle instantly called again.

Zachary narrowed his eyes.

"Too scared to answer? Is it Carlisle calling you?"

He reached out for the phone.

"Hand it over."

Wanda hid the phone behind her back, shaking her head.

“No.”

Zachary’s voice hardened.

“Do you think I won’t have someone cause trouble for Carlisle right now?”

Wanda’s resolve crumbled. She pouted and handed the phone to Zachary.

Zachary answered the call but kept quiet.

On the other end of the line/Carlisle spoke calmly, “Did you receive the message I sent?”

Zachary’s lips curled into a cold smile.

“Carlisle, so it is you.”

Chapter 337

Wanda closed her eyes in despair.

She wondered why Carlisle wasn’t grasping the situation when he was usually so bright. She hadn’t

spoken, signaling it wasn’t a good time to talk. Why didn’t he just hang up?

Unbeknownst to her, Carlisle’s concern had skyrocketed after her brief call, prompting his persistent attempts to reach her.

Carlisle felt relieved at the sound of Zachary’s voice.

If Zachary could get to Wanda's phone, it meant they were still safe.

However, the threatening tone in Zachary's voice didn't sit well with him.

"Yes, it's me. So what?"

Carlisle decided not to back down this time, facing Zachary's intimidation head-on.

Zachary responded coolly, "Do I need to call your parents to remind you to behave?"

The implication was clear—he would trouble Carlisle's parents instead of him.

"I don't want to argue with you right now. I'm trying to warn you that Jalen might be planning something

against you."

Carlisle didn't bother dealing with Zachary's childish behavior. He simply wanted to deliver his warning.

Zachary sneered.

"Do you think I'm that easy to fool?"

Carlisle's tone was casual.

"Don't flatter yourself. I wasn't warning you. I was warning my classmate, Wanda."

With that, Carlisle abruptly hung up the call.

He took a deep breath, then immediately dialed Benjamin's number.

Benjamin had just returned to the club when he received Carlisle's call.

"Hello, Carlisle."

"I'd all the information on Jalen within ten minutes!" said Carlisle.

On the hill behind Trodie Town, Zachary read Carlisle's message on Wanda's phone. His eyebrows furrowed in concern.

He questioned if Carlisle would lie to Wanda about something like this.

If what Carlisle said was true, then it had to be Yuriel orchestrating this.

With that thought, Zachary ran to the hilltop and looked toward the road outside the village. Although it was too far to see the people clearly, he could make out that they were all young men.

Most of the young people from the village were working elsewhere, leaving behind only the elderly and children. Even if some had returned for a visit, there wouldn't be that many of them.

Yet, he saw groups of young men on the road, along with vans and sedans.

Moving to another vantage point, Zachary spotted figures on distant hills. Were they surrounded?

Zachary was a rising star in the business world. Although he spent most of his time gaming, he never

neglected his business responsibilities.

At that moment, he managed to stay relatively calm.

He quickly recalled Carlisle's warning about Jalen planning to take action against them.

“Wanda, give me your phone,” Zachary said as he walked toward her.

Seeing the solemn expression on Zachary’s face, Wanda handed him the phone cautiously, asking, “Zac, is someone really after us?”

Zachary remained silent as he dialed the number from the recent call history.

Carlisle’s phone was in his hand. He immediately answered it when it rang.

“Where did you hear this information? Have you called the police?”

Zachary tried to sound calm to hide that he was highly anxious.

He didn’t want Carlisle to sense his panic.

“I’ve already reported it to the police. They’re on their way. Here’s my advice—leave the village with your uncle. They likely won’t dare to touch him.”

“You know Uncle Sebastian as well?” Zachary glanced at Wanda as he spoke.

Chapter 338

Zachary suspected that Wanda must have been the one to inform Carlisle. It seemed their relationship was far from over—perhaps even growing closer.

This realization intensified Zachary’s hatred for Carlisle.

However, he had to prioritize the immediate threat.

He felt Carlisle’s suggestion made sense.

Since his cousin-in-law was the son of the Mocuwait Governor, Jalen wouldn’t dare make a move on him.

“You need to find a way out quickly.”

Carlisle's voice echoed through the phone.

Zachary hung up without responding and called out to Sebastian, but the convoy was already moving

away.

He turned to Wanda, his face pale.

"Wanda, we need to get off the mountain fast."

Realizing the urgency and truth in Carlisle's warning, Wanda nodded and followed Zachary as they hurried

down the slope.

The mountain path was treacherous, and Wanda didn't run far before she fell.

"Wanda!"

Zachary's face turned pale as he hurried to help her up.

"Zac... Don't worry about me. Go find Dad."

Wanda had twisted her ankle, and her delicate arm was scratched by a rock, but she didn't make a sound.

She bit her lip and urged Zachary to notify Shein first.

Zachary wouldn't leave Wanda behind.

He helped her up and asked, "Can you still walk?"

With tears in her eyes, Wanda pushed Zachary away and shouted, “Don’t worry about me, just go!”

Zachary, torn with anxiety, hesitated but decided to notify Shein first. He had to find a way to deal with

the situation.

“Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

He handed the phone back to Wanda and sprinted down the hill without looking back.

Wanda clutched her bleeding arm and limped down the path.

At the town entrance, Shein was walking back into the town with the white-haired town chief.

Trey spoke with fatherly concern, “Shein, I must say, Zac and Wanda were quite rude. Sebastian is leaving, and they don’t even come to see him off. They are family, after all. Even our residents know better.”

“Indeed, Mr. Collins. I’ll make sure to discipline them,” Shein responded politely, though he felt disdainful.

If not for his and Sebastian’s contributions to the town, the townspeople wouldn’t have come out to see

them off.

Trey looked around before leaning in and whispering, “I shouldn’t say this, but the whole town is watching.

They may not say anything to your face, but they’ll gossip behind your back. You and Sebastian are big

shots now, so you need to maintain a good reputation. Otherwise, you'll become a laughingstock."

Shein smiled faintly.

"I understand, Mr. Collins. I'll reflect on this."

Not wanting to receive any more nagging, he quickly added, "I should be heading back to the city. We'll need your help keeping an eye on the old house and the memorial hall."

Trey nodded confidently.

"Don't worry about it. As long as I'm around, not a single brick will be out of place."

The road leading out of the town was flanked by cornfields.

Just as Sebastian's convoy left, a disheveled Landon emerged from the cornfield, his face covered in

mosquito bites.

He pulled out his phone and made a call.

"Boss, they've left."

"Alright", was the only response he received before the line went dead.

In the town, Zachary finally made it down the hill, running frantically toward Shein.

"Dad! Dad, something's wrong!"

Before Shein could respond, Trey frowned disapprovingly.

“Zac, you’re too old to be acting so hysterically. Where’s your composure?”

Zachary ignored Trey and approached Shein, whispering something urgently in his ear.

Shein’s pupils contracted sharply.

He asked gravely, “Where’s Wanda?”

Chapter 339

Zachary stammered, “W–Wanda... She twisted her ankle...”

Shein’s brows furrowed, and he scolded, “So you abandoned her?”

“I’ll go get her right away...”

Zachary didn’t offer further explanation. He turned and ran back toward the hill.

He had promised Wanda he would return for her after informing Shein.

“Woody, Jose, Camden, Luca, go with Zac and make sure he and Wanda get out safely through the back route,” Shein ordered, keeping his composure despite the situation.

The four bodyguards had been with him for years and were highly skilled. They were capable of handling multiple thugs at once.

“Boss, what’s happening?” Woody asked, confused by the sudden urgency.

“We’ve got rats...” Shein said tersely.

Woody frowned.

“That’s odd. Mac is outside, he should have alerted us if something was wrong.”

Jose speculated, “There’s no signal in the mountains. Mac probably couldn’t reach us.”

Just as he finished speaking, a large, burly man came running from the distance.

It

was Mac.

“Boss, there’s a situation outside.”

Mac panted, his face pale.

“How many of them?” Woody immediately asked.

“About 40...” Mac’s voice trembled.

Despite being with Shein for so long, he had never encountered a situation like that day.

Shein’s face darkened.

“First, ensure Zac and Wanda escape through the back!”

He was frustrated with his bodyguards’ lack of awareness. Despite their professional training, they had been surrounded without even realizing it.

“And what about you, boss?” Woody asked hesitantly.

As the team leader, it was his job to ensure everyone’s safety. He felt responsible for their failure to notice the threat.

“Do I need to spell it out for you?” Shein snapped,

failing.

Woody swallowed hard.

“Let’s go, protect Mr. Zachary and Ms. Wanda.”

truggling to keep his temper in check but ultimately

The four bodyguards headed toward the back of the hill.

Noticing the commotion, Trey approached Shein.

“Shein, what’s going on?”

Shein replied in a low voice, “It looks like someone’s trying to kidnap me...”

Trey was momentarily stunned, then laughed.

“Trying to kidnap you here in our town? They must be out of their minds!”

He turned and shouted to his son, who was smoking nearby, “Joshua! Someone’s trying to kidnap Shein.

Get the men together and grab whatever you can!”

“Damn it. Are they insane?”

Joshua threw his cigarette butt to the ground and sprinted toward the town.

Within five minutes, 70 to 80 middle-aged and elderly townsmen had gathered, holding various farming

tools.

Joshua, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, swaggered over to Shein and boasted, “Shein, pretty good response time, huh?”

Trey beamed with pride, his hands clasped behind his back.

“Shein, you have nothing to worry about. With us here, no one can harm you!”

Shein glanced at the crowd of townsfolk, his mouth twitching slightly.

Out of the 80 or so people, over 60 were senior citizens, and the remaining 20 were middle-aged men with limited physical abilities.

“Boss, cars are approaching.”

Mac squinted toward the end of the road.

Shein followed Mac’s gaze and saw several unmarked black cars speeding toward them.

The roads in Trodie Town had been paved since the ‘90s. It took only moments for the cars to arrive.

Seeing this, Joshua shouted, “Townspeople, if they dare step foot in our town, we’ll teach them a lesson!”

“Alright!” the residents roared in unison.

Joshua grabbed a kitchen knife from an elderly woman and charged ahead.

Trey smiled and stroked his beard.

“My son may not be well-educated, but he’s loyal. If your company needs a security guard, Shein, you

should take him.”

Joshua hadn’t run far before he saw the assailants getting out of their cars.

Chapter 340

Eight of the assailants stepped out of their cars, each wielding a submachine gun.

“Shit...” Joshua trembled with fear.

He dropped the kitchen knife and sprinted back into the town.

He yelled, “Run! They have guns!”

The town residents had never seen such a scene. A wave of panic washed over them. They dropped their

tools and scattered in all directions.

Trey’s smile froze on his face. It took him a good ten seconds to recover.

“A bunch of traitors and cowards... It’s really disheartening!” he muttered bitterly.

Shein sighed lightly.

“It’s not their fault. Mr. Collins, you should head back into the town too. Their target is me.”

“What are you saying? Do you think I’m the kind of person who would abandon you out of fear?” Trey

responded angrily.

Shein chuckled, feeling a bit comforted.

Despite Trey's usual grumbling, he didn't abandon Shein in the face of danger. This loyalty reassured

Shein that his investments in the town weren't entirely wasted.

More than 20 assailants entered the town, brandishing long, gleaming knives.

Trey caught sight of the weapons and gulped nervously.

He then forced a stern expression and said, "That little brat Joshua has disappointed me. I'll drag him back, we can't have him let you down like this!"

With that, he strode toward his home.

Shein smiled wryly. He couldn't blame Trey. Anyone would be terrified in this situation. He was scared

too, but fear wouldn't help him now.

Soon, more than 20 assailants reached Shein.

The group leader pulled a few photos from his pocket for comparison, then said with a smile, "You must be Shein Thompson."

Shein took a deep breath.

"Yes, I'm Shein Thompson."

The leader praised, "You're not scared at all. As expected from a well-experienced tycoon. Don't worry. We're only here for money. We don't intend any harm."

Shein felt a bit relieved when he heard they were only there for money.

“How much do you want?”

The leader held up three fingers,

Shein chuckled.

“Three million dollars?”

The leader burst into laughter and turned to his comrades.

“Mr. Thompson has quite a sense of humor.”

His accomplices laughed along.

Shein continued, “Well, 30 million dollars wouldn’t be out of the question.”

The leader’s smile faded, replaced by a sinister expression.

“Mr. Thompson, do you think your life is worth just 30 million dollars?”

Shein narrowed his eyes slightly.

“You want 300 million dollars?”

The leader laughed again.

*300 million dollars wouldn’t even dent your empire, would it?”

Without waiting for Shein to respond, he added, “Besides, the 300 million dollars isn’t just for your life. It’s for the lives of your entire family.”

“Dad!”

Zachary’s voice came from behind.

Shein turned to look.

He saw Zachary and Wanda being escorted by over a dozen assailants. Their bodyguards were bound,

with socks stuffed in their mouths.

Shein resignedly closed his eyes, feeling a heavy weight on his chest.

The leader smiled and said, “Mr. Thompson, do you still think 300 million isn’t worth it?”

Shein replied calmly, “I can give you the money, but I need to contact my company’s finance department.”

The leader took out a phone and handed it to Shein.

“We have a mobile base station in the car. You can make a call with this phone.”

Shein caught the phone and dialed the number for the finance department. Zachary and Wanda were pushed next to him, both pale with fear.

Zachary asked in a low voice, “Dad, how much are they asking for?”

Shein didn’t respond.

The call connected.

He finally spoke, “This is Shein. Transfer 300 million dollars immediately.”

The leader interjected, “I want cash.”

Shein sneered.

“Do you know what 300 million in cash looks like?”

The leader fired several shots into the air, then aimed his gun at Wanda.

“Mr. Thompson, you’re a busy man, and I have limited patience. I suggest you stop asking unnecessary questions.”