

Love Spell 451

Chapter 451

"Hello, Mr. Zahn.. My name is Felicia. I'm the founder of Yorksle's Yates Accounting!"

Felicia smiled and held out her hand. She was experienced and did not lose her composure upon seeing how young Carlisle was. Besides, her best friend, Logan, had warned her in advance.

"Hello..." Carlisle shook her hand.

Gareth looked surprised and said, "You're Felicia?"

Felicia looked up at him, and there was a flash of surprise in her eyes. "Are you Mr. Spencer, the chairman of Scarlet Corporation?"

Gareth nodded and smiled. "I engaged your company to do a capital verification report for me last year, but you weren't around at the time!"

Felicia looked regretful. "I was out of town. Otherwise, I would definitely have attended to you personally, Mr. Spencer!"

Felicia immediately smiled at Carlisle and said, "I didn't know the two of you knew each other!"

Carlisle was her future boss, and she could not neglect him for an old client.

"We do collaborate!" Carlisle nodded calmly.

Felicia noticed his expression at once.

It confused her.

Hadn't Logan said that Carlisle was easygoing and good-natured?

Was Carlisle unhappy with how she had behaved earlier?

Logan was also very anxious, but she smiled forcefully and said, "Mr. Zahn, we've ordered the food already. Let's talk in our private room!"

Carlisle suddenly looked over at a middle-aged man standing at the side of the road. The man had been staring at him.

He looked very familiar.

It was Anthony!

Anthony had posted on Widetalk Forum with the topic "Should a company executive at the age of 40 keep striving to improve, or should he be content with complacency?"

The post criticized executives who took large salaries but did not do anything noteworthy. He had revealed his work environment and photos in the post.

"Wait a moment!" Carlisle said before walking quickly to Anthony.

Felicia pressed her lips together, feeling rather down. She said, "Logan, Mr. Zahn doesn't seem very happy with me!"

Logan looked at Carlisle doubtfully and said, "It is rather strange. You didn't do anything wrong!"

Felicia guessed. "Perhaps it was because I greeted Mr. Spencer and neglected him!"

Gareth overheard their conversation. He lit a cigarette, smiled, and explained, "Stop guessing. Carlisle is just in a bad mood because of some relationship issues!"

Felicia breathed a sigh of relief.

Logan smiled and comforted her. "See, I told you that Mr. Zahn wouldn't be so petty!" Carlisle had reached Anthony.

Anthony spoke first. "Are you Mr. Zahn?"

Carlisle reached out a hand and said, "Hello, I'm Carlisle!"

"Hello, Mr. Zahn!" Anthony took his hand and shook it.

Carlisle was too young!

He was much younger than Anthony had expected!

However, Carlisle exuded an authoritative air.

Carlisle gestured politely. "Let's talk while we eat!"

"After you." Anthony was also very respectful.

There were two tables in the private room.

There were eight mature-looking women dressed in office attire seated at one of the tables, and all of them were between the ages of 25 and 30.

Carlisle waited for the others to come in, and when they did, the women stood up simultaneously to greet them. "Hello, Mr. Zahn."

"You may all sit." Carlisle nodded to them.

Logan brought Carlisle to a seat at the other table. "Have a seat, Mr. Zahn."

Carlisle did not object. He walked over to the seat of honor and sat down. Gareth obviously had no objections.

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Although Gareth was an investor along with Carlisle, the latter still held 52 percent of the shares.

Since Carlisle had the larger share, he should sit in the seat of honor.

Once he had taken his seat, Gareth sat on his right while Logan sat on his left.

Felicia and Anthony dragged their chairs over and sat down.

Everyone was very clear about the order in which they should take their seats.

Once Carlisle's table was seated, the eight women at the other table sat as well. Anthony scanned the table and realized that they weren't just average people.

They were all elite professionals.

Gareth, who was next to Carlisle, looked rather raffish. From the uninhibited way he was drinking, Anthony guessed that he must be a good friend of Carlisle's.

He had seen Gareth get out of a Ferrari, so he guessed he was a wealthy heir.

While Anthony was sizing Logan and Felicia up, they did the same to him.

They had been working for a long time, and they could see respect in Anthony's eyes when he looked at Carlisle. He was clearly not a businessman on the same level as Carlisle. He looked as if he was the executive of a large company.

He was either here to discuss a collaboration with Carlisle, or perhaps he was a talent that Carlisle had brought into the fold.

At that moment, Carlisle raised his glass and said, "Let me introduce you to my partner, Gareth!"

Anthony and the others raised their glasses to toast him.

Carlisle continued, "This is Logan, the head of the R&D department of Riley Corporation!

"This is Felicia from Yates Accounting!

"Lastly, this is Anthony, the current Director of Human Resources at Wick Group!"

Gareth looked again at Anthony.

Wasn't Wick Group the listed company in Shorefield?

Had Carlisle managed to poach him?

"This is the first time we're meeting." Anthony smiled as his gaze swept over their faces." Mr. Zahn, Mr. Spencer, Ms. Cooper, Ms. Yates, let me toast all of you!"

He raised his glass and downed it in one gulp.

Felicia smiled and said, "Me too."

Carlisle and the others raised their glasses and emptied them.

Carlisle refilled his glass and raised it as he said to the eight women on the other table," Thank you for taking the trouble to come all the way here! It must have been a tiring journey.

The eight women immediately stood up and raised their glasses, murmuring that it hadn't been any trouble at all.

Carlisle finally sat down after he had downed both glasses.

Felicia felt warm and fuzzy inside.

Carlisle hadn't neglected the subordinates that she had brought with her.

It seemed that Logan was right. Carlisle really was approachable.

At that moment, he continued, "This is my plan. Mr. Swanson will come to Aurora Holdings and continue being the Director of Human Resources, while Ms. Yates will be the Director of Accounting!"

Aurora Holdings?

Felicia looked at Logan in confusion.

Hadn't she said that it was a gaming company?

Why had it become a holding company?

Although Felicia hadn't said anything, Logan immediately knew what she was thinking.

She was equally confused.

Since when had Carlisle registered a holding company?

Gareth put down his glass and frowned slightly, saying, "You have a holding company?"

A holding company was a capital operation strategy.

Carlisle was very ambitious!

Most people started with small businesses, but Carlisle was investing in phones and games right off the bat.

He was starting at such a high point that he was basically running before he could even walk.

Carlisle said calmly, "Currently, I have a phone company, a gaming company, a semiconductor company, and I have holdings in a few phone hardware manufacturers. In order to make it more convenient for fund integration, I'm planning to transfer all my shares to Aurora Holdings!"

Since he had chosen to be high-profile, Carlisle had decided not to hold back and revealed

all his properties to them.

His business would only expand, and he still had to attend classes. He had no time to manage it all, so he had to start Aurora Holdings as soon as possible.

Gareth raised his glass and took a huge gulp. He had thought he knew Carlisle well, but all he knew was the tip of the iceberg. When he had investigated Carlisle, he hadn't realized that the latter had shares in so many companies.

Anthony already knew how extraordinary Carlisle was, but he still gasped.

He had never imagined Carlisle would have so many companies under his name at his age. However... Did the phone industry really have a future?

Chapter 453

Anthony was suddenly doubtful of Carlisle's eye for business.

However, he remembered the conditions Carlisle had promised him, so he kept his worries to himself.

He only earned 240 thousand dollars annually at Wick Group, and Carlisle had doubled his salary.

There was no existing company in the country that would give a Director of Human Resources an annual salary of 500 thousand.

Anthony raised his glass and said, "Thank you for your interest in me and your

acknowledgment of my skills, Mr. Zahn. I won't disappoint you!"

Carlisle raised his glass and clinked it with Anthony's. "Trust goes both ways. Since you trust me, I'll be sure to treat you well!"

The two of them drank.

Felicia also expressed her gratitude.

Carlisle poured himself another glass and clinked glasses with Felicia.

Gareth noticed the beautiful ladies on the neighboring table hadn't started eating yet, so he picked up his knife and fork and said, "Let's eat! We shouldn't just focus on drinking!"

If Carlisle didn't start eating, Felicia wouldn't either.

Naturally, her subordinates would follow suit.

It was one of the unspoken rules of the corporate world.

Carlisle picked up his knife and fork and said, "Everyone, please make yourselves at home!"

They began to have several rounds of drinks, and Carlisle did not bring up work again.

His main purpose for the day was Felicia and Anthony.

It wouldn't be appropriate to speak about work before they had officially joined him.

After they had eaten and drunk their fill, Logan went to the counter to pay the bill. She took the receipt so she could claim it as an expense.

Gareth had drunk too much, so he called Max to drive him back.

Anthony wanted to quit his job as soon as possible, so he bought a ticket for an overnight flight to rush back to Shorefield.

Felicia and the others checked into a hotel that Logan had arranged for them.

Carlisle returned to his apartment and sat in front of his computer to log in to MSN Messenger.

He added Felicia and Anthony to Aurora Holdings' MSN Group. Then, he called Diego to ask how the renovation was going.

Diego told Carlisle that it would take at least three weeks for the renovations to be completed.

Carlisle did not rush him. The fact that they could finish renovating an office area of several thousand square feet in about ten days was already quick work.

For the next few days, Carlisle poured all his energy into his studies.

That Friday, he went to change the name of Astral Holdings to Aurora Holdings.

In the blink of an eye, the weekend had arrived.

It was a beautiful day, so Carlisle moved his coffee table and chair out to the balcony so he could read there.

Gareth had called to ask him to go drinking, but Carlisle found an excuse to reject him.

Christine sent a message and invited Carlisle out, saying it was a "company dinner" to try and persuade him to come.

Carlisle did not reply to her message.

Sean and Owen called consecutively to ask him out for a meal.

Carlisle made his excuses and decided to turn his phone off. Before he could do: So, it rang again.

This time, it was Hilda.

Carlisle picked up. "Mom?"

"Are you busy, Carlisle?"

"No, I'm reading."

"Are you really that studious?"

"Well, I can't afford not to be. You and Dad want me to make the family proud, don't you?"

"You little scamp. Don't tire yourself out. I just miss you too much!" There was a tenderness in Hilda's tone.

Carlisle was busy with his studies and establishing his businesses at the same time, so he must be tired.

He was even studying on the weekend!

How could Hilda's heart not ache for him?

A rare smile appeared on Carlisle's face. "Studying isn't tiring at all. I'll take care of my health!"

He asked, "My friends haven't caused any trouble for you and Dad, have they?"

Hilda said quickly, "No, no. Ben is very obedient and always tries to help us out. Whenever

Heath needs to go to the toilet, Ben is the one who takes care of him!"

They chatted for about half an hour before Hilda reluctantly hung up.

Before Carlisle could put his phone down, Ryan called.

Ryan didn't usually call him unless he didn't have enough funds for development.

Carlisle picked up and said, "Mr. Scott.

Ryan coughed dryly. "Mr. Zahn, um..." "Not enough funds?"

Chapter 454

Carlisle asked Ryan about the funds without being prompted.

Ryan said, "According to Mr. Quilton's requirements, we've already downgraded the chip's functions. But we need a 72 nm lithography machine for the photolithography we're aiming for.

"Currently, the best lithography machine in the country can produce a 90 nm processor, so we need a 72 nm lithography machine to make our sample. Right now, only Micro Corporation has a 72 nm lithography machine!"

Carlisle pinched the bridge of his nose. "Approximately how much money do you need?"

After a moment's silence, Ryan said slowly, "A conservative estimate would be about 100 million!"

2004 was the year of 90 nm chips.

Micro Corporation had launched a 72 nm chip in December 2004-

That meant that at this particular time, there were very few lithography machines that could produce 72 nm.

Carlisle asked tentatively, "If we have enough money, will you be able to get a lithography machine?"

"Yes." Ryan did not think twice before he answered. "I happen to have a friend who works in that lithography machine company. However, since there is a technical blockade, that country is probably going to prevent advanced lithography machines from being exported to our country!"

Before Carlisle could speak, Ryan continued, "Well, there's still a solution. It's just that it will take longer to transport it here."

"Come and get the money from me this afternoon!" Carlisle avoided mentioning the issues with transport.

He only wanted results. He shouldn't have to worry about the process.

At about 2:00 pm that afternoon, Ryan arrived at the apartment according to the address Carlisle had given him.

Carlisle handed over the check that he had prepared.

Ryan was once again overwhelmed with Carlisle's trust in him. "Aren't you worried I'll run off with this 100 million, Mr. Zahn?"

Carlisle said calmly, "Between earning ten billion and 100 million, which would you choose?"

Ryan's hands trembled slightly as he held the check. He looked intensely at Carlisle before

stuffing the check in his pocket and turning to leave.

Carlisle was right. If he could develop that phone and start producing chips, a full-screen phone would be sure to overturn the entire phone industry in the future.

When that happened, Xenos Factory would have countless orders. Even 100 billion would be possible, let alone ten billion.

Carlisle sat in his chair and twirled a pen in his fingers.

He hadn't started up the game project yet. Gareth had invested 200 million, so he would use 100 million to buy a lithography machine.

Making phones did cost a lot of money, especially for the chips.

Once chips and lithography machines became more advanced, they would probably require an even bigger investment.

The game project had to start quickly.

At that thought, Carlisle pulled out his phone to call Sunny.

"Boss?"

"Have you hired anyone lately?"

"We have 12 now. Should I continue?"

"Don't stop hiring. The more there are, the better!" Carlisle hung up and called Anthony at once.

"Mr. Zahn?"

"Anthony, I urgently need a batch of programmers who have experience in game development. Find some for me over the next few days!"

"Approximately how many do you need?"

"The more, the better. We can offer a higher salary if required!"

Carlisle was planning to start the operations of Dragonaire Game Company by next Wednesday.

The popular multiplayer online game called "The Journey" was developed by Colossus Corporation in December 2004. It was tested in 2005 and launched in 2006.

Carlisle did not have time to wait until 2006.

He had to launch the game by the following year.

It was Sunday, and Wanda was at the psychiatric rehabilitation hospital in Yorksle.

She was sitting in the study and reading.

The bookshelves behind her were filled with books about e-commerce.

Ding-dong!

She heard the sound of the villa's doorbell.

Wanda left the study to open the door, only to see several Ferraris parked in the villa's yard.

A young man in his 20s got out of his car.

His hair was dyed completely white, and he looked very pale.

He looked sick.

He wore a white shirt and pants, and even his leather shoes were white.

Wanda looked doubtfully at the young man.

Had he come to receive treatment as well?

All the people here were from wealthy families, and she wondered how much Shein had spent.

The young man walked into the yard and said slowly, "Hello, my name is Finn Murray."

Chapter 455

Finn?

He did seem very fair, which coincidentally was what the name "Finn" meant.

Wanda said calmly, "Hello. Are you here to receive treatment, too?"

Finn shook his head. "I didn't come here for treatment. I came to see you."

Wanda was confused. "You came to see me? Do we know each other?"

The driver in the car behind Finn was watching them through the rearview mirror when he saw Finn smile. He was immediately excited and took out his phone to make a call.

Before he could speak, a woman's voice traveled over the phone. "How did it go? Did my son like her?"

The driver covered his mouth and said hushedly, "Mr. Finn is smiling!"

The woman's voice immediately sounded excited. "R-really?"

The driver nodded vigorously. "It's true. I was watching him the whole time!"

He had been Finn's driver since the latter was ten, and this was the first time he had seen Finn smile in over ten years.

"Alright, alright! Let him interact more with Wanda!"

Wanda did not know there was someone in the car watching her closely.

When she heard Finn's answer, her lip curled, and she said, "You're ridiculous. I'm going back in to read!"

Wanda turned to go back inside the villa. She had only taken a few steps when she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

She turned and asked, "Who are you?"

Finn was startled. "Didn't I introduce myself just now? My name's Finn..." Wanda said, "You said you're here to visit me, but we don't know each other!" Finn smiled and said, "This rehabilitation hospital belongs to my family!"

Wanda's brow furrowed even more. "So your father knows my father?"

Finn nodded and said, "Yes!"

Wanda blinked and suddenly flashed a smile. "Does that make us friends, then?"

Finn stuck his hands in his pockets, nodded, and smiled. "Of course it does."

Wanda immediately said, "Give me your phone then!"

Without a phone, she had no way of contacting Christine and Phoebe.

She had no idea how SwiftFunds was doing.

Finn hesitated, then shook his head and said, "You're getting neurological treatment. You can't be in contact with any electronic products that have radiation!"

The light in Wanda's eyes dimmed at once. "You can leave. I'm going back inside to read!"

She turned and walked into the villa without looking back.

Finn stood for a while and only turned to get back in the car once Wanda had closed the villa's door.

The driver asked tentatively, "Mr. Finn, are you satisfied with your fiancée?"

Finn nodded. "She's alright."

Wanda returned to the study and sat down in her chair. She propped her chin in her hands and gazed out the window as she murmured to herself, "Why did I open a loan company?"

She took out a diary from the drawer and flipped to the second last page.

There were rows of rectangles drawn on the page and a name written on each.

It was the seating chart of her classroom when she was in high school.

There were 62 seats but only 61 names.

Wanda stared at the rectangle without a name, and her brow tightly furrowed.

A long while passed, but she still couldn't remember who the missing classmate was.

She took a deep breath and flipped to the last page of the diary.

It was the seating chart of her class at university.

There were 46 rectangles, but only around 20 had names written inside.

Chapter 456

"We have too few classes, and there are so many classmates whose names I can't remember!

"Wanda muttered to herself.

She flipped to the second last page once more and frowned. "But I can name all my high school classmates. Who could the missing classmate be?"

At 12:00 pm that Wednesday, Dragonaire Gaming Company, Alumni Network, Aurora Holdings, and Govan Technology Limited all officially moved into the Windex Building.

In the conference room of Aurora Holdings, Carlisle sat at the head of the table.

Gareth, Ryan, Sean, Owen, Hank, Felicia, Logan, Anthony, and Renee sat on either side of him.

Carlisle said, "Aurora Holdings has officially begun operations. Anthony, draw up the company's organization chart as soon as possible and start hiring people for the corresponding positions. While you're at it, draft a payroll."

Anthony picked up a pen and jotted down some notes in his notebook. He nodded and said, 'Yes, Mr. Zahn!'

Carlisle looked at Felicia and said, "Ms. Yates, you'll take over the finance departments for Xenos and Govan. In the future, 100 percent of our holding companies and finances will be inspected and checked by Aurora's accounting department!"

Renee's expression changed slightly.

She was currently in charge of Govan Technology Limited's finances, and she had been preparing for the role of finance manager.

Since the opportunity had been given to Felicia, Renee's plan to get promoted was probably ruined.

Logan spoke up. "Mr. Zahn, do we need to remove our finance department for Govan?"

Ryan said, "If we eliminate the finance department, the purchasing orders in the future will all be sent to the Windex Building. Some materials and parts that are needed urgently will have to be requisitioned on the day itself, so under special circumstances, we may need to make several trips!"

Carlisle wanted to integrate fund management, but he had neglected this aspect. He turned to look at Felicia and asked, "Do you have any suggestions, Ms. Yates?"

Felicia understood what Carlisle wanted, so she said, "If we merge the finance departments under Aurora Holdings, we can redistribute the finance staff for the three companies. Every company needs a finance manager and someone in charge for the final approval of orders."

Carlisle nodded. "We'll do as you say."

At the mention of the position of CEO, Carlisle looked rather worriedly at Sean and Owen.

He had promised that he would guide them to earn huge profits, but they were both too young and would probably find it hard to handle the position of CEO.

Besides, Owen hadn't even graduated from vocational high school.

Owen seemed to know what Carlisle was thinking. He said quickly, "I'm not going to be the CEO. I just want to manage my own game studio!"

He knew his strengths well.

Dragonaire Studio was going to make a large-scale game soon.

Owen knew he wasn't educated or experienced, and even if he were to become the CEO, he would find it hard to win people over.

Carlisle had given him enough.

In this era, having a salary of more than ten thousand a month already put him in a much better position than over 99 percent of workers!

Carlisle looked at Sean.

Sean hastily said, "Don't look at me. I can't do it either!"

Despite this, Carlisle could see disappointment in Sean's eyes.

He noticed everything.

After a moment's silence, he said, "Owen will be the CEO of Dragonaire Studio, and Sean will be the CEO of Alumni Network. Additionally, Logan will be the CEO of Govan Technology!"

Owen and Sean looked up at Carlisle.

Logan's eyes widened, and she sneaked a glance at Hank. Hank was Carlisle's confidante, but Carlisle was making her the CEO of Govan Technology instead.

Hank's expression hadn't changed much, and he wasn't displeased either.

Logan was one of the founding members of Govan Technology's precursor.

If Carlisle had made Hank CEO, it would be hard for him to gain the trust of the other executives.

Sean stammered, "Carl, I really don't want to be the CEO. You know I'm still studying and don't have any time to manage the company. Besides... I don't have the ability to do it!"

Chapter 457

Carlisle said impassively, "That's your problem!"

As the saying went, uncut gems wouldn't sparkle.

He had given them their chance, and it was up to them whether they would rise to the occasion or not.

The muscles in Sean's face twitched violently.

It seemed like he had to spend more time learning how to manage a company.

Carlisle looked at Felicia and said, "Ms. Yates, we're a little short of hands at the moment, so I'll have to trouble you to purchase the computers!"

Felicia puffed her chest and said, "It's no trouble! You're paying me to work, after all."

Carlisle smiled slightly and said to Anthony, "Anthony, you'll have to work hard during this period too!"

Anthony looked stern as he said, "It's what I should do!"

The meeting only ended after about an hour.

They walked out of the conference room, and Owen suddenly asked, "Carl, do we need to move our studios here too?"

Carlisle shook his head and said, "The studio is like an independent department, so you don't need to move it here. However, the finances will be managed by Dragonaire Studio!" After that, Carlisle brought Gareth, Owen, and Anthony to Dragonaire Studio's office space.

Sunny had hired 20 people over the past few days, while Anthony had brought in 38.

Dronaire Studio had 58 elite programmers in total.

As he still had classes that afternoon, Carlisle let Anthony choose five of the most experienced staff to be in charge of management.

He handed a journal to Gareth. "Gareth, this is the background story of the game and the direction for development."

Gareth grinned. "Aren't you afraid that I'll run off with it? I think this journal of yours is worth much more than 200 million!"

Carlisle hadn't revealed any information prior to this, but now he was even handing Gareth the direction for the game's development!

"This isn't the only property I have that will make money. What do I have to be worried about?" Carlisle rolled his eyes. Why did they all like asking him that question?

Did they really think he would be scared easily because of his age?

Both Govan Technology, Xenos, and Alumni Network would all grow to become enterprises worth hundreds of billions.

With the support of Govan Phones, the phone hardware suppliers were sure to stand out and become one of the top players in their field.

Gareth guffawed, "I'm just teasing you. I want to earn big bucks with you, after all!"

Carlisle tapped Owen on the shoulder. "Owen, this is your chance. Don't disappoint me!"

Owen nodded vigorously. "Don't worry, Carl! I'll study hard!"

Outside the Windex Building, Francis sat in his car, smoking. He suddenly received a call from Renee.

"Francis..." Renee hesitated.

"What is it?" Francis asked. "Is the meeting over?"

Renee took a deep breath and then forced herself to say, "C-can you ask Mr. Zahn to give me a chance for promotion?"

"Govan Technology's finance manager was fired, right? You have a huge chance to be promoted," Francis said in confusion.

"I thought so too at first, but Mr. Zahn reorganized the finance department in the meeting. Now, the finances of the companies have been handed over to Ms. Yates, and she has about eight accountants under her.

"She will surely arrange for her people to take up the position of finance manager in each company. Francis, I know that you're in a difficult position, but I really don't want to remain stagnant," Renee said moodily, pouting.

Francis thought for a moment and said. "I-I'll try. However, don't get your hopes up. After all, I'm just a driver!"

"Alright. Thanks, Francis!" Renee immediately sounded happier.

Francis was with Carlisle every day. They were sure to be on good terms with each other.

Carlisle would grant Francis' request, wouldn't he?

After hanging up, Francis turned to look at the Windex Building. He caught Carlisle walking out in a rush.

"Francis, drive me back to the university quickly! I'll be late!" Carlisle called out from afar.

Chapter 458

Francis hastily opened the car door. After Carlisle got in, he immediately got into the driver's seat and started the car.

They were silent on the journey there.

Francis glanced at Carlisle in the rearview mirror from time to time.

He did not know how to start.

"Do you have something to say?" Carlisle asked. He had noticed Francis' expression in the rearview mirror.

Francis laughed awkwardly and said, "Well, Renee wants to improve herself..."

Carlisle immediately knew what he meant. He took out his phone and called Felicia. "Hello, Ms. Yates? Promote Renee to finance manager of Govan Technology!"

"Alright, Mr. Zahn!" Felicia answered crisply.

Both Xenos and Govan had their own finance departments.

Even if she merged them, she would be careful about interfering with their management.

Besides, Carlisle must have brought Renee in for a reason.

She had thought Carlisle would promote Renee to be vice CEO, but he had not done so. The meeting hadn't even had anything to do with Renee.

Only Carlisle would know the reason for that.

Carlisle was young, but he was enigmatic.

In the car, Carlisle hung up and looked at Francis in the rearview mirror as he said, "Done!"

"Thank you, boss!" There was a grateful look in Francis' eyes.

His hands tightened on the steering wheel.

When they reached the university, Carlisle got out of the car. "Tell Wendell and the others to come to my apartment for a meeting tonight!"

Francis watched Carlisle walk through the gates to the university before taking out his phone to tell Renee the good news.

"Thank you, Francis!" Renee had just gotten a call from Felicia, and her voice was choked up as she thanked Francis.

"Do your work well." Francis leaned back in his seat and lit a cigarette.

"Francis, you've done me a huge favor. Let me buy you dinner tonight!"

"There's no need for that. I've got a meeting tonight."

"Oh, okay then." Renee was clearly disappointed.

Francis hung up without thinking much about it.

Soon, night fell.

The moment class was over, Carlisle went straight back to the apartment.

Francis, Wendell, and the others were waiting outside Willow Grove, and Carlisle brought them to his apartment.

Wendell rubbed his hands together. "Boss, do we have work to do?"

Carlisle crossed his legs as he sat on the sofa. "I want you to go to Yorksle and find someone for me."

Wendell smiled and said, "Do you want us to look for Wanda?"

Francis had told them about Wanda and that Carlisle would probably want them to go to Yorksle to find her.

Carlisle nodded and said, "Since you already know, I won't speak more about it. If you can find Wanda, I'll award you 50 thousand dollars each. If you can't find her, you don't have to come back, either!"

Wendell immediately felt the stress.

Francis had said that even Zachary didn't know where Wanda was.

To find someone in a huge city like Yorksle was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Francis said confidently, "I guarantee we'll complete this mission."

Carlisle looked up and stared at Francis as he said, "You don't need to go. I need a bodyguard. Last time, I almost died in that bar!"

Chapter 459

Francis was worried about that too, but when he thought about how important Wanda was to Carlisle, he decided to go with Wendell and the others to Yorksle to find her.

Wendell laughed and said, "Boss, I'll take two people with me to Yorksle. The rest can stay to protect you!"

Carlisle asked, "Yorksle is so big. How can two or three people be enough?"

Wendell chuckled confidently and said, "We have comrades in Yorksle, and they work in the public security system."

Carlisle's eyes gleamed.

The bodyguard team that Francis had found him had exceeded his expectations.

Wendell asked, "Boss, when we find her, should we bring her back to Riverland?"

According to the information Francis provided, Wanda had been brought to Yorksle by her father to get treated for her condition.

If they brought her back by force, it would go against Wendell's principles.

Carlisle shook his head and said, "There's no need for that. I just need to know her condition and where she is right now. Once you find her, protect her in secret!"

Wendell breathed an inward sigh of relief.

Protecting someone secretly was also part of a bodyguard's responsibility.

It wasn't against the rules.

The next day, Wendell got tickets on the first flight to Yorksle for himself and two team members.

Francis arranged for the rest to stay near the university and protect Carlisle in secret.

For the next few days, Carlisle asked Francis every morning if Wendell and the others had made any progress on their mission.

However, the more he anticipated it, the more disappointed he was.

Wendell had been unable to find any trace of Wanda, even after using his contacts in the police system.

There were too few surveillance cameras on the streets in the current era, even in Yorksle.

Another Sunday dawned.

The weather was good, with a slight chill in the air.

Carlisle sat on the balcony and flipped to 13th November on the calendar he was holding.

"The weather is turning colder. Wanda, are you doing okay? I... I miss you..." A slight breeze ruffled Carlisle's fringe, and the light in his eyes dimmed slightly.

There was a buzzing noise as his phone suddenly vibrated on his desk.

Carlisle's eyes flashed, and he immediately grabbed it.

When he saw that it was Gareth calling, he smiled bitterly.

"Hello..." Carlisle said lethargically as he picked up the phone.

"What's up with you, Carl? Were you still sleeping?" Gareth asked in surprise.

"Get to the point." Carlisle's tone was impassive and authoritative, as a leader should be.

"I wanted to ask you to go out drinking tonight, but I guess you're not in the mood." Gareth sighed in disappointment.

"Let's go and have steak." Unexpectedly, Carlisle agreed to go.

However, Gareth knew that Carlisle must be missing Wanda.

Wanda liked eating steak.

After the conversation ended, Carlisle sat in his chair and stared into space.

Meanwhile, Wanda had just closed the door of the villa where she was staying.

She rushed to the study, took out her diary, and flipped to the middle.

She took a pencil and drew a rough sketch of all the facilities in the rehabilitation hospital. Wanda was beginning to sense that there was something wrong with the place.

Chapter 460

Wanda was only allowed to move around the living area, and she could not contact anyone outside the hospital.

She wasn't even allowed to call her parents.

It didn't seem like she was here to get treatment.

She was clearly being held prisoner here!

Although the treatment had allowed her thought process to return to normal, she did not like the feeling of being restricted.

She also had to figure out what was going on with her missing memories.

Wanda finished sketching out the rehabilitation hospital, and the light in her beautiful eyes dimmed further.

"Apart from the living area, there are guards everywhere else. I even heard the cook say there's a military headquarters stationed outside... Even a fly wouldn't be able to get in!" she muttered to herself.

There was a knock on the door.

"Wanda, it's time to eat. I made your favorite steak today!" The voice of the housemaid came from outside.

"Coming..." Wanda put away her diary, got her emotions under control, and went to open the door.

The housemaid, Maisie Galen, was a pretty woman who was around 30 years old.

Apart from taking care of Wanda's daily needs, she would also chat with Wanda to keep her entertained.

However, she never mentioned anything about the rehabilitation hospital.

At the dining room of the villa, Wanda sat at the head of the oval dining table, which had a sumptuous lunch laid out on it.

Maisie smiled and said, "I put some black pepper on the steak today! Try it and see how it tastes!"

Wanda picked up her knife and fork and put a piece of steak in her mouth. Her eyes immediately crinkled into half-moons. "It tastes delicious! Maisie, your cooking skills are getting better and better!"

Maisie covered her mouth and giggled. "You're so sweet, Wanda!"

Wanda suddenly pouted and began whining, "Maisie, I want to call Dad!"

Maisie's smile disappeared gradually. "Wanda, you're not fully recovered yet. You can't

come into contact with phones. Besides, I don't have a phone either, so I can't help you!"

Wanda hung her head dispiritedly. She had immediately lost her appetite.

Maisie sighed and said, "Just focus on getting better and don't think about anything else, alright? Once you're fully recovered, you can go back to your parents!"

Wanda nodded, picked up her knife and fork once more, and began eating.

She continued to praise Maisie. "Your cooking is the best I've ever tasted. It's better than the stuff they make in five-star hotels! Maisie, teach me how to cook tomorrow!"

Maisie was the one person she interacted with the most here, and if she wanted to escape or make contact with the outside world, she would have to use Maisie to make a breakthrough. She decided to develop a closer relationship with her first.

Wendell and his two teammates were munching on bread at a cheap inn in Yorksle.

One of them scowled and said, "Wendell, we've been eating bread every day. It's not nutritious at all! How would we have any energy to keep looking?"

They had been in Yorksle for a week.

Apart from the day they had arrived, when Wendell had treated his old friend to a meal at a restaurant, they had been living off bread for the entire week.

Another man piped up, "That's right! Our salary is so high! Even if we can't feast every day, fast food shouldn't be a problem, right?"

Wendell had some ham with his bread and squinted as he said, "We've been in Yorksle for a week, but we have no leads at all. How can you have the audacity to eat fast food?"

"Boss gave us a high salary, but we can't even do this one job that he gave us. Don't you think it's embarrassing? Even if you don't feel so, I do!"

Seeing that Wendell was angry, the other two hunched their shoulders and bent down to eat their bread.

Wendell pulled his phone out of his pocket as he ate.

When he saw that his friend was calling, he immediately perked up. "Percy!"

Percy Wellington's deep voice came from the other end of the phone. "I've checked all the neurology and psychiatric hospitals in Yorksle. I didn't find the woman you mentioned." Wendell's face fell at once. "Could it be that Shein didn't bring his daughter to Yorksle for treatment?"

Percy was silent for a moment before saying, "There is one possibility. Perhaps Wanda has been sent to a private hospital for the rich. However, these hospitals are privately owned and aren't

declared to the government. They may even hide these hospitals deep in the mountains, so it's very difficult to find them."

Wendell shuddered at what Percy had said. "There are hospitals like that?"

Everyone knew that doctors needed licenses to treat patients. Both private and government hospitals were subject to the same regulations and procedures in order to be established.

This was the first time Wendell had heard of hospitals that didn't need to be declared or make any reports.

Percy sighed and said, "It's normal for you not to know about it. I only found out two years ago. At the time, there was an academician who was terminally ill, and none of the hospitals were able to do anything.

"A wealthy businessman brought him to his private hospital, and he was cured. That academician is still alive and kicking even today!"