

Love Spell 461

Chapter 461

"You've really opened my eyes." Wendell burst into laughter.

He asked eagerly, "Do you know how many private hospitals like that exist?"

Percy answered, "I know of three, but all three of these hospitals are for cancer patients. These hospitals generally only focus on one terminal illness to conduct research.

"They would definitely not accept a psychiatric patient like Wanda. Rather than hospitals, they're more like laboratories that are successful in their research."

Percy added in a low voice, "Wendell, keep this to yourself!"

"Come on, we've known each other for almost ten years! Don't you know what kind of person I am?" Wendell understood what Percy was hinting at.

Most of the private laboratories researching on terminal illnesses would get terminally ill patients for experiments.

Although they could try their best to cure the patients and would usually reimburse the patient's family with a huge amount of money if any problems occurred, it was still unethical. It was why these hospitals were built in remote forests and mountains.

At Wonderland Steakhouse, Gareth and Carlisle had just ordered two steaks.

Max wasn't with them that day, but Sean had come with Gareth.

Sean was there because he had good news for Carlisle.

The three of them had just sat down when Carlisle stared at Sean and asked, "Is the Alumni Network ready?"

Sean's delight disappeared at once, and his face fell as he said, "Carl, couldn't you just let me tell you myself?"

He turned to look at Gareth and said, "Gareth, did you tell Carl?"

Gareth shrugged. "I'm not that much of a blabbermouth."

Carlisle opened a bottle of beer and poured out a glass. He said casually, "You managed to make it within half a month, which is faster than I expected. Good job."

Sean's face lit up into a smile at Carlisle's compliment. "You're too kind, Carl. You provided the content for the functions, and I just programmed it. I think 15 days was actually too long!

Carlisle's lips curved slightly, and he raised his glass and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Woodsen."

Sean hastily poured himself a glass to clink it with Carlisle. "I didn't let you down, Carl! But

... Why are you calling me Mr. Woodsen?"

Carlisle took a sip of beer. "Owen's younger than you, and I call him Mr. Barlow."

Sean laughed. He downed his glass of beer. "I'd forgotten about him. Should I call him that in the future as well?"

Carlisle merely smiled and said nothing. He looked as if something was weighing on his mind.

Sean had heard about Wanda, so he said comfortingly, "Carl, look on the bright side. Wanda is sure to be back very soon!"

Carlisle took another sip of beer, picked up his knife and fork, and said, "Let's eat our steak." Gareth suddenly asked, "What's this Alumni Network for?"

He had been hanging around Dragonaire Studio for the past few days, and all he knew was that Alumni Network made websites, Xenos was for semiconductors, and Gavon was making phones.

He hadn't really tried to understand in detail, nor did he have the time to do so. After all, apart from Dragonaire Studio, the other companies had nothing to do with him.

Sean explained the role of the Alumni Network to Gareth.

After Gareth heard about it, he pursed his lips and said, "Can this even earn money?"

Sean said confidently, "As long as there are users, it will definitely make money. However, it does require a lot of funds to promote it at the beginning!"

Sean stole a furtive glance at Carlisle.

The website had been made, but the server room hadn't been built yet.

They would need at least five million in funds, including the fees for promotion, advertising, and maintenance.

Even then, that would only be sufficient for light advertising and promotion.

Carlisle put down his knife and fork, took a sip of his ice-cold beer, and asked, "How are you planning to promote and advertise it?"

Sean said, "We're planning to hand it over to an advertising company. It'll save time and effort, and they're professionals!"

Carlisle shook his head and said, "That's why the publicity department is so important. It may save time and effort to outsource to an external company, but they cost a lot and may not reach my expectations. We've only just started our business and should save money where we can!"

Gareth moodily took a sip of beer in silence.

He often felt that Carlisle did not act like someone who had just started a business.

He had a phone company, a semiconductor company, Alumni Network, and a gaming company. Not only that, he had even invested in several phone hardware suppliers!

Who on earth would start a business at this scale?

Sean looked awkward as he said, "We don't have the appropriate channels for advertising. We could get customized promotional materials made for us and look for people in the major universities to promote it. But it would slow us down and require a lot of manpower..."

Carlisle thought of Emazon, the e-commerce platform that had become a listed company in just three short years.

He lifted his glass and downed the rest of his beer before saying, "Promote by promising rewards for bringing someone new in. I'm sure there'll be an unexpected result!"

Sean did not understand what Carlisle meant, so he turned to look at Gareth, who was staring straight at Carlisle.

Carlisle explained patiently. "For example, if someone registers an account with Alumni Network, they'll get an invitation code. When a new user registers their account using that invitation code, the owner of that code can get a reward. The more people they bring in, the bigger the reward."

"What's the reward?"

"Money," Carlisle said calmly.

He explained, "If they bring in one person, they get one dollar. The one who was invited needs to be verified via the National Student Website, after which they'll get a reward of two dollars.

"If they log in consecutively for a month, they'll get three dollars as a reward... If they manage to bring in 1000 people, they'll become elevated to the status of a campus agent. Every month, they'll get 200 dollars as a salary."

Greed was a staple of human nature.

In this era, most villages were still in poverty, and most university students came from those villages.

They lived frugally and would definitely not miss such an easy way to earn money.

"That is amazing!" Realization dawned on Sean, and he gave a thumbs-up as he complimented Carlisle lavishly.

Even Gareth gasped. "Why does it sound like you're doing multilevel marketing?"

Sean hunched his shoulders. "Carl, this isn't going to cause any problems, is it?"

Carlisle was miffed. "Have you seen any multilevel marketing group that doesn't ask for any money but gives out money instead?"

"How will we transfer the money to users?"

"With gift cards, phone credit, through bank transfers, or online banking..." Carlisle said.

Online transfers weren't as widespread in the current era, and there was still no WhatsApp. It was difficult to transfer money from person to person.

"One user can get six dollars, which means 10 thousand users would get 60 thousand. 100 thousand users can get 600 thousand, and a million users would get six million..." Sean woodenly took a sip of his beer.

Gareth laughed and said, "Six million isn't much. When I was promoting Scarlet Corporation, I burned through a hundred million in just half a year."

He paused and fixed an intense gaze on Carlisle as he continued, "Carlisle's plan is tantamount to buying users with money. A website with a million users would already be doing very well, and as the majority of these users are university students, they have great potential.

"When the website matures in a few years, these university students will have graduated and have purchasing power. At that time, we'll carry out traffic monetization, and the profits will be huge!"

"That'll take several years, though." Sean deflated, his mood dropping at once.

He had been planning to achieve financial freedom by the time he graduated from university.

Gareth laughed and said, "You won't have to wait that many years. My friend once did a survey which showed that starting from the year 2000, university students from the

countryside already made up 60 percent of the population.

"That means that there are 40 percent who come from cities, and they have buying power. However, this demographic may not join Alumni Network for six dollars!"

As he spoke, Gareth looked at Carlisle, who was eating his steak. He seemed to want to confirm his theory.

Carlisle continued scarfing down his steak and did not even look up as he said, "That's because you don't understand Alumni Network!"

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"Alumni Network is a social networking site tailored for university students. It'll have photo albums, a diary, live chatting, and games that will allow them to interact with their

classmates!" Carlisle explained.

"Users can also share their daily moods and upload their photos," Carlisle said, describing some of the functions of the Alumni Network.

It was 2004, and MSN still hadn't enabled users to have their own space. The functions of Alumni Network would seem innovative and would be able to retain most users.

Gareth squinted when he heard Carlisle's description and asked, "Is Alumni Network based on that foreign website, Facebook?"

Facebook was a social networking site that had just been launched in February by a foreign company. There were very few people who knew about it.

Not only did Carlisle know about it, he had even created a domestic version, the Alumni Network. He had a very keen sense of business and was clearly destined to make money!

Gareth swallowed and looked tentatively at Carlisle as he asked, "Carl, um... does Alumni Network still lack investors? I think I can invest about eight to ten million in it."

Alumni Network would make money, and it would be a huge sum of money.

It was now or never if he wanted to invest!

Carlisle hesitated for a moment before saying, "Ten million, and I'll give you ten percent of the stock!"

Investing ten million could not directly determine how much stock Gareth could get.

Dividing the stock was done according to the company's articles of association and by-laws, as well as the agreement made between the shareholders. It also included the specific investment situation.

Both Dragonaire Studio and Alumni Network had less registered capital than the amount Gareth wanted to invest.

The total investment for Alumni Network was about one million, and Gareth wanted to invest ten million.

If they only calculated it based on the investment amount, ten million would be enough to buy ten Alumni Networks.

Giving Gareth ten percent of the stocks was a negotiation agreement between shareholders. As for whether or not Gareth would accept it, that was out of Carlisle's consideration.

"That's about as much as I expected!" Gareth grinned widely, revealing two rows of straight white teeth.

He was more concerned about the future of the Alumni Network.

Carlisle's goal was to become the richest man in the world.

If all the industries he was exploring were to progress well, it would be possible.

Business was always a gamble.

If he won, he would make a huge profit.

If he lost, he would lose everything.

He was still young, and even if he did lose everything, he could start again.

"Gareth, you'll be my superior in the future. Let me make a toast to you!" Sean picked up his glass with both hands and tried to get up.

The shareholders had more authority than the CEO did.

"Just sit down and drink it. Think of me as a friend. We don't have to be so formal when

we're out for a casual drink." Gareth said, frowning as he pressed Sean back down into his seat.

Sean and Carlisle had grown up together.

Although Gareth was a shareholder, he could not use his authority against them.

Sean sat down rather guardedly, and Gareth picked up his glass to clink glasses with him." Let's cut the crap. Cheers!"

After he had finished drinking, Gareth's phone rang in his pocket.

He took it out and saw that it was Alan.

"Mr. Welsh, did you just get off work? Would you like to come out for a drink or two?"

"I'll pass on the drinks. I called to tell you that we've caught the hacker, but he's tight-lipped, and we can't get anything out of him. Shein's lawyer is only suing him on the charge of illegally hacking into computers, so I expect he won't be able to escape three to five years in jail!"

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Welsh!" Gareth hung up and told Carlisle what Alan had said. "I'm glad he's been caught!" A cold smile appeared on Carlisle's face.

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There must be someone pulling the strings behind that hacker.

Was it the person who was deaf and mute?

Since the mastermind behind it managed to find him, it meant he could communicate normally.

Since he wasn't willing to tell them anything, he could stay in jail for a few years.

It would also be revenge for Wanda.

As for the mastermind, he was sure to be exposed one day.

"By the way, Carl, have they caught the kidnappers?" Sean asked suddenly.

Before Carlisle could speak, Gareth said, "Hendrix has run off to Mianna while his cronies have all been caught trying to cover his ass!"

Sean said through gritted teeth, "How could we let the leader get away?"

Carlisle picked up his glass and gulped the entire thing down aggressively.

Although he had said nothing, Gareth could tell he was annoyed, so he said, "They've already sent someone from Yorksle to liaise with Mianna. Hendrix will definitely be caught, even if they have to chase him overseas!"

Sean looked confused. "Isn't Yuriel richer than Shein? Why didn't Hendrix kidnap Yuriel's family?"

After being insulted by Austin, Sean remembered him very clearly.

If Yuriel's family had been kidnapped, he would have clapped in delight.

Carlisle said impassively, "That's because Yuriel is probably behind this!"

"Damn, really?" Sean's pupils constricted. "Was it Yuriel who told Hendrix to kidnap Shein and the others? How could he? We're all civil people. Couldn't he compete properly?"

Gareth snorted in laughter.

Sean was such an innocent, naive young man.

However, it wasn't surprising.

After all, he hadn't really gotten into the business world yet.

Once the Alumni Network expanded, he would realize what it meant to live life with caution, like treading on thin ice.

Carlisle drank his beer, and his thin lips parted slightly as he said, "Business is like a battlefield. There's a saying that says soldiers need to be cunning, and it's the same in business. You haven't reached that level yet, so you'll never understand how dark it really is!

Sean was only 18, so he did not have the knowledge that Carlisle did after living two lifetimes.

After hearing what Carlisle had to say, Sean hung his head in silence. "Carl, I'm just too dumb. I don't understand what you mean."

"It doesn't matter if you can't understand it. Let's drink!" Gareth smiled and raised his glass.

The three of them clinked glasses and downed their drinks.

Gareth put down his glass and looked troubled. "How much money do you think one will need to make before they're satisfied?"

"When it comes to money, the more, the better, right? Who would ever think that they had too much money?" Sean grinned. He felt that Gareth was being rather ridiculous.

Gareth continued, "We only live for about 300 thousand days. We come into this world in a hurry and leave it in a hurry. If we earn enough money, wouldn't it be better to enjoy a relaxed life?"

"Gareth, you already have enough money to enjoy the rest of your life. If you really thought this way, why would you continue to invest and make money?" Sean was confused.

It was normal to hear something like this from other people, but Gareth's investments were close to a hundred million. How could he say something like that?

Gareth was unperturbed as he said, "I have money, but you can't imagine how I spend it. People earn money to have a high-quality lifestyle and for the sake of their pride."

He continued, "The wealthy want more money because there are different ways of earning money, and they have the means to make big gambles. Some rich people just earn money for fun. I'm probably more of the latter!"

Carlisle suddenly interrupted. "Do you still have a lot of money now?"

Carlisle did not know how much money Gareth had.

If Gareth still had ample funds, Carlisle wanted to get him to continue investing so that he could speed up the development of all his projects.

The more, the better!

With the same technology and experience, a research team of ten people would never be able to beat a research team with 100 people.

"I... still have about 20 million left...." Gareth scratched his head awkwardly. Carlisle's lips twitched. "What's the point of what you just said, then?"

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20 million might seem like an impossible amount for ordinary people. They may not even spend that much in their entire lives.

However, to someone like Gareth, who could spend a million every time he went to a nightclub, 20 million was a small sum he would use very quickly.

Sean suppressed a smile and took a sip of his beer.

Gareth continued, "I was just building up to what I wanted to say. I have a friend who works at a statistics office, and one of the statistical results that he released last year showed that more than eight million people died.

"Among them, more than ten thousand were businessmen with established careers, and only eight thousand of them died of natural causes. The other two thousand died of various accidents!"

Carlisle finally understood that Gareth was trying to hint indirectly to Sean about how cruel the business world was.

However, Sean didn't understand his meaning. He thought Gareth was tipsy and casting around for a subject to talk about.

Therefore, he nodded seriously and said, "Our country has a very large population, and there are a lot of people who die in road accidents every year. There are several other kinds of accidents as well. That's normal.

"I believe that our country will raise the standards of safety in production and guard against all kinds of accidents so that they can lower the death rate that arises!"

Gareth could no longer help himself and smacked Sean on the back of his head.

He hadn't used much force, but it scared Sean, who jumped and said, "Gareth... I... What did I say wrong?"

Carlisle glanced at Sean. "He wants to tell you that it's highly probable that the two thousand businessmen who died in accidents were murdered."

Sean was startled again, and his pupils constricted immediately. "D-did their business rivals do it?"

Gareth said slowly, "I can't be sure if they were all murders, but I know of three who were killed by their business rivals. However, the culprits have been caught and brought to justice.

Sean finally understood Gareth's intentions.

Gareth had said that he didn't need to understand it, but then he had shared this information with him to hint about the sinister side of the business world.

"D-do people actually die?" Sean's mouth was dry, and his hand trembled as he raised his glass to take a sip.

Gareth had used such a roundabout way to tell him, so there had to be some truth in it.

Carlisle also seemed to know about it.

"So, was the kidnapping of Shein really planned by Yuriel? Isn't he afraid of getting shot?" Sean looked agitated, and his voice had risen, which drew the attention of the people at neighboring tables.

"You'd better lower your voice. Saying anything without evidence is slander! If Yuriel hears about it, he can get you put in jail with just a word!" Gareth lifted his glass to take a small sip.

He wasn't afraid of Yuriel, but people like Sean, who did not come from an influential family, would be an easy target for someone like Yuriel. All it would take was a mere word. Sean covered his mouth, looking like he had forgotten how to breathe.

Carlisle said, "You don't have to worry needlessly. There's a small probability of something like that happening. When you get to Shein's level, you'll have a strong network of connections, and you'll always have bodyguards with you. Generally, no one will be able to harm you!"

Due to the economy and the general education level, the crime rate in this era was rather high.

The authorities were not equipped to deal with it.

Despite that...

Even a legendary ruffian like Hendrix wouldn't dare to kidnap Shein in broad daylight in the city.

He could only take action while Shein was on the way to his village to pay respects.

Most businessmen would only use strategies in business to bring their rivals down.

People like Yuriel were exceptions.

Sean took a long time to recover. When he thought of what Carlisle had just said, his eyes shone. "Carl, can I really get to Shein's level?"

Shein was probably a billionaire!

His countless assets made him one of the richest men in Riverland.

If Sean could reach Shein's level, he would make his family proud.

Carlisle had given Sean five percent of the shares in the Alumni Network.

Owen had gotten five percent of the shares in Dragonaire Studio.

This was only temporary. Once they could fully manage their respective fields, Carlisle would raise their shares to ten percent.

As CEOs, their salary was temporarily set at 240 thousand dollars annually, which came to about 20 thousand a month.

Even without the five percent in shares, their salary was already unthinkable for the average working adult.

Carlisle said calmly, "Is that all the ambition you have?"

Alumni Network was the equivalent of SociableNet in Carlisle's past life.

At its peak, SociableNet was valued at 600 billion.

With the dividends from Sean's ten percent of shares, he would be worth billions in the future.

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However, Carlisle did not want to sound too confident.

He was changing history, which would cause other historical events to change.

Alumni Network may not have a smooth road ahead of it.

After a few rounds of drinks, the ground around them was littered with empty beer bottles.

Sean had drunk a little too much, and he was in a tipsy state when he got a call from Lily.

He hiccuped. "What is it?"

"Aren't you back at the dormitory yet?" Lily sounded rather cold.

Sean hiccuped again and said, "N-not yet!"

"Have you been drinking?"

"I've been drinking with Carl!" Sean hiccuped as he spoke.

"Don't drink too much. It's already so late, and it's not safe out there. I'll come and get="

"Aren't you being a little too bossy?" Sean interrupted her, frowning.

He had wanted to come out drinking with Carlisle last week, but the latter had been busy.

It was a rare opportunity to drink with Carlisle, but now Lily was trying to boss him around. It wasn't like he was out drinking with those raucous friends of his from university.

Carlisle was the guy who was teaching him to earn money. He was almost like a foster father to Sean.

Lily was momentarily stunned, and then her voice turned icy. "I'm not trying to boss you around. I'm just worried about you!"

Last week, one of the upperclassmen in the same course had been wandering outside late at night when he was robbed. Although he tried to fight back, they had stabbed him. He was still in the ICU and wasn't out of danger yet.

Sean went to the office every day after school and would only return to the university at around 9:00 pm.

After getting back to the dormitory, Sean would call Lily punctually to talk to her.

If Lily didn't get a call by 9:10 pm, she would call him first.

Sometimes, Sean fell asleep as soon as he got back to the dormitory because he was too tired.

If Lily couldn't get through to Sean's phone, she would call his roommate to check if he had returned safely.

She had called Sean just now, but he hadn't picked up, so she had called his roommate. He had told her that Sean wasn't back yet.

Lily had been so worried that she could not sit still. She had been calling relentlessly.

She had finally gotten through to Sean, only to find him being annoyed at her for being bossy!

"I'm hanging up." Sean picked up his glass to toast Gareth. "Come on, Gareth. Let's go for one more!"

Carlisle's alcohol tolerance wasn't as high as Gareth's, and Gareth had forced him to drink several glasses just now. Sean wanted to avenge Carlisle.

Besides, it was Sunday the next day, and he had no classes. It would be alright, even if he drank a little too much.

Gareth clinked glasses with Sean, and a smile played about his lips as he asked, "Did your girlfriend call?"

Sean nodded and looked displeased as he said, "We aren't even married yet, and she's already starting to boss me around. Can you imagine what she'll be like when we are married?"

Gareth did not know what Lily had said on the phone, so he just nodded and said, "You have to make sure to keep your wits about you when choosing a girlfriend.

"It's no fun if she doesn't know what she should keep her nose out of. When you start having to socialize more for business, it's going to be troublesome if she has her eye on you all the time."

Sean slapped his thigh. "You're absolutely right. My mother is always bossing my father around, and they argue very often. Honestly, I'm like my father, and I don't like being told what to do!"

Gareth nodded in agreement. "I don't like having to cater to others!"

"Ahem... We're out of beer!" Carlisle suddenly coughed.

Gareth and Sean looked at the steakhouse owner and shouted, "Let's have some more beer!"

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Carlisle shook his head and said, "It's getting late. Let's call it a night and meet again next time."

"Forget about the beer! We want the bill instead!" Gareth took out his wallet at once to pay. Sean pressed his hand down. "Gareth, what are you doing? Don't you respect me?"

Gareth swatted Sean's hand aside and took out two hundred-dollar bills. "It's the same no matter who pays. You've been working hard lately, so take it as a treat from me. Invite the other staff someday, and I'll take them to the Imperial Hotel for a big meal!"

Sean was drunk and looked annoyed as he said, "You're older than I am. I should pay for this meal!"

While they were arguing about who should pay, Carlisle had already gotten the bill and walked over to the road.

By the time the other two came out with their arms around each other, Carlisle had already finished smoking one cigarette.

Sean said tipsily, "Carl, that's not very nice of you. We asked you out for a meal. How could you get the bill?"

Francis drove the car over and stopped in front of Carlisle before getting out to open the door for him.

Carlisle got into the car and looked up at Sean as he said, "Don't get back too late. Don't make Lily worry."

"Oh, okay!" Sean nodded obediently.

Francis asked, "Should I drive them home, boss?"

Sean did not want to take up Carlisle's time, so he said quickly, "I want to sit in Gareth's Ferrari! I've never been in such an expensive luxury car before."

Gareth looked Carlisle's car up and down and said, "Carl, this car is too lousy. It doesn't fit someone of your status."

Carlisle leaned against his seat and said, "I don't have any money..."

He had been planning to get a better BMW, but funds were tight, and he had used up 100 million from Dragonaire Studio. He had decided to delay his plans of getting another car.

Francis got into the driver's seat and got ready to drive off.

Sean put a hand on his waist and waved. "Bye, Carl!"

Carlisle stared at Sean and said, "You should spoil your girlfriend, not yell at her. You need to differentiate between someone who's showing you concern and someone who's bossing you around."

After saying his piece, he leaned against his seat and closed his eyes.

Francis saw in the rearview mirror that Carlisle had closed his eyes, which meant that he had finished speaking. He stepped on the gas pedal and drove off.

Sean watched the car's tail lights disappear into the distance. He scratched his head and said, "Why do I feel like Carl is more mature than my dad?"

Gareth patted him on the shoulder. "Let's go. I'll drive you home."

Sean's phone rang.

However, he had no intention of picking up. Instead, he said, "I've never been in a sports car. Take me out on a ride, Gareth!"

"Alright, I'll call the driver. You should take that call." Gareth took out his phone to call Max.

Sean did not want to take the call.

It was probably Lily again.

However, after thinking about what Carlisle had just said, he took out his phone.

The caller was Bart Peterson.

He was the poorest student in the dorm, and he earned some loose change by running errands for his roommates every day.

As long as the gates to the university weren't closed, he would go and help his roommates buy anything, whether rain or shine.

"What's he calling me for?" Sean muttered to himself before taking the call. "Hello, Bart? What is it?"

"Sean... S-something's happened..." Bart was stuttering, and his voice trembled.

"What's the matter? Is there a rat in the dorm again?" Sean was disdainful. There were often rats in their dorm, and Bart was scared of them, just like a sissy.

"No, I-I-I just saw your girlfriend get mugged. She was hit on the head with a hammer!" Bart was barely intelligible. He seemed to have had a huge fright.

Sean burst into laughter and said, "Are you dumb? Lily just called me! If you want to lie to me, find a better excuse. If you had said that Leonard or Fred got mugged, I might have

believed you!"

Leonard Vellon and Fred Mosby, their other roommates, often went to cybercafes. They would climb over the wall at night to get back to the dormitories.

Lily was always at the university. Apart from when she was on dates with Sean, she barely stepped outside the campus grounds.

How could she have been mugged?

Would those muggers have been bold enough to enter the campus grounds?

Bart was even more agitated when Sean did not believe him. "Sean, I'm not lying to you. I

swear on my life!"

Sean's smile froze at once.

Bart had sworn on his life.

Even a stranger would have to believe what he had said.

However...

Why would Lily be out this late at night?

Sean's voice trembled as he asked, "Where's Lily?"

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Although Sean and Lily had just gotten into an argument, she was still his girlfriend.

"S-she got up and went back to her dorm..." Bart was very ashamed.

He had seen it happen with his own eyes, but he hadn't had the courage to step forward and stop them.

"Damn..." Sean hung up and hastily flagged down a cab.

Gareth frowned and asked, "What happened?"

Sean was distracted as he said, "My girlfriend's been mugged, and she got hit on the head with a hammer!"

Gareth's expression darkened. He did not have time to wait for Max, so he got into the driver's seat. "Get in."

Sean said hesitantly, "Gareth, you... You've been drinking..."

"Damn you, is this really the time to harp on about whether I've been drinking or not?" Gareth swore. "Don't you know that a blow to the head can cause death?"

Sean's eyes reddened, and he got into the passenger's seat quickly.

With a roar, the Ferrari started. It sounded like a beast that had been released after years in prison.

The sound of the engine resounded along the entire street.

At the female dormitory in Riverland's University of Science and Technology, Lily sat on her bed in a daze, her face covered in blood.

Her roommates surrounded her, almost crying in anxiety.

"Lily, what happened?"

"Don't scare me!" Gillian Sullivan, one of the roommates closest to her, sobbed as she pressed a towel to the wound on Lily's head.

The white towel was stained red with blood.

One of her other roommates said with reddened eyes, "I'd better call 911!"

Lily finally said, "You don't need to, I'm fine..."

Her voice was very hoarse, and she sounded weak.

"We can't stop the bleeding! How can you be fine?"

"Peony, call 911! Iris, call the warden!"

Gillian was the resident assistant of the dormitory and was older than the others because she had been held back a year.

Both Peony and Iris had phones.

They had both frozen in fear and hadn't called emergency services because Lily didn't want to go to the hospital.

Since Gillian had given an order, they decided to go against Lily's wishes and began to make the call.

Lily began crying at the concern her roommates were showing her. "Please don't call... I don't want to go to the hospital, and I don't want anyone to know!"

"Lily, can you please be more sensible? You're going to die if this goes on!" Gillian hugged her tightly and tried to comfort her.

It was all because of that scumbag, Sean.

Lily had run out in the middle of the night because she was worried that something would happen to him as he had been drinking so much.

"I-I'm fine..." Lily's voice was getting weaker.

Her heart ached.

Sean was now the CEO of a company, and she was just someone who came from the countryside. It was natural that he would feel she was no longer worthy of him!

Peony said carefully, "Gill, should we still call?"

"Yes! Do you want to watch Lily die?" Gillian glared at Peony.

How could Peony consider not calling just because Lily didn't want her to?

They were adults! Why were they so naive?

Peony's fingers trembled as she dialed 911.

She had just pressed the button to call when there was a sudden bang. The door to their dormitory was kicked open, and two men barged in.

Chapter 469

The women in the dormitory were shocked.

It was 10:00 pm.

When Lily had returned with her face covered in blood, it gave them a fright. They had all gotten out of bed and were still in their pajamas, some of which were rather revealing.

The abrupt entrance of two men left them speechless and dazed.

Once they recovered their senses, some screamed and jumped back into bed to hide under the blankets.

The remaining women rushed back to their own beds.

"Lily..." Sean called in a trembling voice. His eyes were red as he looked at Lily, who was in Gillian's arms.

He saw the bloodstained towel that Gillian was holding, and he felt as if something had pierced his heart.

"Lily..."

Sean strode over to her.

Gillian frowned and asked, "Are you... Sean?"

Sean nodded.

"Give Lily to-"

"You scumbag!"

Gillian slapped him with a bloodstained hand.

She suddenly felt as if Lily had gone limp, and when she looked down, she saw that Lily's eyes were closed, and her face was pale and bloodless.

"Lily! Lily! Wake up!"

Gillian pushed her gently.

Gareth said loudly, "Sean, what are you standing there for? Take her to the hospital!"

Sean returned to his senses, turned, and crouched, saying, "I'll carry her to the hospital."

Gillian hadn't wanted to give Lily to him, but since the circumstances were special, she helped Lily get on Sean's back.

Sean ran out with Lily.

In the corridor, the housekeeper ran up with several security guards.

The housekeeper pointed at Gareth and Sean, panting as she said, "Th-that's them... They barged into the women's dormitory..."

Several young security guards rolled up their sleeves and walked up to them.

At that moment, Gillian walked out of her dormitory room.

"Move aside, all of you!"

The young security guards immediately stepped aside when they caught sight of Gillian.

Gillian's grandfather was an executive at National Electronics Technology Institute and an honorary professor at Riverland University of Science and Technology. Even Peter would have to be polite to her if he were there.

The university's security department also had clear instructions about Gillian's safety.

She had bodyguards with her whenever she left the campus grounds.

They were just security guards who only got paid 700 or 800 a month. They would never dare to offend someone like Gillian.

Sean ran with all his might, with Lily on his back.

Lily's head drooped on his shoulder. Her blood drenched his neck.

Gareth followed beside him and frowned as he said, "Her head is still bleeding. We need to hold something to it."

Sean finally realized what the sticky substance on his neck was. His mind went blank.

He stopped and said helplessly, "Gareth... W-what should I do?"

Gillian caught up to them, holding a clean towel. She had put on a coat and pressed the towel against Lily's head wound.

She said expressionlessly, "Keep going."

Sean continued running toward the stairs.

"It'll be faster if we leave through the emergency escape," Gillian advised.

Sean went toward the doors leading to the emergency stairs, and Gareth pushed the doors open at once.

Half an hour later, Lily was pushed into the emergency room at the hospital.

Sean sat dazedly on a bench outside. He looked as if he had lost his soul.

When he heard his phone ring, he picked it up.

"Sean, I heard that something happened to your girlfriend. Where are you? We'll come see you!"

Brady Hilton, one of his roommates, was calling.

Sean said hoarsely, "We're at the affiliated hospital!"

There was a busy signal on the other end of the phone.

At that moment, the doors to the emergency room opened.

The doctor was holding an Informed Consent Form that implied the severity of the situation.

"Which of you is the patient's family?"

Sean ran over quickly.

"I am..."

The doctor frowned and asked, "What's your relationship with her?"

"I'm her boyfriend."

"Does she have any direct family here?"

"No!"

"You'd better sign this first, then."

The doctor handed Sean the form.

Chapter 470

"I-Informed Consent Form?"

Sean felt as if he had been struck by lightning as he stared at the words on the document.

The doctor's expression was cold as he questioned, "Why didn't you bring her here sooner? She's been injured for almost an hour, hasn't she? She was anemic, to begin with, and she's lost so much blood-"

"What are you talking so much nonsense for? Is this really the time to criticize him?" Gareth yelled impatiently.

The doctor glared at Gareth, but he knew that what Gareth had said was true.

He stared intently at Sean and said, "The patient has the rare blood type of Rh-negative, and we don't have any inventory of this blood type at the hospital. I'm calling the blood bank right now, but you had better prepare yourself."

Sean felt dizzy and almost passed out on the spot.

The doctor urged, "Hurry up and sign it!"

Sean's hand trembled as he signed his name in a messy scrawl.

At that, the doctor went to his office to make the call.

Gillian was also stunned.

Since they had issued an Informed Consent Form, did that mean that...

Gareth's brow was furrowed as he said, "Rh-negative is a rare blood type. If the blood bank has none, we must send her to the provincial hospital. However, we may not be in time..." "Lily..."

Sean crouched and burst into tears, clutching at his hair.

He had just taken her to a movie the day before, and she had chatted animatedly beside him the entire time.

That day, she lay on the ice-cold operating table.

He couldn't accept it.

"Do you regret it now? Why didn't you think about Lily while you were drinking?"

"Were you annoyed at her for bossing you around?"

"Now, no one will boss you around anymore!" Gillian shrieked tearfully, her eyes red.

Sean slapped himself hard in the face.

"I'm not fit to be human... I was wrong..."

He slapped himself in the face again and again, using his entire strength every time.

Every time he slapped himself, he would curse himself.

"What a performance..."

Gillian walked away from them, wiping her tears.

At that moment, three people ran down the corridor toward them.

"Sean!"

Sean's roommates had arrived.

Their footsteps quickened when they saw Sean crouching on the ground and slapping himself.

When Sean saw Bart, he shot to his feet and fastened his hands around his throat.

"Why didn't you save her? Why didn't you take her to the hospital in time?"

Brady, the resident's assistant, pulled them apart quickly.

"Sean, calm down!"

Gillian shook her head in disappointment.

"I really don't know what Lily sees in you. Why are you blaming other people for mistake? I feel like you don't have any values at all!"

your

In that era, motorcycle gangs ran rampant, and barely anyone was bold enough to stand up for justice.

Sean calmed himself down and choked as he said, "I'm sorry, Bart..."

Bart shook his head and said guiltily, "I'm sorry, Sean. There were two motorcycles at the time, and they were both holding hammers. I didn't dare to go over..."

The doctor walked over from his office, looking very serious.

Sean rushed over and said, "Doctor..."

The doctor shook his head and said, "Send her to the provincial hospital. There's no Rh- negative blood available in the whole of Riverland right now, but... she may not make it in time!"

"G-Gareth..."

Sean's mind went blank again, and he could not muster any thoughts at all.

He looked at Gareth, trembling.

"How much longer can she hold on?" Gareth asked the doctor.

The doctor said heavily, "One hour at most."

Gareth took a deep breath.

"Even at my fastest speed, it would take me one and a half hours to get to Brookfield State!"

Gareth's phone rang in his pocket.

It was Carlisle.

"Have you taken Sean back to the university?" Carlisle asked.

"Something's happened to his girlfriend."

"Huh?"