Love Spell 471



Carlisle had just gotten out of the car in the underground garage of Willow Grove. He got back in after he heard what Gareth had said.

"She was mugged after she left the campus grounds, and she got hit on the head with a hammer. She wasn't sent to the hospital in time to stop the bleeding. She's lost too much blood. The hospital has issued an Informed Consent Form!"

"She has a brain hemorrhage?"

Carlisle's brow furrowed tightly.

Lily was his high school classmate and was Wanda's best friend in high school.

His heart grew heavy upon hearing the news.

"No, she doesn't have a brain hemorrhage. It's just blood loss. She has the Rh-negative blood type, and right now, none of the hospitals in Riverland has this blood type, so she needs to be sent to the provincial hospital. The doctor says she may not be able to make the journey," Gareth explained the situation in one breath and slowly exhaled.

Carlisle asked, "Which hospital are you in right now?"

Gareth said heavily, "The university-affiliated hospital. You don't need to come over. I'm going to drive them to the provincial hospital. Although we may not arrive in time, I still want to try."

Carlisle said slowly, "My blood type is Rh-negative!"

Carlisle hung up and told Francis, "Take me to the affiliated University of Science and Technology hospital. Make it quick!"

Francis hadn't heard the conversation over the phone. However, he heard Carlisle mention that he had the Rh-negative blood type, and he was now being ordered to take Carlisle to the hospital.

It was clear to Francis that Carlisle was rushing over to save someone, and there must be no delays on the way.

Francis started the engine with a roar and drove out of the garage. He honked several times to alert the security guards to open the gates.

When the security guard saw that they were driving out again after just returning, he looked annoyed and slowly walked out of the security guardhouse.

Carlisle said impassively, "Don't wait. Let's just go!"

Francis floored the gas pedal and broke through the barrier gate.

"Damn you! Are you in a rush to go to hell? You'll pay for that!" the security guard yelled behind them.

Francis sped the whole way there and ran seven red lights.

Several patrol cars began tailing them.

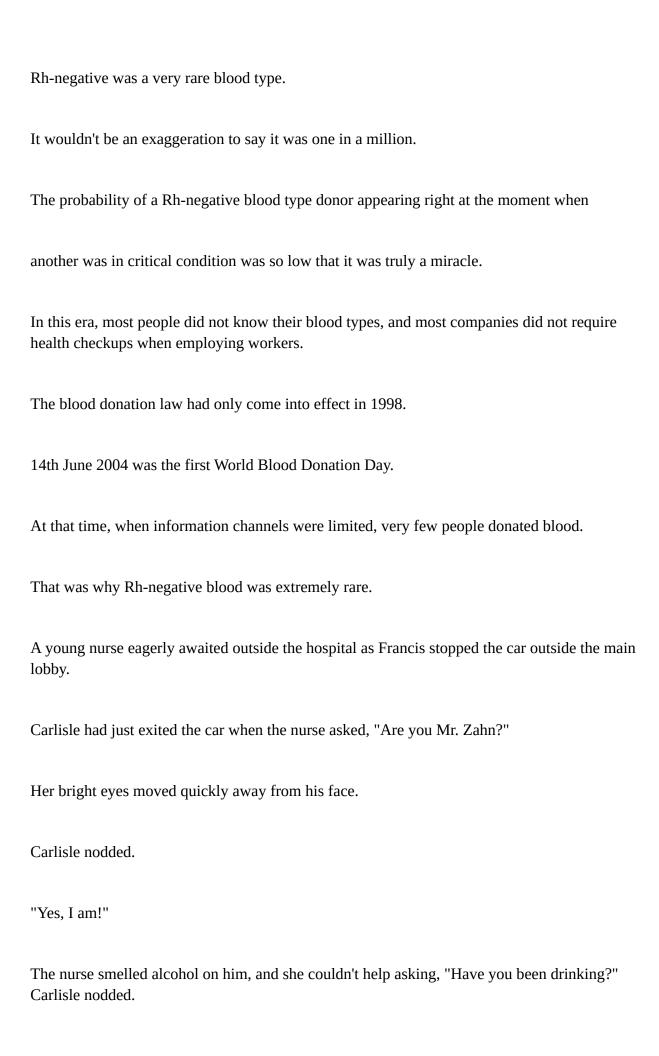
Carlisle called 911 himself and explained the situation to the police.

Five minutes after that, the patrol cars behind them gradually slowed down.

At the hospital, Gareth told Sean and the doctor about Carlisle's Rh-negative blood type.

"This young lady is fortunate. It's not yet her time to die."

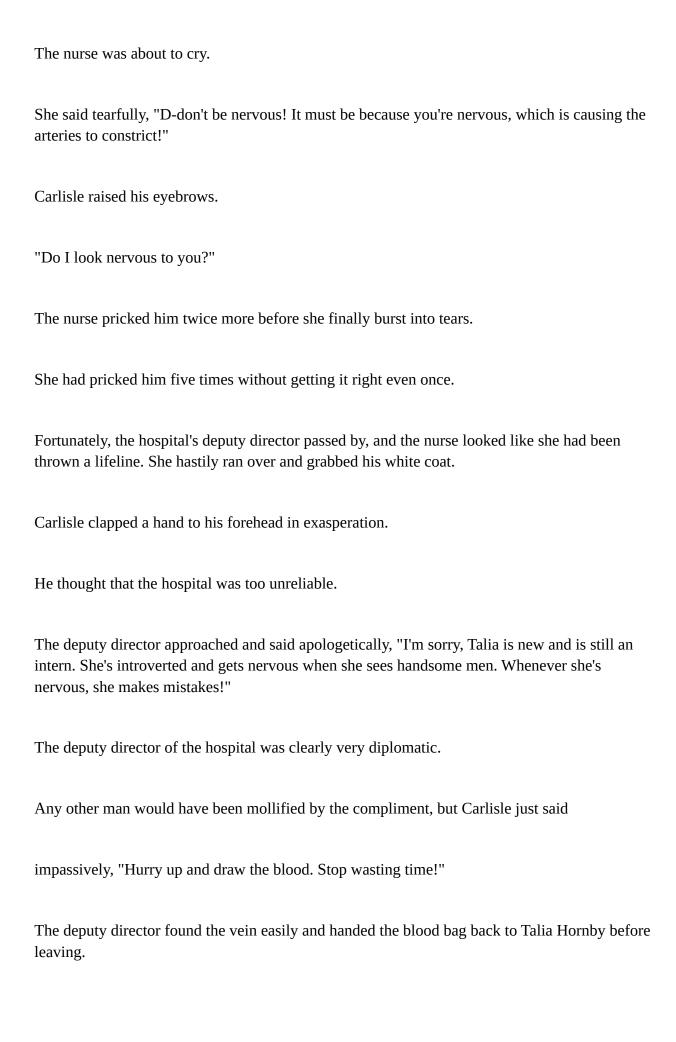
The doctor looked amazed.

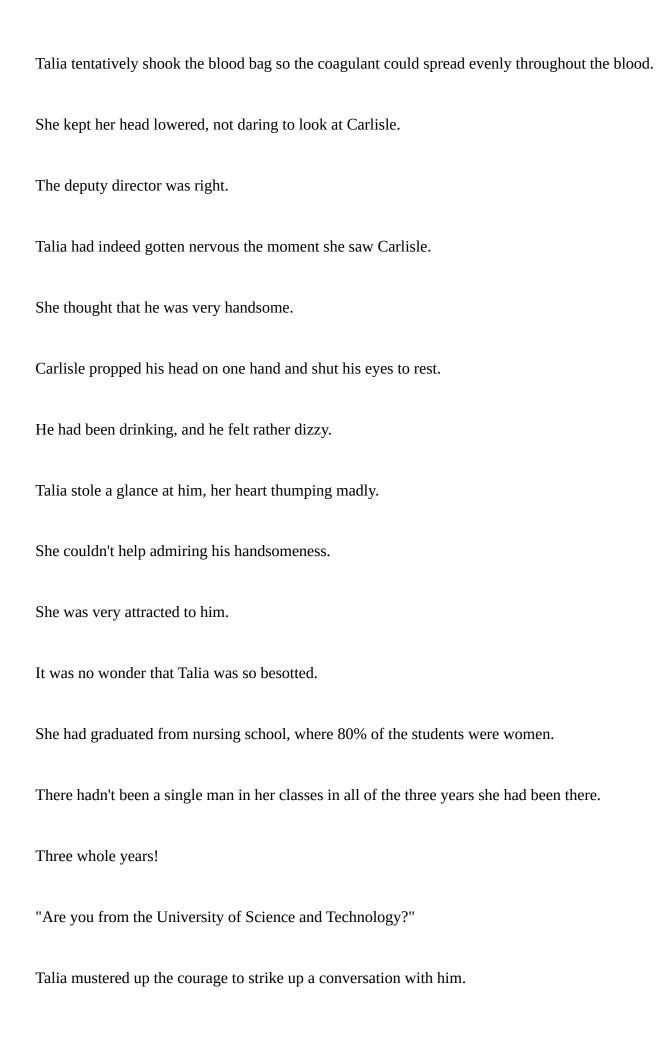


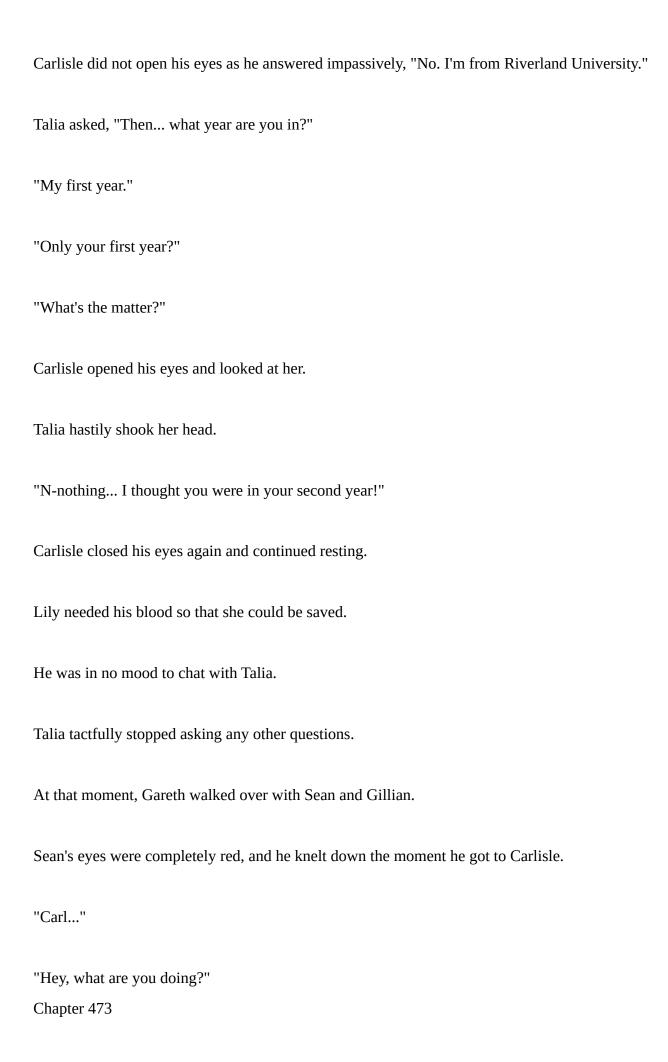
The nurse muttered, "You might not be allowed to donate blood if you've been drinking." Carlisle said, "It'll only affect the blood's quality. The patient needs blood plasma to save her life, so just treat this as a special circumstance!" "Come with me then." Chapter 472 The nurse was already preparing to draw blood. Carlisle had donated blood in his previous life and knew that an anticoagulant had to be added to the blood bag to prevent the blood from congealing. "Oh-oh, right... The anticoagulant..." The nurse was flustered as she retrieved heparin off the shelves. After she had added the prescribed dosage according to regulations, she sat back down. Carlisle noticed her breathing was shallow, and he couldn't help asking worriedly, "Can... can you find the vein?" The nurse was clearly an intern. He was worried that she wouldn't be able to find his vein and would just prick him blindly. "I-I can!"

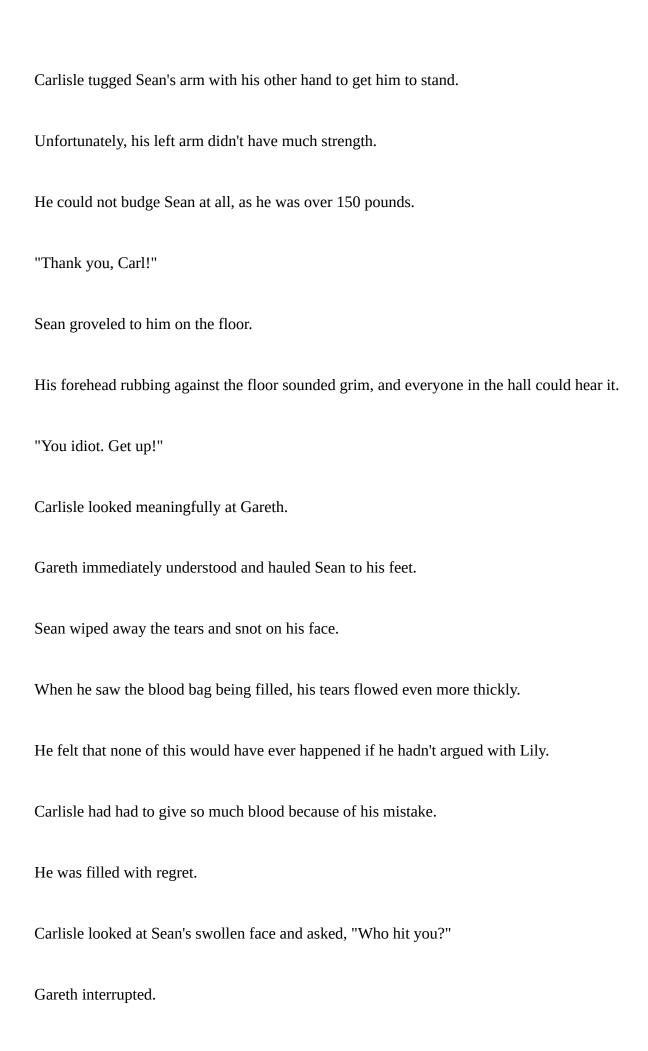
After a while, the nurse pricked him for the third time but was still unsuccessful in her attempt.

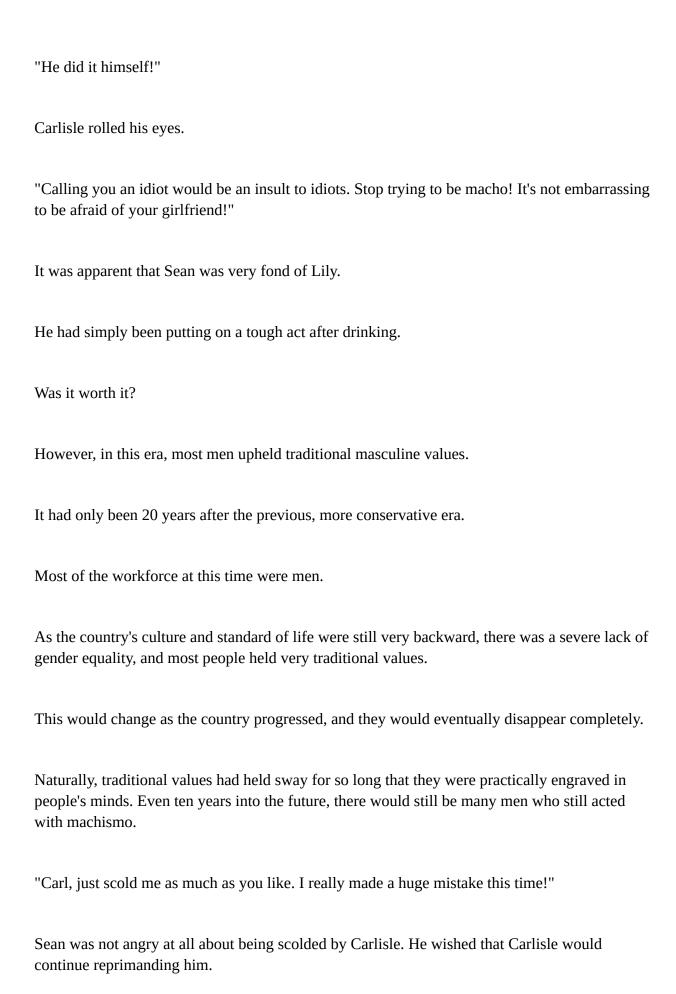
The nurse confidently got ready, but Carlisle increasingly felt that she was unreliable.

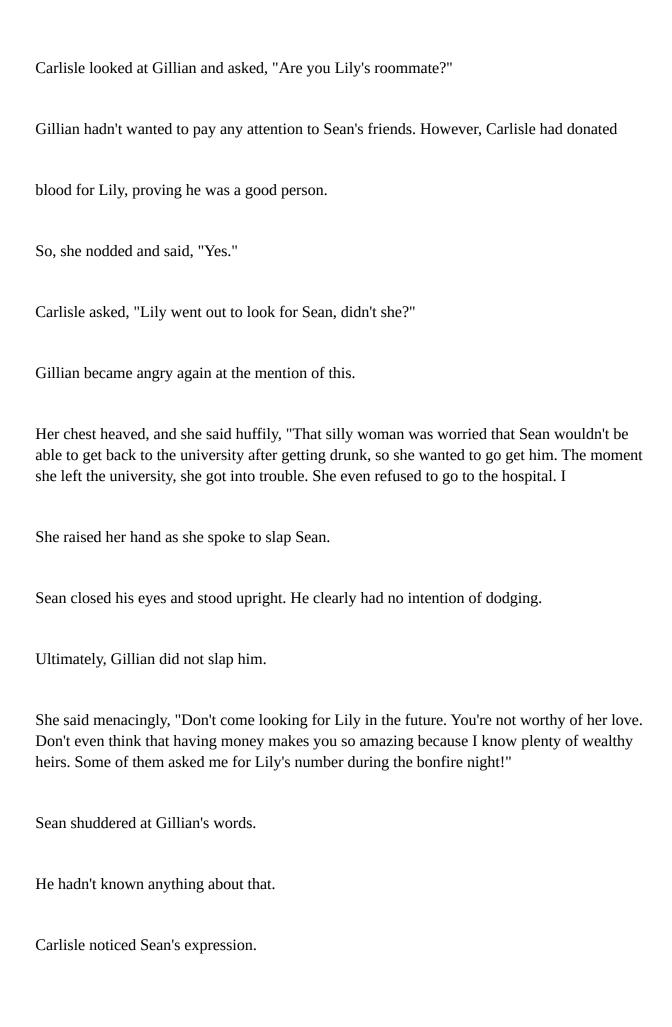












Everyone grew and matured through challenges and obstacles. He hoped that Sean would become more mature and reliable from this. After all, Sean had to shoulder the responsibility for Alumni Network. 40 minutes later, the blood bag was full. Talia immediately took the blood to the emergency room. Carlisle waited outside with Sean and the others. Sean was filled with anxiety, and he could not sit still. Another hour passed, and Lily was pushed out on a gurney. She was conscious and had received 12 stitches on her head. Her head was wrapped in bandages, and the color returned to her cheeks. Sean walked over to the gurney. His voice trembled as he said, "Lily..." Lily looked at him and pressed her dry lips together. She weakly said, "I'm sorry. I've caused trouble for you again..." Sean had saved her once, which was why she had decided to try dating him. Carlisle's encouragement had helped, too.

She had been very happy with him, but he was now the CEO of a company.

The distance between them would only grow bigger.

She thought it would be better for her to leave of her own accord.

Sean had never imagined that the first thing Lily would say to him would be an apology

rather than blaming him for what had happened.

He inwardly cursed at himself for being such an asshole.

Chapter 474

Unable to imagine Lily's disappointment, Sean shakily held her cold hand and said, "No, Lily, you're not the one who should apologize. It was all my fault..."

The doctor advised, "The patient is weak now. Considering the donor gave blood after drinking, the blood quality is questionable. We need to observe the patient in the intensive care unit overnight. Please do not disturb her rest."

He then instructed the nurse to take Lily to the ICU.

According to protocol, they couldn't transfuse questionable blood to patients. However, since they lacked Rh-negative blood, they had no choice but to take the risk. They would have to observe overnight before knowing if the patient's condition had stabilized.

Sean followed Lily to the ward, unwilling to leave her alone. He decided to stay by her side until she was discharged.

Gareth glanced at Carlisle, who looked pale, and asked, "Are you alright? You don't look well.

"I feel like throwing up, and my knees are weak," Carlisle replied, resting his arm on Gareth's shoulder and constantly swallowing hard.

"You're probably dehydrated. It's normal to feel that way after donating blood, especially after drinking. Drinking lowers our immunity. You'll feel better after taking some glucose and resting for a few days," explained the doctor.

After drinking two bottles of glucose in the hospital, Carlisle returned to his apartment. It was already midnight. Feeling unwell, he went straight to bed without showering.

The following day, Carlisle woke up from his dream, his eyes wet with tears. He had dreamed of Wanda again.

In it, Wanda wanted to break up with him. He held her tightly, refusing to let her go, but she left regardless.

Getting up from his bed, Carlisle opened the window and took a deep breath of fresh air, his mood growing more depressed.

He couldn't help but wonder where Wanda was. Even with the help of the public security system, Wendell and the team couldn't locate her anywhere. He wondered where on Earth Shein had sent her.

Carlisle took out his phone and called Lethan.

"Hi, Carlisle-"

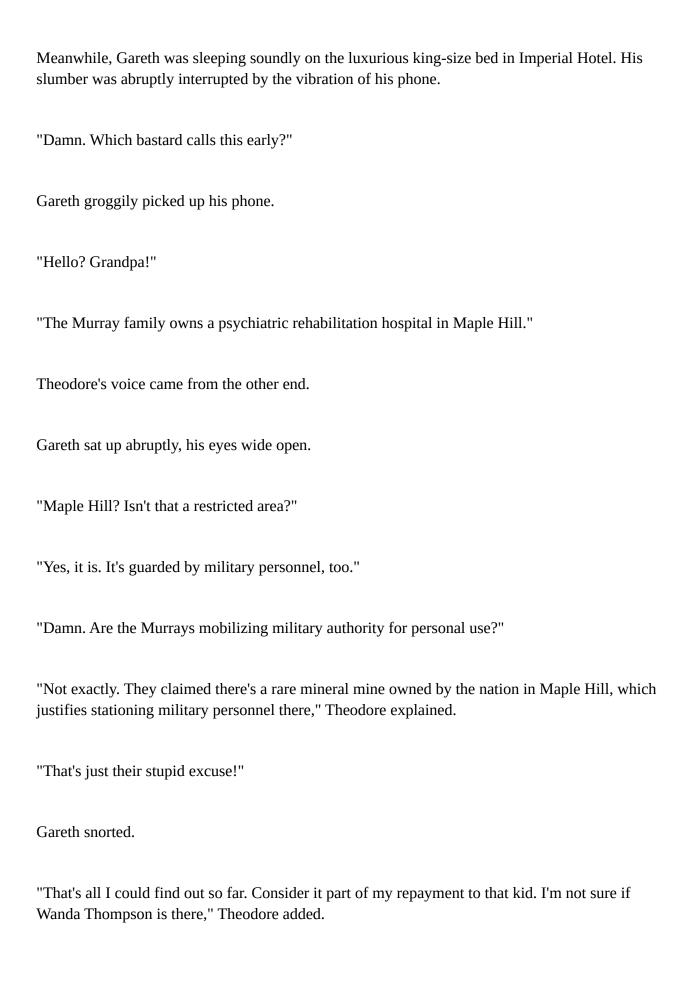
"ed a favor from you," Carlisle interjected directly.

As though he had expected Carlisle's call, Lethan slowly responded, "It's no use, Carlisle.

Shania talked to Shein and Josie, but their lips were sealed. She couldn't get anything from them."

"I see..."

Carlisle hung up the phone, his expression gloomy.





After Gareth explained Wanda's situation to Wendell over the phone, there was a moment of silence on the other end. Thinking Wendell might hesitate, Gareth quickly added, "If you agree to help me with this, I'll reward you with five million dollars!" After a long pause, Wendell finally spoke. "That friend of yours... Is he Carlisle Zahn?" Gareth fell silent, sensing Wendell's presence in Yorksle was somehow related to Carlisle. "Yeah," Gareth replied. Wendell chuckled softly. "What a coincidence. My buddies and I are working for Carlisle now. We're here at Yorksle to look for Wanda, too!" Gareth smiled awkwardly. He hadn't expected Carlisle to hire Wendell's team, especially considering Wendell's background as a retired special forces leader. Gareth swallowed nervously and asked, "Have you found any leads?" Wendell sighed. "No luck so far. We've practically combed through every hospital in Yorksle!" Gareth smiled triumphantly and said, "I know where she is!" "Huh?"

"She's in Maple Hill. But it's guarded by military personnel." "What? The military's involved?" "It's the Murrays' doing!" "What a pain!" Wendell muttered, narrowing his eyes while taking a drag of his cigarette. "Come on, Wendell. Don't tell me you can't handle that?" Gareth teased. "Wow, kid. Do you know who you're talking to? If your brother's still-" Wendell abruptly paused, realizing his slip. "Sorry, I shouldn't have brought that up." Gareth chuckled and replied, "Don't worry about it. I've moved on. My brother will always live in my heart." After ending the call, Gareth sat before his computer and retrieved a USB stick from the drawer. Inserting it into the CPU, he opened the folder stored on it.

The folder contained photos of a fully armed special forces soldier-Zayden Spencer, Gareth's biological brother, codenamed "Wolf Fang". Zayden had served as the commander of the Leopard Strike Team.

Gareth's thoughts drifted back to their school days. Back then, with his father and grandfather preoccupied with work, he and Zayden had relied on each other since childhood.

Theodore didn't want his grandsons to grow up privileged, so he sent them to live with their grandmother. Due to Gareth's poor health, he was often bullied in school. Whenever he was about to be beaten, Zayden would bravely step in.

"Gareth, stand behind me. They'll have to go through me first if they want to touch you.

"Gareth, who punched you in the face? Take me to him now!

"My brother punched your son. So what? Your son was at fault, too!

"What? My brother accidentally scratched a BMV while riding his bike? Is he okay?

"Bullshit! If you dare to expel my brother, I'll shut down this whole school!

"Gareth, I'm enlisting. I won't be able to protect you anymore, so take good care of yourself, okay?

"Gareth... Will you... call me bro... just one last="

When Gareth was 18, he received Zayden's final call. Before he could utter his brother's name, a loud bang pierced through the phone. The next time he saw his brother, all that remained of him was an urn of ashes.

Suddenly, a knock on the door snapped Gareth back to reality. Wiping away his tears, he removed the USB stick and placed it back in the drawer.

He then went to open the door. It was Max.

Ignoring Gareth's red eyes, Max said, "The top-of-the-line cost 8.6 million!" Chapter 476

After Carlisle picked up Daniel and Shane from Riverland University, he instructed Francis

to drive them to the Windex Building. Carlisle intended to arrange job positions for Daniel and Shane to train them.

"Carl, did you sneak off to the hair salon yesterday?" Daniel suddenly asked, noticing Carlisle looking tired as if he had been up all night.



Francis grabbed her clothes but accidentally tore apart her worn-out garments, exposing the bruises underneath.

Zadie covered her chest in fear, shielding herself from the onlookers.

Carlisle leaned out of the window and said, "Francis, give her some money."

Zadie appeared timid, her forehead damp with sweat. It seemed that this might be her first attempt at staging a crash.

Judging by her patched clothing, she likely came from a poor background and urgently needed money.

Shane unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

He took a handful of small change from his pocket and offered it to Zadie, saying, "Take this money. Don't put your life at risk like this again!"

Zadie looked at him, her eyelashes slightly trembling.

She pushed away the money Shane offered and lay on the ground, stating, "My whole body hurts! My head hurts, too! Either give me two thousand dollars or take me to the hospital for a full-body check-up!"

Francis, who had just taken out two hundred dollars, was furious at Zadie's unreasonable demand.

He shouted, "Two thousand? You might as well go rob a bank!"

Shane was equally dumbfounded by her request, remembering he had only earned four hundred dollars by selling 400cc of blood to the black market during his summer break in Shorefield. Even underground figures collecting protection money wouldn't demand such a

sum.

Carlisle said solemnly, "Let's call the police. There's a surveillance camera at the intersection ahead. It should capture what happened."

Clearing their name in such a scam could prove challenging, especially since the cars at that time were not equipped with dashcams.

Noticing Francis was about to call the police, Zadie panicked and grabbed his leg, tearfully pleading, "Please don't call the police! Five hundred dollars, that's all ed!"

Zadie's desperate plea softened Francis' heart, causing him to glance silently at Carlisle.

Carlisle sighed and nodded reluctantly.

"Just give it to her."

Daniel shook his head and commented, "Carl, Carl, Carl... You're too kind-"

Daniel suddenly stopped mid-sentence as he took a good look at Zadie.

Then he frowned and asked, "Why does this lady remind me of Carlos' daughter?"

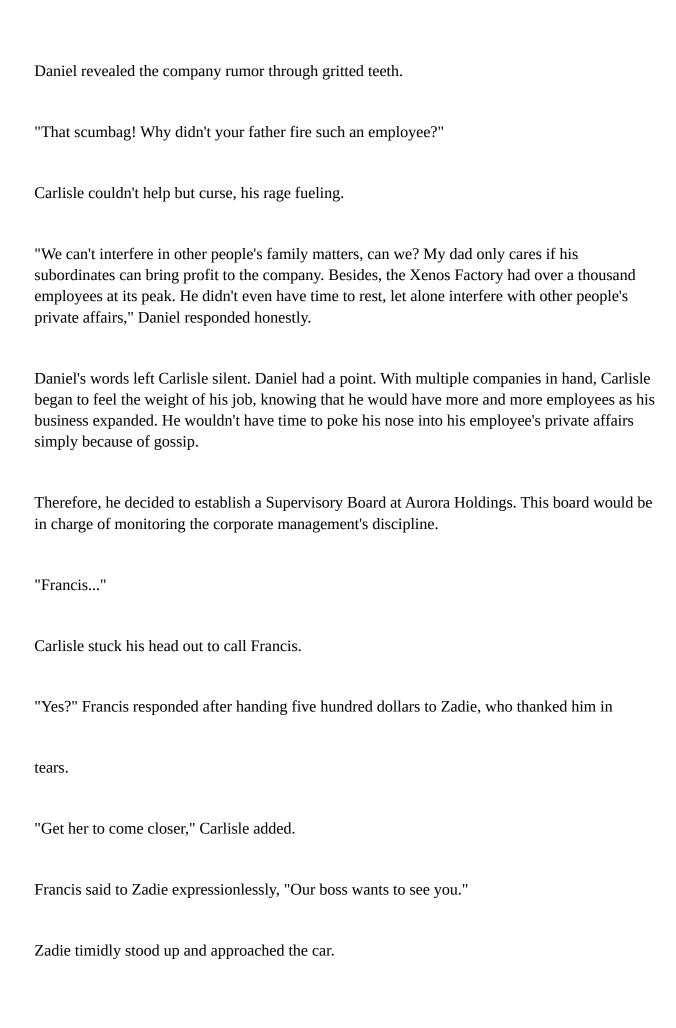
"Who's Carlos?"

"Carlos Zeigler, the director of Xenos Factory's R&D department!"

"Why would the daughter of an R&D director dress so shabbily and resort to scamming like this?" Carlisle asked in puzzlement.

Chapter 477

"It's a long story. Carlos favors sons over daughters. Though his wife gave birth to a daughter, their second child—a son-was stillborn. The surgery caused severe bleeding and infected his wife's uterus, leading to a life-saving hysterectomy. Soon after, Carlos divorced his wife and remarried, not providing a cent in child support!"





Daniel moved to the front passenger seat while Francis shoved Zadie into the back seat, making it look as if he were a human trafficker.

As the car resumed its journey, Daniel turned to Zadie and said, "Zadie, that guy sitting next to you is the current chairman of Xenos Factory."

Zadie slightly trembled and moved away from Carlisle to keep her distance.

Carlisle kept his head down, showing no intention of engaging with her.

Meanwhile, at Xenos Factory, Ryan was in the middle of a management meeting.

Hearing his phone buzz, he glanced at it and found a message from Carlisle.

"Send your R&D director to the chairman's office on the 18th floor, A block, Windex Building!"

Ryan was puzzled. He wondered why Carlisle wanted to see the R&D director instead of himself. He considered if it was because Carlisle didn't trust him or that Carlos had perhaps undermined him in front of Carlisle.

"Mr. Zeigler, you've been requested to go to the chairman's office on the 18th floor, A block, Windex Building," Ryan informed the gentleman seated in the first seat on his right.

Adjusting his glasses, Carlos smiled and asked, "Are they planning to work with us on a new project?"

Chapter 478

Ryan laughed and replied, "Aurora Holdings belongs to our chairman too.

Carlos was taken aback by Ryan's words.

Considering how Ryan was responsible for all the departments at Xenos Factory, Carlisle would usually consult with Ryan about company matters. He wondered why Carlisle was requesting to meet with him instead. He considered if Carlisle wanted him to help Ryan with the company's tasks.

On second thought, perhaps Ryan was too naive. Since Carlisle had fully acquired the company, why would he keep Ryan around? It was highly likely that Carlisle planned to have Carlos replace Ryan.

With that thought in mind, Carlos adjusted his collar and gently smiled.

"Then I shall head over now."

Sensing something was amiss, the other directors appeared concerned. Carlos was the director of the R&D department, the person in charge of the company's core technology. In other words, his role was as important as Ryan's.

They suspected that Carlisle planned to team up with Carlos to remove Ryan from his position. If Ryan really was ousted, these directors who had sided with him might be affected, too.

"Harper, go make me a cup of tea," Ryan instructed as he handed his teacup to his secretary.

On his left, the director of the production department asked in a deep voice, "Mr. Scott, aren't you worried?"

With a smile, Ryan replied, "What about?"

The production director replied seriously, "Stop pretending you're not concerned. We all know what's going on."

The HR manager chimed in, "Exactly. Mr. Zahn kept you around to maintain morale. Now that our research is showing results, he probably thinks it's time to eliminate you. That's why he wants to see Carlos!"

"That's what I thought, too, but I find it highly unlikely. Mr. Zahn gave me shares in the company and entrusted me with 100 million to buy lithography machines. He wouldn't have

given me such responsibilities if he had other intentions," Ryan explained confidently, showing his full trust in Carlisle.

Despite his earlier concerns, Ryan had dismissed them, even though he didn't understand why Carlisle wanted to see Carlos.

"Let's not dwell on that and get back to the meeting, shall we?"

Ryan changed the subject, opening the meeting agenda and moving forward.

Shane had never been to Windex Building before. Seeing the luxurious building for the first time, he couldn't help but feel out of place.

Arriving at Aurora Holdings' office, which spanned over ten thousand square feet, his heart skipped a beat. Glancing at his dirty shoes, he began to worry about potentially sullying the floor.

Well-dressed professionals were bustling around the office, busily working on their computers.

Since the company's organizational chart had yet to be finalized, the new hires didn't recognize their chairman, Carlisle.

Felicia walked out of her office and greeted Carlisle, saying, "Mr. Chairman, you're here!"

The new employees working in the open office area were stunned by her address and surprised to discover that their chairman was a good-looking teenager. None of them had ever imagined that the chairman of Aurora Holdings, a company managing three other companies, would be so young.

Donned in a sleek professional outfit, Felicia clapped her hands to gain everyone's attention. "Everyone, this is our chairman, Mr. Zahn!"

"Hello, Mr. Zahn!"

All the employees stood up and greeted Carlisle in unison.

Carlisle responded calmly, "Hello, everyone. Please sit down and continue your work."

With that, he headed straight to the chairman's office, the largest private office centrally located in the workspace. Even its door frame was taller than that of the adjacent director's office.

Felicia opened the brand-new security door and reported, "Mr. Zahn, Mr. Spencer has transferred ten million to the company's account today. He said it was for investing in Alumni Network."

Carlisle's office was about 1300 square feet and adorned with new floor tiles. Its large one- way window allowed occupants to see outside without being seen. The office was well- equipped with amenities such as a water dispenser, couch, coffee table, desk, and even a bedroom and bathroom.

Despite its decor resembling that of a high-end office from a decade ahead, Carlisle, who had been reborn, still found the styles of the chandelier, couch, and water dispenser somewhat outdated.

As he walked toward his desk, Carlisle nodded in acknowledgment and responded, "I was

aware. Draft a contract to transfer 10% of Alumni Network's shares to Mr. Spencer."

"Yes, Mr. Zahn."

Felicia nodded, then continued, "Oh, and Mr. Zahn, the salary tables for Govan Technology Limited, Alumni Network, Dragonaire Studio, and Aurora Holdings are on your desk. We've prepared them as per your instructions, with salaries set 20% higher than those in first-tier cities. Please review them at your convenience."

Chapter 479

Glancing at his desk, Carlisle found a thick stack of documents waiting for him.

Felicia said, "These are the procurement lists. We can only pay the suppliers after obtaining your signature."

Aware of the chairman's arrival, Anthony went to Carlisle's office with a thick stack of personnel action forms. When Carlisle heard the knock at the door, he gestured for him to enter.

Entering the room, Anthony said, "Mr. Zahn, these are the personnel action forms for

Dragonaire Studio, Alumni Network, and Aurora Holdings. We need your signature on them.

Carlisle took the documents and looked through some of them. They were all management-level trainee personnel action forms, each attached with a resume. Owen and Sean's forms were there too.

Felicia, Anthony, and Logan were directly appointed, so there weren't any forms for them.

"Anthony, hire a few senior secretaries to oversee Alumni Network, Dragonaire Studio, and Aurora Holdings. I want someone with relevant working experience," Carlisle instructed.

Considering how his work would become too cumbersome in the future, he needed

professional secretaries to help him schedule and assist with his tasks so he wouldn't leave out important matters.

"Yes, Mr. Zahn," Anthony responded before leaving with Felicia.

Carlisle sat in his office chair and said, "Make yourselves comfortable."

Shane pulled up a chair and sat down, pondering. So, this was Aurora Holdings. The two directors had mentioned several companies earlier, all apparently belonging to Carlisle. It seemed that Carlisle was even more influential than he had imagined.

Daniel sat on the couch with his legs crossed.

"Carl, do you have an opening for a CEO position? My dream is to become a bossy CEO!"

Carlisle calmly replied, "I'm appointing you as the Head of Support Services."

"What the "

Daniel stood up from the couch as if his tail had been stepped on. Head of Support Services? He thought is sounded like a janitorial position. He might have to manage the toilets, too!

Carlisle ignored him and browsed through the directory on his desk. It had a list of six-digit extension numbers. He found Owen's extension number and dialed it.

Meanwhile, Owen was sitting in the CEO's office at Dragonaire Studio, legs crossed, swirling in his chair.

"Can't believe I'd become a CEO one day. This is fucking amazing! Mom! Dad! Your son has made it!" Owen exclaimed.

Suddenly, the phone on his desk rang. Without checking the number, Owen slid forward with his feet hooked on both sides of the desk and casually picked up the receiver.

"Who is it?"

"Come to my office," Carlisle said from the other end.

Owen immediately sat upright and replied, "M-Mr. Zahn."

Carlisle continued, "Come to my office now! I have something I want to discuss with you."

With that, Carlisle ended the call and instructed Daniel, "Daniel, I need you to go downstairs to escort someone up—"

"Who is it? A man or a woman? Shane can go if it's a man. If it's a woman, I'll go!"

Carlisle narrowed his eyes and asked, "Are you going to or not?"

Carlisle's sharp gaze sent a shiver down Daniel's spine. Without hesitation, Daniel swiftly stood up and hurried out of the room.

"Shane, get Zadie a glass of water," Carlisle instructed.

Chapter 480

Upon hearing Carlisle's instruction to Shane, Zadie quickly said, "N-No. It's okay. I'm not thirsty. Thank you!"

Shane handed Carlisle a glass of water first before fetching one for Zadie and himself. Then, they heard a knock at the door. Owen had arrived.

"Come in," Carlisle responded calmly.

Owen entered the room and greeted nervously, "M-Mr. Zahn."

After working with the cultured white-collar professionals, Owen began to realize Carlisle's commanding presence and his own insignificance.

Aside from the Account Farming Department, Dragonaire Studio's R&D Department, Planning Department, Team Techno, and Art Department members were all composed of elites. Consequently, Owen couldn't help but feel a profound sense of inferiority among them.

Aurora Holdings, which oversaw Dragonaire Studio, Alumni Network, and Govan

Technology Limited, boasted a wealth of talented individuals. Mr. Zahn was at the helm of Aurora Holdings.

Owen wondered why people could lead such different lives. He started to regret not taking his studies more seriously.

While Owen was lost in his thoughts, Carlisle pointed at Shane and instructed Owen, "Take him to the Alumni Network's PR Department. Ask the PR team to teach him how to handle publicity at school."

Owen gulped and said, "I... I don't know anything about Alumni Network. Besides, I've never been to their office either!"

Carlisle couldn't help but chuckle.

"Just tell them what I said."

Sensing Carlisle's silent disapproval, Owen lowered his head deeper as his sense of inferiority intensified.

Carlisle sighed and said, "Please take him there, Owen. Once we find one, I'll have your secretary mentor you."

This was precisely why Carlisle wanted to hire senior secretaries with relevant work experience. While Owen and Sean were just coming of age, like him, Carlisle had experiences from his past life, giving him a psychological age that was nearing 40.

Despite lacking achievements in his previous life, Carlisle possessed extensive work experience and knowledge from the future.

In contrast, Sean and Owen were merely teenagers without any prior work experience. Therefore, Carlisle planned to arrange experienced secretaries to guide them, much like their nannies.

After Owen and Shane left the office, Carlisle turned to Zadie and asked, "Tell me, why did you resort to staging a crash? Are you in some kind of trouble?"

With her head lowered, Zadie remained silent, her dry, cracked lips pressed together.

Carlisle continued, "You'll have to settle your problem sooner or later, you know? What you did today was reckless. If my driver didn't react promptly, you might be in the morgue right now. Maybe you don't care about your own life, but have you thought about your mother?"

Despite tears in her eyes, Zadie quietly kept her head down.

"Your mother's health should be poorer after her hysterectomy. Yet, your father left you and your mother, leaving her to work to support your life and education despite her poor health.

"You might think that death could release you from hardship, but what about your mother? Not only has she lost her uterus, but she also suffered psychological damage from the divorce. If something were to happen to you, how could she possibly accept it, let alone live on?"

Carlisle's words pierced deep into Zadie's heart like sharp thorns, causing her to cover her face and sob.

"I didn't want to die! But they keep forcing me to pay up. If I can't come up with the money, they'll send me to the nightclub!"

Glancing at the bruise on Zadie's collarbone, Carlisle asked lowly, "Who are they? How much do you owe them?"

Wiping away her tears, Zadie replied anguishly, "They are debt collectors. I tried to borrow 15 hundred but only got 12 hundred. Now, they're asking me to return two thousand! I was supposed to have 30 days to clear my debt, but they came collecting after just seven days!"

It turned out to be a loan scam. Once caught in their trap, it would be quite impossible to escape. Reporting them to the police would only invite harsher retaliation. After all, Zadie had indeed borrowed money from them.

As for why they collected earlier than the promised date, it was highly possible that they had altered the contract. Such loan scams were not uncommon, but they were supposed to be rampant only when online loans were booming. Carlisle wondered if this could be a result of Wanda's company.

As soon as the thought crossed Carlisle's mind, he couldn't help but call himself a fool. Aside from Wanda's righteous conduct, Christine and Phoebe were both grounded individuals. They would never conduct such illegal activities.

As he tapped the armrest of his chair, Carlisle slowly asked, "Which company did you borrow the money from?"