

Love Spell 511

Chapter 511

The next day, Carlisle used his roommate's computer to verify his Alumni Network account.

As for Shane, he made use of his free time to set up a stall on the university field with two other classmates to promote Alumni Network.

At noon, while Carlisle was eating lunch at the cafeteria, Sean called to say they had already surpassed two thousand registered users for Alumni Network.

"It's happening too fast! We can't stop it!" he told Carlisle.

"There were only a hundred people this morning, and there were two thousand by noon. If this trend continues, there is a possibility that we'll surpass five thousand today!" Sean was overwhelmed with excitement.

"It is happening pretty fast. This is thanks to that press conference of yours." Carlisle looked very calm as if everything happening was within his expectations.

Sean chuckled. "You're too kind, Carl. It's because of how great that reward system is for bringing in new users! With that setup, I think Alumni Network will have more than a million users within a month. When can we start accepting advertisements for profit?" Alumni Network had many staff members who needed to be paid.

Maintaining the server and managing the website was also a huge expense.

Carlisle thought for a moment and said, "There's no rush. We'll talk about making profits once the registered users surpass three million. Right now, focus on managing the website well so we can guarantee user loyalty!"

When websites started accepting advertisements, it would result in a reduced user experience.

They could not neglect the user's experience for the sake of earning money quickly.

After ending the call, Carlisle scrolled through his contacts until he found Wendell's number.

He really wanted to call and ask, but after a moment's thought, he gave up on the idea.

Sometimes, the more one wanted something, the more disappointed one would be.

At the Martells' psychiatric rehabilitation hospital in Yorksle, Wanda sat beside the window, reading a newspaper.

It was the only way she could find out what was going on in the world outside.

Wanda wished she could get a newspaper from Riverland. She put down the Yorksle Evening Times that she was holding and sighed.

She took her diary from the drawer and flipped to the high school seating chart she had drawn.

She stared at the blank seat, still unable to recall the missing classmate's name.

"Who could the person be?" Wanda propped her chin in one hand and murmured to herself.

At that moment, Lucy called up to her from downstairs. "Wanda, our daily supplies are here. Would you like to come out with me and get them?"

"Yes! Wait for me, Lucy!" Wanda stuck her head out to answer.

Once every three days, supplies would be sent to them.

The butlers would notify the housemaids in each villa to get the items.

When the butler was around, Lucy would not allow Wanda to step foot outside the living area.

If Lucy allowed her to leave the living area, it meant the butler was absent.

It wasn't that Wanda was planning to escape. The place was as secure as a cage, and it would be impossible to run.

Besides, Lucy had told her the mountains around them were filled with wolves and leopards. There were even a few brown bears raised there.

Therefore, Wanda was going out to get a breath of fresh air.

Staying in the living area for such a long time was no different from being locked up in a prison.

Wanda changed her shoes and headed to the supply collection point with Lucy.

Lucy was pushing a trolley, and she reminded Wanda sternly, "Wanda, you've got to stick close to me later. You must not walk on your own. If the butler finds out, I'll lose an entire month's salary!"

Wanda nodded obediently. "Don't worry, Lucy. I won't run around on my own!"

"Good girl, Wanda." Lucy ruffled her hair, smiling.

Wanda didn't behave like a spoiled heiress, and Lucy was happy to take care of her day-to-day needs.

The supply center was next to the main gates, and there were already several housemaids chatting and laughing there.

About three miles away from the rehabilitation hospital, there were several security guardhouses.

These guardhouses were all manned by burly men in military uniform.

When the van driver saw how heavily armed they were, he couldn't help swallowing. " Wendell, will we be able to sneak in?"

Wendell squinted from the passenger's seat as he said, "It's hard to tell. If it's already this heavily guarded outside, it's probably even more strict on the inside.

"Anyway, we're just here to scope the place out, so it doesn't really matter whether we can sneak in. Don't be too nervous, or you may expose us."

The two of them were dressed in the uniform of a fresh produce company, and they both had face masks on.

With Percy's help, it had taken three days for them to find a fresh produce company often sent supplies to Maple Mountain. that

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Wendell had used up a lot of money for this connection, and he had used a fake identity to become the delivery driver for the fresh produce company.

While the two were talking, the gate opened slowly, and four men dressed as security guards walked toward them.

The four of them had intense eyes and looked grim. They were obviously well-trained.

Wendell opened the door and got out of the car. He pulled open the van's door.

The captain of the security guards came over to the van, holding a walkie-talkie. He looked Wendell and the driver up and down with hawk-like eyes before taking a piece of paper from his pocket.

It contained staff information which had been faxed over by the fresh produce company.

"Take your face mask off," the captain said calmly. His name was Colton Swift.

Wendell and the driver took off their face masks at the same time.

Once Colton had verified they matched the information that had been sent, he waved a hand and said, "Check them."

The security guards immediately made a beeline for the supplies and began inspecting them. They even searched the entire exterior and interior of the van.

One of the security guards stared at the two of them and said, "Put your arms over your head. We're going to do a body search."

Wendell had learned about the rules of this place before coming.

He put his arms over his head and stood aside.

The security guard was about to conduct a search when Colton said, "Wait a minute."

"What's the matter, boss?"

Colton said calmly, "I'll do it."

He could sense something slightly off with Wendell and the driver.

He was familiar with the feeling.

They were in the same profession!

When Wendell heard that Colton was going to search them personally, there was an imperceptible flash in his eyes.

Colton gave his walkie-talkie to his members and then grabbed Wendell's waist with both hands.

Wendell's muscles stiffened reflexively, and Colton narrowed his eyes at once.

Wendell bent over and began laughing. "Oh, it tickles... I'm-I'm ticklish!"

Colton said calmly, "Endure it for a while. I'll be done very soon!"

He continued his search.

Wendell was wriggling with laughter, and the other security guards couldn't help shaking their heads.

Why was such a big man so ticklish?

Colton searched him from head to toe before going to search Kevin Litman, the truck driver, who was standing beside them.

Kevin also stiffened reflexively when the man touched his waist.

He immediately began twisting in Colton's grip as he laughed.

Colton frowned. "You're ticklish, too?"

He suddenly reached for Kevin's collarbone.

Kevin yelled in fear and lurched forward in Colton's direction.

Wendell's temper flared, and he said angrily, "What are you doing?"

Colton let go and said impassively, "Nothing."

After testing them, he was pretty sure that neither Wendell nor Kevin was in the same profession as he was.

If they were, Kevin would have reacted when he reached for his collarbone.

It was the kind of muscle memory that came with regular training.

He was probably being too sensitive.

Wendell helped Kevin up and said in concern, "Are you alright, Kev?"

"I-I'm fine." Kevin's eyes were red, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

Wendell was inwardly surprised.

How had he never realized how good Kevin was at acting?

At that moment, the security guards inspecting the supplies came up to Colton.

Colton said into his walkie-talkie, "We're done."

Someone from the supplies center brought a bunch of housemaids over to get the supplies.

Lucy left Wanda inside the gates.

Bringing her to the gates was already breaking the rules.

If Wanda stepped foot outside the gates, Lucy wouldn't just get her salary deducted.

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Wendell and Kevin both saw Wanda standing at the gate.

The two of them almost burst into tears.

After ten days, they had finally found Wanda.

Kevin swallowed as he thought about how he would finally be able to have meat that afternoon.

"Ouch!" Wendell suddenly cried out, clutching at his stomach.

Kevin asked quickly, "What's the matter, Wendell?"

Wendell looked as if he was in a lot of pain as he said, "M-my stomach hurts..."

Kevin immediately understood what Wendell was doing. He looked around and asked Colton, "Mister, is there a toilet around here?"

Colton said coldly, "There aren't any toilets here. Hold it in."

There was a loud tooting sound as Wendell somehow managed to fart several times in a row. "Oh no, oh no! I'm about to crap in my pants!"

"Wendell, hold it in!" Kevin said quickly.

Wendell clamped his legs together and said through gritted teeth, "I... can't... hold it..."

Colton's brow was deeply furrowed. "Turn right at the gate."

Wendell hastily ran toward the gate.

Colton turned and said to one of the guards, "Go and keep an eye on him."

The guard clearly did not want to follow Wendell for fear of the smell. He scowled as he said, "There are surveillance cameras and our colleagues everywhere. You're not worrying that he'll run off to the laboratory, are you?"

Colton's expression darkened, and the guard hastily said, "I'll go right away."

After Wendell went through the gate, he held out both hands, looking confused. "Left, right, left, right... Which side is right?" he asked as he looked at Wanda.

Wanda pointed to the public toilets on the right.

Wendell thanked her and ran toward the toilets, clutching the seat of his pants.

Wanda stood where she was, looking very thoughtful.

Was there really anyone who couldn't tell left from right?

Besides, the toilets were within a hundred feet of them. Couldn't he have seen it for himself?

Was there something wrong with him?

Wanda pursed her lips and shook her head as she looked at the van.

After about three minutes, Wendell came out with one of the security guards.

The guard's pockets were bulging, and he was talking and laughing with Wendell.

"Rich people really know how to enjoy life. Their toilets are cleaner than my living room!" Wendell said with feeling. He was acting like a country bumpkin.

The guard laughed and said, "This is actually pretty basic! I heard that the toilets in the villa area can be flushed automatically!"

Wendell looked shocked. "Really? I haven't had much education, so don't lie to me!"

"Why would I lie to you about that? I expect you'll be able to use them in high-end malls in a couple of years."

As they spoke, the two of them passed by the gate.

Wendell suddenly asked, "Is it the 8th or the 9th today?"

The guard asked, "Don't you have a phone?"

Wendell said in confusion, "Can outsiders like us bring our phones in?"

The guard jumped slightly and took out his phone to look at the date. "It's the 8th today."

Wendell asked, "Is it really the 8th? Why do I feel like it's the 9th?"

The guard showed his phone to Wendell. "Look at this and see for yourself what date it is!"

Wendell looked at it for a while, shook his head, and said, "That's not right. It must be the 9th today."

The guard felt that it was hard to communicate with Wendell. "This is the newest Nokia phone! The date and time are updated automatically with my Internet connection!"

Wendell shook his head. He stopped and looked at Wanda as he asked, "Hey, pretty lady. What's the date today?"

Wanda looked at the calendar every day, so she said without hesitating, "It's the 8th today."

The guard looked exasperated. "It's the 8th, isn't it?"

However, Wendell insisted. "No, it must be the 9th! It was my birthday yesterday, and it was clearly the 8th!"

The guard had no interest in arguing with Wendell anymore.

If Wendell hadn't stuffed two packs of cigarettes into his pockets, he wouldn't even bother talking to him.

Lucy pushed her trolley over. "Let's go home, Wanda!"

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Wanda nodded obediently.

At the same time, Wendell asked loudly, "Kev, is it the 9th today?"

Kevin did not know what Wendell was trying to do, so he answered, "I think so."

The guard clutched at his hair and told his teammates, "Tell him what the date is!"

"It's the 8th!"

"It's the 9th!" Wendell said again.

Kevin said, "It's the 9th today!"

Colton took out his phone with a cold expression and glanced at it.

It was clearly the 8th of November.

Couldn't these truck drivers even tell what the date was?

Wendell said, "The Internet in the mountains here is slow. It must be the 9th today."

Colton patted Wendell on the shoulder.

He turned to look at him. "What is it?"

Colton pointed to a neighboring hill on their left.

Wendell turned to look, and he saw that there was a signal tower there.

Colton said coldly, "It's the 8th today! Even if the gods come, it'll still be the 8th!"

Wendell looked piteously at Kevin. "I think we got the date wrong."

The housemaids had all gotten their supplies, and the supply center put the surplus onto trolleys to take it to storage.

Colton urged them, "Hurry up and leave!"

Wendell got into the car, looking unhappy. "We can't even bring a phone to this lousy place. I can't even tell the date and time! I won't come here again!"

Kevin got into the driver's seat resentfully.

Lucy looked at the creamy candy in her trolley and smiled as she said, "Wanda, do you like to eat creamy candy?"

"Yes!" Wanda, who was deep in thought, nodded.

Lucy turned to look at her. "What are you thinking about?"

Wanda said softly, "I want to go to the toilet."

Lucy looked at the public toilets. "Let's go back to the villa first. The public toilets are very dirty!"

Lucy was used to the toilets in the villa area and did not like the public ones anymore.

Even though the public toilets here were very clean, Lucy felt it wasn't good enough for an heiress like Wanda.

Wanda's brow wrinkled as she said, "I... I can't hold it in..."

She ran toward the toilets, and Lucy had no choice but to wait for her.

The public toilets were not divided by gender, unlike those outside. Every toilet here was an individual stall.

There were 20 individual stalls in the toilet, and they each had a number on them.

Wanda went straight to the ninth one.

After she went in, she locked the door and began searching the stall for something.

That man had been behaving very strangely.

Someone who was allowed to send supplies to a place like this wouldn't be so dumb that they couldn't tell left from right.

He probably wanted to get her attention since he had asked her whether it was left or right. After that, he argued with the guards about whether it was the 8th or the 9th that day.

Even though the guard had shown him the evidence, he had insisted that it was the 9th.

The man had been sending her a message.

He must have left something in the ninth stall.

If it had been her, where would she have hidden it?

Wanda opened the toilet roll cover first.

There was nothing inside.

After that, she opened the top of the cistern, but it was also empty.

Wanda noticed a gap between the toilet and the wall about the size of a fist.

She reached out to feel around inside it.

After a moment, Wanda's eyes lit up. She pulled out a rolled-up note.

She did not have time to read the note, so she stuffed it into her pocket and left the toilet.

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After getting back to the villa, Lucy began preparing the ingredients to cook. "Wanda, I'll teach you how to make slow-cooked ribs today."

"Lucy, my stomach hurts today. I'll learn how to cook some other time."

"You didn't get food poisoning, did you? I'll take you to the infirmary to have a look."

"I'm fine. This is a recurring issue for me. I often get diarrhea before and after my period," Wanda said before hurrying upstairs.

After getting back to her bedroom, she closed the door and took out the note to open it.

There was only one word on the note.

Carlisle.

Carlisle? There was a flash of confusion on Wanda's pretty face.

It was someone's name.

However... Who was he?

Wanda scrunched up her forehead as she thought hard about it.

She thought about it for a long time but could not remember anything about the name.

If Carlisle could arrange for someone to find her here, he must be a force to be reckoned with.

That man at the gates hadn't been an average person either.

Wanda took out her diary and flipped to her high school seating chart.

Was Carlisle the name that she could not remember?

Did her missing memories have something to do with him?

Wanda murmured to herself, picked up a pencil, and wrote Carlisle's name in the empty box.

It took Kevin three hours to drive out of Maple Mountain.

By the time they got out, it was already dark.

Kevin rubbed his red and swollen collarbone. "Damn it, that guy really didn't hold back!"

Wendell laughed and said, "At least we've found Wanda!"

Kevin asked, "What do we do next?"

Wendell lit a cigarette and blew out a stream of smoke. "Boss wants us to stay and protect Wanda, but this is clearly an impossible mission. We just need to tell him about Wanda's current situation, and our job will be done!"

Kevin asked again, "Did you leave Wanda a note?"

Wendell nodded. "I wrote the name of the boss so she'll know he hasn't forgotten about her. I wanted to show her how he even went to all the trouble of getting us to find her."

Kevin chuckled. "Can we have meat tonight?"

Wendell glared at him. "Is eating meat all you think about? We used to eat tree bark when we went on missions in the past, and you didn't starve. Look at you! You've only just retired from the force and have already gained ten pounds!"

Kevin looked aggrieved and said, "That's because I'm sick of going hungry!"

He tugged at Wendell's sleeve again. "Let's have some meat, please!"

Wendell took out his phone to order some food. "I'll get you a whole roasted suckling pig tonight. Don't even think about leaving before you finish it all!"

That night, Carlisle sat in front of his computer, browsing Alumni Network.

In a single day, the number of registered users had already surpassed 20 thousand. Alumni Network was having a staff dinner that night, but Carlisle hadn't joined them. He exited the website and sat back in his chair, feeling rather empty.

His phone vibrated on the table.

He picked up his phone, and his eyelid twitched violently when he saw Wendell calling.

He took a deep breath and answered the call.

"Boss, we've found Wanda!"

"Where is she? Is she alright? Has she lost weight?" Carlisle asked in one breath.

Wendell said, "She's in a private psychiatric rehabilitation hospital. She looks like she's doing alright, and she's gained weight compared to her photo!"

Carlisle grinned dumbly.

This was the first time he had smiled genuinely since Wanda had left half a month ago.

Wendell continued, "However, we may not be able to fulfill our mission of staying to protect her. That place is so heavily guarded that even a fly couldn't get in!"

"What kind of place is that?" Carlisle's chest tightened.

If Wanda was in a place like that, wasn't it the same as if she was in prison?

Wendell told him about how the hospital looked and the military personnel stationed there.

Carlisle clenched his teeth and said, "It sounds exactly like a prison!"

Wendell sighed and said, "The only difference is that they lead comfortable, lavish lives in luxurious surroundings. All the supplies they ordered are very expensive products!"

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Carlisle was silent for a moment. He said, "Is there any way to get her out?"

"There's pretty much zero possibility of that," Wendell said firmly.

"Let me put it this way. Apart from the soldiers stationed there, they also have huge numbers of bodyguards inside. Those bodyguards are mostly like me. They're all retired from the force.

"In fact, being able to see Wanda today was just pure luck. We may not even be able to see her the next time we send supplies over!"

Disappointment flashed in Carlisle's eyes. "Who owns that hospital? Perhaps we can find a way through the owner?"

Wendell was silent for a long time. After he gulped down a mouthful of hard liquor, he said slowly, "Do you know who Gareth is?"

"Yes!"

"Since he hasn't told you himself, then I can't either!"

"Do you mean that Gareth knows?" Carlisle asked.

"It was Gareth who told us that Wanda might be in that place!"

"Alright. I understand. You should stay in Yorksle and keep sending supplies to that place. Find a way to develop a good relationship with them. It doesn't matter how much money you have to spend!"

"This time, I spent almost one hundred thousand to develop those connections."

"Tomorrow, I'll arrange positions in Aurora Holdings for you and transfer the money needed for the trip's expenses."

After the call ended, Carlisle called Gareth at once.

"Carl?"

"Gareth, who's the owner of that hospital?"

"Huh? Is the signal bad here? What did you say?" Gareth was clearly trying to avoid the topic.

Carlisle said in a low voice, "Gareth, if you think of me as a friend, please tell me."

Gareth was silent.

Carlisle did not say anything either.

After a long time, there was the sound of a lighter flicking on from the other end of the phone.

Gareth lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply before saying, "It seems that they've already found

Wanda. I thought you only needed to know if she was doing well."

Carlisle was seven or eight years younger than Gareth was, and his business was just starting.

Gareth did not want Carlisle to feel even more stressed.

"Wanda wouldn't be happy there." Carlisle's voice was hoarse.

Wanda would not be able to have any contact with the outside world in that place.

Otherwise, she would have contacted him long ago.

Perhaps she wasn't even allowed to have access to any electronic products.

Gareth did not answer. He just hung up.

Carlisle listened to the busy signal on his phone and sat dazedly in his chair, looking as if his soul had left him.

What kind of person could make Gareth so wary? Gareth came from a prominent family who had important positions in the government.

Lethan and Shania would probably know.

Carlisle's eyes flashed, and he called Lethan at once.

"Carl?"

"I've found Wanda!"

"What? Where is she?" Lethan was shocked.

Carlisle asked in a low voice, "Who is the most important person that Shein knows?"

"The most important person he knows? What do you mean by that?" Lethan was confused.

Carlisle frowned slightly, and he prompted Lethan. "Among his connections in Yorksle, who's the most important and influential?"

Lethan was even more confused. "I really have no idea about that. Although I'm his brother-in-law, we rarely interact."

Carlisle could tell that Lethan wasn't lying. He said in resignation, "Fine. I'm hanging up."

After ending the call, he called Shania.

"Carl?"

"Do you have some time, Shania?"

"Yes, I do. Go ahead."

"Who is that formidable person in Yorksle Shein has ties with?"

"Huh? Wh-what formidable person are you talking about?" Shania paused when she answered.

Carlisle immediately guessed that Shania knew something.

After a moment's silence, he said slowly, "I know all about it already. Can you tell me about this prestigious family?"

Shania hesitated for a long time without saying anything.

How had Carlisle found out?

Who had told him?

Had Zachary told him?

That didn't seem possible.

Before Wanda was engaged, Zachary would never reveal this secret.

Carlisle must be trying to trick her into spilling it all out.

Carlisle was a cheeky little devil!

"I" Shania was about to speak when Carlisle suddenly cut her off.

"Who is the person that Wanda has a marriage alliance with?"

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When Carlisle asked the question, he clenched his left fist.

He had guessed that Wanda was betrothed to someone, but he wasn't sure if he was right.

Queenie had reminded him that it would be impossible for him and Wanda to have a happy ending

It would seem natural for her to say that as she was thinking of things from the Thompsons point of view.

However, Gareth had said the same thing to him.

Gareth didn't know the Thompsons well, and he was friends with Carlisle.

It was strange for him to say something like that.

Carlisle had been suspicious at the time.

In his past life, Wanda's life trajectory had included her marriage to an executive at Thompson Group, which was why he had never thought of Wanda having a marriage alliance with an elite family.

Despite his current relationship with Gareth, the latter had still refused to tell him, which had forced Carlisle to consider several possibilities.

Shania stuttered, "Y-y-you-"

Carlisle slowly relaxed his clenched fist.

Based on how much Shania was stuttering, he must have guessed correctly.

There was a pleading note in Carlisle's voice as he said, "Please tell me, Shania. I know that you support Wanda and me, and I want to know what kind of person my rival is."

Shania sighed. "There is a very powerful figure from the Yorksle Murray family that very few people know about. His influence extends to the fields of politics and business, and when Wanda was two years old, she was promised in marriage to the third son of the Murray family."

Carlisle squinted and asked, "Does Wanda know about that?"

Shania answered, "Even I only found out about it last year, let alone Wanda. Even Lethan doesn't know about it!"

She asked curiously, "How did you find out?"

Carlisle pressed his thin lips together. "I guessed."

Shania was lost for words.

"Get some rest, Shania." Carlisle hung up.

He took a pen and wrote the words "the Murrays" in his diary.

He tried searching them on the Internet, but there was no information that could be found on them.

Carlisle was not discouraged by how powerful the Murrays were

It motivated him even more.

Since Wanda was promised to someone, why had she ended up marrying an executive from Thompson Group?

Carlisle could not make any sense of it

After a moment's silence, he muttered to himself, "There are many possibilities."

Perhaps something had happened to her fiancé.

Perhaps something big would happen to the Murrays in the future.

Or had the Thompson Group executive used despicable means to hurt Wanda?

Carlisle determined that no one would be able to take Wanda from him.

He turned off the computer and washed up before falling into bed and going to sleep.

After that, Carlisle continued his daily routine of going to university during the day and going to sign documents at the office after classes.

When he got back from the office, he would sit at the computer and look through photo albums of him and Wanda.

In the blink of an eye, the end of the month came.

It was another bright and sunny weekend.

Carlisle sat on the balcony, reading.

He pulled his jacket tighter around him and crossed 29th November on his calendar.

The temperature in Riverland had dropped to single figures.

Although it was bright and sunny, it could not disperse the bone-chilling cold that came with the wind.

Carlisle took a photo album from his desk drawer to look through the photos.

He hoped Wanda would remember to keep warm, especially as the weather was getting cold.

Carlisle flipped through the album to a photo of Wanda smiling at the camera.

He set the album upright on his desk and smiled slightly as he looked at her beaming face. There was a knock on his door.

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There was a knock outside his door.

"Come in," Carlisle called. The door was only closed.

Selena Johansen, the secretary to the CEO of Aurora Holdings, walked in with an armful of documents.

Selena was 31 years old.

She had studied management, economics, finance, accounting, and law. She was proficient in six languages and had once been the secretary of a listed holding company in Dell City.

Anthony had put in a lot of effort to poach her, and her salary was as high as that of a director.

"Mr. Zahn, the number of Alumni Network's users has surpassed three million!

"The lithography machines for Xenos Factor finally arrived on the coast of Dell City yesterday, and we'll start proofing in December. Mr. Scott has already given his word. Within two months, the Xenos chip will be revealed to the world.

"Holly Fisheries' greenhouse was completed three days ago, and they're currently cultivating the ecological environment.

"Dragonaire Studio's multiplayer online game is thirty percent complete. We expect to be able to launch it online for a test run in two months' time." Selena put some important documents on Carlisle's desk as she gave him a quick report about the current situation with all the companies.

Carlisle rubbed his hands, picked up his pen, and began signing

There were so many reports that he barely looked at them nowadays.

After all, before they got to him, they were checked and signed by the team leaders, managers, the CEO, as well as the executive director of the accounting department. Carlisle was only signing to authorize them.

"How is Aurora Holdings' financial situation?" Carlisle asked as he signed.

Selena pressed her red lips together. "Yesterday, Dragonaire Studio applied for 20 million in development funds. Currently, Aurora Holdings still has about 25 million in its account."

Carlisle paused in the midst of signing his name.

Selena said in a low voice, "Mr. Zahn, if Aurora Holdings is under financial stress, we can try looking for angel investors. With the current potential of Alumni Network, we should be able to get at least 500 million in investment funds!"

If it had been any other company, Selena would not have dared to say such a thing in front of the boss.

However, at their first meeting, Carlisle admitted he was new to running a business. He had encouraged Selena to mention anything he didn't know about or was doing wrong,

Carlisle smiled slightly and said, "We don't have any financial stress for now."

A while ago, Gareth had gone abroad and somehow managed to get 200 million.

He had said that it was a reserve fund for Carlisle to use.

If Aurora Holdings was in financial difficulties, he would ask Gareth to invest.

Gareth was always wandering around the accounting department, hoping fervently for Aurora Holdings' accounts to finally be emptied.

There were even rumors spreading among the company executives about something developing between Gareth and Felicia.

Carlisle finished signing the bills, and Selena left with them.

As soon as she left, Sean called. "Carl?"

Carlisle immediately said, "Alumni Network has now surpassed three million registered users!"

Sean burst into laughter, "Nothing, escapes you, Carl! Did Ms. Johansen tell you about it?" Carlisle was amused. "Of course. Ms. Johansen keeps an eye on you for me."

Sean chuckled and said, "She must not have told you I've already gotten an advertisement."

Carlisle was immediately interested. "That's very proactive of you. You've only just surpassed three million, and you're already accepting advertisements?"

"Why wouldn't I be proactive when it comes to earning money? If I wasn't, there would be something wrong with me! You'll never guess how much this advertisement will bring us." "How much?" Carlisle could not guess how much money Alumni Network would make.

He was very curious.

"See you at Caulitorna BBQ!" Sean said before hanging up.

Carlisle's curiosity had been piqued, and Sean had hung up on him. He had no choice but to laugh exasperatedly and put the photo album away, after which he called to tell Francis to come and pick him up.

Caulitorna BBQ was near Riverland University.

Sean had booked a lavish private room, and he had called Owen and Gareth as well.

When Gareth got Sean's call and heard that he was treating them to BBQ, he guessed that Alumni Network's number of registered users had met expectations. He asked, "Is Carlisle going?"

Sean said on purpose, "Carl doesn't have any time."

Gareth said impassively, "I won't go either, then."

Sean hastily laughed and said, "I'm joking! Of course Carl's coming. I wouldn't call you otherwise."

Gareth's lips quirked up. "Alright. I happen to have a present for Carl, so let's make today the day when he gets two pieces of good news."

Chapter 519

Caulitorna BBQ was a three-story fine-dining restaurant almost as luxurious as a small hotel.

Sean and Lily stood at the side of the road, craning their necks in anticipation.

Sean wore a black anorak and jeans, but he had on a pair of expensive Doc Marten boots.

His hair was swept back, and he was beginning to adopt the demeanor of an authoritative CEO.

A month ago, Anthony had hired three experienced secretaries.

Isla Dornan, Laurel Donegan, and Selena Johansen worked as secretaries to the CEOs of Alumni Network, Dragonaire Studio, and Aurora Holdings, respectively.

The three secretaries had related industry experience and were highly educated.

With Isla's help, Sean's personality and character had undergone a vast transformation. The slightly immature look on his face had disappeared, and he now appeared more reliable.

Lily was wearing a striped sweater and a brown skirt. A khaki-colored knitted scarf around her neck highlighted her pretty features and made her look dignified and elegant.

She had the demeanor of a calm, refined woman.

The two of them were a beautiful couple and looked like a match made in heaven. They attracted looks of envy from many passersby.

"What bad luck! I can't believe we are seeing them here, too."

Sarah and Sienna got out of a cab by the side of the road.

Sarah was quiet and did not even look twice at Sean and Lily.

However, Sienna continued talking.

"Sarah, Alumni Network is growing rapidly. Almost everyone at our university has registered on Alumni Network. A conservative estimate of their registered users already places them over 500 thousand users!"

Sarah said expressionlessly, "It's just dumb luck."

Sienna sighed.

"I don't understand. Why don't we have their luck? Your loan company is really struggling under the pressure exerted by SwiftFunds Financial Investments. If this goes on, we won't even be able to make rent for our building!"

SwiftFunds Financial Investments' reputation had spread rapidly in the loan industry over the last month.

The company's inspection and approval process was quick and convenient. They approved unsecured loans. Within a month, they had already loaned out almost 20 million dollars.

SwiftFunds Financial Investments had only been established for less than two months.

Conversely, Sarah's company had spent almost a million in promotional and advertising fees but had only lent out less than 500 thousand dollars.

Sarah took a deep breath and said coldly, "Don't mention the company's name in front of me again!"

She had only recently discovered that SwiftFunds belonged to Wanda. The two people she hated the most were doing much better than she was, which frustrated her immensely.

Sienna saw that Sarah was angry.

She took the latter's arm and said playfully, "Alright. I'll stop talking about them!"

She changed the subject and said, "Sarah, how long is your BMW X5 going to be in the repair shop?"

Sarah's cousin had borrowed her car to take a lady out and had ended up crashing it. For the past few days, Sierra had had to rely on taxis for transport. After being accustomed to riding in luxury cars, Sienna felt it was below her to take taxis.

Sarah pouted.

"Who cares how long it's going to take? Austin's going to give me a new car tonight anyway." Sienna's eyes lit up.

"What kind of car is it? It won't be cheaper than a BMW X5, will it?"

Sarah said confidently, "Of course it won't! Austin earned 20 million last month through trading stocks. The car he bought for me will cost at least one million!"

"20 million? That is so amazing!"

Sienna felt her scalp prickle with shock.

Her mouth felt dry as she said, "Is it difficult to do stock trading? Why don't we learn how to do it too? I'm not greedy. It would be enough just to make 20 thousand a month."

Sarah rolled her eyes.

"Trading in stocks is very risky. It's pretty much like gambling. If you're unlucky, you could lose everything and become bankrupt overnight!"

Sienna laughed awkwardly and said, "Forget it, then. I'd better focus on doing business instead."

Suddenly, Sarah's phone rang from her shoulder bag.

She took out her phone and saw that Austin was calling. Her face lit up immediately into a

happy smile.

"Austin!"

"Sarah, I've got an important meeting tonight, so I don't think I'll be able to have dinner with you!" Austin drawled on the other end of the phone.

The light in Sarah's eyes dimmed, but she said meekly, "It's alright. Work is important." Austin continued, "I've asked someone to send you that car. It'll probably arrive soon!" Sarah couldn't help being curious, so she asked tentatively, "What car model is it?"

Austin said mysteriously, "If I tell you now, it won't be a surprise. You'll find out soon!"

"You're the best, Austin," Sarah said sweetly.

She was very touched.

Chapter 520

"You're my girlfriend. I should treat you well, shouldn't I?" Austin said fondly.

They chatted for a while before ending the call.

At the same time, a pink Bentley Arnage stopped by the side of the road.

The car window purred down. Ruby looked at Caulitorna BBQ and observed how packed it was.

She smiled.

"Business is doing well."

Tiffany was sitting beside her.

After Ruby turned over a new leaf, her attitude toward Tiffany, whom she had once bullied,

changed completely. Not only had she bought the latter a phone, but she had even bought her various accessories from various brands.

Tiffany was from Caulitorna, and her parents managed a small restaurant there.

To make up for her past mistakes to Tiffany, Ruby used the pocket money she had saved up over half a year and invested in Caulitorna BBQ. She then handed it over to Tiffany's parents to manage, taking on all the losses and giving them 30% of the profits.

Tiffany was one of the prettiest women at Riverland University when she was dressed up.

Thoughts raced through Tiffany's mind as she looked at the restaurant.

She didn't know whether she was lucky or not.

When she arrived at Riverland University, she was subjected to Ruby's relentless bullying, but suddenly, Ruby had become a completely different person.

As a result, Tiffany's life had changed.

The restaurant brought in sales of ten thousand dollars a day in profits, and her parents received three thousand from that.

Before this, her parents had only managed to earn three thousand every month.

There weren't many families who had an income of only three thousand dollars a month. Tiffany also had twin younger brothers, which added to the family's burden.

"Thank you, Ruby," Tiffany said softly, pressing her lips together.

Ruby cocked her head to one side and smiled.

"I should be the one thanking you. I should thank you for forgiving me. Besides, your parents' BBQ dishes are very popular with the public. It's earning me quite a lot of money!"

There was a loud honk behind them.

They saw a black Mazda 6 signaling left through the rearview mirror.

Ruby saw the license plate, and her eyes lit up slightly.

"I think that's Carlisle's car!"

She told the driver, "Drive the car into the parking lot."

The driver followed her instructions.

The Mazda followed them from behind into the parking lot and found a space. Once parked, Carlisle got out of the car.

He was wearing a knee-length black trench coat.

His height and chiseled features made him look very handsome.

"Hi, Carlisle."

Ruby's voice came from behind him.

Carlisle turned to see Ruby and Tiffany standing together.

Ruby wore a pink coat with a fluffy white scarf wrapped around her neck.

Her silky black hair hung down her back, and she had her hands in her pockets as she smiled faintly at him.

Ruby had not harassed him for a long time, and Tiffany did not seem to be suffering from bullying any longer.

Moreover, Ruby was treating Tiffany very well. Carlisle suspected that Ruby had given Tiffany all the branded items she was wearing.

Carlisle thought of what Ruby had said.

She had said that she would change, and she had done it.

He just wasn't sure if she could keep it up.

He smiled and nodded.

"Hello."

