

## Love Spell 551

### Chapter 551

Sylvester's expression darkened at once.

Rory slammed the table. He looked angry and said, "What is that ingrate coming back here for? Is she here to boast about how much money she has?"

Rory and Sylvester were both from Rush Valley, and Rory knew about Sylvester's family situation very well.

After Yvette reunited with her family, she had completely forgotten about how much her adopted father had done for her. Everyone in Rush Valley knew about that.

"Sylvester, I don't think you should let the relationship between the two of you become awkward. After all, you lived under the same roof for more than 30 years, didn't you?" One of the elders in Sylvester's family gave his opinion.

His hair was white, and his face was covered in wrinkles.

He looked to be in his 70s.

It was Sylvester's uncle, Seamus Wolsey.

"Sylvester, Uncle Seamus is right. You're siblings. You two should have a proper

conversation instead of acting like enemies. It's not like Yvette didn't contribute anything. She donated the money to fix up the pond in our village, too!" Another of Sylvester's uncles spoke up. His name was Cornelius Barlow.

Both of them were clearly leaning toward Yvette, and they wanted Sylvester to patch things up with her.

"Today is my son's 18th birthday, and she's a guest of mine. I am not going to argue with her!"  
Sylvester knew that both Seamus and Cornelius just wanted to gain some benefits from Yvette.

The villagers of Rush Valley all talked about Yvette behind her back, but the moment she returned, they would rush up to her, looking like dogs wagging their tails.

Seamus stood up and straightened his shirt. "I'm guessing you won't be willing to greet Yvette. I'll go in your stead!" He put his hands behind his back and walked toward the door.

"I'm going out for some fresh air, too." Cornelius stood up and followed him out, looking stern.

Gordon sighed inwardly as he watched the scene unfold.

Whenever he and Gerard returned to their village, all of the villagers sucked up to Gerard, too.

The world would always be full of people who were drawn to the rich and avoided the poor.

It was human nature to fawn on the rich and powerful.

Outside the neighborhood, two Benzes were parked.

45-year-old Yvette was wearing a black coat, and she had on a pair of shiny, knee-length leather boots. She had a black scarf wrapped around her neck and a pair of sunglasses perched on her nose. She was dressed as if she were in her 20s or 30s.

Seamus and Cornelius smiled ingratiatingly as they approached her. "Yvette, did you come back for Owen's birthday?"

"Yes!" Yvette nodded. She took two envelopes from her bag and gave it to both of them. "Uncle Seamus, Uncle Cornelius, it's been a long time since we last met. I came back in a rush this time and didn't get to prepare any gifts. Please take this small token."

"Oh, don't say that! You don't have to give us anything. All you need to do is to come back. What kind of person do you think I am, huh?" Cornelius pretended to be angry, but he pinched the envelope at once.

It was stuffed so full of cash that there had to be at least a thousand dollars or so. Villagers in that era only made about two thousand dollars a year.

Seamus took the envelope of money and leaned over to whisper, "We tried to talk to Sylvester just now, and he's promised not to argue with you. Let's have a happy celebration for Owen's birthday."

Yvette said doubtfully, "Actually, I didn't return to celebrate Owen's birthday. I came to fix up my adopted father's grave."

Cornelius frowned. "Then it's even more important for you to have a good talk with Sylvester. According to the rules of our village, you'll need his permission if you want to do anything to that grave."

There was a series of honks from behind them.

Seamus raised an eyebrow and yelled, "Can't you just pass us by? This road is wide enough!"

Carlisle stuck out his head and said, "I need to drive into Franklin Complex. How can I get in when this car is parked at the entrance?"

Seamus looked thunderous as he said, "Can't you just wait a moment? What are you in such a rush for?"

Carlisle's temper flared as well. "Hey, old man. Is that any way to speak to anyone?"

Cornelius felt that Carlisle looked rather familiar. However, he wasn't sure, so he asked, "Are you Gordon's son?"

Yvette turned to look at him.

When she saw the Rolls-Royce logo, her eyes bulged.

What was a Rolls-Royce doing in a place like Rainville?

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And... wasn't that Gordon's son, Carlisle?

Carlisle had recognized Yvette, too.

There was a family photo in Owen's house, and Carlisle remembered gossiping with his parents about Yvette.

Gordon felt that Yvette was a complete ingrate, while Hilda believed Yvette might have had difficulties that had driven her decision.

Hilda had heard from Hayley that Yvette had always done whatever was asked of her at home, and everyone in the village had envied Christopher Barlow, Owen's grandfather, for having such a treasure.

However, Yvette distanced herself from Christopher after reuniting with her real family.

Carlisle had also assumed that she had forgotten her roots after having money.

After running a business over the past two months, he had changed his mind.

Yvette could very well have had a reason for doing what she did, especially as a businesswoman.

It would be like how Zachary had once used Hilda and Gordon to threaten Carlisle.

Yvette might have been trying to protect Sylvester's family by distancing herself from them.

There was another series of honks.

A yellow Ferrari had driven up behind Carlisle.

Gareth took off his sunglasses and glanced at the old, dilapidated neighborhood on his right.

Yvette finally came to her senses and said to her driver, "Move the car."

The driver had gotten numb but hastily moved the car when she ordered him to.

Carlisle told Francis to drive into the neighborhood.

When the car drove to the front door, Sawyer greeted Carlisle. "Hello, Carl! You're really something, aren't you? You even have a Rolly!"

Sawyer spoke very fluently, but once in a while, he would come up with some odd phrases. Carlisle had no idea where he was from.

However, he was sure that Sawyer was not just an average man.

Carlisle took out a box of Ghurka Royal cigars and handed it to him. He smiled and said, "Mr. Hughes, this is for you!"

Sawyer's eyes widened. "Are these Ghurka Royal cigars?"

Carlisle smiled and nodded.

Seamus had followed them in. He scowled and said, "It's just a cigar, isn't it? Why are you so excited? You are so ignorant."

Sawyer looked indignant and said, "You're the ignorant one. Do you know how much this cigar costs? You might never be able to afford one."

Seamus laughed in anger. He took out the envelope of cash that Yvette had just given him and tore it open. He took out ten brand-new 100-dollar bills and boasted, "Who says I can't afford it? I can buy 20 of those with a thousand dollars, can't I?"

In that era, cigars that cost 50 dollars apiece were already very extravagant.

Seamus usually smoked cigars that cost about one or two dollars each.

He would only treat himself to five-dollar cigars when he had to look for extra hands to help him with work.

He felt that a guard like Sawyer wouldn't know anything.

Sawyer snorted. "One thousand dollars wouldn't even be able to get one pack of these!"

Seamus laughed. "You're just boasting. I'll buy some for you one day."

Yvette spoke up. "Uncle Seamus, these are Ghurka Royal cigars. They're not for sale, and you can't get them in most shops. Every box costs about three thousand dollars!"

"Wh-what? Three thousand? For one box?" Seamus' eyes bulged, and his mind went blank.

Did such expensive cigars really exist?

Were they made of gold?

While Seamus stood there, feeling flabbergasted, Gareth got out of his car all of a sudden. He stared intently at Sawyer and asked respectfully, "Are you Dr. Hughes, the founder of Spring Hall?"

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Sawyer looked Gareth up and down before asking, "Who are you, and how do you know about me?"

Gareth's face lit up. "It really is you! I've seen your photo at Max's house, but you were still very young in that photo."

Sawyer hesitated before shaking his head and saying, "You've got the wrong guy. My name is Sawyer, but I'm not the founder of Spring Hall!"

Carlisle noticed that Sawyer seemed to be avoiding everyone's eyes.

He was obviously lying!

Spring Hall was a famous alternative medicine franchise in the country with over three hundred shops nationwide.

Sawyer was an alternative medicine physician whom even Rowan respected. He had also managed to drag Heath back from death's door. He was clearly very skilled in alternative medicine, and it would not be a stretch for him to be the founder of Spring Hall.

Gareth could see that Sawyer did not want to admit it, so he did not pursue the subject further.

He went to his car and took out two bottles of expensive liquor worth ten thousand dollars each. He placed them on the table of the security guardhouse. "Max is my private alternative medicine consultant, and he often mentions you. It's an honor to meet you personally today.

Seamus was too embarrassed to raise his head and stood outside shamefacedly.

It seemed that Sawyer was an important person.

He had received cigars worth three thousand dollars, and now he had liquor that looked very extravagant.

In comparison, the one thousand dollars Yvette had given him did not seem like much anymore.

Her family owned five acres of fish ponds and earned several million a year, but she had only given him one thousand dollars.

Seamus suddenly felt irritated.

Sawyer glanced at the liquor on the table and said impatiently, "Go about your business! Don't hover over here and draw attention to me!"

Gareth nodded and said to Carlisle, "Let's go!"

"Carlisle?"

At that moment, Gordon and a bunch of others came out.

They had seen Carlisle from upstairs.

However, Carlisle had changed his hairstyle, and it took Gordon a while to recognize him.

"Dad!" Carlisle got out of the car and walked up to him, smiling.

Gordon approached him, and his expression darkened all of a sudden.

Carlisle panicked slightly. "Dad, I only permed my hair. I didn't dye it—"

Gordon looked stern and said, "You silly thing! You've gotten thinner!"

Carlisle was studying and working at the same time. Gordon was worried that his health would suffer.

Now that he had seen Carlisle, he could tell that the latter had lost quite a lot of weight.

Carlisle could feel Gordon's concern for him. He grinned and said, "I've got the perfect figure."

He hadn't become thinner because he was busy at work.

His appetite just wasn't as good as it used to be after being separated from Wanda.



He had only lost about three to four pounds, and it would be hard to tell unless one looked very closely at him.

"Carl, didn't Sean come back with you?" Rory couldn't help asking. He had been looking for Sean in vain.

"He's still busy at the university, so he'll get here late," Carlisle answered.

Rory's gaze alighted on the Rolls-Royce behind Carlisle. His eyes widened, and he asked, "Carl, is that car yours?"

Carlisle patted the hood. "It's cool, isn't it? Do you want to try it out?"

Gordon had gotten his driver's license ages ago, and he had looked up all kinds of cars from different brands.

Naturally, he also recognized the little gold man of the Rolls-Royce brand.

His eyes were wide as he asked, "Th-this car is yours?"

Carlisle pointed to Gareth. "He gave it to me."

Gordon and Rory both turned to look at Gareth.

Gareth was wearing a white suit and looked rather delicate. He had an earring on and was clearly a wealthy heir.

"Hello, Mr. Zahn. I'm Carlisle's business partner, and I'm also a friend of his!" Gareth smiled as he introduced himself.

Gordon was nervous and shook slightly as he felt around his person for a cigarette. After a long time, he finally remembered that he had given up cigarettes.

Gareth pulled open the Ferrari's door and took out a bottle of 1988 whiskey and a Ghurka Royal cigar. "Mr. Zahn, this is our first meeting, and I bought this for you as a gift!"

Carlisle saw the whiskey and cigars Gareth was holding and felt suspicious. He suspected that his missing crate of whiskey and two Ghurka Royal cigars had been bought off by Gareth at a high price. The shop owner was much too unreliable.

Gordon did not know how much the gifts cost, but he could already tell from the packaging and the year that it must have been costly. He hastily raised a hand to refuse. "I'm very happy that you've come back with Carl. You don't need to give me a gift!"

Unlike Seamus and Cornelius, Gordon was very sincere, and there was no greed in his eyes.

Gareth raised an eyebrow and said, "Don't be so polite with me, Mr. Zahn. You're Carl's father, and it's natural for me to give you a gift at our first meeting. If you don't accept it, it'll make me feel like I can't visit you again."

Gordon hesitated and looked at Carlisle as if asking for his opinion.

Carlisle smiled and said, "Take it! I've already taken the Rolls-Royce he gave me!"

Gordon sighed and took the gifts with trembling hands.

He had never received such expensive gifts before and would be lying if he said he wasn't

nervous.

"Owen, which one is your father?" Gareth asked, looking at Owen.

Owen pointed to Sylvester, who was standing at the back of the crowd and smoking. "He's smoking over there!"

Gareth walked over to him with a Ghurka Royal cigar and a bottle of whiskey.

Sylvester was smoking to disguise his nervousness.

When he saw Gareth walking toward him, he hastily threw away the cigarette stub in his hand.

"Mr. Barlow, this is for you!"

"W-why do I get presents too?" Sylvester was panicking. He did not know whether to take it. Gareth smiled and said, "Didn't Owen tell you? I'm a shareholder of Dragonaire Studio!" "You're Mr. Spencer?" The people at Sylvester's table looked aghast.

Owen had told them last night that he was now the CEO of a company called Dragonaire Studio.

Dronaire Studio had been established by Carlisle, while Gareth, the shareholder, had invested two hundred million in it.

Owen's parents were shocked at this information, and it had taken them the entire night to digest it.

They assumed Gareth was a business owner in his 40s or 50s. They hadn't expected him to be so young.

Gareth nodded and said, "That's me!"

Sylvester hastily pushed the gifts back to him. "I can't take your gifts! My son is young and inexperienced, and he'll need a lot of help from you in the future, Mr. Spencer."

Gareth was amused. He said, "That's another thing entirely. Owen and I are colleagues and friends. Just think of me as a friend of Owen's, and please accept the gifts!"

How could Sylvester refuse after that?

Carlisle also took out a Ghurka Royal cigar and a bottle of whiskey to give to Sylvester. "Carl..."

"Don't you think of me as Owen's friend?" Carlisle repeated what Gareth had said to shut Sylvester up.

Sylvester's eyes reddened as he held the cigars and two bottles of whiskey. "This is much too kind of you..."

As he spoke, he glanced at Yvette.

He could not understand why two people unrelated to him were treating him better than Yvette, who was supposedly part of the family.

Yvette did not even look at Sylvester.

Rory came up to them and asked, "Carl, what about me?"

Carlisle only had three Ghurka Royal cigars and eight bottles of whiskey.

He didn't have any cigars left, but he did have several bottles of whiskey.

He took a crate of whiskey from his car and said awkwardly, "I don't have any cigars left, but please accept these four bottles of whiskey."

Rory was a businessman, and he had seen liquor like that in the home of a big client. He had heard it cost about 60 thousand dollars per bottle, so he hurriedly smiled and said, "I was just joking! You can keep the whiskey for Gordon. I've been trying to stop drinking recently." Carlisle stuffed the liquor into his arms. "You have to take it even if you don't want to. If you're not going to drink it, you can keep it on display in your house."

Rory said sternly, "I really was joking. If you keep doing this, I'll get angry!"

The crate of 1988 whiskey was worth two hundred thousand dollars. How could he accept such an expensive gift?

Carlisle turned to look at Gordon and said, "Dad, Mr. Woodsen won't accept my gift, so you can't accept Sean's gift later, alright?"

Gordon nodded and said, "Okay!"

Sylvester spoke up, "Just take it, Rory. It's the thought that counts!"

Rory took the whiskey awkwardly and laughed in embarrassment. "You really shouldn't have spent so much."

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Seamus' and Cornelius' expressions were full of envy.

Just the two cigars that Sylvester was holding already cost six thousand dollars.

Owen's friends were all barely out of puberty. How had they made so much money?

Sylvester said, "Let's not stand around, everyone. Let's go upstairs and take our seats. We're going to start eating soon!"

Yvette swallowed and said, "Sylvester, I have something to discuss with you."

Sylvester's smile dropped, and he said impassively, "Come and have a drink first. Whatever it is, it can wait until after my son's birthday celebration."

Yvette took out an envelope of cash and handed it to Owen. "Happy birthday, Owen!"

Owen snorted and said sarcastically, "How can I accept your money?"

He turned and left without looking back.

Yvette watched him go, and there was a flash of pain in her eyes. However, she disguised it very quickly.

She looked at Sylvester and said, "I won't be going in. I'll pay a visit to Rush Valley first." Sylvester did not try to make her stay. He nodded and said, "I'll contact you later."

It would be better for Yvette not to go up with them. It was sure to dampen the mood for Owen's birthday.

There was another honking sound as they all got ready to go upstairs.

When they turned back to look, they saw several black Audis turn the corner and drive into the neighborhood.

There were eight Audis in total. All of them were A6 models.

The A6 model launched in 2002, and each cost 370 to 500 thousand dollars.

Sawyer walked out of the guardhouse. He glared at the cars and asked, "Who are you?"

Sean stuck his head out of the first car. "Mr. Hughes, it's me!"

Although Sean did not live in the neighborhood, he had often come looking for Carlisle in the past.

As time went by, everyone got to know him.

Sawyer's eyes shone. "Wow.... Have you three been mining gold out there?"

Sean and Carlisle had only been at university for two months.

Now, one was driving a Rolls-Royce while the other had an entourage of luxury cars.

Even Owen, whom Sawyer had never thought much of, had a Santana worth about 100 thousand.

Rory was dazed.

Was his son really that successful?

There were eight Audi A6s!

How much did they cost?

Gareth rubbed his chin and smiled as he said, "Sean really knows how to make an entrance!"

Carlisle felt his blood pump when he saw Sean's procession of cars. He said, "This isn't enough! When we earn more money in the future, we'll have the best luxury cars!"

Gareth stuck his hands in his pockets and smiled as he said, "It won't be hard to make that a reality."

The better models of a Ferrari or Lamborghini only cost about five to six million each.

They could buy ten if they had 50 million.

Sean's procession of cars drove into the neighborhood and immediately attracted the attention of the residents in the area.

The residents who lived on the upper floors were all hanging out of their windows to watch the lively scene unfolding below them.

The residents who lived on the lower floors gathered together, whispering.

"Oh my... Are all these cars Audis?"

"I've never seen any before."

"Which rich business owner has come looking for his lost son?"

"What nonsense are you talking about? That's Gordon's friend's son. His father only has a secondhand van. Where did he get the money to buy an Audi?"

Sean had gotten out of the car. He wore a neatly pressed black suit and even had a bow tie on. His slicked-back hair made him look very wealthy.

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Sean got out of the car and walked to the other side. He pulled the door open like a gentleman.

Lily got out of the car nervously, and her voice shook as she said, "Sean, I'm scared..."

They had only been together for a short period of time, and now she was meeting his parents!

Sean smiled and comforted her. "Don't be scared. Dad won't bite."

Lily pressed her lips together and lowered her head as she walked behind Sean. They went over to Rory.

Sean waved a hand and said, "Dad!"

Behind them, the members of Alumni Network's R&D team spilled out of the cars. They were all wearing black suits and white shirts, carrying expensive gifts.

Rory was still in shock.

Gordon nudged his arm. "What are you doing? Your son's brought your daughter-in-law home with him."

Rory turned and put the whiskey on the ground before straightening his rumpled clothes." Gordon, do I look very messy? Why didn't this fellow tell me before bringing his girlfriend back? I didn't even shave!"

Gordon burst into laughter. "You look alright. You look slightly better than a beggar!"



Rory had a beard, and he was wearing the clothes that he wore when he was working at the dyehouse.

He did look rather disheveled.

Gordon looked again at Carlisle and said, "That woman looks rather familiar. Is she your high school classmate?"

Carlisle nodded and said, "Yes, we were classmates in high school. She came to attend my college entrance celebration."

Gordon rubbed his beer belly. "When are you going to bring a girlfriend back too?"

Carlisle's smile stiffened. "It won't be long."

Gordon suddenly sighed and said, "Carl, you don't blame your mother and I, do you?"

Carlisle looked at his father in confusion. "What would I blame you for?"

Gordon said, "Weren't you dating that woman called Wanda? Your mother and I broke the two of you up."

Carlisle rolled his eyes. "That had nothing to do with you."

Gordon still felt guilty about it. He looked down at his shoes and said nothing.

Carlisle poked Gordon's arm and smiled as he said, "I haven't broken up with her. Just wait. I'll bring her back to meet you two very soon!"

Gordon's jaw dropped in shock. "What if her family doesn't approve?"

Thompson Group was one of the leading enterprises in Riverland.

Carlisle stuck his hands in his pockets and said confidently, "They'll agree."

Gordon wanted to say something else, but Sean brought Lily over to them. "Mr. Zahn, I brought you a gift!"

Two staff members came up behind Sean and handed an intricately wrapped gift to Gordon. It wasn't worth a lot of money, but it wasn't something the average person could afford, either.

"This is too much." Gordon did not like saying superficial things, so he took the gift, smiling. Lily blushed and asked, "Do you remember me, Mr. Zahn? I was classmates with Carlisle in high school."

"I do remember you! I was just asking Carlisle if it was you!" Gordon chuckled and asked, "How long have you been dating? Sean hasn't been treating you badly, has he?"

Lily blushed even more. "We haven't been dating for long. He's pretty nice, and he's never treated me badly."

Sean interrupted. "Mr. Zahn, Lily and I were set up by Carl! When we get married, we'll be sure to show our gratitude!"

Gordon burst into laughter. "Good, good. I look forward to that day!"

Sean gave gifts to Sylvester as well.

Sylvester's troubled expression had vanished completely. "You've had such a long journey back here. Let's go upstairs and have a drink!"

"Alright! We'll be up at once." Sean answered.

He pulled Carlisle aside and asked in a low voice, "Carl, where's the money I wanted?"

Carlisle crossed his arms over his chest and said teasingly, "You have eight Audis, Mr. Woodsen. Do you still lack money?"

Sean said awkwardly, "My classmate's family owns a car rental company, and I rented these cars. As for the money for the gifts, I got a year's salary in advance from Ms. Yates."

As if he was worried that Carlisle would think he was being too vain, Sean continued, "Our company's starting to make profits, and we don't come back often. I just wanted to make my

parents proud."

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"You're right." Carlisle smiled. He took Sean to the Rolls-Royce to get the money.

There were about two million left from the three million in cash he had gotten from Mike. Before leaving Riverland, Carlisle had gone to the studio to take the two million in cash.

One million wasn't a small amount, and Sean did not have a box to keep the money in, so he waved at Owen. "Owen, come over here!"

Owen was laden with all kinds of gifts. When he heard Sean calling for him, he walked over, carrying all his gifts.

"Sean?"

"Owen, it's your 18th birthday today, but I haven't prepared anything. Carl and I have discussed it, and we'll give you 888,888 dollars in cash as a birthday gift!"

Sean pointed to the sack of cash in the back seat as he spoke.

Owen's eyes bulged at once. "Wh-wh-"

That was over 800 thousand!

He could buy a well-furnished villa in the Rainville suburbs with that money.

After a long time, Owen recovered and looked at Carlisle and Sean. He was very touched. He said, "Sean, Carl, I'm already happy that you came to attend my birthday party. I can't take this money!"

Everyone liked money, and Owen was no exception.

He had daydreamed many times about becoming a millionaire.

When he sat at his seat in the CEO's office at Dragonaire Studio, he knew that day would soon arrive when his dream came true.

However, he wanted to accomplish it through the company's profits and not through a birthday gift from Carlisle and Sean.

Besides, he had a rough idea about Aurora Holdings' financial situation.

Carlisle had sold ten percent of the shares to Gareth the other day.

Dragonaire Studio hadn't started making any profits yet, and Govan and Xenos were in desperate need of funds for research and development.

He could not add to Carlisle's financial pressure at this time.

Carlisle patted Owen's shoulder and smiled as he said, "You only turn 18 once. You should have some unforgettable memories. Sean and I think of you as our younger brother. As for this gift, it's really the thought that counts. Just take it!"

Owen's eyes were moist, but he shook his head. "Carl, I really can't accept this money. If you want me to have a happy birthday, let's get drunk tonight!"

Sean said impatiently, "Why are you hesitating like a sissy?"

Owen remained firm. "Whatever you say, I won't accept this money. Even if you cut ties with me, I won't take it!"

Sylvester and the others heard the argument and walked over.

Rory frowned and said, "Sean, what are you yelling about?"

When they approached and saw the pile of cash in the car, they stopped in shock.

Gordon said in a low voice, "Carl, this money..."

Carlisle had driven back in a Rolls-Royce, and he wasn't planning on keeping anything from them any longer. He explained, "We earned this through our business."

"What kind of business would be that profitable? There's at least a seven-figure amount in there, right?"

Gordon stared at the pile of cash. For the first time, he was suspicious of Carlisle.

He knew Carlisle was making money, but he had never imagined how much money Carlisle's business could make.

What kind of business would make money so quickly?

Illegal businesses.

Gordon was worried that Carlisle was doing illegal business out there.

Sean could tell that Gordon seemed to have misunderstood, so he explained quickly, "Mr. Zahn, don't let your imagination run wild. Alumni Network was established by Carl, and he was the one who gave me the position of CEO."

Owen nodded and said, "My gaming company belongs to Carl, too. Apart from that, Carl also has a phone company and a semiconductor factory. He's also got shares in several phone hardware suppliers."

Although they were trying their best to explain, Gordon still looked suspicious.

How had Carlisle set up so many companies in just two months?

Were they working together to deceive him?

However, he remembered that Sheldon had attended the Alumni Network press conference, which showed that Carlisle's business was legitimate.

Gordon said doubtfully, "Are Internet companies really that profitable?"

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Sean said wryly, "Mr. Zahn, you have no idea how much money you can make from the Internet. Let me put it this way. I accepted an advertisement the other day, and the other party started with a price of five million for advertising fees, but we didn't accept it.

"After that, we discussed a different way of collaborating. If the number of registered users on our website continues to grow, our company will get at least three million every month in advertising fees."

Rory and Gordon gasped. They exchanged glances, and both saw the shock in the other's eyes.

Three million a month in advertising fees?

Wouldn't that be 30 million a year?

Sawyer was smoking his Ghurka Royal, and he said seriously, "Times have changed. Your mindset became old-fashioned a long time ago. Let the young people do whatever they want. The future belongs to them."

Gordon's expression cleared when he heard what Sawyer had to say. He patted Carlisle on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead and do it! I trust you."

Carlisle grinned broadly and said, "I won't disappoint you.""

Sean added, "We've gone off-topic. Owen, just accept it. This is from Carl and I."

Owen's expression was cold as he said, "I'll get angry if you keep insisting."

Sean saw that Owen had made up his mind, so he pulled Sylvester over to him. "Mr. Barlow, please take this money on behalf of Owen."

Sylvester jolted violently. "Let Owen make his own decision about this."

He would never earn that much money, not even if he worked for his entire life.

However, Owen insisted on not taking it, so he must have a reason.

Now that Owen was successful, Sylvester could no longer influence his thoughts so easily.

In the end, Owen did not accept the money.

Sean and Carlisle had no choice but to resign themselves to the fact.

They just drank a couple more rounds with Owen that night.

There were four tables laid out in the living room, and soon, the meal began.

Heath and Benjamin gave Owen 20 thousand dollars as a congratulatory cash gift.

Hilda kept putting food on Carlisle's plate.

Sharyl kept Lily beside her and chatted with her about everyday things.

Carlisle smiled happily as he took in the bustling scene.

In his past life, right before Carlisle died, Sean had said, "Rest in peace, Carl. In the future, I'll treat your parents like my own."

Although they hadn't interacted much after they started working, Sean would always lend him money whenever Carlisle asked, even if he had to use his credit card to get it.

That friendship was worthy of Carlisle guiding Sean to prosperity in this life.

Apart from that, Owen had helped Gordon chase off a bunch of drunk men.

The purity of these friendships was so much more reliable than the disreputable friends he had made at the office.

One didn't need many friends as long as one had true friendships.

After dinner, the cake that Gareth ordered had arrived.

They turned off the lights and gathered around the cake to sing the birthday song.

Owen blew the candles and began cutting the cake.

"Owen, take that!" Sean had been drinking quite a bit and smashed the cake into Owen's face.

"Damn!" Owen grabbed a handful of cake to retaliate.

Sharyl frowned and said, "Sean, what are you doing? You'll get the sofa dirty!"

Hayley smiled and said, "Let them have their fun! It's nice to see them being so lively."

Since Hayley had said so, Owen did not hold back at all. He rubbed cake into Sean's face. As the two horsed around, they dragged Carlisle and Gareth in to join them.



Rory and the others had also been drinking quite a lot. When he saw that Sean was on the losing end, he joined in the fray.

Soon, cake was flying everywhere.

The chaos lasted for half an hour before finally coming to an end.

There was cream all over the floor, and Seamus even slipped on it on his way out.

Chapter 559

Soon, it was midnight.

Carlisle and the others had gone to a bar for the next round.

Gordon had just finished showering. He put on some warm clothes before coming out of the bathroom.

Hilda was sitting on the sofa. She looked at Gordon and said, "Gordon, is our son really making big money now?"

She still felt confused.

The Rolls-Royce, the two million in cash in the car, the millions the company could make every month...

Was Carlisle really capable of doing that?

Gordon sat beside Hilda. He picked up his cup of chamomile tea from the coffee table and took a few sips before saying, "Society is progressing, and times are developing. They've managed to ride the wave of the Internet, so of course they'll be able to make big money!" Hilda still felt as if she was dreaming. She reached out and pinched Gordon's thigh hard.

"Ouch!" Gordon grimaced in pain. He looked angrily at Hilda and asked, "What are you doing?"

"I wanted to check if I was dreaming or not. You look like you're in a lot of pain, so it's probably not a dream." Hilda rubbed the spot that she had just pinched.

"Tomorrow, let's go back to the village and donate to the community. I feel that Carlisle is going to become a very influential person." Gordon took Hilda's hand, grinning happily.

"If Gerard finds out about how capable our son is, he probably won't even dare to show his face in the village this year." Hilda laughed contemptuously.

"By the way, when is Carlisle going back to university? Shall we ask him to travel with us tomorrow?" she asked.

"I'll ask him when he gets back." Gordon did not tell Hilda that Carlisle had applied for a long leave of absence.

If she found out, she was sure to nag Carlisle about it.

Over at Hayley's house, she finally finished cleaning up at 2:00 am.

Hayley and Sylvester's backs were aching from exhaustion.

The two of them sat down in a couple of chairs to rest. Sylvester said in awe, "Carlisle's doing really well! He's only been at university for two months, and he's driving a Rolls-

Royce."

Hayley said doubtfully, "Is that car of his worth a lot of money?"

Sylvester looked intently at Hayley and said, "I think it costs about eight million."

Hayley stared in disbelief. Her mouth was dry as she said, "E-eight million? Are there cars that cost that much?"

Her husband worked in management at a company and only earned one thousand and two hundred dollars per month in salary.

Even that amount was enough for him to hold his head up high in the neighborhood.

However, Carlisle's car cost eight million dollars.

Based on Sylvester's salary, it would take him eight hundred years to get enough money for such a car.

Sylvester laughed and said, "Gordon has an amazing son!"

Hayley swallowed. "Oh no! I got into a fight with Hilda a while back. Will Carlisle try to get revenge on us in the future?"

Sylvester rolled his eyes. "He's not that petty. Doesn't Carlisle treat our son very well?" Hayley breathed a sigh of relief and asked again, "What did Yvette come back for this time?" Sylvester shook his head expressionlessly. "I don't know yet. I'll ask her tomorrow."

Rory's place was well-furnished and had three bedrooms.

Sharyl got Lily a new pair of fluffy slippers. "These are mine. I think we're about the same size. Why don't you try them on?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Woodsen." Lily nodded meekly. She took off her shoes and put the slippers on.

Sharyl smiled and asked, "Do they fit well?"

Lily smiled sweetly. "They do fit very well."

"Come and sit. I'll cut some fruit for you." Sharyl pulled Lily enthusiastically into the living room.

She treated Lily better than her son, Sean.

Rory came in last. He had just finished making a pot of tea when Sharyl came out with a kitchen knife in her hand. "Rory, get the heater out. We can't let Lily get cold."

"Mr. Woodsen, Mrs. Woodsen, you don't have to go to all that trouble. I'm really not that fussy," Lily said quickly.

Her family was much less well-off compared to Sean.

She had only ever seen things like heaters in her relatives' homes.

She heard they used up a lot of electricity.

"That's no trouble at all! Just treat our home as yours, and don't be formal with us." Rory

said. He went off happily to the storeroom to find the heater.

Lily sat on the sofa, feeling warm and fuzzy inside.

On the way here, she had been worried about how to interact with Sean's family.

She hadn't expected them to be so friendly.

Chapter 560

Sharyl finished cutting up some fruit for Lily and then went to make a bed for her.

She used brand-new blankets and sheets.

Rory plugged the heater in and put it in front of Lily before sitting down to talk to her.

Rory asked her a few questions about Alumni Network and Carlisle's companies.

Lily took a photo album from her bag and gave it to Rory. "These are photos of the office. You can have a look, Mr. Woodsen."

Rory took the album and flipped through it.

There was a photo of the tall and imposing Windex Building, as well as fancy office buildings.

There was a photo of more than a hundred staff members dressed neatly in suits.

There was also a photo of Sean at work. He was sitting in the CEO's office and signing something.

Rory was so moved that his eyes shone with tears. "That little scamp has really made something of himself."

Sharyl finished making the bed and set a mug of warm milk in front of Lily. "Have some milk to warm up."

"Thank you, Mrs. Woodsen." Lily's heart was filled with warmth.

Sean's parents treated her better than her parents did.

Rory gave the photo album to Sharyl. "Look at these photos of our son at work."

Sharyl flipped through the album and looked shocked. "That office is huge!"

Lily held the mug and said, "That's just the office space of Alumni Network. Carl has four office spaces that look like that."

Sharyl looked at Rory and said, "Where did Carlisle get the capital to start such a big company?"

"How would I know?" Rory glanced at her in annoyance.

He had been with her the entire time.

If she didn't know, how could he?

Lily took a few sips of milk before saying gently, "Carl has investors. Mr. Spencer, the one in the white suit tonight, is one of them. He's a wealthy heir from Yorksle and invested almost four hundred million in Carl's company."

Rory and Sharyl both gasped.

400 million!

They had been in business for two years and had seen numerous millionaires with millions or tens of millions.

However, they had never seen anyone who had more than a hundred million dollars.

They even had the chance to sit with Gareth and eat with him.

What shocked them even more was the fact that Carlisle had managed to get four hundred million in investment funds.

How big had his companies gotten?

Carlisle was just a young man in his first year at university.

The two of them took a long time to recover from their shock.

Rory said in awe, "Knowing Gordon and his family is the luckiest thing that will ever happen to us!"

He knew very well that his family and Sylvester's family would both prosper under Carlisle's guidance.

At that moment, Carlisle, Heath, and the others were having drinks at a bar.

They weren't talking about business. They were either singing at the open mic or drinking. They only parted ways at around 4:00 am.

Carlisle called Francis to take him home while Gareth found a hotel to stay at.

When Carlisle got home, the door was slightly ajar, and the lights in the living room were on.

Worried that he would disturb his parents' sleep, he tiptoed back to his room.

Heath had rented another place after he had regained consciousness, so Carlisle's room had been restored to its original state.

Carlisle lay down on the bed. He could smell the faint scent of detergent lingering on the blankets.

He had drunk quite a lot that day, so he fell asleep quickly, hugging the blanket to himself.

The next day, Carlisle slept until noon.

When he got up and went to the living room, he found his parents wearing their best clothes, which they only wore on formal occasions.

He couldn't help laughing and asked, "Are the two of you going out on a date?"