

## Love Spell 561

### Chapter 561

Gordon was shaving in front of the mirror. When he heard Carlisle's voice, he turned back and said, "You're up! We're getting ready to go back to our old place and make some donations to the community hall. Do you want to go back with us?"

Hilda said, "You didn't go back during the summer holidays. Now that you're back, let's go together. Your grandfather asks about you every time he calls."

Carlisle looked awkward. "I've got to fly to Yorksle tonight. If I return to Whitewood now and rush to Riverland Airport, I might not have enough time."

Hilda was startled. "Why are you going to Yorksle? Don't you have to go to class?"

Carlisle looked at Gordon in confusion. "I took a leave of absence. Didn't Dad tell you?"

Hilda stared at Gordon and asked, "How long is this leave of absence?"

Gordon rubbed his clean-shaven chin and said, "About ten days?"

Hilda's eyes widened. She was about to speak when Carlisle said quickly, "Mom, you don't have to worry about my studies. I've already finished studying everything I need to know for the first year."

"Do you think I'm easy to fool? Apart from the time you spent in military training, you've only been having classes officially for about a month, haven't you?" Hilda clearly did not believe Carlisle.

Gordon said in a measured tone, "Our son is smart. Isn't it normal for him to learn at a fast pace? I'm sure you've heard of those geniuses who skip a year or two when they go to school."

Hilda did feel that Gordon was right. Carlisle had managed to earn so much money in such a short amount of time. It proved he was a fast learner, so she asked, "Are you going to Yorksle alone?"

"My driver is coming too."

"You've got to stay safe, then." Hilda gave him a few more reminders before stealing several glances at him again.

Carlisle wasn't just studying at university, which meant he might not even come home during winter break.

The next time they meet would probably be during the New Year.

Carlisle saw the longing in his mother's eyes, and it made him feel rather down. However, he forced himself to smile and said, "Have you left me any food? I'm hungry."

"Of course! They're all your favorites." Hilda went to the kitchen at once to get food for Carlisle.

She put the dishes on the table.

She had just cooked them, and they hadn't been touched yet.

Gordon stood in the doorway and urged her. "Hurry! We won't be able to catch the bus if we're late."

Carlisle said, "You haven't eaten yet either, have you? Have lunch first, and I'll tell Francis to drive you there later."

Hilda shook her head and said, "Your grandfather's already started cooking. We're going to eat when we get there."

She walked toward the door, carrying two boxes of the gifts that Sean had given them last night.

"Carl, remember to lock the door when you leave!" Gordon reminded him loudly when he reached the stairs.

"Alright!" Carlisle called back.

Gordon and Hilda went downstairs.

Hilda wiped away her tears and said in a choked voice, "Our son is finally back home, but we didn't even get a chance to have a meal together."

Gordon sighed. "Well, transport just isn't convenient. If we don't make it for this one, the next one won't be until tonight. Besides, if we ate together, you wouldn't be able to let Carl go."

Carlisle carried his plate to the window.

He watched his parents walk to the gate, and there was a look of guilt in his eyes.

If it had been his work, he would have gone with them even if he had to postpone it.

However, this was about Wanda.

He could not miss the opportunity.

After he had finished eating, Carlisle went over to Heath's place.

Heath had rented a place on the ground floor.

There was even a garden outside, where red rhododendrons bloomed.

There were about five burly men standing guard with their hands behind their backs.

When they saw Carlisle coming over, the men all lowered their heads. "Boss."

Heath was sitting in his wheelchair and trimming the flowers. He looked very elegant.

"Carl, you're here!" Benjamin walked out of the house and greeted him, smiling.

Carlisle nodded and smiled. "Have you guys eaten?"

"Yes, we have." Benjamin went to take the pruning shears from Heath. "Let me do it, Heath.

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Heath gripped the wheelchair with both hands and turned to face Carlisle. "Boss?"

"Can you feel anything in your legs yet?"

"I've regained feeling in my legs, but it might be difficult to stand up for now."

"Don't rush it. Stay here and recuperate slowly." Carlisle pulled a stool over and sat down.

He looked at the red rhododendrons behind them and asked, "How does it feel to grow flowers?"

Heath's gaze was intense as he said slowly, "I like watching these flowers bloom and wilt. Although they don't bloom long, they show us the best image. This beauty is only possible because of the meticulous care shown by those who plant them."

Growing flowers was a hobby that helped people to develop their minds and cultivate good habits.

If one wanted to see the flowers they had planted bloom, one would have to put in a huge amount of effort.

Through gardening, Heath had trained his patience, and his mindset had also changed somewhat. His arrogant, wild personality had become more subdued, and he seemed to have reverted to a refined state.

Heath sat there casually, but he exuded an authoritative air like a leader.

A true anti-hero wasn't a fierce gangster, which was how they were often portrayed on television.

Anti-heroes had to be decisive, firm, and always calm.

Carlisle looked Heath up and down and murmured, "That's the kind of Heath I imagined."

In his past life, he had never met Heath. He had only heard about him from other people.

Heath kept a low profile and did not draw attention to himself, but none of his subordinates were easy to deal with.

That was why people were filled with fear at the mere mention of Heath's name.

"What did you say?" Heath hadn't heard Carlisle. He thought Carlisle was talking to him.

"Nothing. You should continue recuperating."

"I want to go back to Riverland," Heath said suddenly.

Carlisle looked at Heath's legs and said hesitantly, "You'd better recover fully first."

Heath rubbed his legs and smiled bitterly, saying, "Sawyer told me that it'll take at least six months before I can return to the life of a normal person."

"Six months it is, then. Besides, there are some things that you don't need to do yourself. True leaders are those who make the plans, aren't they?" Carlisle said patiently to comfort him.

Heath looked at Carlisle before smiling and nodding. "Alright. I'll keep recuperating."

Carlisle glanced at the time. It was already 1:00 pm.

After saying goodbye to Heath, he visited Hayley's home.

Hayley and her family were all out.

Carlisle called Owen, who told him that they had all gone back to their old home.

There was a lot of noise on his end of the phone.

Sylvester and Yvette seemed to be arguing about something.

Carlisle asked, "Owen, what's going on over there?"

Owen found a quiet spot and said, "Yvette wants to do something to my grandfather's grave,

but Dad refused. That's why they started arguing."

Carlisle asked, "Does she want to move the grave or repair it?"

"Repair it."

"Isn't that a good thing? It's not going to affect anything. Why would your dad refuse?" Carlisle asked in confusion.

"Dad thinks it means nothing for Yvette to do something like this so late. That's why he's unwilling to let her touch Grandpa's grave."

"Alright. They're your family's affairs, so I shouldn't intervene. Talk to your dad a little more. I think your aunt probably had some difficulties she couldn't talk about."

"Difficulties? Carl, you're overthinking. She's just an ingrate!" Owen said in a cold, clear voice.

Carlisle sighed. He didn't know what kind of person Yvette was, either.

Owen's family would have to settle their own affairs.

After that, Carlisle put the two million in cash on his parents' bed before telling Francis to take him to Riverland Airport.

Suddenly, Carlisle's phone rang.

Lethan was calling.

"Mr. Warbane?"

"Carlisle, did you live in the Franklin Complex when you were in high school?"

"Yes."

"Do you know someone called Sylvester?"

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"Yes, I do. I know him quite well. Why?" Carlisle was confused.

Why was Lethan suddenly asking about Sylvester?

Lethan continued, "Then you must know Sylvester's older sister, Yvette."

"Yes, go on." Carlisle had a hunch about what was going on, but he was uncertain.

"Well, it's like this. Paradise Fishery has five acres of fish ponds, and we want to buy out all of them. However, the company can't seem to agree, which is why this acquisition is unable to progress.

"Paradise Fishery has now closed its doors to us, so I used Josie's influence to find out about Yvette, the leader of the operation. However, there's very little information on Yvette. I put in a lot of effort before finding out that she has a younger brother called Sylvester, who lives in the Franklin Complex.

"That's why I called you to check," Lethan said.

"How do you plan to handle this?" Carlisle asked.

"I'm planning to meet her and talk face-to-face. If she doesn't want to let us acquire her company, we'll have no choice but to give up. After all, five acres of fish ponds have a production volume of about three tons. We can't let that go to waste."

"Let me talk to her." Carlisle decided to solve the conflict in Owen's family while he was at it.

Lethan thought for a moment and said, "Alright. Since you happen to know each other, it'll probably be more useful than if I went to talk to her."

After the call ended, Carlisle called Owen again.

"Hello, Carl?"

"Owen, your aunt hasn't left yet, has she?"

"Huh? What did you say?" Owen had been outside during the previous call but was now back inside, and the signal was very poor.

Hayley said, "Doesn't Donny Thatcher have a telephone at his place? Go and use it."

Owen nodded and went to Donny's house. He was their neighbor.

He used the telephone to call Carlisle.

"Hello, who's speaking?"

"Hello, Carl? It's Owen. My phone signal isn't working, so I'm using a landline to call you!" Owen said loudly.

His voice was clear and shrill. It almost burst Carlisle's eardrums.

Carlisle frowned and said, "I can hear you. Lower your voice!"

"Alright, Carl. What did you want me for?"

"Can you ask your aunt to take this call? I've got something important to talk to her about."

"You want to talk to her? What could you have to talk to her about?" Owen asked, laughing.

Carlisle and Yvette hadn't interacted much. What business could they have together?

Carlisle said calmly, "Just tell her to pick up the phone."

"Oh, okay!" Owen put the phone down and went outside to call Yvette.

Yvette looked over at him.

Owen said loudly, "Carl wants to speak to you about something. Come and take the call."

Yvette knew who Owen was talking about.

It was Carlisle, the one who had been driving the Rolls-Royce.

Why was he looking for her?

Was he trying to be a mediator?

Yvette hesitated but still went to Donny's to take the call. "You wanted to speak to me?"

"I'm Carlisle, and I'm a shareholder of Holly Fisheries."

"Holly Fisheries?" Yvette looked surprised.

Holly Fisheries had become very well known in Cascade State's aquaculture industry recently.

They had built 39 large greenhouses in 13 urban areas across Cascade State within a short month.

It was rumored that they had used more than three hundred million to build their greenhouses.

For the past few days, Holly Fisheries had been acquiring aquaculture companies across the state.

They took everything, including fish, eels, shellfish, and loaches.

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Holly Fisheries accepted all kinds of fishery products, and they took as much as was available.

Yvette wanted to sell all her fish to Holly Fisheries as well. She had even contacted its business department.

However, while negotiating the price, some of her siblings wanted to raise their asking price.

They felt that Holly Fisheries had plenty of money and would definitely accept the price they suggested.

Yvette did not want to ruin the company's reputation, so she and her siblings reached a stalemate.

Paradise Fishery was the biggest fishery in Yalville.

Yvette's biological father was Yosef Lyon.

He was well known in Yalville as the king of fisheries.

He was also the chairman of Paradise Fishery and held 38 percent of the shares.

Five years ago, Yvette had found Yosef, and a paternity test had sent Paradise Fishery into an uproar.

In order to make up for his regrets, Yosef had immediately written his will. After he died, all his shares would be inherited by Yvette.

Yosef had already been very sick at the time. Despite his condition, he taught Yvette how to raise fish and gradually handed over the company affairs for her to handle.

Yvette had fulfilled her wish by finding her biological father, so she decided to return and take care of her paralyzed adopted father, Christopher Barlow.

However, Yosef had stopped her.

Yosef told her that the executives of Paradise Fishery each had their agendas, and she could not show any attachment to the outside world. Otherwise, she would only end up

endangering them.

Yvette had thought Yosef was just trying to scare her, so she sneaked out.

However, as soon as she left the office, she got into a car accident.

She had lain in the hospital for two months after the accident.

After that, she finally realized how terrifying the business world could be.

For the sake of profits, they would do anything.

After Yosef passed away, Yvette changed her name to Yara Lyon and took over Paradise Fishery.

She spent two years feeling as if she were treading on thin ice all the time.

If it hadn't been for the loyal staff members that had worked under Yosef, she would probably have drowned in a fish pond long ago.

After two years of scheming and fighting, Yvette finally cemented her position at Paradise Fishery.

However, this wasn't enough at all. For example, the large shareholders of the company were not willing to sell their fish to Holly Fisheries.

At Paradise Fishery, Yvette still could not call the shots.

There was a board of shareholders above the chairman, which held 62 percent of the shares.

All the members of the board were part of the Lyon family. They had been nursing resentment toward Yvette for a long time because of how she had popped up out of nowhere and become the chairwoman.

If she wanted to take control of the company, she had to get more than 51 percent of the shares.

Yvette had been working hard and did have something to show for it.

At least she could now leave the company whenever she liked. She was finally able to visit Sylvester and the family.

She knew there were people monitoring her.

Therefore, she could not appear too close or affectionate with Sylvester and the others.

She could not let them become her weakness.

The more they hated her, the safer they would be.

"Holly Fisheries can't accept our price," Yvette said in a clear voice.

Carlisle laughed and said, "Holly Fisheries is acquiring according to market price. If they can't accept your price, it means that you've gone beyond the market price or you've raised the price."

Yvette said impassively, "Our fish are raised in pure water from mountain streams. The taste and texture of their flesh are much better than similar fish on the market. It's natural that they would cost more!"

Carlisle suddenly asked, "Do you know why Holly Fisheries wanted to build so many greenhouses? Do you know why they want to acquire all the aquaculture businesses in the state?"

Yvette was slightly startled. Of course she was curious about Holly Fisheries' secrets. Everyone in Cascade State's aquaculture industry had been making guesses.

Some said that Holly Fisheries wanted to dominate the market, while others said that they were trying to unify the fish market of Cascade State.

Carlisle said directly, "There will be an unprecedented, severe cold wave this year that hasn't been seen for a century. The temperature of Cascade State will be greatly affected, and if you don't sell your fish as soon as possible, your company will make a huge loss this year."

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"Alright," Yvette answered perfunctorily.

"You don't believe me?" Carlisle could tell that she did not believe him at all.

However, that was a normal reaction.

If it had been him, he wouldn't have believed it either.

Carlisle continued, "Holly Fisheries spent three hundred million to build the greenhouses, and they're also planning to use seven hundred million to acquire the aquaculture companies in Cascade State.

"Do you think that we're doing it because we feel like we have too much money? How many enterprises in Cascade State would take out a billion to play around with?"

Yvette's brow wrinkled slightly.

It wasn't that she didn't believe Carlisle. When Holly Fisheries started building greenhouses to raise fish, she tried to guess the reason.

When others deduced that Holly Fisheries wasn't trying to dominate the market, she had wondered if it was because the temperature would change drastically that year.

This was something that Yosef had once told her to pay extra attention to.

Paradise Fishery's fish ponds had been dug in the mountains and used pure water from mountain streams. The quality of the land and water there was excellent, and they could handle most temperature changes. However, if the change were too big, the fish in the ponds would all die.

Yvette had looked up Holly Fisheries. It was a joint company owned by Lethan and Shania. Lethan was the chairman of Islo Clothing, one of the leading fashion companies in

Riverland, while Shania was the CEO of Windex Corporation.

Every industry was different.

The fact that two people who had nothing to do with the fishing industry had suddenly started an aquaculture company was strange as it was. Not only that, they also injected a huge amount of funds into it. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that they were putting all their eggs in one basket.

Now, Carlisle was telling her confidently that there would be a huge change in temperatures this year. This made Yvette feel even more uncertain.

After a long silence, Yvette finally said, "I can't make decisions for the company."

Carlisle asked in a low voice, "Did you distance yourself from Owen's family to protect them?"

Yvette said nothing. She had gone from being an ordinary woman in the village to the leader of Yalville's leading company in aquaculture. She had learned a lot during that period, especially about trusting people.

Carlisle continued over the phone, "You inherited the family business, but you're unable to make any decisions in the company. It means that you have no authority in Paradise Fishery.

"In fact, they even want to get rid of you. In order to protect Owen's family, you had no choice but to act as if you weren't acknowledging them, even if you ended up being accused as an ingrate!"

"You sure think you're smart!" Yvette scoffed.

Carlisle and Owen's families had a pretty good relationship with each other.

If she told Carlisle these secrets, Owen's family would be sure to find out as well.

Knowing all this would only hurt them.

As Yvette worried about it, Carlisle's deep voice suddenly came through the phone. "I can help you."

"If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now. You don't need to worry about Paradise Fishery," Yvette said before hanging up.

Carlisle sighed, still gripping his phone.

Francis, who had been concentrating on driving, laughed softly and said, "We've known each other for so long, but this is the first time I've heard you sigh!"

He had the impression that Carlisle was always calm and steady, no matter what happened. Even when Wanda had been kidnapped, he only worried inwardly while thinking of a solution.

"Francis, tell the information department to find out what the conflict between the executives of Yalville's Paradise Fishery is." Carlisle did not want to give up on the three thousand tons of fish.

Three thousand tons were equal to six million pounds.

If a pound could earn them a dollar, that was six million dollars.

He had 20 percent in shares, which meant that he would get 1.2 million out of the six million.

All his calculations were also based on the lowest standard.

Now that the end of the year was approaching, the demand for fish was sure to increase.

With the effect of the cold wave, the price of fish could rise by at least 20 percent.

Carlisle felt it was perfectly plausible to estimate that a pound of fish would earn them three dollars.

It meant that three thousand tons of fish could create 18 million in profits.

However, right now, the problem was that the executives of Paradise Fishery were in

conflict. If Carlisle wanted to earn money, he would have to solve this problem.

Francis did not ask for a reason. He just pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Francis?"

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A cold, arrogant-sounding voice answered the phone.

"Solomon, find out about the conflict among the Paradise Fishery executives."

"Yes, Francis!" Solomon was a retired comrade that Francis had recruited.

He was now the manager of the information department at Aurora Holdings.

The information department of Aurora Holdings was responsible for collecting information and analyzing it.

Carlisle called Lethan again and told him he would follow up with the Paradise Fishery project.

Yvette and Sylvester spent the whole morning discussing the issue, but they could not come to an agreement.

Sylvester was very obstinate and flatly refused to let Yvette touch Christopher's grave.

He felt that Yvette had not shown her gratitude while Christopher was alive. Now that he was dead, nothing she did would be of any use. It would only give rise to more speculation. Yvette had no choice but to leave.

When she left the village, Yvette looked sadly at the old house where she had lived for over 30 years.

The influence of her uncles in the Lyon family was too strong. With her current position, it would be almost impossible to go against them.

Now that she was leaving, she had no idea when she would come back.

Sylvester and his family stood at the entrance to the village and watched her car drive off.

Owen suddenly said, "Dad, Carl says that Aunt Yvette might have some difficulties that she can't speak about."

If anyone else had said so, Owen would have ignored it completely. He wouldn't even have told Sylvester about it.

However, since Carlisle had said so, he was reconsidering it.

Yvette had been busy during her search for her family, but she would always come back during the New Year.

Whenever she did, she would bring presents for Owen and his parents, and she would even buy him new clothes. She had only distanced herself from them after finding Yosef.

Sylvester lit a cigarette and puffed it irritably. He breathed out a stream of smoke and said,

"People change, especially after they have money."

Hayley did not express an opinion. It was difficult for her to say anything about Yvette. When she first married Sylvester, she and Yvette got on fairly well. After she gave birth to Owen, Yvette stayed by her side during the first month or so to take care of her.

By the time Carlisle got off his plane at Yorksle International Airport, it was already 10:00 pm.

Wendell had booked a hotel in advance.

Carlisle and Francis met up with Wendell outside the hotel.

Wendell was wearing a down jacket and had on a hat and face mask.

Francis said amusedly, "Wendell, why are you dressed like a thief?"

Wendell lowered his voice and said, "The Martells own many properties in this area. I can't guarantee that I won't meet the staff from the hospital. It's better to be safe than sorry."

Carlisle was very satisfied with his professionalism. He nodded, smiled, and said, "Let's get a private room and have dinner."

"I've already booked the room. Let me take you to your rooms to put your luggage down." Wendell led Carlisle and Francis up to the eighth floor.

The hotel wasn't a five-star hotel, but it was at least four stars, and the corridor was carpeted with a fluffy carpet.

For his friends, Wendell would've just reserved a cheap inn.

However, Carlisle was his boss, so he had found a more luxurious accommodation.

They reached the door of Room 808.

Wendell took out his keys and said in awe, "This hotel isn't cheap. It costs 860 dollars a night!"

Francis' expression darkened as he said, "You really spend this money freely, don't you?"

After Wendell went to Yorksle, Aurora Holdings had given him a sum of money for expenses for the trip.

Carlisle had also transferred one million to him.

A hotel room that cost 860 dollars per night was about the same as an average person's monthly salary!

Wendell laughed awkwardly. "I asked Ms. Yates, and she said it was fine."

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When Wendell booked the hotel room, he and his teammates debated about it for a long time.

If they chose a room that was too cheap, they were afraid Carlisle would not be happy with it.

If they chose a room that was too expensive, they were worried that Carlisle would find it a waste of money.

Therefore, Wendell had asked for Felicia's advice.

Felicia had once lived in Yorksle and felt that a room costing around eight hundred would be appropriate.

Carlisle smiled and said, "I can accept the price of eight hundred dollars. Don't we earn money so that we can enjoy ourselves?"

He dragged his luggage inside.

When he stepped through the door, he stopped in his tracks.

He leaned back and looked at another group of guests who were walking toward them down the corridor.

There were three men and three women. They looked fairly young, and he guessed they were in their early 20s. They were dressed very fashionably, but not in high-end brands.

Carlisle had noticed them because the man in the lead looked rather familiar.

The man was around 20 years old and had average looks. He had a buzz cut and was dressed less fashionably compared to the others.

One of the women had long hair. She giggled and said, "Sharon, there's a handsome man looking at you!"

The woman named Sharon looked rather young, but she was the most good-looking among them. She glanced at Carlisle and blushed before saying, "No, he's clearly looking at you!"

"Oh, come on. Just admit it! I'm not as pretty as you are, after all." The women chattered to each other teasingly.

Very soon, they reached Carlisle.

"Hey, hottie. Which university are you from?" the woman who had teased Sharon asked Carlisle. She stopped in front of him.

Carlisle ignored her. He stared at the familiar-looking man and asked, "Hello. Have we met before?"

The long-haired woman said in surprise, "Patrick, do you know each other?"

Patrick looked Carlisle up and down for a moment before smiling and asking, "Are you one of my juniors from Caltopia College?"

Carlisle smiled apologetically. "I'm not from Caltopia College. I probably mistook you for someone else. Sorry for the interruption."

He turned and went into his room without even looking twice at the women.

Wendell closed the door, and the Caltopia College students finally left.

Carlisle sat on the sofa, wondering where he had seen the man before.

A student from Caltopia College?

There was no reason for them to have met before.

Why did Patrick seem so familiar?

Perhaps he had met him in his previous life.

In his previous life, Carlisle had been a salesman who often had to go out for business. He had met many members of the professional elite as well.

"Boss, are we going down to eat now?" Wendell had booked a private room, and the food could be served at any time.

"Let's go." Carlisle hadn't even had a drop of water since lunch, and he was feeling rather hungry.

The three of them walked out, and Carlisle bumped into Patrick again.

Their eyes met, and they both smiled and nodded politely before heading to the elevators together.

In the elevator, Wendell pressed the button for the third floor.

Patrick did not press any other button, so he was probably heading for the third floor as well.

The third floor was where all the private rooms for business were located.

Wendell led Carlisle and Francis to Room 306 while Patrick entered 309.

Patrick knocked on the door.

After a few seconds, the door opened.

The young man who opened the door was dressed in a dapper suit and seemed refined. He had a layered haircut.

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There were two middle-aged men inside the room.

One of them was dressed in a suit and had a scholarly air.

The other was dressed much simpler. He had a square jaw, which made him look rather intimidating.

Patrick greeted nervously. "Hello, Zac."

Zachary grunted expressionlessly before returning to his seat.

The older man with a square jaw said with a cold expression, "Mr. Thompson has traveled far to be here. You should have reached sooner!"

The elegant older man was Shein.

He looked Patrick up and down, smiled, and said, "An accomplished man will have an equally capable son. Patrick, you seem very capable. If you become a civil servant, your achievements are sure to equal your father's!"

Clifford Simpson laughed. "Everyone has their own ambitions. He doesn't want to be a civil servant, and I can't beg him to do so, can I?"

Shein was secretly disappointed, but he chuckled and said, "Have a seat, Patrick. Your father and I are old friends, so you don't need to stand on formalities."

Clifford worked in politics in Yorksle. He wasn't in a high position, but he did have authority and managed the approval of important resources across the country. All the governors treated him with deference.

His connections in politics were deep-rooted and had created a strong foundation. If Patrick had chosen to be a civil servant, he would have a smooth career path in the future.

Unfortunately, Patrick had no interest in working for the government. He was majoring in business management at Caltopia College.

After Patrick sat down, he opened a bottle of white wine and filled his glass. He looked apologetic as he said, "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Thompson. Let me drink with you to express my regrets."

Shein hastily waved a hand. "No, no. We're a family. We don't need to do anything like that." Clifford was sitting right there. How could Shein let Patrick drink?

"Since he chose this path, he should learn the etiquette for business meetings. He was late, so it's natural that he should drink." Clifford said sternly.

Both the fields of business and politics were played by the same rules.

There were unspoken rules in society.

If one did not learn these rules, it would only hinder them in the future.

Shein laughed in resignation. "Alright, just one glass then!"

Patrick was 22, and having a drink or two wouldn't affect his classes the next day.

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson." Patrick raised his glass and downed it.

Shein smiled and nodded. He said to Clifford, "With his degree from Caltopia College, Patrick will be in great demand among the best companies in Yorksle. Wouldn't it be beneath him to go to Thompson Group?"

The last part of his sentence was what he really wanted to say.

As Clifford was a government official, it would be no trouble at all to arrange for Patrick to join any of the top companies in Yorksle.

Why did he want Patrick to join the Thompson Group?

Clifford was a shrewd man. He immediately understood what Shein was implying.

He raised his teacup to take a sip and smiled as he asked, "We've known each other for more than 20 years, haven't we?"

Shein nodded and said, "22 years. Back then, something happened in your family, and you were left with nothing. You didn't even have enough money to eat.

"Mrs. Simpson had to wash clothes for people at a laundry shop to earn money, even though she was heavily pregnant. She was once insulted by the owner of the laundry shop because she accidentally damaged some clothes while washing them.

"I happened to go to the laundry shop that day to get the rent, so I spent money to help Mrs. Simpson settle the matter. After that, you came to the Thompson Group to thank me."

Clifford sighed. "That's right. It's already been 22 years. Time really flies. Over the past 20 years, I've come to understand what people are like, and I've had many realizations about life.

"Rather than trusting those Yorksle entrepreneurs, I would rather trust you. You're an old friend, and our friendship has endured for 22 years."

Shein understood what Clifford was worried about. He was afraid that outsiders would lay traps for Patrick. Not only would it ruin Patrick's future, but it would also affect Clifford.

"Alright. Let's drink!" Shein raised his glass and clinked it with Clifford's.

After Clifford downed his drink and put down his glass, he said, "If my son joins your company, don't treat him any differently from the rest. It would be best if you let him start from the lowest position."

Shein laughed heartily. "Well, since you've said so, I have no objection."

In Room 306, Carlisle gulped down a couple of glasses of liquor.

Wendell was telling Carlisle about how heavily guarded the psychiatric rehabilitation

hospital in Maple Hill was.

Wendell had drunk a few glasses of white wine and was feeling tipsy. He said, "That place is even more scary than the place we went to carry out the executions-"

"Ahem!" Francis coughed violently all of a sudden.

Wendell suddenly came to his senses and hastily backtracked. "I-I drank too much. What I mean is that i-it's even stricter than the place where we used to keep watch over criminals."

Carlisle suddenly slammed his glass down on the table and shot upright.

Wendell and Francis both jumped with fright.

Carlisle narrowed his eyes. sand said, "I remember who he is now!"

Chapter 569

"You remember who he is? Who?"

Wendell and Francis looked at Carlisle in confusion.

"Patrick!"

Carlisle sat back down.

That was what his classmates called him when they met upstairs.

Carlisle hadn't been listening to Wendell at all.

He had been trying to place his finger on Patrick's identity.

Now, he finally remembered.

Patrick had been Wanda's husband in their previous life.

"Who is he?" Francis asked.

Carlisle shook his head and did not explain further.

Patrick had appeared, but Wanda's marriage alliance was with the Martells.

Carlisle wondered why Wanda had ended up marrying Patrick in her past life instead.

He had thought about it before and had considered all kinds of possibilities.

Had Wanda's original partner died?

Had the Martells found a better choice?

Or, had Patrick used despicable means to marry Wanda?

Carlisle shook himself violently.

Why was he thinking about all that?

The events of the past life belonged there.

In this life, Wanda would only be his.

Carlisle picked up his wine glass and took a huge gulp.

He looked at Wendell and asked, "When will we deliver the goods?"

He could not wait to see Wanda, whom he had been pining after since she left.

"The delivery time is the day after tomorrow. Before we deliver the supplies, people from the Martells will verify our identities."

Wendell retrieved some folded papers from inside his down jacket and handed them to Carlisle.

"This is the identity that the deputy director of human resources got for you. Try your best to memorize it by tomorrow!"

"Why does it seem like we're going to be spies?" Francis muttered.

"That's not far from the truth!"

Wendell's gaze swept over Francis.

"The Martells' influence is greater than even some criminal organizations. They don't want the outside world to know about this hospital, so the level of security is very high!"

Carlisle opened the document.

There were five pieces of paper with information about a family printed on them.

Carlisle would assume Howard Lawson's identity.

Howard was 21 years old and lived in Caulitorna, Skyville, Goldmore, in a town called Nimbustown. His house was on Sunnyvale Street, No.35.

His family consisted of his father, mother, and sister. Gideon Lawson was a 46-year-old physics teacher at Nimbustown's junior high school, while his mother, Lucinda Lark, was a 42-year-old literature teacher at the same school. Howard's younger sister, Sharon, was 19 years old and studying business management in her second year of university at Caltopia College.

Howard's introduction said that he had good character and good grades. He had been one of the top students from kindergarten to high school. Right before the college entrance exams, he was suddenly diagnosed with a mental disorder.

After that, his aunt brought him overseas to receive treatment for two years. Although his condition was brought under control, he could not continue studying. Gideon used his connections to get him a job as a warehouse porter at one of the fresh produce companies in Yorksle.

"Isn't Howard still employed at the company? How can I go and deliver supplies in his stead?"

Carlisle asked in confusion.

Wendell ate a mouthful of fish stew and explained, "Howard isn't part of the company at all. He never returned after being sent abroad for treatment. This introduction was composed by the human resources department!"

Carlisle nodded and asked, "Have you arranged everything at the warehouse?"

Wendell grinned.

"Why do you think I spent so much money?"

He took out a bill from his pocket and gave it to Carlisle.

"These are our expenses over this period of time. We even noted it down whenever we bought bottles of water!"

Carlisle took the bill and glanced at it. There were hundreds of transactions recorded on it. Most of the money had been used to oil the wheels for what they had to do.

Chapter 570

The deputy director of human resources at the fresh produce company had been given 300 thousand dollars.

The hospital's security department received 300 thousand dollars, while Gideon and his wife received 200 thousand.

Lastly, the fresh produce company's warehouse staff had gotten 100 thousand.

Carlisle glanced casually at the bill before returning it to Wendell.

He said, "That's too much trouble. You don't need to keep records of this kind of expense in the future. I trust you."

Wendell grinned.

"After all, it's not a small amount. If we keep a record, you'll understand the situation better.

Carlisle continued looking through the document.

He asked, "Gideon and his wife are both teachers. Aren't they afraid that someone will use their son's identity to do something illegal?"

Wendell sighed and said, "Howard's aunt has a high-paying job overseas, and she used up all her savings to get Howard treatment for his disorder. Gideon and his wife can only barely afford to pay for their daughter's tuition fees. They work during the day, and on nights and weekends, they conduct extra tutoring for children from wealthy families. They're in need of money."

Carlisle quickly finished reviewing the document. The remainder of the document concerned the general situation of the Lawson family and their relatives.

"Aren't there any photos of his family?"

Since he was pretending to be their son, Carlisle felt that he should at least know what they looked like.

Wendell answered, "Yes, there are. We just received them this afternoon, and they're at our rental place. We haven't managed to look at them yet."

Carlisle folded the document up and pocketed it. He planned to look through it a couple more times later.

After a few rounds of drinks, Wendell returned to his rental place, having eaten his fill.

Carlisle and Francis headed back to the eighth floor of the hotel.

Francis quickly washed up and went to the adjoining bedroom to sleep.

Meanwhile, Carlisle sat on the balcony and continued looking through the documents.

He was slightly taken aback when he saw Caulitorna mentioned in the documents.

Speaking Caulitornan was going to be a problem. Carlisle feared the Martells' staff would question why he didn't speak it.

Suddenly, his phone vibrated in his pocket.

Carlisle pulled out his phone and glanced at the number. It was Wendell.

When he picked up, Wendell said, "Boss, Howard's younger sister is at Caltopia College. I've asked her to lunch tomorrow afternoon. It'll be good if you can get to know each other if the Martells investigate you through her!"

"Alright."

Carlisle's eyes lit up. Since he couldn't speak Caulitornan, he figured he could learn it from Sharon then.

The next day, Carlisle was woken by a call from Sean.

"Carl, time to get up to pee!"

"Get to the point!" Carlisle said in annoyance, I

his eyes still closed.

He had been dreaming about showering with Wanda and had just taken off his clothes when he was rudely awoken by Sean's call.

Sean said excitedly, "Carl, Alumni Network now has 3.6 million registered users! Within yesterday and the day before, we had an increase of 480 thousand new registered users, which has broken our record!"

Carlisle had only just received the news and initially thought he was still dreaming.

He only believed it when Felicia called to congratulate him.

"Wow!"

Carlisle opened his eyes, feeling rather excited.

480 thousand university students had registered on Alumni Network within just two days.

That meant that Alumni Network had really blown up across the country.

Sean suddenly said thoughtfully, "Carl, are we really going to keep Alumni Network private? According to market research, about 100 million Internet users are currently in the country. That's a huge market!"

Alumni Network's explosive popularity had made Sean ambitious. His target demographic was no longer just students. If he wanted to earn more money, he would have to turn to those who were already working.

Before Carlisle could answer, Sean continued, "I'm worried that other businessmen will get there before we do. They might even use our model."

Carlisle was extremely satisfied to hear Sean's ideas. It showed that Sean was thinking more like a businessman. He had already learned to think ahead and plan in advance and clearly had a good head for business.

However, Carlisle still wanted to hear what he planned to do next, so he asked, "So, are you planning to create another social network website?"