

Love Spell 611

Chapter 611

"That woman's name was Paige Carrington. She was 31 years old and had a PhD in Biology. She returned after studying abroad and was an expert in makeup and beauty products, which is what our family's business is based on. tour

"She led the R&D team and created Wondermoist, which was wildly popular domestically and internationally. She received recognition from the company's core executives, and she and Calvin portray a good image of themselves by doing charity. Very soon, they became an exemplary entrepreneurial couple.

"Paige was very good at creating a good reputation for herself. Whenever there was a disaster somewhere, she would be the first to lead a rescue team to the site. The victims of the disaster who received her help called her a saint, but nobody knew how cruel and unmerciful she was under that saintly mask.

"Ever since I can remember, the maids that Paige hired would teach me how to serve drinks and wash the feet of others. I started serving Paige when I was five years old. There was once when she dunked my head in a basin full of water with her foot and screamed abuse at me, all because the water for bathing her feet had been too hot!" Tears rolled out of Bianca's eyes as she spoke.

She wiped her tears away and said in a choked voice, "That was just the beginning. In order to develop a scar removal cream, she used a knife to slowly carve out wounds on my back. Then she got a private doctor to staunch the bleeding and bandage me up. When the wounds were almost healed, she would use the scar removal cream on me."

Bianca did not want to think of those memories at all.

She could remember the countless times that she had felt the searing pain of a sharp knife piercing through her skin.

"Why wouldn't she just die?" Wanda hugged Bianca, sobbing.

She could feel the pain of a knife slicing through her skin slowly just from listening to Bianca's description.

Bianca had only been five years old at the time.

She had been five!

How could Paige have been so vicious?

Wanda sobbed as she asked, "What about Calvin? Didn't he feel any guilt at all? Did he just watch you get abused? Is he even human?"

If he hadn't wanted a daughter, it would have been better to send Bianca to an orphanage rather than let her stay with that horrible woman.

Bianca took a deep breath and calmed herself before saying, "Paige was Calvin's first love. While studying at university, she became pregnant with Calvin's child. She looked down on him at the time but didn't want to abort the child, so she went abroad to study. Calvin focused all his attention on his son, so he never cared about whether I lived or died.

"When I got old enough to go to school, Paige planned on not letting me go. Luckily, Aunt Rosalie found Calvin and forced him to let me go to school. She even got him to send me to the best school in Yorksle. Aunt Rosalie still has 49 percent of Wonder Corporation's shares, so Calvin and Paige didn't dare to disobey her. That's why they let me go to school in the end."

"Didn't you tell your aunt about what was happening?" Wanda felt angry on Bianca's behalf.

She decided she would get justice for Bianca as soon as she got out.

"Paige threatened me and said that if I told anyone else, she would cut my tongue out. I believed she would do it, so I didn't dare to say anything.

"After that, Paige kept enhancing her scar removal cream, and she would always use me for experiments. She cut me 182 times. I've thought about committing suicide more than once, but whenever I stood on the top floor of a building, I would think about whether Calvin and Paige would be happier if I died.

"They would just continue leading a carefree life. I can't die. I have to get revenge! I'm going to pay her back for those 182 cuts!" Bianca's child-like face was filled with an intense hatred.

She wanted revenge, but her depression often kept her spirits low. She would sometimes think about ending her life.

The continuous torment on her body and mind had resulted in her autism diagnosis.

She stopped wanting to interact with others, and she reacted and moved slowly. She had even forgotten how to communicate with people.

This went on until Finn's 18th birthday, when the Murrays invited over half of all the family enterprises in Yorskale to attend his birthday celebration.

Chapter 612

That was the first time Bianca had met Rosalie's son, Finn.

However, she did not see Rosalie at the banquet.

Afterward, she found out that Skyler's mistress had come, which was why Rosalie had not been allowed to attend.

Finn could tell that something was wrong with Bianca. When he failed to communicate with her, he suspected that she was autistic. Once the celebration was over, he told Rosalie about her condition.

Rosalie spent a great deal of effort to meet Bianca, but Bianca's condition had been so bad at the time that she was afraid of Rosalie.

Finn guessed that Bianca had been abused or bullied, and he suggested bringing her to the hospital for a checkup.

Rosalie brought Bianca to a hospital, and the doctor soon discovered the horrifying knife wounds on Bianca's body. Even the seasoned doctors who were present at the time and were used to seeing injuries and death had gasped upon seeing them.

In her fury, Rosalie sued both Calvin and Paige.

However, she ended up losing the lawsuit due to lack of evidence.

Rosalie wanted to use the Murray family's connections to investigate, but Skyler refused flatly.

He even forbade Finn to interfere.

Finn had led a pampered life, and he was very obedient to Skyler. However, he was still very sympathetic to Bianca. Therefore, he sent her a message about being forbidden from approaching her.

Rosalie had found all kinds of doctors to treat Bianca, but all to no avail. She spent her days weeping. Finn could not bear to see her in that state, so he went to Benedict and requested for Bianca to be sent to the Murrays' private hospital.

Benedict was very fond of Finn, and he readily agreed. His only condition was that Bianca would have to obey the rules of the private hospital.

Bianca improved just two months after being sent to the private hospital. Finn and Rosalie visited her once, and during the visit, Rosalie told Bianca about what had happened when she was five.

"Bianca, time for breakfast!" Bianca's housemaid called up the stairs.

Her voice was as light and gentle as a spring breeze. It felt like listening to her could cleanse one's soul.

"I've got to go, Wanda." Bianca squeezed out a smile on her tear-streaked face. She reached out to wipe away the tears at the corners of Wanda's eyes. "Wanda, you look terrible!"

"Bianca!" Wanda hugged her tightly, and her voice broke as she murmured her name. Bianca had led a tragic life, and Wanda's heart ached for her.

Bianca patted Wanda gently on the back. "It's alright... I'm fine now, aren't I? What goes around comes around, and they'll reap what they sow!"

Wanda nodded firmly. She announced with determination, "Once I get out of here, I'll find a way to bring you justice!"

Bianca felt a warm and fuzzy feeling enveloping her. She smiled through tears as she said, "Thank you, Wanda. But this is my business, and when I grow up, I'll take care of it myself."

It would not be enough for Paige to get a prison sentence for what she did. Cheryl's death, the inhumane treatment that Bianca had suffered for ten years, and the 182 scars on her body required a heavier price.

Wanda was a good person, and Bianca did not want to implicate her kind-hearted friend.

Wanda had no idea what Bianca was planning. She let her go and said seriously, "Wonder Corporation is very powerful. You have no power and no influence. It's too difficult to deal with them on your own. When my company starts growing, the first one I'll target is Wonder Corporation!"

Ever since she met Bianca, the latter had always addressed her so affectionately that Wanda had begun to think of her as her younger sister.

How could she ignore the fact that her younger sister had been tortured in such an inhumane manner?

Chapter 613

Carlisle handed in his resignation letter to 10KFresh.

The reason he gave for resigning was that he had a flare-up of an old condition and needed to go abroad to get treatment.

Janice did not hesitate to sign it as his team leader, and she took Carlisle to the manager's office.

After Janice and the manager had signed, Carlisle went to the human resources department.

Zoey knew Carlisle had accomplished his goal, so she approved his resignation briskly. Carlisle had spent a month on this plan and almost one million just to see Wanda.

Zoey privately felt that Wanda must be a very lucky woman.

She started processing Carlisle's resignation.

With the help of the deputy director of the human resources department, the resignation process was shortened from a few days to half an hour for Carlisle.

10KFresh calculated his cash settlement.

Carlisle received three thousand and two hundred dollars as his salary in the past two months.

A fictional person had been able to obtain money from the company, which showed just how inadequate the system was.

Perhaps Zoey had been clever with the methods she had used.

After leaving the company, Carlisle suddenly received a call from Hank.

"Hank?"

"Are you in Yorksle, Mr. Zahn?"

"Yes."

"I came here on a business trip, and I'm about to get off the train. I fell asleep on the train just now and got pickpocketed. I've lost my wallet." Hank was so angry that his voice was trembling.

There had been two thousand in cash in his wallet, as well as the only photo he had with his girlfriend.

That pickpocket deserved to die!

Carlisle laughed and said, "When you get off the train, get a cab and come to Glamor Hotel. I'll wait for you outside."

"Alright. It's a good thing you're in Yorksle, or else I'd've had to humble myself and borrow money from my girlfriend!"

"Is your girlfriend in Yorksle?" Carlisle was mildly surprised. He knew Hank had a girlfriend, but he had never bothered to find out more about her.

"Yes, she's studying at Caltopia College."

"Let's talk when you get here. I'll go and get some cash." Carlisle was planning to stay in Yorksle for a few more days.

Wanda's 18th birthday was on the 20th.

He wanted to give her a surprise.

If he wanted to deliver his surprise to Maple Hill, he would have to spend the next few days making preparations.

Carlisle went to the bank and withdrew one hundred thousand in cash before returning to Glamor Hotel to pay for an extension of his stay.

"We'll grow old together and watch the snowflakes fall..."

Wendell was calling.

"Wendell?" Carlisle answered the phone as he walked out.

Whenever he addressed Wendell formally, the latter said it made him uncomfortable, so he had decided just to call him by his name.

"Boss, did you resign?" Wendell had gone to Storehouse 8 to ask Carlisle if they should resign and return to Riverland, only to be told by the storehouse team leader that Carlisle had already resigned. Wendell had no choice but to call and ask.

"Yes. I've already accomplished my goal."

"What about us? Should we resign, too?"

"When's the next time you'll deliver supplies to Maple Hill?"

"It'll be next month."

"You can resign, too. Once you've finished the process and gotten your salaries, come and see me."

"Alright. I'll go and see the manager right now." Wendell hung up and went to find Kevin and Zack.

He arrived just in time to see the two of them getting scolded.

"What does it matter if I make you carry a few more loads? Do you really think you're getting paid more than one thousand every month for nothing?" The team leader had his

hands clasped behind his back as he glared angrily at them. Wendell walked over and asked, "What's going on, Kevin?"

Chapter 614

Kevin scowled and said, "Mr. Toole's nephew didn't even apply to take the day off and took off on a date. He wants us to take care of the cargo loading his nephew was supposed to be responsible for!"

Was the team leader, Donald Toole, bullying them because they were new?

Wendell looked cold as he said, "Will you give them your nephew's salary for the day?"

"Hey! How dare you give me that attitude?" Donald stared at Wendell in surprise.

The three were new staff members who had only been there for about a month. How could they be bold enough to talk back to him?

"How dare you speak to me this way? Don't you know who I am? Don't you know who you are?" Donald prodded at Wendell's firm chest muscles.

Wendell grabbed his finger and bent it back.

"Hey! It hurts!" Donald grimaced in pain. "Help! He's using violence against me! He's hitting me!"

Donald was popular amongst the staff, and several other workers ran up. After all, he was the one who had gotten them their jobs, and they were from the same village.

Kevin was a little agitated. "Wendell, why did you do that?"

They had spent one hundred and 50 thousand to get all three of them into 10KFresh.

The company rules clearly stated that anyone who got into a fight would be fired, regardless of which party was right or wrong.

Wendell was always telling them to control their tempers and never get into a physical conflict with the workers here. Otherwise, the hundred and 50 thousand they spent would all go down the drain.

Donald had been causing a lot of trouble for them lately, but they had endured it in silence. Why was Wendell being so impulsive?

If the company fired them, what would they tell Carlisle?

Zack blocked one of the men who had rushed over.

One of them grabbed Zack by the collar and raised his hand to slap him.

They had all gotten their jobs thanks to Donald, and it was hard to find a job that paid them one thousand dollars a month.

Now that Donald was being bullied, they could not just stand by and watch.

Wendell said expressionlessly, "It's self-defense."

Zack's demeanor changed at once.

He dodged the slap and clenched his right hand into a fist. With a swift right hook, he punched the man on the chin.

Kevin moved at the same time. He charged at the oncoming men like a starved tiger. Within an instant, he had beaten all of them with his military boxing technique.

Carlisle and Francis were waiting by the side of the road at Glamor Hotel.

When Hank arrived in his cab, they both got in and headed straight to Caltopia College. Hank had been on the train for an entire day and night. He smelled of stale bread and stinky feet, and his hair was a mess. He carried a black backpack, and his expression was stormy.

When he used to hang around with Heath, all the thugs and gangsters would give him a wide berth. Now he had been pickpocketed on his business trip to Yorskle.

As the saying went, the loss of influence would result in many indignities.

"How much money did you lose?" Francis asked, suppressing a smile.

Hank was very strict at Govan Technology Limited.

Last week, he had fined Renee.

He must be getting what he deserved.

"Two thousand..." Hank looked frustrated. "Losing my money is one thing, but I also lost my ID and the only photo I have with my girlfriend!"

Francis laughed and comforted him, "Just think of it as using up your bad luck all at once. You can take another photo, can't you? Since you happen to be in Yorksle on a business trip, you can take a couple more with your girlfriend!"

Hank leaned against his seat and sighed. "I hope she won't blame me for it."

Carlisle deduced a few things from how worried Hank was.

Hank might be in an unbalanced relationship where he was much more invested than his girlfriend.

If they had a good relationship, they should have many photos together. However, Hank treated their only photo together like a treasure. It wasn't because Hank didn't like taking pictures, but his girlfriend must be the one who wasn't willing to take photos with him.

"You're the Director of R&D. What kind of business would require you to come personally?" Carlisle asked suddenly.

"The Govan system has already managed to develop an MP3 player function, but we've reached a bottleneck in playing MP4s. I have a few old friends working at Storm Studios, and they're experts in this field!" Hank's eyes were glowing, and he was very excited.

Portable MP3s were the current trend on the market, but there weren't many phones that were able to play MP3s. MP4, media players had only appeared in 2002, and currently, it still wasn't a household object. Now, Hank and Carlisle were trying to embed the ability to play MP4s into the phones they were making.

Govan's phones would be a huge step forward for human civilization.

The video player that Carlisle had mentioned could be connected to the Internet to watch videos online or to watch shows on TV. Hank hadn't even dared to think about that yet, as it would not be able to become a reality for a long time unless they could upgrade from a 2G to

a 3G network.

Govan's phones were called "3G Smartphones", and without a 3G network, most of the phone's functions would be redundant.

Chapter 615

At Caltopia College, Carlisle took out his knockoff phone and called Sharon.

"Howard?" Sharon's cheerful voice came over the phone.

She was at the dormitory with her roommates, and they had been going through the butterfly hair clips she had just received.

There were three boxes in total, and each box contained a hundred.

Water Melodies Corporation hadn't even charged them a commission. They had just told her to deal with the goods first. She could pay for the last shipment when she ordered a new one.

"Sharon, come out! I've got to pay you money!" Carlisle smiled.

Sharon's family was in a difficult situation. Since she thought of him as her older brother, he had to be generous. Since she had lent him a hundred dollars, he would return ten thousand to her.

"It's alright, Carl! I don't need money right now. I'm about to make big bucks! Water Melodies Corporation just gave me three boxes of hair clips. They even told me to pay for this shipment when I get the next one. Can't talk right now. I'm busy. Once I've earned money, I'll buy you dinner!" Sharon said.

She hung up at once.

She had only cared about the one hundred dollars she had lent Carlisle because money had been tight. She was worried she wouldn't have enough money to get her stock from her senior.

Now that she no longer needed to get her stock from her senior and had signed a contract with Water Melodies that allowed her to pay after she had sold the stock, she no longer lacked money.

Carlisle heard the busy signal and laughed exasperatedly. "She's very career-driven!"

Hank had called his girlfriend, but the call ended after they exchanged a few words.

The light in Hank's eyes dimmed.

"What's the matter? Doesn't she want to see you?" Carlisle asked, a smile playing about his lips.

"Of course not! She's just busy right now. She told me to wait for her for a while." Hank forced a smile.

"You're just lying to yourself." Carlisle had once been in the same shoes. He immediately recognized what the forced smile on Hank's face meant.

Hank had come all the way to Yorksle from Riverland, but his girlfriend had told him to wait outside for her. If she was in class, then it was understandable.

However, classes were over for the day. It was minus ten degrees outside.

"You should go and eat first. I'll wait for her for a while." Hank pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

As soon as he lit the cigarette, his phone rang.

He pulled it out quickly and saw that it was his girlfriend, Amaris Rodriguez.

Hank beamed when he answered the call. "Amaris?"

Amaris' gentle, soothing voice came over the phone. "Hank, I'm just too busy today and don't have time to go out. Didn't you come for a business trip? You should settle your work affairs first, and I'll keep you company tomorrow."

"Oh, okay..." Since Amaris had given him a reason, Hank felt better.

After hanging up, Hank told Carlisle and Francis, "Let's go and have dinner. There's a barbeque restaurant nearby that's pretty good."

Carlisle had heard what Amaris said, so he said, "I think she's just making excuses when she says she has no time to see you."

Hank's brow furrowed. He stalked ahead of them, looking annoyed. If Carlisle weren't his boss, he would have lost his temper. He and Amaris had known each other for three years, and they had been in a relationship for one year.

Wouldn't he know what kind of person Amaris was?

Carlisle looked at Hank's retreating figure and shook his head, sighing. "He doesn't believe me. Would I lie to him?"

Francis smiled lightly. "If it were me, I would believe my girlfriend too. If you like someone, the most basic thing you need to have is trust in them, right?"

Carlisle stuck his hands in his pockets and looked serious as he said, "Not every woman is worthy of having your trust. One-sided love is just being someone's lap dog. Hank's just being taken advantage of, and he seems perfectly willing to let it happen."

"We'll grow old together and watch the snowflakes fall..." Carlisle's phone rang.

It was Gareth.

Carlisle answered, "Gareth?"

Gareth's lazy voice drawled over the phone, "Are you done with your business yet? When are you coming back to Riverland? I feel like I've been in prison lately! No one's drinking with me, and I'm so bored!"

Carlisle laughed and said, "I need a couple more days here. When I get back to Riverland, I'll drink to your heart's content with you and Hank."

"Forget about Hank. I'll never drink with him again!" Gareth had been drunk under the table by Hank the last time, and he had sworn that he never wanted to drink with him again.

Then he said, "Oh, right. I told Grandpa that you went to Yorksle. He wanted to buy you dinner, but it was a little inconvenient, so he asked my cousin to entertain you. My cousin's probably going to call you later."

"That's very kind of Mr. Spencer Senior," Carlisle said.

Carlisle's eyes glinted. Theodore was the previous leader of Yorksle, and although he was now retired, his connections from when he was in power were still intact. His influence was arguably greater than the current most prominent leader in Yorksle.

Therefore, even if Theodore had sent someone else to see Carlisle, he still felt pleasantly surprised.

"My cousin's a nice guy, and he knows a lot of people. If you run into any trouble in Yorksle that you can't take care of, you can ask him for help!"

"I want to get Wanda out."

"Apart from that..." Gareth's lips twitched.

Theodore did not have a good relationship with the Murrays.

It would be almost impossible to get Wanda out.

"I was joking. How's Alumni Network?" Carlisle asked, laughing.

"Alumni Network is operating normally. Hank attacked one of Yuriel's web portals and hacked into the server. He erased more than two hundred thousand registered users' information. I think Yuriel must be furious right now!" Gareth bent over in laughter. He was sitting in the chairman's office at Aurora Holdings.

"As expected of Hank!" Carlisle grinned.

Hank was extremely efficient at work. He had taken the train to Yorksle during the day

yesterday, which meant that he had already taken care of Alumni Network's issues the day before and had exacted revenge.

"Alright, let's end the call. Sean has gotten another big client, and we're having lunch together today. I'm going to go help him out."

"Alright, talk to you later." Carlisle hung up and ran after Hank. "Hank?"

Hank slowed down and looked at the fast-food restaurant in front of him. He said

doubtfully, "Wasn't this a barbeque restaurant? Why has it become a fast-food restaurant?"

The strange thing was that other restaurants nearby were packed full, but the fast-food restaurant in front of them and the surrounding shops didn't have much business.

A short man passed them and said in a low voice, "That barbeque restaurant closed half a year ago. Someone saw an arm in their fridge!"

"Damn!" Hank's eyes widened, and he felt his stomach churn.

Had the barbeque shop been selling human meat?

Whenever he came to see Amaris, he would always bring her to eat barbeque there. Could it be...

The short man continued, "After they investigated it, they found out that the female owner of the shop had an affair. The boss was furious and did something stupid. He chopped his wife up! However, they found all the pieces of her corpse. She wasn't made into barbeque meat."

Hank patted his chest. "You scared me half to death!"

"But I think it's just the official statement of the authorities to prevent the citizens from panicking. Half a year ago, I found a fingernail in my meat one day when I was eating there..." The short man squinted and licked his lips as if he were reminiscing about how the meat had tasted that day.

Chapter 617

"Damn it!" Hank's stomach churned again, and he ran over to a trash can and started throwing up.

Carlisle and Francis couldn't help furrowing their brows.

There was disdain in their eyes.

They felt that the short man didn't seem normal.

"We'll grow old together and watch the snowflakes fall..." Carlisle's phone rang.

It was an unfamiliar number.

"Hello, Who's this?"

"Hello, Mr. Zahn. I'm Gareth's cousin, Tyler Duvall."

"I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Duvall. Let me buy you a meal." Carlisle said politely.

"You're the guest, and I'm the host. I've got to show you some hospitality. Let's not waste time. I've already booked a room at the Hirton Hotel. All you have to do is tell the receptionist my name."

Tyler had already made all the arrangements, so Carlisle had no way to reject him.

"Alright, I'll head over right now." After the call ended, Carlisle took Francis and Hank to the Hirton Hotel.

Francis sat in the passenger seat, and he couldn't help saying doubtfully, "Why do I feel like that short man was telling the truth?"

"Damn, Francis, you're doing it on purpose! Do you resent me for fining Renee? Is that why you're annoying me on purpose?" Hank yelled indignantly as he glared at Francis.

He hadn't known about Renee's relationship with Francis when he fined her.

He had only discovered Renee and Francis' relationship when she was relieved of her position as finance manager.

"That's nonsense! I'm not that petty." Francis looked guiltily out the window.

He had been curious about what office politics were like, but now he seemed to have gotten himself entangled in them.

Carlisle said slowly, "I have the same feeling. There's something strange about that short man!"

Francis glanced at Hank through the rearview mirror. "I agree! The meat you ate back then might have been human flesh..."

"The last time I ate meat at that barbeque restaurant was last year! The crime only took place half a year ago, so I'm sure that I didn't eat human flesh!" Hank suppressed the urge to throw up and argued back.

"What if he didn't just kill one person?" Francis continued needling Hank.

"Are you gentlemen talking about the barbeque restaurant opposite Caltopia College?" the cab driver suddenly asked.

"Do you know about it?" Francis turned to look at the driver from the passenger seat.

"Oh, that was big news here at the time. I've got a relative who works in criminal investigation, and he was in charge of that case. The female shop owner was subjected to domestic violence by her husband because she had an affair. She fell into a coma, but the real culprit behind her death was a shop worker. Her husband ended up in jail, but the shop worker escaped!"

"Was the female shop owner made into barbeque meat?" Hank asked quickly.

"Yes." The cab driver nodded.

Hank turned pale. "Then... Have there ever been any other murders at the barbeque restaurant?"

The cab driver shook his head and said, "No. The barbeque restaurant owner only committed the deed because he was too angry. He's usually a pretty reliable guy."

The cab driver heard someone calling the police behind them.

"Hello? I want to make a report. 15 minutes ago, there was a short man at the barbeque restaurant opposite Caltopia College. I suspect he was the shop worker who was working there half a year ago. Yes, my name's Carlisle." After hanging up, Carlisle breathed a slight sigh of relief.

He had instinctively sensed that there was something wrong with the short man. When he made the police report, he only said that he suspected that there was a problem.

As for whether there was, it would be up to the police to investigate.

"Hey, did you say that you met the barbeque restaurant worker?" the cab driver asked, looking at Carlisle in surprise through the rearview mirror.

"I'm not sure. I only suspect I did."

"How could you make a police report based on that? Isn't that a waste of public resources? That's illegal!"

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"I'm just providing a lead, and I told them that it was just a suspicion." Carlisle argued.

Francis asked, "Hank, you've eaten at that restaurant before, haven't you? Was that short man a worker there?"

Hank shook his head and said, "When I visited the place last year, they didn't have any workers yet."

30 minutes later, the cab stopped at the side of the road outside the Hirton Hotel.

Carlisle and the others immediately spotted a beautiful woman in a black woolen coat walking toward them. She wore khaki pants and had a white velvet scarf wrapped around her neck. She looked elegant and quiet and was obviously part of the professional elite.

"Hello, are you Mr. Zahn?" the woman asked, smiling.

Carlisle nodded. "Yes."

"Mr. Duvall is busy and has been delayed, so I came to greet you. Mr. Duvall is on his way here, and I'm sure he'll arrive very soon." Jasmine Vance finished explaining why Tyler hadn't come to greet them himself.

Then she inclined her head at Francis and Hank, nodding at them in greeting.

"It's still early. Let's wait outside for Mr. Duvall." Carlisle said politely, smiling.

"It's too cold outside. You'd better come to the private room with me, Mr. Zahn. It's warm there, and if you catch a cold, I would never be able to forgive myself." Jasmine said lightly.

"Alright." Carlisle and the others followed her into the hotel.

When they stepped into the main hall, Hank suddenly stopped.

He was staring intently at a man and a woman who had just walked out of an elevator.

The man was 22 years old. He wore an expensive suit and tie and had a buzz cut. He had glasses on and was smiling gently. He looked very gentle.

The woman was around his age. She wore a white mink coat, jeans, and long boots. A long sheet of straight, black hair cascaded to her waist, and she was also smiling. She was very pretty.

The woman seemed to notice someone staring at her. She looked up, and her smile dropped

at once.

Carlisle looked at Hank, then at the woman opposite them. He wondered if the woman was Hank's girlfriend.

Francis had guessed the same thing. However, he wasn't planning to tease Hank about it at all.

Had Carlisle been right?

"Hank... W-what are you doing here?" Amaris asked, looking doubtfully at Hank.

Hank was always saving money for the 50 thousand wedding gift money that Amaris' mother had asked for. He led a very frugal lifestyle and saved wherever he could.

The Hirton Hotel was a five-star hotel, and it was not the kind of place a worker like Hank could afford.

Hank squeezed out a stiff smile. "Amaris? Who is he?"

He still had one last shred of hope.

Amaris and the man might just be ordinary friends. Perhaps they had just come to eat here.

After all, the two of them weren't being very affectionate with each other, so it did not seem impossible.

Amaris sighed slightly. "Since you've seen us, I'll tell you the truth. He's my boyfriend, Kyle Carrington. We've known each other for three months."

"Three months?" Hank was still smiling, but tears were running out of the corners of his eyes.

"We've been together for three years, but it couldn't compare to three months with him?" It had been three years!

Amaris and Hank had met in high school.

She had promised that she would marry him once she graduated from university.

Amaris' mother had said that she would agree to the marriage if Hank could give a wedding gift worth 50 thousand.

For the past few years, Hank had been working hard. He gave half of the money he earned every month to Amaris to support her living costs while he used the other half for himself.

He lived frugally and saved as much as he could. He smoked cheap cigarettes that cost two dollars, drank cheap Chardonnay, and only ate one meal a day. He was so thin that he was practically a bag of bones.

Amaris, on the other hand, was using the money he had given her to rent hotel rooms with another man!

There was a conflicted look in Amaris' eyes. "Hank, you're a good man, but we're not suited to each other. I'll return all the money you've given me over the years."

Chapter 619

Amaris' rejection led Hank to receive nothing but an acknowledgment that he was a good man. It was a classic line.

Carlisle turned away and grinned briefly. When he looked back, he had rearranged his features into a serious expression. He didn't want to laugh, but he couldn't help it.

Francis, on the other hand, wasn't laughing. In fact, there were tears in his eyes. He had been about to laugh, so he had quickly thought about his saddest memories to stop himself. Tears immediately brimmed in his eyes when he thought about his first love, Rebecca.

"Hank, right? How much money did you give Amaris? I'll pay it back on her behalf."

Kyle smiled as he took out a checkbook from his pocket.

Hank stared at Amaris and asked bitterly, "Amaris, don't you have any feelings for me after all these years together? I've already saved up 50 thousand dollars as a wedding gift. Once you graduate, we can get married!"

Amaris laughed.

"Hank, the 50 thousand dollars was my mother's request!"

Hank looked delighted as he said, "So, you never wanted the money, right? That means that I still have a place in your heart. Can't you come back to me?"

Amaris' eyes showed a flash of contempt, but her tone remained gentle. She shook her head and took Kyle's arm.

Her red lips parted as she said, "I don't want an expensive wedding gift. I want a life of luxury. Kyle's already worth ten million at the age of 21. You're 26, yet you're working overtime and coding all night. You can't give me the life that I want!"

Hank stumbled backward.

His last shred of hope had been completely destroyed by what Amaris had said. "Let's go, Kyle."

Amaris tucked her silky hair behind one ear, took Kyle's arm, and walked out.

Kyle smiled faintly. When he walked past Hank, he slapped a 100 thousand-dollar check on his chest. Hank did not take it, and the check fell to the floor.

"There are plenty of fish in the sea. A woman like that isn't worth your sincerity."

Carlisle comfortingly patted Hank on the shoulder while Francis picked up the check from the floor and sighed in awe.

"You could buy a house with 100 thousand. Rich people give so generously!"

Jasmine said softly, "Kyle is the son of Wonder Corporation's CEO. He's worth at least 1.5 billion!"

"Wonder Corporation is the company that makes Wondermoist, isn't it?" Carlisle asked.

Wondermoist became very well-known over the last few years. It was priced reasonably, and almost every household used it. Even Wanda, a wealthy heiress, used Wondermoist, and Wondermoist commercials were frequently shown on television.

Their slogan was: "Wonders every day! Let's all feel wonderful!"

Jasmine nodded and said, "That's the one. Wonder Corporation's CEO and his wife are both very kind people. Every year, they use 10% of their profits for charitable work. They have many fans worldwide, and they're known as the exemplary entrepreneurial couple!"

"They give back what they take. That's what a true entrepreneur should be like."

Carlisle stuck his hands in his pockets and praised them.

He noticed that Hank looked even more disconsolate, so he added, "I don't think much of their son, though!"

Amaris was such a gold-digger, but Kyle didn't seem to care. That meant that he had either won Amaris over by throwing money at her or he was only toying with her feelings.

An exemplary entrepreneurial couple wouldn't have raised a son with such poor taste, would they?

"Mr. Zahn?"

Tyler rushed up to the hotel, looking rather tired. He was around 30 years old, and most of his hair was slicked back from his forehead. He wore a black trench coat over a suit, and there was a mole on the left corner of his chin. He was over six feet tall, half a head taller than Francis.

"Mr. Duvall," Jasmine greeted him before introducing him to Carlisle.

"Mr. Zahn, this is Mr. Duvall, the vice CEO of Whiron International!"

Carlisle smiled and stuck out his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Duvall."

Chapter 620

Whiron International was a sizeable, comprehensive investment group that focused on real estate, travel, construction materials, general merchandise, import and export trade, and many other areas. The company was at least among the top ten in Yorksle.

Tyler became the vice CEO of Whiron International when he was around 30, demonstrating his capability.

Tyler shook Carlisle's hand, smiled, and said, "I had some urgent business to take care of at the office, so I was slightly delayed. I'm sorry to keep you waiting."

Theodore had asked him to humor Carlisle, whom he had described as a businessman. He had said that Carlisle was the Spencers' benefactor.

Tyler was very confused. The Spencers had always been the ones helping others, and he wondered when the tables had turned.

When Tyler kept asking about it, Theodore told him to ask Gareth. After calling Gareth, the latter told him about what had happened with Scarlet Corporation. He was also informed that Carlisle was young.

Tyler had assumed that such a talented businessman would be at least 24 or 25 years old. He was surprised to see that Carlisle only looked to be around 17 or 18. He questioned if Carlisle was really as amazing as Gareth claimed he was.

"We just got here. We haven't been waiting long," Carlisle said politely, smiling.

Tyler clapped him on the arm heartily and said, "Let's go and eat! Gareth treats you as a close friend, so I won't stick to formalities. Let's have a drink later."

Carlisle introduced Tyler to Francis and Hank when they reached the VIP room.

Tyler didn't put on any airs, either. He raised his glass and clinked it with theirs.

When he noticed Hank distracted, Tyler asked in a low voice, "What's the matter with your friend?"

Carlisle pressed his lips together and laughed.

"Just minutes before you got to the hotel, he had his heart broken."

Tyler was at a loss for words.

He raised a glass to Hank and said, "Hank, it's not a big deal. It's just the end of a relationship. Haven't you heard that the wise don't fall in love? Men should focus on their careers!"

"Is that why you're still single at 33, Mr. Duvall?" Jasmine asked teasingly.

"You're a young woman. You won't understand this kind of thing. I'm just responsible and career-driven, alright?"

"You can continue staying single, then," Jasmine muttered, her lip curling.

She was already 27 years old. She wondered why he had reduced her to a young woman. If he weren't the vice CEO, she would have punched him.

Tyler didn't bring Theodore up during the meal. Carlisle tactfully did not ask.

At 2:00 pm, the meal ended. Tyler looked slightly tipsy.

He said, "Carlisle, I've got to thank you for what you did for Gareth..."

"Mr. Zahn, Mr. Duvall, I've got to get going."

Hank waved at them, picked up his backpack, and left.

"I'll send Mr. Quilton off."

Jasmine stood up and followed him out.

Francis could see that Tyler was about to talk business with Carlisle, so he got up and said, ' I'm going out for a smoke.'

Everyone left the room.

Carlisle smiled mysteriously and said, "Gareth and I met because of fate. After that, we started working closely in business, and he helped me a lot. It means that we truly were fated to be friends!"

"You got that through fortune-telling?"

Tyler had gone to university in the 90s. He never bought into these mystic arts, but the incident with Gareth made it hard for him to disbelieve.

"Yes!" Carlisle nodded and did not explain further.

Tyler rubbed his hands together and asked rather awkwardly, "Could you help me find out when I'll be married, Mr. Zahn?"