

## Love Spell 641

### Chapter 641

"Any updates on Xenos Factory and the hardware suppliers?"

"Xenos Factory's first 90mm chip has entered the sampling phase," Selena reported from her notes.

"Silver Solutions' phone screen is still in the R&D stage.

"Liberty Enterprise's lithium batteries are in development.

"Snappy Technology's cameras are also in R&D."

Carlisle sighed in frustration. At this rate, it would be another year before the phone was ready. Only once the phone was completed could he proceed with the 3G network project.

Just then, his phone buzzed with a message. It was from Sean.

"Carl, you're back?"

"Yeah."

"I've got good news! Hermès has contacted us..."

Sean's excitement was palpable.

"They want to advertise on Alumni Network?" Carlisle asked, puzzled.

He wondered why a luxury brand like Hermès would target college students. Few college students could afford such high-end products.

"Exactly! And they're willing to pay 30 cents per click!"

"Let's take it then!" Carlisle said.

He didn't care about the brand as long as there was money to be made.

"I've scheduled a meeting for this afternoon."

"Has Lily returned to school?"

"Yes, she's back. Carl, you're amazing! I heard you lit up the entire Yorksle with fireworks for Wanda. When can I spend money like that for a loved one?"

"Not too long, hopefully. Get to your class now!" Carlisle ended the call and turned back to Selena.  
"How's the progress with Dragonaire Studio?" "The game planning was completed on the 14th.  
"Technical selection was finished on the 16th.

"On the 18th, art design and programming started simultaneously...

"Mr. Spencer has issued a strict deadline. Production must be completed within two months and the game should be in beta by early March next year."

"That aligns perfectly with my plan!"

Carlisle smiled. He had been aiming for a March release as well.

Then, as if struck by a thought, he continued, "By the way, have the art department start working on posters and begin the promotional campaign.

"Also, buy ad space on Wikipedia, EA, and other major portals for a few days..."

"Isn't it a bit early for that? There are still three months until March," Selena said, surprised.

"Yeah, it needs to be early..."

Carlisle's goal was to make the genuine Odyssey Network Company Limited reconsider their plans, saving them time and money.

"Got it. Anything else you need for now?"

"Not at the moment. You can head back to the office."

"Alright, Mr. Zahn. Goodbye!"

Selena left the apartment and returned to the office. Carlisle then called Daniel, asking him and Shane to join him for dinner after school. Just as he finished, Gareth called again. "Gareth..."

"Carlisle, you're impressive! You lit up the skies with a million fireworks for your beloved right in front of her potential suitor. Aren't you afraid of the Murray family's backlash?"

Gareth spoke with admiration. He thought this was a classic Carlisle move-that if he thought of something, he'd make it happen.

"Life is just about 30 thousand days. If you don't do something crazy, what stories will you have to tell when you're old?"

"Well said. Where are you? Want to grab a drink this afternoon?"

"Let's do it tonight. I've got plans with a couple of classmates this afternoon."

"Alright. I'll see you in the evening!"

Carlisle had a barbeque meal with Daniel and Shane that afternoon.

Chapter 642

Recently, Shane had made over 30 thousand dollars just from selling live recordings of Carlisle's song "Rest of My Life". And that was only the live version. He could only imagine how much he'd earn if Carlisle released a high-quality album.

Shane, wearing a tattered and patched-up cotton jacket, took a swig of beer and continued urging, "Carl, believe me, if you don't debut, I'll cut off my head and use it as a soccer ball. The music scene will be yours!"

"I'm not interested in the entertainment industry."

Carlisle remained unmoved by Shane's enthusiasm.

The thought of being followed by paparazzi, constantly surrounded by rumors and scandals, and having friends and family harassed by the media was terrifying. The idea of hiding just to avoid being bothered made him shudder.

Shane gulped down more beer and lamented, "Carl, not debuting is a huge loss for the music industry!"

Carlisle grinned slightly and said, "Why don't you join a singing competition? I can write songs for you."

"My off-key croaking is not worth mentioning. But Daniel could give it a try..."

"I'll pass, thanks. Singing is just too risky for me!" Daniel retorted.

"Daniel is being modest," Shane said, laughing.

"Come on. You don't believe me? Let me give you a taste..."

Daniel cleared his throat and started singing off-key, "Ah, give me a drink to forget... Replace my tears with a night—"

"Stop! Daniel, it's okay. I believe you," Shane interrupted, clearly embarrassed.

Off-tone was an underestimation. Daniel couldn't hold a key.

Daniel shrank back into his seat, saying, "Damn it. I'll never sing again..."

After a satisfying meal and drinks, Carlisle returned to his apartment for a nap. When he woke up, he went out for a meal and drinks with Gareth and Sean.

Sean was in high spirits. Hermès' staff had been very agreeable and signed the contract almost immediately. At 30 cents per click, if all seven million registered users clicked, that would be 210 million dollars in revenue.

Sean had never imagined making money could be that easy. Alumni Network was practically a goldmine especially with the new feature Selena mentioned, where users could earn money by watching ads.

"Cheers!"

Sean raised his glass to toast the others.

Gareth hadn't had a chance to drink with Carlisle in a while, so he made sure to pour Carlisle several glasses of wine. By 9:00 pm, Sean had to return to the dormitory on time, leaving Carlisle and Gareth to drink until 2:00 am.

Carlisle's alcohol tolerance was no match for Gareth's, and by 2:00 am, he was pretty drunk. After settling the bill, Gareth helped Carlisle into his Rolls-Royce.

Gareth noticed Francis and Wendell in the car. They were both panting. Gareth's mouth twitched.

"You guys..."

He sniffed the air, checking for any unusual smells.

Worried about being misunderstood, Francis quickly explained, "Boss, you were being followed. We just chased away a bunch of tailing rats."

"Those rats were from Jalen's gang, right?" Carlisle slurred.

## Chapter 643

"We interrogated two of the ringleaders we captured, but they were tight-lipped. They only said they were hired to do the job, and they don't seem like Jalen's men," Francis said,

puzzled.

He wasn't worried about someone targeting the boss but was more concerned about not knowing who that someone was.

"Could it be someone hired by Austin?"

Gareth narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"We retaliated against the internet company Austin managed on the same day Alumni Network was hacked. Austin would definitely suspect us."

"Let's talk about it when we get home," Carlisle mumbled, leaning back in his seat.

Francis headed to the driver's seat to start the car.

Gareth approached him and instructed, "Francis, make sure to take good care of Carlisle's safety. It would be best to expand your security team."

Francis assured him, "As long as they don't have heavy weapons, they won't be able to lay a finger on the boss!"

"Good to hear."

Gareth nodded and then stepped back, smiling. Francis drove off.

Wendell suddenly asked, "Francis, should we consider bringing in more people?"

Francis thought for a moment and nodded.

"Indeed, we need more manpower. The other senior staff in the company also need protection."

Wendell pulled out a cigarette. But after realizing they were in their boss' Rolls-Royce, he put it behind his ear and sighed.

"I wonder if Oscar Haynes would be willing to come on as a bodyguard."

"Did Oscar retire too?" Francis asked, slightly surprised.

Oscar was an expatriate mercenary whom Francis and Wendell had met during a

peacekeeping mission. He had always dreamed of being a soldier, but he could not achieve

that dream in his home country due to his family's past.

Instead, he went abroad to become a mercenary, leading a group of compatriots to great

success.

"Last year, Oscar was framed by the higher-ups of that mercenary group. He nearly died abroad and returned with just a breath left. He borrowed 80 thousand dollars from me for medical treatment."

Wendell's face showed a trace of bitterness.

"That money was all I had. I was meant to buy a house and get married!"

"Did all his men return to their home countries?"

"Yes. The second-in-command of that mercenary group had a grudge against the locals. They cleared out all the local mercenaries. Out of over 30 of Oscar's comrades, only a dozen survived!"

Wendell's eyes flashed with anger.

"If it weren't for Oscar, that mercenary group wouldn't have grown so large. They were simply getting rid of him after using him!"

"Damn scum..." Francis gripped the steering wheel tightly, cursing through gritted teeth. Wendell glanced at Carlisle, who was likely already asleep, and said softly, "Ask the boss tomorrow. I want to bring Oscar and Dragon Special Force people over. I'm guessing they don't have much work right now either."

"There's no need to ask. Just bring them here," Carlisle mumbled.

He wasn't entirely out of it and had heard their conversation. Francis and Wendell were undoubtedly the best bodyguards. Not only did Carlisle need them, but as the company grew, the senior staff also needed protection.

With Aurora Holdings' rising prominence, it was only a matter of time before they attracted the attention of powerful entities. Expanding the security team was inevitable to ensure the safety of the company's senior management.

Time flew by, and it was now December 24th, Friday-Christmas Eve.

Carlisle received a large number of apples. As the class monitor, he also spent money buying premium-packaged apples from Shane to distribute to his classmates and teachers.

After school, Carlisle carried a sack of apples and walked out of the school. Francis, who was waiting outside, stepped forward to take the sack.

Back at the apartment, they were greeted by Wendell and a man. The man stood about five feet six inches tall, with shoulder-length hair and a scruffy beard. He wore a chipped leather jacket, faded jeans, and patched-up yellow rubber shoes. His stern face was expressionless.



From his attire, it was clear that Oscar had seen better days.

"Oscar, this is our boss, Carlisle Zahn," Wendell introduced them.

"Boss, this is Oscar Haynes."

Oscar extended his rough, scarred hand.

"Hello, boss..."

Carlisle shook Oscar's hand, feeling the calluses on his palm. It was evident that Oscar had kept up with his training even during his time off.

"Tonight is Christmas Eve. Let's all have an apple for peace and safety!" Carlisle said cheerfully, handing out apples from the sack.

Oscar took an apple and bit into it without hesitation.

Francis, receiving his apple, smiled and said, "I didn't expect the boss to celebrate holidays..."

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Wendell, holding his apple in silence, was indifferent to celebrations. He never observed them.

Carlisle unlocked the door and said, "I'm not particularly interested in these holidays. My classmates gave me these apples, and I felt it was a waste to throw them away."

That day was Christmas Eve, and the day after would be Christmas Day. People celebrated Christmas Eve for various reasons-whether to spend joyful moments with friends or simply as a social activity. It didn't mean blind worship of foreign cultures but an open and inclusive attitude toward diverse cultures.

After everyone was seated, Carlisle took out a few bottles of water from the fridge and placed them on the coffee table.

He then sat across from Oscar and said, "I've got a good understanding of your situation. After retiring, you spent eight months recovering and then worked as an instructor at a security company for a monthly salary of 2,500 dollars."

Oscar nodded as he ate his apple.

"That security company doesn't provide meals or accommodation, so 2,500 dollars is all I get. Even if I spend 500 a month, I can only save 2000.

"It'll take years to pay back Wendell. I can wait, but I worry Wendell is eager to use that money to buy a house and settle down." vahe

He glanced at Wendell.

"He doesn't have Francis' looks, so finding a wife isn't easy for him."

"Good to know, but don't say it out loud. You're too discouraging!"

Wendell, initially stunned, quickly grew angry.

"Who are you insulting?"

"Just stating facts," Oscar stated nonchalantly.

"Damn it. Let's go outside and settle this!"

Wendell rolled up his sleeves and stood up.

Oscar laughed.

"You can't beat me."

Wendell, who had been joking, now grew serious.

"Let's find a place and settle this. The loser has to call the winner 'dad'."

"Wendell, you might not be able to beat him. He's experienced battles and wars!" Francis interjected.

Wendell dejectedly sat back down at Francis' words. Oscar had fought in war-torn countries for years. He was a seasoned warrior who had survived numerous battles.

Carlisle chuckled and said, "Wendell, take Oscar to the company tomorrow and have him handle the security for Gareth, Owen, Sean, Logan, and Hank!"

Chapter 645

"Got it, boss..."

Wendell nodded in agreement.

He then said to Oscar, "I'm the head of the security department. From now on, you're my subordinate. As a subordinate, you must follow my orders. When you see me, you should address me as 'Chief Webb', understood?"

"So childish..."

Oscar bit into his apple, his expression filled with disdain.

Carlisle then asked, "What about those from Dragon Special Force?"

Wendell dropped his jokes and solemnly answered, "A few of them have already arrived, and a few from remote areas will take a couple more days to get here."

Carlisle nodded.

"You can take them directly to Aurora Holdings later."

After arranging the security, Carlisle gave Wendell a thousand dollars in cash and asked him and Francis to take Oscar out for a meal.

Instead of going to a restaurant, Francis and Wendell bought sandwiches and ate at a park in the community.

Carlisle sat in front of his computer, browsing Widetalk Forum. The pinned post was an announcement about Dragonaire Studio's upcoming online game "Journey".

Carlisle clicked on the post to read it. It was a lengthy, three-page graphic introduction. Journey was an exhilarating game. It promised to take players into a world filled with fantasy and strategy. In this game, players would take on the role of brave adventurers to embark on a journey, exploring vast lands with other players.

The game had epic storylines that players could explore, complete with diverse tasks and stories. Players could also interact with various mysterious characters and uncover the secrets of that world.

They could engage in intense battles, using strategy and skills to command their troops. The game also had diverse gameplay, offering a variety of gameplay options. Players can participate in dungeon challenges, PVP competitions, and siege battles to experience different facets of the game.

The next feature stated that players can make new friends and form powerful guilds. They could explore the game world together, share battle experiences, and create their own legends.

Lastly, players can experience realistic scenes and detailed character designs, making them feel like they are in a fantasy world.

The text was interspersed with character models and combat scenes, all concept art designed by Dragonaire Studio's art department working overtime.

The post was published the day before, and in just two days, it had garnered over 300 thousand views.

Carlisle clicked the hyperlink to enter Journey's official website. The site was likely just created, as many modules were still incomplete. An announcement on the notice board stated that registrations would open on the first of January, 2005.

Users who registered before March 1, 2005, will receive two beginner gift packs worth ten dollars each.

Carlisle smiled at the announcement. The decision to open registration three months in advance was an unexpected marketing strategy, and he wondered who had come up with this idea.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

Chapter 646

The incoming call Carlisle received was from Selena.

"Ms. Johansen."

"Mr. Zahn, the stock prices of the Lyon brothers' companies have already plummeted significantly. We still have some crucial evidence that could send them to prison. Should we

"No need for that. Just give me their phone numbers," Carlisle interrupted Selena before she could finish.

He wanted to let the Lyon brothers know they were being watched, not to push them into a corner.

"Understood. I'll send you their numbers via Messenger."

Selena sent Carlisle the phone numbers of the four Lyon brothers, and he used Howard's phone to dial Zeke, the eldest of the Lyon brothers.

In a villa in Yalville, Zeke was in his study, visibly stressed out.

The landline on his desk rang.

Moments later, his mobile phone also started ringing.

Zeke, already overwhelmed, did not want to answer either call. His phone had been ringing off the hook lately, and each call brought bad news about himself and his company.

The company's market value was falling, investors were pulling out, and everyone was panicking. He knew he was being targeted.

Just as he was about to answer the phone, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," Zeke said expressionlessly.

The door opened, and Salem, Darwin, and Levi walked in. Their faces were pale, and their spirits low.

"Zeke," they greeted in unison.

Zeke asked, "How are things on your end?"

Not only was his company in trouble, but his brothers' companies were also being targeted.

"It's bad. My investors have pulled out, too, and several suppliers are ending their contracts. Rumors about my company and me are spreading everywhere."

Levi was visibly distressed.

Zeke's facial muscles twitched. Despite his irritation, he decided to answer the phone. He grimaced as he picked up the landline.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Lyon, we've received an email at our company," the secretary hesitated.

Zeke furrowed his brow.

"What's in the email?"

"It's blackmail about you. The materials implicate you in soliciting," the secretary said cautiously.

"Nonsense! I'm almost 60 years old. How could I be involved in such things?" Zeke roared with anger.

Inwardly, he was shocked. He wondered how they could have uncovered something he had hidden so carefully and who was behind this.

"It's likely that the photos were fabricated using editing software. Should we report this to the police?" the secretary quickly asked.

"Don't call the police yet. They might escalate things further!"

Zeke sank into his chair, his face pale. The real issue was that most of the blackmail was based on facts. Reporting it to the authorities would be equivalent to walking into a trap.

Solicitation was one thing, but the previous cooperation with major criminals and the tax evasion could potentially land him in serious trouble.

After hanging up on the landline, Zeke answered the call on his mobile phone.

"Who is this?"

"Hello, Mr. Lyon. I'm the one causing all the trouble for you and your brothers."

The voice on the other end was soft and eerie. Carlisle had intentionally modulated his voice to sound different.

Zeke sprang up from his chair, gritting his teeth.

"Who are you? What do you want from us?"

He initially thought Yara had orchestrated everything. He recently spent 20,000 dollars hiring private investigators, but they had reached a dead end. Now, the mastermind was contacting him directly.

"Mr. Lyon, what do you think of my abilities?" Carlisle asked, smiling.

"How much do you want?"

Zeke took two blood pressure pills from his drawer. He knew the antagonist wouldn't target him without a reason, and if he could stop the harassment with a bribe, he was prepared to offer a sum to avoid disaster.

Chapter 647

"Why do you think I'm short on cash, Mr. Lyon?" Carlisle replied over the phone.

Zeke clenched his fists and asked, "What... What do you want?"

"I want the shares you have in Paradise Fishery."

"Dream on," answered Zeke.

He then abruptly hung up on the call.

Levi quickly asked, "Who was it, Zeke?"

Zeke relayed his phone conversation to his brothers.

"Who is he?"



"Isn't it obvious? He's probably someone Yara hired. She wants to control Paradise Fishery." "Does a bastard like her deserve to control Paradise Fishery?"

The brothers chimed in one after another.

Levi asked worriedly, "But will he become more aggressive if we don't agree with him?"

All their dirt from the past three years had been dug up. What about the shady stuff from the last two years?

Salem glared angrily, saying, "I'll have someone kidnap Yara. If she doesn't back off, I'll dump her in the lake tonight!"

Darwin nodded in agreement and added, "Have Black Boar do it."

Black Boar was the leader of a small local gang who had a decent relationship with the brothers. He would often help them out with their problems.

After careful consideration, Levi said, "Yara has Charles backing her. It won't be easy for us to do anything to her. Besides, Charles will definitely suspect us if something happens to Yara.

"It won't end well for us either if we are found out."

Upon hearing this, Salem and Darwin fell silent. Without Charles, Yara would never have made it this far.

Salem looked up at Zeke and asked, "What do you think, Zeke? We'll follow your lead." Darwin and Levi also looked up at Zeke. The latter sat slumped in his chair.

He closed his eyes and replied, "Let me think about it."

Paradise Fishery was the most powerful company in Yalville's seafood industry, with annual profits of over a hundred million dollars.

The ten percent share he owned would be worth over ten million dollars a year.

Although the listed company he owned also had annual profits exceeding 100 million dollars, he only received about 20 million dollars. By comparison, his own company was slightly more profitable.

However, if the Lyon brothers sold all their shares, they would completely cut ties with

Paradise Fishery, a company valued at approximately 1.5 billion dollars.

At that moment, Levi's phone rang.

Levi took out his phone and answered, "Who's this?"

"Time is running out for you all. I also heard you have committed some heinous crimes. Compared to those, tax evasion and fraud seem trivial, don't they?" Carlisle continued sinisterly.

Upon hearing this, Levi started to sweat. He had an accident while driving drunk in the past. He later found someone to shoulder the blame for him. He wondered if his misdeed had been discovered.

"I'm willing to sell my stake in Paradise Fishery," exclaimed Levi in a hoarse voice.

Carlisle hung up immediately.

Zeke squinted and asked, "Did he call you?"

Levi nodded listlessly.

"Yeah. He's aware of our tax evasion. He even said we've committed some heinous crimes."

Salem yelled angrily, "He's threatening us! This is blackmail and extortion. We should

report him to the police and have him arrested.

"Even if it means burning all our bridges, it's better than letting him get away with this. The more you fear someone like him, the more reckless he becomes!"

Darwin was at a loss as he replied, "Do you know who he is?"

Salem sneered and replied, "He wants our shares, right? We'll meet him at some point."

Darwin sighed and said, "We're all old now. How many more years do we have left to live?"

"The quest for money is neverending, and we can never make enough of it. Let's just forget about it."

Upon saying this, he turned and left.

Levi sighed. He then turned to leave as well.

"Zeke, do you feel the same way? This has Yara and Charles' names written all over it!"

Salem looked unhappy as he continued, "Are we really going to let a bastard who just returned to the Lyons take over our family's business?"

Zeke laughed bitterly and said somberly, "Forget about it. Yosef was the one who started Paradise Fishery. He gave us the shares out of love.

"Over the years, we started our own businesses with the money made from the shares.

"Darwin is right. We only have a few years left to live. Even if we're not thinking about ourselves, we should at least consider our grandchildren. Let's enjoy our twilight years."

Yara stayed in a luxurious four-bedroom home in the Paradise Fishery residential area.

At that moment, she was arranging her documents at her desk when the phone rang. Yara picked up the receiver and asked, "Who is this?" "Yara, it's your grandfather."

## Chapter 648

An old and shaky voice was heard from the phone. It was Charles, who was 92 years old.

Yara stopped what she was doing immediately and asked seriously, "Grandpa, why are you calling me at such an hour? Did something happen?"

Charles' voice trembled as he said, "Those brats had their company maliciously targeted recently. Was it your doing?"

"No, it wasn't."

"Are you not willing to tell me the truth? Paradise Fishery was your father's company. If you wish to regain all the shares, then I'll support you!"

"But it wasn't me. I don't have the ability to go against four listed companies," Yara replied, feeling awkward.

She was also curious about who was targeting her uncles. In merely a few days, the companies were sent into chaos. She figured it must be the work of a criminal organization. "It really wasn't you?"

"It really wasn't. When have I ever lied to you?"

"Well, it's definitely someone who knows you. Otherwise, they wouldn't target your uncles all at once. Think carefully. Is it an old acquaintance of yours?"

"I don't have any old acquaintances!" Yara insisted.

She looked upset, but her eyes showed a glimmer of hope.

She wondered if it could be her previous boyfriend from long ago. But they had broken up for more than ten years. Moreover, the person he knew was Yvette, not Yara.

But if it wasn't him, then who else could it be?

Yara's brows were furrowed as she pondered on the situation.

Suddenly, her eyes widened. She questioned if it was Carlisle who was behind this.

Half a month ago, Carlisle called her to offer his help. At that time, she thought Carlisle was full of himself as he had gained some wealth.

Even if Carlisle knew someone like Lethan, it would be challenging for him to extend his influence to Yalville.

At Yalville, Paradise Fishery wasn't weaker than Thompson Group. Before his passing, her father constantly taught her that one must be strong. He also taught her that relying on others was less effective than relying on oneself and that one must always walk one's own path.

As such, she turned down Carlisle's offer.

15 days had passed since Carlisle last called her. The timeline lined up somewhat.

After her call with her grandfather, Yara called Owen.

"Hello, who am I speaking to?" Owen answered the call politely.

"Owen, give me Carlisle's number."

"Why do you want to speak to him?"

"Just give it to me. I have to speak to him about something important."

"Alright," replied Owen.

He then gave her Carlisle's number.

Carlisle had cooked some spaghetti. He had just placed a plate on the table when he received Yara's call.

"Carlisle, it's me... Yvette..."

"Oh! Hello," replied Carlisle as he ate.

"Are you behind that situation?" asked Yara.

"Yes," replied Carlisle without hesitation.

Yara took a deep breath and asked, "How... How did you do it?"

"Forget about how I did it. Now, your uncles have decided to sell their shares to me.

"Based on Paradise Fishery's valuation of 1.5 billion dollars, 10% of the shares should sell for at least 120 to 150 million dollars, so 40% should be worth around 600 million dollars. Selling them to you for 650 million dollars shouldn't be excessive, right?"

## Chapter 649

Carlisle found that although the spaghetti he cooked smelled good, something was missing. He determined that it was herbs. So, he went to the kitchen and found a bottle of mixed herbs meant for pasta. It tasted much better after he added them in.

The information department spent nearly five million dollars traveling to Yalville to gather data on the four companies and the Lyon brothers. With such an investment, there must be a return.

"That's not excessive... But... I'm unable to get that much money..."

Yara sounded frustrated over the phone.

Confused, Carlisle asked, "Don't you have 38% of the shares? What about your inheritance from Yosef?"

"Yalville and Riverland were wealthy cities because they had abundant water resources, thus resulting in a particularly developed seafood industry. As the seafood tycoon of Yalville, his personal assets must have been at least a billion dollars, right?"

"My father donated all his assets before he died. He didn't even leave the house and car to me."

Carlisle was speechless. He instantly found his spaghetti unappetizing.

"You have to think of a plan. Once you get 40% of the shares, you'll have complete control over Paradise Fishery.

"In the future, you'll have the final say in Paradise Fishery. You can even make peace with Sylvester and his wife.

"You've endured so many years of criticism. Haven't you been waiting for this day?"

"Alright. I'll get the money as soon as possible," Yara replied decisively.

She had indeed waited for this day for a long time. She might have had to wait several years longer if it were not for Carlisle.

She would rather use the next few years to recoup her investment than continue wasting time. She called Charles after she ended her call with Carlisle and told the former about the situation.

"How much savings do you have right now?" asked Charles.

"I only have about 20 million dollars."

Although she had 38% of the shares, she would only receive five million dollars worth of dividends annually. The remaining dividends were used to expand the market, as her father had wished.

This arrangement was forced upon her by her uncles. She had no say in it, and the money could be directly transferred without her consent.

After a moment of silence, Charles said slowly, "I have 200 million dollars, but I can help you raise about 500 million dollars. You'll have to figure out how to get the remainder."

He was merely Yosef's uncle, but Yosef had given him 12% of the shares after he became rich. It was more than what Yusof's brothers had received.

Charles was aware of the reason behind that. When they were poor, young Yosef was weak and sickly. His parents had planned to give up on him.

Charles had returned from the battlefield then. His character was more upright than that of his brother and sister-in-law.

Driven by the belief that he would rather go hungry himself than let a child starve, he took Yosef into his home and raised him for six years. This kindness over those six years led Yosef, after he became wealthy, to give him a 12% share of his company.

Charles relied on those shares to live a luxurious lifestyle, which he started to enjoy when he was 40. At 92 years of age, he was now content with how he lived most of his life.

On December 27th, Carlisle contacted the four Lyon brothers and reduced the value of the 30 % to 40% stake in Paradise Fishery from one billion to five hundred million.

He then dropped his act and had Yara directly buy the shares from the Lyon brothers.

After all, trading shares incurred taxes. If Carlisle bought them first, some of it would be deducted for tax. Transferring them to Yara would incur another tax. It was an unnecessary step.

On the 28th of December, Carlisle received 150 million dollars from Yara.



On the 30th of December, Holly Fisheries signed a seafood acquisition contract with Paradise Fishery.

On December 31st, Carlisle received a phone call. The caller claimed to be Stephen Dunn, the founder of Odyssey Network Company Limited at Mocuwait.

"You've plagiarised!"

Chapter 650

At the office of Aurora Holdings, Carlisle was shocked when he answered the phone.

He said, displeased, "Mr. Dunn, everything requires evidence. If you claim that Journey Games has committed plagiarism, please provide proof."

He was quite nervous as he spoke to Stephen, who could be considered a business legend. Thompson Group and Yuriel were insignificant in comparison to him.

Stephen had started his business in 1989. In 1995, he was listed in Forbes. In 1997, he went bankrupt due to a rupture of capital, resulting in 250 million in debts. However, the crushing debt did not defeat him. In 1998, he launched a health supplement for the elderly called

Cerebro Gold and paid off his debts in just three years.

That year, he founded Odyssey Network Company Limited to venture into online gaming. Based on his track record, Stephen would reach his peak with Odyssey Games.

Unfortunately for him, he encountered Carlisle, who had been reborn.

"Mr. Zahn, we've been developing this game since the beginning of the month. There must be a mole in our development team, resulting in our ideas being leaked to you."

Stephen's voice grew quieter as he spoke. It indicated that he lacked confidence in his words.

He had seen the game Journey on the Widetalk Forum the day before. He found the game strikingly similar to his own upcoming game, Odyssey, which was still in the planning stage. Even the name was highly similar.

"Mr. Dunn, your company was only founded on November 18th, right? We figured out this game's concept six months ago and began developing it in mid-November.

"At that time, your company didn't even exist. How could it have been plagiarised?"

Carlisle sipped his coffee and continued, "If you believe we've committed plagiarism, settle this legally. This will be the first and last call I'm taking from you."

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He was about to hang up when Stephen hurriedly spoke, "Mr. Zahn... Please don't hang up..." Carlisle blew on his steaming coffee and said, "Go on."

Stephen gritted his teeth before saying, "Name your price, Mr. Zahn. I want to buy this game.

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His company was founded to create a game that could rival legends. He had already invested millions in the company, so he couldn't just give up now.

"Ten billion dollars..."

Carlisle deliberately named an exorbitant price, hoping to discourage him.

Stephen hung up on the call without saying another word. Even the wealthiest local figure was only worth 10.5 billion dollars. Clearly, Carlisle didn't want to sell his game, so Stephen felt that continuing the discussion was meaningless.

Stephen then called a meeting with his executives. During the meeting, he tore up the meticulously designed plans that had taken nearly two weeks to create. After that, he and his colleagues brainstormed new game ideas.

Carlisle wasn't worried about affecting Stephen's fate. Stars shined no matter where they

were. A business genius like Stephen would never be overlooked.

Meanwhile, at a company called Family Frame in Yorksle, five bespectacled men were gathered around a conference table, eating bread.

A slim young man sighed and said, "Why is our Alumni Network not as successful? I heard their team is from a second-tier university!"

The person next to him put his bread aside and scoffed.

"We just had bad luck. If it weren't for Facebook, Family Frame would be making money!" he exclaimed.

The slim young man poked Alistair Wyatt next to him and said, "Alistair, we won't be able to afford bread at this rate."