

## Love Spell 711

### Chapter 711

Eleanor sounded very excited.

After three busy days, she had finally found out the truth.

She felt very accomplished.

"I'm all ears." Carlisle swung his arms slightly. They were numb because he had been resting them on the side of the hot spring pool for too long. His arms splashed the water slightly.

Eleanor asked, "You aren't swimming in winter, are you?"

"No, I'm at a hot spring pool."

"What a pleasant life you lead, Mr. Zahn. I've been busying myself over your affairs, and you're in the mood to sit in a hot spring pool?" Eleanor sniped.

Her best friend had asked her to go skiing a few days ago, but she hadn't accepted the invitation. She had focused all her energy on sorting out the business with Carlisle, but he had gone off to a hot spring pool.

"Ahem.... Unlike wealthy heiresses like you, I grew up poor. Now that I've finally earned a bit of money, it's time for me to enjoy myself!"

While Carlisle was on the phone, a cleaning lady pushing a sanitation cart suddenly walked through the door.

The cleaning lady wore a mask, and her hair was as white as snow. As she walked, a few strands of hair fluttered over her forehead.

At the same time, the pretty attendant who had been scattering flower petals into the pool turned to look at the cleaning lady.

The cleaning lady lowered her head and continued to push the cart in front of her as she walked.

She stopped the cart in the corridor and picked up a broom and dustpan. She began sweeping up the corridor.

She was getting closer and closer to Carlisle. The sweet smile on the pretty attendant who had been massaging Carlisle had disappeared, and she was walking swiftly over to Carlisle. When the cleaning lady was only a few feet away from Carlisle, she suddenly pulled out a gun and pointed it at the back of Carlisle's head.

At that crucial moment, the pretty attendant kicked the cleaning lady's wrist.

There was a bang. The cleaning lady's aim had been knocked askew, and her shot hit a decorative potted plant on the wall instead. The pot shattered at once.

The cleaning lady's expression changed. She cocked her gun to load it, ready to take a second shot.

The pretty attendant, who had been scattering flower petals, rushed forward and sent the cleaning lady sprawling to the ground with one kick.

The attendant who had been giving Carlisle a massage kicked the gun in the cleaning lady's hand away and grabbed her wrist. She pinned it forcefully behind her back and pressed her

knee down on it to hold it in place. With her other hand, she took out a pair of silver handcuffs and cuffed the woman.

Francis and Wendell rushed in with several bodyguards and policemen.

Carlisle, still sitting in the hot spring pool, breathed a sigh of relief. He grabbed a towel next to him and wiped away the cold sweat on his brow.

"Wh-what's going on over there?" Eleanor asked. "Was that a gunshot?"

"I don't know. I'll go out and have a look. I'll call you back later." Carlisle hung up and scrambled out of the hot spring pool.

A real attendant hurried over to give him a thick bathrobe.

Francis tore the wig off the cleaning lady's head, revealing a thin man, who was around 30 years old.

Carlisle walked over and asked, "Who hired you to kill me?"

The man looked menacing. "Do you think you'll be able to get any information from a professional assassin about who hired them?"

"It's you, the Black Spider!"

The pretty woman with the petals had been scrutinizing the man. She scoffed and said, "I didn't expect you to just admit it!"

Francis looked surprised. "He's the Black Spider?"

The woman nodded and said, "That's right. The crime investigation department hired a simulation portrait artist. Through the descriptions of those murder case witnesses in Rhineland, we got a portrait of the suspect. He looks very similar to the portrait, and since he's admitted that he's a professional assassin, we can pretty much confirm that he's the Black Spider!"

"Take him back for interrogation!" the attendant who had been giving Carlisle a massage said.

## Chapter 712

The attendants were all members of the Crime Investigation Department in disguise.

Three days ago, they had infiltrated the resort and disguised themselves as attendants. They had expected an experienced professional assassin to spend some time observing the place and hadn't expected him to take action so quickly.

The chief was a middle-aged man in his 40s named Everett Fallon. He stuck out his hand, smiled, and said, "Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Zahn."

Carlisle shook hands with him and smiled, saying, "I should be the one thanking you. If it hadn't been for all of you, I might already be dead!"

Everett smiled meaningfully. "You've got a sense of humor, Mr. Zahn! Your bodyguards are all very skilled. Even if we weren't around, I don't think this professional assassin would have been able to hurt you at all. We'll take him away. If we can find out who's behind this, we'll contact you immediately."

"Alright." Carlisle smiled calmly. He looked at the beautiful woman who had been massaging him for the past few days and said, "Thank you for the past few days."

Jeanette McPherson smiled and said, "You're welcome. This is part of our job." She left with Everett and the others.

The moment they walked out of the resort, both women could not help beaming. "Chief Fallon, we'll get first-class merits for this!"

"Can't you two be more mature?" Everett swept an impassive gaze over them, but the corners of his mouth quirked up into an imperceptible smile.

The Black Spider had committed several murders in Rhineland, and they would've been able to get first-class merits even if they had had to shoot him dead on the spot. Now that they managed to catch him alive, their superior may even hold a commendation conference.

Everett said, "However, this first-class merit is pretty much a gift from Mr. Zahn. He was the one who came up with the plan, and we just played our roles. Even if we hadn't been here, his bodyguards would've been able to capture the Black Spider on their own!"

"Are his bodyguards really that skilled?" Jeanette looked shocked.

"I don't know about the rest, but I know the one called Francis. He's a retired member of the Leopard Strike Team, and he was team captain!" Everett looked reminiscent as he thought back to a joint field training that had taken place a few years ago.

"Why didn't he recognize you?" Jeanette asked innocently.

"Don't ask so many questions. Focus on your work." Everett looked annoyed as he got into the passenger seat of a black car.

Back at the hot spring pools, Francis, Wendell, and Kevin got in to enjoy themselves.

Carlisle sighed softly and said, "We should have just done it on our own!"

The professional assassin looked tough. He was unlikely to squeal on his employer.

However, if they had handed him over to Wade and the others, the result might have been different.

Francis understood what Carlisle was implying, and he lowered his head in silence.

It had been his idea to contact the Crime Investigation Department. His intention had been to avoid legal responsibility.

However, he had overlooked the fact that the professional assassin was just someone's pawn.

If they didn't find out who the real mastermind was, the danger would remain.

Although Carlisle seemed to be talking to himself, Francis felt that Carlisle was giving him a hint.

Carlisle picked up his phone and dialed Eleanor's number,

"Carlisle?"

"Ms. Ellie, let's continue our conversation..."

"Alright. Where were we?"

"You said you followed the trail up to the director of the business department." Carlisle reminded her, smiling.

"Oh, right. I would never have expected our director to be bribed! The directors of the business departments in the other companies are quite close to our director. They were persuaded by him, and they commanded their managers and supervisors to take care of this.

"That was why it was difficult for the company to trace it back to them. However, they didn't get past me in the end. I didn't let anyone else interfere in this."

## Chapter 713

Eleanor recounted what had happened clearly and concisely.

For the past three days, she had been locked in a battle of wits with the executives of the business department.

She had even flown to several states to see the directors of the other companies.

It had been very tiring, but she had learned many things.

"I can't believe you managed to peel back all those layers and trace it back to the director, Ms. Ellie! You're obviously intelligent and meticulous. When you take over Premier Technology in the future, I'm sure you're going to take it to the next level."

Carlisle knew how complicated it had been just by listening to her. The case involved high-level executives in five large companies that were in the field of advanced technology. The involvement of staff at the level of a director would have made it very hard to investigate thoroughly. After all, if someone had managed to get to that level, they wouldn't be someone of average intelligence.

Eleanor was Bernard's daughter, and he was the chairman of Premier Technology. However, she managed to find out all of this on her own. It proved how capable she was.

"Aww, you're making me blush!" Eleanor let out a burst of tinkling laughter.

Carlisle chuckled and continued, "I'm not flattering you. I meant what I said from the bottom of my heart."

"You're such a sweet talker. You must get all the ladies at university!"

"You flatter me, Ms. Ellie. I'm very loyal, so once I have a girlfriend, I won't be interested in anyone else," Carlisle said seriously.

"So you have a girlfriend?" Eleanor felt as if Carlisle was implying something.

He didn't think she was interested in him just because she'd been bantering with him, did he?

"Yes. She was my classmate in high school," Carlisle answered, smiling.

"Let's change the subject. Xenos Technology needs an eight-inch wafer, but we haven't managed to set up the production hall for that yet. We probably won't be able to work together for now," Eleanor said regretfully.

"Xenos Factory only needs wafers of slightly higher quality for the CPUs. We can still work together for the other chips," Carlisle said, smiling.

"What kind of CPU are you making? Why would it need an eight-inch wafer? Even the suppliers for international brands like Nokia and Motorola only buy six-inch wafers," Eleanor said in confusion.

"Well... That's a secret for now."

"Sorry, I asked too much." Eleanor knew that she shouldn't be asking about industry secrets. After apologizing, she continued, "Let us take on the manufacturing for all the wafers that Xenos Technology needs below eight inches. When our eight-inch wafer factory has been constructed, you can transfer your business to our company."

Eleanor saw Bernard walking in, looking stern. She said quickly, "That's all for now. My dad's here. We'll talk later!"

"Alright, bye!"

After Carlisle said goodbye, Eleanor hung up and looked guiltily at Bernard. "Dad, are you angry because I sued the director of the business department?"

"He accepted bribes and damaged the company's reputation. He deserves to be sued." Bernard walked over to his desk and said sternly, "I'm angry about the fact that you went to see the directors of the other companies. Do you know what their CEOs are saying about us?"

## Chapter 714

Eleanor stood up and pressed Bernard down into his chair. She massaged his shoulders and asked, "What did they say?"

"They say that we're not focusing on our products and have way too much time on our

hands!" Bernard was a prideful man, and he was very displeased at being criticized by his peers in the industry.

Eleanor said huffily, "Are they crazy? There was an issue in their business departments, and I helped them find out about it. It's fine that they didn't thank me for it, but now they're saying I have too much time on my hands?"

Bernard was amused. He said, "I already told you, but you just wouldn't believe me. Every company has its management system. If there are issues, they can investigate internally. "You're an outsider and a competitor, but you went to their business directors to investigate why they refused the Xenos Technology order. You even ended up finding a problem! How do you think they're going to react to that?"

He seemed to worry that Eleanor wouldn't understand, so he continued to explain. "Let me give you an example. Let's say we owned restaurants, and one of your waiters chased a customer off. If my waiter went and accused yours, how would you feel?"



Eleanor stuck out her tongue. "It does seem rather inappropriate."

Bernard said wryly, "If it was revealed that the waiter chased off a customer on the orders of someone in the management team, wouldn't that be a slap in the face?"

Eleanor pursed her lips and said, "I didn't think much of it at the time."

Bernard saw how aggrieved she looked, so he changed the subject and said, "Fine, fine. Let's not talk about this. How are discussions with Carlisle going? Has Xenos Technology made a large order?"

"There probably won't be many. They need eight-inch wafers, but we are currently only able to manufacture wafers that are smaller than eight inches."

"Xenos Factory has really risen from the ashes," Bernard murmured, his eyes narrowing.

"Dad, are you saying that Xenos Technology has made a big breakthrough in CPUs?" Eleanor immediately understood what Bernard was saying, but she couldn't help asking to make sure.

"Yes. Eight-inch wafers are limited to 90nm process nodes, and currently, there are no companies in our country that have managed to go further than a 90nm chip. Even Holden Microchips International would find that hard."

"If Xenos Technology can really produce a 90nm chip, wouldn't they become more famous than Holden Microchips International?" Eleanor felt her heart thumping wildly. She felt as if she had discovered a huge secret.

"That's right. If they can produce a 90nm chip before Holden Microchips International does, their fame will grow in leaps and bounds. They'll also draw the attention of the National Institute of Science. All kinds of investors will flock to them."

There was a gleam in Bernard's shrewd eyes. "Has Xenos Technology gotten themselves a 90nm lithography machine?"

"That doesn't seem possible. Hasn't the West been restricting our semiconductor technology? How could a small company like Xenos get a 90nm process lithography machine?" Eleanor felt that there was no basis for Bernard's deductions.

That was why Premier Technology was only an OEM for wafers. Getting the imported equipment to manufacture the wafers was enough of a headache as it was. A lithography machine for producing chips would be even more difficult to handle.

"Perhaps I'm overthinking," Bernard smiled bitterly and shook his head.

After his dip in the hot springs, Carlisle went to Aurora Holdings.

When he arrived, it was 6:00 pm.

That afternoon, Carlisle had instructed Selena to notify Govan Technology, Xenos Technology, and the suppliers of Aurora Holdings to come for a meeting.

The conference room of Aurora Holdings was spacious, and the huge oval conference table could seat 30 people.

Those in attendance at the meeting were: Logan, the CEO of Govan Technology; Hank, the R & D Director of Govan Technology; Ryan, the CEO of Xenos Technology; Edward, the supplier of phone screens; Simon, the supplier of batteries; and Harry, the supplier of cameras.

Carlisle sat at the head of the table. He turned to look at Ryan and asked, "Mr. Scott, have the problems with wafer manufacturing been resolved?"

## Chapter 715

"We've finished the discussions. According to your decision, we will let Holden Microchips International manufacture eight-inch wafers while the smaller wafers will be manufactured by Premier Technology. I'll send someone to sign the contracts tomorrow."

"How is the progress on the CPU sample?" The CPU was still Carlisle's biggest concern. After all, it was like the heart of a mobile phone.

"We completed the sample yesterday, but we haven't had time to package it yet." Ryan took out an intricate box from his pocket.

There was an unpackaged mobile phone CPU in it. It was small and exquisite and was

covered with transistors and circuits. Without the protection of an outer shell, the complex, delicate structures were clearly visible.

Carlisle picked up the box and looked closely at the chip. He asked in a low voice, "How much functionality of the Govan system can be realized?"

"Ten percent..." Ryan hung his head awkwardly. "This chip can only carry out the most basic functions of the Govan system. Our self-developed chip will probably only have tangible progress after another year."

"Do we lack people or money?" The chip was giving Carlisle a headache.

No wonder the leading phone manufacturers in the future had such trouble with self-developing chips. Even Orion, a leading company in technology, needed five years before launching their first chip. They had named it the chimera chip.

"We lack both people and money. Currently, we only have 60 people on our design team. If we want to design a chip, we need to start with the structure of the chip. If we think of a chip as a house, then the structure of the chip would be the frame of the house. We might

construct it with wood, cement, or other materials.

There are only four kinds of comprehensive chip architectures in the world. It's almost impossible to design a completely new chip architecture. After we're done with that, we'll need to start on the core. The core will also be a challenge." Ryan smiled bitterly.

Carlisle wanted them to use a completely new architecture so that they wouldn't be restricted by countries in the West.

However, designing a brand-new architecture wasn't an easy feat at all.

Carlisle was silent for a moment. He turned to Selena, who was taking meeting minutes beside him, and said, "Ms. Johansen, tell Mr. Swanson to come to the conference room." Selena nodded and took out her phone. She went to the door to make a call.

Ryan felt rather anxious. Was Carlisle planning on abandoning him?

Carlisle looked at Hank and asked, "How far has your system development gotten?"

Hank took a sip of tea calmly before saying, "Everything's ready."

Carlisle's lips curved up at the corners. "As expected of you, Hank!"

Robin Rooney, the inventor of the android, had spent a year with his team before they came up with the prototype. In the second year, they were acquired by Google in 2005 before they began turning to smartphones.

However, it had only taken Hank and his team three months to complete the first operating system for Govan smartphones.

Hank grinned and said, "We currently have nine versions that are compatible with nine types of CPUs. If they make the CPU well, our phone will be great. If the CPU isn't that great, we still have a system that only consists of basic functions."

There was a knock on the door. It was Anthony. "Mr. Zahn?"

"Come in." Carlisle nodded.

Anthony walked into the conference room and went over to Carlisle.

Carlisle got straight to the point. "Mr. Swanson, I'll have to trouble the human resources department for the next few days. I want you to start looking at the global market for talent. I need you to hire advanced experts in the field of semiconductors, especially designers and software architects.

"You can contact major human resource companies to ask them for their help in hiring talent. Whether it's our human resources department or an external company, they'll get three thousand dollars in referral fees if the engineer they hire completes six months of work. If they get two successful hires, they'll be rewarded six thousand dollars. There is no upper limit!

"For those who hop over from other jobs, they'll maintain their position. Technicians who have five years of work experience will get one hundred thousand in job hopping fees if they work for a year. Technicians with ten years of working experience will receive five hundred thousand.

"Similarly, those who apply from overseas will be compensated for their travel fees and receive rewards according to their job experience after they've worked for six months.

"Also, adjust the salaries to make them at the top end of the industry spectrum." Carlisle's series of conditions made the listeners' jaws drop.

Start hiring globally?

Three thousand dollars in referral fees?

The highest salaries in the industry?

One hundred thousand and five hundred thousand in job hopping fees?

Chapter 716

Carlisle was going all out.

Ryan was shocked by what Carlisle had said. He thought for a moment and said in a low voice, "Mr. Zahn, if you do that, I'm pretty sure that the entire semiconductor industry will have something to say about it!"

Five hundred thousand in job-hopping fees. They were flagrantly poaching talents from their peers.

Even Anthony frowned slightly.

He had been working for 20 years, but he had never seen anyone do such a thing.

It would raise the costs several times over, and other companies were sure to object.

If other companies in the industry joined forces to stand against them, it could exert huge pressure on Xenos Technology.

Carlisle did not answer Ryan. He looked at Logan and asked, "Have you found all the other suppliers?"

Logan nodded and said, "We've contacted pretty much all the suppliers, but their accessories aren't up to our standards. Besides, our company is just too small. They are hesitant about putting in a lot of money for research and development."

One phone required many suppliers.

A smartphone required an even bigger supply chain.

They needed more than ten suppliers just for microchips.

Xenos Technology was focusing on CPUs.

Although CPUs were the main chips for smartphones, they also needed sensor chips, memory chips, flash memory chips, and many others.

It was only the beginning of 2005, so most people had no idea what smartphones were. They were still thinking about how to make touch-tone phones more practical.

Carlisle leaned back in his chair and said casually, "Is there any way to deal with these suppliers?"

After a moment's silence, Logan shook her head. She could not think of a better way to persuade the suppliers besides giving them investment funds to carry out research and development. After all, Govan Technology just wasn't well known.

Hank said, "Let me take care of it. I'll give you a satisfactory answer within a week, Mr. Zahn.

Logan's eyes widened as she stared at Hank.

Was he crazy?

There were more than 100 suppliers, and at least half of them were unwilling to improve their equipment and products. What would he use to persuade them?

Carlisle laughed and said, "Fine. I'll be waiting to hear good news from you."

After that, Carlisle asked about the development progress of some of the suppliers' products.

Luckily, things were progressing fairly well, and they were expected to be able to produce samples within two months. After three months, they could begin mass production.

The meeting lasted until about 9:00 pm.

After the meeting was dismissed, Carlisle left the conference room.

However, Ryan remained in his seat. He was in a daze.

He felt that he hadn't done his job well, which was why Carlisle had developed a grudge against him.

If it went on like that, he would lose his position as CEO sooner or later.

Anthony patted Ryan's shoulder and said heavily, "Mr. Scott, Mr. Zahn is really going all out with Xenos Technology. Don't overthink things. As those who are part of management, we need to help Mr. Zahn overcome his obstacles, not create obstacles for him.

"You wanted the money to buy a lithography machine, and he gave you a check for one hundred million. You lack people, and he is willing to offend the entire semiconductor industry to get you the talent you need. Don't let him down!"

Ryan clenched his fists and said firmly, "I won't let Mr. Zahn down!"

In the elevator, Logan frowned and asked, "Hank, how are you planning to convince those suppliers?"

After coming out of the conference room, she had been thinking about how to persuade so many suppliers. She had racked her brains but still couldn't think of anything.

Hank stuck both hands in his pockets and smiled, saying, "Do you know what it means to make empty promises?"

Logan raised her eyebrows slightly. "Are you talking about deceiving those suppliers?" Hank's lips curved upward, and he squinted as he said, "Let's go and make a presentation to tell them how to move computers into phones. That will be the concept we give them about our smartphones. Smartphones are the future. Govan is going to completely overturn the phone industry. They'll become the pioneers and lead the phone hardware supply chain in the future!"

## Chapter 717

Logan's eyes curved into a smile. "You can make a speech then. I don't think I could exaggerate that much."

Hank shook his head. "I know a guy who was tricked into multilevel marketing. He only just managed to escape recently. He hasn't managed to scam anyone out of any money over the past three years, but he became the top speaker in that sales organization. I think we can use him!"

Logan flashed a grin at him. "I've realized you have one thing in common with Mr. Zahn. You both will use all means possible to reach your goal."

Carlisle was willing to offend the entire semiconductor industry to get the talent he wanted.

Hank was going to get the top speaker of a multilevel marketing organization to speak to the suppliers to trick them.



"How could you say that? We're just trying to accomplish our goal no matter what!"

"Is there a difference?" Logan burst into laughter.

Hank swallowed when he saw Logan's beautiful smile.

"Ms. Cooper, i-is your thing over?"

Logan's smile froze. "Why are you asking about that?"

Carlisle went back to his apartment and started a barbeque on his balcony.

He called Gareth to ask him to come over and talk about how to deal with Swiftfunds Financial Investments' overdue clients. However, Gareth said that the issue had been solved and that he was out of town on business for a couple of days.

Carlisle asked Gareth how it had been resolved, to which Gareth gave a very vague answer. He was obviously hiding something.

Therefore, Carlisle called Christine.

"Hello? Carl?" Christine said tentatively.

Carlisle speared a piece of beef, dipped it in sauce, and put it in his mouth. He asked, "How did you deal with the issue of the overdue clients?"

"We called them to urge them to pay," Christine said casually. Nothing seemed wrong, but Carlisle could tell they had coordinated the answer in advance.

"Gareth told me everything just now. Aren't you afraid that you're doing something illegal?" Carlisle said severely.

"I-illegal?" Christine lost her nerve at once.

Carlisle put the phone on speaker and placed it on the table. He put a sausage on the grill without saying anything.

Christine said timidly, "I-it probably isn't illegal... They're only visiting them to understand more about the situation. They wouldn't hit them or scold them!"

Carlisle was startled.

Wasn't that a door-to-door collection?

It was the same idea that he had.

Those who owed money should pay. That was perfectly reasonable.

If they didn't pay, they would have to bear the consequences.

Carlisle continued, "Was this the solution that you and Phoebe came up with, or was it Gareth?"

Christine said, "I-I was the one who came up with it..."

Carlisle laughed softly. "If you had said it was Phoebe, I would have believed you. I don't believe that it was you at all. Let me guess. Wanda came up with it, didn't she?"

Christine looked tough, but she was soft-hearted inside. It was unlikely for her to have thought of an extreme solution that involved going to people's doors to ask for money. Phoebe looked carefree, but she was actually timid. That was why she probably hadn't come up with it either.

Gareth was moody and wild. He was the most likely to have come up with it, but if he had, he wouldn't have spoken so vaguely about it with Carlisle.

That was why Carlisle had guessed that Wanda was the one who had thought it up.

"I knew we wouldn't be able to deceive you," Christine said, amused.

"Why would you need to? That was the same solution I thought of as well!" Carlisle laughed and bent down to continue eating his sausage.

"Ms. Thompson told us not to tell you," Christine said.

Carlisle paused. "Has she been contacting you often lately?"

## Chapter 718

Carlisle had been absorbed in work lately, and he only found himself plagued with feelings of longing when it was late at night.

Christine said, "We haven't been in much contact lately, and Wanda's phone has been turned off for the past couple of days."

Carlisle sighed. "It's getting late. Get some rest."

After hanging up, he drank half a glass of white wine.

Although it was cold outside, Carlisle felt hot as he sat by the grill and ate barbecued meat while drinking white wine.

On the 13th of January, the top post on all the web portals was Xenos Technology's advertisement for hiring at high salaries.

A lively discussion began on Widetalk Forum.

All the major human resources companies immediately put their staff to work to find experts in semiconductors.

Starting that afternoon, countless people began streaming in and out of Xenos Technology. The deserted gates of the factory area soon livened up with cabs stopping there every so often...

All the semiconductor factories immediately raised their salaries, afraid their technicians would collectively leave.

At Premier Technology, Bernard was taking a call in his office.

Bernard said bitterly, "If we don't raise their salaries, we won't be able to retain these talents ..."

The chairman of Microconductors was on the other end of the phone. He said calmly, "I heard that Xenos Technology is planning on developing their own chip. Only 20 percent of the multi-core processor that Wind Semiconductors launched last year consists of their own technology. In other words, it's a high-quality knockoff. Xenos Technology is just digging its own grave!"

Although there were numerous semiconductor factories in the country, there were only four that could manufacture mobile phone CPUs.

They were Wind Semiconductors, Xenos Technology, Holden Microchips International, and Taywan Semiconductors.

90 percent of the phones on the market were from overseas, and locally produced phones only took up ten percent.

The foreign phones that took up 90 percent of the market were all manufactured by Taywan Semiconductors and Holden Microchips International.

Wind Semiconductors and Xenos Technology took up half of the remaining ten percent respectively, adding to the domestically made knockoff CPUs. Xenos Technology had slowly

been overshadowed by Wind Semiconductors.

That was just the OEMS. The CPUs they worked on were all from overseas.

The country had yet to develop a mobile phone CPU of its own. Orion had only just established Orion-Haigh, which focused research on chips.

"Young people have many ideas. Perhaps he might succeed," Bernard said, a smile playing about his lips.

After a moment's silence, the person on the other end sighed. "I hope so. At least he's brave enough to do something. I actually kind of admire them. If we can really make our own phone CPUs, we'll be able to hold our heads up high in the International business world too!"

Carlisle stayed at Xenos Technology for the entire day.

There were about 30 people who had come to apply that day, and there were several foreigners among them.

Ryan had contacted a renovation company to renovate the other offices in the building. He had also told the purchasing department to buy a thousand sets of office desks and computers.

When Carlisle walked out of Xenos Technology, he suddenly received a call from Shania.

If Shania was calling him, it meant the fish market prices had risen, or she had found a sales channel.

Carlisle picked up and smiled as he said, "Shania, I'm guessing you have good news."

"Yes. The prices of most of our aquaculture products have increased by one and a half times. By the time spring comes around, it might have become twice as high." Shania sounded unexpectedly calm. She did not seem to be in a good mood.

"Is there something on your mind, Shania?" Carlisle asked, puzzled. "Wanda..."

## Chapter 719

In the car park below the Thompson Group building, Shania sat in her car, hesitating. She had accidentally overheard Shein and Josie talking when she passed by the chairman's office. "What's happened to Wanda?"

Carlisle shot up from his seat. His face had been rosy with warmth from the grill, but it immediately turned pale.

Shania took a deep breath and said solemnly, "Wanda and Bianca have escaped from the rehabilitation hospital. The Murrays used their connections and have been searching for two days but to no avail."

Carlisle was startled.

He said perplexedly, "The rehabilitation hospital is so heavily guarded that even a mosquito wouldn't be able to fly in. How did they escape?"

"That's what I don't understand, either. Besides, the Murrays have connections all over the country. They even used the police force, but they still couldn't find any trace of them!" Shania said seriously.

Carlisle sat back down in a daze. Maple Hill was right outside the hospital. The cold snap had swept over the entire country in the past few days, and the highest temperature had been 26 degrees Fahrenheit. Yorskle was in the north, where the highest temperature had dropped to minus 22 degrees.

If Wanda had escaped at night, she would have had to endure extreme cold, down to minus 22 degrees. It was the kind of cold that would have pierced right to the bone!

Carlisle's heart ached, but a spark of hope was in his eyes.

"Has she gone back to Riverland?"

Shania's voice was low and heavy.

"We've checked the airports, train stations, truck stops, and car rental companies. No one has seen them, and there's been no sign of them booking any tickets."

"Alright," Carlisle answered hoarsely.

He hung up and walked to the side of the balcony, staring out at the endless night outside the window. He wondered about where Wanda had gone. He considered if the Murrays transferred her to another secret, private hospital and were releasing this news to cover it up.

Carlisle felt more and more uneasy. According to the trajectory of his previous life, Wanda should have been safe and healthy. However, his rebirth had changed many things.

From the moment he founded Alumni Network, Alistair's fate had changed. Every action Carlisle made could change the destinies of a whole group of people.

Carlisle called Bianca, but he only received the sound of an ice-cold signal that showed that her phone was switched off.

He looked up at the night skies and shouted through gritted teeth, "Damn you! You let me be born again, but was it just to make a fool out of me?"

Carlisle spent the night tossing and turning in anxiety and fear. He was afraid, worried, and at a loss. His emotions twisted together into a tangle, and he felt helpless.

Light dawned.

Carlisle raised his hand mechanically to call Bianca. When he heard the familiar busy signal, he hung up, changed into his trainers, and headed out for a morning run.

Shorelin River flowed across Riverland. After nine days of continuous low temperatures, a thick layer of ice had frozen on top of it.

Carlisle ran wildly along the shores of the river. His footsteps were heavy and urgent as if he was using all the strength he had to dispel the anxiety and fear in his heart.

"What's going on with the boss?"

"How would I know?"

"Why don't you ask?"

"Why don't you?"

Wendell and Francis ran with their fists clenched at their sides, maintaining a distance of several feet from Carlisle.

Carlisle ran for an entire hour before stopping. He rested his hands on his knees while panting heavily.

Chapter 720

Wendell and Francis were neither panting nor red in the face. After exchanging looks, Francis asked in a small voice, "What's the matter, Mr. Zahn?"

Carlisle panted heavily as he answered, "Wanda's disappeared..."

"What?"

Wendell's eyes widened.

"Isn't she at the rehabilitation hospital?"

Carlisle sat on the steps and said slowly, "She escaped. Even the Murrays haven't been able to find her."

Wendell and Francis exchanged looks again. They saw fear and worry in each other's eyes. They were shocked that Wanda had managed to escape from the rehabilitation hospital, which had stringent security measures. Moreover, even an elite family like the Murrays had been unable to find her.

They were worried that an 18-year-old woman wandering alone in the woods would put herself in danger.

Wendell thought momentarily and said, "Let's ask Wanda's parents. Perhaps she's hiding at a relative's house!"



Wendell looked rough and ready, but he had once been the team leader of the Leopard Strike Team. He could be meticulous when needed, and he thought deeply about things.

Francis said in a low voice, "If Wanda is hiding at a relative's house, she wouldn't have been able to escape the Murrays' watchful eyes. Besides, she was sent to that place by her own father. She must have realized that her relatives might have informed Mr. Thompson of her location. That's why I think that she wouldn't go to a relative."

"That makes sense."

Wendell rubbed his chin and looked intently at Francis as he asked, "Where do you think she would go?"

"The countryside," Francis said, narrowing his eyes.

Carlisle jolted slightly, and he took out his phone to call Zoey.

"Hmm?"

Zoey sounded as if she had just woken up.

She whined sleepily and said in a dreamily, "Carl? What's the matter?"

Carlisle got straight to the point.

"Can you contact Wanda's housemaid at the rehabilitation hospital?"

Zoey was startled for a moment.

Then she laughed and said, "You're not trying to sneak in again, are you? It won't be possible now. My best friend just left the country last night-"

"Do you have her phone number?"

"No. She said she would contact me after settling down overseas!" "Alright."

Carlisle hung up, feeling disconsolate. He had been planning to get some leads from Wanda's housemaid. However, his plans had fallen through.

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

As soon as Carlisle hung up, he received a call from an unfamiliar number. His chest tightened, and he stared fixedly at the phone screen. He wondered if it was Wanda. After taking a deep breath, he answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Carlisle?"

A rather feminine male voice was on the other end of the line. Carlisle was disappointed once more.

He asked listlessly, "Who are you?"

The voice on the other end said harshly, "I underestimated you. You actually managed to whisk Wanda away right under my family's noses!"

Carlisle gripped his phone tightly and said in a low voice, "Is this Finn?"

Finn said coldly, "You don't need to bother about who I am. I'll give you three days. Bring Wanda back the way you got her out. Otherwise, you won't be able to bear my wrath!"

Carlisle laughed coldly.

"Aren't you the ones who transferred Wanda to another laboratory and then released the news of her escape so that you can keep her locked up? Are you using me as a scapegoat to pull the wool over everyone's eyes?"

Finn was silent for a few seconds.

He asked, "Do you really have nothing to do with it?"

Carlisle narrowed his eyes as well.

"Did she really escape on her own?"

The two of them were testing each other. Ultimately, they concluded that neither of them knew anything about it.

Finn said impassively, "I'll find Wanda. Also... I'll defeat you and make you accept it!"

"I'll be waiting!"

Carlisle scoffed and hung up. He had been reborn. With both his lives added together, he would be older than even Finn's father. Why would he be afraid of a man who was barely out

of puberty?

Francis asked, "Do you think it's someone from the Murrays?"

"Yes. I suspected that Wanda was transferred to another laboratory by your family, but that doesn't seem to be the case. She really has escaped, but I think it'll be tough to find her."