

Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell

#Chapter 81 - Read Back to the Past: Breaking the Love Spell Chapter 81

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Carlisle tucked his phone away and continued to munch on his bread roll filled with chorizo. His meal filled the classroom with the pungent smell of the sausage.

Despite the smell, many classmates were also having breakfast, so no one spoke up.

Carlisle wasn't usually a fan of such strong-smelling breakfast foods, but today, he found his chorizo-

stuffed bread roll surprisingly delicious.

Wanda moved her chair closer to Carlisle and whispered, "Carlisle, why did you ask about the chairman of Islo Clothing?"

"How did you know?" Carlisle turned his head abruptly, almost bumping into Wanda.

"Ew, that stinks..." Wanda quickly backed away from Carlisle. She even waved her hand to clear the air. "I shouldn't have bought you that bread roll."

Carlisle leaned in and blew a gust of air at Wanda. "Does it smell?"

"Stay away, it's gross!" Wanda covered Carlisle's mouth with her hands.

Several classmates glared at them as they were being loud,

"Remember, we're in a public place, so keep it down!" Phoebe interrupted from behind, covering her mouth to stifle a giggle.

With her face flushed, Wanda buried her head in her arms on the desk.

Christine, however, wasn't distracted by the commotion and remained engrossed in her book.

Her desk mate, Lorraine, leaned over cautiously and whispered, "Christine, do you have a crush on Carlisle, too?"

Christine shook her head firmly. "Not at all!"

"I saw your chat history on MSN with Carlisle!"

Christine's face turned red.

"I'm so sorry, Christine. I didn't mean to pry!" Lorraine said awkwardly.

Tears welled up in Christine's eyes, She looked down and muttered, "Then you must have seen that he likes Wandal

"Don't be upset. There are a lot of great guys in college. You're sure to find the right one. Besides, we're still young! There's no rush to start dating!"

Christine pursed her lips and nodded silently in agreement.

Christine had completely given up hope after receiving a message from Carlisle in the morning. She could tell that Wanda had feelings for Carlisle as well. Chapter 81.

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Wanda had probably fallen in love with him since high school. She had even waited for Carlisle to give up on Sarah.

When Christine thought about it, it was possible that Wanda intentionally got lower grades on her exams just to get into Riverland University with Carlisle.

Since the two of them were clearly in love, she decided it was hopeless to go after him.

Around 8:00 pm, Susan entered the classroom.

She immediately frowned. "It smells! Did no one bother to open the windows?"

"Please try to have breakfast outside next time. Even if there are special circumstances where you can't have breakfast, don't bring strong-smelling food like chorizo into the classroom!"

As Susan finished her words, those sitting near Carlisle turned to look at him.

Susan glanced at Carlisle as well but didn't press the issue. After all, these students had just started college. A gentle reminder was more than enough.

Carlisle felt his face burn.

Just when he had finally established a good image with the guidance counselor, a chorizo bread roll had ruined it.

Wanda apologized weakly, "Carlisle, I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have gotten you that bread roll!"

"It's..." Carlisle started, but when he turned to look at Wanda, she was stifling a laugh.

Carlisle gritted his teeth and finished his sentence. "...fine."

Wanda bit down on her lips and began mentally reviewing every heartbreaking moment in her life.

It was only after she remembered the death of her golden retriever, who had accompanied her through high school, that she managed to keep a straight face.

Carlisle only had Susan's class in the morning. The rest of the day was for self-study.

As the class was about to end, Wanda asked, "Carlisle, you still m What haven't answered my do you want with the chairman of Islo Clothing?"

"Uh..." Carlisle was at a loss for words as he tried to come up with an excuse.

"I can help you!"

"Uh..."

He knew Wanda's family was wealthy, but he hadn't thought they were influential enough to have connections with the chairman of Riverland's leading fashion company.

"Do you want to meet him, or do you just need his phone number?"

"Meeting him would be ideal!"

"Alright, I'll arrange it for you. But how will you thank me?"

Chapter Carlisle chuckled mischievously. "How about a kiss?"

"What..." Wanda glanced around to make sure no one was watching before saying with a flushed face, "Can't you be serious for once?"

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"So, how should I thank you?" Carlisle asked seriously.

"How about buying me coffee this Saturday?" "How a

"Deal!" Carlisle agreed without hesitation.

Wanda was too easy to please. All it took was a cup of coffee, and she was content.

She was always a piece of cake to appease whenever she was upset. To Carlisle, she was the ideal wife.

As the class ended, Carlisle suddenly spoke, "Wanda, I won't be able to have lunch with you today. I have to take care of something!"

"What do you have to do, Carlisle?" Wanda looked at him in confusion.

They were both freshmen, so it baffled her that he was so busy.

Carlisle explained with a smile. "A friend of mine just moved here, and we're planning to start a small business together. I might get busy from now on!"

When she heard Carlisle was going into business, a gleam of ambition flashed in Wanda's eyes.

Carlisle was only a year older than her, yet he was already thinking about making money in college. She wondered if it was because he was aware of his family's financial situation and felt pressured to do something

"Well, go ahead and do your thing. I'll support you!" Wanda smiled sweetly, her eyes showing her happiness.

She suddenly felt very lucky.

While her peers were still asking their families for money, Carlisle was already starting a business. That was her kind of guy.

Wanda and Phoebe walked ahead while Carlisle followed silently.

As they left the building, Carlisle scanned his surroundings and spotted Mike with a few seniors nearby.

His face darkened.

He had never been threatened in his life.

However, after being reborn, he was threatened by a college student in his early 20s, and he had no way of dealing with it.

Mike took out a cigarette and lit it.

One of his friends chuckled. "This kid seems pretty obedient!"

"Of course he does. If we can't even handle a freshman, how are we supposed to survive in this school?"

Another scoffed.

Mike pulled out his phone and sent a text message. Then, he waved his hand. "Hey, let's go have a feast."

Carlisle arrived at the rental house with four takeout meals in hand.

Heath was busy setting up the internet connection with some of the staff.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Owen were passed out on the couch after pulling another all-nighter.

"Carl..." Heath greeted him.

chut have you? H.....

"Haven't had up and eat!" Carlisle put the takeout on the table.

It was four servings of lasagna. They were a dollar more expensive per serving than the ones in Rainville.

Heath nudged Owen and Benjamin with his foot, but they were fast asleep and wouldn't wake up. So he sat down to eat with Carlisle.

Heath narrowed his eyes. "Carl, if you really want to get rid of Mike, I can help you..."

"How?" Carlisle looked up at Heath.

"I'll get some of my friends to confront him at the campus gate!"

"And what are you going to do after that? Blend in?"

"We can go to the Tristream District. That's Gold Tooth's territory, Ian and Gold Tooth are mortal enemies, so he wouldn't dare enter Tristream!" Heath explained.

"I appreciate the offer, but I'll handle this myself. What you need to do is get the studio/up and running as soon as possible!"

Heath was going to be a big deal in the future, but it wasn't time yet.

Without money to buy people off, Heath's buddies weren't trustworthy.

After lunch, the internet was set up.

Carlisle took a seat and tried the computer.

The performance and speed were pretty good.

Then he started browsing some forums.

Out of the blue, Heath pulled a note out of his packet. "This is the number of my buddy from elementary school. He went to college and is now a programmer. All those cheats on the forums were mostly his

work!"

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Carlisle's eyes lit up with excitement. It was as if someone had given him a pillow while he was tired.

He had been discussing the gold farming process with Heath and the others earlier.

He hadn't expected Heath to remember everything he had said and even to contact his old classmate.

Carlisle dialed the number on the note.

"Who's this?" a hoarse voice answered from the other end.

"Hello, I'm Carlisle, and I'm..."

"Oh, you're Carlisle, huh? How much can you pay me every month?" The voice interrupted.

The person on the phone seemed to know why Carlisle was calling and didn't wait for him to finish before asking about his salary.

"Did Heath tell you about my account farming business?"

"He did. I can get you whatever you need."

Carlisle's tone became indifferent as he said, "I don't like dealing with people who brag."

"I won't take a penny from you if I were lying!" Hank replied in a similarly cold manner.

He felt that Heath's friend had no respect for him. If it weren't for Heath, he would have hung up by now.

He made thousands of dollars a month selling cheats on the forums. There was no need for him to cater to anyone.

Carlisle smiled. "What's your ideal salary?"

"The same as everyone else. I want two hundred dollars a day!" Hank replied.

"Fine. Come by today, and I'll pay you for a day's work."

After Carlisle hung up, Heath looked at him worriedly, cigarette in hand. "With four people in the studio, you'll be spending eight hundred dollars daily!"

Carlisle's smile froze. It was indeed annoying.

Spending eight hundred a day meant he was losing five thousand six hundred dollars a week. The studio business wouldn't make that much in the beginning. Not to mention that he had less than five thousand dollars on him right now.

Heath stubbed out his half-smoked cigarette into an empty beer bottle and suggested, "Let's switch to monthly payments for the salary. You just have to take care of our food, housing, and transportation. We have computers now, so we don't have to go to internet cafes!"

"Don't worry about the money. I'll never go back on my word!" Carlisle said.

"It's almost time for class. I'll be back tonight." Carlisle got up and walked out of the room, leaving nothing Chapter \$3

but a cool silhouette behind..

Heath stared at Carlisle's leaving figure. He was more and more convinced that Carlisle was someone who could make a fortune. Staying by his side was no mistake.

Carlisle returned to campus. As he approached the campus gate, he received a message from Wanda.

"Carlisle, can you bring me a bottle of mineral water?"

"Sure!"

Carlisle went to the convenience store and bought two bottles of mineral water. Just as he was about to pay, Mike entered the store with two of his buddies.

They looked tipsy.

Carlisle paid five dollars and didn't ask for the change before getting ready to leave.

Mike put his hand up to stop Carlisle. His breath smelled of alcohol. "You got two bottles of water?"

"For a friend."

Mike's expression darkened. "They're for Wanda, right?"

One of them shoved Carlisle. "Didn't we talk about this last night? Have you forgotten?"

"Let's go to the bathroom and have a chat, shall we?" the other one said as he draped his arm around Carlisle's shoulder.

Carlisle knew he couldn't beat them, so he forced a smile and offered them the water. "Here, these are on me!"

Mike took the water from Carlisle's hand and patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't let me catch you again, or I'll take you to the bathroom for a real talk!"

With that, he waved his hand and went deeper into the convenience store with his friends.

Carlisle left the store with a dark expression on his face.

He never expected to be the target of bullies.

Back in high school, he had some good friends. As long as he didn't upset any of the bullies, he was safe at school.

He wondered if he should tell the teacher. Things might get worse if he did. Besides, the school might not have handled it properly, and he didn't have any evidence.

"Damn it, just you wait!" Carlisle glared at the convenience store before quickly dashing out of campus to buy two bottles of mineral water.

When he returned to the classroom, he was sweating profusely.

Wanda furrowed her brow. She took a small electric fan out of her desk drawer and handed it to Carlisle. "Why do you look so tired?"

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Carlisle unscrewed the cap and took a big gulp. "I've been hounded by this mutt for days, so I just bolted!"

Wanda couldn't help but snort with laughter.

"Next time, take a selfie and show me your sorry state!"

She didn't doubt Carlisle's story. In fact, she was quite curious about how he looked while being chased by a dog.

Carlisle just smiled and remained silent.

"Wanda! I did all that for you!" he retorted inwardly.

Wanda put a piece of paper with a phone number on Carlisle's desk.

"This is the phone number of the chairman of Islo Clothing. My... uncle got it for me and told the chairman about you. So you can set up a meeting with him!"

"Even the chairman of Islo Clothing listens to your uncle, huh? Sounds like he's quite a big shot," Carlisle said with a grin.

Wanda shook her head and laughed. "He's an old college buddy of my uncle. They go way back."

Carlisle didn't think too much of that and dialed the number right away. After about ten seconds, a neutral voice answered, "Hello, who's this?" "Hi, I'm Carlisle, a student at Riverland University, and I was hoping..

"Just tell me where to meet. I'm in a meeting. Make it quick!"

"6:00 pm at Rick's Cafe!"

The line cut off as soon as Carlisle finished the address.

Carlisle's mouth twitched in annoyance.

Damn it. He was trying to save their life, but they were acting like he owed them something.

"Did he just hang up?"

"Well, bosses tend to be a little temperamental!" Carlisle said with a resigned smile and quickly turned off the fan as Susan entered the classroom.

Susan was busy preparing for the bonfire party, and after a few reminders about discipline, she left.

Time flew, and as soon as the school bell rang, Carlisle was out of his seat.

He didn't dare leave the building with Wanda before he dealt with the threat.

If Mike saw them, he'd probably make their lives miserable. Chapter 114

Wanda was still packing her books when she saw Carlisle running off as if his life depended on it. She gritted her teeth in annoyance. "Dammit, he didn't even wait for me!"

Carlisle arrived at Rick's Cafe at 6:20 pm.

A man in his 30s stood at the door and eyed him intently. "Are you Carlisle from Riverland University?"

Carlisle nodded. "That's me."

The man in the suit looked Carlisle up and down. No matter how hard he stared at Carlisle, he didn't recognize him as one of his bosses' children.

"What do you want from my boss?"

"That's none of your business, is it?" Carlisle replied coolly.

The man's gaze turned icy. "Listen, kid, watch your attitude..."

"And how would you prefer me to talk to you? I have an appointment with your chairman, and he has agreed to meet with me. Why all the questions?"

The man clenched his fists, barely holding back his anger. However, he knew better. Carlisle was someone Lethan wanted to see, and their relationship was a mystery to him.

"Come with me!" The man unclenched his fists and led Carlisle up to the cafe's second floor. It was a place filled with the city's elite.

Notebooks lay on tables next to cups of coffee while groups of wealthy heirs chatted about the latest beauties of Riverland University's campus.

The man led Carlisle to a seat by the window. A middle-aged man with a scholarly charm was flipping through a magazine.

"Boss, Carlisle's here," the man whispered.

Lethan put down his magazine and greeted Carlisle with a warm smile.

"Please, have a seat."

Carlisle sat across from Lethan. He was nervous.

The man before him was a billionaire, after all. He had never met anyone of his level in either of his lives.

"What would you like to drink? Lethan asked amiably.

"A cup of Rick's coffee with 70% sugar, please!"

"But coffee is best enjoyed black."

"I have a sweet tooth."

"Why not just get sweet tea, then?"

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"I get tired of it if it's too sweet," Carlisle explained.

The man chuckled softly and motioned for the waiter to bring on Carlisle his specially sweetened coffee: "So tell me, what brings you here?" Lethan asked, getting right to the point.

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Carlisle glanced back at the man who escorted him up..

"He's my driver. He's been with me for six years. Speak up if you have something to say!"

Carlisle shook his head. "I can only discuss this with you."

Lethan paused for a moment

"Speak or get lost!" John said.

Lethan gestured for John to leave. John, give us some time alone."

"But boss..."

"A kid in his teens can't possibly hurt me, can he?" Lethan said with a chuckle.

John glared at Carlisle before turning to leave.

The waiter set down two cups of coffee.

Lethan lowered his head and took a sip of his coffee. "Can we finally talk now?"

Not speaking immediately, Carlisle stirred his coffee.

"Hm?"

Lethan looked up at Carlisle with an air of authority about him.

Carlisle took out his phone and sent Lethan a text message.

Lethan took out his phone and read the text. He furrowed his brow.

"You may be under surveillance, so I can't talk to you about it directly. I'll keep texting you. Don't show shock or anger when you read the messages!"

What was this kid up to? Surveillance? Was this some kind of joke?

Lethan took another sip of his coffee as he planned to leave.

He thought Carlisle probably wanted a shortcut to a job in his company after graduation, so he tried to get his attention with a wild stunt.

Another text alert sounded.

Lethan hesitated for a while, but he opened the message anyway.

"Your wife and driver are having an affair. They plan to liquidate three billion from your company in three days!"

Lethan slammed his fist down on the table. Both cups of coffee fell over.

Carlisle was splattered with coffee.

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John rushed over. "Boss... What happened?"

Lethan's eyes fixed on Carlisle, his face filled with endless rage.

He loved his wife dearly, and his driver had been like a brother to him for six years. Why would they betray him?

It was just a job opening. He could give it to Carlisle for Wanda's sake. There was no reason for him to use the reputation of his wife and close friend to get his attention.

Carlisle returned Lethan's stare.

He had warned him in the text, but Lethan couldn't control his emotions. If John read the message, his plan would have been ruined. John grabbed Carlisle by the collar, ready to strike.

"You little brat! Are you looking for trouble by messing with my boss?"

"John, stop!" Lethan ordered.

"Boss, what happened?"

"He wants to do an internship at our company. I told him he was too m Chim, young, and he cursed me out, that's

all."

John raised his hand again, ready to strike. "You little punk! Who are you to insult my boss?"

"Stop!"

John glared at Carlisle as he suggested, "Boss, this is a waste of our time. Let's go!"

"I'm tired. Take me back to the mansion!" Lethan headed for the exit without looking back.

Carlisle stood up abruptly and yelled, "At least pay the damn bill!"

Since Lethan had already accused him of cursing, he might as well do it.

"Hey, listen here... John began to roll up his sleeves as he couldn't stand Carlisle's attitude any longer. He was ready to lunge at him.

Lethan tapped him on the shoulder. "Go pay the bill."

"Boss..."

"What?" Lethan's look was colder than before.

John went to the counter to pay.

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Lethan glanced at Carlisle before heading for the stairs.

Carlisle sighed helplessly. He had done his best. Whether Lethan believed him or not was up to him.

After leaving the cafe, Carlisle withdrew all his money from his bank account and took a car to the studio.

Just as he arrived at the studio, he received a text message. It was from the chairman of Islo Clothing.

"You better not have lied to me, or I'll make sure you get expelled from Riverland University!"

Carlisle wondered if he was being threatened and scratched his head in frustration.

Why should he, a person who was given a second chance at life, tolerate such intimidation? Was he to be pushed around by everyone now?

With a restless spirit, he replied, "I hope you can still talk to me like that in three days!"

In the living room of the studio, Heath had bought a variety of dishes, and there was a case of beer on the floor.

The four friends were enjoying their cigarettes shirtless.

"Carl!" All four stood up to greet Carlisle when they saw him arrive.

Carlisle was taken aback by the sight, knowing full well that it was Heath's doing. Heath was genuinely eager to make something of himself by working with Carlisle.

"Have a seat, everyone..." Carlisle entered the living room with a smile, then took a moment to size up the new programmer.

Hank had shoulder-length, unkempt hair and thick glasses. His frame was almost skeletal.

Carlisle had thought that programmers were supposed to lose their hair from stress. Hank, however, was losing weight.

As Carlisle was watching Hank, Hank was doing the same with Carlisle. When he realized Carlisle was only about 18 years old, his eyes showed a hint of disdain.

Carlisle approached Hank and held out his hand. "Welcome to the team!"

Hank gave Carlisle a token handshake before going back to smoking on his own.

"Carl, take my seat!" Heath offered Carlisle his seat and pulled up another chair for himself.

Carlisle opened a bottle of beer and held it up. "Our team is really coming together now. Let's drink to that!"

Heath opened his beer. Benjamin and Owen followed suit and popped the caps off their bottles.

Hank picked up a bottle of wine from the floor and said nonchalantly, "I'll stick to the hard stuff."

The five of them clinked their bottles and took several swigs.

Hank downed a third of his wine in one gulp as if it were water.

Carlisle chuckled nervously, "Hank, can you still work after drinking that much?"

"Have you ever wondered why I'm unemployed?" Hank snorted.

Heath, caught between laughter and concern, explained, "Other companies won't let him drink on the job!"

Carlisle's mouth twitched. Was Hank drinking hard liquor on the job? Which boss would tolerate that? If it weren't for the lack of suitable candidates and Heath's sake, Carlisle wouldn't have considered him.

Heath leaned in and whispered to Carlisle, "Don't worry, the alcohol doesn't affect him. Sometimes, he would get inspired after drinking and come up with weird but useful things.

"Back in July 2001, he hacked into The Legendary Tale's main server, causing all their servers to go down for maintenance for two days!"

"Seriously?" Carlisle's heart raced. He had struck gold. "Hank, drink all you want. We don't have any rules here, and there's plenty of booze!"

Carlisle happily tapped his beer bottle against Hank's wine bottle.

Meanwhile, at the Warbane residence, Lethan returned to his room and sat at his desk. He stared blankly at a picture of his wife.

The woman in the picture looked to be in her mid-20s. She had impeccable beauty.

After a long time, he snapped out of his daze and sent a text message to his brother-in-law.

"Could you have your private investigator check on Quinn and John for me?"

"Have you come to your senses?"

"Yes,"

"Josie and I knew that woman was no good from the start. But you turned against us for her, even going as far as to hit your sister!"

"If Quinn and John are really ha

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Carlisle and his friends were enjoying their drinks.

Sean had joined the fun halfway through, and he brought some ribs.

The six of them quickly bonded, with Sean and Hank engaging in a drinking game.

Hank was a veteran at drinking games, so Sean was no match for him. He quickly got drunk after a few rounds.

Heath lit a cigarette and sternly warned Hank. "That's enough. Don't get him so drunk that he gets sick!"

"At his age, I could drink more than two pints of white wine!"

Benjamin chuckled and said, "Hank, I'll drink with you!"

His eyes were clear and showed no sign of drunkenness.

"I'll be right back. I just have to go to the bathroom," Hank said, loosening his belt before walking away with steady step. Just as Hank reached the bathroom door, Owen collapsed to the floor. His face and body were as red as roast pork.

Heath helped Owen to the couch. "This guy can't drink but insists on drinking!"

"You guys can really hold your liquor. Any secrets?"

Carlisle sipped his tea cautiously. He envisioned future business deals where it would be an advantage to have such capable drinkers at his side.

"No secret, just drink a bunch!" Benjamin replied with an honest smile, then added, "We're out of drinks. I'll go buy some more."

Carlisle watched Benjamin leave, feeling a myriad of emotions. Who would have thought that the seemingly honest and gentle Benjamin would become a bully in Riverland? However, now that they were with him, things were going to change. Benjamin returned with two cases of beer and three bottles of Chardonnay.

Hank and Benjamin resumed their competition while Carlisle and Heath played games on the computer.

After about two hours, Hank and Benjamin had finished off both crates of beer and all three bottles of Chardonnay.

Benjamin slurred, "Wait here... I'll get more drinks!"

"Go ahead. I'm not afraid of you!" Hank replied contemptuously.

"Enough, both of you, stop drinking!" Heath glared at them. "Hank, it's time to do some real work!"

"Alright, no more drinking!" Benjamin, who feared no one but his older brother, hung his head when he Chapter 87

saw Heath getting angry.

Hank sat down with half a bottle of Chardonnay. After booting it up, he pulled out a USB drive and plugged it in.

He installed over twenty software packages that were stored on it, including programming tools, several cheats, and multiboxing software.

Carlisle and Heath moved their chairs closer to Hank and watched intently as he showed the cheats on the computer screen.

SpeedGear 3.0, Timely Rain 3.0, Twin Tigers Anti-Ban, and Crimson Moon Ultimate were among the cheating software that he has.

"Wow, you have quite a collection of cheats!"

Carlisle was amazed. These versions were far superior to those sold on the forums.

Those found in the forums were priced around 15 to 30 dollars each. They were unstable and prone to account bans.

Still, many players risked it for the thrill of ambushing higher-level players.

"How about that? Have I found the right person for you?" Heath asked with a grin, lighting another cigarette.

Carlisle snatched the cigarette from Heath's hand and lit it for Hank "Absolutely reliable!"

Hank brushed his long hair away from his face and mumbled through in the cigarette, "I'm in a good mood today, so I'm going to share my private stash for some fun.

"He's usually very stingy. He doesn't even share these cheats with us!"

The implication behind his words was clear-Hank had laid out his treasures. He was showing his commitment to Carlisle.

"I was hoping to make some money with these!" Hank took a sip of m Chardonnay and grinned. He even let out another hiccup.

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"Damn, would having 30 dollars less kill you?" Heath lamented. Although they hadn't been in touch much since high school, they had many shared experiences together.

"I'll send you the cheats, and you can play with them. I'll set up the multiboxing."

Hank added Carlisle to his MSN and sent him some useful cheats from his desktop.

With Hank's guidance, Carlisle began using cheats he had never tried before.

SpeedGear was a hack that could adjust a character's movement and attack speed, while Blood Lock 3.0

locked a character's health, ensuring they wouldn't die even at zero health.

"This is insane!" Carlisle said, wreaking havoc with his wizard in the Fantasy Labyrinth.

Heath looked at Carlisle's screen with a cigarette in his mouth. He noticed that Carlisle wasn't in a guild.

"You're not in a guild yet, Carl? Want to join ours?"

Carlisle smiled. "No guild for me. I'm just playing casually."

Heath's expression darkened. Carlisle was only 17 or 18, but he could already prevent himself from falling into a gaming addiction. He was focused on making money.

Meanwhile, Heath was almost 27 years old and had nothing to show for it.

Heath took a long puff from his cigarette and opened the guild menu to leave his current guild.

"We should form our own guild. All the studio accounts will join it," Hank suggested, his fingers flying across the keyboard.

Heath nodded eagerly. "I'll do it!"

Meanwhile, Carlisle was on the eighth floor of the Fantasy Labyrinth, battling the Rainbow Demon Lord. He was surrounded by players from the Makers of Chaos guild.

"Is that guy using cheats?"

"Look at his equipment and damage! It's impossible!"

"Damn it, let's take him down together!"

Dozens of players swarmed around Carlisle.

Carlisle was unfazed as he had the Blood Lock cheat activated. He wouldn't die.

However, taking down the group of players wouldn't be easy.

Carlisle maneuvered his character around the boss. The other players couldn't keep up.

Just then, a private message popped up from a player named "The Whisperwind".

"Damn, Carlisle, what kind of cheat is that? Hook me up!"

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"Mr. Sanders?"

"Man, it hasn't been that long, and you've forgotten me?"

"No, I haven't. This cheat belongs to someone else, and I can't share it."

"Alright, just be careful not to get banned," Ivan kindly advised.

"Thanks, Mr. Sanders!"

Ivan stopped chasing Carlisle and went off to farm smaller monsters.

Carlisle continued to fend off the Makers of Chaos members, casting spells now and then.

Soon, Ivan sent word again. "Our guild leader is coming!"

Carlisle ignored the warning and looted the equipment of two fallen players before resuming the fight.

A while later, a max-level warrior wielding the Heavenly Sword attacked Carlisle.

"Holy crap, the Heavenly Sword!"

Heath's eyes almost popped out of his head. After three years of playing

Even Hank stopped coding and turned to look at Carlisle's screen.

Carlisle sent a private message to Ivan. "Mr. Sanders, the Heavenly Sword that your guild leader has wouldn't happen to be the one I sold you, would it?"

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"It's the one you sold me. You should go. Our guild leader is not someone you want to mess with. He's powerful both online and offline!"

Just then, Heath asked worriedly, "Hank, do you think we can take him down with cheats?"

"It's possible..."

Hank shakily pulled out another USB drive and plugged it into the computer.

The folder on the USB drive contained a file called "Blood Demon".

"This cheat can kill a player instantly, but it's easy to get banned!"

"Heath, go to where Carl is. Carl, as soon as you get the Heavenly Sword, give it to Heath.

Hank opened a web page on his computer. On it were lines of obscure code.

After Carlisle installed the software, Hank set the parameters and narrowed his eyes. "Let's do this..."

"Won't the developers know our IP address?" Carlisle began to have doubts.

The Heavenly Sword was still a valuable piece of equipment. If they used cheats to kill someone, the developers would definitely look into it.

If someone reported the incident, they could all end up in jail.

"This is a virtual server. The IP address is set in Sylvanor, so no one can trace us!"

Carlisle took a deep breath and cast a fireball spell.

It did 999 damage.

"What the hell..."

In a luxurious hotel, Zachary stared at the screen in disbelief.

His character was fully equipped, had 989 health, and was wielding the Heavenly Sword, yet instantly hit by a fireball for 999 damage.

He was sure that his enemies were cheating.

"My Heavenly Sword!"

Zachary watched helplessly as his Heavenly Sword fell to the ground.

he was The player who killed him, Bygones_b_bygones, picked up his Heavenly Sword and Memory Ring and ran away.

Zachary slammed his fist on the table as he felt his blood boil.

"Damn it... Damn it all..."

Chapter 89

Losing the Heavenly Sword was bad enough, but losing the Memory Ring, too?

Those two items cost him two hundred thousand dollars.

After a while, Zachary calmed down and announced in his guild chat, "Someone named Bygones_b_bygones' used cheats to steal my Heavenly Sword and Memory Ring. Help me find this person, either online or offline!"

After trading the items to Heath, Carlisle's account was immediately taken offline.

"Could we have been flagged by the developers? Carlisle felt guilty. The Heavenly Sword was worth 80 thousand dollars-a fortune by today's standards.

"We should find someone to sell it to tonight!"

Heath's hands shook as he lit a cigarette. Though he often mixed with all sorts of people, he had never done anything downright unethical.

"I can find a buyer!"

Hank pulled out his phone and scrolled through his contacts.

He soon dialed a number.

Hank put the call on speaker, and a groggy voice came through. The call had woken the person up.

"Hank, my man, why are you calling me in the middle of the night?"

Hank asked in a low voice, "Mr. York, would you be interested in buying a Heavenly Sword and Memory

Ring?"

"What?" Bob York immediately sat up.

Hank remained silent and slowly lit a cigarette.

After a moment, Bob regained his composure and took a deep breath. "I know you won't lie to me. Where are you? I'm coming over right now!"

"I'll head to where you are..."

Hank was careful not to reveal the location of the studio to Bob.

"Alright, come to my place!" Bob's voice was full of excitement.

He was a die-hard player of The Legendary Tale and knew the value of these two items.

They were rare and priceless.

After hanging up, Hank told Heath and Carlisle, "Let's go to the m Dragonville Hotel now!"

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Heath and Carlisle nodded in agreement and then hurried to Dragonville Hotel.

The hotel wasn't in the center of Riverland but 120 miles away in Dragonville.

It was already 3:00 am. when they arrived at the Dragonville Hotel.

The hotel was a six-story private establishment that could be considered luxurious even by Riverland standards.

Outside the hotel, a group of carefree young men were smoking cigarettes.

Hank had introduced Heath and Carlisle to Bob during the car ride.

Bob was a businessman born in the 1970s. He owned a hotel and an electronics factory.

Hank had interned at Bob's factory after graduating from college. He was later fired by the manager because of his alcoholism.

a work.

Back then, Bob personally called Hank to apologize and invite him back to At the time, Hank was young and proud. Unable to take the slightest insult, he refused Bob's offer. However, he found Bob to be a nice person and promised to help him in the future if the company had any problems with networking and software.

So they kept in touch and occasionally got together to play The Legendary Tale.

Bob liked to play games and had formed a moderately successful guild in the game. He had once offered. to buy top-of-the-line equipment, such as the Heavenly Sword, at high prices on the forum. However, such items were rare and difficult to obtain, even with money.

As the three of them approached the hotel entrance, a skinny young man with dyed yellow hair and a cigarette in his mouth approached them.

"Long time no see, Hank!" he greeted, offering Hank a cigarette from his pack of Sobranie.

Hank lit the cigarette. "Where's Mr. York?"

"Follow me." The young man glanced at Carlisle and Heath, then turned to lead the way.

They were taken to a luxurious suite on the third floor, where the air conditioning was set to a low temperature. Bob was dressed in silk pajamas as he smoked on the couch.

The young man knocked at the door. After two puffs, Bob stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray and got up to open the door.

"Mr. York..."

"Hank... You're here!" Bob greeted them warmly. "Come in and sit down!"

They followed Bob into the room.

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Bob smiled and asked, "Where did you get the equipment?"

After playing The Legendary Tale for almost four years, he couldn't believe that Hank had been lucky enough to come across the Heavenly Sword and the Memory Ring at the same time.

"It dropped from Chaos Hero," Hank admitted truthfully.

Bob laughed heartily. "That guy was flaunting the Heavenly Sword all over the place. He got what he deserved, huh?"

The Heavenly Sword should have been his to begin with. However, the seller changed his mind and sold it to the Makers of Chaos guild leader instead.

"Do you know him, Mr. York?" Carlisle asked.

Bob's eyes shifted to Carlisle.

Hank introduced him to Bob. "This is Carlisle, the one who took down Chaos_Hero!"

Bob chuckled knowingly. "You used cheats to defeat him, didn't you?"

"Chaos_Hero" was a big spender. Even without the Heavenly Sword and the Memory Ring, not many people could stand up to him in a fight.

Besides, Bob knew how good Hank was with a computer. It wouldn't be weird if he created an overpowered cheat.

"Yes, the cheats are mine!" Hank admitted openly.

"Then let's see the goods." Bob walked over to the computer by the window.

Heath logged into his account.

Bob examined the equipment, his eyes sparkling with excitement. With these two items, his guild would surely soar to new heights.

"Name your price!" Bob said, trying to control his excitement.

"Two..."

Carlisle interrupted Hank. "150 thousand dollars!"

Heath and Hank looked at Carlisle in surprise. They had agreed on a price of 200 thousand on the way to the hotel.

Bob smiled slightly. "I'm not sure the developers will confiscate the equipment after this blows up."

"Let's be friends, how about 100 thousand?"

Heath and Hank felt their hearts sink.

They were sure they could have sold the equipment for 200 thousand dollars. Carlisle had just cut the price in half, and they couldn't understand why.

Bob nodded in satisfaction. "Fair enough, 100 thousand it is won't ask for a refund, even if the developers take the equipment back."

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