

Love Spell 441

Chapter 441

Carlisle noticed Liam as soon as he entered the banquet hall. He wasn't fond of him as he suspected his insistence on meeting Wanda might have ulterior motives. Moreover, Carlisle was in a hurry to sign the contract with Gareth, so he didn't want to waste time dealing with Liam upstairs.

"Mr. Zahn, shall we start signing the contract now?"

Gareth gestured for Carlisle to proceed.

Carlisle nodded and gestured for Gareth to go first.

Gareth didn't insist further and took his seat between his two secretaries. Carlisle sat alone on the other side as the contractor. Gareth confidently signed his name on the contract.

Carlisle briefly scanned the contract and noticed that Gareth only took 48% of the shares.

He couldn't help but remind Gareth about the deal, "You should take 50% of the shares since you won last night."

"Come on. After Hank dropped me off at the hotel last night, we opened another bottle of red wine. You let him lose on purpose, didn't you? I can take a loss!"

Carlisle grinned as he picked up the pen and signed his name.

"Well, I'll take you up on that, then. Besides, I have another project that needs your investment."

Gareth quickly shook his head.

"Slow down. I'm out of funds for now!"

"This project only needs three million," Carlisle said, glancing up at Gareth before continuing with his signature.

Gareth hesitated. After investing 200 million in a gaming company, he didn't have much money left. An additional investment of 30 million would stretch his finances even thinner.

Carlisle continued, "Dragonaire Game Company won't see profits for six months, but this other project will profit quickly. Don't miss this opportunity!"

The potential for a quick return on investment lifted Gareth's spirits.

"I'm in. I guess I'll be having soup for a while."

Carlisle ignored Gareth's complaints about being broke. Someone who could spend a million dollars in a nightclub wouldn't resort to soup, would they?

After signing the contract, Gareth's secretary brought over two glasses of red wine. Gareth raised his glass with a smile.

"To a fruitful partnership!"

Carlisle clinked glasses with Gareth, and they both drank up.

"Quite the turnout today, huh?" Gareth commented.

Carlisle glanced at the table where the governor was seated. Even with his seasoned composure, he couldn't help but feel a flutter of excitement.

"It's impressive..."

Gareth, pleased with himself, said, "Come on, let me introduce you to Mr. Darnell."

As a native of Riverland, Carlisle knew exactly who Gareth was referring to. He thought that getting acquainted with the governor wasn't a bad idea.

Gareth led Carlisle to Sheldon's table and introduced him to everyone seated there. Carlisle respectfully toasted each person. After making the rounds, Carlisle's face was flushed.

Just then, Yuriel approached with a glass in hand.

"Mr. Spencer, Mr. Zahn, congratulations on your partnership!"

Gareth smiled and raised his glass at Yuriel.

Carlisle, however, poured himself a cup of water.

"Mr. Gust, I can't hold my liquor, and I have classes this afternoon. I'll toast with water instead."

Yuriel's expression darkened.

"Mr. Zahn, I'm personally offering you a toast but you're using water? That's rather inappropriate, isn't it?"

As the wealthiest man in Riverland and being older than Carlisle's father, Yuriel felt snubbed. Even a token sip would have sufficed.

Carlisle appeared troubled.

"I'm really in a difficult position, Mr. Gust. Please understand."

Yuriel's face turned sour as he held his glass. He showed no intention of drinking.

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With a wry smile, Randy shook his head.

"Young people are clueless when it comes to socializing."

"He's just lucky, that's all. If he wants to make it in Riverland, he can't afford to disrespect Yuriel. No matter how many investors he ropes in."

Liam scoffed.

Gareth quickly intervened as Carlisle and Yuriel were engaged in a staredown.

"Mr. Gust, Mr. Zahn is still a student. He's the future of our nation. We can't let a night of drinking derail his studies. How about I drink this one for him?"

Yuriel's gaze remained unyielding as he waited for an opportunity to step down. Sheldon chuckled.

"Mr. Gust, come on. You're a senior here. Why get worked up over a young man?"

Since the governor himself spoke up, Yuriel relented. He forced a smile.

"Starting a business isn't a walk in the park. Many fail before they even get off the ground. You still have a lot to learn."

The threat in his tone was unmistakable. He then downed his drink in one go.

"Cross me today, and I'll make sure your company faces a hard time later," Yuriel thought.

Gareth simply narrowed his eyes at Yuriel's threat before finishing his own drink. He now understood why Carlisle hadn't backed down.

Yuriel's words were distasteful as they showed that he had no regard for Gareth or Carlisle. After finishing his drink, Yuriel apologized to Carlisle before heading to Shein's table to have a toast with the governor and high-ranking officials.

"Dad, are you going to toast as well?" Zachary whispered.

Shein responded with a resigned smile.

"Of course. They're the hosts, after all. Plus, the governor and Alan are here. It's only natural that we greet them."

"Carlisle won't drink!" Zachary grumbled.

Shein smiled and walked over to Gareth. As Zachary had predicted, Carlisle politely declined the alcohol, opting for water instead.

Shein didn't show any displeasure. He offered his congratulations before downing his drink.

Other businessmen followed suit one by one. With Yuriel and Shein setting the example, they didn't expect Carlisle to drink.

At around 1:30 pm, Carlisle had to return to school for class. After explaining his reasons to the governor and his men, he grabbed his coat and left unsteadily.

Gareth had Max drive Carlisle back to campus. Once at his dorm, Carlisle changed into casual clothes and headed to his classroom.

Phoebe, who was dozing off at the classroom door, suddenly perked up at a call from Liam. "Mr. Ziegler..."

"Ms. Locke... Could you let Mr. Zahn know that I'm interested in investing?"

"Really?"

Phoebe raised her voice out of excitement, attracting curious glances from her classmates. Lowering her voice, she asked, "Are you serious, Mr. Ziegler?"

"Absolutely," Liam replied.

Despite his doubts about Carlisle's game company, he saw value in the connections Carlisle could offer. Building a relationship with Carlisle could open doors with Gareth and other local officials.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Phoebe hung up and beamed at Christine.

"Christine, Mr. Ziegler agreed to the partnership!"

"Did Carlisle apologize to him?"

Christine looked up from her book.

Phoebe glanced at Carlisle and rolled her eyes. He looked slightly tipsy.

"I'm guessing he did. He probably set up another meeting to smooth things over. Otherwise, why would Mr. Ziegler change his mind?"

"It's so typical of him. He's always too proud to admit it. We've known each other for so long. Does he really think we'd laugh at him for it?"

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The afternoon was packed with classes. Just before school ended, Carlisle handed Susan an application to participate in the class council. He was running for class monitor.

After reading Carlisle's application, a faint smile appeared on Susan's face.

Wanda's break from school had spurred Carlisle into action. He was determined to better himself, likely to avoid disappointing Wanda.

Carlisle caught up with Luna and Queenie at the school gates.

"Queenie, Luna..." he called out, stopping them in their tracks.

"Carlisle, I love what you've done with your hair..."

Luna eyed Carlisle's hairstyle with a smile.

Carlisle ignored Luna's comment and turned to Queenie.

"Got a moment? I'd like to treat you both to some coffee!"

"Sure!"

Queenie nodded. She already had an inkling of what Carlisle wanted from her.

She would've usually ignored him, but she had heard from Zachary about the afternoon signing ceremony between Carlisle and Gareth. The news had taken her by surprise.

Zachary thought Carlisle had somehow tricked Gareth into investing in his company, but Queenie thought differently. Wanda had always been sharp, so anyone she fancied must be exceptional.

Carlisle had proven his worth at the bonfire party, and it was no secret that he was close to Zachary's relatives, Lethan and Shania. He was likely even doing business with them.

Queenie suspected that Gareth's attendance at the Riverland University bonfire party was primarily for Carlisle. Someone capable of establishing Scarlet Corporation wouldn't be easily duped into a 200 million investment by a college freshman.

At Papplewick Tea Shop, Queenie and Luna ordered their favorite drinks while Carlisle stuck to a regular coffee. Sitting by the window, Carlisle stared blankly at the seat beside him.

"Thinking about Wanda again?" Luna asked, sipping her drink.

Carlisle snapped back to reality and turned to Queenie.

"I"

"I know what you're going to ask," Queenie interrupted.

She sighed and continued, "I don't know where Mr. Thompson has taken Wanda, and neither does Zachary..."

"I see..."

Carlisle's last bit of hope was crushed.

Luna suddenly chimed in, "Mr. Thompson must have taken Wanda to a neurologist or a psychiatric rehabilitation hospital!"

"That's not exactly helpful," Queenie retorted before stirring her coffee.

After a few sips of her coffee, Queenie looked at Carlisle earnestly.

"Listen to me, Carlisle. Give up on Wanda. You two will never be together."

Luna glanced at Queenie disapprovingly.

"Why do you have to be such a wet blanket? Carlisle and Wanda are perfect for each other. Why can't they be together?"

"You don't understand," Queenie said with an undecipherable expression on her face.

A thought dawned on Luna, and her eyes widened.

"Wanda isn't betrothed, is she? I've heard that many wealthy families have arranged marriages!"

Queenie was caught off guard by Luna's words.

With Carlisle staring intently at her, she quickly said, "Don't be ridiculous. I don't know anything about her family's affairs."

Carlisle noticed Queenie's unease but didn't read too much into it. Wanda being in an arranged marriage seemed unlikely. In his previous life, Wanda had married a senior executive from Thompson Group.

Not getting the answers he sought, Carlisle excused himself.

"I have some other matters to attend to..."

He paid at the counter and left the shop.

Luna watched Carlisle's leave and sighed.

"Why is it so hard for true lovers to end up together?"

As soon as Carlisle had left the shop, his phone rang. It was Phoebe.

"Carlisle, Mr. Ziegler has agreed to invest in the company. He's staying at Imperial Hotel. We can meet him now."

Phoebe didn't ask if Carlisle had apologized to Liam, as it would have been impolite. She simply appreciated his efforts for the company. However, Carlisle's next words shocked her.

"I've found a new investor. Someone will contact you tomorrow." Carlisle hung up, leaving Phoebe stunned.

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Phoebe wondered about what Carlisle had told her right before he hung up on her.

She thought, "He's not going to work with Liam anymore? But he just managed to salvage that deal!"

Just then, Christine had hailed a taxi. When she noticed that Phoebe was lost in her thoughts, she waved her hand in front of the latter's face.

"What's wrong, Phoebe?"

"Carlisle said he's not going to work with Liam. He's found us another investor."

Back at Carlisle's apartment, he logged into MSN Messenger and started a new group named "Astral Holdings". After a moment's thought, he deleted the first word and replaced it with "Aurora".

The group's name read as "Aurora Holdings". He then added Sean, Owen, and Hank to the group.

Sean was the first to message.

"Carl, what's this?"

"This is a holding company I've just registered. All our companies will be under Aurora Holdings from now on," Carlisle explained via text.

"Looks like the boss is aiming to dive into capital investment!"

"Carl, you're amazing!"

"Shouldn't we add Logan to the group?" Hank suggested.

"I don't have her messenger username."

"I'll invite her," Hank offered and proceeded to add Logan to the group.

Logan was working overtime, so she hadn't noticed the notification on her phone. Moreover, she rarely checked her messenger, so Hank called to let her know about it. Upon hearing about the new MSN Messenger group, she logged in and accepted the invitation.

Logan knew what Carlisle wanted to do when she read the group's name. He intended to use Aurora Holdings to consolidate all their businesses so that it was easier to integrate company profits. It was likely that her friend whom she had recommended to Carlisle would join Aurora Holdings.

"Logan, when is your best friend's team arriving in Riverland?" Carlisle asked. "They'll be here tomorrow!"

"Let's have a welcome dinner at A1 Seafood Restaurant tomorrow night," Carlisle suggested. "Got it!"

Carlisle logged off MSN Messenger and started browsing the Widetalk Forum, a hub for talent. He was on the lookout for human resource professionals there. Large companies never stopped recruiting. They would often poach talent from competitors with lucrative offers.

Soon, Carlisle came across an article expressing frustration with the unrealistic expectations of recent graduates. The author, known as "Keen_Eye", was a Human Resources Director with 20 years of headhunting experience at a listed company in Shorefield.

After reading the post, Carlisle agreed with its sentiment. Experienced professionals demanded high salaries because they were valuable.

In contrast, it was unreasonable for fresh graduates to turn their noses up at lower wages. The post particularly pointed out that these graduates were from second-tier universities. Carlisle then browsed through the user's history. The manager had never recruited on the forum and mainly shared headhunting experiences and analyses.

One post described how they had rejected a marketing director from a company of three thousand employees who applied for a lower position. Through the interview questions, the manager analyzed the applicant's mindset and identified subtle flaws, leading to the rejection.

Carlisle was engrossed. He spent three hours reading almost all the posts. He concluded that the headhunter had a sharp eye for detail and was adept at analyzing people's psychology. Carlisle felt that the headhunter was definitely worth a high salary.

He tried calling the number on the homepage, but it was switched off.

Realizing that it was after office hours, Carlisle opted for a text instead.

"Hello. Are you interested in switching jobs for an annual salary of 500 thousand dollars?"

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The offer was straightforward and transparent. If Carlisle wanted to win over the talent, he would have to offer him a salary that would make anyone do a double-take. In this day and age, an annual salary of half a million was nothing short of astonishing. It was likely more than what some small companies made in a year.

As the clock struck at 10:00 pm, Carlisle finished his canned soup, freshened up, and lay down to sleep. Just as he closed his eyes, his phone rang. It was Wade calling.

"Mr. Mora"

"Just Wade is fine, boss," Wade interjected quickly.

Carlisle said, with an apologetic tone, "I didn't know you were getting out today, or I would've picked you up."

"It's fine, boss. You don't have to do that!"

Then, he changed the subject.

"I'm planning to avenge Heath!"

Carlisle frowned.

"Let's wait until Heath wakes up before making any decisions. Don't do anything rash!"

The security in Riverland had been tightened. Despite having his place trashed by Jalen, Titan had swallowed his pride. Wade seeking revenge now would be a bad move.

"But we have nowhere to go!" Wade protested.

"Has everyone been released?"

"Yes!"

"How many are left?"

"Just over 80. The rest ran off."

"Where were you guys staying before?"

"We had two motels as dormitories, but they've been closed down temporarily..."

"Do you still have money?"

"About 500 thousand dollars. It should last us for about five months."

"I see. I'll have Benjamin transfer some money for you and your loyal men."

After ending the call with Wade, Carlisle dialed Benjamin's number.

"Carl, I was just about to call you!"

"I know what's going on. How are you planning to support Wade and the others?" Carlisle asked.

Benjamin solemnly replied, "I will transfer five million to Wade until Heath wakes up..."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same. How's your brother doing?"

Carlisle had intended to give Wade the 15 million he had gotten from Benjamin, but he worried about what Benjamin might think. So, he decided to have Benjamin transfer the money to Wade, ensuring Wade's unwavering loyalty to Heath and Benjamin.

"Heath woke up once today but quickly fell back into a coma."

Benjamin's voice trembled with excitement.

Carlisle smiled.

"Sounds like he's recovering well. He might fully wake up

within a month."

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Carlisle hung up.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Carlisle slipped into his slippers and walked toward the door. Through the peephole, he saw Gareth. He was holding a case of beer with some brisket and wings on top of it.

"Mr. Spencer, you sure have a way of finding people," Carlisle remarked as he opened the door.

Gareth chuckled and made his way to the couch.

"I thought you might be pining away, so I came over to keep you company with a drink."

Carlisle closed the door and sat across from Gareth. He grabbed a can of beer and took a few swigs. He hadn't eaten since noon and was feeling quite hungry.

Gareth watched Carlisle drink in silence before sighing.

"Carlisle, there's something I'm not sure if I should say..."

"Go on."

Carlisle took some brisket and munched on it.

Gareth opened a bottle of beer and downed half of it in one go. He looked at Carlisle and opened his mouth to speak but hesitated. He let out another sigh.

"Never mind. Let's just drink."

Wanda's departure had taken a toll on Carlisle. He hadn't smiled in days. Gareth didn't think Carlisle would be able to handle it if he told him the news now.

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Carlisle put his beer down.

His dark eyes were fixed intently on Gareth as he asked, "Do you know anything about Wanda?"

Gareth raised his beer.

He forced a smile and said, "Just drink..."

Carlisle put his beer down and said mildly, "If you still consider me your friend, then tell me what you know!"

He was fine with being unaware nor was he interested. However, he could not do so when it came to Wanda.

After hesitating for a long time, Gareth took a deep breath.

He then looked up, stared at Carlisle, and said, "Just give up on Wanda. The both of you can't be together!"

Carlisle narrowed his eyes.

"Why?"

Queenie wanted him to give up on Wanda because she sided with Zachary. Gareth wanting him to do the same was odd.

"Wanda's engaged!"

Gareth decided to tell Carlisle about the engagement.

He lifted his head to look at Carlisle as he continued, "The groom is from one of the top families in Yorksle. His family is incredibly complex and has influence in both the political and business world."

"How... how is that possible?"

Carlisle's eyes widened in disbelief.

In his previous life, Wanda had married a high-ranking executive from Thompson Group. It made no sense for her to marry into the Thompson family. He wondered if something else had happened to Wanda during her university years.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to accept it! There are so many fish in the sea. There's no need to be hung up on her.

"She's just a woman. Look at us. We've moved on, haven't we?"

"It's not like we're poor. Plenty of women will line up to get in our beds with a wave of our hands."

Gareth could understand Carlisle's current feelings as he had been through a similar experience.

Carlisle downed half his can of beer and said, "Gareth, can you help me locate Wanda?"

Gareth shook his head.

"I've already tried... I can't find her unless I use my grandfather's connections. But the old man is stubborn and never abuses his power."

Carlisle opened another beer can.

"Then I'll take my time investigating."

Gareth looked at Carlisle, puzzled.

"Did you listen to a single word I said?"

Carlisle tilted his head back and guzzled down half his beer.

He said firmly, "In this life, I won't marry anyone else but her!"

Upon seeing Carlisle's determination, Gareth said dumbfoundedly, "You might have a chance to compete with them if you become the wealthiest man in the country."

"My goal is not to be the wealthiest man in the country," Carlisle said calmly.

"So your goal is..."

"To be the richest man in the world!"

"Fuck!" Gareth blurted.

Carlisle glared at Gareth and asked, "Don't you believe me?"

Gareth raised his beer can and grinned.

"I believe you!" he replied.

The truth was, Gareth didn't believe him. He felt that having dreams was good but thought that Carlisle should at least have dreams that stood a chance of coming true.

Although the country's economy was rapidly improving, it was still lagging behind the major economic powers.

The present wealthiest man in the country had a net worth of only 1.5 billion dollars. Meanwhile, the wealthiest man in the world was the chairman of Microsoft, with a personal fortune of 40 billion dollars.

Carlisle's dream was to become the richest man in the world. Wasn't that crazy?

"Just drink..."

Carlisle knew that Gareth wouldn't believe him, nor would anyone else.

However, that did not matter. After all, Rome wasn't built in a day. This would take time.

Gareth asked as he chewed on some meat, "Have you found people for the game company's development team?"

Carlisle replied as he ate, "No..."

Gareth was speechless.

He frowned and asked, "What about the office space?"

"It's still being renovated."

"Alright then. Let's talk about that 30 million dollar investment in detail. About online loans

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Carlisle and Gareth chatted and drank as time slipped away quietly. Before they knew it, it was 2:00 am.

Gareth hadn't had his fill. He intended to drag Carlisle to a bar to continue drinking, but Carlisle declined, stating he had school tomorrow.

Gareth was disappointed that he had to go to the bar alone.

The next day, after he completed his morning run and freshened up, Carlisle went to school.

On the way to school, he received a phone call from a stranger.

"Hello... Hello, may I know who this is?"

"You called me, yet why are you the one who's asking?" he trailed off.

Carlisle stopped mid-sentence and looked at the caller ID. Sure enough, it was the number he had texted last night.

He quickly said, "My name is Carlisle. I'm a businessman from Riverland, and I'd like to hire you."

"You're just starting out, right?"

"Yeah!"

"I'll switch jobs for a salary of 500,000 dollars a year, but I'll need three years' salary in advance."

"Sure!" Carlisle answered without hesitation.

The person on the other end of the line had 20 years of headhunting experience. Carlisle could gauge Anthony's age from his voice. Yet, Anthony didn't question Carlisle, indicating that he had his own opinions on this matter.

"My name is Anthony Swanson. I'm currently the HR Director at Wick Group."

"When are you available in Riverland?" asked Carlisle.

"I'm actually on a business trip in Riverland. Let's set up a meeting to chat!" Anthony replied.

"Let's meet at 7:00 pm at A1 Seafood Restaurant."

Meanwhile, in Yorksle, at a psychiatric rehabilitation hospital hidden deep in the forest, Wanda lay in an extremely complex sleeping pod. Various data cables were attached to her body.

Outside the sleeping pod were over a dozen computers. An elderly man in a white lab coat sat before the computers.

At that moment, Wanda felt both nervous and excited. Noel Dolton, the chief psychiatrist, had just informed her that as long as she cooperated with the treatment in the sleeping pod, she would soon be completely recovered. She would then be able to meet the person she wished to meet.

"Wait for me, Carlisle," Wanda thought as she gently closed her eyes.

Noel looked at the time.

He then said slowly, "Let's begin."

His assistant pressed the green button on the sleeping pod. The glass cover of the sleeping pod turned green.

Various neuron connection patterns immediately appeared on the computers outside of the pod.

These neurons were extremely complex. The neurons displayed on the ten computers were merely a fraction of the entire thing. These neurons were distributed in the temporal lobe and hippocampus and were mainly used to generate memory responses.

The stronger the connections between these memory-storing neurons, the deeper the memory. The neurons for some insignificant memories would gradually loosen, eventually leading to a tenuous or even broken connection. That was why people had blurry memories or forgot certain events.

Their latest device could sever some of the neuron connections using ultrasound, thus achieving the effect of erasing memories.

"Play the audio!"

Following Noel's command, audio recordings of the news reports about Wanda's kidnapping began playing in the sleeping pod.

Wanda's eyebrows instantly furrowed. The scenes of her kidnapping resurfaced in her mind.

Meanwhile, a staff member stared at the screen displaying the abnormally active neurons and said, "Noel... We've found it..."

Noel's lips curled into a faint smile.

"Activate the ultrasound disconnection!"

After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, Wanda slowly opened her eyes. Her previously unfocused gaze was now exceptionally clear.

She squinted at the glass cover of the sleeping pod and murmured, "Where am I?"

The pressurized door opened with a hiss. Noel approached the sleeping pod with a stack of photos.

He first showed Wanda a photo of Shein and asked, "Do you recognize him?"

Wanda nodded.

"He's my father!"

Noel then took out another photo.

Wanda spoke softly, "She's my mother."

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"What about this one?" asked Noel.

"That's my uncle!" answered Wanda.

"And this?"

"My aunt!"

"What about this picture?"

"This picture... That's my brother!"

"Very good. It seems our treatment is very effective!"

Noel beamed with joy.

He then took out a photo of one of the kidnappers and asked, "Do you recognize this person?"

Wanda's brows scrunched up as she thought about it. Noel held his breath as his keen eyes scrutinized Wanda.

Wanda shook her head.

"I don't recognize him..."

She did not recall ever seeing him.

Noel then pulled out a photo of Carlisle and asked, "Do you recall this man?"

Wanda stared at the photo for a long time.

Noel reminded her, "He's your classmate."

Wanda shook her head and said, "I don't recall him."

Noel breathed a slight sigh of relief and said with a smile, "The treatment was very successful, but you'll need to stay here for a few more months for observation. During this time, we'll arrange your classes so you won't fall behind on your studies."

Her neurons were active, but even severed neurons could reconnect.

This situation was akin to dissociative amnesia. As proven by research, dissociative amnesia was caused by neurons losing their vitality, resulting in the disconnect of stronger synaptic connections. This thus led to the loss of significant memories.

Those neurons may recover and reconnect if the memory cells regain vitality. Thus, there was also a chance to recover from dissociative amnesia.

Monthly ultrasound suppression was necessary to prevent the reconnection of Wanda's neurons until the memory cell's activity patterns changed.

Wanda massaged her temples and asked, "What was I sick with? It seems that I can't remember certain things."

She felt as if she lacked some memories.

She wondered what her illness was and how she got there. It also seemed that she had forgotten a close friend.

"You had an extremely rare neurological illness. It caused your amnesia. However, those were some insignificant memories."

Noel fabricated a very reasonable answer.

Wanda sat up in her sleeping pod and asked softly, "May I call my brother?"

Noel chuckled in a friendly manner and replied, "You can't contact those outside during the treatment period. However, your parents will visit you once a month..."

At Riverland University, Susan announced the class and club representatives during the last class of the morning.

Carlisle was elected as the class monitor.

Ruby assumed the role of discipline chairperson.

Christine became the academic chairperson.

Joanne Redd took on the role of organization chairperson.

Hailey Autumn was appointed as chairperson in charge of sports.

Lydia Rickson was chosen as the publicity chairperson.

Phoebe became the student union branch secretary.

The bell rang. Susan announced that the class had ended and left the class.

Carlisle had slept rather late the night before. He planned to return to his apartment for an afternoon nap due to his packed afternoon schedule.

Upon reaching the door, Phoebe suddenly said, "Carlisle, someone really contacted us, huh? Would you like to follow us to the company?"

After all, it was Carlisle who found the investor. She and Christine both thought it was better if Carlisle met him.

"The both of you may go ahead. I want to take a nap!" replied Carlisle, shaking his head.

He then left without turning back.

Phoebe watched as he left and mumbled softly, "I wonder when Wanda will return. Carlisle

doesn't smile as often now."

Christine remained silent as she looked at the floor. She felt extremely conflicted. She had given up on Carlisle, so why was she still hoping that Wanda wouldn't return?

She shook off her complicated thoughts and said softly, "Let's go to the company. We shouldn't keep the investor waiting for long!"

Carlisle skipped his meal at the cafeteria. Upon reaching his apartment, he set an alarm before going to sleep.

Soon, he started dreaming. He dreamt that he and Wanda were married.

He was holding a bouquet of white flowers in front of a large crowd as he walked up to Wanda, who was in her wedding gown.

"Wanda... I love you!"

Carlisle lovingly extracted a wedding ring from his pocket.

However, Wanda only stared at Carlisle in confusion and asked, "Who are you?"

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"I'm Carlisle, your husband!"

Carlisle still wore a smile on his lips.

He realized that Wanda's illness hadn't been cured. In fact, it seemed to have worsened.

Wanda shook her head and backed away.

Her face was fearful as she said, "I don't know you. I don't know you. Stay away from me...'

"Wanda... what's wrong?" asked Carlisle.

"Wanda..."

Carlisle tried to approach Wanda, but she pushed him away and ran out of the hall. Carlisle quickly chased after her. As soon as he exited the hall, he saw an endless sea before him.

He stared blankly at the ocean in front of him.

This...

Was this a dream?

He turned and looked behind him. The hall had vanished.

"Wanda..."

Carlisle slowly closed his eyes. Tears streamed down his face.

Suddenly, Wanda's voice echoed in his ears.

"Carlisle..."

Carlisle opened his eyes and turned his head. All he saw was Wanda in her high school uniform as she stared at him with a smile.

"Wanda..." said Carlisle.

He then ran over and hugged her tightly.

"Wanda, I've missed you so much!"

Wanda gently patted his back as she replied, "Silly, haven't I always been here?"

Carlisle choked up.

"This is a dream..."

Wanda chuckled in return.

"Are you silly? How could this be a dream? Would someone in a dream know they're dreaming?"

Carlisle held Wanda tightly. He feared that she would disappear if he let go. He knew it was a dream, but he simply wanted to hold Wanda a little longer in the dream.

The round alarm clock on his bedside table rang loudly. Carlisle's eyes were startled open.

He turned off the alarm and was about to go back to sleep. He tried desperately to recall his dream as he wished to return to it.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't fall asleep again.

Carlisle grabbed the alarm clock and threw it hard against the wall.

He had not used an alarm clock ever since. He even hated the sight of alarm clocks.

After taking a moment to calm down, Carlisle got up and went to school.

Christine and Phoebe were already back in the classroom. They sat in their seats and were still in a state of shock. They had never thought that the investor Carlisle had found was the same handsome man who casually donated 30 million dollars to the school.

Gareth had invested 30 million dollars and wanted 30% of SwiftFunds shares in exchange.

Christine, Phoebe, and Jenny discussed it and were only willing to give up 20% of the company's shares. Wanting to appear gracious, Gareth agreed without haggling.

"Christine, it's so easy to talk to Mr. Spencer. He just gave up on 10% of the shares without a second thought!" Phoebe said as she bit on her finger with a smile.

Christine smiled and replied, "This shows how great Carlisle's reputation is."

Phoebe chuckled.

"I think Mr. Spencer is even more handsome than Carlisle."

With defined brows, bright eyes, and a handsome face, Gareth looked like Prince Charming.

Previously, it was too dark at the bonfire party. The power went out later on, so Phoebe hadn't really seen what Gareth looked like. Upon seeing him up close, she felt like she was about to fall for him.

With a faint smile, Christine glanced at Phoebe and asked, "You like older men?"

Gareth was at least 25 years old, whereas Phoebe had just turned 18 in September. There was quite an age gap between them.

"Mr. Spencer is not that old! He looks very young, so he looks more like an older brother than an older man," Phoebe retorted immediately.

Christine sighed softly.

"It's over. I've lost another one to love!"

Carlisle walked into the classroom as the two ladies were whispering to each other. The noisy classroom instantly quieted with his appearance.

Carlisle turned to them and asked, "How much of the shares did Gareth want?"

Phoebe replied, "He wanted 30%, but we only gave him 20%."

Carlisle nodded and started walking toward his seat. After a few steps, he suddenly noticed someone sitting in Wanda's seat.

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It was Leah Brighton.

Carlisle's face darkened instantly. He then strode over. Leah sensed the class monitor's piercing gaze and hesitated to look up at him.

Just as Carlisle reached his seat and was about to speak, Ruby, who was in charge of discipline, beat him to it.

"Leah, who gave you permission to change seats?"

Leah stuttered, "I-I wanted the class monitor to tutor me."

Ruby furrowed her brows.

"You still need to get the teacher's approval. You can't just change seats on your own."

Leah blushed and started to cry.

Carlisle said calmly, "Go back to your seat."

Leah wiped her tears and returned to her original seat behind Ruby. Carlisle sat down and started to skim through his management textbook.

Ruby swallowed nervously, discreetly took a hundred-dollar bill from her drawer, and handed it behind her.

Leah took the money and put it in her pocket. She then lowered her head to read.

The afternoon classes included an introduction to e-commerce, marketing management, internet operations, and physical education. After his physical education class, Carlisle returned to the classroom to continue studying.

He wanted to quickly master all the knowledge in his e-commerce major so he could focus on his career. He had set a goal for himself. He wanted to become the world's richest person within five years.

As school was about to end, Carlisle gave Gareth a call.

"Want to grab a drink?"

"Yeah. Come pick me up at school."

"Got it!"

Gareth immediately drove his yellow Ferrari to Riverland University. As soon as the bell rang, Carlisle went straight for the door.

"Carlisle, join us for dinner tonight. We plan to celebrate!" yelled Phoebe when he reached the door.

"I'm busy," Carlisle replied without even breaking his stride.

Phoebe gave Christine an unamused glance.

Christine chuckled and said, "He's a busy man!"

Carlisle ran into Ruby downstairs.

"Good-"

"I'm busy," interrupted Carlisle.

Ruby had previously agreed just to be friends. Yet she continued pestering him, especially by using others to test his boundaries. Carlisle hated her behavior.

He wondered if Ruby genuinely thought he was unaware that she had ordered Leah to Occupy Wanda's seat. He thought her to be childish.

Carlisle's cold and indifferent demeanor wounded Ruby once again. Frustrated tears welled up in her eyes as she watched his retreating figure.

At the school gate, Carlisle immediately spotted the yellow Ferrari parked by the roadside. Amid the envious glances of passersby, Carlisle slid into the passenger seat.

Gareth floored the accelerator, causing the car to roar like a beast before it shot off like an arrow into the street. His driving reduced a 40-minute journey to 20 minutes.

At A1 Seafood Restaurant, Logan and her best friend, Felicia Yates, were happily catching up. The sudden screech of brakes caught their attention. They looked over simultaneously and saw a yellow Ferrari parked by the roadside.

"A Ferrari Enzo. It's worth over six million!" Felicia's eyes sparkled as she muttered. Logan recognized the car as a Ferrari but couldn't identify the model. Upon hearing the price of that luxury vehicle, she immediately took out her phone to take a picture.

"Holy shit! A car worth over six million! Guess I learned something new today."

She had just launched her camera app when she saw Carlisle stepping out of the car.

"Carlisle is here. Let's go greet him."

Logan led Felicia over to meet Carlisle. She wanted Felicia to make a good impression on him.

Meanwhile, two black Volkswagens were parked in the roadside parking lot in front of the Ferrari. A middle-aged man in a white shirt with slicked-back hair exited the car.

Anthony glanced at Carlisle and Gareth upon exiting his car. He recognized the six-million-dollar Ferrari Enzo.

He wondered if the person who could afford that car was Carlisle, who had offered him a high salary.

Anthony looked at the duo. He felt that the man on the left looked older. The chances of him

being Carlisle were thus slim, leaving the younger man on the right as a better match for Carlisle's voice.

"Mr. Zahn..."

Logan greeted Carlisle first and then introduced her friend, "This is Mr. Zahn!"