

Love Spell 471

Chapter 471

Carlisle had just gotten out of the car in the underground garage of Willow Grove. He got back in after he heard what Gareth had said.

"She was mugged after she left the campus grounds, and she got hit on the head with a hammer. She wasn't sent to the hospital in time to stop the bleeding. She's lost too much blood. The hospital has issued an Informed Consent Form!"

"She has a brain hemorrhage?"

Carlisle's brow furrowed tightly.

Lily was his high school classmate and was Wanda's best friend in high school.

His heart grew heavy upon hearing the news.

"No, she doesn't have a brain hemorrhage. It's just blood loss. She has the Rh-negative blood type, and right now, none of the hospitals in Riverland has this blood type, so she needs to be sent to the provincial hospital. The doctor says she may not be able to make the journey," Gareth explained the situation in one breath and slowly exhaled.

Carlisle asked, "Which hospital are you in right now?"

Gareth said heavily, "The university-affiliated hospital. You don't need to come over. I'm going to drive them to the provincial hospital. Although we may not arrive in time, I still want to try."

Carlisle said slowly, "My blood type is Rh-negative!"

Carlisle hung up and told Francis, "Take me to the affiliated University of Science and Technology hospital. Make it quick!"

Francis hadn't heard the conversation over the phone. However, he heard Carlisle mention that he had the Rh-negative blood type, and he was now being ordered to take Carlisle to the hospital.

It was clear to Francis that Carlisle was rushing over to save someone, and there must be no delays on the way.

Francis started the engine with a roar and drove out of the garage. He honked several times to alert the security guards to open the gates.

When the security guard saw that they were driving out again after just returning, he looked annoyed and slowly walked out of the security guardhouse.

Carlisle said impassively, "Don't wait. Let's just go!"

Francis floored the gas pedal and broke through the barrier gate.

"Damn you! Are you in a rush to go to hell? You'll pay for that!" the security guard yelled behind them.

Francis sped the whole way there and ran seven red lights.

Several patrol cars began tailing them.

Carlisle called 911 himself and explained the situation to the police.

Five minutes after that, the patrol cars behind them gradually slowed down.

At the hospital, Gareth told Sean and the doctor about Carlisle's Rh-negative blood type.

"This young lady is fortunate. It's not yet her time to die."

The doctor looked amazed.

Rh-negative was a very rare blood type.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say it was one in a million.

The probability of a Rh-negative blood type donor appearing right at the moment when another was in critical condition was so low that it was truly a miracle.

In this era, most people did not know their blood types, and most companies did not require health checkups when employing workers.

The blood donation law had only come into effect in 1998.

14th June 2004 was the first World Blood Donation Day.

At that time, when information channels were limited, very few people donated blood.

That was why Rh-negative blood was extremely rare.

A young nurse eagerly awaited outside the hospital as Francis stopped the car outside the main lobby.

Carlisle had just exited the car when the nurse asked, "Are you Mr. Zahn?"

Her bright eyes moved quickly away from his face.

Carlisle nodded.

"Yes, I am!"

The nurse smelled alcohol on him, and she couldn't help asking, "Have you been drinking?" Carlisle nodded.

The nurse muttered, "You might not be allowed to donate blood if you've been drinking."

Carlisle said, "It'll only affect the blood's quality. The patient needs blood plasma to save her life, so just treat this as a special circumstance!"

"Come with me then."

Chapter 472

The nurse was already preparing to draw blood.

Carlisle had donated blood in his previous life and knew that an anticoagulant had to be added to the blood bag to prevent the blood from congealing.

"Oh-oh, right... The anticoagulant..."

The nurse was flustered as she retrieved heparin off the shelves.

After she had added the prescribed dosage according to regulations, she sat back down.

Carlisle noticed her breathing was shallow, and he couldn't help asking worriedly, "Can... can you find the vein?"

The nurse was clearly an intern.

He was worried that she wouldn't be able to find his vein and would just prick him blindly. "I-I can!"

The nurse confidently got ready, but Carlisle increasingly felt that she was unreliable.

After a while, the nurse pricked him for the third time but was still unsuccessful in her attempt.

The nurse was about to cry.

She said tearfully, "D-don't be nervous! It must be because you're nervous, which is causing the arteries to constrict!"

Carlisle raised his eyebrows.

"Do I look nervous to you?"

The nurse pricked him twice more before she finally burst into tears.

She had pricked him five times without getting it right even once.

Fortunately, the hospital's deputy director passed by, and the nurse looked like she had been thrown a lifeline. She hastily ran over and grabbed his white coat.

Carlisle clapped a hand to his forehead in exasperation.

He thought that the hospital was too unreliable.

The deputy director approached and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Talia is new and is still an intern. She's introverted and gets nervous when she sees handsome men. Whenever she's nervous, she makes mistakes!"

The deputy director of the hospital was clearly very diplomatic.

Any other man would have been mollified by the compliment, but Carlisle just said

impassively, "Hurry up and draw the blood. Stop wasting time!"

The deputy director found the vein easily and handed the blood bag back to Talia Hornby before leaving.

Talia tentatively shook the blood bag so the coagulant could spread evenly throughout the blood.

She kept her head lowered, not daring to look at Carlisle.

The deputy director was right.

Talia had indeed gotten nervous the moment she saw Carlisle.

She thought that he was very handsome.

Carlisle propped his head on one hand and shut his eyes to rest.

He had been drinking, and he felt rather dizzy.

Talia stole a glance at him, her heart thumping madly.

She couldn't help admiring his handsomeness.

She was very attracted to him.

It was no wonder that Talia was so besotted.

She had graduated from nursing school, where 80% of the students were women.

There hadn't been a single man in her classes in all of the three years she had been there.

Three whole years!

"Are you from the University of Science and Technology?"

Talia mustered up the courage to strike up a conversation with him.

Carlisle did not open his eyes as he answered impassively, "No. I'm from Riverland University."

Talia asked, "Then... what year are you in?"

"My first year."

"Only your first year?"

"What's the matter?"

Carlisle opened his eyes and looked at her.

Talia hastily shook her head.

"N-nothing... I thought you were in your second year!"

Carlisle closed his eyes again and continued resting.

Lily needed his blood so that she could be saved.

He was in no mood to chat with Talia.

Talia tactfully stopped asking any other questions.

At that moment, Gareth walked over with Sean and Gillian.

Sean's eyes were completely red, and he knelt down the moment he got to Carlisle.

"Carl..."

"Hey, what are you doing?"

Chapter 473

Carlisle tugged Sean's arm with his other hand to get him to stand.

Unfortunately, his left arm didn't have much strength.

He could not budge Sean at all, as he was over 150 pounds.

"Thank you, Carl!"

Sean groveled to him on the floor.

His forehead rubbing against the floor sounded grim, and everyone in the hall could hear it.

"You idiot. Get up!"

Carlisle looked meaningfully at Gareth.

Gareth immediately understood and hauled Sean to his feet.

Sean wiped away the tears and snot on his face.

When he saw the blood bag being filled, his tears flowed even more thickly.

He felt that none of this would have ever happened if he hadn't argued with Lily.

Carlisle had had to give so much blood because of his mistake.

He was filled with regret.

Carlisle looked at Sean's swollen face and asked, "Who hit you?"

Gareth interrupted.

"He did it himself!"

Carlisle rolled his eyes.

"Calling you an idiot would be an insult to idiots. Stop trying to be macho! It's not embarrassing to be afraid of your girlfriend!"

It was apparent that Sean was very fond of Lily.

He had simply been putting on a tough act after drinking.

Was it worth it?

However, in this era, most men upheld traditional masculine values.

It had only been 20 years after the previous, more conservative era.

Most of the workforce at this time were men.

As the country's culture and standard of life were still very backward, there was a severe lack of gender equality, and most people held very traditional values.

This would change as the country progressed, and they would eventually disappear completely.

Naturally, traditional values had held sway for so long that they were practically engraved in people's minds. Even ten years into the future, there would still be many men who still acted with machismo.

"Carl, just scold me as much as you like. I really made a huge mistake this time!"

Sean was not angry at all about being scolded by Carlisle. He wished that Carlisle would continue reprimanding him.

Carlisle looked at Gillian and asked, "Are you Lily's roommate?"

Gillian hadn't wanted to pay any attention to Sean's friends. However, Carlisle had donated blood for Lily, proving he was a good person.

So, she nodded and said, "Yes."

Carlisle asked, "Lily went out to look for Sean, didn't she?"

Gillian became angry again at the mention of this.

Her chest heaved, and she said huffily, "That silly woman was worried that Sean wouldn't be able to get back to the university after getting drunk, so she wanted to go get him. The moment she left the university, she got into trouble. She even refused to go to the hospital. I

She raised her hand as she spoke to slap Sean.

Sean closed his eyes and stood upright. He clearly had no intention of dodging.

Ultimately, Gillian did not slap him.

She said menacingly, "Don't come looking for Lily in the future. You're not worthy of her love. Don't even think that having money makes you so amazing because I know plenty of wealthy heirs. Some of them asked me for Lily's number during the bonfire night!"

Sean shuddered at Gillian's words.

He hadn't known anything about that.

Carlisle noticed Sean's expression.

Everyone grew and matured through challenges and obstacles.

He hoped that Sean would become more mature and reliable from this.

After all, Sean had to shoulder the responsibility for Alumni Network.

40 minutes later, the blood bag was full. Talia immediately took the blood to the emergency room.

Carlisle waited outside with Sean and the others.

Sean was filled with anxiety, and he could not sit still.

Another hour passed, and Lily was pushed out on a gurney.

She was conscious and had received 12 stitches on her head.

Her head was wrapped in bandages, and the color returned to her cheeks.

Sean walked over to the gurney.

His voice trembled as he said, "Lily..."

Lily looked at him and pressed her dry lips together.

She weakly said, "I'm sorry. I've caused trouble for you again..."

Sean had saved her once, which was why she had decided to try dating him. Carlisle's encouragement had helped, too.

She had been very happy with him, but he was now the CEO of a company.

The distance between them would only grow bigger.

She thought it would be better for her to leave of her own accord.

Sean had never imagined that the first thing Lily would say to him would be an apology

rather than blaming him for what had happened.

He inwardly cursed at himself for being such an asshole.

Chapter 474

Unable to imagine Lily's disappointment, Sean shakily held her cold hand and said, "No, Lily, you're not the one who should apologize. It was all my fault..."

The doctor advised, "The patient is weak now. Considering the donor gave blood after drinking, the blood quality is questionable. We need to observe the patient in the intensive care unit overnight. Please do not disturb her rest."

He then instructed the nurse to take Lily to the ICU.

According to protocol, they couldn't transfuse questionable blood to patients. However, since they lacked Rh-negative blood, they had no choice but to take the risk. They would have to observe overnight before knowing if the patient's condition had stabilized.

Sean followed Lily to the ward, unwilling to leave her alone. He decided to stay by her side until she was discharged.

Gareth glanced at Carlisle, who looked pale, and asked, "Are you alright? You don't look well.

"I feel like throwing up, and my knees are weak," Carlisle replied, resting his arm on Gareth's shoulder and constantly swallowing hard.

"You're probably dehydrated. It's normal to feel that way after donating blood, especially after drinking. Drinking lowers our immunity. You'll feel better after taking some glucose and resting for a few days," explained the doctor.

After drinking two bottles of glucose in the hospital, Carlisle returned to his apartment. It was already midnight. Feeling unwell, he went straight to bed without showering.

The following day, Carlisle woke up from his dream, his eyes wet with tears. He had dreamed of Wanda again.

In it, Wanda wanted to break up with him. He held her tightly, refusing to let her go, but she left regardless.

Getting up from his bed, Carlisle opened the window and took a deep breath of fresh air, his mood growing more depressed.

He couldn't help but wonder where Wanda was. Even with the help of the public security system, Wendell and the team couldn't locate her anywhere. He wondered where on Earth Shein had sent her.

Carlisle took out his phone and called Lethan.

"Hi, Carlisle-"

"ed a favor from you," Carlisle interjected directly.

As though he had expected Carlisle's call, Lethan slowly responded, "It's no use, Carlisle.

Shania talked to Shein and Josie, but their lips were sealed. She couldn't get anything from them."

"I see..."

Carlisle hung up the phone, his expression gloomy.

Meanwhile, Gareth was sleeping soundly on the luxurious king-size bed in Imperial Hotel. His slumber was abruptly interrupted by the vibration of his phone.

"Damn. Which bastard calls this early?"

Gareth groggily picked up his phone.

"Hello? Grandpa!"

"The Murray family owns a psychiatric rehabilitation hospital in Maple Hill."

Theodore's voice came from the other end.

Gareth sat up abruptly, his eyes wide open.

"Maple Hill? Isn't that a restricted area?"

"Yes, it is. It's guarded by military personnel, too."

"Damn. Are the Murrays mobilizing military authority for personal use?"

"Not exactly. They claimed there's a rare mineral mine owned by the nation in Maple Hill, which justifies stationing military personnel there," Theodore explained.

"That's just their stupid excuse!"

Gareth snorted.

"That's all I could find out so far. Consider it part of my repayment to that kid. I'm not sure if Wanda Thompson is there," Theodore added.

"She's gotta be there! The Thompson family is allied with the Murray family. If I were Shein Thompson, I would definitely send Wanda to the psychiatric rehabilitation hospital conveniently owned by the Murrays!" Gareth said confidently.

"I'm off to a meeting now."

Theodore ended the call.

A smile crept onto Gareth's lips.

"Carlisle, get ready for a surprise!"

He got out of bed and walked over to his computer desk, retrieving another phone from the drawer. After turning it on, he made a call.

"Hi, Mr. Spencer!"

A voice came from the other end.

"Wendell, I need you to do something for me," Gareth said.

"Where are you now? Let's meet and talk. I happen to be in Yorksle too," Wendell said.

"Well... I'm in Riverland now."

Gareth smiled helplessly.

However, Gareth was glad to know that Wendell was now in Yorksle. It was exactly where he needed him to help with something.

"Too bad. So, what can I do for you?" Wendell asked. "Okay. So, here's the thing. My friend's girlfriend..."

Chapter 475

After Gareth explained Wanda's situation to Wendell over the phone, there was a moment of silence on the other end.

Thinking Wendell might hesitate, Gareth quickly added, "If you agree to help me with this, I'll reward you with five million dollars!"

After a long pause, Wendell finally spoke.

"That friend of yours... Is he Carlisle Zahn?"

Gareth fell silent, sensing Wendell's presence in Yorksle was somehow related to Carlisle.

"Yeah," Gareth replied.

Wendell chuckled softly.

"What a coincidence. My buddies and I are working for Carlisle now. We're here at Yorksle to look for Wanda, too!"

Gareth smiled awkwardly. He hadn't expected Carlisle to hire Wendell's team, especially considering Wendell's background as a retired special forces leader.

Gareth swallowed nervously and asked, "Have you found any leads?"

Wendell sighed.

"No luck so far. We've practically combed through every hospital in Yorksle!"

Gareth smiled triumphantly and said, "I know where she is!"

"Huh?"

"She's in Maple Hill. But it's guarded by military personnel."

"What? The military's involved?"

"It's the Murrays' doing!"

"What a pain!" Wendell muttered, narrowing his eyes while taking a drag of his cigarette.

"Come on, Wendell. Don't tell me you can't handle that?" Gareth teased.

"Wow, kid. Do you know who you're talking to? If your brother's still-"

Wendell abruptly paused, realizing his slip.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have brought that up."

Gareth chuckled and replied, "Don't worry about it. I've moved on. My brother will always live in my heart."

After ending the call, Gareth sat before his computer and retrieved a USB stick from the drawer. Inserting it into the CPU, he opened the folder stored on it.

The folder contained photos of a fully armed special forces soldier-Zayden Spencer, Gareth's biological brother, codenamed "Wolf Fang". Zayden had served as the commander of the Leopard Strike Team.

Gareth's thoughts drifted back to their school days. Back then, with his father and grandfather preoccupied with work, he and Zayden had relied on each other since childhood.

Theodore didn't want his grandsons to grow up privileged, so he sent them to live with their grandmother. Due to Gareth's poor health, he was often bullied in school. Whenever he was about to be beaten, Zayden would bravely step in.

"Gareth, stand behind me. They'll have to go through me first if they want to touch you.

"Gareth, who punched you in the face? Take me to him now!

"My brother punched your son. So what? Your son was at fault, too!

"What? My brother accidentally scratched a BMW while riding his bike? Is he okay?

"Bullshit! If you dare to expel my brother, I'll shut down this whole school!

"Gareth, I'm enlisting. I won't be able to protect you anymore, so take good care of yourself, okay?

"Gareth... Will you... call me bro... just one last="

When Gareth was 18, he received Zayden's final call. Before he could utter his brother's name, a loud bang pierced through the phone. The next time he saw his brother, all that remained of him was an urn of ashes.

Suddenly, a knock on the door snapped Gareth back to reality. Wiping away his tears, he removed the USB stick and placed it back in the drawer.

He then went to open the door. It was Max.

Ignoring Gareth's red eyes, Max said, "The top-of-the-line cost 8.6 million!"

Chapter 476

After Carlisle picked up Daniel and Shane from Riverland University, he instructed Francis

to drive them to the Windex Building. Carlisle intended to arrange job positions for Daniel and Shane to train them.

"Carl, did you sneak off to the hair salon yesterday?" Daniel suddenly asked, noticing Carlisle looking tired as if he had been up all night.

"Oh, busted," Carlisle replied nonchalantly.

Daniel smirked.

"Some friend you are. I know I'm not qualified to shine your shoes, but you could have invited me at least."

Nudging closer to Carlisle, Daniel inquired, "So, how was it? Was she a virgin?"

Suddenly, Francis slammed on the brakes, causing Daniel, who hadn't fastened his seatbelt, to slam against the seat in front of him.

Carlisle and Shane were restrained by their seatbelts, struggling to catch their breath.

"Where did you learn to drive, Francis?" Daniel asked, covering his nose as he sat up.

"Looks like someone's staging a crash," Francis remarked, unfastening his seatbelt and stepping out of the car.

In front of them was a teenage girl, visibly shocked. Her hair was dry and tangled, and her clothes were patched.

"Are you out of your mind?" Francis asked coldly.

He hadn't been speeding, so he had seen her sudden appearance about six feet ahead. If he hadn't stopped in time, she might have ended up killing herself in an attempt to scam them for a compensation.

"Help! I've been hit by a car!"

Zadie Zeigler finally shook off her shock and bumped her head on the car.

Francis grabbed her clothes but accidentally tore apart her worn-out garments, exposing the bruises underneath.

Zadie covered her chest in fear, shielding herself from the onlookers.

Carlisle leaned out of the window and said, "Francis, give her some money."

Zadie appeared timid, her forehead damp with sweat. It seemed that this might be her first attempt at staging a crash.

Judging by her patched clothing, she likely came from a poor background and urgently needed money.

Shane unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

He took a handful of small change from his pocket and offered it to Zadie, saying, "Take this money. Don't put your life at risk like this again!"

Zadie looked at him, her eyelashes slightly trembling.

She pushed away the money Shane offered and lay on the ground, stating, "My whole body hurts! My head hurts, too! Either give me two thousand dollars or take me to the hospital for a full-body check-up!"

Francis, who had just taken out two hundred dollars, was furious at Zadie's unreasonable demand.

He shouted, "Two thousand? You might as well go rob a bank!"

Shane was equally dumbfounded by her request, remembering he had only earned four hundred dollars by selling 400cc of blood to the black market during his summer break in Shorefield. Even underground figures collecting protection money wouldn't demand such a

sum.

Carlisle said solemnly, "Let's call the police. There's a surveillance camera at the intersection ahead. It should capture what happened."

Clearing their name in such a scam could prove challenging, especially since the cars at that time were not equipped with dashcams.

Noticing Francis was about to call the police, Zadie panicked and grabbed his leg, tearfully pleading, "Please don't call the police! Five hundred dollars, that's all ed!"

Zadie's desperate plea softened Francis' heart, causing him to glance silently at Carlisle.

Carlisle sighed and nodded reluctantly.

"Just give it to her."

Daniel shook his head and commented, "Carl, Carl, Carl... You're too kind-"

Daniel suddenly stopped mid-sentence as he took a good look at Zadie.

Then he frowned and asked, "Why does this lady remind me of Carlos' daughter?"

"Who's Carlos?"

"Carlos Zeigler, the director of Xenos Factory's R&D department!"

"Why would the daughter of an R&D director dress so shabbily and resort to scamming like this?" Carlisle asked in puzzlement.

Chapter 477

"It's a long story. Carlos favors sons over daughters. Though his wife gave birth to a daughter, their second child—a son—was stillborn. The surgery caused severe bleeding and infected his wife's uterus, leading to a life-saving hysterectomy. Soon after, Carlos divorced his wife and remarried, not providing a cent in child support!"

Daniel revealed the company rumor through gritted teeth.

"That scumbag! Why didn't your father fire such an employee?"

Carlisle couldn't help but curse, his rage fueling.

"We can't interfere in other people's family matters, can we? My dad only cares if his subordinates can bring profit to the company. Besides, the Xenos Factory had over a thousand employees at its peak. He didn't even have time to rest, let alone interfere with other people's private affairs," Daniel responded honestly.

Daniel's words left Carlisle silent. Daniel had a point. With multiple companies in hand, Carlisle began to feel the weight of his job, knowing that he would have more and more employees as his business expanded. He wouldn't have time to poke his nose into his employee's private affairs simply because of gossip.

Therefore, he decided to establish a Supervisory Board at Aurora Holdings. This board would be in charge of monitoring the corporate management's discipline.

"Francis..."

Carlisle stuck his head out to call Francis.

"Yes?" Francis responded after handing five hundred dollars to Zadie, who thanked him in tears.

"Get her to come closer," Carlisle added.

Francis said to Zadie expressionlessly, "Our boss wants to see you."

Zadie timidly stood up and approached the car.

"Zadie Zeigler! It's really you!"

Eyes widening, Zadie turned to run but was caught by Francis.

"What are you running from?" Francis questioned, gripping her wrist.

"Let go of me! Let me go!"

Zadie struggled frantically.

Barely using his strength, Francis held her effortlessly. Zadie lowered her head to bite his arm, but Francis seized her with ease.

"Zadie, we're not going to hurt you. If you're in trouble, you can tell me. Even though my

family has fallen on hard times, I can still provide you with some financial aid," Daniel said, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

"I'm not Zadie! You've got the wrong person! Let go of me! Help!"

Zadie shook her head vigorously, her disheveled hair falling over her face.

Daniel's expression darkened.

"Is there anyone you can turn to besides me?"

Zadie stopped struggling at his words.

"Carl, I'll take a cab to Windex Building. See you there!" Shane said before hailing a cab by the roadside.

"Let's get in the car," Carlisle urged.

Daniel moved to the front passenger seat while Francis shoved Zadie into the back seat, making it look as if he were a human trafficker.

As the car resumed its journey, Daniel turned to Zadie and said, "Zadie, that guy sitting next to you is the current chairman of Xenos Factory."

Zadie slightly trembled and moved away from Carlisle to keep her distance.

Carlisle kept his head down, showing no intention of engaging with her.

Meanwhile, at Xenos Factory, Ryan was in the middle of a management meeting.

Hearing his phone buzz, he glanced at it and found a message from Carlisle.

"Send your R&D director to the chairman's office on the 18th floor, A block, Windex Building!"

Ryan was puzzled. He wondered why Carlisle wanted to see the R&D director instead of himself. He considered if it was because Carlisle didn't trust him or that Carlos had perhaps undermined him in front of Carlisle.

"Mr. Zeigler, you've been requested to go to the chairman's office on the 18th floor, A block, Windex Building," Ryan informed the gentleman seated in the first seat on his right.

Adjusting his glasses, Carlos smiled and asked, "Are they planning to work with us on a new project?"

Chapter 478

Ryan laughed and replied, "Aurora Holdings belongs to our chairman too.

Carlos was taken aback by Ryan's words.

||

Considering how Ryan was responsible for all the departments at Xenos Factory, Carlisle would usually consult with Ryan about company matters. He wondered why Carlisle was requesting to meet with him instead. He considered if Carlisle wanted him to help Ryan with the company's tasks.

On second thought, perhaps Ryan was too naive. Since Carlisle had fully acquired the company, why would he keep Ryan around? It was highly likely that Carlisle planned to have Carlos replace Ryan.

With that thought in mind, Carlos adjusted his collar and gently smiled.

"Then I shall head over now."

Sensing something was amiss, the other directors appeared concerned. Carlos was the director of the R&D department, the person in charge of the company's core technology. In other words, his role was as important as Ryan's.

They suspected that Carlisle planned to team up with Carlos to remove Ryan from his position. If Ryan really was ousted, these directors who had sided with him might be affected, too.

"Harper, go make me a cup of tea," Ryan instructed as he handed his teacup to his secretary.

On his left, the director of the production department asked in a deep voice, "Mr. Scott, aren't you worried?"

With a smile, Ryan replied, "What about?"

The production director replied seriously, "Stop pretending you're not concerned. We all know what's going on."

The HR manager chimed in, "Exactly. Mr. Zahn kept you around to maintain morale. Now that our research is showing results, he probably thinks it's time to eliminate you. That's why he wants to see Carlos!"

"That's what I thought, too, but I find it highly unlikely. Mr. Zahn gave me shares in the company and entrusted me with 100 million to buy lithography machines. He wouldn't have

given me such responsibilities if he had other intentions," Ryan explained confidently, showing his full trust in Carlisle.

Despite his earlier concerns, Ryan had dismissed them, even though he didn't understand why Carlisle wanted to see Carlos.

"Let's not dwell on that and get back to the meeting, shall we?"

Ryan changed the subject, opening the meeting agenda and moving forward.

Shane had never been to Windex Building before. Seeing the luxurious building for the first time, he couldn't help but feel out of place.

Arriving at Aurora Holdings' office, which spanned over ten thousand square feet, his heart skipped a beat. Glancing at his dirty shoes, he began to worry about potentially sully the floor.

Well-dressed professionals were bustling around the office, busily working on their computers.

Since the company's organizational chart had yet to be finalized, the new hires didn't recognize their chairman, Carlisle.

Felicia walked out of her office and greeted Carlisle, saying, "Mr. Chairman, you're here!"

The new employees working in the open office area were stunned by her address and surprised to discover that their chairman was a good-looking teenager. None of them had ever imagined that the chairman of Aurora Holdings, a company managing three other companies, would be so young.

Donned in a sleek professional outfit, Felicia clapped her hands to gain everyone's attention. "Everyone, this is our chairman, Mr. Zahn!"

"Hello, Mr. Zahn!"

All the employees stood up and greeted Carlisle in unison.

Carlisle responded calmly, "Hello, everyone. Please sit down and continue your work."

With that, he headed straight to the chairman's office, the largest private office centrally located in the workspace. Even its door frame was taller than that of the adjacent director's office.

Felicia opened the brand-new security door and reported, "Mr. Zahn, Mr. Spencer has transferred ten million to the company's account today. He said it was for investing in Alumni Network."

Carlisle's office was about 1300 square feet and adorned with new floor tiles. Its large one-way window allowed occupants to see outside without being seen. The office was well-equipped with amenities such as a water dispenser, couch, coffee table, desk, and even a bedroom and bathroom.

Despite its decor resembling that of a high-end office from a decade ahead, Carlisle, who had been reborn, still found the styles of the chandelier, couch, and water dispenser somewhat outdated.

As he walked toward his desk, Carlisle nodded in acknowledgment and responded, "I was aware. Draft a contract to transfer 10% of Alumni Network's shares to Mr. Spencer."

"Yes, Mr. Zahn."

Felicia nodded, then continued, "Oh, and Mr. Zahn, the salary tables for Govan Technology Limited, Alumni Network, Dragonaire Studio, and Aurora Holdings are on your desk. We've prepared them as per your instructions, with salaries set 20% higher than those in first-tier cities. Please review them at your convenience."

Chapter 479

Glancing at his desk, Carlisle found a thick stack of documents waiting for him.

Felicia said, "These are the procurement lists. We can only pay the suppliers after obtaining your signature."

Aware of the chairman's arrival, Anthony went to Carlisle's office with a thick stack of personnel action forms. When Carlisle heard the knock at the door, he gestured for him to enter.

Entering the room, Anthony said, "Mr. Zahn, these are the personnel action forms for

Dragonaire Studio, Alumni Network, and Aurora Holdings. We need your signature on them.

Carlisle took the documents and looked through some of them. They were all management-level trainee personnel action forms, each attached with a resume. Owen and Sean's forms were there too.

Felicia, Anthony, and Logan were directly appointed, so there weren't any forms for them.

"Anthony, hire a few senior secretaries to oversee Alumni Network, Dragonaire Studio, and Aurora Holdings. I want someone with relevant working experience," Carlisle instructed.

Considering how his work would become too cumbersome in the future, he needed

professional secretaries to help him schedule and assist with his tasks so he wouldn't leave out important matters.

"Yes, Mr. Zahn," Anthony responded before leaving with Felicia.

Carlisle sat in his office chair and said, "Make yourselves comfortable."

Shane pulled up a chair and sat down, pondering. So, this was Aurora Holdings. The two directors had mentioned several companies earlier, all apparently belonging to Carlisle. It seemed that Carlisle was even more influential than he had imagined.

Daniel sat on the couch with his legs crossed.

"Carl, do you have an opening for a CEO position? My dream is to become a bossy CEO!"

Carlisle calmly replied, "I'm appointing you as the Head of Support Services."

"What the "

Daniel stood up from the couch as if his tail had been stepped on. Head of Support Services? He thought is sounded like a janitorial position. He might have to manage the toilets, too!

Carlisle ignored him and browsed through the directory on his desk. It had a list of six-digit extension numbers. He found Owen's extension number and dialed it.

Meanwhile, Owen was sitting in the CEO's office at Dragonaire Studio, legs crossed, swirling in his chair.

"Can't believe I'd become a CEO one day. This is fucking amazing! Mom! Dad! Your son has made it!" Owen exclaimed.

Suddenly, the phone on his desk rang. Without checking the number, Owen slid forward with his feet hooked on both sides of the desk and casually picked up the receiver.

"Who is it?"

"Come to my office," Carlisle said from the other end.

Owen immediately sat upright and replied, "M-Mr. Zahn."

Carlisle continued, "Come to my office now! I have something I want to discuss with you."

With that, Carlisle ended the call and instructed Daniel, "Daniel, I need you to go downstairs to escort someone up—"

"Who is it? A man or a woman? Shane can go if it's a man. If it's a woman, I'll go!"

Carlisle narrowed his eyes and asked, "Are you going to or not?"

Carlisle's sharp gaze sent a shiver down Daniel's spine. Without hesitation, Daniel swiftly stood up and hurried out of the room.

"Shane, get Zadie a glass of water," Carlisle instructed.

Chapter 480

Upon hearing Carlisle's instruction to Shane, Zadie quickly said, "N-No. It's okay. I'm not thirsty. Thank you!"

Shane handed Carlisle a glass of water first before fetching one for Zadie and himself. Then, they heard a knock at the door. Owen had arrived.

"Come in," Carlisle responded calmly.

Owen entered the room and greeted nervously, "M-Mr. Zahn."

After working with the cultured white-collar professionals, Owen began to realize Carlisle's commanding presence and his own insignificance.

Aside from the Account Farming Department, Dragonaire Studio's R&D Department, Planning Department, Team Techno, and Art Department members were all composed of elites. Consequently, Owen couldn't help but feel a profound sense of inferiority among them.

Aurora Holdings, which oversaw Dragonaire Studio, Alumni Network, and Govan

Technology Limited, boasted a wealth of talented individuals. Mr. Zahn was at the helm of Aurora Holdings.

Owen wondered why people could lead such different lives. He started to regret not taking his studies more seriously.

While Owen was lost in his thoughts, Carlisle pointed at Shane and instructed Owen, "Take him to the Alumni Network's PR Department. Ask the PR team to teach him how to handle publicity at school."

Owen gulped and said, "I... I don't know anything about Alumni Network. Besides, I've never been to their office either!"

Carlisle couldn't help but chuckle.

"Just tell them what I said."

Sensing Carlisle's silent disapproval, Owen lowered his head deeper as his sense of inferiority intensified.

Carlisle sighed and said, "Please take him there, Owen. Once we find one, I'll have your secretary mentor you."

This was precisely why Carlisle wanted to hire senior secretaries with relevant work experience. While Owen and Sean were just coming of age, like him, Carlisle had experiences from his past life, giving him a psychological age that was nearing 40.

Despite lacking achievements in his previous life, Carlisle possessed extensive work experience and knowledge from the future.

In contrast, Sean and Owen were merely teenagers without any prior work experience. Therefore, Carlisle planned to arrange experienced secretaries to guide them, much like their nannies.

After Owen and Shane left the office, Carlisle turned to Zadie and asked, "Tell me, why did you resort to staging a crash? Are you in some kind of trouble?"

With her head lowered, Zadie remained silent, her dry, cracked lips pressed together.

Carlisle continued, "You'll have to settle your problem sooner or later, you know? What you did today was reckless. If my driver didn't react promptly, you might be in the morgue right now. Maybe you don't care about your own life, but have you thought about your mother?"

Despite tears in her eyes, Zadie quietly kept her head down.

"Your mother's health should be poorer after her hysterectomy. Yet, your father left you and your mother, leaving her to work to support your life and education despite her poor health.

"You might think that death could release you from hardship, but what about your mother? Not only has she lost her uterus, but she also suffered psychological damage from the divorce. If something were to happen to you, how could she possibly accept it, let alone live on?"

Carlisle's words pierced deep into Zadie's heart like sharp thorns, causing her to cover her face and sob.

"I didn't want to die! But they keep forcing me to pay up. If I can't come up with the money, they'll send me to the nightclub!"

Glancing at the bruise on Zadie's collarbone, Carlisle asked lowly, "Who are they? How much do you owe them?"

Wiping away her tears, Zadie replied anguishly, "They are debt collectors. I tried to borrow 15 hundred but only got 12 hundred. Now, they're asking me to return two thousand! I was supposed to have 30 days to clear my debt, but they came collecting after just seven days!"

It turned out to be a loan scam. Once caught in their trap, it would be quite impossible to escape. Reporting them to the police would only invite harsher retaliation. After all, Zadie had indeed borrowed money from them.

As for why they collected earlier than the promised date, it was highly possible that they had altered the contract. Such loan scams were not uncommon, but they were supposed to be rampant only when online loans were booming. Carlisle wondered if this could be a result of Wanda's company.

As soon as the thought crossed Carlisle's mind, he couldn't help but call himself a fool. Aside from Wanda's righteous conduct, Christine and Phoebe were both grounded individuals. They would never conduct such illegal activities.

As he tapped the armrest of his chair, Carlisle slowly asked, "Which company did you borrow the money from?"