Life at The Top – Chapter 1681

Half an hour later, a low-profile black Cadillac stopped at the door of the building. Bryant walked down the stairs calmly and got into the car quickly.
"Mr. Bryant."
Just as Cadillac was about to drive away, Soros ran to the side of the Cadillac and stopped Bryant with a smile. The window was lowered, and Bryant looked at Soros before asking, "What's the matter? I think we've covered everything."
"Mr. Bryant"
Soros reorganized his thoughts and then said slowly, "You know, I am forced to make decisions for a lot of things, so I hope you won't have any opinions about my character based off of this."
"Really? Then should I sympathize with you or be considerate of you?" Bryant sneered.
With a shrug, Soros replied, "Actually, I don't really care what you think of me. Many people hate me, but I am still living my life happily."

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Harbor Langdon is compared to Jasper Laine?" Bryant asked angrily.
Soros said lightly, "That's a matter between you and Wall Street. It has nothing to do with me. Half the Harbor Langdon is a traditional Somerland businessman. He believes in physical investment and hates capital operation, so he and I are destined to be unable to deal with each other."
Bryant snorted and said, "You stopped me just to say this?"
"Of course not."
Soros smiled meaningfully, resting his hands on the car door. He then stared straight at Bryant and said, "Man, this matter will be made public tomorrow and a series of actions will soon follow. You won't be so impatient as to tell anyone about this before then, right?"
Bryan replied coldly, "Are you threatening me?"
"This is not a threat."

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Soros shook his head and said, "I never threatened anyone, but I hope everyone that deals with me knows what they should and should not do."
"Perhaps I am nothing to you, but there are too many people behind this. If you do anything stupid, it will hurt all of our interests, and no one wants to see that."
"Tell me, you're a smart guy, right?"
Bryant's hand that was gripping the handle on the car door was clenched into a fist. Then, he loosened it.
"I understand."
After Bryant said that, he closed the car window.
Soros pulled up his hands and took two steps back. The smile on his face was mysterious yet profound.
The Cadillac left the place slowly. After glancing at Soros through the back window, Bryant's face went dark.

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