

# All Too Late Chapter 495

## Chapter 495 Is It Done

Kathleen had never taken Adina seriously, although she was royalty as there were many members of the royal family. One might be at the height of their powers now, but that would change tomorrow.

The royal family was cruel and merciless.

Charles was already on the move and had targeted numerous of Adina's businesses.

She would find her power slipping through her fingers like sand if she couldn't hold onto her empire.

Hence, she had come to Jadeborough and wanted a slice of the pie to prove herself. Of course, Kathleen wouldn't let her have her way.

Adina and Lauren appeared to be in cahoots, and it was all the more reason for Kathleen to ruin her grand plans.

This was Jadeborough!

Adina and Lauren decided to meet at a clubhouse, and Lauren said without preamble, "This is important, so just give it to me straight—what in the world were you thinking?"

Adina laughed. "I wanted my piece of the self-driving technology pie."

"It's oversaturated," Lauren observed.

"I'll help you get rid of Samuel in exchange for Macari Group's businesses," Adina proposed with a half-smile.

"You want to be on the same level as me?" Lauren said coldly.

Adina smirked. "Why not? You're nothing without me, Lauren."

Lauren was silent.

“Let’s just work together without stepping on each other’s toes. Jadeborough—no, the entire Chanaea will be ours in the future. Sounds good?” Adina drawled.

Lauren bit on her lower lip in contemplation. She really needed her help now.

“When are the stocks arriving? I’m running out of time.” Lauren was desperate.

“It’s already at the port and will be transported to your warehouse once the contract is signed,” Adina replied with a crooked smile.

“All right.” Lauren had no choice but to agree.

Adina pulled out the contract, and Lauren was about to sign it when Adina’s phone suddenly rang. She answered it, and a panicked expression came over her face. “What? Got it. I’ll be right over.”

Then, she hung up.

Lauren frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, just sign it.” Adina tried to smooth out her expression.

“Something happened.” Lauren put down the pen. “What is it?”

“The customs officers seized the stocks,” Adina admitted.

What? Lauren shot to her feet. “It’s got to be Kathleen!”

The door to the suite flew open, and Kathleen stood in the entryway. “That’s right. It was me.”

Both of them jumped in shock at her appearance.

Kathleen strode in, followed by Yadiel and Rory. She picked up the contract on the table and scanned it. “Lauren, how unexpected of you to sign a deal like this on your own accord.”

Then, she tore the papers in half.

"How dare you!" Adina sent her a death glare.

"This is Chanaea. You should learn to play by the rules, Adina." Kathleen snapped, and Adina shot daggers at her.

"But I'm not here to settle the score with you tonight. Get lost." She gave Adina a cold stare.

"Don't be too conceited, Kathleen!" Adina gritted her teeth.

"Are you not satisfied with the confiscation of your stocks by customs?" Kathleen's brows rose. "Do you want me to revoke your factory business license next?"

Anxiety and vexation began to build in the pit of Adina's stomach, but she couldn't do anything about Kathleen.

She knew Kathleen wasn't the only one behind this. Samuel must also be conspiring with her. Only the Macari family had such power and reach.

"You'll pay for this!" She pivoted and marched away.

"What do you want?" Lauren gave Kathleen a cold look.

Kathleen returned the look. "I've wanted to kill you since you poisoned Old Mrs. Macari."

"You have no proof that it was me." Lauren snorted.

"Is that important? I'm not planning to call the cops on you, so is proof necessary?" Kathleen's gaze turned colder.

Lauren went still. "Are you taking matters into your own hands? I'll sue you!"

"Would you be alive long enough to do that?" Wynnie closed the distance between them. "Even if you dare to sue me, I'll go to the police with your real identity, so tell me, would you be able to leave unscathed at that point?"

Lauren was incensed.

She had done unspeakable things for money, and many Chanaeans had fallen victim to her greed.

Kathleen clearly knew of her sordid past. Her life would be over if it was exposed.

"You're not that innocent, Kathleen!" Lauren wanted to drag her down as well.

"But do you have evidence?" Kathleen drawled.

Lauren stilled. No, I don't.

She wasn't as unobtrusive as Kathleen. She was flashy in her actions and desired for everyone to know and validate what she had done. She never imagined she would be digging her own grave.

"What the hell do you want from me, Kathleen?" She exploded in anger.

Kathleen placed a white pill bottle on the coffee table. "Take this, and I'll let you go."

"No!" Lauren knew it wasn't anything good.

"This is the same poison you used on Old Mrs. Macari. Eat it, and I'll let you go. You know the consequences if you don't," Kathleen said flatly.

"How dare you!" Lauren glowered at her. "Don't forget that I'm—"

"You're what?" Kathleen snickered. "Do you think I'm afraid of Axeworth Corporation? They're a motley crew, and they dare to step foot in Chanaea?"

Lauren didn't move an inch.

"I'll break your legs if you don't take it." Kathleen threatened.

Lauren glanced at the ruthless Yadiel and Rory.

"Just you wait, Kathleen!" She picked up the pill bottle and shoved a pill in her mouth.

"Check her, Rory," Kathleen ordered.

Lauren was surprised by her meticulousness.

He checked Lauren's hands and mouth and found them empty. She must have swallowed the pill.

"That was your punishment." Kathleen stood up.

Tears brimmed in Lauren's eyes. "Damn you!"

Kathleen left with purposeful strides with Yadiel and Rory in tow.

Lauren rammed her finger in her mouth and down her throat, but it was too late.

She was well aware of the poison she used on Diana, its ingredient, and the effects it had.

It would paralyze before asphyxiating its victims, their throats closing in on themselves.

She soon noticed her breathing turned ragged. She gradually lost consciousness before collapsing to the ground.

An employee found her before sending her to the hospital.

It was nightfall before Kathleen received a phone call.

"Lauren went into anaphylactic shock, depriving her brain of oxygen. She woke up and lost all cognitive processes," Yadiel informed.

"Serves her right. Send her to a psychiatric facility and leave her be." Kathleen maintained a neutral expression.

"Got it." He nodded.

Samuel came out to the balcony and gave her a long look. "Is it done?"

"Grandma has finally been avenged. They shouldn't touch anyone close to me," she asserted coldly.

# All Too Late Chapter 496

## Chapter 496 You Messed Up My Hair

Samuel's eyes never left Kathleen. "What's your next step?"

"Axeworth Corporation is now leaderless. We should strike while the iron is still hot. Raymond will make a move if I don't, no matter what," she replied.

"Yeah, you should do it yourself, rather than letting Raymond take the claim and strengthen Blissful Sect," he agreed.

"You're right, and it's not too late yet." Kathleen gave him a meaningful look. "So..."

"Do you want to go back?" Samuel swallowed.

"I don't trust anyone else to do this." She pursed her lips.

"I'll go with you." He was worried about her as well.

"Listen to me, Samuel." She wanted to persuade him to stay.

"Nothing you say can convince me otherwise." He was resolute.

She faltered before saying, "All right, we'll go together."

Samuel squeezed her hand. "I want to know your past, but I know there are some things even I cannot get involved with."

"I understand." Kathleen blinked at him.

She wouldn't stop him if he wanted to go. There were no longer any dangers lurking there. The worst that could happen was Raymond.

News of Adina's troubles would soon reach Raymond, and he would be too preoccupied to care about Kathleen and Samuel.

Both of them were immediately on the move.

Kathleen took care of Samuel during the journey. His leg was almost completely recovered, but his right hand was still healing slowly.

She would be perturbed every time she saw his scarred hand.

Samuel woke up suddenly, and his breath caught when he noticed the sorrow on Kathleen's face.

He pressed his forehead to hers. "Why do you always look at me like that?"

"Should I be at peace instead?" She returned.

He didn't say a word, but his expression said yes.

"Samuel, you still don't get it. I stayed with you because I'd moved on from the past. Of course I will be worried and sad when you're hurt. I didn't choose to be with you out of guilt and obligation. Don't worry." Kathleen sighed.

He muttered self-deprecatingly, "Do you know that I always felt like a bastard for treating you that way? I understand if you don't forgive me, but I can't let you go."

She stared deeply into his eyes. "It's water under the bridge, Samuel."

He nodded.

"Rest for a while longer. We're almost there." She took his hand in hers.

He flashed her a reassured smile. "I'm well rested."

A flight attendant announced over the PA system that they would be landing soon.

They exited the airport half an hour later, and a car was waiting for them at the curb.

They were driven to Charles' mansion where he greeted them at the door.

"Charles!" Kathleen walked toward him.

His lips curved up. "You're here."

"Yeah." She nodded.

His gaze shifted to Samuel. "Come on in."

"Okay!" Kathleen hooked both her hands around Samuel and Charles' arms and entered the mansion hand in hand.

They reached the living room and sat on the couch.

Charles started gravely, "Raymond has made the first move. He has been coveting Axeworth Corporation's territory for a long time."

"I assumed he'd be busy helping Adina." Kathleen furrowed her brows.

"It'd be hard." Charles eyed Samuel, deducing he was the one pulling the strings behind the scenes.

Kathleen knew the reason. "Did he make a move tonight?"

"Yeah, he will act tonight. Besides, he had invited me for a party tonight," Charles answered.

"It has to be a trap. I'm going with you, Charles." Worry creased her brows.

"Who will call the shots tonight if I went?" He said in a low voice.

"Raymond will know we're up to something if you don't show up," she argued. "Samuel can take command if I go with you."

Samuel frowned. I don't want to be in charge. I want to stay with Kathleen.

"You don't want to?" She asked.

"I'll do it," Samuel replied ruefully.

"Attaboy," she cajoled.



His reluctance promptly vanished. He vowed to complete his task and return to her side as soon as possible.

“Let’s prepare.” Kathleen surged to her feet to get ready for tonight.

She could not show up to a dinner party like that. Samuel, on the other hand, required no preparation and simply waited for her.

A while later, she emerged from the cloakroom in a black lace-trimmed gown. Her long, toned legs peeked through the slit that ran up the dress, and she looked alluring.

Samuel swallowed reflexively at the sight of her, but she wasn’t aware of his heated gaze as she walked to the vanity and gathered her inky dark hair into a messy chignon with a few loose tendrils framing her face.

After she dabbed a light sheen of red lipstick and turned around, he was already standing in front of her.

“What’s wrong?” She blinked.

“Is your lipstick a little too bright?” He asked in a serious tone.

“Is it?” Kathleen turned around again to check her reflection in the mirror. It might be a little too much.

She pulled a piece of tissue to blot off the excess lipstick when Samuel grabbed her wrist and drew her closer. “That’s too bothersome.”

She bumped into his chest and stiffened, feeling his finger curl under her chin and lifting her face before he sealed his mouth over hers.

Kathleen didn’t utter a sound, and he released her a few minutes later, his large hand still cradling the back of her head, his breathing uneven.

Tears pooled at the corners of her eyes. She glanced at his lips, which were smudged red with her lipstick.

“Happy now?” She huffed a breath.

Samuel wiped his lips with the back of his hand and answered evenly, "Not really."

"You're so annoying, and you messed up my hair." Kathleen nudged him away.

He wouldn't have stopped at a kiss if it weren't for tonight's plans.

She redid her hair and reapplied her lipstick before heading downstairs with Samuel following her unhurriedly.

Charles shot them a look. "That took long. I was about to send someone up to check on you, but no one dared to try their luck."

Kathleen remained silent.

"I'll leave tonight's plan in your hands, Mr. Macari. Yadiel and the others know the ins and outs of the situation. Kate and I will take our leave now," Charles said.

Samuel eyed him without answering and clasped Kathleen's arm. "I'll find you after everything's done. Wait for me."

She blew out a breath and lifted her hand. "See this?"

On her finger was the engagement ring Samuel had given her during their proposal.

His hand flew to his neck, where the ring had been dangling from the end of a chain he wore. She had taken it without his knowledge.

"Now will you stop worrying?" She was wearing the ring on her ring finger.

# All Too Late Chapter 497

Chapter 497 You Have Two Choices

Samuel cleared his throat. "Yeah."

"I'll be off then. See you later," Kathleen said as she pecked Samuel's cheek and left alongside Charles.

Samuel's black eyes shone with tenderness as he touched his cheek.

Selfishly, he hoped no one would notice how great of a person Kathleen was.

"Tyson," Samuel muttered, his tone drastically different.

Tyson walked over. "Yes, Mr. Macari."

"Is the car ready?" Samuel asked in a frigid voice.

"Everything is ready," Tyson replied.

Samuel nodded. "Let's go."

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, Kathleen had followed Charles' car and arrived at Raymond's house.

The banquet that night was attended by a sizable crowd.

Raymond anticipated Charles' arrival. He did not, however, anticipate Kathleen to join him.

Furthermore, he had no idea when Kathleen had returned.

Indeed, while traveling back, Kathleen had concealed her whereabouts. She kept it a secret from everyone.

As a result, Raymond had not heard anything about her return.

Raymond was certain, though, that the siblings were unaware of his intentions that evening based on how they entered the banquet. As a result, a satisfied smirk flashed on his face.

“Godfather,” Charles greeted impassively.

Raymond nodded. “You’ve arrived.”

“Long time no see, Mr. Watson,” Kathleen greeted flatly.

Raymond smiled. “Ms. Johnson. I wasn’t expecting you.”

Kathleen only smiled faintly in return.

“It’s good, though,” Raymond added, a sly grin on his face. “I have an important announcement to make tonight. It’ll be even more lively now that you’re both here.”

“I wonder what the good news is?” Kathleen asked.

Raymond cracked a half-smile. “I wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise for you. You’ll know eventually.”

He cast a quick glance at the visitors. “I should head over and say a few words as it’s almost time and the guests are almost all here.”

“Go ahead,” Kathleen replied indifferently.

With that, Raymond turned on his heel and headed for the stage.

Kathleen glanced around before whispering, “Where’s Clarissa, Charles?”

“She returned with me, but I’m not sure what happened to her after that,” Charles replied nonchalantly.

Kathleen did nothing but give Charles a thoughtful look.

He still did not seem to be feeling anything for Clarissa.

Relationships, though, were in fact, complicated.

"It's odd. I haven't seen Wilbur either," Kathleen remarked, her brows knitted together.

In a low voice, Charles replied, "Maybe Wilbur isn't even here."

"Don't tell me he went to deal with Axeworth Corporation on Raymond's behalf?" Kathleen inquired, her temples throbbing.

"It's possible," Charles muttered.

Kathleen lowered her gaze. She could not help but feel slightly worried for Samuel.

"Are you really treating Samuel as a hothouse flower?" Charles asked in an attempt to console Kathleen.

Kathleen was taken aback by his words.

"He's Samuel Macari, for crying out loud," Charles continued. "Even if he's lost his memories, he's not an easy opponent."

Kathleen nodded.

Raymond's voice came through before Kathleen could even utter a reply. "Truth to be told, I've invited everyone tonight to attend my daughter Clarissa's engagement ceremony."

Everyone, including Kathleen and Charles, was stunned.

Who is Clarissa getting engaged to?

"And the person who's going to be engaged to my daughter is no one other than Charles Johnson," Raymond announced as he looked at Charles.

Charles furrowed his brows. What the hell does Raymond mean by this?

Kathleen, too, had her brows furrowed into a severe frown.

"I believe everyone's aware that Charles is my godson. I have been treating him like my own. Thus, I wish to marry my beloved daughter to him. I hope everyone can give them your blessings." Then Raymond began to applaud, and the crowd soon joined in.

Charles' expression was grim.

"Charles, this appears to be something Raymond had in mind from the start. You might humiliate Clarissa if you leave," Kathleen stated flatly. "I reckon he knows that we're helping Clarissa."

However, Charles had no plans of getting engaged to Clarissa.

He was not romantically interested in Clarissa.

He had only ever regarded her as his little sister for as long as he could remember.

Thus, this arrangement was rather absurd to him.

Kathleen's eyes were cold as she locked her gaze on Raymond. "Now that the groom-to-be is here, I'm curious where the bride-to-be is."

Raymond narrowed his eyes. "Clarissa is feeling under the weather."

"Why didn't you postpone the engagement banquet if she was sick? Is it even appropriate to refer to it as an engagement banquet without the bride-to-be?" Kathleen inquired matter-of-factly. "Moreover, you did not inform anyone that tonight was the engagement banquet for Charles and Clarissa."

Raymond merely stared at her in silence.

He genuinely did not expect Kathleen to show up at the banquet.

"I'm sure you're familiar with my line of occupation, Mr. Watson. Why don't you let me take a look at Clarissa? She might feel better after my consultation. What do you think?" Kathleen asked, staring intently at Raymond.

Raymond frowned at that.

Discreetly, Kathleen tugged at Charles' sleeves.

Charles picked up on her signal right away. Coldly, he declared, "I won't agree to this engagement if Clarissa isn't present."

"I assume you're implying that you'll marry Clarissa as long as she's present?" Raymond retorted.

With a calm expression on his face, Charles replied, "Yes."

Raymond smirked as he ordered, "Bring Clarissa here."

Right as his words were out of his mouth, one of the help came pushing Clarissa, who was seated in a wheelchair.

Her eyes were dull and soulless— an obvious sign that something was wrong.

Kathleen approached Clarissa in an instant. Raymond, however, intervened and stopped her. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm just trying to care for my future sister-in-law. Am I not allowed to do so?" Kathleen asked icily.

"Precisely. You are not allowed to do so," Raymond replied, his tone radiating the same coldness.

Charles stepped up. "I'm sure I have the right to do so as Clarissa is my fiancée."

With that, he pushed Raymond away and walked up to Clarissa.

"Clarissa?" Charles mumbled as he caressed the said woman's cheek.

However, there was no reaction from Clarissa.

Charles turned around to look at Kathleen.

Kathleen pushed Raymond away and immediately went to Clarissa.

She frowned upon checking Clarissa's pulse.

"How is she?" Charles asked worriedly.

Kathleen took a deep breath as she placed her hand on Clarissa's head and felt around the area.

As she had expected, she managed to pull out a silver needle from the crown of Clarissa's head.

Raymond's expression darkened. Damn it. Kathleen found out.

Suddenly, Clarissa spat a mouthful of black blood.

"Clarissa!" Charles cried out as he held onto her. "Are you okay?"

Clarissa first looked at Charles, then at Raymond. Her face took on a pained expression.

"Her body is extremely frail now, Charles. We have to get her to a hospital as soon as possible," Kathleen urged, her eyebrows pinched in a frown.

Charles frowned. Instantly, he carried Clarissa from the wheelchair, bridal-style, and prepared to leave.

However, Raymond had ordered his men to stop them.

"What are you trying to do?" Charles demanded, his gaze steely.

Raymond grinned. "The engagement ceremony is not finished yet. Where do you think you're going?"

"Don't you see the state your daughter is in right now, Raymond?" Kathleen exclaimed exasperatedly. "Her life will be at risk if we don't act quickly."

Raymond merely scoffed at that. "Don't think I'm unaware of your goal, Charles. It's your fault that she's in this state. You have to get engaged to her to save her. If not, you have no right to take her away!"

"Was this your goal all along?" Charles asked, his expression icy.



Raymond wanted to induct him into Blissful Sect.

“Yes,” Raymond answered. He was not planning to hide his intentions anymore. “You have two choices. Either watch Clarissa die before your eyes, or get engaged to her and become one of Blissful Sect.”

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Chapter 498 You And Samuel

Charles tightened his hold on Clarissa.

She was as pale as a sheet; not even the slightest tinge of color was on her face.

Her condition was getting worse with each passing second.

Kathleen had been keeping an eye on Clarissa’s condition. She was aware that Clarissa was on the verge of death.

Charles gritted his teeth as he turned to the help. “Get me the ring!”

As a result of being startled by Charles’ furious expression, the help’s faces contorted with fear. Without wasting any time, they brought the rings to Charles.

Charles threw one of his arms around Clarissa and drew her close to his chest. Taking the rings from the platter, he slipped one on Clarissa and one on himself.

“Is this enough?” Charles shot Raymond a cold glare.

Raymond was beaming with delight. “Congratulations to the pair!”

Immediately, Charles carried Clarissa and dashed toward the exit.

Kathleen was about to follow them. However, Raymond intervened and stopped her. “Ms. Johnson must stay.”

Charles scowled. He turned around, glaring at Raymond. "What? Are you trying to threaten me now?"

"How would I dare?" Raymond refuted. A half-smile appeared on his face as he continued, "But do you think I'll let you go that easily after you chose to appear here, Ms. Johnson?"

Kathleen wore an icy expression. She turned to Charles, saying, "Bring Clarissa to the hospital first, Charles."

"What about you?" Charles frowned.

"I'll be fine," Kathleen reassured. Then in a low voice, she continued, "On top of that, Samuel won't let anything happen to me."

Charles pursed his lips. "I'll be back really soon!"

"Hurry on," Kathleen urged.

Clarissa did not have the leisure to wait any longer.

Charles clenched his jaw and left, holding Clarissa in his arms.

Other than the guests of the banquet, Kathleen was ultimately alone, looking rather helpless.

Raymond sneered. "How are things between you and Samuel, Ms. Johnson?"

"We're still going strong. There's no need for you to be concerned," Kathleen replied coldly. "Spit out anything you have to say. I'm afraid you won't have the chance to do so next time."

Raymond scoffed. "You should be aware that Wyatt has had his eyes on you for some time."

"Is that so?" Kathleen asked disinterestedly. "Then why did he get engaged to Ashley? It's unfortunate that Ashley turned out to be a fraud, though. How is he coping after having his fantasies crushed?"

"Wyatt would still be living his dreams if it weren't for you," Raymond exclaimed as he gave Kathleen a long look. "Don't you think you should bear the responsibilities?"

Kathleen sneered. "I don't understand your logic, Raymond. Was I the one who set Ashley up to be a fraud? It was clearly your party's fault. How could you blame me for it?"

"You were the one who didn't want to take up responsibility. Don't blame me for being harsh," said Raymond, his expression stony. "I'll still have to find a way to get back at you for what you've done to Adina back in Jadeborough."

"Sure thing. Do whatever you want." Kathleen had her arms crossed in front of her chest. "I've been working for you for a while. Do you want me to reveal all you've done?"

Raymond scoffed. As if I'd give her the chance to do so!

"Capture her!" Raymond ordered. "Kathleen and Wyatt will marry in three days. When that time comes, I hope everyone will be able to attend."

Before he finished his sentence, four bodyguards in black immediately surrounded Kathleen.

Kathleen's eyes were cold as ice. "Take another step closer to me. I dare you."

The four bodyguards immediately stopped in their tracks.

Kathleen sent a taunting glare in Raymond's direction. "Have you forgotten? I've trained everyone here. You can ask them how I deal with those who disobey my commands."

Raymond was infuriated. "What are you guys doing? Get her!"

Yet, the bodyguards remained rooted in their spots.

Then Wilbur emerged, accompanied by a group of people. "I'll do it."

Kathleen narrowed her eyes at him. "Why not go and worry about your wife instead? She's currently in a tight spot in Jadeborough."

"Everything will be sorted out after you become my sister-in-law," Wilbur replied coldly.

"You Watsons really know how to dream, huh?" Kathleen sneered. "Do you honestly think you guys will succeed?"

"There's nothing impossible. Everything will fall into place once you get married to Wyatt," Raymond declared. He was adamant about his opinion.

Kathleen's gaze was cold.

"Moreover, I've already shut down all airports, train stations, and harbors. You won't be able to escape. Similarly, those who want to save you won't be able to reach you. No one can do anything," Raymond continued. He was determined to succeed.

Kathleen's eyes were devoid of any emotion. "Do you think you'll succeed?"

"You can anticipate it," Raymond replied, smiling sinisterly.

Kathleen smirked. "I'm afraid things will not go the way you want."

Raymond stared at her bitterly.

Right then, a loud bang was heard from the outside.

Kathleen raised her brows slightly.

He's here!

"What happened?" Raymond asked with a scowl. "Go take a look!"

"I'll go," Wilbur declared as he strode toward the exit.

However, a gun was pointed at his forehead just as he reached the door.

Wilbur stared at the man who was holding the gun. "Samuel?"

When did Samuel come here?

Wilbur retreated a few steps at the same time Samuel moved forward.

Samuel heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing Kathleen unharmed.

His ebony eyes looked at her with thick emotions. "Come over here."

Kathleen went to him.

Samuel wrapped an arm around Kathleen as he hugged her into his chest and asked in a husky voice, "You okay?"

Kathleen nodded. "I'm fine."

She was completely okay. Samuel need not get worried about her.

Samuel lifted his gaze and glared at Raymond. "Your plan has failed."

"Failed?" Raymond frowned.

Why is Samuel here? My people told me he was still nursing his injuries in Jadeborough.

"The people you've assigned to wipe out Axeworth Corporation have all been killed," Samuel stated emotionlessly. "You guys are next."

Raymond furrowed his brows. "That's not possible!"

Samuel's cold, piercing look exuded a hostile and deadly aura.

Right then, one of Raymond's subordinates came running into the place as he nervously stammered, "P-Police! There's so many police!"

What?

Raymond widened his eyes.

Soon, a swarm of police poured into the place.

The man leading the group stared at Raymond coldly. "Please come along with us, Mr. Watson."

Raymond scowled. "Why should I? I haven't done anything against the law!"

The police took out his arrest warrant. "Do you think we'd come without proof? Come along now."

"Impossible!" Raymond was in disbelief.

"Nothing's impossible," Samuel drawled. "This is the gift this country has given me in return for my promise to invest five billion here in thirty minutes."

Raymond was dumbfounded.

Kathleen gave Samuel a surprised look. "Not only did you take care of the people from Blissful Sect and Axeworth Corporation, but you've also managed to get a business collaboration done?"

"Yeah. I would've been here earlier if it wasn't for the business meeting," Samuel replied as he pecked her forehead.

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, the police had cuffed Raymond's hands and brought him away.

Before going, he shot Kathleen a nasty glare. "I won't go down like this!"

"You won't have the chance to start over after going into jail, Raymond. Don't forget; you have quite a number of enemies. How are you so sure they won't try to kill you?" Kathleen reminded him coolly.

Raymond's expression darkened. He shifted his gaze to Wilbur.