

## Love Spell 671

### Chapter 671

"Unless an authoritative organization speaks up, no one will believe anything about significant disasters like this," Lethan said thoughtfully as he lit a cigarette.

"I'll think of a solution!"

Carlisle hung up and glanced at the time. It was already 11:00 pm. He had thought about calling Gareth, but he guessed that Gareth would still be drowning his sorrows in alcohol. So he decided to call the latter the next day instead.

A black car stopped at the entrance to Wyndham Villa.

Shein and Josie got out and walked into the villa, talking and laughing with each other. The moment they entered, Josie was stunned.

Steak and red wine were laid out on the dining table. The candles in the candlestick were burning brightly as if they were celebrating this rare moment.

Josie's expression shifted.

"Wh-when did you prepare this?"

Shein walked over to the dining table and pulled out a chair for Josie.

He gently said, "I told the housekeeper to prepare this while we were having the meeting." Josie smiled faintly. She straightened out her skirt before taking a seat.

She disconsolately said, "The last time we had a candlelight dinner was six years ago on our wedding anniversary."

"Yes. Since Yuriel started plotting and scheming against me, we haven't been able to have a good meal at all."

Shein's voice was heavy with emotion. He clapped his hands, and the lights in the villa turned off.

He raised his wine glass and said, "Happy New Year, Josie."

Josie lifted her own glass and clinked it against his.

"Happy New Year."

They both smiled calmly in the quiet before taking elegant sips of the wine. After setting down her glass, Josie picked up a knife and fork and began cutting up her steak.

"What do you think about Carlisle?"

"He's very capable."

Shein picked up a piece of steak with his fork, stuffed it into his mouth, and began chewing vigorously. Josie said nothing, as if she were waiting for him to continue his assessment. Shein pulled out several napkins and wiped away the grease at the corners of his mouth. He picked up his wine glass and took another sip.

"He's more accomplished than anyone in the current generation of the Murrays!"

"It's a pity that he doesn't come from a good family..."

Josie lowered her head and continued cutting up her steak.

The million-dollar fireworks that had gone off on Wanda's birthday had been from Carlisle. She had guessed it from the moment she had covered for Shania.

She admired Carlisle greatly. He had managed to find the Murrays' hospital and dared go to Maple Hill to let off the fireworks. This proved that Carlisle sincerely loved Wanda. However, she thought it was a pity that Wanda's fate had already been decided for her by her grandfather, James.

Josie also had to think about the Warbanes' legacy. Shein picked up a strawberry from the fruit plate and popped it into his mouth.

He said heavily, "His achievements in the future will surpass both Yuriel and I combined." Alumni Network had prospered so rapidly. It already had eight million registered users after just two months. Even Penguin Group's achievements hadn't even come close.

Josie looked at Shein in shock.

"Just with Alumni Network?"

She knew that Alumni Network had great potential, but she did not think it would be possible for it to surpass both Thompson Group and Yuriel.

"Have you forgotten Dragonaire Studio, that gaming company that Gareth invested in?" Shein asked smilingly.

He said, "Recently, that company has been heavily promoting the game that they're about to launch. This game has gotten a huge reaction on all the major forums, and up until today, there is already more than 20 thousand users signing up on the game's official website. This game is expected to be the next The Legendary Tale!"

"How did he do it?" Josie murmured softly to herself.

"The Legendary Tale" was a product of Victory Web, and the founder of Victory Web had raised the company's market worth to seven billion in just three years because of that game. The gaming industry had a bright future.

If Carlisle's game could become the next "The Legendary Tale", then with Alumni Network and Dragonaire Studio, it would really be possible for him to surpass the achievements of both Thompson Group and Yuriel combined.

## Chapter 672

The Warbanes also played an important role.

Shein picked up a spoon and scooped up some chestnut ice cream.

"Phones will be Carlisle's biggest failure in his business ventures. The phone market is very competitive, and it has deterred many entrepreneurs. Carlisle is just bold and naive."

Josie laughed and said, "You don't seem to be so against Carlisle anymore!"

Shein took two bites of ice cream and wiped his mouth with a napkin.

He looked intently at Josie and said, "I've never been hostile toward him. He simply fell for someone that he shouldn't have, and my actions were for his own good!"

Josie looked conflicted and asked, "Is what we've done fair to our daughter?"

Shein was silent for a moment. He picked up his wine glass and polished off the rest of the wine.

"The Thompsons started trading in the Minner Era. After that, our family's fortunes declined, and there was a sharp decrease in our numbers. Later, we became the victims of lawsuits. But then, my grandfather started another business with the help of my grandmother. My father inherited a business worth seven billion dollars and worked hard until the day he died. The foundation we've built for over 200 years must not be destroyed while I'm in charge!"

He picked up the bottle of wine and gulped it down noisily as if he felt his heart ache for Wanda's destiny. He seemed to be venting his feelings.

"Wanda's engagement was decided for her by my father, and it's an alliance with the Murrays. Even if we wanted to rescind the agreement, they'd have to agree to it first!"

Josie smiled bitterly and picked up her glass to drink the remaining wine. The Murrays hadn't helped Thompson Group as they had expected them to do. It hinted that they didn't care about the Thompsons at all.

Following that, Josie and Shein began to feel less and less friendly toward the Murrays.

At 8:00 am the next day in Willow Grove, Carlisle was cuddling his blankets and talking in his sleep.

"Give me a kiss, Wanda..." he mumbled.

He dreamt that Wanda was in his arms, whining playfully at him. He couldn't help bending down to kiss her.

Just as he was about to touch her lips, his phone rang.

"We'll grow old together and watch the snowflakes fall..."

"Damn it!"

Carlisle got up angrily and picked up his phone.

It was Lethan, just as he had expected. Carlisle knew that he was calling to urge him to contact Leon.

"Hello?" Carlisle answered abruptly.

He was very displeased.

"Carlisle, hurry up and contact that designer for me!"

Lethan hadn't slept a wink to meet the Hermès team on time. Ordinarily, he wouldn't have disturbed Carlisle so early in the morning.

"You're in too much of a rush!" Carlisle muttered in annoyance.

"I don't want to be either, but this collaboration with Hermès is just too important to the company... If Yuriel gets this instead, Islo Clothing will be in dire circumstances !" Lethan explained wryly.

"Alright. I stand by what I said. Don't get your hopes up."

Carlisle hung up and pressed down hard on the asterisk key to switch his phone to meeting mode. He pulled the blankets over his head and continued to sleep.

Suddenly, there was a series of knocks outside.

"Damn! Is there going to be no end to this?"

Carlisle burrowed out of his blankets and asked loudly, "Who is it?"

"Boss, it's me, Wendell..."

"Coming."

Carlisle pulled on a jacket and went to open the door.

Wendell and Francis wouldn't come looking for him unless they had something important to say, especially this early in the morning.

Carlisle opened the door to see Wendell looking very serious.

He said in a low, rough voice, "We found an explosive device in the car just now, and the surveillance cameras in the neighborhood were tampered with. If they could carry this out during Kevin's shift, they must be professional killers with training. Someone wants to kill you."

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"A professional assassin?"

Carlisle's pupils contracted. In his previous life, he had only seen assassins in TV shows and

novels. He never would have imagined encountering one after being reborn, even in his wildest dreams.

He wondered who wanted him dead. He considered whether it was Titan Lynch, Jalen Holder, or even Yuriel and Austin Gust. He even wondered if it could be Kyle Carrington, whom he had offended the previous night.

The life-threatening situation made Carlisle's throat tighten.

Wendell added, "Willow Grove is too vast. Unless we arrange for bodyguards to monitor the entire area intensively 24 hours a day, keeping you safe from a professionally trained

assassin would be impossible. Francis and I think that you should move into a detached villa so we can secure your safety more easily."

"Alright. Let me check with Windex Corporation later," Carlisle replied.

It was natural for humans to fear death. Carlisle was no exception.

Having already died once, he valued life more than anyone else, especially considering he might not have another chance to be reborn. He preferred not to take that risk.

Carlisle regained his composure and said solemnly, "Find out who the assassin is at all costs. I want to know who wants me dead."

"Got it," Wendell replied before stepping aside to make a phone call.

Carlisle headed back to his room for a shower. After freshening up, he made himself a bowl of pasta in the kitchen.

At around nine o'clock, he called Leon, who had informed him earlier that he would be going abroad. He wondered if Leon had already returned.

After a short wait, Leon's deep voice came through the line.

"Mr. Zahn."

"Leon, have you returned?"

"I just landed. What's the matter?"

"Well, here's the thing..."

Carlisle proceeded to tell him about Islo Clothing's situation. Leon fell silent after hearing Carlisle's explanation.

Carlisle thought he might have put Leon in a difficult situation, so he smiled and said, "If you don't feel comfortable, forget about it. Lethan asked me to seek your help, and I couldn't turn him down since he's Wanda's uncle."

"I can't help you with this," Leon rejected straightforwardly.

"Yeah, I understand. I told Lethan not to hold out too much hope anyway," Carlisle said.

Even though he was disappointed, he knew he shouldn't push Leon into helping.

"Someone's here to pick me up. Let's talk again sometime," Leon said.

Meanwhile, Lethan headed to Riverland Airport with his company's executives. As soon as they got out of the car, they bumped into Austin and the business team from Fashion Breeze.

"Mr. Warbane!" Austin smiled and greeted with his hands in his pockets.

"You sure came early," Lethan responded while wearing a feigned smile.

As an adult, he had to maintain his manners despite his dislike of Austin.



Austin still remembered how Lethan had snubbed him at the Secretary of State's office last time. Thus, he didn't plan to cut Lethan any slack that day.

"Do you think Islo Clothing stands a chance against us, Mr. Warbane?" Austin asked. Hermès had already announced its collaboration plans. Austin was confident that Fashion Breeze's design would win the collaboration, considering Islo Clothing's design was no match for theirs.

"That's not for you to decide," Lethan replied, his face wearing a gentlemanly smile.

"We'll see about that!" Austin said before leading his business team into the VIP lounge. "Let's go!"

Lethan signaled his men to follow suit.

There were ten people in Hermès' inspection team, including four Flaremontians.

## Chapter 674

Aside from the four Flaremontians, the team also had two Arfitans and two Casmanians. The eight of them chatted happily as they entered the VIP lounge through the express Austin and Lethan immediately led their teams to go over to greet them.

"Welcome to Riverland!" Austin greeted in a foreign language.

Lethan quickly followed suit, greeting them warmly.

Nina Cambert, Hermès' Director of Design, smiled and shook their hands.

"Nice to meet you. I speak English too," Nina responded in a slightly awkward accent.

"That's impressive, Ms. Cambert! For the sake of communication, shall we all speak in English?" Austin responded enthusiastically.

"Okay!"

Nina nodded and said, "Shall we all introduce ourselves first?"

lane.

Austin introduced his team to Nina, highlighting the two renowned Clindonian designers. Nina's eyes widened in disbelief upon learning their names. It seemed that she had heard about the two before. She shook their hands humbly.

Lethan felt slightly uneasy at the sight before him. His smile stiffened.

After greeting Austin's team, Nina approached Lethan.

"Hello, Mr. Warbane. I'm Nina Cambert, the Director of Design at Hermès," Nina introduced herself in her slightly awkward English.

"Hi, Ms. Cambert. I'm Lethan Warbane, Chairman of Islo Clothing," Lethan responded as he shook her hand.

He then introduced his team to her. Nina enthusiastically shook hands with everyone on Lethan's team before introducing the inspection team to both parties.

She unexpectedly began by introducing a Casmanian man.

"This is Leon Quinlan, our design consultant."

"Leon Quinlan?" Lethan exclaimed in disbelief as he looked at Leon, who seemed to be around his age.

He was surprised to see that Leon, the designer he had been looking for, had become Hermès 'design consultant.

"Hello, Mr. Warbane."

With a smile, Leon reached out his hand.

"Hi, Mr. Quinlan," Lethan excitedly responded as he shook Leon's hand.

He believed that Leon would likely take his side, considering their connections with Carlisle. Noticing Lethan's thrill, Nina smiled and asked, "Leon, do you know Mr. Warbane?" "We do-"

Lethan was ready to admit.

"Not know each other!" Leon abruptly interjected.

Nina glanced at the two skeptically. She could naturally tell they knew each other from her many years of experience in high-level positions. However, she trusted Leon's character and believed he would assist them fairly and impartially in completing this collaboration. "Hello, Mr. Quinlan," Austin greeted Leon warmly.

"I didn't expect to see such a young man like you as the design consultant of the internationally renowned luxury brand Hermès! You have my utmost admiration." "You're too kind, Mr. Gust."

Leon shook Austin's hand nonchalantly.

After they wrapped up the introductions, Austin said, "You all must be exhausted from traveling all the way here across the ocean. I've arranged for you to stay at the most luxurious hotel in Riverland. Please follow me."

Seeing that Austin was about to lead the inspection team away, Lethan quickly spoke up, " Ms. Cambert, I also-"

"Thank you for the kind offer, Mr. Gust and Mr. Warbane. But our company has arranged accommodations for us," Nina declined their offers politely.

She then returned to the main subject.

"After we screened the qualifications of the significant bidding companies in Cascade State, Islo Clothing and Fashion Breeze successfully passed the qualification review.

"Next, we require the two companies to create a new product that meets Hermès' requirements for craftsmanship and Oriental elements to proceed with the final bidding. The winner will receive the exclusive collaboration rights in the Cascade State market!"

Austin was confident about the final bid.

Glancing at the absent-minded Lethan, he gently smiled and said, "Rest assured, Ms. Cambert. You won't be disappointed by our design."

Nina nodded and smiled.

"The new year is just around the corner, so we're looking forward to finalizing the collaboration as soon as possible."

After briefly discussing with his design team, Austin glanced mockingly at Lethan before replying confidently, "15 days. We'll only need 15 days to come up with the design."

Lethan snorted coldly and countered, "Ten days."

"Seven days!"

Austin cut the required design time in half without hesitation.

Nina, accustomed to such competition, said, "Let's make it ten days then. In ten days, we will judge your companies' designs and make the final decision."

## Chapter 675

After Carlisle called Leon, he made another call to Shania.

Even though Shania had several villas for sale, they were all far from Riverland University, taking at least two hours by car. Therefore, Carlisle decided not to buy any of them.

He then called Gareth, informing him about the extreme cold wave expected on the fifth of the month.

Gareth, who had just woken up, lit a cigarette and frowned.

"There's nothing I can do about it. If we spread the news before the meteorological bureau releases it, we might end up spreading rumors and causing widespread panic!"

Carlisle responded solemnly, "You have to convince your grandfather to get the authorities to issue a natural disaster forecast. Otherwise, the whole country's fisheries will suffer huge losses this year!"

Gareth didn't doubt Carlisle's words. Before he met Carlisle, he had heard about Holly Fisheries, run by Lethan and Shania. However, he hadn't known their reason for investing in the fisheries industry until now.

Clearly, they planned to hit the jackpot by capitalizing on this disaster.

"Alright. I'll call my grandpa right away," Gareth said, realizing the severity of the situation. He ended the call and dialed Theodore's number.

"Hello?" Theodore answered.

"Grandpa, an extreme cold wave is expected to hit the country around the fifth of the month. This will significantly damage the fishery industry nationwide. You need to get the meteorological bureau to issue a warning, no matter what!"

Gareth went straight to the point.

"Are you still drunk from last night?" Theodore asked calmly, assuming Gareth was still groggy.

Gareth knew Theodore wouldn't believe him easily.

He continued solemnly, "You've heard about Holly Fisheries in Cascade State, haven't you? The company that was aggressively acquiring land for greenhouse construction two months ago?"

"Yes. What about them?" Theodore asked, his brows furrowing as he started to speculate. Gareth continued, "Carlisle and two other entrepreneurs founded the company. Two months ago, Carlisle predicted that a major cold wave would hit the country by the end of the year.

"So far, Holly Fisheries has already acquired 80 thousand tons of marine product. Last night, Carlisle topped up another 150 million dollars to purchase an additional 100 thousand tons. I believe this matter is very real."

Theodore gasped. He had never believed in geomancy or fortune-telling and even considered them ridiculous. Nevertheless, Carlisle had indeed accurately predicted the

issues Gareth's wine had encountered.

Carlisle had been bold in investing his money. If he had not had confidence in these ventures, he would not have committed such large sums.

After all, 100 thousand tons of fish were worth at least two billion dollars.

After careful consideration, Theodore decided it was better to act now than regret it later.

He slowly said, "I'll talk to my friend at the meteorological bureau later."

It was the second of the month, only three days away from the fifth that Gareth had mentioned. Time was running out.

Theodore quickly hung up the phone, threw on a coat, and headed out.

## Chapter 676

It was 10:30 am.

Grayson Hayes, chief of the meteorological bureau, reviewed a satellite weather map in his office at Yorksle Meteorological Bureau. He looked puzzled.

"Mr. Hayes, Mr. Spencer Senior is here," Grayson's secretary, Warren, announced after knocking at the door.

"Mr. Spencer Senior?" Grayson asked in surprise.

He quickly set aside his work, went to the door, and welcomed the elderly man clad in a coat.

"Mr. Spencer Senior, what brings you here?" Grayson asked, shaking Theodore's hand warmly with both of his own.

"Why? Aren't you happy to see me?"

Theodore smiled.

"Nonsense! I'm honored to have you here! Please, come in!"

Grayson warmly invited Theodore inside and then instructed his secretary, "Warren, please serve us the finest tea we have."

He then led Theodore to the coffee table and gestured for him to sit.

"Please take a seat, Mr. Spencer Senior."

Theodore was highly respected. Even Grayson's mentor would need to show deference in the former's presence.

After Theodore removed his coat, Grayson quickly took it and hung it on a nearby coat rack.

"Grayson, do you anticipate any unusual climate over the next few days?" Theodore asked bluntly.

"In the coming week, there will be heavy snowfall in the north and sleet in the south," Grayson replied confidently.

"Any signs of an extreme cold wave?" Theodore asked, his eyes fixed on Grayson.

After briefly hesitating, Grayson shook his head and said, "Based on our recent observations and analysis, we don't expect any cold waves in the near future."

Theodore's expression grew solemn as he added, "An old friend of mine is a meteorologist. He predicts that an extreme cold wave will approach around the fifth. This could

significantly impact the people and lead to huge losses for various industries, especially the fisheries."

Grayson slightly quivered at Theodore's words.

He then forced a smile and asked, "May I know who this old friend of yours is, Mr. Spencer Senior?"

Grayson had indeed noticed some unusual readings in the meteorological data for the coming days. However, he couldn't determine if they were related to the cold wave.

He had sought advice from his retired mentor and other colleagues, but none of them could provide a sensible explanation for the odd readings. As a result, they could only conclude

that the data calculations were off.

With Theodore suddenly showing up and claiming an extreme cold wave was expected, Grayson couldn't help but question the data he had been studying earlier. He was curious about Theodore's friend and would definitely like to discuss the abnormalities with the meteorologist if possible.

Theodore smiled faintly and said, "He's not feeling well, so he asked me to inform you instead."

When Warren served the tea on the table, Grayson smiled and said, "Please have some tea to warm yourself, Mr. Spencer Senior."

Theodore declined the offer and urged, "Time is running out. You need to issue a disaster warning as soon as possible so that the fishermen can take the necessary precautions and minimize their losses!"



Grayson sighed helplessly.

"Mr. Spencer Senior, we need solid scientific evidence before issuing a disaster warning. We can't warn everyone without concrete proof.

"If we did, the fishermen might spend a fortune preparing for a disaster that might not even happen. What if it turns out to be a false alarm? We would only anger them!"

"What if the extreme cold wave does hit unexpectedly on the fifth? It would be too late for any precautions by then!" Theodore countered, his expression stern.

Grayson swallowed hard, his forehead damp with cold sweat. He wasn't sure if there would be a cold wave in the next few days, but the meteorological data did show some unusual readings.

If Theodore were right, an extreme cold wave would undoubtedly cause huge losses, and the entire meteorological bureau would be held accountable.

"L-Let me seek advice from my mentor," Grayson said.

Grayson's mentor, Dorian Myers, was an academic at the Academy of Sciences and a professor of meteorology. He had also served in the meteorological bureau for quite some time.

Grayson made a call to Dorian using the landline on his desk.

After a brief wait, a kind, elderly voice came through the phone.

"Hello, Grayson."

Grayson got straight to the point.

"Mr. Myers, Mr. Spencer Senior is in my office now. He mentioned that his meteorologist friend predicted an extreme cold wave would be expected on the fifth and wanted us to issue a disaster warning.

"Mr. Spencer Senior visited you at the bureau?"

"Yes."

"Then follow his advice. There appear to be some calculation errors in the data you sent me. We're likely expecting a cold wave in the next few days."

## Chapter 677

At noon, nationwide broadcasts and radios began airing disaster warnings.

"Dear audience, the Yorksle Meteorology Bureau would like to inform you that a severe cold wave is expected from January 5 to January 10, 2005. During this period, temperatures are anticipated to drop to 68 degrees Fahrenheit at most.

"Most regions will experience significant cold, with possible fierce gusts. The northern regions may face heavy snowfall, while the southern regions might see sleet. Some areas could also experience snowfall.

"Please take the necessary precautions to prepare for this disaster. The meteorological bureau will continue to monitor and update the weather changes over the next five days. Stay tuned."

Shein stood by the floor-to-ceiling window at Thompson Group, smoking a cigar.

Josie walked in and asked, "Shein, have you heard about the weather forecast?"

Shein nodded silently.

Josie approached him and said in a low voice, "Shania told me that Carlisle can predict the future, and he foresaw this severe cold wave two months ago!"

"How much fish has Holly Fisheries accumulated?" Shein asked.

"80 hundred tons so far. They plan to stock up to 100 hundred tons."

"This cold wave will undoubtedly drive up fish prices this year, potentially reaching five dollars per pound. With 100 hundred tons of fish, that's about 200 million pounds. In other words, Holly Fisheries could make at least a billion dollars from their inventory!"

Shein puffed smoke in clouds, his eyes sparkling with brilliance.

"Carlisle is certainly hard to read," Josie remarked, her smile bitter.

Shein sighed and walked toward his desk.

Carlisle had transferred 150 million dollars to Lethan. The cold wave alert had been issued only half an hour earlier, and Holly Fisheries' hotline had been ringing off the hook ever since.

Many fishery representatives were scrambling to sell their fish, and even some county mayors had personally contacted Lethan.

Lethan sat in Carlisle's Rolls-Royce, wearing a pained expression.

He said, "That wasn't the deal!"

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Warbane," said the chuckling voice on the other end of the call.

"My relative's fish ponds don't have any cold prevention measures. So, we need to reserve our ponds so they can relocate their fish. We haven't signed any agreements yet, so I suppose this won't be considered a breach of contract."

"As if I care!"

Lethan hung up the phone angrily.

"Are we short on fish ponds?" Carlisle asked.

Lethan nodded and replied, "We didn't manage to finalize agreements with some of the ponds we rented, so some owners have backed out. They probably want to capitalize on this disaster by stockpiling fish!"

"Can the already leased ponds hold 20 thousand tons of fish?" Carlisle asked.

"Yes. But it might be slightly packed. If the oxygen in the pond isn't enough for the fish, we'll be in trouble!" Lethan exclaimed displeasedly.

Despite Holly Fisheries' significant profits, he was still frustrated and troubled by Hermès' collaboration case, which is why he didn't handle the calls well.

Carlisle had learned from Lethan about Leon working for Hermès as a design consultant. However, he could do nothing about the matter. After all, he was merely Leon's acquaintance.

Now that Leon was the design consultant for Hermès, Carlisle thought they should ask him to persuade Hermès to collaborate with Islo Clothing instead of asking Leon to design for them.

In the following days, everyone around the country was busy preparing for the cold wave. The fish market fluctuated massively over the days. However, instead of rising, the price dropped.

After all, it wasn't easy to implement cold prevention measures for fish ponds. Large fisheries owned dozens, if not hundreds, of acres of fish ponds, making it impossible to complete the measures within three days. Consequently, they had no choice but to sell the fish at a lower price.

As for those individual fish ponds and fishing companies already equipped to handle the cold, they settled easily, waiting to hit the jackpot when the New Year arrived.

On the morning of the fifth, Carlisle was awakened by a crackling noise.

## Chapter 678

The clothes rack swayed wildly in the strong winds outside.

Carlisle quickly threw on some clothes and headed out to the balcony to collect his laundry. When he opened the window, he was greeted by a full-blown snowstorm.

Considering Riverland had received snow, he assumed it would be even colder in the north. Usually, the low temperature in the morning would rise by noon before dropping again in the evening. However, the temperature in Riverland had been dropping from morning until evening that day.

It was 44.6 degrees Fahrenheit from 7:00 am to 8:00 am, 41 degrees Fahrenheit from 8:00 am to 10:00 am, and 37.4 degrees Fahrenheit from 10:00 am to 12:00 pm. By 6:00 pm, the temperature had dropped to negative 30.2 degrees Fahrenheit.

On January 6, rain and snow lowered the temperature to negative 41 degrees Fahrenheit. On the seventh, heavy snow plunged it to negative 50 degrees Fahrenheit. On the eighth, a mix of rain and snow caused the temperature to hit its lowest point at negative 59 degrees Fahrenheit.

Carlisle wrapped himself in a blanket as he watched the news on the couch.

"A severe cold wave has recently hit Riverland. The heavy snow has caused closures on major roads, resulting in severe traffic congestion as cars became trapped, causing huge inconvenience for residents of Riverland.

"Due to the cold wave, plantations in farming regions have been heavily damaged. The cold devastated many crops and fruits, resulting in enormous losses for the farmers.

"With the cold weather, the use of electricity has skyrocketed. Some areas even experienced power shortages, leading to outages for some residents.

"Last night, the blizzard brought by the cold wave hit three eastern provinces. Most of the city traffic came to a halt, and the same applied to schools and government units.

"The cold weather also increased the demand for heating. With the limited supply of gas and coal, prices have skyrocketed.

"There are also people trapped by this cold wave disaster. Rescue teams have launched operations despite the harsh conditions."

Most, if not all, television channels were reporting on the massive impact of the cold wave on the locals.

Suddenly, Carlisle's phone rang. It was Selena.

"Mr. Zahn, Yuriel is hosting a charity gala. He even invited the governor. Should we attend?"

"Of course. We'll attend all major charity events from now on," Carlisle replied without hesitation.

He had seen this charity event on television in his previous life. He remembered most companies donating between 200 thousand and 500 thousand dollars, while Yuriel and Shein each donated a whopping five million dollars.

He recalled the envious looks on his parents' faces when they saw how generous the donations were. They could barely even earn a thousand dollars if they worked their tails off

for an entire month.

Charity events were an excellent opportunity for companies to boost their image and reputation. Not only did they promote publicity, but they also increased employee satisfaction and attracted talent. Moreover, they provided companies with tax breaks. "But..." Selena hesitated.

"But what?" Carlisle asked sternly.

"Yuriel also sent invitations to Alumni Network, Dragonaire Studio, Xenos Factory, Govan Technology Limited, and Aurora Holdings!"

Selena sighed. Clearly, Yuriel planned to charge Carlisle a fortune.

"The more reason to go then!"

Carlisle chuckled.

"It'll be great exposure for Sean and the others."

In fact, this would also be Carlisle's first time attending such an entrepreneurial event.

"Alright. I'll send them an email," Selena replied.

"What's the time and venue of the event?"

"Tonight at seven, on the third floor of Imperial Hotel," Selena replied.

Carlisle ended the call and chuckled. He remembered that his boss from his past life had also attended this charity event. He then worked for a medium-sized advertising company with an estimated annual income of three million.

In Carlisle's previous life, his boss often scolded him regardless of his work performance. He wondered if it was because of his boss' overweight figure or simply because of biases against larger sizes.

## Chapter 679

Central heating wasn't standard in most households in the southern region, so Carlisle was freezing even under blankets. When he tried to close the window, he realized it was frozen shut.

"Boss, I bought you two heaters," Francis said, entering the room with two heaters in hand. He was bundled up in a thick camouflage coat, knitted gloves, and a striking pink scarf. "Do you have any leads on the assassin?" Carlisle asked, pulling the power strip over to plug in the heaters.

Wendell had assigned six more bodyguards and stationed another two in the

neighborhood's surveillance room on 24-hour shifts. The residents in the neighborhood assumed some celebrity had moved in because of that.

"No luck on that."

Francis shook his head.

"The police have set up a special task force. We've been working with them for three days but have still received nothing. This assassin completely avoids all surveillance."

"Do you fish?" Carlisle abruptly asked.

Francis shook his head again.

"I used to fish at the reservoir in my hometown back in my schooling days, but I stopped fishing once I left."

With a meaningful smile, Carlisle said, "Get Kevin to buy a few fishing rods. We're going fishing tomorrow!"

Francis immediately understood Carlisle's intention.

He asked worriedly, "Isn't it a bit risky?"

"I have faith in you all," Carlisle assured him.

Instead of living in fear, he preferred to resolve the matter once and for all. If they couldn't find the assassin, they might as well lure him out then.

It was 3:00 pm when security guards stopped Sienna outside the 19th floor of Windex Building A.

"How dare you stop me from entering? Don't you know who I am?"

Sienna glared at the two guards angrily, her hands crossed.

She had been busy working on her music website recently. There were no security guards when she visited Sarah here a week ago.

The security guards couldn't help but wonder if Sienna really did know the chairman, given how polished her outfit was despite her young age.



Kurt Watkins, the tall and slim guard, looked troubled.

"Sorry, miss. We've received orders from the chairman that no outsiders can enter the

company. If you know someone from the company, you should call them to let you in." "You're just trying to make this difficult, aren't you?" Sienna questioned, displeased.

"Do you know you might lose your job if I make the call right now?"

"Sorry, miss. We're just doing our jobs," Kurt replied calmly.

"Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you. Your chairman, Sarah Gates, is my close friend. You can either ask her yourself or let me in immediately! If you insist I call her, you'd better prepare your resignation letter!" Sienna warned them arrogantly.

She then muttered, "What's the deal with these two guard dogs? Since when is guarding a door something to be smug about?"

Since starting her own company, Sienna had been in the spotlight among her classmates and roommates. She finally understood what it felt like to be the center of attention, just like Sarah.

Sarah was going to take Sienna to the charity event hosted by Yuriel that day. It seemed to be a huge event attended only by entrepreneurs. Even the governor would be in attendance.

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Sienna was aware that she had become part of high society and felt entitled to be arrogant, expecting admiration from those less fortunate.

When Kurt overheard Sienna's insult, he responded firmly, "Sorry, but rules are rules. We're not allowed to leave our posts during work. Please call someone to let you in if you need to enter."

Sienna sneered coldly.

"If you say so."

She took out her phone, dialed Sarah's number, and put it on speaker.

Kurt's elderly partner said anxiously, "W-Wait a minute, miss. Let me go check on this for you."

"Too late," Sienna replied, her smile cold.

"I already gave you a chance!"

"Enna?"

Sarah's voice came through the line.

"Sarah, your guards stopped me from entering and insisted that you come out to fetch me," Sienna said, sounding aggrieved.

"I see. I'll be right there," Sarah replied, her voice tinged with irritation.

Soon, Sarah emerged from the office in her knee-high boots. Her cold expression exuded an overwhelming pressure that made the guards break into a sweat.

"Sarah, you're here! These two guards are driving me crazy! Fire them now!" Sienna exclaimed, displeased and sneering at the guards.

Sarah stared at the two guards and asked, "Didn't she say she's a close friend of mine? Why did you stop her?"

Kurt swallowed hard and replied, "We've never seen her before. We couldn't just take her word for it. We were following orders."

"How dare you talk back to me!"

Sarah's expression turned cold.

"Go collect your pay from the finance department and get out! I don't need anyone who argues with the boss here."

Sarah had been to Austin's company, which had hundreds, if not thousands, of employees. Despite their excellent educational backgrounds, everyone was in awe of Austin.

If an employee dared to talk back to their boss, it indicated a company management flaw. Sarah intended to grow her company into a significant player, so she couldn't afford any management issues.

Kurt removed his ID badge and placed it on the table, choosing to forgo his seven-day pay. He scoffed.

"This company's management system is outrageous! With such management, it's only a matter of time before this company goes under, let alone grow big!"

Kurt had just retired from the military the previous month. After resting at home for a couple of weeks, he decided to look for a job and saw the security guard ads for the companies in Windex Building.

Solomon from Aurora Holdings could tell with a glance that Kurt had a military background. The two chatted well, and Solomon even invited him to join the company.

However, the headhunter from Universal Finance told Kurt that the company had just established its own security department, with promising advancement opportunities. For the sake of better job prospects, Kurt turned down Solomon's offer and joined Universal Finance instead.

Despite working diligently for the past week, including unpaid overtime, Sarah fired Kurt for strictly adhering to the company's rules.

Sarah sneered.

"It's not your place to criticize my company. My company is none of your concern! You should focus more on yourself. This attitude won't get you far."

"You should know your place. You don't deserve to guard a door if you're too stupid to handle it, you know?" Sienna taunted, poking Kurt in the chest.

Seeing Kurt's fists clench, Sienna added provocatively, "What? You want to give me a piece of your mind?"

She leaned closer to him with a smug smile and continued, "Go ahead. Show me what you've got!"