

### Chapter 147 Vote

He stood by the door, not pushing it open yet not leaving, as if waiting for Gan's answer. My heart was thumping as I wondered how to explain myself if I was discovered.

"Life... is not all about money. An old man like me is not dead yet. I still have feelings. To me, if Junran doesn't belong to the Zhangs, it's no longer Junran. Whether it belongs to Han or Liu, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter to me whether you want Junran today. Even if Han Kun wants Junran tomorrow, as long as I'm still alive, this possibility will never happen."

Liu Rong's voice had become somber too. His joking tone had vanished.

"You still remember Zhang Jun. Zhang Jun's been dead for many years, hmm."

"Regardless of how long he's been dead, he was my brother. I promised Zhang Jun that I would take good care of Junran's finances. Junran might have been a small fisheries company then, but it doesn't matter. When someone helps you a little, you should always return the favor many times over. No matter how Junran has changed, I will help Brother Zhang protect this company."

Gan's words left a warm feeling in my heart. Thanks to my father's good friends like Han Kun, Gan, and multiple uncles that I could not name, the company flourished after his passing. They had no blood ties to me, yet were better to me than my own kin. My own flesh and blood were indifferent to me.

Liu Rong scoffed. "How can you work with someone like Han Kun just because of Zhang Jun? After all these years, was everything he did for the company for Zhang Jun or Ji Yanran? Don't you know?! Don't you know how much he did for Ji Yanran?! You make it sound so lofty, but you know whether this is for you and Han Kun's personal interests or for Zhang Jun."

Gan had not expected Liu Rong to say this. As he knew I was hiding in the cubicle, he panicked.

"Bullshit!!!"

"Am I wrong? You and Han Kun haven't been selfish? It's been years. Why didn't you avenge Zhang Jun?"

My limbs felt cold and heavy, as if I had fallen into icy water.

Gan gasped with rage, "Zhang Jun died in a car accident. What kind of revenge could I take?!"

Not to be outdone, Liu Rong growled, "We know exactly what happened. You're just deceiving yourself!"

As he said that, Liu Rong shoved open the door to the stall, then froze. Because it was empty. There was no one there.

I had already climbed up and over into the next stall.

Liu Rong sneered, "You were really just talking to yourself?"

By this time, Gan was beside himself with fury. He stabbed his finger at Liu Rong's face. "Liu, you and I are at odds."

"Let's not be hasty," Liu Rong said as he washed his hands, "What's the use of us going head to head? Today, besides a few stubborn ones, all the shareholders will vote against you. Han Kun isn't here. He won't be able to vote on behalf of Zhang Chao. We only need seventy percent of shareholders to agree, and of the shareholders present, they hold fifty percent of equity. If everyone agrees, it's enough. I'll give you one final chance. If you're still stubborn, you won't be Junran's finance manager by the end of the meeting."

"As I said before, I will stay in this position until the last moment."

"Hmph, stubborn until the end. Alright then, we'll see how it goes."

When I had determined that Liu Rong was gone, I exited the stall. I was covered in a cold sweat, and I felt this indescribable sense of isolation.

Gan called out my name several times before I came back to myself.

"Don't listen to Liu Rong. He thought you were in the restroom too, that's why he said that."

"Of course," I said, smiling at Gan, "Don't worry, Uncle Gan. I'm not that easy to fool. If it were true, then Uncle Han made an enemy of my father for my mother's sake. After all these years, he protected the company for my mother. Then if he did not take revenge for my father, he would for my mother."

Liu Rong was trying to show discord. There were loopholes in his story.

But the one thing that stood out to me was: "We know exactly what happened to Zhang Jun."

Then Uncle Han knew too?

If he knew there was something strange about their accident, why did he not investigate? And not only did he not take revenge, but he also did not let me take revenge... I did not want to accept what Liu Rong said, but I could not figure it out either.

Gan patted my shoulder. "It's great that you think this way. Things are too complicated here, Young Master..."

I nodded. "I understand. Then, do you know what happened to my father?"

"I know some things."

"Is there anything you can tell me?"

"It's not convenient right now. Things are too complicated here. I will tell you when I have the opportunity to."

I smiled bitterly. "I see, it really wasn't a car accident. My father was killed."

I had investigated so many times, but could only find indirect evidence. It was only now that I could confirm that someone had wanted him dead.

I did not know what I was feeling. In a way, I felt relieved, but I also felt an unspeakable fury and isolation.

Gan pursed his lips and gave me a surprised look. He realized that he had told me more than he should.

I shook my head. "Forget it. The present is more important. Let's settle this shareholders' meeting first."

Gan, happy not to be questioned further, hurriedly nodded. He washed his hands and we went to the venue together.

The shareholders' meeting was held in Junran's best conference room. When I opened the door, there were already more than ten shareholders sitting inside. They were all wearing suits and murmuring among themselves.

"Yo, Gan this kid is really your secretary. When did you switch from a girl secretary to this boy, you old fox?" Liu Rong teased.

"Yes, everyone knows what a Casanova our Manager Gan is."

Everyone agreed.

I glanced over at Gan to see that he was not in the least bit unhappy. He was smiling brightly. The wily old fox had could not be shaken so easily.

"Dear shareholders, I don't have the right to attend this meeting that Mr. Liu called for today. However, since it has to do with my leaving and staying, Mr. Liu has kindly invited me to attend. Thank you very much."

Liu Rong crossed his arms in front of his chest, smirking and nodding.

I knew that he wanted Gan to be there so he could embarrass him.

Liu Rong cleared his throat. "Well, let's get to the point. Gan's health is not good and he's getting old. There's a lot of pressure from work, and he's already reached retirement age. But Gan enjoys working and doesn't want to retire. I've asked him to hand over the accounts multiple times, and he has refused to. We can't continue like this. I've called this meeting today to discuss if we should have Gan step down. Let's raise our hands to vote. It'll be a quick decision."

Everyone murmured their agreement.

Liu Rong continued, "Han Kun isn't here. He cannot exercise voting rights on behalf of Zhang Chao. Therefore, there is only sixty percent of equity present. I hold twenty percent. There are nineteen attendees today. As long as fourteen of us vote in favor and our equity exceeds thirty percent, Gan, you can take a break. Everyone raise your hands."

A few scattered hands were raised, then quickly, almost everyone raised their hands. There were only a few who did not. When the votes were counted, a total of forty percent voted for the motion, while twenty percent voted against. Fifteen people supported Liu Rong.

"Gan, it looks like you have no choice but to retire. This is the decision of the shareholders' meeting. Is there anything you would like to say?" Liu Rong dropped the act in his impatience.

"Hold on, Mr. Liu. Let's not be hasty," I smiled and said, "I haven't voted yet."

Liu Rong froze. After about five seconds, it dawned on him what I meant, and his expression turned nasty!