

## Chapter 149 Reminiscing

I did not really want them to vote according to how they felt. I wanted to see who was truly on my side. I was going to take over the company eventually, and needed to find some trustworthy people.

Liu Rong seemed to be at a loss. He ground his teeth together. "You're still faking it."

I sat down, pretending not to understand him. "Uncle Liu, what are you talking about? I'm letting everyone decide for themselves if they want Gan to stay or go. Anyway, with my shares, I can keep Gan. If I announce my percentage, everyone will flock to me and vote the same. This would be disadvantageous to you. I'm doing this for you. Why are you putting the blame on me?"

"Trying to pull a fast one, hmm. Everyone, trust me. This kid can't have more than twenty percent of equity."

At first, there were still a few people who did not believe him, but after listening to me and Liu Rong, they decided that I was bluffing. That I did not have enough equity and was talking myself into an advantage.

Soon, we voted again. I counted the number of hands. Liu Rong still had the advantage of numbers—more than seventy percent of attendees—and fifty percent of equity.

Liu Rong laughed loudly. "Forty-five percent. Unless Han Kun left you more than thirty percent of equity... I don't believe he's that generous."

I turned to Gan, who started moving slowly. First, he gave Liu Rong a look that said "I'm just quietly watching you pretend", then he took out one last document from his file.

He placed the document on the table and I nudged it forward for everyone to see.

Liu Rong froze a moment, then skipped past most of the contract, fixing his gaze on a few words.

"It's fake, this is impossible. How could Han Kun?!" His face flushed as red as a tomato and he stood up. Grabbing the copy, he ripped it to shreds. "This is definitely fake!"

"What?"

"I don't know."

"I missed it. What happened?"

Amidst the whispering, Gan slowly took out another copy and passed it to me. "Liu Rong, don't tear it up, that's a waste of paper. I've got more copies here. Wu, give everyone a copy."

Gan addressed his secretary, who quickly passed copies of the equity agreement out to everyone. Their surprised gasps and comments almost brought down the roof.

"What?! How can that be! Forty percent of equity!"

"Yes, that's impossible. That was the amount that Mr. Zhang held."

"Han didn't keep any?! He knows this kind of legal clause extremely well."

"How's that possible? After all these years, Han doesn't hold any equity? I thought Mr. Zhang left the largest share of equity to him."

"Yes, it seems like Liu Rong thought that too."

Liu Rong started trembling, and sweat appeared on his forehead. He looked like he wanted to make an escape, but he furiously clenched his fists.

In the chaos, Gan said to me in a low voice, "Liu Rong must be furious. Everyone in the company thought that Han Kun had equity. Liu Rong holds thirty percent, that's why he assumed you couldn't have more than twenty percent."

"How did they get fooled? Didn't anyone check?" I asked.

Gan laughed slyly. "I'm the finance manager, so I know. But I didn't need to tell anyone."

Looking at Gan, I suddenly came to the realization. Liu Rong had not lost because he was unlucky; he was always going to lose. There was no way he was a match for wily old foxes like Gan and Han Kun.

Gan said clearly, "Forty-five percent voted yes, meaning over seventy percent of shareholders agree. However, all shareholders are present and the votes do not exceed fifty percent equity. Ah, such a pity. An old man like me can't retire yet. I have to continue as finance manager for longer. I hope to work well with you, Mr. Liu."

He reached out his hand to Liu Rong, who was sitting paralyzed in his chair.

Liu Rong raised his head. His eyes were bloodshot and he resembled a hungry beast. The corner of his mouth twitched, and he exhaled loudly. He looked terrifying.

But Gan pretended not to notice, and laughed breezily.

That was when I realized that Gan's earlier fear and nervousness were all an act. The old man was too cunning!

"Gan, we shall see."

He fled with his tail between his legs. The shareholders who had supported him came up to me to congratulate me awkwardly before slipping away silently.

As for the shareholders who supported me, as one, they sat down and waited for me to speak.

I shut the door and gazed at their expectant faces. There was a strange feeling in my heart.

That I, a loser who once had nothing, would have a day like this, would be in Tong City's highest plaza, facing the distinguished characters of the business world. Luck was such a strange thing.

"Dear..." I swept my gaze across the room, estimating everyone's ages. "Uncles..."

Perhaps I was nervous. I blushed as I spoke, and everyone laughed good-naturedly.

"Chao, don't be nervous. I carried you when you little," said a man in his forties.

While I had experience teaching soldiers under me, they had all be younger than me. Now, faced with my seniors, as the heir to the company, I felt as awkward as a child wearing stolen adult clothing.

"Oh, Lee, what are you saying? This is the shareholders' meeting. Put aside your pandering habits. You were like this too when Mr. Zhang was around."

"Mao, it's not wrong. Zhang Jun was like a brother to us! When he was around, I didn't need to play pretend and dress up in a suit for a shareholders' meeting. We would negotiate anything important at the barbecue stall."

"Hahaha, yes! When Jun was around, Mao was always the unruly one. But Jun had a good temper, he didn't argue with you."

"What's the point of arguing among brothers? We were all young and starting businesses. We couldn't even afford our own rent. We rented a house together and lived together. Why pretend when you've seen everything about each other? Hahaha."

"Yes, I miss those days! Good times."

They spoke about the past, and their previous serious expressions were wiped clean. At this moment, they were all full of excitement, and even Gan was pulled in to reminisce together with them.