

## Chapter 424 A Letter Of Inten

Corbin drove Rayan to a farmhouse in the suburbs.

They had finally discovered where Zeke had gone. Today, they set out on a mission.

Zeke was in a sports attire that was oddly capped by a straw hat. He also had a white towel around his neck. He was trudging through a small patch of land with a hoe over his shoulder. From time to time, he would crouch down to pull out some weeds.

Zeke looked like a typical farmer, but his demeanor was distinctly different from those who worked in the fields all their lives.

Rayan studied the scene before getting out of the car.

"Uncle Zeke!" he called out, and then proceeded to lay on the flattery. "You have quite an idyllic life here. I'd love to take a leave of absence and just unwind in this place for a vacation." As if to emphasize his words, Rayan looked around with obvious envy in his eyes.

Zeke was understandably surprised by his unexpected guest. He wiped his sweat and walked over, dragging his hoe behind him. "What are you doing here? You should have called to let me know you were coming." He reached out, presumably to pat Rayan's shoulder, but realized that his hands were dirty.

Zeke offered a sheepish smile and put his hand down.

"I'm here to get a glimpse of your current life. It's so peaceful. Maybe I should make preparations for an early retirement," Rayan quipped. He looked calm and unassuming, as if it was just another day. Occasionally, he would sweep his gaze over the expanse of the property.

Even so, Zeke could tell Rayan had a purpose in coming. He handed his hoe to a nearby servant and pointed to a small, thatched hut in the distance. "Go and wait for me in that hut. I'll be with you shortly."

"Okay." Rayan nodded and made his way to the hut.

Once his back was turned, the smile disappeared from Zeke's face. He hurried to the main house to wash up and change into clean clothes.

The small hut was... startling, to say the least. On the outside, it was fashioned like the ancient, thatched huts from the past, but everything inside was decidedly modern.

It even had a fridge and a widescreen TV. If the building had been any bigger, Rayan was sure it would contain a lot more appliances from the current century.

He looked around with disdain.

None of these things might be expensive, but he was still enraged when he thought about what Zeke had done.

The man had betrayed him, after all.

Rayan was determined to teach that traitor a lesson. No one crossed the Lu family without getting punished.

"Here, Rayan, try these tomatoes." Zeke's voice came before he even appeared at the door. "These are a new species I grew myself just this year. You're quite lucky. They're fresh harvest."

Zeke placed a bowl of tomatoes on the coffee table. In all fairness, the fruits were red and plum. They were clearly juicy, and no doubt delicious.

"Thank you, Uncle Zeke. But I have something else to discuss with you today." Since they had already gotten the pleasantries out of the way, Rayan went straight to the point.

Zeke settled down across from him and got to brewing traditional tea, his actions graceful and meticulous. "What's wrong?" he asked without raising his head.

"Did you meet any problems? As far as I know, nothing can beat you." His tone was light and curious, like he was truly clueless about Rayan's predicament. Anyone who was worth his salt knew that Rayan's name was not only good for his position as the CEO, it was the very identity of the Lu Group itself.

As long as Rayan remained at the helm, there should be no problems with the company's standing in the industry. Enterprises clamored for an opportunity to sign a contract with Lu Group.

And once Rayan expressed an interest in a cooperation, it was as good as a done deal, since the other party would never dare to refuse the opportunity.

To put it bluntly, Rayan was the walking, living guarantee of the Lu Group.

"Stop making fun of me, Uncle Zeke. I might really be in big trouble this time." Rayan acted desperate, his voice sounding aggrieved.

That made Zeke pause, but it was so brief that Rayan had almost missed it. He would probably have if he wasn't paying close attention.

At this point, Zeke already knew why Rayan had come to him, but he wasn't about to say anything on the matter. In his mind, the Lu family had managed the company for far too long. It was time to appoint a different leader.

"Is that so? Then tell me what your trouble is. Maybe I can help you in some way." As ambitious as he was, Zeke would never dream of facing Rayan head on.

In order to mask his actions, he had to keep the facade going until everything finally blew up.

Rayan, on the other hand, needed to mislead Zeke into thinking that his treachery was still a secret. He fidgeted in his seat, acting restless and worried in front of the older man. It worked, too. At that moment, Zeke saw Rayan as a helpless novice who was trying his best to get himself together.

"Someone is buying the shares of the Lu Group." Rayan sighed, glancing at Zeke. "I managed to buy most of them back, and I've convinced some shareholders to give me their support. Even so, the odds aren't looking in my favor."

The fact that Rayan avoided meeting Zeke's eyes helped to make him more believable.

To play it up a notch higher, he then took a box of cigarettes from his pocket. He was about to pull a stick out when he stopped abruptly.

"Uncle Zeke, is smoking allowed here?" Rayan asked with an apologetic smile.

It didn't seem right to smoke inside a thatched hut. Before Zeke could answer him, Rayan put the cigarette back into the case and put it aside.

But Zeke only laughed.

"Of course, of course. Don't worry, the grass isn't real, it's synthetic material. You won't start a fire by smoking." Zeke even waved over a servant, who had been waiting by the door to attend to them. Zeke instructed him to fetch an ashtray.

Rayan watched the man go and took a sip of the tea. He loudly marveled at the superb quality of the drink.

"Uncle Zeke, you really have a good taste. This tea is excellent." Just as he was putting his tea cup down, his hand jolted to the side, causing the tea to spill on his phone.

Rayan leaned forward and braced himself on the table as he grabbed the phone. As his fingers flitted over the edge of the table, he stealthily stuck something under its flat surface. Then, he got to his feet and pulled a few tissues from the box sitting on the counter across the room. He carefully wiped the drops of liquid from his phone screen.

"Is your phone okay?"

Zeke frowned. That was quite a bit of an overreaction just now.

Luckily, Rayan already had an answer at the ready. He made a show of checking that his phone was working properly before returning to his seat. "This is a gift from someone special, so I'm afraid I'm attached to it."

"Ah, I see. It's no wonder, then."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, we both know that you hold seven percent of the shares. I came here because I want you to sign this letter of intent. As long as you are on my side, I'm certain that the Lu Group will rise above this crisis in no time." Finally, Rayan bit the bullet and laid his cards down. He produced a folder from his briefcase and handed it to Zeke.

Zeke looked at the documents, his mind drifting back to a similar set of papers he had previously signed. That one contained a provision voiding any subsequent letters of intent he might endorse.

That meant that even if he affixed his signature on the documents Rayan had given him, they would be deemed invalid and meaningless in the end.