

Chapter 1843 Sold At A Discount

In an instant, the tables had turned.

Lenard was helpless and in a jam. He could not fathom why he kept losing to Raven every single time.

At this moment, Trevor slowly laid out his offer. "You own forty-nine percent of the shares. How about ten million for them?"

"Mr. Sanderson, the price is fair. It might not stay this way," Sheena chimed in.

"Are you out of your mind?! It's so little money! Do you think I'm some charity case? I shelled out nearly eighty million for those shares. Ten million doesn't even cover my initial investment!" Lenard bellowed.

Balfour, who had not spoken in a long time, sneered and remarked, "Why would we spend a fortune if we didn't want to be a controlling shareholder? Listen to the one holding the cards. If the company tanks, your shares will be worthless. You'd even miss the boat on this one."

After saying this, he felt proud of himself.

In his mind, Lenard deserved it.

Meanwhile, Lenard looked troubled.

There were only two shareholders of Severich: him and Raven. The latter held more shares and sway than Lenard did. If Lenard held onto his shares, he might be pushed around in the future.

Well, maybe he could offload the shares and score some points with Luisa.

He felt cornered, but it seemed the only play. At this moment, he paused for a brief moment and feigned hesitation.

"Fine. Anyway, Severich is also a gift for Luisa. So, for her sake, I'll sell it to you."

Since Lenard remained stubborn and was still trying to build a positive image, Trevor negotiated, "Really?" If you're really doing this for Luisa, then the price should be lower. Since you're going to give the company to her, it's not appropriate to sell it at the market price, don't you think? How about a discount? Sell it to me for five million. Think of the other five as your gift to her."

Amused by Trevor's trick, Luisa stepped forward and played along. "Yes. You did say it was a gift. So, give me a deal."

Lenard was stunned.

He felt like he was getting the short end of the stick. He had invested eighty million, and they were offering only ten million. And now a discount? They might as well take it for free.

Of course, he did not dare to say that to them.

If he did, they might really do it. He would rather get some money than none at all.

Unfortunately, he had no choice but to accept their offer.

"Fine. A half off for Luisa's sake."

Soon after, Sheena handed him a contract.

His hands trembled as he held the pen. After a moment's hesitation, and though it took his willpower, he signed his name.

All Lenard wanted was to leave this place. No longer in the mood to invite Luisa for dinner, he stormed out without a word.

As soon as he walked out, laughter echoed behind him.

Lenard quickened his pace in shame.

The more he thought about it on his way home, the angrier he got. When he returned to Sandersons' residence, he strode over to Ruben and complained, "Dad, I think Raven's Trevor. They teamed up tonight and made a fool out of me."

He kept reasoning, "If he was not Trevor, why did Balfour and Luisa cooperate with him? He got 51% of the shares before the auction, and yet nobody has heard of it yet!"

Ruben was taken aback. He had planned to teach his son a lesson, but he held back.

"Is there any other reasons why he's suspicious?"

After pondering for a moment, Lenard told him everything he knew.

"It's not the first time that we've suspected that Raven is Trevor. I've tested my theory with the antiques, but the results were inconclusive. And now, he's busy with the reconstruction of the orphanage. It's not something a member of Mobius would do, right? That guy is suspicious! Sadly, I can't confirm it yet."

Ruben also recalled something.

"There's this guy, Dragon, from Zayden. It turns out that he's Trevor. He's very proficient in medicine. Test that out. If Raven knows his stuff, he's our man. And if we're still unsure, we get Mobius on him."

Lenard thought for a while and realized his father's suggestion made sense. He regained his confidence and decided to test Trevor once again.