

You Made Me This Way Chapter 26-30

Chapter 26

The chubby lady who led the pack was clad in gold jewelry. She was fierce as she tried to slap Nylah in the face.

Seeing this, I quickly moved forward to protect her and shoved the chubby lady back while hissing, "What are you trying to do? Say what you want to say!"

"Where did you come from, you b*stard?! Get out of my way. I will make sure I kill Nylah today!" She shrieked as she bared her teeth. "You went behind our backs and sold the shares to Jared Gillin, yet we didn't get our share of the money!"

"The company's debt was used to mortgage Jared's shares. As shareholders, you should be bearing a part of this debt. Yet, you're asking for money?" I had gained a surge of confidence to take on any disputes since I had finally prevailed over my family. And I had once said that no one was allowed to hurt Nylah in front of me since she was my savior.

Instead of backing off, the chubby woman just let out a laugh and shot a stern look at Nylah before saying, "Why don't you ask this b*tch if she has borrowed money under either the company's or her own name? Why should we bear the brunt of her debts as the shareholders?"

At this moment, I had expected Nylah to break into tears. Instead, she displayed courage that took me by surprise as she walked out from behind me and spoke with a straight face, "Aunt Carol, the factory was on the verge of bankruptcy last year. How many shareholders had approved when I sought to borrow money in the company's name? Don't take me for an idiot; none of you wants the factory to get better. All of you are just planning to sell it off and divide the money among yourselves. This is my mother's legacy. I won't allow anyone to sell it!"

"Are you guys hearing this? She admitted that she borrowed the money on her own accord. We are not obligated to help her pay off this debt!" The chubby woman named Carol shouted shamelessly.

"All the money I borrowed was used to develop the factory. Wouldn't it benefit you all as well? Shouldn't all of you help to chip in for the repayment?" Nylah gritted her teeth as she gave them a cold look.

"Where is the contract? Where are the papers? Without these, how could you ask us to pay? In short, you can't just move our shares around like this. We will not stand for it! I'm also going to sue you for abusing your power as the president for your personal gains!" Carol was unwilling to back off, standing her ground fiercely.

"Aunt Carol, I'm still your niece at the end of the day. After my mother died, you're the closest person I have. You've made so much money from the company, isn't that enough for you?" At this point, Nylah's eyes began to tear up, and she continued, "Uncle, can you say something here?"

A lanky man stood up behind Carol and said, "Nylah, your aunt is right. Let's not talk about kinship when it comes to money. Besides, the factory has long been dead. Let's just quickly sell it off and divide the money between us."

When I heard this, I almost puked blood; were family relationships really so vulnerable

in the face of personal gains? They were; my family was the prime example of this as they were just like the people in front of me.

For my brother's sake and to buy a house, they did not hesitate to kick me to the curb. Taking a deep breath, I looked up and asked, "So, what do you want?"

Carol wheezed and exclaimed, "Sell the factory and split the money! If we don't sell it today, I will make sure this b*tch doesn't get to see another day!"

"Jared! Come here!" I turned my head to call out to the nearby security guard who was seated on the ground, with a cigarette in his hand and reddened eyes.

"Okay! What's the matter, Annon?" Jared licked his lips and trotted over.

"There are people causing trouble in the factory, what should I do? How am I going to explain myself to you?"

"Annon, these people are President Scott's relatives..."

"Have you ever seen such relatives? Send them out immediately. Show no mercy to whoever that dares to cause trouble again!"

I had said it before; they can curse me all they want, but no one was allowed to scold Nylah! I did not care who they were, how old they were, or which family they were from. Once Jared realized that I was on his side, he quickly summoned a team of security guards to drive Nylah's relatives out.

However, Carol was sharp-witted. She immediately stuck her foot out and tripped Jared. This woman had managed to trip a lanky man like him in her fury and sent him falling on his face.

"Motherf*cker!" Jared rose to his feet and immediately reached out for a brick to rush forward.

Nylah, who was at the side, immediately covered her face and screamed. "Enough! That's enough!!"

She sank to her knees as she sobbed helplessly, which depicted a heartbreaking sight. It reminded me of how I was back then at the Bluebell Library, in the face of my family's indifference!

Instantly, everyone stopped in their steps. On the other hand, I squatted down beside her and gently patted her on the back as I said, "Nylah, nothing is impossible. Don't be sad. I'll handle this."

With that, I stood up and looked coldly at Nylah's heartless relatives before saying, "There's no need to sell the factory. Tell me the number of your shares in the company and we will buy it off you!"

"Are you done?!" Suddenly, Nylah stood up, grabbed my arm, and said, "Where are you going to get the money? You are still 20 million in debt! We don't have the money to do this!"

"If that's the case, hurry up and sell the factory! Otherwise, just hand the textile production workshop over to us, and we will sell it ourselves!" Carol shot Nylah with an angry glare as she wouldn't let Nylah off.

I tightened my grip around Nylah's fair hand, raised my head, and asked, "How many shares do you own? Tell me!"

Right then, Carol took the lead and yelled, "We own 20% of the company. According to the factory's valuation, the whole company will belong to you if you fork out 2 million!"

"Alright! Let's draw up the transfer agreement now. Let me tell you in advance: once you've received the money, the Papillon Enterprise will have nothing to do with you!" I

exclaimed with clenched teeth.

“We can’t wait to get our money and leave! Who would want to have anything to do with this shabby company?!” Carol sneered.

“Come back here tomorrow afternoon to sign the agreement. Then, you can take the money and leave!” After saying that, I helped Nylah up and said, “President Scott, let’s go back to the office.”

As soon as we entered the office, she immediately collapsed into my arms and sobbed while she hugged me. “Where do I get the money? No one wants to invest in us anymore, so there’s no way for us to get money. You’re not being sensible as well. How can you spend 20 million on farmland in Northdale? It’s not even your money as well. Annon, we’re at a dead-end here.”

“Nylah, even phoenixes rise from the ashes. If there’s no road ahead, we’ll just make our own path, alright?” As I coaxed her, I took a tissue to wipe her tears away. Perhaps it might just be resilience, but the more desperate one was, the more likely one would see hope at the end of the tunnel. At the very least, I felt things hadn’t gone south, so there was still hope.

Back then, I was bullied and humiliated at home. Then, in prison, my freedom was taken away from me. Now, it was as if I was in heaven; there was a beautiful woman who cared for me, and I had fresh food on the dinner table every day.

My requirements in life weren’t high. Now that I had all these, there was nothing that could scare me. As for Nylah, she was my motivation in the face of adversity.

“Nylah, you can give Eric a call. He will be able to help with the financial issue on our end,” I said calmly.

“Annon, enough. Eric can’t even afford to send his children to school. How can he fork out 2 million?!” Nylah looked at me with tears in her eyes.

Seeing this, I patted her on the shoulder and said, “Just call him first. He might not have money, but he always has a way.”

Chapter 27

Although Nylah had her doubts, she was running out of choices at this point.

Shortly after that, Eric showed up. The elderly man was simple and modest as he stood in front of her desk and softly asked, “President Scott, are you looking for me?”

At this moment, she turned to me, and I took the initiative to pour him a glass of water before saying, “You have a few years left before your retirement, right? Do you have a pension? What are your plans after you leave the company?”

Taking the glass from me, Eric scratched his head before answering honestly, “What pension? We were just farmers, but thanks to President Scott, we are hired as workers. I don’t ask for anything more than being able to support my daughter as she goes to college. As for myself, maybe I will start collecting scraps by the road after I retire. As long as I don’t starve, that is enough for me.”

“Eric...” Hearing this, Nylah said bitterly, “I-if the factory gets better, I’d love to—”

“Enough! President Scott, I understand your kindness. You’re exactly like the old President Scott. You’re both good people. Don’t worry, I will resign on my own initiative once I am unable to work. I will never drag our factory down.”

As I stood at the sidelines, I took a deep breath and said, “Eric, don’t be so pessimistic. The reason why we called you here is to make sure our employees will be well taken

care of once they retire. It is the responsibility of our company!"

Eric was surprised to hear this as he looked at me in shock. On the other hand, Nylah pinched my arm while she trembled with anger. After all, the factory was barely surviving, so where would they find the money to spare as pensions for their employees?

At this moment, I endured the pain in my arm and added, "Eric, you're aware of how much the factory is worth. With the new military gray color in the equation, its market value is as high as 70 million now. We're planning to transfer a part of the shares to our employees and make them our shareholders. The share price will be according to the initial 10 million."

"In other words, if I were to put 1,000 in, I would get back 70,000 in a blink of an eye, right?" Eric was immediately excited when he heard this.

"That is just the gist of it. In the future, as long as the factory makes a profit, you will be able to get annual dividends. That way, you will be able to retire without worry. If our factory does well, it will not be a problem for you to even buy a car and a house for your children," I said in a serious tone.

"But..." Eric's bright eyes dimmed in an instant. "To be honest with you, none of the workers are optimistic about how our factory is going. It will be hard to convince them to invest their money in it. What's more, they, too, do not have much. Although your intentions are good, this wouldn't be an easy task."

When I heard what he said, I shook my head, smiling, as I persuaded, "Eric, what about this? Go out there and spread the word to some of the more gossipy workers, telling them that the chance of being a part of the shareholders is limited to only 10 people. After tonight, the company will never open up its equity to the employees again."

"Alright, I'll try that. After all, it is a good initiative. I thank you on behalf of the employees!" After expressing his gratitude, Eric turned to leave excitedly.

It was only then did Nylah finally let out a sigh of relief as she said with a grin, "So, you're trying to get the workers to buy the shares from my relatives, am I right?!"

When I nodded, her curious mind wandered again, leading her to ask, "Why did you only mention 10 people? It's 2 million worth of shares, and each employee would have to fork out at least 200,000. Where would they get so much money? I'm not trying to scrutinize you, Annon. You have a brilliant mind, but you can be a little socially inept from time to time. Our employees don't have that much money. Even if they did, they would not take out 200,000 to buy our company's shares."

"Nylah, let us not jump to conclusions just yet. You'll know what I mean before you get off work today." With that, I sat down and pondered before asking, "By the way, who is the company's second-largest shareholder? Why haven't I met him?"

"He's out to seek help," Nylah answered coldly.

"That's great, isn't it? Who would've thought that he would look into the company's development?"

"He is looking for help to overthrow me. Sally isn't the only one that wants this factory; the second stakeholder wants it too." As she said this, she pursed her lips, and her eyes were full of grievances.

So, that was the case. I had heard from investors that the office politics was alarming, but I did not expect it was to the point where Nylah's life was being threatened!

If these people continued to rampage, it would be difficult for the company to make

any progress. Hence, my next task is to help Nylah get rid of all her enemies so that the company will be able to flourish securely. That would be how I should be repaying her. By the afternoon, I had a general understanding of the company's situation. I came to the conclusion that as long as her relatives were out of the picture and the second shareholder was overthrown, external funding would be able to come in easily.

Otherwise, it would be useless for us to progress further.

After work, when Nylah and I left the office building, we were instantly surrounded by hundreds of workers!

"What is going on? Why aren't you guys working? Why are you all gathered here?" she screamed as such a scene had frightened her.

"How is this fair, President Scott? How can you only share such good news with just Eric? We are also your longtime employees. Aren't you being a little biased like this?!" a bearded man from the crowd yelled.

Just as Nylah was about to speak, I immediately stepped in and replied, "What are you talking about? Get to the point!"

The bearded man glared and said, "Why are the company's stocks only distributed to Eric and a few others? Are you trying to hide it from the rest of us?"

Hearing this, I smiled slightly. My plan had worked!

If I had told Eric to share with all the employees that they could all be a part of this, I believe that no one would have spared a single cent!

The company's reputation continued to deteriorate as a result of the company's inability to even pay its employees their monthly wages. By this point, most of the employees had lost faith in the company.

Hence, I asked Eric to spread the news to a few nosy workers about the company's decision to allow its employees to buy some shares. Through these people, information was quickly spread to the other workers.

It was human nature to fight for something that was sacred. Once they knew that everyone could have it, no one would want it. That was why I limited it to only 10 employees. From a sales perspective, this was known as hunger marketing.

"If you don't give us all an explanation today, we will resign en-masse! We don't care!"

The bearded man had already turned red with anger as he continued to bellow.

As my smile faded, I started to speak solemnly, "Currently, we only own 20% of the company's shares. It's not because we don't want all of you to be shareholders, but the number of shares is limited. So... I guess everyone should."

When Nylah heard what I said, she immediately pulled me aside and shot me an angry look. "Annon, am I the boss, or are you? These employees have been with the company through its ups and downs. They are the backbones of the company! I shouldn't have listened to you back there. As the president, I should've treated you just like everyone else."

After giving me a lecture, she turned to the crowd and announced, "In all honesty, very limited shares are available. As a result, only employees who have been with the company for more than three years are eligible to purchase the shares. Those who are unable to participate this time around will be eligible for the future distributions of additional shares by the company. Those who perform well will also be given a chance to purchase the stock. Is everyone satisfied with this?"

The bearded man quickly asked, "If that's the case, how much would each person have

to contribute?"

"There are about 200 employees who have been with us for more than 3 years. Upon calculation of the current stock market, 10,000 each would be enough!"

After Nylah was done speaking, she immediately turned to me and looked at me with admiration. The 2 million worth of shares that her relatives held could easily be bought over just like that.

More importantly, this would' motivate the workers in the future once they were shareholders.

After all, the more efficient the factory was, the more dividends the employees would receive. At the end of the day, it was a win-win situation.

At this moment, I had a gut feeling that once the second shareholder was out of the picture, the factory would flourish.

Chapter 28

The hall downstairs was packed when Nylah and I arrived at the office the next day. It was filled with factory workers-some were excited, some were nervous, and some clenched onto their cash that was wrapped in newspaper.

"I've taken out all my life savings here. We need to work hard in the future. Once the company's situation has improved, we will make more money as well!"

"Same here! At least you still have your family's savings. I borrowed this amount of money from my relatives and friends. In the future, I'd have to work like a donkey just to ensure that the company won't lose money!"

"I even took out the 5000 from my mother's will..."

Nylah and I navigated our way through the crowd. When we arrived at the office, she raised her head to take a deep breath and confessed, "Annon, I don't know if we're doing the right thing. What if the company loses more money? What should we do then? How should we explain to the workers by then?"

At this time, my heart felt just as heavy. I felt the responsibility of the world on my shoulders; more than 200 employees in the factory had sacrificed their lives on the line for us.

"Nylah, no one would bet their lives away if they do not carry the weight of the world on their shoulders. Don't worry. This is not the worst scenario yet. On the contrary, it will be the best opportunity for Papillon Enterprise as long as we work together and go all out!" I suppressed my agitation and fear as I said calmly.

"Whatever! It has already been decided upon. Let's just go all out!" She took another deep breath before plopping down at her desk and chimed, "Annon, apart from how you've bought that useless piece of land, I've noticed lately that you're actually pretty capable. Now, tell me honestly, are you sure you want to stay in this shambled company to help me bring it back to its glory days?"

I nodded sincerely before looking up at her with pursed lips and answered, "Nylah, no matter what happens in the future, wherever you are is where I'll be."

When she heard this, her cheeks flushed slightly, as she answered with a small smile, "What? Are you going to glue yourself to me?"

At this moment, I lowered my head shyly. To be honest, I had a crush on her; I was just unsure of what she thought of me.

"So, here's the thing: the company currently lacks a vice president. Although you're still

young, you seem to have a brilliant mind. I'd like to recommend you for the position during the board meeting this afternoon. Before that, I'd just like to ask your opinion on this."

"Nylah, are you saying the second shareholder will be here this afternoon?" I braced myself as I heard this; I was eager to get rid of him.

"Why are you so happy that he's coming? Are you really a mole sent by him?" She squinted her eyes at me with a smile.

Immediately, I jumped to my defense and replied, "The two biggest hurdles for this company are your relatives and the second shareholder of the company. Now that the matter of your relatives is settled, only the second shareholder is left. Therefore, I am really keen to get him out of the picture!" ||

Hearing this, Nylah shook her head as she tied her long hair into a ponytail and explained, "It's not that easy. The second shareholder has left for a business trip to find someone capable of taking up the vice president role before pouncing on the chance to kick me out of the company. Because of this, you must be prepared for this afternoon's board meeting and try to win the fight for the vice president position, okay? You're the only person I can count on!"

I nodded my head to assure her. Nylah, I will never let you down!

That morning, while Nylah was occupied with meeting with the sales team, I headed to the workshop to check on the progress.

Although the factory had no money, it was fortunate that the raw materials were still in stock. As long as all fabric was dyed into a military gray color and sold, it would kickstart the company's cash flow.

Relatives of the Scott family showed up at noon to sign the equity transfer agreement and collected their 2 million in cash. I handled all these transactions as Nylah intentionally refused to attend this gathering. When asked, she said she did not want to see the faces of her relatives.

Once this was resolved, the company had completely cut ties with these six ruthless relatives of hers. Now, the only person left was the second shareholder.

When Nylah brought me into the conference room at 3:00PM., it was already filled with people.

"Hey, President Scott! I'm sorry for leaving the company with you these days. It must have been tough!"

The owner of that voice was a man in his 40s, dressed in a suit, with slick back hair. His eyes were calm, but with a hint of viciousness. That man should be the second shareholder, Mark Olsen.

In addition to Nylah's lack of experience in the business world due to her age, the company was going through a rough patch. As a result, he turned to outside sources for help in dealing with her. It was only natural that I did not have a good impression of him.

"Have a seat. There are two things that I'd like to bring up in this board meeting today."

Nylah's face was cold; she did not even spare Mark a glance at all.

Once everyone was seated, she cleared her throat and continued, "First of all, I would like all of us to welcome the new board member of the company, Jared Gillin, and our company's union representative, Eric Walker."

At this point, she glanced at Mark and asked, "Mr. Olsen, do you have any opinions on the new addition to the board of directors?"

Ha, is this a joke, President Scott? This factory was founded by your mother. As her successor, I naturally have no objections to your arrangement.” He smiled respectfully and immediately added, “Since there are no objections, let’s move on to the next one!” “Alright, the second item on today’s agenda is the appointment of the company’s vice president. As the chairman, my recommendation will be prioritized, right?” Nylah said ably.

“Of course. But, bear in mind, President Scott, that although your recommendation is prioritized, the final decision rests solely on the board members’ democratic votes.” Now that they were at the main part of the event, Mark immediately confronted her.

Brushing off his comments, Nylah turned and looked at me confidently before announcing, “The person whom I am recommending is Annon Hushton. For the past few days, I am sure that everyone has clearly seen how well he has performed from the government procurement to workshop production. Even the equity disputes were resolved by him. Hence, does everyone agree that he is worthy of this position?” Needless to say, Eric and Jared had no objections. However, the two men who were sitting near Mark immediately made a scene.

“What is Annon’s educational background? We don’t know anything about him.”

“Exactly! He’s still so young. Has he even hit puberty yet?”

“Forget the fact that our president is a young person that can barely do anything. If our vice president is also a kid, wouldn’t our factory be a laughing stock?”

As these harsh words rang in the conference room, I stepped forward to stand next to Nylah and said, “If you have someone else in mind, President Olsen, please share with us. Once we compare each other, we’ll find out who is better or worse, right?”

My action seemed to pique his attention as he raised his eyebrows and threw out some pretense compliments, “He’s a child prodigy. Maybe with proper training, you might be able to advance in your career. Is it true that you came up with the recipe for the military gray color?”

It seemed like he was very well-informed. I nodded as he continued, “President Scott, is this kid who you’re recommending to fight for the vice president role?”

“Yes! Where is the expert that you’ve invited, President Olsen? Bring the person out to meet us.” Nylah’s tone was strong, with complete confidence in me.

“Sure, but I have a condition. If my guy loses this, I, Mark Olsen, would hand over the 25% of the shares in my hand and throw in the towel.” Although Mark said all these with a smile on his face, there seemed to be an underlying meaning behind his words.

“And if I lose?” Nylah frowned slightly.

“You get the longer end of the stick! You’ll just have to pay me 25% worth of your shares!”

Clearly, this was a power grab!

If Nylah lost and ceded 25% of her share, Mark would become the company’s major shareholder!

“President Scott, if you trust me, take the deal! We’ll play his game!” I said through gritted teeth. This was an opportunity for President Olsen, but it was also a chance for us to kick him out of the company!

Chapter 29

At that instant, Nylah looked at me with immense seriousness while I returned her gaze

with confidence.

Although I had never attended university, I had spent four years in prison, which was a place without any distractions from the outside world. Under the guidance of my master and other teachers, I had studied tirelessly to absorb new knowledge like a sponge! I had managed to pull through all of that because of Master Campbell's words. He once commented that if I wanted to change my fate, I had to be ten or even a hundred times more hardworking than other people. If I couldn't even be more hardworking than the others, how could I compete with those who had wealthy family backgrounds or connections?

At that instant, Nylah's red lips parted and she slapped on the desk as she announced, "Sure! Get your people over here! Annon has to become the executive Vice President!" "Hold on, President Scott, I'm not done yet," Mark immediately interrupted, a cunning look in his eyes. "Before the bet takes effect, we have to make sure that our company acquires the formula of 'Military Gray'"

Judging from what Mark had said, it suddenly dawned upon me that he was aiming for the formula.

Nylah clenched my shirt; she seemed to want to persuade me not to make the bet. After all, the value of the formula alone was comparable to six Papillon Enterprise!

Upon noticing our hesitation, Mark immediately added, "President Scott, I know that you have been wanting to kick me out of the company. Now that you have the chance placed right in front of you, you better make sure that you don't miss it!"

"Mark, stop tempting me into your trap! This is Annon's formula, so I don't have a say in this." Nylah glared at him furiously, but her hand was still grabbing the corner of my shirt to gesture at me to give up.

"Young man, I've heard about you. You came a long way to help Nylah, so I reckon that you admire her. Don't you see this great opportunity here? If you are able to help Nylah to kick me out of the firm, the girl will have no reason to reject your feelings! It's worth the shot for the sake of love!" Mark taunted, an evil smile playing by his lips.

I exhaled a deep breath, gently removing her hands from my shirt before I agreed.

"Alright, President Olsen, I will make the bet with you!" I was able to see through his tricks, of course, but I had still made that decision.

"Have you lost your mind? If you lose, we would lose both the company and your formula!" Nylah immediately piped up.

I responded with a thick skin. "Nylah, I'm willing to become a hero for your sake! I've never done anything heroic before since I was young, so let me be a man today."

"That's bullsh*t! I don't allow you to agree to the terms!" She directly rose up to catch my arm.

"President Scott, do you mean that Annon is not qualified to be our company Executive Vice President?" Mark snickered. If we were to pull out from making the bet, his plans wouldn't be affected.

I turned to him and queried, "Who is pulling out now? President Olsen, if my guess is correct, you have even drafted the proposal, no? Take it out now and let's sign the papers!"

Upon hearing that I was agreeable to the terms, even the calm and composed Mark sprang up from his seat excitedly. "The contract is here. I've put my signature on it."

"Are you an idiot? This is obviously a trap, so why are you insisting on jumping right into

it?" Nylah was so exasperated that she was in near tears. I'm able to tell that it's a trap, of course, I thought to myself.

Spinning the pen in my hand, I read the contract while asking questions. "President Olsen, who is the one competing with me for the position? I won't sign the contract without meeting this person."

Mark nodded, then he took his phone and sent a text. Soon, a smart and distinguished looking gentleman wearing a pair of gold framed glasses strode into the office.

At that moment, the meeting room fell silent, and Nylah's face was as pale as a sheet. "John?"

"Nylah, long time no see!"

I had to admit that the man was extremely handsome. He had a unique temperament that belonged to an elite of the society.

After he took a seat next to Nylah, he adjusted his glasses and revealed a charming smile. "Nylah, you wrote me love letters for seven years. Why did you stop after that?"

At that moment, her face flushed crimson as she lowered her head embarrassedly.

"After I graduated, I had some family issues, so I had no time to think about anything else. John, w-why are you here?"

As he leaned back against the chair, he arrogantly raised his chin and looked at me as he answered, "I am here under someone's request to get the 'Military Gray'. Ofi course, don't worry, I will stay and develop your mother's company together with you even if you lose the bet. Nylah, I won't leave again now that I am back this time; I will stay by your side forever."

When she heard his promise, a hint of excitement flashed across Nylah's eyes, but the next second, she rose to her feet with a frown and held my arm to plead, "Annon, let's not make the bet. I will be more than happy to have John become our Executive Vice President!"

Her words stabbed my heart like a knife! I deeply inhaled, suppressing my emotions as I asked, "Why? Because of your past relationship with him? Because he is handsome? Or is it because... you like him?"

"N-No! You won't be a match to him! You don't know how excellent he is!" Nylah grabbed my arm and stared at me as she continued, "His IQ is over 160 and he is the only student in our high school who attained a full scholarship to further his studies abroad! Besides, he has been working with foreign renowned firms in the past few years, so how are you going to compete with him?"

The man named John Miller chimed in while languidly looking at me, "Nylah, stop trying to persuade him. He will definitely compete with me. This is about a man's pride, so you won't be able to change his mind!"

"Annon, listen to me. Let's drop the bet. John will help me when he joins the firm; he won't help President Olsen. With John and you, two outstanding talents in our tiny firm, our company will definitely thrive." Nylah looked at me excitedly with pursed lips.

"Nylah, you won't have two outstanding talents since you can't have two tigers on the same mountain, can you? You are Annon, right? I won't bully you, so let's compete in what you are good at. Is it sales, planning, or marketing? Or is it economics, management or technical skills?"

I had never f*cking met such an arrogant person! To be honest, I was enraged at that

moment, but it did not mean that I had lost my reasons. After taking a deep breath, I calmly looked at him and uttered, "Is it the Spencer Family or Andrew?" Surprisingly, John was an honorable man. He sat upright and honestly replied, "Andrew is my colleague. Let's put it this way—regardless of whether you win or lose today, Mark's share will be returned to Nylah and he will resign from the company." "No! John, that's not what we agreed upon! I will help you to get the formula and you will help me to win the shares over. You can't eat your words now!" John's words frightened Mark so much that he broke out into cold sweat. "Our firm will give you five times the compensation, so please shut the hell up now!" As soon as John said that, Mark's shadow immediately melted from his face as it was replaced with a smile. "Annon, let's start. Use your formula as a wager to make a bet with me for Nylah; I will leave if I lose," he calmly uttered. With my fists clenched, I slowly turned to Nylah. I lacked the courage to tell her that I liked her, so instead, I asked, "Nylah, you like this man, right?" She kept quiet with her head bowed. Finally, she mumbled, "I don't want to talk about private matters now; all I want is to focus on developing the company." I understood what she implied—to a woman, giving no answer was akin to rejection. How could a common and ordinary man like me possibly compete with such a dashing, successful man? I exhaled a heavy breath and responded, "Nylah, I'll make this bet! No matter whether I win or lose, Mark will leave the firm and your company will be on track by then. I consider myself to have returned your kindness. Also, I acquired a piece of land at Northdale in the name of Papillon Enterprise. It will definitely increase in value in less than a year. This will be my last present for you." "What do you mean?!" The next instant, Nylah abruptly raised her head and gripped my arm. "Nylah, I'm leaving. I'll be leaving after making this bet."

Chapter 30

As a matter of fact, from a certain sense, I had indirectly confessed my feelings to Nylah—even an idiot was able to tell that I liked her. However, judging from how she refused to properly face the question and didn't give me any response, I knew very well what her answer was. I didn't blame her, however, because the purpose of me being here had been to repay her kindness; I had never even dreamed that she would become my girlfriend. Therefore, I chose to leave. I didn't wish to see her together with another man and becoming someone else's wife. "You are John Miller, right?" I spread my hands and calmly uttered, "Name your preference! You may decide on the rules of the bet; I'm fine with anything." "What's wrong? Have you lost your spirits? I, John Miller, am not a fan of torturing a man who has given up on himself." He stared at me with a gleam in his eyes. I snickered in disdain, "You may look intimidating, but you are, in fact, just like the saying that goes 'empty vessels make the most sound! A truly impressive figure would carry themselves in a humble manner that would make the people around him ashamed of themselves. You, on the other hand, have your nose in the air. The way you speak

reflects your pompous attitude, and your gaze is not firm as it wavers a lot, which indicates that you care about what others think about you a lot! In other words, you are nothing more than a scum to me!”

“B*stard! Nobody has ever spoken to me like this all my life!” He glared at me angrily with red eyes and clenched fists.

“What’s the matter? Are you upset because I saw through your secrets? I have studied psychology. You are able to deceive Nylah and Mark, but not me. You are no different from a naked person in front of me. If you are smart enough, please get lost now. Don’t blame me for getting yourself humiliated after our bet.”

“Great, I didn’t expect that you are actually not as useless as you seem! I, John Miller, have never taken advantage of others. How about this-let’s have Nylah come up with the questions this time. The winner stays and the loser leaves!”

With just a few words, I managed to enrage him.

His reaction further confirmed my judgement-this person might be talented, but definitely not to the point where he could outshine everyone else in the world. At that point, I knew that I had a fairly high chance of winning the bet.

“What’s the point of doing this? John, Annon, both of you are incredibly outstanding individuals to me; you guys can become friends, so there’s no need to fight! Let’s forget about the bet, alright?” Nylah, who was being put on a spot, looked at us pleadingly. I sighed, “Nylah, don’t you understand the situation? He is targeting my formula. You won’t be able to persuade him otherwise, and similarly, you can’t change my mind as well. No matter who turns out to be the winner between us, the person who benefits will be you. I only want to help you; it’s just as simple as that.”

John snorted as he folded up his sleeves and revealed his large gold watch. “What are you waiting for? Sign the paper and let’s begin!”

I grabbed the contract and put my signature on it.

Then, he raised his head and looked at Nylah. “Nylah, name your question. You can throw out the most challenging problem in your company now and both of us will each come up with a proposal to help you to resolve the issue. Whoever submits the better solution shall win!”

With her lips pursed, Nylah had a troubled look on her face as she looked at us.

Mark, on the other hand, suddenly piped up, “President Scott, our firm has been aiming to enter the military uniforms manufacturing field, right? I think that this is a good theme! Let’s have the two of them each come up with a business strategy and whoever has the most feasible plan shall win!”

Many shareholders followed suit upon hearing that. All of them agreed that it was a good idea-it not only would determine the winner but also help the company resolve future development problems.

However, Nylah slapped the table and coldly refuted, “John specializes in marketing! If this is the theme, it would not be fair to Annon at all!”

I never thought that she would say something for me, but I chuckled while raising my hand to stop her. “Sure, let’s use that question! However, John, I’ve joined the firm for a few days, so I’m more familiar with the company’s internal management. You won’t find this unfair, will you?”

John lifted his chin arrogantly and adjusted his glasses. “I learned about Nylah’s company seven years ago and I did a little research before I came. Let’s start right

away. The loser shall admit defeat!"

He paused at that point before he continued, "I only need 30 minutes to come out with the strategy. I don't want to be thought of bullying you, so I'll give you an hour."

"In that case, let me tell you that I'll only need 10 minutes. Let's each come up with a strategy in 10 minutes. Do you dare to accept the challenge?" I cast him a taunting gaze as I asked.

"You—" John raised his eyebrows, his eyes darting everywhere before he fixed his gaze on me. "You arrogant and ignorant brat! I have been in the marketing line since I was 18; I have studied abroad and worked with prestigious foreign companies for five years! My credentials proved my capability! You are the first person who has the guts to provoke me this way!"

"Your words can't prove your capabilities. If you are really that capable, let's start!" After I said that, I directly took a pen and paper and focused on devising the strategy. Seeing that I had started, John immediately followed suit.

Meanwhile, Mark took out his phone and started timing us; he even cast contemptuous gaze and thought that I would be doomed.

As I spun the pen in my hand, my mind started to race. When I combined the firm's current situation and the market intel that we had picked up from the investors of the fashion industry when we were attending the Economics Conference, I had a flash of inspiration. The next second, I pointed the tip of the pen on the paper and started writing. The meeting room fell into pin-drop silence. Nylah looked at us with an especially troubled expression. I wondered what she was troubled about at that moment. After I left, she would be able to be together with the man she loved, and all her company issues would be perfectly resolved, so what was there to be troubled about?

10 minutes soon passed. Both John and I seemed to put down the pen at the same time and uttered in unison, "I'm done!"

Mark immediately shut off his phone and rose to his full height and suggested, "Let's have the shareholders of our company be the judge. After all, they are the people who understand the company the most, so they have the right to voice out their opinions."

"Sure. In that case, allow me to volunteer to be the first one to have my work reviewed." John rose up and used the laser projector to project his proposal on the large screen.

To be honest, John was quite eloquent and he had dashing looks. Even if he merely stood in front and did nothing, he was able to win the hearts of the crowd. On top of that, he even intermittently used a few foreign language words, which made him appear much more impressive.

I read his proposal carefully and I had to admit that it was indeed well-written.

His proposal focused on entering the market of high-end fashion brands. Since we had 'Military Gray' as our base, if we paid more attention to the design of the clothes, the line of clothing that we could come up with would even be comparable to certain large, renowned brands. Moreover, he had covered a wide span of marketing elements in his proposal; he was able to thoroughly explain his ideas in advertising, expanding our channels, and even the method to outshine our competitors.

After his impassioned speech, a round of thunderous applause broke out at the scene.

Even Eric and Jared, who had a low education level, were so impressed that they started clapping

“He is a graduate from abroad after all, so his perspective and knowledge surely will surpass many!”

“I heard that the company that he is currently working with specializes in preparing business strategies for the world’s top 500 companies!”

“I think Annon is doomed this time. Although he is quite smart, he is still nothing compared to a genius like John!”

I completely ignored their comments and stepped on the stage. After I projected my proposal onto the screen, I said, “Everyone, this is the proposal that I have prepared for the company.”

“Pffft!”

“Haha!” There was instant jeer at the scene.

“Annon, are you suggesting for our company to make undergarments?” Mark guffawed.

“Yes, women’s undergarments, focusing on panties and brassiere.”