

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1361

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1361-The next morning, Lindsay called to say that Marvin had woken up, but Sam was absolutely refusing to go to the hospital.

For one, he woke up with his eye swollen and even blacker, which was very amusing.

Secondly, he did not want to see Ryan ever again.

Still, Quinn dragged him to the hospital anyway—they were family and were only going to run into each other inevitably.

Marvin appeared enfeebled in the ICU, and the doctor said that he needed time to recover.

However, he seemed worried about work and pestered Lindsay to call in his assistant Peter.

Lindsay naturally refused. “You should be resting, dear. The doctor said that you’re really sick, so get some proper rest. Don’t worry about anything.”

“I’m not. I just want to know about the company’s situation-’

“If you’re not worried, then you don’t have to know,” Lindsay told him. ‘ Don’t worry, the company would still run itself even without you. Quit worrying, you know your health matters.”

III II

“Dad,” Ryan spoke up, unable to keep watching just then. “You shouldn’t worry about the company in your state. What if the same thing happens again if you overworked yourself? You’d be squandering your health as well. How could that be good?”

Marvin became a little upset just then. “You don’t get it. The company won’t be running if I’m not around to worry.”

“Why not? There are so many people working there—they won’t miss you. Whatever you say, I’ll never let you leave. Just stay and rest,’ Ryan said firmly.

“But I can’t rest at ease if the company’s situation isn’t resolved...”

“You have to put your mind at ease if you must. Either way, I’m not letting you work now,” Ryan said firmly.

“Who’s going to do it if I don’t?!” Marvin cried, getting so agitated that the monitors attached to him started beeping.

“Stop it, Ryan,” Lindsay chided him just then.

Ryan appeared exasperated and said, “He’s not going to recover if you let him stay like this.”

“As long as the company’s issue isn’t resolved, he’d keep worrying even if I tried to stop him,” Lindsay retorted.

“So you’re letting him worry himself sick? Who’s going to take responsibility for what happens?!” Ryan demanded.

“I know my body. Quite bothering your mother,” Marvin snapped angrily.

Ryan clearly had more to say when Quinn suddenly spoke, “Calm down, Mr. Saunders. I can help with the company.’

“Not yet,” Marvin said, suddenly calmer as he was always kind toward Quinn.

As for his two sons... The eldest might be accomplished, but there was no question that he never contributed anything to the family business.

Naturally, the second contributed even less.

That was why he never held out much hope on either of them-it was only Quinn who always stayed by his side, helping with the company.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1362-However, Quinn was still young, and most of the elders in Saunderia-especially the board members—had no confidence in her.

As such, she could not keep the company in line. She might even get harassed while her every move would be impeded.

Marvin could therefore anticipate that Saunderia had collapsed into a mess internally by now because he was the only one who could keep things together.

"I'll go with Quinn," Sam suddenly said.

Everyone was left stunned, while Quinn turned toward Sam in surprise.

"You wanted me to work, didn't you? That's what I'll do right now," Sam told Marvin. "It's a one-time offer—you either stay down and rest and let me and Quinn handle the company's situation. Or you can go back to your office right now, but in that case, don't ever hope that I'll ever set foot in Saunderia."

Marvin was hesitant, just as he doubted Sam's ability to handle the company's situation. In fact, Marvin himself only went to work every other day, so there was no way he had the confidence Sam was up to task.

However, there was no question that this was a chance for Sam to shape up—Marvin would not have to worry about being heirless if he agreed to keep the company together...

Nonetheless, Ryan scoffed just then. "What's the point?"

"You've never worked, and you're saying you can handle a crisis? Over thirty and none of the maturity to show for it..."

"I am immature and I don't have what it takes." Sam shrugged even as he admitted to it. "But I'm willing to shoulder the responsibility and work just so our father can recover with peace of mind. But what about you? Are you willing to give up on your work and help Dad?"

"Giving up on my work?! When you're the one constantly goofing off?!" Ryan bellowed. "Do you think we're the same?! My work contributes to the nation!"

"No, we're not—but somehow, neither of us contribute anything to the family business," Sam said bluntly.

While Ryan was left unable to speak, Sam continued, "And since you're saying that it's pointless for me to work, you could go instead."

"What?!" Ryan snapped, but it was only natural that he refused his current work.

After all, it made his existence more valuable, and he would feel superior to those money-grubbing business people around him.

“Why give me crap when you’re refusing?” Sam sneered just then.

“Because you’re being nonsensical,” Ryan told him, his contempt for his younger brother having taken root long ago. “You’d never solve anything, and Dad would never be

relieved even if you do it. It’s far better to come up with something else.”

“Why wouldn’t I solve anything?” Sam retorted.

“What, are you some prodigy who excels without learning?!” Ryan snorted.

“I’m not, and I can admit that I don’t know a thing about running a company—but what I have is friends,” Sam said slowly and clearly. “Everyone here knows John Levine, no? He’s like a brother to me, and the question is: do you think he can resolve the issue if I ask for his help?”

Marvin became obviously excited at Sam’s words.

He certainly did not believe in Sam’s ability to resolve Saunderia’s crisis, but he and everyone in North City knew about John’s business acumen. Even those of the older generation deferred to the man’s accomplishments.

And if that man was helping...

“Dream on!” Ryan scoffed just then. “John Levine might hang out with you on occasion, but personal profit is involved here. You really are naive if you think all businessmen are earnest!”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1363—“You just think that friends are as materialistic as you imagined because you have none,” Sam retorted. “All my friends are for life, and they would go to great lengths for me if I’m really in trouble.”

“Hah!” Ryan snorted. “Fair-weather friends, more like.”

“I have no reason to explain myself to you.” Sam shrugged and turned to Marvin. “Just rest, Dad. Leave Saunderia to me and Quinn—I’ll tell you if I can’t resolve the issue.”

Marvin was hesitant, but considering that Sam was actually going to work, and John might help... It might be no crisis at all.

He nodded. "Alright. I'm leaving it to you and Quinn."

Ryan was left staring at Marvin in disbelief, but he could not say what was on his mind just then either. After all, he did not want to work in his father's stead-the consequences would only be unimaginable if he failed. If anything, he simply could not accept that their father would really put his faith in Sam.

Pursing his lips, Ryan said, "Let's hope that you can surprise us."

Sam said nothing in turn-they all left soon since there was a time limit on ICU visitations.

Lindsay returned to the ward where Marvin would stay once his condition stabilized, whereas Ryan excused himself, saying that something urgent came up at his unit in the capital.

With that, the family went their separate ways as Sam and Quinn headed to the Saunderia headquarters.

In the car, however, Sam was restless.

"Calm down. You're just going to work-they're not going to kill you," Quinn assured him, presuming that he was afraid of going to work.

He never liked to do any work or attend meetings before.

"I'm not afraid of them-they are all my lackeys," Sam shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm just... concerned."

"Why?" Quinn asked, curious.

"I'm the board chairman's son, and I have a reputation to maintain," Sam growled. "How many people would be laughing behind my back if they saw my black eye?"

Quinn could not help giggling right then, which left him bristling. "See?! Even you are finding this funny!"

Why did he even agree to go to work?! He could just let John handle everything!

The thought of his face... Oh, the shame!

"No, I just think you're more mature now," Quinn said earnestly then.

As Sam looked at her, she continued, "I never thought the day would come when you'd go to work and help your

father. I'm really seeing you in a new light."

"Don't put me on a pedestal. It'd be a slap to my own face if I mess up," Sam grumbled. "Just pretend I'm going on a trip."

Quinn certainly knew that was not the case.

When it came to Sam, he would never say a word if he did not care about something.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1364-At the same time, if Sam ever said anything, he would never go about it half-baked.

Naturally, Quinn did not want to pressure him either.

As they arrived at the Saunderia headquarters, Sam alighted after preparing himself mentally and went in with Quinn.

Every employee who passed them would greet them as soon as they saw them. "Mr. Sam. Ms. Summer."

Though Sam felt a little awkward, he did not want to show it.

As such, his visage appears haughty. He also appeared especially intimidating if he did not smile, all the more because of his tall figure.

Still, that was fine-Quinn believed he could take the time to change that.

"Let's just get the details on the ongoing crisis and come up with a solution for now," she said. "I just called Peter Lang, your dad's assistant. He's coming right now to brief us."

"Okay," Sam said, already behind his desk as he whipped out a mirror to check his right eye repeatedly.

Soon, there was a knock on the door.

“Come in.”

Peter entered and greeted Quinn right away, “Ms. Summer.”

He then spotted Sam and greeted him politely in turn. “Mr. Sam.”

Sam nodded, and Peter started briefing Quinn without delay.

“The issue is a new project with automobiles powered by new energy under our independent brand. However, it kept getting mothballed because we lacked the technology-to make up for the losses and attempt to complete the project sooner, we recruited famous researchers from abroad and finally had the technology. We wanted to make a killing in the market, only for one of the researchers to be exposed for bearing fake certifications, and questions quickly surfaced regarding the reliability of our technology. As online sentiment grew against us, sales for the new cars we developed stagnated. With most of Saunderia’s capital being betted on those cars, it caused a severance in capital flow, and our other business were affected as well. The banks we’re contacting are refusing to give us loans as well, which led to Mr. Saunders being taken ill...”

“Are there any developments in the situation?” Quinn asked. ‘ What’s the worst case scenario should sales keep stagnating?’

Sam was paying Peter full attention as well, even if the other man completely ignored him, seemingly convinced he was not here to work.

“We have a fifty million dollar deficit in capital, and as mentioned, most banks are denying us loans with various excuses. Even the banks we have close ties with have only offered loans of up to a million out of respect for Mr.

Saunders, and that’s not going to help at all. If the severance in capital continues without improving, Saunderia would last only another month at best before facing bankruptcy.”

Quinn’s expression changed, and she turned to see Sam stiffening as well.

She could understand then why Marvin would want to return to work even if it killed him-the situation was so dire that it shocked even Quinn herself.

And here she thought it was some usual management issue

“What’s the board’s reaction to the issue?” she asked.

“The board is a mess in the board chairman’s absence,” Peter said anxiously. “How is he now? Has he woken up? When can he come?”

“He’s awake,” Quinn replied. “However, the doctor forbade him from leaving the hospital because he’s still in bad shape. Given his condition, he must stay at least two weeks for rest and observation.”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1365-Sam said, “I’ll come up with something.

Peter looked up at Sam in disbelief, though he was not at all convinced that Sam could come up with a solution. The man never even took any notice of Saunderia when things were going smoothly!

Now that it was a mess, Peter was never going to believe that Sam would shape up and take the reins, let alone have what it takes.

Nonetheless, Quinn spoke up just then. “Thank you. Now that we understand the specifics, let us have some time to resolve the issue. You can get back to work for now.”

She naturally could tell that Peter was belittling Sam and had no faith in the man. She therefore quickly sent Peter away—who knew if his attitude would provoke Sam.

With Sam’s fiery temper, he might just let loose once things went south. Moreover, they were in the middle of a crisis and naturally should cater to him.

As Peter left worriedly, Quinn turned to Sam. “So our most pressing issue is capital and then the censure of our core technology. You could ask John for some ideas.”

“Yeah.” Sam nodded.

He certainly knew nothing about business at the moment and needed John’s help... only to remember something else

when he whipped out his phone. “By the way, isn’t he still on his honeymoon?”

“Ah...” Quinn realized with a start—that seemed to be the case.

“Whatever. I’d be eating dirt by the time he comes back.” Sam snorted and made the call without hesitation.

The dialing tone lasted for a while before John answered with a tired voice, and Sam glanced at a clock to see that it was already half past ten in the morning.

He could not help teasing just then, “Tough day, huh, Johnny? Sounding exhausted at this hour?”

“What is it?” John offered no explanation, but his voice was so hoarse anyone would get funny ideas.

“My family’s in trouble.” Sam, however, dove straight to the point as well.

“What?” John’s tone in turn became serious.

Sam quickly gave him a rundown on Saunderia’s current situation, and Quinn added further details when necessary.

“The priority is to restore capital flow,” John said bluntly after they were finished. “Though that’s still the short term priority-the real issue is Saunderia’s core technology.”

“First of all, find out if there are actual problems or if it’s deliberate slander or speculations that took root. Then, you should tailor the solution according to said issue. If there never were problems, get international specialists to verify the tech and prove your innocence.”

“If there are problems, however, you have to fix everything without worrying about the losses or there would be more issues to look forward to. Your father’s collapse would’ve sent Saunderia spiraling into internal discord as well, so you need to keep everyone in line and ensure that operations are running smoothly. If they don’t, the company would still collapse if you resolve your tech issues.”

“Also, the number of people in an organization would mean there are that many people thinking for themselves. There’s no telling when someone would use the chaos to their benefit, so that must be avoided at all costs. Any company needs to be stable internally before they tackle external issues.”

“Okay.” Sam nodded, having complete faith in John.

“Give me a week-I’ll resolve your capital issues for now,” John added. “Do as I tell you for the other matters, and call me any time you’re having trouble.”

“Well, when are you coming back?” Sam asked-the man was gone for almost two weeks now and not showing any inclination of returning.

“It’s still too early to say.”

“Planning to conceive a second child first?”

“...Maybe.” John admitted to it openly.

“You’re not exactly young, brother,” Sam joked. “Show some restraint.”

“You take care of yourself too.” John chuckled. “I’d rather not see you in the dirt when I get back.”

With that, they hung up.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1366-After all, there was plenty of work to do for Sam, while every minute counted for John.

John turned to glance at Cordy, who was nestled in his arms. She was awoken by him taking a call, and his brow was clearly furrowed in displeasure.

He lay down again, pulling her toward himself, and he started nuzzling her collarbone while his hands danced around her waist...

“Stop...” Cordy purred, fidgeting as vaguely sensing his amorous intentions. “I’m so tired...”

It only encouraged John. “As long as you enjoy it.”

“I don’t,” Cordy complained, shoving him away. “You say that everytime-“

“And you’re actually hoarse,” John finished, leaving her blushing.

It was certainly embarrassing when they were alone on that islet, and every detail was too obscene to describe.

Still, Cordy snapped, “Let me sleep or I’m going back to

North City...”

John promptly kept his hands to himself-he had yet to fully enjoy his... perks, though it would probably be more appropriate to say he had yet to have enough.

As such, he decided to just sleep in...

He would only get extra perks when Cordy was energetic anyway.

Over at Saunderia, once Sam hung up, Quinn suggested, "I agree-we need to keep everyone in Saudneria in line. Peter mentioned that the company is leaderless, so we need to rein in everyone. My suggestion is to call for a board meeting and let everyone know that you'll take over the duties as the acting board chairman for the time being."

"But can I do it?" Sam asked-even he doubted his own abilities.

"It's the first step you must take. And you promised your father," Quinn said bluntly.

Sam pursed his lips-he did say that, and now he had to stick with it.

"I'll talk to Peter and have him prepare the conference room," Quinn added without delay, knowing full well that Saunderia would be worse off the longer they dragged on.

Sam was left watching as Quinn made countless calls and queries-she always was doubly efficient when it came to work.

She basically never stopped to breathe since the morning, and he had no idea what to do since this was the first time he was here.

Feeling a vigor he did not know how to use, he kept watching as Quinn wore herself out when he suddenly got the urge to share the burden.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1367-Sam handed Quinn a glass of water. "Here, have a drink."

Quinn was surprised-he never was this caring with anyone.

Still, her stare left him embarrassed, and he averted his eyes, huffing stubbornly, "Your voice is hoarse. It's grating."

Quinn did not take it to heart-he probably would not stop being a tsundere.

“The board meeting will start at 2 PM,” she reminded him.” You have to attend it in place of your father and announce your tenure as the acting board chairman.”

“Already?” Sam exclaimed in surprise.

“Is that going to trouble you?”

“No,” Sam replied, bracing himself just then. “I just didn’t expect you to be so efficient.”

“Well, John is right about keeping the company in line,” Quinn said seriously. “That means it can’t go leaderless, although the meeting might turn out to be a bloodbath as well... Even so, you have my unconditional support.”

“It’s just a bunch of geezers,” Sam huffed nonchalantly. “I can handle them.”

“With age comes wisdom. Don’t let your guard down,” Quinn told him.

“Don’t worry.”

Quinn could not help smiling at how confident Sam looked- he always did like to put on airs.

Even so, she found a sense of security in the way he faced crises with aplomb.

Sam led Quinn into the board conference room at 2 PM sharp.

The air in the room was stiff with the twenty board members all scowling as they sat.

Sam took the board chairman’s seat nonetheless, which caused further displeasure.

In fact, everyone immediately started urging Sam to leave, none of them showing him due respect.

“What do you think you’re doing here, Sam Saunders?! This isn’t a place for you to mess around-we need to discuss a vital issue the company is facing!”

“Your father is still in the hospital, and the company’s facing a crisis. You can’t help us, so don’t add to our troubles too.”

“Leave already. Don’t delay our meeting!”

Nonetheless, Sam remained calm as he announced, “My father’s doctors have insisted that he takes his time to rest and recover. As such, before he has a clean bill of health, I’ll be taking his place and his full authority in managing Saunderia.”

“Are you kidding me?!” One of the board members snorted.

Or has your dad gone senile?! Letting you take over?! If there’s anyone who can, it’d be Ryan-certainly not you!”

“Dream on, kiddo. We won’t voluntarily accept the leadership of some rich playboy who’s never done a day of serious work in his life.”

“If you’re really taking charge, then I give up entirely. Do whatever you want-it’s just bankruptcy at worst.”

Sam was left scowling by the chorus of disapproval.

However, it was reasonable considering his lack of accomplishments... In fact, from a certain point of view, the board’s loyalty to the company was made evident.

As such, he calmed down and explained patiently, “I neither contributed anything to Saunderia nor worked seriously before my father’s illness. However, this incident has

spurred me to mend my ways and put all my effort into my work.”

However, the board members were not understanding at all.

“Those are some pretty words, but can you back them up?”

“Look at your own eye! You were recently involved in a fight, weren’t you?! Go back to your life of pleasure, and we might turn things around ourselves.”

“That’s right-are you trying to get us bankrupt sooner with your leadership?!”

Sam did not expect the geezers to be this harsh!

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1368-Sam really wanted to curse out loud.

Was he really that incompetent that his presence would make the company bankrupt sooner?!

These geezers were never this rude when he came to Saunderia before—they would actually defer to him and even greet him properly.

Now, they were being dismissive just because his father was in the hospital!

“Just leave already. Stop wasting our time.” One of the board members waved him off dismissively.

Sam decided to stop running around in circles with the geezers and cut straight to the point. “Saunderia is merely facing two problems right now. The first is stagnating capital flow—we urgently need money, but the banks are refusing to lend us any. The second is the censure against our core technology, leading to overstock of our products and severe losses.”

The board members were all left taken aback, shocked that Sam would have taken the initiative to find out the issues plaguing Saunderia.

However, most were still not interested. “If you know that, then stop wasting our time.”

“I’m here to handle said issues,” Sam said solemnly.

“You? How?” One of the board members sneered.

Sam said bluntly, “We will have a fifty million dollar capital injection in under a week.”

The rowdy conference room was suddenly silent, and another board member exclaimed, “What?”

“I said—we will have a fifty million dollar capital injection in a week,” Sam repeated.

“Where did you get the money? No bank is willing to offer any loans—”

“John Levine offered it to me,” Sam said nonchalantly.

The board was ready for more retort, but the mention of John stopped them.

“Are you sure about that?” one of the board members asked.

“Of course,” Sam said confidently.

That board member pursed his lips and stayed silent, while the other board members traded glances and followed suit.

The capital deficit was an absolute headache for them, only for Sam to resolve it with relative ease-the brat had definitely hit the jackpot befriending John.

“With the issue of capital out of the way, let’s move on to the other issue,” Sam pressed.

The board members traded glances again. They were certainly still reluctant to let Sam strut, but they could not belittle him either-not after he got the fifty million they

needed so easily.

Nonetheless, Gilbert Wells-the board member leading the technological division—huffed, “We did have an issue with one of our employees’ qualifications found to have been falsified. However, there are no issues with our core technology-I can assure you of that!”

“Your assurances mean nothing,” Sam said bluntly, not sparing the man an ounce of dignity. “Not when the customers don’t trust you.”

While Gilbert glowered, Sam pretended not to see that and continued, “What we need are authorities in the field to verify that our core technology has no issues. That’s right up your alley, Mr. Wells-do you know who is the leading authority in the field at the moment?”

“Of course,” Gilbert replied, scowling. “It’s Damian Craig, the director of TSL’s new energy division, which is a company based in Minerva.”

“Good. Then we shall ask for his seal of approval.”

“Could you stop messing around, Sam?!” Gilbert exploded right then. “Do you think he’d accept our invitation?! He’s our rival in the field of new energy-how inane would he have to be to take the role of guarantor for our core technology?!”

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A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1369-Sam was actually mystified. “How would you know that if you don’t try?”

“Try? It’s called reality!” Gilbert snapped grumpily. “Stop wasting our time, boy—shut your mouth if you don’t understand how any of this works.”

“I agree. I don’t know a thing about managing a company,” Sam conceded. “But I think your pessimism doesn’t work either, Mr. Wells. I mean, pulling out just because you have an issue? How are you going to solve anything at this rate?”

“What...” Gilbert was left flushing in anger and took a moment to calm down before continuing, “I’m not saying that I don’t want to solve this. I’m just refusing to waste our time on something pointless!”

“Since you’re denouncing my solution as pointless and a waste of time, what better option are you suggesting here, Mr. Wells?” Sam asked in turn.

Gilbert almost choked right then-would he be that flustered if he had any?!

And yet, Sam was refusing to give him an inch and continued to frustrate him repeatedly as everyone else looked on!

Be that as it may, Gilbert did not have anything to say and gave in sheepishly after a while. “W-Weren’t we supposed to discuss this together?”

“In that case, discuss away-I’m listening,” Sam said, reclining against his chair patiently.

However, the board members could only trade glances- they clearly had nothing.

“No discussion? Why the silence?” Sam frowned.

The board members were miffed at that but obviously had nothing to say either.

As things got more awkward, Gilbert gave in and snapped at Sam, “Aren’t you the acting board chairman? Shouldn’t you be leading us?”

Sam actually laughed in amusement, which left Gilbert glowering—what a spoiled brat, banking on his good fortune in life!

Nonetheless, Sam told him, “Didn’t you just shoot down my idea, Mr. Wells? In that case, what else can I say?! And if I recall, I’m supposed to be your boss, spending fortunes for your service. Or is that not how this works? Is my money supposed to be spent on sustaining your freeloading?”

“Watch your mouth!” Gilbert sprang to his feet, infuriated by Sam’s ridicule.

Quinn, who was beside Sam, had the feeling that he would give Gilbert a stroke if he kept this up.

Tugging on his suit, she whispered to him, “Pipe down.

They’re not employees—they’re shareholders.”

“Shareholders?” Sam repeated. “You mean, they’re bosses too?”

“Or you can consider them your partners, while you’re the bigger boss.”

“Oh, that’s better,” Sam replied and turned back to the board members. “Mr. Wells there said that I’m the boss here and should be resolving this crisis, no? I therefore ask the rest of the board to state their respective opinions as well—since you are all bosses too.”

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A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1370-Gilbert fell back on his seat just then, too furious to say a word.

Ken Loggins, who sat beside him, said, “Sam, your father’s still in the hospital and the company’s a mess—you shouldn’t mess with us right now. We are trying to find a solution, but there’s just nothing we can do right now.”

“Once again, I’m here in earnest to manage Saunderia. I’m not here to mess around,” Sam said bluntly. “Why else do you think a playboy like me would sit with you geezers for so long, suffering your contempt?”

Quinn watched as the twentyish board members scowled.

They were elite business folk, only for Sam to call them geezers!

Sam took no notice-or never realized that they were all glowering at him-and continued without a care. "Since none of you have any solutions, why not try what I suggested?"

"Because it's not worth trying!" Gilbert could not help snapping right then.

"Why not? Anything is possible," Sam said confidently. "For that man you spoke of, the superiority of his position and the fact that he's our business rival are the reasons he won't cooperate. What if he isn't?"

"What do you mean by 'what if he isn't'?" Gilbert scoffed, having no patience for Sam at all.

"Can't we just buy his intellectual property?" Sam asked. "Since our core technology is suspect, we could just acquire new tech. If that director is the leading global authority, we can just partner with him or offer a joint venture for our car project. Those cars would end up as scrap metal in the end, or am I wrong?"

The room turned silent as the board members seemed to be stunned by Sam's whimsical words.

However, there was no question that this was a solution.

On the other hand, their solutions were confined to how they should sell their new energy powered cars and to have the public acknowledge that there were no issues with their technology. A joint venture had never crossed their minds-if the other side agreed to it, their technological issues would be resolved by themselves.

And with a better team working on their tech, they might even increase sales!

Gilbert more or less agreed to Sam's idea but still asked, "Even if that's our way out, what guarantee do we have that Damian Craig would say yes?"

"What guarantee?" Sam asked in return, shrugging. "There's none in anything, is there? Or are you suggesting that we shouldn't do it just because we don't have any? In that case, has anyone anticipated the quality of the cars we produced to be called into question? That the financial pressure could be a cause for our bankruptcy?! Nothing is ever guaranteed—the only thing we can do is try!"

None of the board members argued at that, as they all suddenly agreed with Sam's statement.

After a long silence, one of them suddenly said, "I concur with the acting chairman's opinion-that there's no guarantee of success. Ironically, there's a guarantee of failure if we take no action."

"Me too. Let's put together a proposal and prepare for negotiations."

"I must admit..." One of the board members suddenly sighed. "Young men have a more active imagination compared to ours. We've been banging our heads against a brick wall to resolve those two issues, only for you to resolve them with relative ease."

"It's yet to be resolved." Gilbert certainly did not forget to tone down the hype. "No one knows if this would work at all!"

"Stop raining on the young man's parade already," one of the board members reasoned. "Our issue with the capital is already resolved, and that at least ensures the company's operations stays on track. Leave the rest to the kid-heck, it's time we retire!"