

You Were Told to Lose Money By Making Games, and You Actually Did It?

Chapter 22: Go Ahead and Do It

“A media outlet wants to interview our company? And it's the domestic branch of NGI!?”

Having just finished his afternoon tea, Chen Xu's eyes widened when he heard Xiao Dao's report.

What was going on?

Why would a gaming media outlet want to interview them?

The company's predecessor, Target Games, had never produced any blockbuster titles.

In fact, worried that the two old games they had previously outsourced might still have lingering loyal fans, Chen Xu had deliberately gone through a complete "reanimation and purge" after acquiring the company.

Under those circumstances, why would a gaming media outlet come knocking on their door?

And not just any media outlet—a famous one at that?

For a moment, Chen Xu was completely dumbfounded.

He genuinely couldn't figure it out.

“It was probably Hyakukin doing,” Xiao Dao said excitedly when he saw Chen Xu's confusion.

The game was still in development, yet it was already attracting media attention.

That was a good thing!

“Hyakukin? What did they do?” Chen Xu's eyes widened even further.

“Probably because of this interview.”

Xiao Dao pulled out his phone and opened a video.

It was an interview conducted by the well-known gaming media outlet NGI.

From a professional standpoint, NGI was often considered mediocre at best.

Their reviews were notoriously long-winded, and unless a game was either truly awful or exceptionally brilliant, they tended to hand out an 8/10 by default.

But despite that reputation, NGI was undeniably famous.

In the video, Hyakukin Studio's president, Kamiyama Atsushi, was being interviewed.

“A project? Yes, we are currently involved in one. It's a game we're developing on behalf of a Chinese company called Morning Star Games.”

“What kind of game is it? I'm sorry, but due to confidentiality agreements, I can't reveal details. However, I can confidently say that it will provide players with an unparalleled experience.”

“Yes, every aspect of the game's creative vision comes from that mysterious company. It's bold, it's brilliant, and it completely changed my understanding of what an action game can be.”

“I truly believe this will be one of the most refreshing and innovative experiences players have ever encountered.”

Facing the reporter's questions, Kamiyama Atsushi spoke at length.

Staring at that shiny bald head on the screen, Chen Xu felt as though someone had just stabbed a knife directly into his kidney.

He had guarded against everything.

Yet somehow, he hadn't guarded against the bald man.

Was this a breach of contract?

Not exactly.

The contract only explicitly prohibited Hyakukin Studio from revealing detailed information about the game.

And Kamiyama hadn't revealed any details.

All he'd done was praise the game endlessly.

As for *why* it was amazing?

He hadn't said a single word.

“Stop grinning like an idiot. That bald guy isn't being completely altruistic,” Chen Xu said irritably as he looked at Xiao Dao.

“I know, Brother Xu.”

Xiao Dao laughed.

“On the surface he's praising us, but in reality he's also distancing himself from responsibility.”

After all, Hyakukin Studio was only handling outsourced work.

By attributing all the creativity and vision to Morning Star Games, they were setting up a perfect safety net.

If the game failed, it would mean Morning Star's ideas were flawed—not Hyakukin Studio's combat system.

But if the game succeeded, then Hyakukin Studio's reputation as a legendary outsourcing studio would grow even stronger.

It was a win-win strategy for them.

“Still, it's good for us too,” Xiao Dao continued.

“Hyakukin is pretty famous. Their endorsement gives our project early exposure, and more media outlets will probably follow up later.”

“We'll save a fortune on marketing expenses.”

As far as Xiao Dao was concerned, he had no problem with what Hyakukin Studio had done.

After all, they were just contractors.

As long as they delivered quality work on Sekiro, that was enough.

Besides, this attempt to generate publicity might also be a gesture of goodwill toward Morning Star Games.

“Y-Yeah... that's true.”

Chen Xu forced a smile, doing his best not to sound like he was grinding his teeth.

“Brother Xu, when should we accept the interview?” Xiao Dao asked.

“Tomorrow.”

Chen Xu sighed inwardly.

He wanted to refuse, but the system wouldn't approve it.

After all, even though Morning Star Games wasn't famous, its development budget was already at a level that only industry giants could match for a single project.

Refusing media attention altogether would simply be too unreasonable.

In reality, Morning Star Games was still an obscure little company that nobody had heard of.

Under those circumstances, a lack of publicity meant they needed to reveal some information about the project early on to build anticipation and let people know the game existed.

If they were a well-known developer, none of this media-interview business would be necessary.

Big studios came with their own built-in audience.

The media would dig for information on their own.

Articles would pop up every few days without the company even needing to do anything.

But neither scenario was what Chen Xu wanted.

Publicity meant attention, and attention meant sales.

There were countless examples from his previous life of mediocre games selling extremely well simply because the marketing had been effective.

*No.*

*I need to suppress this a little.*

*I absolutely cannot reveal too much about Sekiro!*

After telling Xiao Dao to contact the media outlet, Chen Xu leaned back in his office chair and began plotting.

Just then, the phone on his desk rang.

[Kamiyama Atsushi]

Seeing the caller ID, Chen Xu narrowed his eyes.

*Good.*

*Very good.*

*So this was your handiwork.*

“President Chen, I assume you've already received the message from NGI?” Kamiyama said cheerfully over the phone.

“I just received it not long ago,” Chen Xu replied with an equally cheerful tone.

“So this was arranged by President Kamiyama?”

After exchanging a few meaningless pleasantries, Chen Xu hung up.

His fists clenched.

*Wonderful.*

*Not only are you the culprit, you're the mastermind behind it all.*

And the worst part?

He couldn't even complain.

If one looked at Hyakukin Studio's actions positively, the bald president had completely insulated his company from any potential fallout.

If the game became a hit, they shared in the glory.

If it failed, it had nothing to do with them.

Yet if one tried to criticize them—

They had used their own connections to generate publicity and promote the game.

Everything appeared to have been done out of goodwill.

Even though, from Chen Xu's perspective, it felt like a knife in the back.

The result was a feeling like a lump stuck in his throat.

He couldn't swallow it.

He couldn't spit it out.

“No, I need to do something.”

“Otherwise, I'm going to suffocate from frustration.”

His mood was genuinely terrible.

With that thought, Chen Xu opened WeChat, found Xiu Fu's contact, and sent a message.

. . .

Meanwhile, at Hyakukin Studio.

Xiu Fu was discussing Sekiro's combat development with Yamagami when he felt his phone vibrate in his pocket.

He took it out briefly, glanced at the sender's profile picture and ID, then casually slipped it back into his pocket.

He continued discussing the previous topic with Yamagami.

Only after about a minute did he stand up.

“Eiji, keep working on this. I'm going to the restroom. I'll be back soon.”



Leaving the office, he headed to the restroom and quickly checked to make sure nobody else was around.

After confirming the area was clear, he chose the innermost stall.

He entered, locked the door, lowered the toilet seat, and sat down.

Then he pulled out his phone.

[How are things progressing?]

Reading Chen Xu's message, Xiu Fu immediately replied:

[Everything is going smoothly. Gong Qi and I have already gathered information on most of them. We're currently testing their willingness to stay or leave.]

After confirming the message had been sent, he long-pressed it and deleted it from his phone.

A moment later, another message arrived.

[Good work. Do you need additional funding?]

After reading it, Xiu Fu deleted the message as well before replying:

[No need, Brother Xu. The allowances are enough. And we've already made significant progress.]

Soon another reply appeared.

[Good luck.]

Looking at Chen Xu's message, Xiu Fu's expression became extremely serious.

He deleted the entire conversation history, then he pressed the flush button and stood up.

As he walked toward the restroom exit, determination filled his eyes.

Trying to stop them from learning the core technology?

That's fine.

Technology could be protected, but could they protect people's hearts?

Looking at the Hyakukin Studio logo hanging in the hallway, Xiu Fu smiled faintly.

*Brother Xu, I won't disappoint the expectations you've placed on me.*