

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 342: The People Who Work Overtime in Secret

Zhang Zuting continued, “Under these circumstances, his mindset while drinking the beer shouldn’t be like that of someone dying of thirst—urgent and desperate, chugging it down in one go. Instead, he should drink slowly, savoring it bit by bit.”

“What he’s drinking isn’t beer—it’s emptiness, it’s confusion.”

“The advertisements on the screen create a huge psychological contrast for him.”

“He can’t see any hope for his future life, nor can he find meaning in his present one. Everything around him feels meaningless. Only the can of beer in his hand satisfies a basic physical desire, giving it a tiny bit of value.”

“But that tiny bit of value is nowhere near enough to make him ecstatic.”

“I think the male lead shouldn’t have so many expressions at all. On the contrary, as he drinks the beer, his emotions should keep sinking lower and lower.”

“At first, he wins money from the TV quiz show, feels happy, and rewards himself with a can of beer.”

“But while drinking it, he sees those dazzling advertisements—he sees the colorful, vibrant world of the upper class—and at that point, what he should feel instead is a sense of blandness, of emptiness.”

“If it were me acting this scene, I would do my best to show the transition—from happiness, to neutrality, to loneliness...”

“I believe that’s what President Pei is trying to emphasize, right, President Pei?”

Pei Qian was silent for a moment. “Uh... more or less.”

You’ve already said everything there is to say, what am I supposed to add...

Lu Zhiyao suddenly understood. “So that’s how it is!”

“Looks like my understanding of the script was off.”

“Thank you all for the guidance. Let’s shoot another take!”

Brimming with renewed determination, Lu Zhiyao sat back down and prepared for the reshoot.

Zhu Xiaoce quietly gave Pei Qian a thumbs-up. “Professional.”

Pei Qian: “.....”

That’s... not what I meant...

Pei Qian felt a bit melancholic. He had a vague sense that maybe he really shouldn’t have spoken up so casually...

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Reshooting the beer-drinking scene.

With a *clatter*, a can of beer dropped out of the dispensing slot.

Lu Zhiyao grabbed the ice-cold can beaded with condensation, popped it open with a *psh*, and tilted his head back to take a large gulp, letting out a satisfied breath.

At this moment, there was still a trace of a smile on his face, lingering satisfaction from finally getting a drink.

But gradually, the smile faded.

Lu Zhiyao looked toward the small green screen beside him, his attention completely drawn to it.

As he watched the green screen, he drank the beer quietly, sip by sip, imagining the images that would later appear on the small display.

At this moment, the screen should be playing advertisements for all kinds of delicacies and fine wines:

An upper-class figure in a luxurious mansion pours premium red wine into a decanter, then into a crystal-clear stemmed glass;

On a pristine white table are laid out dish after dish of exquisite food, enough to make anyone salivate;

A beautiful woman with bright red nail polish elegantly raises her glass, clinks it gently with the successful man across from her, and then the wine flows past her vivid red lips...

Lu Zhiyao kept watching the green screen, drinking the beer in small sips.

At one point, he raised his hand toward the screen, as if tempted by certain advertisements and wanting to click on them. But after hesitating several times, he withdrew his hand and continued drinking silently.

Finally, the can of beer was empty.

Lu Zhiyao tilted his head back, forcing the very last drop of beer into his mouth. Then he placed the empty can on the table, staring at it with a vacant expression—staring at the garish advertisements printed on it.

After a long while, Lu Zhiyao suddenly crushed the empty aluminum can in his hand and flung it toward the trash chute.

With a *clack*, the can struck the edge of the opening and fell to the floor.

Lu Zhiyao didn't go to pick it up. Instead, he slumped down onto the floor, leaning against the bed, wrapping his arms around his knees and burying his head deep into them.

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“Cut! Fantastic!”

“That take was amazing!”

“This finally matches the male lead's state of mind!”

Zhu Xiaoce showered Lu Zhiyao with praise for his performance.

Lu Zhiyao was also very happy, after all, his acting had been affirmed.

“I still need to thank Director Zhu and Mr. Zhang for their guidance. And of course, most importantly, President Pei, he fundamentally shifted my

mindset and made me realize that my acting had fallen into the trap of ‘trying too hard.’”

Lu Zhiyao looked toward Pei Qian with gratitude.

Pei Qian: “.....You guys keep filming. I’m heading out.”

Zhu Xiaoce froze for a moment. “President Pei, why not stay and watch a few more scenes? With you here, we feel much more at ease. You could help point out more shortcomings!”

Point out *more* shortcomings??

Pei Qian was speechless. This was truly a case of trying to steal a chicken and ending up losing the rice instead!

He had originally wanted to give some *reverse* guidance—to slightly tone down Lu Zhiyao’s acting—but never in his wildest dreams did he expect that he’d accidentally *improved* Lu Zhiyao’s performance instead!

If this kept up, wouldn’t it be disastrous?

Pei Qian absolutely did not want to see the day when Lu Zhiyao won an Oscar for Best Actor and opened his acceptance speech with, “I want to thank President Pei for his meticulous guidance of my acting.” That would be completely unbearable!

So no, he really couldn’t stay any longer.

They could film however they wanted. He was done interfering!

Pei Qian felt like an observer conducting an experiment: every time he observed, things changed; every time he interfered, things developed in an even worse direction...

So he needed to make a quick escape.

Everyone felt a bit regretful, but they all understood that President Pei was extremely busy and couldn't possibly stay on set all the time.

"Then President Pei, please go take care of your work. I will definitely follow the original intent of the script and perform this role well!" Lu Zhiyao said earnestly.

Pei Qian sighed quietly.

A long road lies ahead...

Watching President Pei's retreating figure, Zhu Xiaoce couldn't help but feel emotional.

"President Pei took time out of his packed schedule to come here, helped the actor correct a major misunderstanding, and then left in a hurry."

"It seems he felt that now that the actors had their mindset straightened out, the shoot wouldn't run into major problems anymore, so he could leave with peace of mind."

"Yes. We absolutely must not let President Pei down!"

"Alright, everyone, let's continue. Next scene!"

Zhu Xiaoce and the main cast were all brimming with motivation.

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November 27.

Saturday.

There weren't many classes in the liberal arts program, and lessons were generally not scheduled on Saturdays or Sundays.

Tang Yishu had no classes today. After reading in her dorm for a while in the morning, she didn't head to the company until close to ten o'clock.

Although she had already replenished Yin Tang's food and water and cleaned the litter box before leaving yesterday, she still couldn't quite put her mind at ease. Worried that the cat might feel lonely by itself at the office, she came by to check on it.

The company doors were accessed via employee keycards, and the system was very smart. During normal working hours, regular employees' cards could open the doors.

On weekends, evenings, or public holidays, however, regular employees' cards wouldn't work—only the cards belonging to President Pei, Assistant Xin, and a few administrative staff could open the doors.

Considering the special nature of Tang Yishu's work, the administrative department had also arranged for her to have a keycard that could open the doors at any time, making it convenient for her to take care of Yin Tang.

After work yesterday, accompanied by Hao Yun, Tang Yishu carefully selected and purchased a black women's down jacket.

Hao Yun preferred pink or other brighter colors, but Tang Yishu still insisted on buying this one. On the one hand, it was relatively cheap; on the other hand, she didn't really know how to take care of clothes and was afraid it would be hard to wash if it got dirty.

Although the down jacket itself wasn't particularly stylish, it was quite warm. And since Tang Yishu had a good figure and could "carry" the clothes well, it actually didn't look bad on her.

When she arrived at the entrance, just as Tang Yishu was about to swipe her keycard to open the door, she found that the door was already open.

In the spacious office, Bao Xu was wearing headphones, fully absorbed as he hammered away at the keyboard.

Tang Yishu didn't think much of it. In her understanding, coming to the office on weekends to work overtime when there were tasks to finish was perfectly normal, nothing to be surprised about.

So she followed her usual routine, took a plastic bag, and headed toward the corner of the office to clean Yin Tang's litter box.

However, when Tang Yishu passed by Bao Xu, he suddenly jolted violently, nearly falling out of his chair.

Tang Yishu was startled as well and quickly stepped back. The two of them stared at each other in alarm.

Tang Yishu lowered her head. “S-sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you.”

After seeing that it was Tang Yishu, Bao Xu relaxed a little, but his expression soon turned serious again. “Don’t tell President Pei what you saw today, okay?”

Tang Yishu nodded blankly.

Bao Xu let out a small sigh of relief. Seeing how honest and timid Tang Yishu looked, she didn’t seem like the type to snitch, so he finally felt at ease and went back to revising his design drafts.

According to President Pei’s rules, all overtime work had to be reported.

But his *persona* couldn’t collapse. If he reported it, wouldn’t all the image he’d painstakingly built up in front of President Pei be completely ruined?

And if President Pei praised him in front of everyone, then forget it. Another travel package would definitely be “arranged” again!

If he came secretly, though, his own access card couldn’t open the door outside of working hours.

So he came up with a solution: every Friday, he would secretly swap access cards with a guy from the administrative department.

Administrative staff cards could open the doors at any time, so Bao Xu could come in on the weekend to secretly work overtime, revise the design documents, and then upload them using Li Yada’s computer.

Because all document uploads left records, if Bao Xu worked from home and uploaded files from his own computer, President Pei might still discover his overtime by checking the upload logs.

But by using Li Yada's computer, even if President Pei checked, it wouldn't trace back to him.

Perfect plan!

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Tang Yishu stroked Yin Tang, who had come over to her, for a while, and then started cleaning the litter box.

But as she scooped through the cat litter with the plastic shovel, she began to feel that something about this situation was... off.

"If it's normal overtime, why emphasize so strongly that I can't let Senior know?"

"He... isn't doing something bad, is he?"

"Stealing company secrets or something?"

Tang Yishu had no workplace experience, but she had read a few novels and watched some TV dramas, so Bao Xu's slightly strange behavior prompted all kinds of imaginings.

As for whether these imaginings were reasonable...

Tang Yishu wasn't sure either.

She fell into a dilemma.

“Should I tell Senior?”

“It feels like making a big deal out of nothing...”

“But what if he really *is* doing something bad?”