

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 465: Good Advice Can't Save a Doomed Fool

Pei Qian's current mood was like running into a pack of wild dogs on the road. After desperately baring his teeth and finally managing to scare them into retreating, someone—some damn troublemaker—suddenly threw a bone in their direction.

And clearly, President Li was that troublemaker.

As the saying goes, "seeing is believing." Several investors, upon seeing this desolate scene, had already been ready to pull out. But President Li's words completely reversed their intentions.

The investors looked at each other. Somehow, they were infected by President Li's unwavering tone and began to feel that what he said made a lot of sense.

Originally, everyone had agreed to invest together—that was only one reason.

For profit-driven businessmen, verbal promises that aren't written down don't count as promises at all.

What truly influenced their decision were his later words.

President Pei is testing our resolve!

Think back to Top Student, Come Quickly!

Everyone savored that thought. Back when they invested in Top Student, Come Quickly, it had been the same situation—President Pei had repeatedly discouraged them, even persuading many wavering investors to back out.

And what happened then? Those people were now regretting it so much their intestines had turned green with envy!

The investors present now were all those who had followed through at the time—or even doubled down—and they all received huge returns from that project.

In this era, investors didn't have it easy either.

Normal investments didn't yield high returns. Venture capital? Even worse, you could easily be deceived and lose everything with one wrong step.

But investing alongside President Pei had indeed brought everyone substantial gains.

So, recalling the faint, almost imperceptible smile President Pei had when he previously tried to dissuade them, the investors immediately became suspicious.

President Pei was clearly using reverse psychology again!

He was trying to filter out some of the current investors. Only those who trusted him absolutely—and continued to invest—would be qualified to share in the profits.

Those fence-sitters and quitters would be permanently excluded in the future.

Just look at this time, weren't all those investors who didn't follow up on Top Student, Come Quickly! completely left out?

It wasn't that they didn't want to come in; they were now desperate to invest everything they had into President Pei's projects. But it was useless—they no longer had access.

Most of the investment opportunities they got with President Pei were introduced through President Li. If you backed out this time and stood him up, would President Li still bring you along next time?

There were plenty of people waiting in line to invest with President Pei. Losing one person meant nothing.

So after hearing President Li's words, many investors immediately came to a realization.

They had already made a lot of money from President Pei before. Even if this project ended up losing money, as long as they stayed close to him, they would surely have future opportunities to recover.

But if they didn't invest now—regardless of whether this project made or lost money—they'd be left out entirely in the future!

Wasn't the choice obvious?

Very quickly, one investor who had been considering withdrawing changed his expression and said seriously:

“President Li, what are you talking about? Do you really think we’re the kind of people who run away at the first sign of trouble?”

Another investor added:

“Exactly! President Li is underestimating us. We said we’d invest together—who would dare break their word? From now on, we’ll cut ties with anyone who goes back on their word!”

The others quickly echoed the sentiment.

“That’s right! Who said they were dissatisfied with this project? This is clearly a project with huge potential—even if all of you withdraw, I’m still investing!”

“President Pei, rest assured, we have absolutely no intention of pulling out. To show my determination, I’ll invest another one million!”

In an instant, everyone aligned their statements. Even those who still felt uneasy forced themselves to hide their emotions and put on an expression of confidence and determination.

Pei Qian: “.....”

What... is this supposed to be?!

Originally, things were almost going smoothly, but President Li’s single shout completely ruined everything.

Pei Qian still wasn’t willing to give up. He looked at the investor with the most uncertain expression and said:

“Bro, don’t listen to their nonsense. They’re trying to trick you!”

The investor’s body jolted, and he immediately put on a righteous and firm expression.

“Don’t worry, President Pei. I absolutely haven’t been influenced by them. I’m investing in your project purely from the heart!”

Pei Qian then turned to another investor who also looked visibly hesitant. Before he could even speak, the man said seriously:

“President Pei, my investment has nothing to do with anyone else. I simply want to make a small, insignificant contribution to the economic development of Jingzhou!”

The other investors quickly followed suit, expressing their loyalty. Phrases like “just repaying kindness,” “I don’t mind even if it loses money,” and “I trust President Pei” could be heard endlessly.

The more Pei Qian tried to question them, the worse it got—it felt like he was testing them instead.

Everyone pounded their chests emphatically, almost swearing oaths on the spot.

Pei Qian was completely speechless.

It was over.

No matter what he said now, it was useless. It seemed like they had once again fallen into a strange cycle where everyone could understand what he said, but simply chose to interpret it in their own way.

He couldn't help but let out a long sigh.

Good advice can't save a doomed fool.

If they had already decided to follow him and lose money together, then so be it.

Pei Qian reluctantly nodded.

"Fine."

"You've all seen this barren piece of land. If you want to throw your money into the water, I won't stop you. Pick whatever position you like."

"Alright then, I'm leaving."

He turned around and was about to get into the car.

"Wait, President Pei, please hold on!"

The investors, led by President Li, hurriedly stopped him.

Under everyone's gaze, Li Shi cleared his throat.

"Ahem... President Pei, we understand that you're very busy."

"But..."

"This Fright Hostel project is under your overall planning. You should at least briefly explain what the layout is going to be, right?"

"We don't really understand the project. If everyone has their own ideas, one builds a hotel, another builds a restaurant, without unified planning, won't it become a complete mess?"

Everyone nodded repeatedly.

“Right, President Li is correct!”

“We think so too.”

“President Pei, just spare a few minutes and briefly explain it to us!”

Everyone clearly understood that even with President Pei involved, success didn’t come from blindly throwing money in—especially for a large entertainment project like this. Proper planning was essential.

Moreover, none of these investors thought they were capable of revitalizing this barren land. They were all relying on President Pei.

They absolutely needed President Pei to provide a clear plan before they could invest confidently.

Of course, they couldn’t say it so bluntly—it would make them look like people clinging to a powerful backer, even though that was essentially the truth.

So President Li used an excuse, calling it “coordination and alignment.” This way, they could both obtain President Pei’s seemingly magical plan and preserve everyone’s dignity—a perfect two-birds-one-stone solution.

However, Pei Qian suddenly shook his head firmly.

“No. I absolutely cannot interfere with this.”

He had already realized something: every time he intervened or observed, things would change.

Most of the time, things were fine when he didn't propose anything, but once he casually came up with a plan, it would inexplicably become a so-called "masterstroke."

So he had made up his mind: no matter how eloquent these people were, he would not give them any advice.

Let them figure it out themselves. Whatever they built, so be it. He absolutely would not interfere.

Everyone looked at him in confusion.

Hadn't President Pei already accepted their investment? If so, why did he still seem so reluctant? Would saying a few words really matter that much?

Li Shi remained calm. He had long since gotten used to some of President Pei's confusing and unpredictable behavior.

If President Pei didn't speak, it must be for some deeper reason.

Li Shi cleared his throat and said:

"President Pei, everyone, how about we find a middle-ground solution?"

"President Pei is very busy. This Fright Hostel is only one of many projects for him and isn't even particularly outstanding, so he definitely can't spend too much energy on it."

"As everyone can see, this place is already half-built, which means President Pei must have already delegated the overall direction to his subordinates."

“Why don’t we do this—President Pei, just let the staff in charge of this project briefly introduce the situation to us. That would save us a lot of investigation trouble.”

“Of course, if you really can’t spare anyone to introduce it, that’s fine too. We’ll just have to hire professionals to conduct a detailed assessment and decide how to allocate the funds. I happen to know quite a few friends in Beijing and Shanghai who specialize in amusement park projects...”

Pei Qian immediately waved his hand.

“Follow me.”

Those words from Li Shi sounded extremely threatening to him. Of course, President Li himself probably didn’t mean it that way.

But if he had to choose, Pei Qian would still rather let Chen Kangtuo give them a simple explanation of the project.

With these investors’ networks, they would definitely be able to find professional amusement park consultants to design the project for them—no doubt about it.

Weighing two harms, he chose the lesser one.

While walking, Pei Qian quietly took out his phone and sent a message to Chen Kangtuo:

“Only explain the current situation. Not a single extra word.”

Soon, the group arrived at Chen Kangtuo’s temporary office.

Someone was there to receive them and serve tea. Everyone found seats.

Pei Qian glanced at Chen Kangtuo, who immediately understood and gave a slight nod, indicating he had received the message.

Only then did Pei Qian feel slightly more at ease.

He cleared his throat and introduced him to the investors:

“This is the person in charge of the Fright Hostel project. His name is Chen Kangtuo. He was originally an employee from the Tengda Group game department.”

Pei Qian’s intention was to subtly hint to the investors that this person had been randomly selected from the game department and was not at all a professional in amusement park projects—so they might still change their minds.

However, after hearing his introduction, the investors all straightened up and became visibly respectful.

“A talent from the game department! Nice to meet you, nice to meet you!”

“I’ve long heard that the Tengda Group game department is the essence of the entire Tengda Group, with extremely strict selection—every one of them is a top-tier talent. Seeing it today, it truly lives up to its reputation!”

“With Mr. Chen overseeing this project under President Pei, it’s absolutely foolproof! I’m completely reassured!”

Pei Qian: “.....”

Great. It had the exact opposite effect again.