

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 517: Mass Production of the Fully Automatic Argument Machine

Li Yaling had never been interested in becoming a branch manager.

What she truly loved was being a fitness coach.

Whether it was working out herself, teaching others how to train, building good relationships with clients, or helping them improve their physical fitness—those were the things she genuinely enjoyed.

So when she heard President Pei's proposal, she immediately thought it sounded wonderful.

A full-time coaching position.

Responsible for only ten trainees.

A job that demanded advanced professional expertise.

It fit her perfectly.

On top of that, President Pei had promised her a raise and assured her that any resources required for training would be provided.

This was practically every fitness coach's dream job.

Li Yaling nodded without hesitation.

"No problem, President Pei. I'll definitely complete the mission!"

Pei Qian smiled and nodded.

"Good."

"I'll give you two days to hand over your work at the gym."

"I'll come pick you up on Saturday, and we'll head to the training base together."

Li Yaling beamed.

"Understood, President Pei! I'll finish all the handover work before Saturday."

Although Managed Fitness didn't offer one-on-one personal training sessions, many members came specifically because of Li Yaling.

Before leaving, she at least needed to let them know.

Furthermore, the gym's coaching schedules had already been arranged.

With Li Yaling leaving, everything would have to be reorganized, so two days for the transition was perfectly reasonable.

Pei Qian stood up and left in an excellent mood.

Mission accomplished!

He had eliminated a major hidden danger from Managed Fitness while simultaneously finding a coach for Team DGE.

A perfect solution.

Two birds with one stone.

Of course, Pei Qian also knew full well that when he brought Li Yaling to DGE's training facility on Saturday, both sides would be utterly dumbfounded.

Li Yaling was expecting to coach a group of burly professional athletes.

Instead, she'd find a bunch of skinny, internet-addicted teenagers.

Meanwhile, those gaming addicts were expecting an experienced esports coach.

Instead, they'd get a female fitness coach.

One who looked capable of punching a cow to death.

Clearly, the expectations on both sides wouldn't match.

But in Pei Qian's opinion, a coach was a coach.

Training the body and training hand speed were both forms of training.

What difference did it make?

Besides, considering the current level of esports coaching in China, Li Yaling honestly might not even be worse than the existing coaches.

It was just like the stock market.

Sometimes, by simply buying no stocks at all, you'd already outperform seventy percent of investors.

In any case, this arrangement was perfect.

Everyone was being put to their best use.

Pei Qian couldn't help sighing to himself.

I'm a genius.

...

...

Thursday, May 12

Pei Qian was still lying in bed, sleeping in, when his phone rang.

He opened his sleepy eyes, picked up the phone, and thought,

Who on earth is calling me this early...?

It's only 11:00 in the morning.

He glanced at the caller ID.

It was Ma Yang.

Pei Qian jolted upright instantly.

Don't tell me Old Ma has caused trouble again?

Ma Yang was currently the person Pei Qian was watching most closely.

There was no way he could ignore this call.

"Hello?"

"Brother Qian!" Ma Yang's excited voice came through the phone.

"I've made major progress with my work at Dream Fulfillment Ventures!"

Pei Qian immediately became alert.

Previously, he had successfully lured Ma Yang into staying at Team DGE, where he spent every day happily playing games and completely forgot about investing.

Unfortunately, some time ago, those reckless young DGE players had shown absolutely no mercy.

In a single match, they had crushed Old Ma with a humiliating 0–28 record, successfully curing him of his gaming addiction.

As a result, Ma Yang had no choice but to return to thinking about investments.

Pei Qian sat up in bed.

"All right."

"Let's hear it."

Ma Yang said excitedly,

"Brother Qian, didn't you tell me to look for projects with big dreams?"

"I searched for a long time, and I've finally found one!"

Now Pei Qian became interested.

"Oh?"

"Just how ambitious is it?"

Ma Yang replied enthusiastically,

"As ambitious as it gets, Brother Qian!"

"It's overflowing with dreams!"

Pei Qian's eyes lit up.

Could Old Ma be about to perform another great service for me?

But what Ma Yang said next immediately poured a bucket of cold water over his head.

"And Brother Qian, guess who came up with this incredibly ambitious proposal?"

"It's our old acquaintance, Zhang Wang!"

"See? That's why I said this project is incredibly promising! It's full of ambition, and it's from someone we've successfully worked with before. It's perfect! Brother Qian, hurry over to the company and take a look at the proposal!"

Pei Qian: "..."

Zhang Wang?

Isn't he the guy behind the Shared Phone Booth project?

I haven't even settled the score with him yet, and he actually has the nerve to come asking for more investment?

Back when they were developing the Shared Phone Booth, Zhang Wang had first won his trust with a beautifully written proposal, only to secretly transform the project into something completely different.

Now those phone booths have spread to shopping malls across the country.

Especially in Jingzhou, where the GOG-themed booths illustrated by Ruan Guangjian had practically become tourist attractions.

After causing me such enormous losses, you still expect me to give you more money?

Not a chance!

Pei Qian was about to hang up immediately.

"No."

Ma Yang paused.

"Brother Qian, you haven't even heard the project's name yet. Don't reject it so quickly."

"I'm telling you, it's incredibly interesting!"

"Zhang Wang even brought the prototype."

"I've been playing with it for over half an hour, and I couldn't stop."

"I honestly think I could play with it for three days and three nights."

Pei Qian frowned.

A prototype?

Played with it for half an hour?

What exactly is this thing?

"Fine."

"At least tell me the project's name."

Ma Yang grinned.

"It's called the Fully Automatic Argument Machine."

Pei Qian blinked.

"...What?"

"The Fully Automatic Argument Machine," Ma Yang repeated it.

"What the heck is that?"

Ma Yang chuckled.

"See, Brother Qian? I knew you'd be interested."

"You've got to come over."

"It's impossible to describe how fun this thing is with words alone."

Pei Qian immediately got out of bed.

"All right."

"Wait for me."

"I'll be there right away."

Half an hour later...

Pei Qian arrived at Dream Fulfillment Ventures.

He Desheng and the others had already gathered.

As soon as Zhang Wang saw President Pei enter, he immediately stood up and warmly shook his hand.

"President Pei! Thank you for taking the time out of your busy schedule to look at my new project!"

Pei Qian still remembered the first time they had met back in January.

At the time, the weather outside had been several degrees below freezing.

Zhang Wang had been wearing a plain black jacket and jeans, his well-built physique visible beneath the clothes.

His long, flowing hair was tied into a ponytail, giving him the unmistakable aura of an artist.

Today, however, his appearance had changed dramatically.

The long hair was still there.

But his clothes had been replaced with a designer-brand T-shirt and expensive jeans that probably cost dozens of times more than the outfit he'd worn back then.

Of course, that detached, unconventional artistic temperament hadn't changed at all.

Which made sense.

After all, thanks to the Shared Phone Booth project alone, Zhang Wang had essentially achieved financial freedom.

Of course, everyone's definition of financial freedom was different.

Zhang Wang wasn't someone who cared much about luxury or personal indulgence, so his standards were lower than most people's.

Regardless, the money he'd earned from the Shared Phone Booth project was more than enough to ensure he never had to worry about making a living again.

Pei Qian had absolutely no interest in chatting with him.

He perfunctorily shook his hand before asking directly,

"Where's the project?"

Ma Yang immediately raised a hand.

"Brother Qian, it's right there on the conference table!"

Pei Qian sat down beside the conference table.

Resting on it was a square black box.

The box was completely plain.

Its only distinguishing feature was a neat row of short stainless-steel metal rods protruding from the top.

The arrangement looked somewhat like the tiny seesaws commonly found in kindergarten playgrounds.

Ma Yang rotated the box so that its front faced Pei Qian.

From Pei Qian's perspective, every one of the little metal seesaws was tilted downward toward him.

Where each rod met the edge of the box—the side facing him—the surface had been carefully rounded and polished, seemingly to make it easy to flick the rods with a finger.

Looking down from above, he could see that the row of metal rods occupied only half of the box's top surface.

A very faint dividing line ran down the middle, splitting the top neatly into two halves.

Pei Qian looked at it in confusion.

What on earth is this thing?

Ma Yang said, "Brother Qian, go ahead and lift one of those little metal bars!"

Pei Qian slid his finger underneath the depressed end of one of the seesaw-like rods.

His fingertip rested against the smoothly polished edge.

The stainless steel felt cool and pleasantly rounded.

He pushed upward.

Click

With a crisp snap, the metal rod pivoted like a seesaw.

The end he lifted rose up, while the opposite end dropped.

Pei Qian was just about to ask, *"And then?"*

Suddenly, the top lid of the box automatically opened.

A black, Y-shaped metal arm rose from inside the box and lifted the opposite end of the rod back into place.

Click

Every metal rod returned to its original position, exactly as they had been before Pei Qian touched anything.

The Y-shaped arm then retracted into the box.

The lid closed automatically.

Everything returned to its initial state.

Pei Qian:

"...?"

He tried lifting another metal rod.

The exact same thing happened.

The box opened.

A Y-shaped black arm rose up beneath the corresponding rod.

It pushed the depressed end back into place.

Pei Qian kept flipping one rod after another.

Each time, the Y-shaped mechanism inside the box methodically restored every flipped rod in sequence before retracting back into the box.

Finally, everything returned to normal once again.

Zhang Wang proudly announced, "President Pei, this is my invention, the Fully Automatic Argument Machine!"

"This machine perfectly simulates the experience of arguing with multiple veteran contrarians at the same time!"

"The moment you decide to start 'raising the bar'—or arguing—the contrarian inside the box immediately argues right back!"

"It can keep arguing with you endlessly, without ever needing to sleep or rest!"

"It completely solves the biggest problem with arguing online—when the other person suddenly gives up halfway through!"

"No matter how long you want to keep arguing, this machine will always argue back."

"It will never get bored."

"Oh, and President Pei, look underneath the front of the box."

"There's a completely mechanical counter."

"It records how many consecutive 'arguments' you've made and displays the number in the simplest possible way."

"As soon as you stop arguing, the number disappears."

Ma Yang was positively thrilled.

"So, Brother Qian?"

"Isn't it incredibly fun?"

"Couldn't you play with this for three days and three nights?"

"I already got my counter past three hundred just now!"

Pei Qian looked around.

First at Zhang Wang, whose face was full of confidence.

Then at Ma Yang, who looked full of eager anticipation.

Finally...

At He Desheng, whose expression screamed "this is giving me a headache."

Clearly, He Desheng had absolutely no confidence in this project.

After thinking for a moment, Pei Qian asked,

"How much does one Fully Automatic Argument Machine cost to manufacture?"

"And what's the planned retail price?"

Zhang Wang answered,

"The manufacturing cost is under 200 yuan."

"I'm planning to sell it for around 260 yuan."

"President Pei, I only need 2 million yuan."

"We can produce 10,000 units."

Pei Qian shook his head.

"No."

"That's unacceptable."

"Increase the manufacturing cost to 400 yuan."

"Sell it for 488 yuan."

"I'll give you 8 million yuan."

"Start mass production immediately!!"