

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 497: Your Deductive Reasoning Is Truly Astonishing

He An picked up the test paper and went through the answers one by one.

“Several of these answers are actually quite impressive!”

“For example, you described the art style of Ghost General as an ‘epic ink-wash oil-painting impasto style,’ and you summarized the central theme of Game Producer as ‘being misunderstood is the fate of every creator.’ Those are extremely precise and appropriate descriptions—very professional.”

“Some of the answers are only half-right, but the general idea is correct.”

“For instance, the last question. You answered that the epitaph in Turn Back Before It's Too Late reflects the designer's desire to discourage players from continuing the game. I can't say that's entirely wrong, but it isn't accurate enough.”

“The standard answer should take it one step further. The designer's attempt to drive players away is actually a form of reverse psychology. The correct answer would be: ‘It reflects the author's precise understanding of the target audience's mentality.’”

“There are also a few answers that are completely off the mark.”

“For example, saying that a designer should completely abandon their own requirements and let the concept artist do whatever they want—that definitely won't work! Unless your artist is a true master, but who can

guarantee they'll randomly find an artist of that caliber when making a game? That's exactly why detailed and precise art requirement documents are necessary.”

“And then there's the claim that Lonely Desert Road was designed to bore players into quitting, or that the Fire Qilin's price of 888 was intended to stop people from buying it, or that the marketing for Game Producer was simply ‘bad marketing.’”

“Those answers are wildly off base!”

“In short, taking all of these responses together, it's still difficult to determine your true level with certainty, but I think I can make a rough judgment.”

Seeing He An's confident expression, as though everything was already within his grasp, Pei Qian suddenly became very curious about what he was about to say.

Could this expert really infer something profound from just a few simple questions?

“Please, go ahead,” Pei Qian said sincerely. He genuinely wanted to know what level he was at and where exactly his understanding of games had gone astray.

He An stroked his chin, looking like a great detective possessed by the spirit of deduction.

“Your accurate descriptions of art styles and game themes don't seem like something an outsider focused on the investment industry would be

capable of. Unless, of course, you heard those phrases somewhere else and simply remembered them.”

“These partly-correct answers suggest that your understanding of games isn't very deep. You know a little, but not enough, and you lack the drive to study them thoroughly. I'm not saying you're lacking perseverance or anything like that. Rather... it seems that studying games itself isn't a high priority for you. The returns simply aren't worth much in your eyes.”

“As for the answers that were completely absurd... those are particularly interesting.”

“Ordinarily, even someone completely unfamiliar with the gaming industry should understand the relationship between a designer and a concept artist. And answers like *‘this game was made to drive players away’* are highly illogical—they contain far too much subjective speculation.”

His eyes gleamed as he looked at Pei Qian, his expression full of cunning confidence.

“It seems you've given me a hidden puzzle to solve as well, haven't you?”

Pei Qian's face froze in shock.

Was he really that good?

Just from these answers, he could infer all of that?

Had he somehow figured out that I am President Pei—the actual designer of these games?

Countless thoughts flashed through Pei Qian's mind, leaving him momentarily speechless.

He An suddenly burst out laughing.

“I knew it! I knew I was right!”

“Mr. Ma, I'm guessing you're actually very close friends with President Pei. Your relationship goes far beyond that of a normal superior and subordinate. You're more like friends—or even brothers. Am I right?”

“Those accurate descriptions of the art styles and themes must have come from casual conversations with President Pei. You heard him explain them and simply remembered what he said.”

“The reason studying games isn't a priority for you is because you're busy with your investment work and don't have the time to devote to it, leaving you with only a superficial understanding.”

“And those ridiculous answers? My guess is that President Pei was joking when he talked to you. Maybe he said those games were designed to drive players away, or modestly described Game Producer's marketing as ‘bad marketing.’ Since your understanding of the games themselves wasn't deep enough, you took those remarks at face value!”

“The fact that you have so much time to chat casually with President Pei, and that he even jokes around with you, shows that the two of you are extremely close.”

“And the fact that you actually took President Pei’s jokes seriously suggests that, at times, you can be a little *too* straightforward and sincere...”

“Am I right, Mr. Ma?”

After finishing his analysis, He An looked at “Ma Yang” with complete confidence.

Pei Qian had no doubt that if He An possessed the traditional five wisps of a detective’s beard, he would be stroking them smugly at this very moment. Unfortunately, he had no beard, so he could only rub the stubble on his chin. His expression seemed to proclaim five bold words:

“There is only one truth!”

For a moment, Pei Qian had no idea how to respond.

Because He An was missing one crucial known fact, his entire chain of reasoning had been wrong from the very beginning. Yet somehow, he had still arrived at the correct conclusion in the end...

He had accurately deduced Ma Yang’s personality and behavioral traits. He had even figured out the ironclad friendship between Ma Yang and Pei Qian.

The precision of the deduction was astonishing.

Moreover, every step of He An’s reasoning was based on the available evidence. It was methodical, logical, and well-supported.

That made it feel even more miraculous.

Pei Qian could not help but sigh in admiration.

“President He, your powers of deduction are truly breathtaking.”

Hearing the sincerity in “Ma Yang’s” praise, He An smiled.

“Back in the day, I actually made detective games. This is just a tiny little skill of mine—not worth mentioning.”

Pei Qian asked,

“So, President He, does that mean I passed the test?”

He An smiled slightly.

“If someone else had given answers like these, I wouldn’t waste any more time on them.”

“But since you’re President Pei’s close friend, Mr. Ma, and your attitude is so sincere, I see no reason to refuse.”

“I’ll do my best to teach. As for how much enlightenment you gain from it, that will depend entirely on you.”

Pei Qian: “...”

Who would have thought that in the end, the reason he passed the test was still his own reputation?

I’m riding my own coattails?

An absurd feeling washed over him.

The entire situation seemed drenched in a strange sense of black humor.

It felt as though the idea of “learning game design” had gone off the rails from the very beginning—and now it was drifting farther and farther away from its original course.

Still, since things had already reached this point, he might as well learn.

If mastering more game-design knowledge could help him avoid a few detours in the future, then even earning a little less money would be worth it.

He An continued, “Mr. Ma, my time is limited. I can only come to Jingzhou once a month. How would you like to arrange the schedule?”

Pei Qian cleared his throat.

“President He, this is what I had in mind. It isn’t easy for you to make a trip to Jingzhou, and the knowledge you’ll be teaching is extremely valuable.”

“To make the best use of your time, I propose one major class each month, for a total of five classes. I’ll pay you 200,000 yuan per session as compensation for your efforts. In addition, all airfare and expenses incurred during your stay in Jingzhou will be fully reimbursed.”

This was the highest price the system would allow.

At first glance, 200,000 yuan for a single lesson sounded outrageous.

But in reality, it was perfectly reasonable.

Many famous economists and academic experts charged appearance fees of two to three hundred thousand yuan just for giving a lecture. That was entirely normal.

He An himself was the owner of a game company and had produced numerous successful titles. Although Mengguo Games was no longer as glorious as it had once been, He An personally was still worth hundreds of millions.

In other words, if he didn't want to come, no amount of tens of thousands of yuan would persuade him otherwise.

Given He An's standing in the gaming industry, his value far exceeded that of an ordinary economics professor. Moreover, this wasn't a lecture delivered to a crowd—it was private, one-on-one instruction, where questions could be asked freely and ideas exchanged directly.

Two hundred thousand yuan per lesson was not excessive.

Pei Qian calculated that this arrangement would let him spend at least one million yuan before the next settlement.

As for the remaining money...

He would worry about that later.

He An nodded with a smile.

“Very well. It's a deal.”

To him, the exact amount of compensation wasn't especially important.

Still, it represented sincerity.

Five lessons at 200,000 yuan each amounted to one million yuan. At least his efforts wouldn't be for nothing.

“Good. Then, Mr. Ma, let’s leave it at that for today.”

“It’s my first time in Jingzhou, so I plan to do a bit of sightseeing and prepare the teaching materials as well.”

“How about this: next Thursday, the 28th, we’ll begin the first lesson right on schedule.”

“As for the remaining classes, we’ll hold them on the last Thursday of each month.”

Pei Qian nodded.

“Sounds good. Just arrange the time however you see fit.”

After seeing He An off, Pei Qian felt a slight sense of melancholy.

He couldn't help wondering what this gaming-industry veteran would teach him in their first lesson next week...

. . .

April 23rd, Saturday

A group of students who still looked somewhat youthful and inexperienced arrived on the 16th floor of Shenhua Prestige under Tang Yishu's guidance.

After entering the magnificently decorated office building, they all tried their best not to appear overly astonished, but they still couldn't resist looking around.

Their faces were filled with curiosity, mixed with a bit of embarrassment.

After all, the building seemed full of well-dressed, elegant, successful professionals, while they were all cash-strapped college students.

Tang Yishu led everyone into a conference room.

"Please wait here for a moment. President Pei should be here shortly."

"I'm going to feed the cats first."

After Tang Yishu left, the students immediately began whispering among themselves.

"The working conditions here are incredible."

"I almost thought this was a TV drama set."

"Are all companies like this?"

"What are you thinking? This is Tengda Group!"

Clearly, some of them knew quite a bit about Tengda Group, while others had spent all their time studying and knew very little about the outside world.

"So what exactly are we, the Management Trainees, supposed to do?"
Someone raised a particularly sharp question.

No one knew the answer.

Tang Yishu couldn't explain it either.

Because Pei Qian himself had never bothered to explain it to her in the first place.