

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 483: The Magical “Never-Setting-Sun” Floor Plan

After listening to Zhu Xiaoce's speech, everyone became energized.

That's right—such a great opportunity shouldn't be wasted by staying home every day and letting time slip away!

Director Zhu Xiaoce was professionally trained in film school, and among everyone involved in *A Better Tomorrow*, he had contributed more than anyone except President Pei. Yet even he wasn't resting on his laurels and was still pushing himself to improve. The rest of them had even less reason to indulge themselves.

With Zhu Xiaoce setting the example, the others at Feihuang Studio quickly came to the same realization.

Under normal circumstances, paid leave should be spent resting and relaxing.

If you're constantly thinking about studying, self-improvement, and personal growth during your vacation, that's honestly a bit ridiculous.

At that point, it's no longer paid leave—it's paid study leave.

But then again, every situation should be judged on its own merits.

For most people, paid leave exists because work has become overwhelming and they're on the verge of exhausting themselves, so they genuinely need rest.

The people at Feihuang Studio, however, didn't lack rest at all.

During the filming, post-production, and promotion of A Better Tomorrow, everyone had indeed worked very hard. But during the latter half of the movie's theatrical run, they'd already had plenty of time to recover.

Every day at work, they basically did nothing except stare at the box-office numbers on the Gouyan App and grin like fools.

For half a month, although they technically came to work, all they really did was play games, watch shows, and eat snacks. Any previous fatigue had long since disappeared.

At this point, they actually wanted something meaningful to do.

And President Pei's so-called "shock therapy" only prohibited them from working. It didn't restrict anything else.

The company was still paying their salaries, and they could use this time to learn new things and improve themselves. It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

If they quit their jobs to pursue further education, they'd have to worry about living expenses and financial pressure, making it difficult to devote themselves fully to studying.

But now?

Their salaries would continue to be paid, and they had absolutely nothing to worry about!

Moreover, Zhu Xiaoce's speech had awakened a sense of crisis among everyone.

A Better Tomorrow had indeed been a success, but that success involved a certain degree of luck. It wasn't as though the team had unquestionably earned a box office exceeding 200 million yuan purely through skill.

What if their next movie failed?

Most people who had just reached the peak of success didn't want to imagine the possibility of falling back down.

Therefore, they had to improve themselves.

For their own future success—and to avoid disappointing President Pei's expectations—they had to make good use of this time to study and grow. Their goal was to one day produce blockbuster films without having to rely on President Pei.

The atmosphere in the group chat became increasingly enthusiastic.

"Where should we go for further training?"

"I heard some universities offer director training programs specifically for people with film industry experience. They compress four years of undergraduate coursework into a one-year curriculum. The instructors are excellent, and you can really learn a lot."

"That won't work. The program lasts a whole year, but we only have a few months."

"Well, it might be useful for us, but probably not for Director Zhu, right? In terms of box office results, not only would his classmates be unable to compare, even some professors might not match his achievements..."

Zhu Xiaoce immediately responded, "Everyone, please don't think that way. We've achieved some success, but those professors and instructors are veterans of the industry. Never become arrogant just because you've been lucky enough to make a couple of successful films. We must always respect our seniors."

Huang Sibao agreed, "Exactly. As the saying goes, 'Among any three people walking together, one can be my teacher.' Even ordinary people have strengths worth learning from, let alone professors specializing in film studies."

Zhu Xiaoce continued, "Considering the time constraints, I suggest that everyone enroll in Handong University's Advanced Director Training Program for working professionals. Classes are held on Saturdays and Sundays, and the program lasts two years."

"That way, even after Feihuang Studio's 'shock therapy' period ends, we can continue attending classes on weekends."

"Of course, these so-called 'training programs' tend to be more superficial than people imagine. So besides attending classes, I'll also arrange some additional study activities for everyone."

"During periods when there are no classes, everyone must watch and study one film every day, write a review and analysis, and read one book related to film and television each week, taking notes on it."

“As for the detailed schedule, I'll go back to the university, consult my professors, finalize the curriculum, and then assign it to everyone.”

With Zhu Xiaoce making the arrangements, everyone felt reassured.

After all, he had received formal professional training. Even if there were areas he wasn't entirely sure about, he could always return to Handong University and seek advice from his professors and advisors.

What's more, after making a film like A Better Tomorrow, the university had repeatedly invited him back to give lectures to younger students. A request like this was hardly a problem.

Huang Sibao also felt a strong need for further study.

After all, he had transitioned into filmmaking from the gaming industry. Throughout the production process, he had constantly felt that his fundamentals were weak and that there were many things he didn't understand.

Previously, he had been occupied with coordinating all kinds of work for Zhu Xiaoce and handling various logistical matters, leaving him no time to study or improve himself.

Now, he could finally make up for his shortcomings!

Thinking about it, he even felt a little excited.

Just as Huang Sibao was feeling energized, he received a message.

“Hm?”

“The payment has arrived!”

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In the office, Pei Qian yawned and prepared to head home.

After settling the matters involving Rui Yuchen and Moyu Delivery, he felt that the pressure of making money had eased somewhat.

However, just as he was about to leave his office, a message from Huang Sibao appeared on his phone.

“President Pei, the movie revenue payment has arrived!”

Pei Qian's heart instantly skipped a beat.

Already?!

Although he had solved the Feihuang Studio issue with his “shock therapy,” the movie's box-office earnings were another matter entirely.

In an instant, more than seventy million yuan had been deposited into the company's account.

Pei Qian became depressed again, feeling the burden on his shoulders grow even heavier.

That Feihuang Studio really knows how to cause me trouble!

Although he had long known this money would eventually arrive, the fact that it came two or three days earlier than expected still irritated him.

He simply shoved his phone into his pocket and pretended he hadn't seen the message.

“Huang Sibó is a walking jinx. Every time he contacts me, it's never good news. I'm ignoring him.”

“Hmph. Fortunately, I've already prepared a destination for this money.”

“Otherwise, this really would have been a serious blow.”

Pei Qian decided that tomorrow he would go out personally and spend the money at lightning speed. Out of sight, out of mind!

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Half an hour later, Huang Sibó checked his phone.

President Pei still hadn't replied.

“Sigh, President Pei must be busy again.”

Huang Sibó felt somewhat disappointed. He had originally planned to give President Pei a brief report on everyone's study plans once he received a reply.

But since President Pei hadn't responded, all those thoughts remained bottled up inside.

After calming down and thinking things through for half an hour, Huang Sibó changed his mind.

It seemed that he shouldn't report these matters—and there was no need to.

If it were an ordinary boss, learning that employees were quietly studying and improving their professional skills would likely provoke only two reactions:

First, *their workload isn't full enough if they still have time for other things.*

Second, *they must be preparing to jump companies.*

The result would usually be even more ruthless exploitation.

Of course, Huang Sibao knew very well that President Pei wasn't that kind of boss.

President Pei was a great employer who highly valued employees' personal time and private lives. Moreover, no one at Tengda Group wanted to leave for another company.

In that case, every employee's efforts to improve themselves during their spare time were not only for the sake of better completing the tasks President Pei assigned, but also for realizing their own personal value.

Even so, there was still no need to report it.

Some things were simply understood without being said.

President Pei's silence was probably his way of expressing support.

After all, if they had to report every little thing and wait for approval, wouldn't that just create unnecessary work for President Pei?

The fact that he didn't reply was likely because he trusted them completely and was giving them the freedom to make their own decisions.

Thinking of this, Huang Sibó felt even more determined to make the most of this valuable period of study and self-improvement.

Huang Sibó felt that, within Tengda Group, this sort of thing should be completely natural. Why would there be any need to report it to President Pei?

Doing so would only make it seem as though he were trying to claim credit.

And President Pei didn't like employees who sought credit for themselves.

With that thought, Huang Sibó decisively abandoned the idea and began discussing future study plans with the others in the Feihuang Studio group chat.

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April 12th, Tuesday

Pei Qian sat in the car, looking at the destination displayed on his phone's map:

Shengjing City Dawn, Jingzhou.

It was a mid-to-high-end residential development in Jingzhou.

Pei Qian had taken an interest in it for two reasons.

First, it was close to the company—only about a twenty-minute walk away.

Second, one of the buildings there was particularly appealing to him.

Of course, whether it truly met his expectations would only be confirmed after seeing it in person.

As for the money earned from A Better Tomorrow, Pei Qian had already decided exactly where it would go.

Buying a building!

Naturally, President Pei's version of "buying a building" wasn't the ordinary kind.

The system prohibited real-estate speculation, but it didn't forbid Pei Qian from using System Funds to purchase property in the company's name. The key distinction was whether the purchased property was actually used in business operations.

For example, the mixed residential-commercial villa that housed Mingyun Private Kitchen. Buying it and leaving it empty would not be allowed, but buying it and using it to operate a restaurant was perfectly acceptable.

This time, Pei Qian planned to buy an entire building and create a rental housing brand.

He had already come up with the name:

Sloth Apartments.

There were three advantages to developing this new business.

First, purchasing a building would rapidly consume a large amount of System Funds. At present, his initial System Funds totaled 20 million yuan, while fixed assets were converted at a ratio of 10:1. That meant spending

sixty or seventy million yuan on a building was still within an acceptable range.

Second, the apartments could serve as an employee benefit, and Pei Qian himself could also live there, with expenses reimbursed through System Funds.

Third, renovation, furniture purchases, cleaning, maintenance, utilities, and other operating costs could create even more losses.

Of course, there were risks as well.

The biggest risk was that the brand might become unexpectedly popular, with people fighting for the chance to rent there. If that happened, it would start making money again.

Naturally, Pei Qian had considered this problem long ago and had already devised methods to prevent profitability.

The first was the floor plan.

The second was the pricing.

From the floor-plan image on his phone, it was obvious that the unit in Shengjing City Dawn featured an extremely rare "luxury" layout.

A "Never-Setting-Sun" floor plan with 360-degree lighting and unobstructed exposure from every direction—east, west, south, and north!

Sunlight during the day, moonlight at night. The entire building was shaped like a cylinder.

It absorbed the essence of heaven and earth, basked equally in the glory of the sun and moon, and could be considered the ultimate evolution of the fully illuminated apartment layout.

When Pei Qian first saw the floor plan, he couldn't help but mock it.

It would be perfect for growing sunflowers. They could spend the entire day rotating in circles to follow the sun, never missing a single minute of sunlight.

But the more outrageous the floor plan was, the more perfectly it suited President Pei's needs!