

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 540: This Account Can't Be Used Anymore

It had to be said that Zadkiel's death had at least accomplished something. The enemy jungler's level-two gank top revealed his intentions, allowing their own jungler to invade the enemy jungle. Meanwhile, Ruan Guangjian wisely guarded their own jungle to prevent the enemy jungler from trading buffs.

As a result, their jungler started the game with three buffs.

Pei Qian wasn't worried at all. Everything seemed to be under control...

—Yeah, right!

He had only managed to play cautiously for a few minutes, planning to farm safely and happily collect the wave crashing into his turret, when he saw Bao Xu, who had been spinning in circles nonstop to fully charge his Rage meter, suddenly turn invisible and dive the tower!

Zadkiel was knocked back by a fully enraged Bao Xu, and at the same moment, the enemy jungler and mid laner emerged from the brush and beat him down together.

Pei Qian stared at his black-and-white death screen and the minion wave under his tower.

He was now 0/2.

It seemed that the only place in the entire game where a storm was raging... was the top lane he happened to be in.

Meanwhile, while the enemy mid had roamed top, Ruan Guangjian quietly farmed another wave, shoved the minions under the enemy turret, and only then leisurely pinged a question mark to signal that the enemy mid was missing.

Pei Qian: "?"

Wait a second.

Weren't they supposed to kill Happy Ruan until he went 0/10?

Why were they camping *me* instead?

Pei Qian desperately wanted to type in all-chat:

"Top lane your father?"

But after thinking it over, he decided against it.

After all, that was just how the game worked. There was nothing you could do about being targeted. Typing now would only amount to impotent rage and accomplish absolutely nothing.

Only weak players blamed their defeats on being camped.

A truly strong player could start from behind and still carry the entire game!

Pei Qian decided it was time to get serious.

He silently turned off in-game chat.

Right now, the most important thing was to stay composed. Arguing with the enemy would only invite even harsher camping and solve nothing.

He would simply pretend the enemy didn't exist and carefully think through every move from here on out.

When he eventually turned the game around and carried everyone, *then* he'd turn chat back on and properly mock them!

He sneaked a glance at Ruan Guangjian's screen.

Sure enough, everyone was chatting in all-chat.

Pei Qian remained unmoved.

Hmph. Say whatever you want. I'll just play my game. There's no way you're tilting me.

...

The game continued.

Zadkiel watched as the enemy Traveler Bao Xu sped around wildly in front of his turret, completely unfazed. He refused to step outside the tower.

However, the enemy top laner, jungler, and mid laner refused to let up. Once again, the three of them dove the tower, attempting to repeat their earlier success by killing Zadkiel underneath it.

"Are you kidding me?"

"Have you people lost your minds?!"

Zadkiel used every trick he had, weaving around beneath the tower as he fought all three enemies. But they had come prepared, taking turns tanking turret shots. It looked like they would kill him and escape unscathed.

At the critical moment...

Ruan, the Windborne Ink Scholar arrived like a hero riding to the rescue!

Before the Windborne Ink Scholar even appeared on Pei Qian's gray death screen, his voice line echoed through the headset.

"Mount Emei towers beyond the western heavens; Mount Luofu stretches straight to the southern seas."

The Windborne Ink Scholar flashed over the wall and dashed in with E, weaving effortlessly among the three enemies. His massive calligraphy brush traced sweeping arcs through the air, and a single Q slammed all three of them, heavily chunking their health.

The enemy had already killed Zadkiel, but they were all low on health, and the turret was still firing.

At that moment, they clearly split on what to do.

Some thought all three of them could kill Ruan before retreating.

Others felt they needed to run immediately.

Their formation instantly fell apart.

"With a master's brush, mountains and seas are brought before the eyes."

The Windborne Ink Scholar's brush burst into wild cursive strokes, ink flying freely across the battlefield.

The enemies tried to attack him, but he was already darting through the dense wave of minions beneath the tower, effortlessly evading every attempt to pin him down.

The raging winds summoned by his cursive brushwork swept up the two enemies who failed to retreat in time!

An illusory realm materialized around the airborne pair, and the Windborne Ink Scholar rode the wind to appear instantly at their sides.

"Double Kill!"

Only Traveler Bao Xu remained.

His four hooves pounded the ground furiously, building up Rage as he sprinted desperately toward the safety of his own turret.

But at that very moment, another minion wave arrived.

"What value have paintings in five colors? Only true immortals preserve the self."

The Windborne Ink Scholar immediately used the incoming minions as stepping stones, gliding from one to the next with astonishing speed.

In the blink of an eye, he caught up to Traveler Bao Xu, whose four hooves were still frantically clawing at the ground.

He smoothly orb-walked while weaving in Q casts, successfully finishing off Traveler Bao Xu beneath the enemy turret!

"When the deed is done, I brush off my sleeves and leave; the peach blossoms of Wuling laugh at the world."

He escaped the turret's final shot by the narrowest of margins, slipped into the brush, and recalled safely.

The Windborne Ink Scholar's recall animation had him rapidly flicking his brush around himself before stepping onto the enormous brush, which lifted him gracefully into the air. It looked effortlessly elegant.

His teammates immediately flooded the chat with praise.

"Damn! That was insane! We actually got someone who knows how to play!"

"What a beast."

"Awesome!"

Pei Qian silently looked at the two assists that had appeared on his scoreboard, his emotions complicated.

As for why he only got two assists, the answer was obvious.

He hadn't even touched one of the enemy champions.

Looking at Ruan Guangjian again, he had casually collected all three kills under the turret and returned to base massively ahead.

"Wait a second... this doesn't make any sense."

"This isn't how the script was supposed to go!"

"Weren't you all supposed to be camping Ruan?"

"This is your idea of 'camping' him?"

"...Whatever. As long as we win."

The game had already gone completely off script.

Right now, the top priority was simply winning. Otherwise, who knew how mercilessly the enemy would mock him after the game?

Pei Qian quietly resumed playing safely and continued farming.

...

Twenty-five minutes into the game, a fierce team fight erupted!

Pei Qian was leisurely strolling along the river, planning to clear a jungle camp to catch up in farm, when the enemy suddenly burst out of the brush, clearly intending to feast on hedgehog meat.

Fortunately, his teammates had anticipated the ambush, and a full-scale brawl immediately broke out.

With his ultimate activated, Zadkiel became incredibly tanky. He absorbed an enormous amount of damage while his coin-scattering ability dealt significant area damage. The rest of his teammates piled in, and in particular, Ruan, the Windborne Ink Scholar dealt damage with complete freedom amid the chaotic fight, cutting enemies down one after another with almost absurd ease.

The battle was quickly decided.

In the end, they traded one for four, with Zadkiel dying while the enemy team lost four players. The remaining four teammates marched straight down the lane to finish the game.

"Hmph. Go ahead and camp me!"

"A real strong player isn't afraid of being camped!"

"Your defeat was already sealed the moment your jungler ganked top at level two!"

Pei Qian hurriedly turned global chat back on, preparing to exchange a few "friendly" words with the enemy.

The game was about to end. If he didn't trash-talk now, when would he?

But the enemy spoke first.

"We said we'd kill you ten times, and we killed you ten times. We keep our promises!"

"We may have lost the game, but we had our fun!"

"Totally worth it!"

Pei Qian: "???"

He glanced at the scoreboard.

Ruan Guangjian's score was clearly 11/0/4.

When exactly had they killed him ten times?

Looking more carefully, he realized that the only player who had died ten times all game was Zadkiel.

His final score was 2/10/13.

Pei Qian was utterly bewildered.

Wait...

Did that "kill him ten times" message at the start of the game mean... me?

Instead of camping Ruan, they were camping Zadkiel?

Why?

I'm a tank! I look so honest and harmless. Why would anyone feel the need to target me?

This makes absolutely no sense.

Filled with confusion, Pei Qian typed a question mark into all-chat.

"?"

The response came almost immediately.

"Shameless old bastard! You've still got the nerve to type a question mark?"

"You're the one who designed this stupid champion, aren't you?"

"The root of all evil in GOG! Everyone should kill you on sight!"

Pei Qian became even more confused.

What are they talking about?

Then...

A realization struck him.

He quickly pressed Esc and clicked the option to display everyone's in-game titles above their champions.

Then he saw it.

Directly beneath his in-game ID was a bright, unmistakable title:

[Designer of Ruan, the Windborne Ink Scholar]

Pei Qian: "..."

He suddenly understood why this match hadn't gone anything like he had imagined.

That title had completely betrayed him.

The Ruan might be infuriating, but the person who designed the Ruan was even more infuriating.

When the Ruan and his designer appeared in the same game, was there really any question about which one should be killed first?

Thinking back over everything that had happened...

The level-two jungle gank top.

The repeated three-man tower dives.

Every crowd-control ability and ultimate in every team fight being thrown at Zadkiel, while completely ignoring the Ruan happily dashing around with E over and over again.

Everything suddenly made perfect sense.

Pei Qian silently let out a long sigh.

He was exhausted.

It seemed... this account could never be used again.

...

The game ended.

Ruan Guangjian took off his headset, his face beaming with excitement.

"President Pei, our teamwork was absolutely perfect!"

"Even though your final stats weren't great, anyone who understands the game could tell that you soaked up an incredible amount of damage in every team fight and made an outstanding contribution to the team!"

"Honestly, *you* should've been the MVP!"

"And my champion is seriously so strong. President Pei, thank you so much!"

Ruan Guangjian thanked him over and over again. It was obvious this match had made his day.

The corners of Pei Qian's mouth twitched.

He couldn't understand how the knife he'd intended to stab Ruan Guangjian with had somehow ended up stabbing himself instead.

It's all Min Jingchao's fault!

Who told him to add those stupid titles?

Playing with that title was like permanently wearing a giant "Focus Me!" sign.

Pei Qian's lips twitched again.

"So... this really was your first time playing that champion?"

Ruan Guangjian nodded.

"Yeah, my first time."

"It's just that I used to play Divine Revelation a lot back in college, so I have a tiny bit of foundation. I pick things up pretty quickly."

Pei Qian asked,

"What's your Divine Revelation rating?"

Ruan Guangjian thought for a moment.

"There was a period when I reached 2,000 rating, but that was a long time ago. I've gotten much worse since then."

Pei Qian: "..."

A 2,000 rating is even higher than He Desheng's. Give me a break!

And you're still saying you barely played?

You liar! Not a single thing you've ever said has been true!

Last time you claimed you were terrified of haunted houses... and how did that turn out?

Ruan Guangjian still looked eager for more.

"President Pei, one more game?"

Pei Qian immediately shook his head.

"No need! I just remembered I have something important to take care of. I've got to go."

Another game?

So I can get killed ten more times while you have twice as much fun?

Dream on!

There was absolutely no way he was ever playing GOG with Ruan Guangjian again.

Absolutely no way.

Pei Qian made a swift retreat.

Watching President Pei's departing figure, Ruan Guangjian couldn't help but sigh with emotion.

"Even though President Pei is so busy, he still took the time to play a game with me."

"And not only that, he selflessly coordinated with me the whole time, absorbing all the damage so I could carry, willingly playing the supporting role."

"I'll never forget this kindness."