

Losing Money to Become a Tycoon: Starting with Games

Chapter 516: President Pei's "Ironclad Certificate of Immunity"

Ruan Guangjian immediately set aside his current work and began drawing the concept sketch for Windborne Ink Scholar · Ruan.

Since the overall concept had already been worked out, inspiration flowed effortlessly. One idea after another came to him, and he captured each one with ease.

His pressure-sensitive stylus flew across the tablet.

In just over two hours, the hero's line art was complete.

Although it would still take several more days to refine all the details, even this simple sketch already conveyed the hero's personality. His free-spirited elegance practically leaped off the page.

In the front of the illustration, Windborne Ink Scholar · Ruan sat in a bamboo grove playing a flute. His enormous calligraphy brush and wine gourd floated around him, carried aloft by swirling winds.

In the distant background were towering mountains and white clouds rendered in traditional Chinese ink-painting style, perfectly complementing Ruan's ancient Chinese wandering swordsman attire.

Strictly speaking, however, he wasn't wearing a standard wanderer's outfit.

Ruan Guangjian had also incorporated elements of a traditional scholar's robe, allowing the character to embody both the refined grace of a literati

and the heroic spirit of a wandering knight. The two qualities blended together perfectly.

Behind Ruan stood the silhouette of Zadkiel, subtly hinting at the close friendship between the two heroes.

After reviewing the drawing and making a few adjustments to the composition, Ruan Guangjian sent the line art to Min Jingchao.

When the official announcement revealed the winning submission, this sketch would be released alongside the hero's lore and skill descriptions.

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At Moyu Internet Café...

Pei Qian finished the last sip of his coffee and closed his laptop.

He had spent another entire afternoon working, and the mind map showing the relationships between the various departments had become much more complete.

Although...

There were now so many connecting lines that even Pei Qian felt dizzy looking at it.

"It doesn't matter."

"As long as I keep organizing it and reviewing it regularly, it'll definitely help."

"If it lets me avoid even one betrayal from my own employees, then all this work will have been worth it."

Pei Qian uploaded the mind map, deleted the source file, handed the laptop to an attendant for storage, and prepared to head home.

Out of habit, he opened the GOG forums on his phone.

To his surprise, he found some good news.

His submission had been officially selected!

Only about twenty minutes had passed, yet the thread was already exploding with replies from jealous players.

The acceptance of two consecutive fan-designed heroes had filled everyone with envy while simultaneously driving participation in the event to an all-time high.

Pei Qian was delighted.

Min Jingchao has good taste.

He recognized how good these mechanics were and accepted them so quickly.

I wonder what kind of theme he ended up giving the hero?

Pei Qian opened the post and read through it carefully.

After finishing the hero's name, background story, skill descriptions, and the concept sketch...

He fell silent.

He stared at his phone screen for a long time without saying a word.

What the hell is this?!

How did my perfectly good Happy Wind Guy somehow become connected to Ruan Guangjian again?!

And Ruan Guangjian was obviously being incredibly biased.

Otherwise, why had he drawn Windborne Ink Scholar looking so unbelievably handsome, while Zadkiel, the Archangel of Generosity, looked like a walking comedy character?

Even worse, the two heroes actually appeared together in the Windborne Ink Scholar artwork.

The comparison couldn't have been more obvious.

Pei Qian could practically picture the smug, self-satisfied expression on Ruan Guangjian's face while drawing it.

And another thing—

"Ruan is Zadkiel's closest friend?"

Since when?!

Who says we're best friends? Stop trying to cozy up to me!

Pei Qian was speechless.

For some reason, Ruan Guangjian always managed to inflict psychological damage on President Pei without even trying.

Even more infuriating...

He somehow seemed completely immune to any retaliation from President Pei.

Could he be my natural enemy?

Pei Qian was furious.

But since the official team had already accepted the submission and the reward for the skin design was already secured, it no longer mattered whether the hero ended up as a "Happy Wind Guy" or a "Happy Painter."

Closing the thread, Pei Qian noticed that his account had received a private message.

Its title read:

"President Pei, Thank You Very Much!"

Pei Qian blinked.

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It appeared to be from Min Jingchao's account.

He quickly opened the message.

"President Pei, I understand your painstaking intentions."

"Don't worry. Master Ruan and I will both keep this hero a secret for you."

"I'll handle everything exactly according to the normal player-submission process."

"I know that to you, President Pei, the 5% skin revenue is insignificant. What you truly care about is whether GOG can prevail in its long-term competition with IOI, as well as your friendship with Master Ruan."

When Pei Qian read that line, his heart skipped a beat.

Holy crap.

What does that mean?

Don't tell me they're not giving me the 5% share?!

I couldn't care less about those other two things! If you dare keep my 5%, I'll send you straight to the African savanna to compete with the cheetah to see who's faster!

He hurriedly continued reading.

"However, rules are rules. You submitted this design as an ordinary player, so you naturally deserve the 5% reward. I know you don't need the money, but I must still follow the rules and transfer the earnings to your account. Please don't take offense."

Pei Qian froze for a moment.

Then he was overwhelmed with joy.

Excellent!

Kid, your future just got a whole lot brighter!

You really know what you're doing!

Just moments earlier, Pei Qian had been on the verge of asking Assistant Xin to book Min Jingchao a one-way ticket to Africa.

But after reading this message, he realized he had completely misunderstood him.

Originally, Pei Qian had intended to hold Min Jingchao accountable for wildly overthinking his intentions and turning the hero into one based on Ruan Guangjian.

Now?

He couldn't care less anymore.

Make the hero into whatever you want.

Just give me my 5%!

'Very good. As long as you're still working in Tengda Group's game department, I'll guarantee your prosperity. You'll never be the first person I eliminate. Even if you make money for the company later, I absolutely won't blame you!'

In his heart, Pei Qian silently awarded Min Jingchao an "ironclad certificate of immunity"—an imperial token signifying permanent favor and protection.

His mood immediately brightened, and he walked out humming a cheerful tune.

Just as he reached the entrance, he happened to run into Ruan Guangjian, who had stepped out of Halo Studio for a walk after getting tired from working.

Pei Qian smiled and nodded in greeting.

Ruan Guangjian returned the nod.

Watching President Pei's departing figure, Ruan Guangjian couldn't help thinking:

Judging by the timing, President Pei must have already seen the concept sketch.

He's in such a good mood?

Looks like that illustration really helped him recover from the disappointment of A Better Tomorrow underperforming overseas.

Not bad.

Ruan Guangjian also began strolling away, humming happily to himself.

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Wednesday, May 11

Managed Fitness – Handong University Branch

"Bye, Coach Yaling!"

Several students waved goodbye to Li Yaling as they left the Managed Fitness gym.

Li Yaling smiled and waved back. After everyone had gone, she returned inside.

Sitting down in the lounge area, she took out her phone and started browsing the web.

"Coach Yaling has recruited so many new members lately," another trainer remarked admiringly.

"She's practically carrying half the gym all by herself. That's amazing!"

Li Yaling smiled modestly.

"Coach Miao, you're teasing me again. 'Half the gym' is way too much credit. Everyone's just been very supportive."

Coach Miao casually grabbed a banana from the snack area and peeled it as he spoke.

"You're being too modest."

"Oh, right."

"It seems like our fitness chain has been expanding like crazy lately."

"With your abilities, Coach Yaling, President Pei should at least promote you to manage one of the gyms."

Li Yaling shook her head.

"I'm not interested in being a manager."

"Managers have to handle all kinds of administrative work. It's too troublesome."

"I just want to be an ordinary fitness coach and teach people how to build muscle."

She glanced at her phone.

"Huh... It looks like the Cannes Film Festival opens today."

Coach Miao tossed the banana peel into a trash can.

"Cannes? Film festival?"

"Not interested."

"It's just a bunch of foreign art films. What does that have to do with us?"

Li Yaling nodded.

"True. I never paid much attention to it before either."

"But this year, A Better Tomorrow is participating."

"I wonder if it'll win any awards."

Coach Miao still sounded unconcerned.

"I doubt it."

"Foreign award committees have their own way of judging things."

"The cultural differences between the east and the west are just too great."

Li Yaling smiled.

"You've got a point."

"But... you never know."

"Good works are appreciated wherever they go."

That brought their conversation to an end.

Li Yaling stood up, stretched a little, and decided to take advantage of the quiet period to get in a workout herself.

Just as she stood up, the receptionist at the front desk rose and said,

"President Pei, welcome."

Li Yaling turned around and saw President Pei strolling leisurely through the gym's front entrance.

He looked around as if searching for someone.

The moment he spotted Li Yaling, his eyes lit up.

Found her!

"Coach Yaling, I need to talk to you about something."

Li Yaling blinked.

"President Pei... don't tell me you're assigning me to be the manager of a new branch?"

The moment Pei Qian heard that, he almost burst out laughing.

What are you thinking?

Someone as dangerous as you—and you want to go wreak havoc on another one of my gyms?

Dream on!

Pei Qian shook his head.

"No."

"Let's sit down and talk."

Hearing that it wasn't about managing a new branch only made Li Yaling more confused.

If it's not that... then what could it be?

The two of them sat down in the lounge area.

The receptionist brought over two glasses of plain water.

Pei Qian took a couple of sips.

It was bland and tasteless, so he set the glass aside.

"Actually, the reason I came today is to ask whether you'd be willing to take on a full-time coaching position."

"You would be responsible for the physical training of ten players."

"I should make one thing clear."

"This will be an extremely demanding assignment."

"It requires a very high level of professional expertise."

"Naturally, I'll also offer you much more generous compensation."

"As long as you're willing to accept this job, any resources or conditions you need during the training process—you can ask me."

"I'll do everything I can to provide them."

As Li Yaling listened, her eyes gradually lit up.

It sounded like an incredibly interesting and highly challenging job.