

# His Genius Wife Is A Superstar

*Chapter 16 - Russian Men Are Hot*

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Iris Long stiffened, realizing her mistake. How careless of her!

She just saw the word Galaktika in Russian on the file and totally lost her sense. She was familiar with the company from her past life.

What should she do now?

She changed her expression into a playful one and chuckled. "Just spouting nonsense from my imagination. You believed me?"

His eyes narrowed in suspicion, studying her.

"Do you always believe what other people say, Mr. Jin? I expected more from the President-CEO of Jin Corporation."

He growled.

"Goodbye, Mr. Jin." She shoved the folder to his chest, hurriedly snatched her book from his hand and grabbed her purse from the couch.

She was about to leave when the damn man pulled her arm. His fingers gripped her arm tightly, not letting her escape.

"Wait."

She took a deep breath and looked at him coldly. "Mr. Jin, you're very rude."

"Do you really know Russian?"

She thought for a moment, but decided to be honest. Whether he believed her or not was not her problem. "Yes."

"How? When?"

"Self-study. During my free time."

"Why?"

Feeling annoyed, she tried to shake him off but his hold on her arm was tight. She sighed and looked at the ceiling, forcing herself to calm down.

The warmth from his hand holding her arm was making her heartbeat faster. An enemy, no doubt about it. This must be her body telling her to stay away from this dangerous man. Must be her fight or flight instinct. Why else would her heart rate increase?

"Why did you learn Russian?" he repeated.

"Because I want to pick up Russian men! That's why! Russian men are hot, don't you know?"

He scowled.

Her phone rang. Thank goodness!

"Can you let me go now, Mr. Jin? I need to answer my phone."

He reluctantly let go of her.

She opened her purse and took out the ringing phone before answering.

"Hello? Dom?...You're outside?...Good. I'm coming." She hung up and glared at Jin Liwei.

The damn man just looked at her with deep and unfathomable eyes. This man was dangerous, she thought, spooked by his gaze.

He leaned close to her and whispered. "I admit that you've become fascinating, Long Xiulan. I don't care whether this personality change of yours is fake or not. But you better stay far away from my brother."

She frowned.

Brother?

Did he mean Jin Chonglin?

According to her memories, the original Iris Long followed this Jin Chonglin around because he was one of the most famous male celebrities in the country. The number of his fans across Asia could form an army and win every war just for their sheer number alone.

The original Iris thought that she could leech off some of his fame by befriending such a superstar like him.

Unfortunately, the original Iris was dense and didn't notice Jin Chonglin avoiding her. Instead, she redoubled her efforts to befriend him to the point that she had someone tail him and report to her his whereabouts so she could follow him wherever he went.

Iris sighed, feeling exhausted all of a sudden. "Don't worry, Mr. Jin. I have no interest in your brother."

Jin Liwei smirked. "How believable."

"I don't care whether you believe me or not. You're a rude man, Mr. Jin. I don't want to see you ever again."

"Ah, but I have a feeling that we'll see a lot of each other from now on. Long Xiulan, I didn't know that you can be this interesting. As long as you stay away from my brother, I don't mind seeing you again myself." Amusement danced in his eyes.

Her mouth opened and closed. She was speechless. She had never felt so annoyed by another human being.

Her head started hurting.

Without replying, she turned and bolted out of the hotel.

Jin Liwei watched as the damn girl fled like a irritated bunny. So cute. A desire to see her again blossomed in his mind. Surprised at the thought, he frowned, regaining his usual cold expression.

His phone rang. It was Xu Tian, informing him that he had arrived outside the hotel. He walked out of the hotel to the waiting car. Xu Tian opened the rear door for him.

As the car drove away, Jin Liwei ordered, "Conduct another thorough investigation on Galaktika."

"Understood." After a few seconds, he asked, "May I ask the reason, President? We already checked Galaktika and the results indicate that it's clean."

"This time, look if they have connections to weapons smuggling, prostitution or human trafficking. Our earlier investigations didn't explore these areas."

He didn't entirely believe the damn girl, but he was a perfectionist. He could never rest easy if there was even a trace of doubt. It was better to be safe than sorry.

Xu Tian's eyes widened. Good thing that he was well-trained or he would have crashed the car.

"Buy information from the black market if you need to."

"Understood, President."

*Chapter 17 - Qiao Yu's Visit*

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*Gold Heights Condominium.*

"Welcome, Mr. Qiao Yu. Please come in. I'm Dominic Chua, Miss Long's assistant. We talked a few times on the phone."

Qiao Yu nodded and shook the young man's hand.

He looked around the place with an expressionless face. Not bad. Sophisticated yet understated.

The extensive renovation looked like it was worth the cost. The last time he visited, the penthouse looked like the illegitimate child between a burlesque bar and a Disneyland knockoff.

Ever since the Young Miss started earning her own money in showbiz at a very young age, President Long Tengfei hired Qiao Yu as the child's financial manager. His job was basically to figuratively slap the mother and daughter's greedy hands, preventing them from emptying the child's bank account.

Her earnings were insignificant at first, with most of her money coming from the monthly allowance the President sent her. As she gradually became popular especially when her songs constantly went viral, her earnings increased.

However, with her crazy spending habits, if it wasn't for her substantial monthly allowance, Qiao Yu would have nothing to manage and the brat wouldn't be able to live such a lavish lifestyle.

It was the most thankless job, especially whenever he had to deal with both the mother and daughter's nasty and bitchy attitudes. However, President Long paid him extremely well, so all he could do was suck it up and do the job he was paid for.

After the Young Miss woke up from coma, President Long instructed him to give the girl a one year grace period allowing her full access to her money without the usual restrictions. However, the Young Miss was not informed of this.

It just meant that Qiao Yu would stop blocking some of her more expensive expenditures unlike before. President Long said that he would replenish her bank account if the balance reached a dangerously low level.

Qiao Yu secretly thought that the President was being too generous to such an ungrateful brat, even if it was his own daughter.

Half a year already passed by since the Young Miss woke up. Qiao Yu expected the girl to go all out spending money everywhere and catch up on the one year she wasn't able to go shopping.

Contrary to his expectations, however, her bank account was still fat; only decreasing a bit because of daily expenses, her employees' salaries, and three major withdrawals.

The first major withdrawal was about 3 million RMB to pay for the renovation. The second one was about 5 million RMB for her new wardrobe. The third withdrawal was more expensive at 15 million RMB. The reason she gave was to buy computers and to use for investments.

The 3 million was expensive for a renovation but seeing the results with his own eyes today, Qiao Yu thought that it wasn't too unreasonable. The penthouse now had class, something that it previously lacked.

As for the 5 million wardrobe...well, girls would be girls. At least, this time it only cost her 5 million for the entire wardrobe. He knew that the girl could spend the same amount of money for a single handbag.

He also wanted to say something about the 15 million but stopped himself. How many computers did she buy to cost 15 million? And investments? What did the girl know about investing? Did she even know what the word "investment" meant?

He already considered the 15 million gone. He reminded himself that the girl could take out as much money as she wanted for a year. She had 6 months left before the one grace period would end.

Two days ago, he received a call from Dominic Chua, informing him that the Young Miss wanted to speak to him. Thus, the reason why he came today.

This was the first time that she took the initiative to invite him. He had no idea why. But if it had something to do with this spoiled brat, he knew that it wouldn't be anything good.

"Sir, please follow me. Miss Long is waiting for you at the library office." Dom led the strict-looking, middle aged financial manager to where his boss waited.

"Thank you."

Qiao Yu couldn't help but gasp inwardly when they arrived at the big library office. Shelves filled with books covered the walls. There was a spiral staircase leading to a second floor also filled with books.

Sansevieria and peace lilies planted on the second floor balustrades gave the room a refreshing atmosphere. Indoor palm trees in big, colourful pots decorated the corners.

It was impressive.

He glanced at some of the books and was bewildered that they were in several different languages. Ah, so they were for decoration. He wouldn't believe it if someone told him the brat could read them. Alright, maybe the Chinese and English ones.

"Boss, Mr. Qiao is here."

Qiao Yu followed the young man to a big, dark desk at the end of the library. Wow. Was that macassar ebony wood? The beautiful desk distracted him until he heard a pleasant voice like a soft breeze in the summer.

"Thanks, Dom." Iris Long stood up from the lounge seat she was laying on at a corner under a potted palm tree. She was reading a Japanese light novel while waiting for the financial manager to arrive. "Mr. Qiao Yu, thank you for coming."

Hm? Qiao Yu had the urge to rub his eyes. "Miss Long?"

Iris smiled and nodded. "Please take a seat."

Her assistant led them to the seats in front of the big macassar desk. Iris and Qiao Yu sat opposite each other, a low table between them. Dominic served them hot tea.

Qiao Yu almost couldn't recognize the Young Miss in front of him. Her face looked the same, but the way she dressed changed. Her aura also changed.

Was the end of the world coming?

*Chapter 18 - Half A Billionaire*

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He took a sip and his eyes widened. He took another sip to make sure. No doubt about it. This was Tieguan Yin tea<sup>1</sup>. And top quality at that. Not bad.

Hai, the world must really be ending soon.

"Mr. Qiao Yu, I called you today because there are some things that I want to discuss with you." Even the way she spoke changed. She enunciated her words and spoke in a direct but calm manner.

"Of course, Miss Long," he replied, regaining his usual expressionless face. "Please let me know how I may be of assistance to you."

"First things first. I want to hire you as my personal financial manager. I want you to drop your other clients and just focus on handling my finances. If you agree, you'll take your salary from me and not from my father."

Qiao Yu frowned. "Miss Long...this..."

The salary he was receiving from her father was definitely bigger than the income she earned as an entertainer. How could she afford him? If she wanted him to accept a lower salary, she must be dreaming.

"I also want you to inform my father to stop sending monthly allowance. I'm already nineteen, no longer a minor."

Yes, it must be the end of the world.

He cleared his throat. "Understood, Miss Long. I'll inform the President of your decision."

"So do you agree to my offer?"

He took a couple of deep breaths. "Miss Long, I'm glad that you're finally starting to pay attention to your finances but..."

"Dom?"

The assistant standing behind her handed Qiao Yu a folder. Qiao Yu was confused.

"Open it. Look at the first page," she ordered.

He complied, feeling more confused. It looked like...bank account details?

"That's a separate bank account I opened myself. That's where I put the remainder of the 15 million after buying computers."

Qiao Yu was confused. There was clearly way more than 15 million in this account. Did this girl rob a bank or something? How did she get this much money?

"I used the money to buy and sell stocks. I also invested in bonds and shares in various companies. I even provided interest loans to some businesses. Now there's over half a billion RMB in that bank account. Turn to the next page. That's a list of the businesses I invested in, including the amount I spent on and earned from them as of this moment. Some of them are foreign companies. The last pages contain the list of businesses that I'm interested in investing. I want you to handle them for me."

Of course, she also earned a lot accepting some barely legal hacking jobs from the dark web but she wouldn't tell him that.

For the first time in his entire life, Qiao Yu felt his mind go completely blank.

"Mr. Qiao Yu? Sir? Are you listening? Are you alright?" Iris asked, concerned. "Dom, why is he not moving?"

"Uh, boss. I think you broke him."

"Don't be ridiculous. I didn't do anything."

"He's frozen." Dom suddenly gasped. "Oh no! What if he's having a stroke? What do we do, boss?! What if he drops dead? Boss, I'm scared!"

"What?! Call an ambulance. Quickly!"

As the two ran around in panic, Qiao Yu finally regained some sense. He heard the young man calling frantically on the phone, saying something about needing an ambulance and someone having a stroke.

"Ah? What's happening? Who's having a stroke?"

"Mr. Qiao Yu! Are you alright?" Iris ran to him, her eyes filled with concern. "Are you having a stroke? Don't worry. The ambulance is coming."

"Yes, yes. I'm alright ah...wait, what?! I'm having a stroke?"

Dom also approached them, still talking on the phone.

"Stop. Stop! Hang up that phone! You two ah...I'm not having a stroke. I'm alright. I'm healthy! Why did you two even think that I'm having a stroke?"

"You're not? Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes!"

Iris gave his assistant a side eye.

"Ehe." Dom gave an embarrassed smile. He relayed on the phone that he didn't need an ambulance anymore and apologized for the inconvenience he caused before hanging up.

Everyone released sighs of relief.

Qiao Yu cleared his throat, feeling embarrassed and awkward about the commotion he caused. "Please forgive me, Miss Long, for making you worry. I'm alright, really."

"That's good, then."



Both of them drank tea to calm themselves down.

Even Dom poured himself a cup. He was so scared! What if the uncle dropped dead? Ah, how scary.

"Mr. Qiao Yu. Is it alright to continue our discussion?" she asked.

"Of course, of course. Go ahead, Miss Long."

"You already saw that I have a little over half a billion in that bank account. If you accept my offer of becoming my personal financial manager and working only for me, I plan to hand that account over to you to invest however you wish. I may give you specific instructions from time to time, but for the most part, I just want to relax and let you make me more money. I hope that you can make me a billionaire by my early twenties."

Qiao Yu inhaled sharply, his eyes contracting. Handle half a billion RMB? Make her into a billionaire?

Yes, the world must have really ended.

He must have died and this must be the afterlife. Otherwise, how could this spoiled brat become half a billionaire in just a few short months?

"Mr. Qiao, what do you think? Do you accept my offer?"

A premium variety of oolong tea. Its top varieties are some of the most expensive tea in the world.

*Chapter 19 - The Other Woman*

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Qiao Yu took a deep breath. "Yes. I accept your offer, Miss Long."

Of course he was going to accept her offer!

Although his overall income as a private financial manager belonged to the higher stratum compared to the average person holding the same title, his job mostly consisted of safeguarding finances and balancing expenditures to prevent accounts from emptying.

Furthermore, most of his clients were children of the wealthy who spent money like breathing air. He was more of a financial babysitter rather than an impressive financial expert.

He always dreamed of using his education and skills to invest a large amount of money, watch it grow, collect the profits and then use the profits to invest again. Now that he was offered such a chance, of course he was going to take it.

Handle half a billion? Give him the money! He swore that he was going to turn this brat into a billionaire in her early twenties. Just watch him.

"Excellent!" Iris smiled. "Dom, bring the employment contract and the Non-Disclosure Agreement."

"Right away, boss!"

After the contract signing, Iris and Qiao Yu shook hands.

"I'll leave the matter with my father to you, Mr. Qiao."

"Don't worry, Miss Long. I will also send my resignation to the President today and make arrangements for my other clients."

"Good. I'm trusting you with my finances. You've proven yourself these past few years. It's unfortunate that I was too immature to appreciate your hard work back then."

Could someone pinch him? Qiao Yu felt a warm emotion trying to burst from his chest, but he suppressed it with a firm nod. "I'm just doing my job."

"Indeed. From now on, I will treat you and all my other employees well. As long as you don't cheat or betray me, you will be rewarded based on the results of your hard work. But if you dare betray me or cheat me out of my money—and trust me, I will know—I will destroy you."

Qiao Yu suddenly felt goosebumps seeing the Young Miss looking and speaking with such cold viciousness. He would never doubt this brat...er, his new boss from now on.

Someone who could make half a billion in just a few months wasn't someone to be trifled with.

The Young Miss really changed. Maybe she really hit her head too hard from the accident, and thank goodness for that! She should have hit her head sooner, so he could have worked with her half billion earlier.

He felt excited working for this new Miss Long, and of course working with her half billion. He almost rubbed his hands together in anticipation and excitement, but he suppressed himself and maintained his usual stern expression. He would wait until he got home later to jump and dance in celebration. The challenge of making her into a billionaire by her early twenties energized him.

"I will do my best, Miss Long."

"That's what I want to hear. Also don't be surprised when I make a few big withdrawals from my old account in the next few days. Rest assured that I'm not going to waste them."

"Understood, Miss Long."

Iris planned to open several foreign bank accounts and convert the money into foreign currencies, in case of emergency and for additional security. She would also make her own investments on the side. She couldn't fully trust another person to handle 100% of her money.

After talking a bit more, they finally ended the meeting.

Although the financial manager had an excellent poker face, Iris could still sense the impatient excitement in his eyes.

Dom showed Qiao Yu out and led him to the private elevator.

Iris remained in the library office enjoying her Tieguanyin tea and resumed reading the Japanese light novel from earlier before Qiao Yu came.

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The previous discussion online about Iris Long turned into rumours of a love triangle between her, Jin Chonglin and Fan Luo. The rumour about Iris being pregnant and Jin Chonglin being the father of the baby was also quite popular.

Things became even more chaotic when Fan Luo and Jin Chonglin finally posted their responses to the rumours on their official blogs.

First was Fan Luo.

LuoFanFan: "No matter what happened between my fiancé and that other woman, it's all in the past. My fiancé is the love of my life and I accept everything about him including his past, present and future. Countless women have already tried driving a wedge between us lovers, but I am the woman he chose to marry in the end. I will always stand by my future husband. I will do my best to be the best wife and mother to our future children. I ask everyone to let bygones be bygones. Some people just don't know when to give up, especially when it's about someone as great and handsome as my fiancé. Let's not lower ourselves to their level, alright? Thank you everyone for your support!"

*Chapter 20 - LinLuo Responds To The Rumours*

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The likes to Fan Luo's Weibo post were almost instantaneous.

+57

+993

+3,568 likes and counting.

The replies flooded her post.

"Oh my God!"

"Is this a confirmation that Jin Chonglin and Iris Long really had an affair? Poor Fan Luo!"

"Holy shit."

"It's official. Iris Long is a shameless slut."

"Iris Long has been a shameless slut since before. I'm not really surprised."

"Calling all my fellow fans to protect our @JinChonglin from all the shameless sluts in the world, especially from that dirty @IrisLong."

+16

+279

+1,003 likes and counting.

"Luo Luo is such a real lady. So classy, so forgiving. If I was her and someone tried to snatch my man, I'll scratch the whore's face off and throw her to the ocean for the sharks to feed on."

"That slut doesn't deserve Luo Luo's forgiveness!"

"Fan Luo is so magnanimous! As expected of the heiress of the Fan family."

"@LuoFanFan Please marry me instead!"

"Poster above, go away! Know your place! How dare a peasant like you propose to Princess Luo Luo?! She already belongs to our Prince Lin Lin!"

"We heart LinLuo forever!"

"So is Fan Luo confirming that Jin Chonglin made Iris Long pregnant?"

"No way! I won't accept that evil witch's bastard child, even if it's true. Only Princess Luo Luo has the right to bear Prince Lin Lin's heir."

"Fan Luo didn't say anything about the pregnancy, but based on what she said, that Iris slut definitely tried to seduce Jin Chonglin."

"Despicable! Die @IrisLong!"

"@JinChonglin Please say something!"

Everyone kept an eye on Jin Chonglin's account, waiting to see if he was going to respond to the rumours like his fiancée.

Moments later, Jin Chonglin finally posted on his Weibo.

JinChonglin: "I want to clarify the truth. Miss Iris Long and I have no relationship whatsoever to each other. We just casually met at a few events but that was it. She didn't seduce me, nor I her. I have never made her pregnant. We never had that kind of relationship. All of these rumours are just that, plain rumours. Please don't make up stories. I ask my fans to continue supporting me without pulling others down. Thank you for your understanding. On another note, I will be releasing my next album soon. Please look forward to it!"

His power was on another level. As soon as he posted, the responses of his hawk-eyed fans were so quick that not even a second passed after his post before the likes and replies bombarded his account.

+597

+19,998

+100,262 likes and counting.

"We understand, Prince Lin Lin! We members of your army will definitely continue supporting you! Can't wait for your next album!"

"Oh my god. A new album?! I'm so excited!"

"Anyone else finding this suspicious? Fan Luo already denounced Iris Long as the 'other woman'. Why is Jin Chonglin suddenly denying everything and even defending Iris Long? Hmmm...."

"You're right. I think Iris Long has impacted their relationship more than we expected. Is there trouble brewing between the engaged couple?"

"Oh no! We LinLuo fans would destroy anyone who dares drive a wedge between our prince and princess!"

"Mobilize our LinLuo army! Mission: total annihilation of Iris Long!"

"I think it's just Jin Chonglin acting as a gentleman and giving face to the Longs. Iris is a daughter of the Long family after all. The Longs may not be as powerful or as wealthy as the Jins, but they are still comparable to the Fans. They are people who are not to be easily offended. Actually, the Longs are slightly wealthier and has a nobler history than the Fans. Some of their ancestors were aristocrats from ancient times. But of course, that doesn't matter in this age anymore."

"Poster above, what you say makes sense."

"Iris Long is the shame of the Long family. The Longs should just disown her."

"Yeah! Disown that shameless slut!"

"Who cares about that slut?! All I care about is saving money to buy my idol's upcoming album! Oh my God! I'm so excited!"

This discussion online exploded to the point that the newspapers and tabloids were ready to publish the story, but they found themselves unable to do so.

It appeared that someone powerful was blocking them from the shadows.