

## F. University 1551

Chapter 1551: Reshaping the Domestic Football Structure! \_2

"Hahaha, Yue, four to zero, it's a sure thing now, right? This ticket to the Xia Super League is definitely ours."

Huang Youjie said excitedly from the stands.

Ding Yue, however, didn't show much excitement. Feiyue Soccer Team winning this match was within his expectations. Ding Yue had strong confidence in Feiyue Team's abilities, and seeing Shuangjiang Team's lackluster performance today only reinforced his belief that this match was a guaranteed win.

Now it's four to zero, and who knows, maybe they'll score a couple more goals before the game ends.

On the field, Shuangjiang Team's players, despite their crushed morale, gave it a bit of effort in the final twenty-plus minutes, trying to defend against Feiyue Team as much as they could. As a result, Feiyue Team couldn't find any good opportunities to score during this period. There was one chance, but a minor mistake—an offside—ruined it.

And finally!

The final whistle blew, marking the end of the battle between Shuangjiang Team and Feiyue Team.

With almost overwhelming dominance, Feiyue Team crushed Shuangjiang Team and forcefully dethroned them from their seat as Mist City's football overlords. That's right, Shuangjiang Team was dethroned by a university team, and this instantly became a hot topic among football fans.

"Congrats to Feiyue Team!"

"Feiyue Team is so strong! Congrats on getting your ticket to the Xia Super League and becoming Mist City's strongest football team."

"I'll stick with supporting Feiyue Team; Shuangjiang Team is honestly trash."

"I knew Shuangjiang Team was bad, but I didn't expect them to be THIS bad. Four-nil? Embarrassing. Just retire already. Do you still have any pride left?"

"Feiyue Team plays real football. Look at Shuangjiang Team—what even was that!"

"I feel like the Xia Super League's landscape is about to shift."

"Congrats to Feiyue Team for making it into the Xia Super League. Other clubs are probably trembling right now."

"I think Feiyue Team's gameplay represents true football. Perhaps the domestic football scene is really about to change."

Netizens had stopped criticizing Shuangjiang Team excessively because, at this point, Shuangjiang Team was no longer a Xia Super League club. Having been reduced to Mist City's second-tier team, there was no point in continuing to trash-talk them.

Instead of mocking Shuangjiang Team, wouldn't it be better to praise Feiyue Team and look forward to their performance in the Xia Super League?

Feiyue Team has definitely gained even more fans this time around.

"Now, we'll have to see how these young players perform in the Xia Super League."

Looking at the waves of cheering people on the field, Ding Yue silently pondered to himself.

Beyond that, Ding Yue was also thinking about what steps Mist City Arts and Science University and Feiyue Group should take next. Riding on Feiyue Team's victory today, it was time to make some moves to reshape the domestic football environment.

The environment absolutely needs improvement. Since the Football Association can't be relied upon, then there's no other option—Mist City Arts and Science University and Feiyue Group will have to step up.

Even if it requires substantial investment, Xia Country must make football—the world's most popular sport—a priority. No longer can it remain a disgrace among sports.

Funding isn't an issue.

Feiyue Group generates significant profits for Ding Yue every year. Taking a portion of these earnings to build a new structure for football development is absolutely feasible.

However, constructing a strong domestic football system takes more than just money; time is also a concern, as football requires nurturing from a young age.

If youth football training isn't established, then no matter how strong Feiyue Team becomes right now, it will ultimately be a foundationless house of cards. When Feiyue Team's current players start struggling or retiring, with no successors, the dream of building a football empire would only ever remain a fantasy.

Thus, establishing a youth training system and a healthy domestic league structure are both crucial—they're akin to the foundation of a house, requiring significant investment of money and effort to get right.

Ding Yue can provide funding, but he certainly won't take on the labor himself. Instead, he can appoint one or a group of football enthusiasts who are genuinely committed to improving the national team to take on this work.

Meanwhile, on the field, Feiyue Team's players celebrated joyously. Apart from sweat and fatigue, their faces shone mostly with exuberant happiness.

Because they secured their ticket to the Xia Super League.

The battlefield ahead is the Xia Super League, and if they perform well there, maybe someday they'll get the chance to represent the National Team on journeys to the Asian Cup—or even the World Cup.

These dreams, the purest kind of dreams, belong to this group of young footballers.

The live audience, as well as online viewers, cheered enthusiastically for Feiyue Team's victory. As for the defeated Shuangjiang Team, they quietly left the venue. After all, in football, just like any other competition, only the winners garner attention; no one cheers for the losers.

"Xiao Wen, make arrangements for tonight—we should celebrate this win. It's worth it."

Ding Yue grinned and said to his secretary Wen Ruohan.

Victory is certainly worth celebrating, though Ding Yue gave a bit of thought regarding the topic of bonuses. This time, he definitely wouldn't be giving out excessive rewards, but he wouldn't be stingy about it either. Securing their ticket to the Xia Super League was a major breakthrough for Feiyue Soccer Team on the domestic stage.

"Got it, Principal Ding."

Wen Ruohan nodded, then asked, "Principal Ding, how should we handle the rewards?"

Hosting a victory banquet wasn't an issue, but the specifics of the bonus allocation were up to Principal Ding. Wen Ruohan asked about the bonus because, in the past, whenever there was a significant victory or honor, Principal Ding would always host a celebration and distribute rewards. Both Mist City Arts and Science University and Feiyue Group were well aware of this.

"Hmm... No rush on the bonuses. I'll think it over."

Ding Yue stroked his chin, muttering to himself.

"Yue, you can't just skip the bonuses, right? The team achieved a significant victory—it's our football team's greatest success yet. We shouldn't be stingy now, don't you think?"

Huang Youjie quickly spoke up.

"Huang, don't get ahead of yourself. When has Yue ever been stingy? Yue surely has his considerations."

Xu Bin glared at Huang Youjie, responding calmly.

As childhood friends, Xu Bin understood Yue very well. Knowing his history of generosity, this sudden contemplation over bonuses must have a reason.

Xu Bin even speculated on the possible reason: the bonus isn't a problem, but deciding on an appropriate amount is critical. Mishandling the numbers could lead to problems.

If the bonus is too small, the players might feel slighted. However, if the bonus is too large, wouldn't they end up like other domestic clubs?

Domestic clubs often pay their players excessively high salaries; once they're financially secure, who still goes all out to play?

"Bin gets me. So, tell me—you guys—how much do you think is appropriate for Feiyue Team's bonus this time?"

Still stroking his chin, Ding Yue looked towards Xu Bin and Huang Youjie for advice.

Might as well hear everyone's suggestions.

"Bonuses? Naturally, the more the better!" Huang Youjie replied bluntly.

Xu Bin shot another glare at Huang Youjie and said, "Huang, you clearly don't understand Yue's point. Bonuses for the team can't simply be 'the more, the better.' If the bonuses are excessively high, then the players might lose their motivation to perform well."

"Ah, right, right, that makes sense now. Most domestic football clubs are like that—getting paid while slacking off. Who'd play seriously under those circumstances?"

Huang Youjie finally realized the reasoning.

Chapter 1552: Feiyue Cup Youth Football League!

Mist City Arts and Science University Campus Hotel, evening.

All members of the Feiyue Football Club, along with the university leadership of Mist City Arts and Science University, gathered here for a victory celebration banquet, to celebrate Feiyue Football

Club's triumph over Shuangjiang Football Club, successfully claiming the title of Mist City's top soccer team and snatching the ticket to the Xia Super League from Shuangjiang Football Club.

From now on, when you mention soccer in Mist City, it will no longer be about Shuangjiang Football Club.

It will be Feiyue Football Club.

This marks a significant step forward for Feiyue Football Club in the realm of soccer. Next, they will compete in the Xia Super League, where they will face domestic professional football teams such as Hengtai, Lu City, and An Country.

However, Ding Yue firmly believes that even when facing such formidable domestic opponents, the young players of Feiyue Football Club will certainly not disappoint.

"Everyone settle down, let's invite Principal Ding to say a few words."

Director Xiong Yang from the Department of Sports and Culture also attended tonight's victory banquet. He excitedly addressed the crowd.

Director Xiong Yang is one of the managers of Feiyue Football Club. He was a football enthusiast in the past, but with age catching up and a decline in physical fitness, it became difficult for him to maintain a career in football. Nonetheless, due to his passion for the sport, Director Xiong dedicated himself wholeheartedly when Feiyue Football Club was initially established.

The head coach of Feiyue Football Club is an old classmate of Director Xiong Yang, a former professional football player with deep qualifications, unlike some of the other seasoned veteran players.

"Alright!"

"Principal Ding! Principal Ding!"

"Principal Ding, say a few words!"

"Let's give a round of applause!"

"Let's invite Principal Ding!"

The students from Feiyue Football Club cheered eagerly, all hoping Principal Ding would deliver a speech.

After all, the establishment of Feiyue Football Club would never have been possible without Principal Ding's generous support; every expense of the club was personally funded by him.

For a professional football club, the expenses are actually quite significant, including daily training, various sports equipment, and venues.

Each player in Feiyue Football Club receives not only a basic salary but also additional stipends and rewards. While this doesn't guarantee immense wealth, it provides sufficient financial security for a professional career.

The players of Feiyue Football Club are not playing football to get rich. Their choice to pursue soccer stems from the desire to realize their soccer dreams and to maintain their passion for the sport. With basic financial security assured, they can devote themselves fully to the soccer field.

"Ahem."

Ding Yue found it hard to refuse the students' enthusiasm, so he stood up from the dining table, picked a suitable position and angle for his speech, and looked out at everyone in the hall.

"First of all, congratulations on your great victory today."

Ding Yue said calmly.

Clap clap clap~

Instantly, applause erupted throughout the room.

At Mist City Arts and Science University, Principal Ding is deeply respected by the students. To the players of Feiyue Football Club, their victory today is closely tied to Principal Ding's efforts and support.

"This is the fruit of your hard work, dedication, and sacrifices. It is also a reward for your pursuit of soccer and your steadfast passion for the sport. Here, I hope that in your future careers and lives, you will maintain your current state, stay true to your original aspirations, remember your mission to redefine domestic soccer, and keep pushing forward relentlessly."

Ding Yue's speech was eloquent and impactful.

It acknowledged the efforts and achievements of Feiyue Football Club's players, while setting future expectations and encouraging them to remain authentic to themselves.

Everyone in Feiyue Football Club listened earnestly to each word and every sentence from Principal Ding!

Clap clap clap~

Another wave of applause filled the room.

Everyone felt that Principal Ding's words resonated deeply; they spoke to their hearts.

At least for now, every member of Feiyue Football Club retained the love and purity for soccer that Principal Ding described.

Looking ahead, in their hearts, they silently promised themselves to hold onto their passion and purity for soccer. This would allow them to go farther and confidently complete their professional soccer journeys.

"Ahem."

After finishing his lengthy speech, Ding Yue cleared his throat twice and smiled, saying, "Next, I have two pieces of good news to announce."



Originally, Ding Yue had planned to share these updates during tonight's victory banquet.

Taking advantage of this speaking opportunity, he decided to make the announcements.

"Principal Ding, what's the good news?"

One student asked expectantly.

"Yeah, Principal Ding, is it about giving us bonuses, hehe?" another student asked, laughing playfully.

"Haha, you're a clever one."

Ding Yue looked at the student who mentioned bonuses and then smiled as he nodded, saying, "Indeed, today you defeated Shuangjiang Football Club, achieving an unprecedented victory which absolutely deserves a reward. However, let me make one thing clear: until we accomplish our football goals, the bonuses won't be too substantial. I hope you're mentally prepared for this. But rest assured, while the bonuses may not be lavish, the security and benefits you deserve during your football careers and after retirement will definitely be provided by the club."

Chapter 1553: Feiyue Cup Youth Football League! \_2

Before announcing the good news, Ding Yue first gave the players of the Feiyue Football Club a heads-up, which was something that needed to be clarified.

Otherwise, if the players won the game with great joy but found the prize money far below their expectations, it could deal a heavy blow to their enthusiasm.

"Principal Ding, we play football not for the prize money."

"We do it for love."

"Principal Ding, even if you don't give us any prize money, we'd still fight our hearts out on the football field!"

"Principal Ding, I don't need the prize money!"

"Yeah, Principal Ding, I don't need it either!"

Each player in the Feiyue Football Club had a resolute determination in their eyes. Some even expressed that they didn't need the money at all, because they played football not for the prize, but for their love of the sport!

"That won't do!"

Ding Yue immediately shook his head and said, "How could you not take the prize money? Big or small, it's a symbol of your victory!"

Seeing the students' purity, Ding Yue felt truly delighted, but of course, there was no way he wouldn't reward them with a prize.

"The first good news is about the prize money. For defeating the Shuangjiang Football Club this time and securing a ticket to the Xia Super League, it's decided to reward everyone with one hundred thousand yuan each. Ahead lies a long road, and as you achieve one victory after another, the prize money will grow increasingly generous. Let me draw you a big picture..."

Ding Yue calmly addressed every student of the Feiyue Football Club.

This time, the prize money—after Ding Yue, Huang Youjie, and Xu Bin had discussed it—was set at just one hundred thousand yuan.

One hundred thousand yuan might not seem like much, but it's also not meager, considering that this match was only a win against the Shuangjiang Football Team. It wasn't like they won the World Cup. A prize of one hundred thousand yuan for each person was already quite generous.

"Thank you, Principal Ding!"

"Wow, one hundred thousand yuan!"

"Principal Ding, you're amazing."

"Hehe, an extra bit of pocket money!"

"Does everyone get one hundred thousand yuan?"

The students cheered joyously. This cheer wasn't really about the money but about the "prize" itself and the passion for football.

"Principal Ding, what's the big picture you're drawing?"

"Haha, I love drawing big pictures the most."

"Principal Ding never makes false promises; everything he's committed to has been fulfilled."

Everyone knew the kind of person Principal Ding was. How could he possibly make empty promises? Every promise he had made before had been delivered.

"Hahaha, then let me paint you a big picture today. From now on, if you overcome all obstacles, break through the domestic Xia Super League, and represent the national team in the Asian Cup, the Olympic Games, the World Cup, and so on—every championship you achieve will bring you great rewards. And if you win the World Cup championship, leading our national team to the pinnacle of world football, then congratulations, I'll reward each of you with a small goal!"

Ding Yue vowed firmly.

A reward of a "small goal" for each player was nothing less than ten or twenty billion yuan. Ding Yue could certainly afford that.

"Principal Ding, a small goal as a reward? How much is that?"

Suddenly, a student asked.

"Haven't you heard Principal Ding's famous line? It was trending online before—a small goal is one billion yuan. Holy crap, a billion yuan!"

Another student exclaimed excitedly.

"Holy crap, a billion yuan?"

"At least a billion?"

"Principal Ding, are you serious?"

"Oh my god!"

"Wouldn't that set us up for life?"

"Don't get too excited, folks. The precondition is that we have to win the World Cup first!"

"Ah, winning the World Cup? That's such a tough challenge."

"I can do it. I definitely can!"

When everyone heard Principal Ding mention a small goal of at least one billion yuan as a bonus, they got overwhelmingly excited. But upon reflection, they realized the precondition was winning the World Cup. Wow, that was no ordinary difficulty!

But it didn't matter. The World Cup championship—it's the sacred dream in every footballer's heart, isn't it?

If you love football and become a professional footballer, yet don't even hold a dream of winning the World Cup, then what's the difference between you and a salted fish?

"Winning the World Cup—that's my ultimate dream!"

"Since I chose to play professional football, I must work toward the ultimate dream!"

"If our national team wins the World Cup, what kind of scene would that even be?"

"Wouldn't that be a 'once in a lifetime' event?"

"We have to have confidence, brothers!"

The players in the Feiyue Football Club began to dream aloud.

Since tonight's celebration banquet was livestreamed as usual, the moment Ding Yue mentioned Feiyue Football Club's ultimate goal of winning the World Cup, the comments section blew up instantly.

"Hahaha, Principal Ding, stop joking."

"The youngsters are amazing, but a World Cup win seems too far-fetched."

"Qualifying for the World Cup seems possible, but winning it? That's 'once in a lifetime' material."

"Feiyue wins the World Cup? Don't forget to tell my late father!"

"This is hilarious. You're just a college team, yet you dream of winning the World Cup?"

"World Cup champions? Maybe in the next life."

"It's hard enough to see our national team qualify for the World Cup, let alone win it."

"I hope you play well and move forward steadily, one step at a time!"

"If you really win the World Cup, I'll call you my dads!"

"That guy who said he'll call them dads is going all in!"

"To be honest, who doesn't want to see our national team win the World Cup? If that really happens, it'll be a nationwide celebration!"

"Wake up! Stop daydreaming in broad daylight."

The livestream viewers were in an uproar.

Of course, many of them understood that this was just Principal Ding and the young footballers expressing their "ultimate aspiration." Nobody really took it too seriously.

But there were still a few stubborn individuals who kept arguing with Feiyue Football Club and Principal Ding, claiming that even if the Earth ceased to exist, the national team couldn't win the World Cup, and saying things like, how could Mist City Arts and Science University's Feiyue Football Club, a mere school team, dare to dream about the World Cup?

However!

Ding Yue's goal truly was to win the World Cup—so what?

Under his leadership, this group of passionate young players could create unlimited possibilities on the football field!

"You have to believe in yourselves."

Ding Yue smiled as he said to the players of Feiyue Football Club, "As long as you're willing to fight hard, even if we don't win the World Cup, so what? Being able to carve out a new future for our national team is already commendable. Keep it up, everyone."

Though Ding Yue's real goal was indeed to aim for the World Cup championship, he couldn't speak too boldly in most cases. Otherwise, it would sound like bragging, and it might even place unnecessary psychological and public pressure on Feiyue Football Club's players.

Therefore, Ding Yue emphasized that even if they couldn't win the World Cup, it wouldn't matter—they would take it one step at a time.

"Go!"

The players of Feiyue Football Club suddenly shouted in unison.

Their shout was particularly spirited.

Looking at this group of energetic young people, Ding Yue couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement.

From now on, he would personally witness these young players marching step by step toward their intermediate goal—the World Cup championship!

Chapter 1554: This is the True Entrepreneur

After the life-and-death battle with Mist City Shuangjiang Football Club ended, every player of Feiyue Football Club, including the second team, immediately threw themselves into new training sessions.

This time, they're preparing for the upcoming Xia Super League.

Playing in the Xia Super League is definitely tougher than playing Mist City Shuangjiang Football Club. Although Shuangjiang Football Club is also a member of the Xia Super League, its overall strength is noticeably weaker compared to the top teams in the league.

When facing teams like Lu City, Guoan, and Hengtai in the Xia Super League, the difficulty level will certainly increase quite a lot.

After all, domestic professional football players might play poorly during national team matches, but everyone knows that when they're playing in their own clubs, they actually fight pretty hard. After all, only by performing well in their clubs can they survive the internal cutthroat competition and earn high annual salaries.

After Feiyue Football Club started new training sessions, Ding Yue shifted most of his focus away from football back to his responsibilities at Mist City Arts and Science University.

After all, football is something that typically only requires his concentrated attention during significant events or crucial matches—like this recent life-and-death showdown between Feiyue Football Club and Shuangjiang Football Club.

Looking ahead, Ding Yue's tasks include inviting veteran football enthusiasts to refine the youth training system he envisions and execute plans like the Feiyue Cup Football League.

A week later, Ding Yue used his extensive connections to invite a retired veteran of the former Football Association.

This veteran, Zhao Dejiang, was once a professional football player and had even played for the national team. Back in his era, the national team was actually quite formidable, but due to a generational gap, the current national team's strength and performance are seriously lackluster.

"Principal Ding, Mr. Zhao Dejiang is about to arrive in Mist City."

In the office, Wen Ruohan, the secretary, reported this update to Principal Ding.

Initially, Ding Yue had planned to personally go to the airport to welcome Mr. Zhao Dejiang. However, since he still had unfinished tasks today, he delegated the job to Xiong Yang, the Director of the Cultural and Sports Department at Mist City Arts and Science University. Later, Ding Yue planned to meet Mr. Zhao Dejiang in the office to personally discuss inviting him to join the team to establish the youth football training system and execute plans like the Feiyue Cup Football League.

"Alright, got it."

Ding Yue nodded, then turned to An Yujia, who was seated across the desk, and said, "Miss An, please continue."

Today, Ding Yue was primarily discussing several important issues with An Yujia regarding Feiyue Group, such as the subsequent delivery and after-sales services for Feiyue · Future New Energy Vehicles, the expansion of the overseas market, and the establishment of Feiyue Aerospace.

Though Ding Yue had committed to establishing Feiyue Aerospace, it was no easy task. It required cutting-edge equipment, laboratories, and professional researchers, among other resources.

For professional researchers, the situation was tricky. The aerospace research institutions and Space Administration had barely enough manpower themselves and were still hoping to recruit promising university students from Mist City Arts and Science University's School of Aeronautics and Astronautics.



Looking at this scenario, it seems that in the future, Feiyue Group's Feiyue Aerospace may develop a certain level of competitive relationship with the Space Administration and the aerospace research institutions.

But, this doesn't pose much of a problem. Everyone is fundamentally working to advance Xia Country's aerospace endeavors. Ding Yue simply wants to establish a domestic enterprise akin to America's Space Exploration Technology Company while simultaneously driving the Space Administration and aerospace research institutions to further develop their programs.

The primary reason Ding Yue wanted to establish his aerospace division was to provide outstanding graduates from Mist City Arts and Science University who pursue aerospace careers with better conditions. His Feiyue Aerospace department would offer them top-tier treatment, enabling them to fully devote their energy to research. Heading to the Space Administration or aerospace research institutions might entail some degree of distraction.

However, in Ding Yue's private Feiyue Aerospace company, things are different. Researchers can fully unleash their potential with Ding Yue as their unwavering support!

"At present, our Feiyue · Future New Energy Vehicles are thriving in overseas markets. The overseas resistance has basically failed to have any impact because global consumers recognize that the most worthy purchase in the world right now is undoubtedly our Feiyue · Future," An Yujia said confidently.

When delivering such remarks, who in Feiyue Group didn't feel the same confidence?

Indeed, Feiyue Group possesses this level of capability. Feiyue · Future New Energy Vehicles are currently the world's best electric vehicles. Consumers aren't foolish—why wouldn't they buy a drastically superior EV for the same or even slightly lower price?

Why would anyone purchase Tesla instead? The key point is that Tesla isn't what it used to be. Back in its prime, Tesla was the go-to choice for global consumers seeking electric vehicles. But now, that's no longer the case. Tesla's EV technology has lost any edge compared to that of Feiyue Technology.

Chapter 1555: This is the True Entrepreneur \_2

"That's good. After all the challenges overseas markets faced over the past half year, things are finally moving more smoothly. Do you have a rough revenue prediction for the overseas market?"

Ding Yue asked again.

"Principal Ding, if the subsequent sales go smoothly, then the overseas market revenue for the first few years could reach several hundred billion, or even more. As for the annual revenue afterwards, we can't make any guarantees—after all, it depends on market conditions. There might be competitors or potential market saturation by then."

An Yujia answered earnestly.

"Hmm."

Ding Yue nodded slightly, feeling fairly satisfied with this revenue forecast. Combining both domestic and overseas markets, the profits from electric vehicles were certainly substantial. Given that Feiyue Group managed costs exceptionally well, the profits—after deducting costs—tended to exceed other car manufacturers by at least thirty percent, if not more.

"The profits from electric vehicles must be allocated and managed wisely. First and foremost, make sure all employees responsible for electric vehicles, including factory workers on the production lines, receive proper benefits and well-being packages."

Ding Yue gave simple instructions to An Yujia.

Since Feiyue · Future's electric vehicles were selling well and generating considerable profits, there was no reason to shortchange any of the employees involved—especially those working on the front lines in the factories.

"Understood, Principal Ding. I'll make sure to arrange everything properly."

An Yujia nodded, responding seriously.

Encountering a boss like Principal Ding was a first for An Yujia. He consistently sought to improve the welfare of company employees and was even willing to share significant portions of the profits from product sales with all employees involved in the projects. This was vastly different from other domestic and international corporate bosses, who usually focused on squeezing maximum value out

of their employees. Ding Yue, however, worked tirelessly to offer employees generous returns for their contributions.

This was precisely why An Yujia was so willing to wholeheartedly follow Principal Ding in developing Feiyue Group. A company like this undoubtedly had tremendous potential for growth. If the right opportunities were seized, it could one day become the world's most powerful tech company—and possibly expand beyond just the tech sector.

Of course, all of this hinged on Mist City Arts and Science University being able to cultivate exceptional talent, most of whom would join Feiyue Group. This aspect was critical.

Currently, around thirty to forty percent of Feiyue Group's employees were "high-level" recruits from Mist City Arts and Science University. The remainder were mainly technical talents responsible for production processes, hired either from other universities or through general social recruitment.

After all, relying solely on the students from Mist City Arts and Science University couldn't possibly sustain such a massive business empire like Feiyue Group's current industrial chain.

In An Yujia's eyes, someone like Principal Ding truly deserved the title of a genuine entrepreneur.

Unknowingly, An Yujia and Principal Ding had already been chatting for nearly an hour, covering topics ranging from Feiyue · Future's electric vehicle overseas market to the formation of the Feiyue Aerospace club. Ding Yue had essentially gathered all the information he wanted regarding Feiyue Group's various affairs.

"Principal Ding, Director Xiong Yang said they'll soon be arriving at the school."

At this moment, Secretary Wen Ruohan suddenly reminded.

"All right, got it."

Upon hearing this, Ding Yue nodded, then said to An Yujia, "Miss An, let's go together to meet this senior figure in football."

"Mr. Zhao Dejiang?"

An Yujia asked.

"That's right. This time, our Feiyue Football Club defeated Shuangjiang Football Club and advanced to the Xia Super League, gaining significant public attention. Riding the wave of this popularity, we plan to establish our own youth training and league systems. These initiatives involve certain business considerations, so you'll need to take on extra responsibilities, Miss An."

Ding Yue said, smiling at An Yujia.

"All right, Principal Ding. I'll do my best, but I'm not a professional in football. I can only assist Mr. Zhao Dejiang in this area."

An Yujia replied modestly.

"Hahaha, Mr. Zhao Dejiang hasn't even agreed to join us yet."

Ding Yue spread his hands, stood up, and said to his AI robot, Big White, "Big White, let's go together to the school gate to welcome Mr. Zhao Dejiang."

"Yes, Principal."

Big White responded, then moved to stand by Principal Ding's side.

An Yujia and Secretary Wen Ruohan followed Principal Ding out of the office, heading toward Mist City Arts and Science University's gate.

When Ding Yue and the group arrived at the school gate, about ten minutes later, a black business car slowly approached the gate. This car was the one Director Xiong Yang had driven to pick up Mr. Zhao Dejiang.

"They're here."

Ding Yue said, taking a few steps forward.

Mr. Zhao Dejiang, as a veteran in the football field, was now in his early fifties. The purpose of inviting him over wasn't to act as a football coach. After all, Mr. Zhao had been a professional player for the national team many years ago and might not be as familiar with the current tactics or trends.

So, why did Ding Yue invite Mr. Zhao over?

Clearly, though Mr. Zhao wasn't suited to be a coach, he was an excellent fit as the person in charge of building Feiyue Football's youth training systems and Feiyue Cup league systems. Mr. Zhao understood the kind of youth training systems and league environments needed in the country. Most importantly, like Feiyue Football Club's players, he was a pure football enthusiast.

Only individuals like Mr. Zhao, driven by passion rather than profit, were truly suitable to oversee Feiyue Football Club's future youth training systems and league structure.

"Yue, I heard you got Mr. Zhao Dejiang to come over, huh?"

At this moment, a familiar voice sounded nearby.

It was Huang and Bin—they had also come over. They must have heard that Mr. Zhao was arriving and decided to come welcome him as well. Ding Yue hadn't specifically asked them to come. After all, not every matter required their involvement; they had their own busy schedules.

"Why are you two here? Indeed, it's Mr. Zhao Dejiang. As we discussed before, we're aiming to create a better environment for the youth training systems and football league systems. I think Mr. Zhao is a great candidate to oversee these. What do you think?"

Ding Yue smiled and asked Huang and Bin.

"Yes, Mr. Zhao Dejiang is indeed a very genuine football enthusiast. His attitude toward domestic football reflects frustration and a strong desire for improvement. I think he's highly suitable."

Xu Bin nodded earnestly.

"I don't know much about Mr. Zhao, so I won't comment. But if you and Bin think he's fitting, then I'm sure he is."

Huang Youjie spread his hands, smiling.

When the black business car stopped, Director Xiong Yang got out of the car first. He then respectfully invited Mr. Zhao Dejiang to step out of the car.

At over fifty years old, Mr. Zhao looked older than the average person of his age. Perhaps years of worrying about domestic football had taken a toll on him. For a long period, Mr. Zhao had struggled to realize his ambitions within the national football association due to various power struggles.

This was precisely why Mr. Zhao felt pleased when Ding Yue invited him over.

That said, Mr. Zhao was still uncertain about whether Feiyue Football Club could support his aspirations and ideals.

Ultimately, Mr. Zhao's greatest aspiration was to create a truly excellent football environment in the country. Achieving this would require robust youth training systems and league structures.

Chapter 1556: Urgent! Emergency!

"Hello, Principal Ding. I've heard you're young and successful, but I didn't expect you to be this young."

After getting out of the car, Zhao Dejiang walked straight toward Ding Yue.

He immediately recognized that the refined young man before him was none other than the renowned Principal Ding.

"Hello, Mr. Zhao."

Ding Yue warmly extended his hand, shook hands with Mr. Zhao Dejiang, and greeted him, "Mr. Zhao, shall we talk as we walk?"

"Sure, I've been wanting to visit Mist City Arts and Science University for a while now. I can use this opportunity to take a good look around."

Zhao Dejiang nodded in agreement.

In recent years, Mist City Arts and Science University had gained quite a reputation. Its standing among universities in the country had risen sharply, and it now ranked among the elite institutions. Ordinary key universities wouldn't dare to compare themselves with Mist City Arts and Science University anymore, as it might very well surpass them.

"Alright then. Let me give you a tour of Mist City Arts and Science University. Who knows, maybe one day you'll work here."

Ding Yue said with a smile.

He was more than happy to lead others on a tour of his university, as it gave him the chance to showcase the dynamic spirit of Mist City Arts and Science University to outsiders.

Saying this, Ding Yue began to accompany Mr. Zhao Dejiang, walking together into the campus of Mist City Arts and Science University.

As Zhao Dejiang stepped onto the campus, he immediately sensed a unique atmosphere.

Over the years, many universities had invited him to serve as a football coach or in a similar role, but compared to Mist City Arts and Science University, all those institutions seemed to lack a certain something.

Mist City Arts and Science University exuded an intangible yet appealing vibe, making people want to savor the scholarly ambiance there. He couldn't pinpoint exactly why this was the case.

Of course, Zhao Dejiang wasn't a student; he was already in his fifties and didn't need to concern himself with these things. What he truly wanted was to understand how Mist City Arts and Science University cultivated such a group of outstanding young football players.

He also hoped to assess Principal Ding's ambitious vision to see if it aligned with his own expectations for domestic football.

If it did, Zhao Dejiang would be utterly devoted, contributing his efforts to improve the football environment in the country. If he could witness the national team qualifying for the World Cup once more in his lifetime, he would consider his greatest wish fulfilled.

Indeed, Zhao Dejiang's singular and greatest dream in his remaining years was to see the domestic football culture thrive, leading the national team to regroup and charge into the World Cup once again.

As for the online chatter claiming Feiyue Soccer Club aspired to win the World Cup, Zhao Dejiang could only offer moral support. In reality, such an idea was almost unthinkable.

After all, the world has so many formidable teams, such as Argentina, the German war machine, France, Portugal, Spain, and Baxi. The strength of these teams simply wasn't something anyone could challenge casually.

Of course, from an idealistic standpoint, Zhao Dejiang naturally wanted his national team to sweep aside powerhouses like Argentina, the German war machine, and Baxi with ease!

If such a day ever came, that would truly be a life without regrets—total fulfillment!

"Mr. Zhao, what are your thoughts on Feiyue Soccer Club's recent match with Shuangjiang Football Team?"

Ding Yue first engaged Mr. Zhao Dejiang in a discussion about the situation of his Feiyue Soccer Team.

After all, Mr. Zhao Dejiang had once been a professional player for the national team. He would certainly be able to spot nuances in matches like the one between Feiyue Soccer Team and Shuangjiang Football Team.

"I watched the live broadcast of that match. To be honest, your Feiyue Soccer Team's young players performed excellently. They showcased the essence of football. As long as they maintain that spirit, I believe they'll achieve even better results."

Zhao Dejiang shared his thoughts on the match.



It was indeed challenging to find fault with Feiyue Soccer Team. The young players' performance had been nothing short of outstanding. Without a doubt, the future held great promise for them!

"I also hope they'll achieve even better results in the future. These young players are truly rare gems. However, they will inevitably leave the pitch one day. For domestic football to truly rise, we need more football enthusiasts, especially youth with dreams of playing football, to step forward and continue the journey."

As Ding Yue spoke, he gradually steered the conversation to its core topic.

The purpose of inviting Mr. Zhao Dejiang this time was clear: to discuss the youth training system and football leagues. These are the cornerstones of domestic football, and they must be rebuilt thoughtfully. With the current youth training system and domestic football league structure, it's extremely difficult to produce outstanding football players. Even though the infrastructure for domestic football is already well-developed, without a promising future, neither youth nor their parents would willingly encourage them to pursue football.

"Indeed, we need many successors to keep moving forward so football can flourish. Comparing domestic and international football, the number of registered players in Xia Country is very low. It's hard to select players capable of representing the country from just a few thousand young footballers. This is like searching for a needle in a haystack. The problem is, if we can't even guarantee the future of those few thousand football-loving youth, then how can we attract more youngsters to take up football?"

Chapter 1557: Urgent! Emergency! \_2

Mr. Zhao Dejiang pinpointed the current domestic situation with a single remark.

To this day, overseas countries boast hundreds of thousands, or at the very least tens of thousands, of registered soccer players. In contrast, within Xia Country, the number of registered soccer players barely reaches a few thousand. Among these few thousand, skill levels vary significantly. Domestic soccer clubs can only choose players from this limited pool.

When others select the best soccer talents from hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of players, and you're stuck choosing from just a few thousand, it's inevitable that the resulting gap in player ability will be enormous. This disparity becomes even more pronounced when forming a National Team.

This is another major reason behind the poor state of domestic soccer—its environment.

Why is domestic soccer so bad? Isn't it due to players' attitudes and the unfavorable soccer environment within the country?

To improve this situation takes extraordinary courage to reform domestic soccer entirely. You can't let domestic soccer players become complacent; you must ignite their fighting spirit and foster outstanding young football talents who can continually replenish the ranks. Only then can domestic soccer progress and flourish.

"Mr. Zhao, you're absolutely correct, which is why we want to create a healthy soccer environment where more young people can boldly explore soccer and experience the allure of this sport. By doing so, the number of registered soccer players will naturally increase."

Ding Yue nodded, agreeing with Mr. Zhao Dejiang's perspective.

"But Principal Ding, if that's the case, it will require significant resources to support soccer infrastructure. Even the domestic football association hasn't managed that, which is why fewer young people in our country play soccer. Those folks in the association are too busy prioritizing their own interests, scheming against one another. Who truly cares about the development and future of soccer here?"

When Mr. Zhao said this, he couldn't help but lower his head and sigh deeply.

This is a source of deep pain for Zhao Dejiang.

In theory, the football association should play a massive role in developing domestic soccer. But the reality? It's thoroughly disappointing. Add the fact that domestic football clubs care only about profit—they focus solely on commercial soccer. From endorsements to sponsorships, their focus is scattered everywhere except on the game itself. And the result? Terrible gameplay, abysmal performance on the field.

An incompetent football association combined with profit-seeking football clubs—this creates a recipe for absolute disaster. With such conditions, expecting domestic soccer to rise is unrealistic. At best, these people can only hope to avoid worse public criticism, but that's far from reality. Their actions have already humiliated Xia Country's National Team, with losses to the Vietnamese team and Myanmar's team. What an embarrassment—the epitome of disgrace and shamelessness.

That's why domestic soccer fans have been so deeply disappointed.

"Yes, who in this country truly thinks about the healthy development of soccer? Mr. Zhao Dejiang, I believe you might be such a person."

Ding Yue spoke with a smile, looking at Mr. Zhao Dejiang.

"Me?"

Mr. Zhao said with a doubtful tone, "I'm afraid I lack the ability."

"No single individual's efforts are enough. But Mr. Zhao, I believe you understand one truth—unity is strength. I believe you're that kind of person, and I believe I am too."

Ding Yue smiled calmly as he spoke.

"Oh?"

Mr. Zhao raised his head to look at the young man in front of him, then sincerely asked, "Principal Ding, forgive my bluntness, but aren't you trying to turn soccer into a tool for Feiyue Group's profits?"

"Hahaha!"

Ding Yue immediately burst into laughter and said, "There are so many ways to make money—why would I rely on soccer? You should know how Feiyue Group generates revenue, right, Mr. Zhao?"

"Technology!"

Mr. Zhao nodded his head.

Every Xia Country citizen knows this—Feiyue Group excels in technology and commerce. From medical health robots to new-energy vehicles to graphene batteries, these technological advancements have transformed lives and pushed societal progress forward.

"Exactly. So I have absolutely no need to use soccer as a money-making tool. This is a sport. I truly hope our billion-plus people in Xia Country can have a place in this global movement—perhaps even become the strongest."

When saying this, Ding Yue couldn't help but feel a surge of passion.

"If Principal Ding really has such ambition and determination, that would be wonderful news."

Although Mr. Zhao said this, his heart wasn't yet fully convinced to join Feiyue Group.

"My goal is simply to allow young people passionate about soccer to genuinely pursue their dreams."

Ding Yue spoke with composure.

"But that requires massive financial support. Principal Ding, are you willing?"

Mr. Zhao asked.

"Why wouldn't I be? If money can be used to create a healthy soccer environment and industry in this country, then it's totally worth it," Ding Yue replied with confidence.

Faced with Principal Ding's sincerity, Mr. Zhao felt intrigued.

Just as Mr. Zhao was about to discuss the establishment of a youth training system and the Feiyue Cup soccer league, a young woman suddenly approached Principal Ding.

This young woman was Ding Yue's personal secretary, Wen Ruohan. Her face was marked with visible concern.

"Principal Ding."

Wen Ruohan addressed him upon stepping forward.

"What's the matter, Xiao Wen?"

Ding Yue noticed the secretary's worried expression, assuming it might be personal or family-related, and asked with concern.

"Principal Ding, Mist City Central Hospital just called."

Secretary Wen Ruohan quickly responded.

"Mist City Central Hospital? President Jiang Zhongbo?"

Upon hearing "Mist City Central Hospital," Ding Yue's mind immediately went to President Jiang Zhongbo.

"Yes, Dean Jiang said one of our Mist City Arts and Science University students—also a Feiyue soccer club player—suffered burns and was sent to the hospital. He's currently in the intensive care unit!"

Wen Ruohan explained urgently.

"What?"

Upon hearing this, Ding Yue's face instantly changed.

A student from Mist City Arts and Science University and a Feiyue soccer club player—someone who had just played and won a match recently and was preparing for the Xia Super League—was injured?

Burn injuries?

What on earth had happened?

Ding Yue's thoughts became chaotic for a moment before he quickly composed himself. This matter needed to be dealt with immediately.

"Mr. Zhao, there's an emergency. One of Feiyue soccer club's student players is currently at the Central Hospital. I need to head there right away."

Ding Yue promptly informed Mr. Zhao.

Originally, the plan was to spend the day giving Mr. Zhao a proper tour of Mist City Arts and Science University and discussing the details of establishing a youth training system and the Feiyue Cup soccer league. But given this emergency, Ding Yue had no choice but to act immediately.

At the very least, once informed, he had to go to the hospital without delay.

"Go quickly—this matter can't be delayed. I'll accompany you, Principal Ding." Mr. Zhao immediately offered.

"Xiao Wen, prepare the car! We're heading to the Central Hospital!"

Without hesitation, Ding Yue instructed his secretary, Wen Ruohan, to get the car ready. In situations like this, quick responses and efficiency are crucial. The most pressing issue now was to rush to Mist City Central Hospital and understand the situation.

"Yue, what happened?"

Nearby, Huang Youjie and Xu Bin rushed to ask.

"I'll explain on the way—we're heading to the Central Hospital now!" Ding Yue only spared a sentence for the two, before swiftly walking toward the parking area.

Chapter 1558: The Firefighting Hero of Mist City Arts and Science University

"Dean Jiang, what's the situation with the person now?"

On the way to Mist City Central Hospital, Ding Yue made a phone call to President Jiang Zhongbo to inquire about the situation. After all, this was a student from Mist City Arts and Science University, and not only that, but also a player from Feiyue Football Club. If anything were to happen to him, it would be a massive loss for his university.

"Principal Ding, the current condition is still unclear. The patient is still undergoing emergency treatment. Our hospital has already assembled the best medical team and will do everything we can to save this student."

President Jiang Zhongbo spoke with a very heavy tone over the phone.

"What exactly happened?"

Ding Yue asked urgently. Up to this point, he was still unaware of how this student ended up at Mist City Central Hospital.

"The patient is in a state of severe coma and has extensive third-degree burns over most of his body. The condition is extremely critical. From what we can tell, this was clearly caused by something like a fire disaster. However, we haven't received much detailed information yet. As soon as he was brought in, I immediately arranged for doctors to begin emergency treatment."

President Jiang Zhongbo explained.

"Burn injuries?"

Ding Yue muttered softly, "Something must have happened. Dean Jiang, I'll be there shortly. Once I arrive, we can discuss this more thoroughly."

"Alright, Principal Ding."

After hanging up the phone, Ding Yue was beside himself with anxiety. His mind was deeply unsettled. After all, President Jiang Zhongbo had just emphasized how serious the burns were, alongside the critical coma state. Whether the student could be saved remained uncertain, as even President Jiang Zhongbo couldn't confidently assure that he could be successfully brought back from the brink.

"A fire disaster, a fire disaster—where exactly was the fire?"

Ding Yue pondered. It couldn't have occurred at Mist City Arts and Science University, as everything was calm on campus today.

In all likelihood, the fire had taken place off-campus.

Immediately, Ding Yue turned to his secretary Wen Ruohan and said, "Xiao Wen, check right now to see if any fire emergencies occurred here in Mist City today."

"Understood, Principal Ding."

Upon hearing this, Wen Ruohan swiftly pulled out her phone, opened Whatsapp, and clicked on the Mist City Fire Department's official account to check the latest fire incident reports. Sure enough, just half an hour ago, the Fire Department's account had published news of a fire at a restaurant inside a shopping mall.

"Principal Ding, a fire broke out on XX Pedestrian Street. It seems to be pretty severe."

Wen Ruohan immediately reported the situation back to Principal Ding.

"Yue, look at this."

At that moment, Xu Bin held up his phone and placed it in front of Ding Yue, saying, "Is this the student?"

"Yes, that's him. From the soccer team. I remember."

Ding Yue recognized the individual in the photo on Bin's phone. Though the image was somewhat blurry, the silhouette and faintly discernible face were enough for Ding Yue to confirm that it was one of Mist City Arts and Science University's Feiyue Football Club players, who had recently participated in a major game against Shuangjiang Football Club. His name was Wang Shun.

The caption beneath the photo read—Hero Rescues Over Ten People From Fire!



It was him!

A fire disaster—at a perilous moment, amidst the fire, he had rescued over ten people?

Upon reading to this part, Ding Yue felt his whole body tremble.

This was one of Mist City Arts and Science University's students—a young person with a heart full of moral courage. And yet, such a compassionate person was now lying in the hospital's ICU, fighting for his life.

"Was Wang Shun the one who saved those over ten people from the fire and ended up burned?"

Huang Youjie, after reading the news, couldn't help but feel stunned.

What kind of courage is that?

Before Mist City Fire Department had even arrived on the scene, he had rushed to save people. Otherwise, those dozen lives might have been forever consumed by the fire.

"Hope he pulls through!"

"A hero—this is what a hero truly is!"

"An extraordinary person!"

"This guy looks kind of familiar?"

"It's so touching, but heroes shouldn't face such tragic ends."

"Please, please, make sure he survives!"

"Haha, who does he think he is trying to play hero? Serves him right."

"Why not just wait patiently for the fire department instead of recklessly putting yourself in danger?"

"An ordinary fire rescue hero!"

"He rushed against the tide, rescued over ten people—truly remarkable."

"I heard he's currently undergoing emergency treatment at the hospital, but it's uncertain if he'll make it."

"My heart aches."

"Why is it always the good people who suffer like this?"

"Is there any way to donate? I'd like to do my part to help this hero."

In the comments section of the news article, netizens offered prayers and hopes for the safe recovery of this ordinary yet heroic young man. Many felt that someone who pulled off such an extraordinary feat shouldn't meet a tragic outcome.

Of course, the internet being what it is, there were also malicious comments attacking Wang Shun for being reckless, questioning why he would even attempt the rescue and blaming him for ending up in his current condition.

Reading these remarks, Ding Yue felt speechless but also clear-eyed. Such hostility was a predictable facet of the online world, where the anonymity of the internet often hides petty souls.

"This kid—is he from the soccer team?"

Zhao Dejiang saw the news and, unable to suppress his emotions, remarked, "I believe he'll be okay. He has to be okay."

"Yes, he's a member of our Feiyue Team. I never expected this, but he's a true hero. If it weren't for him, those dozens of people wouldn't have made it out."

Ding Yue sighed and nodded as he spoke.

"What's his condition now?" Zhao Dejiang hurriedly asked.

"He's still being resuscitated at Mist City Central Hospital. They've brought out the most advanced equipment and the top medical team," Ding Yue said, his heart suddenly aching deeply.

If—if they can't save him, what will we do?

Of course, Ding Yue didn't want to think about such an outcome. He was insistent: "You must save him, no matter the cost! No matter what equipment, what medical techniques—if it will bring him back, I'll provide whatever is needed!"

Life is priceless, and the spirit of altruism even more so.

About twenty minutes later, Ding Yue's group finally arrived at Mist City Central Hospital. Upon arrival, Ding Yue immediately sought out President Jiang Zhongbo.

At the moment, President Jiang Zhongbo was stationed outside the emergency room; the resuscitation was still ongoing.

"President Jiang, what's the situation?"

Ding Yue rushed over and asked urgently.

"Severe burns over his entire body, and he's still unconscious. This operation is incredibly difficult; it's expected to continue until around dawn," President Jiang Zhongbo explained the current situation to Principal Ding.

Such an operation was far from simple because the victim was burned too severely. Rescuing someone in this condition meant exhausting every resource, and even then, it would take a long time.

At this point, the focus of the resuscitation wasn't on the burned skin; it was on whether the victim's life could be sustained.

Ding Yue stood outside the operating room, his heart heavy with anxiety, but all he could do now was wait quietly.

About ten minutes later, a group of police officers arrived, led by Captain Zhang, whom Ding Yue recognized. In the past, whenever Mist City Arts and Science University had an issue, Captain Zhang was the one he would liaise with. The most notable incident was when a student from Mist City Arts and Science University was rescued from a pyramid scheme—it was Captain Zhang who led the team.

"Principal Ding, is this student from your Mist City Arts and Science University? What's the current condition? According to witnesses at the scene, when the restaurant fire broke out at XX Square, he immediately rushed into the blaze multiple times, rescuing sixteen people in total. On his last attempt, he didn't make it out; later, the firefighters rescued him," Captain Zhang updated Principal Ding, giving him a thumbs up as he spoke.

"The team is doing their best to save him!"

Ding Yue replied calmly.

What else could one do but stay composed in such a situation?

"Oh, by the way, Principal Ding, has your school been in touch with this student's parents?" Captain Zhang asked further.

"Yes, certainly."

Ding Yue nodded and said, "After confirming he's our student, Wang Shun, we immediately contacted his parents. They're currently on their way."

While Ding Yue and the others waited for news from inside the operating room, the fire at Mist City XX Square made its way onto Twitter's trending list, capturing widespread attention from users.

Countless compassionate netizens were praying for and sending well wishes to the heroic college student from Mist City Arts and Science University.

The official Twitter account of Mist City Arts and Science University promptly shared updates on Wang Shun's resuscitation. This reassured many concerned netizens.

Still, the six words "Not out of danger yet" weighed heavily on everyone's hearts.

Night soon fell.

The operation continued, and Ding Yue, along with representatives from Mist City Arts and Science University and President Jiang Zhongbo of Mist City Central Hospital, waited anxiously for news from the operating room.

It was then that Wen Ruohan approached Principal Ding. "Principal Ding, Wang Shun's family has arrived."

"Are they at the airport? Let's go pick them up."

Upon hearing the news, Ding Yue immediately prepared to head to the airport.

But Wen Ruohan quickly clarified: "Principal Ding, there's no need to go to the airport. Wang Shun's family is already at the hospital."

"Alright, understood. I'll go meet them, anyway."

Saying so, Ding Yue began to walk out of the emergency surgery building to greet Wang Shun's family. Just then, the family emerged from the elevator and started walking down the corridor toward him.

Wang Shun's family consisted of about five or six people: a young woman leading a pair of middle-aged parents, followed by two other middle-aged individuals.

"Hello, are you Wang Shun's family?"

Ding Yue stepped forward and asked.

"How's Shunzi doing?"

The middle-aged woman asked tearfully, her weathered, tanned face etched with worry and unease.

These must be Wang Shun's parents, Ding Yue surmised. He could tell they were humble farmers, proud of their son's achievements at Mist City Arts and Science University.

But now their son was lying in the operating room with severe burns, his fate uncertain—a tragedy weighing heavily on them.

"He's currently undergoing full-scale resuscitation. At this point, I believe there's definitely hope,"

Ding Yue reassured Wang Shun's family immediately.

The elderly couple's hands trembled, their tears evoking empathy from everyone nearby.

Shortly after Wang Shun's family arrived at the hospital, another group of sixteen people came in. These were the individuals Wang Shun had rescued from the fire.

"Principal Ding, these are the people Wang Shun saved. They're very concerned about his current condition,"

Secretary Wen Ruohan came over, quietly briefing Principal Ding.

The crowd outside the operating room was now sizable, yet the atmosphere remained solemn and quiet, broken only by the soft sobbing of Wang Shun's parents.

A young woman from the group of sixteen stepped forward and approached Wang Shun's family and Ding Yue.

"Uncle, Auntie, we're the ones he rescued. If it weren't for him, we would've perished in the flames. Now that he's in the operating room, all we can do is pool together some money for his surgery to help him recover as quickly as possible."

The young woman held a bank card in her hand. It was clear she was deeply moved and equally heartbroken.

Ding Yue observed everything and felt less despondent. The people whom Wang Shun saved were full of gratitude; none were ungrateful. They were at the hospital and even offered to contribute to the cost of Wang Shun's surgery.

"Uncle, Auntie, please don't worry. Wang Shun is one of Mist City Arts and Science University's outstanding students and an exceptional member of our Feiyue football team. Mist City Arts and Science University will cover all of his surgical expenses. Moreover, our university's medical school will collaborate with Mist City Central Hospital, using the most advanced medical equipment and techniques to ensure Wang Shun regains full health,"

Ding Yue stepped forward and resolutely assured Wang Shun's parents.

This was Ding Yue's commitment!

A commitment he had to fulfill!

Given the progress of the operation thus far, it was clear Wang Shun would survive. The subsequent challenges were numerous, but the main focus was on rehabilitating Wang Shun and especially treating his severely burned skin.

"Are you Principal Ding?"

The young woman standing beside Wang Shun's parents asked Ding Yue directly.

"Yes, I am."

Ding Yue nodded in acknowledgment.

"Can I speak with you privately for a moment?" the girl asked.

Seeing her request, Ding Yue nodded. He hypothesized she might be Wang Shun's younger sister.

"Principal Ding, if my brother pulls through, he'll likely need a skin graft. I would like to offer my..."

The girl spoke decisively.

"You don't need to worry about that. We have the necessary medical technologies to address it,"

Ding Yue responded, feeling genuinely touched.

This young woman was an exemplary sibling; her selflessness reminded him of his own sister, Ding Xiaoyou. Though Xiao You often acted contrary to her words, her actions ultimately revealed how deeply she cared for her brother.

Chapter 1560: 3D Bioprinting and Skin Transplant Surgery

For burn victims, if they wish to recover, the only solution is to undergo a skin graft surgery.

This girl's idea was to donate a portion of her own skin to her brother Wang Shun.

Ding Yue was deeply moved upon hearing this.

However, such a sacrifice was unnecessary because the Medical School at Mist City Arts and Science University possessed superior medical technology to address the issue.

"You don't need to worry. Regarding the matter of your brother's skin graft surgery, we at Mist City Arts and Science University have a better solution. We can use 3D bioprinting technology to create the required skin for transplantation."



Ding Yue calmly explained to the girl.

These words served as a reassurance to the sister.

"Really?"

Wang Yan asked with eyes filled with hope.

"Yes, absolutely. Do you remember the news report about 3D bioprinting technology combined with medical procedures? It saved the head of teaching at Mist City Arts and Science University. This technology was designed to benefit patients who require organ, skin, or blood transplants during surgery."

Ding Yue replied with certainty: "Rest assured, trust Mist City Central Hospital and the Medical School at our university. They will go all out to save your brother."

"Thank you, Principal Ding."

Wang Yan genuinely expressed her gratitude to Principal Ding and added, "After I take the College Entrance Examination, I will definitely enroll at Mist City Arts and Science University."

"Great, we look forward to your arrival. Your brother Wang Shun is an outstanding individual here at Mist City Arts and Science University. His bravery saved more than ten people—he is a hero. Our university would never let a hero shed tears."

Ding Yue nodded as he spoke.

Just as Ding Yue and Wang Yan were conversing, a doctor wearing a surgical gown and mask emerged from the operating room.

"Doctor Zhao, how's the situation?"

President Jiang Zhongbo was the first to step forward and inquire upon seeing this.

"President Jiang, the rescue is still ongoing, but the situation has largely stabilized. The next step is to work hard to maintain the injured patient's physical functions. However, there is an urgent issue to address: the patient has suffered extensive burns and will need skin graft surgery as soon as possible. Otherwise, even if we manage to rescue him now, he won't be able to hold on for long."

Doctor Zhao provided a detailed update on the current status of the rescue efforts.

From what Doctor Zhao shared, it seemed that the patient's life had been temporarily secured, which allowed President Jiang Zhongbo to breathe a sigh of relief. He nodded slightly toward Principal Ding, indicating that the patient's life was out of immediate danger.

"How's my Shun doing? What's going on?"

A middle-aged man stepped forward, his emotions running high as he asked.

President Jiang Zhongbo deeply understood the anxiety of the patient's family and immediately replied, "Please rest assured, the patient's condition has now stabilized and is no longer in immediate danger."

"Stabilized?"

The middle-aged man was still worried after hearing this.

After all, President Jiang's use of the word "stabilized" implied that future dangers might still exist.

"It's because skin graft surgery is necessary, isn't it?"

Ding Yue stepped forward and directed his question toward President Jiang Zhongbo.

"Yes, yes."

President Jiang Zhongbo nodded, then added, "Skin graft surgery needs to be performed as soon as possible. Otherwise, the patient's body won't be able to endure. Only by completing the skin graft procedure can his health gradually recover."

"Uncle, Auntie, please don't worry. Since we've managed to save him, the subsequent skin graft surgery isn't a difficult task. We have advanced medical technology that can provide Wang Shun with skin grafts tailored to his body's needs. The surgery will be handled by the top-tier team of doctors at Mist City Central Hospital. Everything will definitely be fine."

Ding Yue comforted Wang Shun's parents. Perhaps they didn't fully understand what 3D bioprinting technology was, but simply telling them that the upcoming procedures would go smoothly was enough to put their minds at ease.

Indeed, the next steps wouldn't pose any significant challenges. Pulling Wang Shun back from the edge of death had been the most critical task. Now, thanks to the efforts of Mist City Central Hospital's medical experts, they were nearing success on that front.

"Principal Ding, are you suggesting we use 3D bioprinting technology to perform skin graft surgery for Wang Shun?"

President Jiang Zhongbo seemed to grasp Principal Ding's meaning.

"Exactly."

Ding Yue nodded and replied, "Our medical technology and equipment can accomplish this, right?"

"Previously, this equipment at our hospital has been used for 3D bioprinted organ transplant surgeries like liver transplants. For skin grafting, this would be its first case."

President Jiang Zhongbo furrowed his brow slightly and said, "But the 3D bioprinting technology is already highly advanced. I believe there should be no problem at all."

"Very well then, President Jiang. I entrust this task to Central Hospital. Please go all out to treat Wang Shun. The costs of hospitalization and surgery will be entirely covered by Mist City Arts and Science University."

Ding Yue spoke with composure to President Jiang Zhongbo.

"Principal Ding, that's unnecessary. This student's heroism has touched countless people. Our hospital is dedicated to saving lives, especially when it comes to heroes like him. Charging fees is out of the question."