

Richest Man: Getting 7 Billion Red Pockets To Start With

Chapter 13: Got the Answer; Become a Professor?

They walked toward Hilton Hotel with smiles on their faces.

In the next moment, everyone's footsteps suddenly stopped.

That was because they found a young man quickly writing a series of calculations on the signature board in the hall.

Seeing this, Huang Zihao's forehead broke out in a cold sweat. He was extremely flustered.

He had just told Dean Hu Chuan that he would make this international mathematics conference a grand event.

In the blink of an eye, the signature board had been scribbled on!

How would Dean Hu Chuan's impression of him change?

Thud, thud.

At this time, two young people who looked like students walked over from the distance.

When they saw Hu Chuan, Huang Zihao, and the others, they could not help but speed up.

"Didn't I ask you to decorate the venue?" Huang Zihao asked in a low voice. "How did this person suddenly appear?"

"Our stomachs suddenly hurt a little just now, so we went to the bathroom," the taller boy explained.

"Stomach pain? Hmph! Look at what the signature board has become!" Huang Zihao pointed to the front.

The two students quickly looked in the direction of the signature board.

"Why would someone be writing an algorithm on this..." the tall boy said.

"Why would someone write an arithmetic formula on it? Quickly make him stop!" Huang Zihao scolded.

The two students finally reacted and stepped forward.

At this moment, Hu Chuan, who had been silent all this while, said, "Don't disturb him!"

Huang Zihao and his two students paused for a moment, their faces full of confusion.

However, Hu Chuan did not explain much. He just stared at Lin Fan, who was writing calculations, with a burning gaze.

Professor Song Guotao, who was standing next to him, could not help but look over as well.

In the next moment, his pupils shrank slightly as he said in surprise, "He's trying to solve Zhou's Conjecture?"

"Professor Song, do you think he can solve Zhou's Conjecture?" a young teacher, Hu Tian, asked.

"He's already solved it!" Hu Chuan said excitedly.

At that moment, Lin Fan wrote down his final answer: [When $2^{(2^n)} < p < 2^{(2^{(n+1)})}$], MP has $2^{(n+1)} - 1$ which is a prime number.]

Click!

Then, Lin Fan put down his pen and walked straight to the elevator. He was going to go back to his room to rest.

He solved a math problem after a two-hour flight. He was a little tired.

Hu Chuan quickly jogged after him. When he saw Lin Fan's face, he could not hide the shock on his face.

After that, she took the initiative to reach out his hand and said, "Hello, can I get a few minutes of your time? I'm Hu Chuan, the dean of the School of Mathematics at Jiangbei University."

Earlier, Hu Chuan had guessed from Lin Fan's back view that he would be relatively young.

However, he did not expect him to be so young.

He was probably younger than the two graduate students who set up the venue today.

Respecting the old and cherishing the young was a traditional virtue of the country.

Hu Chuan was already over 50 years old, yet he treated him politely.

Lin Fan naturally responded politely. He reached out his hand and shook it. "Hello, I'm Lin Fan."

"Mr. Lin, it's hard to imagine that you've studied prime numbers to this extent at such a young age. You even solved Zhou's Conjecture." Hu Chuan sighed with emotion.

"I wonder which university you're a professor at, Mr. Lin?" Hu Chuan asked tentatively.

"I'm not a professor," Lin Fan said with a smile.

When Hu Chuan heard this, not only was he not disappointed, but he was even more excited.

"Mr. Lin, would you be interested in becoming a mathematics professor at Jiangbei University?" Hu Chuan said anxiously.

Lin Fan was stunned for a moment. He had not expected Hu Chuan to make such an invitation.

Hu Chuan saw Lin Fan's hesitation and said, "Mr. Lin, don't worry. Jiangbei University will definitely give you the best offer.

"Also, if you have any other requests, you can tell us. We'll try our best to satisfy you."

"Director Hu, you misunderstood me," Lin Fan explained. "I can't be a professor because I'm only a high school graduate."

"This doesn't affect anything," Hu Chuan quickly said. "With your mathematics ability, you don't need a certificate to prove it!"

To most people, education was indeed very important.

However, he was a person who had studied prime numbers to this extent ...

Furthermore, the young man who directly solved Zhou's Conjecture was obviously not an ordinary person.

No one knew how great his future achievements would be.

Now that Hu Chuan had finally encountered someone like him, he naturally had to make good use of the opportunity.

Lin Fan could see the sincerity in Hu Chuan's eyes.

He was preparing to quit his job and did not know what he was going to do in the future.

On top of that, Lin Fan was also looking forward to university life.

At the thought of this, Lin Fan finally opened his mouth and said, "Let's forget about me being a professor at Jiangbei University. However, if you let me study at Jiangbei University, I might be a little interested."

The professor had to give lessons. It was troublesome just thinking about it.

It was obvious that being a student was more to Lin Fan's liking.

He was relaxed, free, and unrestrained.

When Hu Chuan heard the first half of Lin Fan's sentence, his face was filled with regret.

However, after hearing the second half of Lin Fan's sentence, his old face was like a crumpled piece of paper. He smiled and said happily, "Alright, I'll help you with the admission procedures later."

In fact, even with Hu Chuan's influence, it would be difficult for a high school graduate to become a mathematics professor at Jiangbei University.

However, it would be much easier to recruit a special student.

The two of them hit it off.

Hu Chuan said, "By the way, Mr. Lin, the professors, and teachers of many universities in Jiang province will all come to the hotel to participate in the mathematics seminar. I wonder if you can come on stage and explain the prime number and Zhou's Conjecture?"

Lin Fan yawned. "Maybe not. I have to go back to my room to sleep. I won't be joining."

To an ordinary person, giving a speech in front of many deans and professors was definitely a very rare opportunity.

However, Lin Fan would rather sleep a little more.

Hu Chuan felt a little regretful, but he did not force Lin Fan.

Lin Fan entered the presidential suite and took a hot shower.

Then, he spent 100,000 yuan and asked the waiter to send up a seafood feast and a bottle of XO.

[Ding! You've spent 100,000 yuan and received ten red packets. Do you want to collect all of them?]

"Yes!"

Lin Fan clicked 'confirm'.

[Ding! Congratulations, you've received 19,999 yuan.]

[Ding! Congratulations, you've received 2,000 yuan.]

...

[Ding! Congratulations, you've received 10,000 yuan.]

Lin Fan received a total of 112,500 yuan from the ten red packets.

In other words, he had spent money on a big meal, but he earned back more than 100,000 yuan.

Lin Fan looked at the text message from the bank, and his face revealed a strange expression.

After eating and drinking to his heart's content, Lin Fan lay down on the soft bed and fell asleep in satisfaction.

COMMENT