

Super Spender

- Chapter 1 - 1 I've been wanting to do this for a long time -

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In the early morning, on the banks of a great river, came a crashing sound. A young man of about twenty-six or twenty-seven had just thrown a bottle of white liquor onto the nearby gravel, creating a sharp echo. After guzzling the contents of two liquor bottles, his speech had become slurred, but his mind was unusually clear.

"Screw this society, I won't submit to this! If I ever find a chance, I swear, no matter who can make me rich, I'd give my life to them!" The young man yelled loudly at the rushing river, having struggled to his feet.

"Are you sure?" A cold voice audibly rang out in his mind.

"Who?" The young man shook his head, looking around.

"I am a super robot life form from an extraterrestrial civilization. Are you sure you would sell your life to anyone who could make you rich?" The icy voice repeated.

"Alien life? Bugger, you think you're so superior because you're an alien? Let me ask you, can you make me rich?" The young man, reeking of alcohol, waved his liquor bottle around as he spoke.

"I can."

"I want to see the money."

"How much?"

"One hundred million. Can you get it or not? If you can't, get lost." The young man laughed heartily.

"Ding dong" The text message notification sounded. The young man took a swig from his liquor bottle, pulled out his cell phone, and opened the message with his blurry eyes.

"95588: As of 29th, 05:33, 100,000,000 Flame Nation coins have been credited into your account ending with 7575 (inter-bank transfer), your current balance is 100,001,123.32 Flame Nation coins. [XX Bank]"

His bleary eyes widened in shock, and after a long while, he managed to mutter a swear: "Holy hell!"

"The money has arrived." The icy voice echoed once again.

"You're an alien?" The young man asked one more time.

"Yes, an almighty alien life form." The icy voice recounted as if it was the most common occurrence.

"Let me sober up first." Feeling dizzy, the young man felt that this was all too unreal.

"Buzz" As soon as he finished speaking, a flicker of pale blue light struck his stomach causing him to feel nauseous. He stumbled to the riverbank and vomited forcefully.

After about ten minutes, the young man finally calmed down and said, "Man, so this is how you sober me up?"

"The alcohol had not yet fully entered your bloodstream, so making you vomit was the most effective measure. You can use the river water to wash your face; you will be sober immediately." The icy voice remained emotionless, its tone steady.

Feeling much clearer, the young man hurriedly fished his phone out of his pocket again, and lighted up the screen. The text message was still clearly visible, and after a while, he suddenly started to laugh heartily, as if he had gone mad.

Twenty minutes later, the young man hailed a taxi. "To F University." He curtly instructed the driver.

"Man, your filthy clothes might dirty my..."

Before he could finish, a bundle of at least twenty or thirty red Flame Nation bills were tossed onto the dashboard.

The cab driver, seeing the young man's dirty clothes and strong alcoholic smell, was initially reluctant to take him. However, he had never expected to be handed a bundle of money like that.

Without another word, the cab driver stepped on the gas, and the cab swiftly headed towards the city. An hour later, they reached the university gates. Just as the young man was about to get out of the taxi, something occurred to him, and he sat back in. "Take me to the main branch of the City Industrial Bank." he commanded.

Without uttering a word, the driver obediently restarted the car. Half an hour later, he dropped the young man off at the headquarters of the Industrial Bank. It was still early, just past 7 AM, and the bank was not yet open. The young man didn't get out, instead, he waited in the car. The driver didn't dare say a word either; the money the young man had thrown at him earlier was enough to cover his day's wages.

As soon as the bank opened, the young man walked in, just in time. "Sir... you..." The glamorous lobby manager hesitated as she attempted to stop him.

"I'm here to withdraw money." The young man tersely answered.

"Please, this way." The lobby manager, possibly intimidated by the young man's tone, didn't manage to finish her sentence. She just ushered him to the counter. In any case, he was their first customer of the day.

"Withdraw." He tossed his card across the counter.

"Sir, how much would you like to withdraw?"

"Two million." The young man replied straightforwardly. The bank teller and the manager were taken aback. They had seen large withdrawals before, but never from someone dressed like this young man.

"Sir, for such a large cash withdrawal, you would need to make a prior appointment."

"Cannot be withdrawn?"

"You need to make a reservation one day in advance so we can arrange the cash," the lobby manager hurriedly reminded.

"Transfer all of it, a total of one hundred million, to my bank card." The young man pulled out another bank card.

The lobby manager and the counter worker were taken aback. Bank deposits were fiercely competed for around the country. If they drove away a deposit of one hundred million because of this, they wouldn't need to work here anymore.

"Sir, please wait a moment, I will immediately contact our director." Upon noticing the young man's agitation, the lobby manager didn't dare to talk much. She hurriedly gave an order and quickly picked up the phone.

The call was quickly connected, and a middle-aged man rushed downstairs from the second floor. Seeing the young man, he immediately yelled at the lobby manager, "What is the matter with you? A VIP customer's request is our command. Sir, may I know your surname?"

The lobby manager felt somewhat wronged. Was it her fault? She merely reminded him as per the routine, but who knew that the man would want to transfer everything to another bank.

"Lewis."

"Mr. Lewis, please wait a moment, and we will get your money right away." The director wasn't foolish; he knew that words were useless at this point. The only way to keep the deposit was to immediately get the money for Mr. Lewis.

Luckily, the cash transport vehicle hadn't left yet and had just delivered quite a sum. Moreover, this was a business hall under the headquarters, so it was not difficult to gather so much cash in a hurry.

An hour later, the young man walked out carrying a green bank cash bag. There was two million Flame Nation coins inside. He boarded the waiting taxi and said, "Take me to F University."

After the driver started the car, the young man picked up his cellphone, found a number in it, and dialed it. The call was answered quickly. A clear voice rang out from the other end, "Finn Lewis, what do you want? I told you, we've broken up, okay?"

"In half an hour, in front of the teaching building, let's talk. After that, I won't bother you ever again." Finn Lewis wasted no words and spoke directly.

The voice on the other end of the phone paused for a moment, then said, "You said it, see you in a bit."

The driver looked at Finn through the rearview mirror. Was he just broken up with? After years of driving, the driver had seen it all and was able to guess.

The car quickly reached the entrance to F University. Finn pulled out a stack of cash from the bag and threw it to the driver. "This is for you." Finn said and got out of the car.

Watching Finn walk away, the driver was stunned. After driving a taxi for over twenty years, he'd never seen anyone pay their fare in this way. This isn't counterfeit money, right? But he'd clearly seen Finn exit the bank. And that canvas bag looked like the kind used to carry cash in the bank.

What a prodigal! The driver shook his head looking at the bills in his hand. But he quickly cheered up, accelerated, and left. The tip he'd just gotten was equivalent to what

he'd normally make in over a month. He thought to himself - it would be great to encounter more prodigals like this one.

Standing in front of the teaching building, Finn finally saw the person he had been waiting for: an attractive face, stunning physique. She was not a ravishing beauty, but she could certainly attract attention on campus. Finn used to be infatuated with her, but not anymore.

"Finn Lewis, what do you want to talk about?" Cora Franklin stood in front of Finn, looked at him and sneered. His family was poor, and he had been spending all his money on her for several months. It hadn't taken long for him to be broke. She felt it a disgrace that she had slept with him so many times.

"Nothing much, just one question. Once it's clear, I will leave." Finn held up a finger.

"Go ahead." Cora sneered, was he going to ask if she had ever loved him? What an idiot.

"You broke up with me because that man has more money, didn't you?" Finn asked coldly.

"Finn, how could you say that? I told you it was because our personalities clashed." Cora was a bit surprised. Finn seemed different somehow. But she still sneered.

"Enough! Just answer me, yes or no? For the past half a year, I have been working damn hard to earn money. All I earned, including my living expenses, I gave it to you, right? Wasn't it still not enough for you? I bought you that handbag worth thousands without batting an eyelid, right?" Finn burst out, like an enraged lion.

"What about the ones costing tens of thousands? Can you afford them? Moreover, you did buy me a bag worth a few thousand, but you could only afford one every two months." Cora laughed scornfully, "So what if I left you for his money? You blame us women when you men don't have money? You're broke because you're not capable. Who do you have to blame for that? Can't I pursue a better life?"

There were a lot of students attending morning classes, and Finn and Cora's quarrel drew a lot of attention. Many students stopped to watch. Hearing Cora's words, others shook their heads. Another breakup. They had witnessed countless such incidents, invariably because the guy didn't have enough money.

"Also, in the future don't..." Cora was about to say something more, but before she could finish, there was a crisp 'thwack' noise, and a stack of red bills hit her face hard. The stunned Cora was immediately infuriated. She was about to flare up when she saw what Finn had thrown. It was a thick stack of Flame Nation coins. She was stunned.

"Just so you know, I've been wanting to do this for a while." Finn sneered, opened his canvas bag, and threw stacks of Flame Nation coins at Cora. The neat money scattered and fluttered in all directions.

After throwing a dozen or so stacks of bills, Cora lost her balance and fell to the ground. She was completely stunned and couldn't process what was happening. The crowd of students surrounding them were equally dumbstruck. This... This... was a shocking turn of events.

Finn walked forward, grabbed his canvas bag, and shook it upside down. Over a million Flame Nation coins poured out, raining down on Cora.

"Here's a total of two million. Although it can't kill people, I just want to tell you. Next time when you're gold-digging, I hope you open your eyes wide. Don't brag about 'gold-digging' with your eyesight. It's embarrassing. This money is for the times you 'spent the night' with me." Finn sneered, threw his canvas bag on the ground, and walked towards the campus exit. Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The students who had formed a circle around them unconsciously stepped aside to make way for Finn. Countless boys admiringly looked at Finn's retreating figure. So cool, too cool! Truly satisfying!

A gust of wind blew, and thousands of Flame Nation coins that had scattered took to the air. Suddenly, someone shouted, and countless students rushed in towards the center. In the middle of the circle, Cora let out a high-pitched yell, "Everyone fuck off, this is my money."

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Chapter 2 - 2 The Feeling of Being Prodigal

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"Done throwing your tantrum?" Back at the dorm, an icy voice greeted him as usual.

"Done." Finn Lewis nodded.

"Don't you think venting your anger by throwing two million at someone you despise is idiotic?" The icy voice murmured.

Finn flicked away the cigarette butt in his hand and chuckled, "Brother, I'm just an ordinary guy. I'm not a prodigal who's been with thousands of girls nor a high priest who has seen through the worldly chaos and decided to become a monk. Stop bullshitting

me. The money I earned is mine to enjoy. How I choose to enjoy it is none of your business. If you want to take my life now, go ahead."

"Buying your life and then taking it away is the most wasteful investment."

"So, you're not gonna kill me?" A mysterious glint flashed in Finn's eyes.

"To be honest, your life isn't worth that much." The icy voice, void of any human touch.

But Finn just laughed, "If you're not taking my life, quit the bs. I'm gonna go have some fun."

Just as Finn was about to leave, with a "thud", the door of the dorm was crashed open from outside and three or four silhouettes stormed in. Seeing Finn sitting in the dorm, they exclaimed, "Damn, Mr. Finn, don't tell me, the guy in the front of the teaching building was you?"

Chubby Callum, leading the charge, yelped. This dude was short and fat. His real name was Howard Roberts, but nobody ever called him that. Everyone just called him Chubby.

"Damn, Mr. Finn, you're something else. Had no idea you were the legendary big shot. Man, you're not a nice brother, not letting on during these three years of college, even working part-time. Shit, if it weren't for Cora Franklin being so blind, when were you gonna tell us about this?" Chubby chattered rapidly.

"Absolutely, Mr. Finn, it's so not like you to keep it from us. But don't be sad, some people only see money. Realizing it now is better than regretting later." Another guy with glasses also patted Finn's shoulder.

"Does the boss seem mad? I think the boss needs to let off some steam. Come on boss, let me, the Prince of Demacia treat you to some fun." A tall and hunky guy walked up, smacking Finn's shoulder.

Finn was somewhat amused though also touched. These three clearly came over to comfort him because they were worried he'd be upset over his breakup. But Finn had already sorted things out. It dawned on him the moment he threw two million at that woman.

"Alright, you three showed up to console me instead of your usual gaming at the internet café. Appreciate the thought, so let's go have fun at Nine Heavens Pool." Finn stood up and announced.

"Damn, seriously?" Chubby's eyes immediately lit up.

"Seriously." Finn confirmed. Of course, nightclubs don't open during the day.

At night, Finn and his friends arrived at Nine Heavens Pool. It's the most luxurious nightclub near the university. The place was nearly packed at midnight. As soon as they walked in, Finn straightaway booked a VIP booth and told his friends loudly, "Guys, order whatever you like. The point of tonight is to have fun."

He then headed straight towards the DJ booth. As someone was dancing on stage, Finn directly hopped on the huge sound system beside it. He'd never tried this, nor would he have dared to, but now he felt no stage fright at all. His actions immediately elicited screams from a bunch of young girls. A server tried to pull Finn down.

Finn reached out to grab the microphone from the DJ, exclaiming, "Hey hey, DJ, cut the music. I got something to say."

Generally, nightclubs would extend such courtesies. The DJ quickly cut the music. Finn tapped the microphone before exclaiming, "Ladies and gentlemen, in celebration of my love life going down the drain today, all expenses in the KTV room are on me. Order whatever you want till the shop closes for the day! Don't hold back! Though, tips are on you."

"Whoa..." The entire bar went silent for a moment, followed by unending whistles and screams. The place turned into a frenzy. Who the hell reserves an entire venue just because of a breakup? Damn, now that's a prodigal."

After yelling, Finn felt exhilarated hearing the screams. Damn, spending money feels great. No wonder those rich folks enjoy blowing cash. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chubby and the other two were stunned. Holy cow, our leader has changed too much. He used to wear regular clothes and even worked part-time. But today, he booked an entire nightclub? This is damn crazy!.

Those waiters and security guards who were just preparing to stop Finn Lewis were a bit stunned. "My God, can this guy afford it?" The looks from those waiters and security guards were scornful. Finn's clothes seemed like ordinary stuff, not that of a wealthy man. If he failed to pull out the money he claimed to have, things could go bad for them.

The security guards and waiters didn't dare to take this lightly. Two waiters immediately approached Finn and said, "Sir, are you sure that what you just said is true? This matter is not to be taken lightly. Do you know how much money this place makes every night?"

Finn squatted down, leaned into the waiter's face, grinned and laughed before shouting into the microphone, "I don't know how much this place makes, but is it even possible for this place to drain all my fortune in one night? You guys, these waiters look down on me? Do you think the way I dress makes me look poor? What do you guys think?"

"He doesn't!" "He does!" Immediately, numerous shouts came from below, both newcomers and regulars.

When the voices from below quieted down a bit, Finn turned back and grinned again, "Did you hear that? A lot of people said I seem wealthy, which fucking eye of yours made you think I was not?"

"Sir, I didn't mean that, I wasn't questioning your financial capability, I just wanted to confirm whether you were booking the entire venue. If so, given our precious daily income, ordering any type of beverages freely would not be a small sum. We have an array of wines priced at tens of thousands." the waiter asked stoically.

"Tsk, tens of thousands for a bottle of wine? Is that a lot? I've already said that I booked the venue and everyone can order freely. Is what I said not clear enough?" Finn chuckled.

"Prince, I think we might need to stop the boss, the vibe feels off, and this isn't the place to stir up trouble." Chubby Callum whispered from the booth.

"No need, let the boss vent. He's just letting off steam. He appears to be fine on the surface, but considering his wealth at home and his usual thriftiness, his extravagance today shows he's obviously irritated." The Prince shook his head gently.

"But this place isn't cheap, are we sure the boss can afford it? According to my calculations, if the boss keeps going like this, spending tens of millions here tonight is not out of the question." Mick, the man with glasses, adjusted his spectacles, his face serious.

"Tens of millions is a little exaggerated. Even if there are wines worth tens of thousands here, there won't be many. Don't worry, if he can afford to spend two million on a whim, he should be able to handle this." The Prince shook his head.

"Kid, who the fuck are you? You've never been here before. You fucking think you can show off by booking the entire place? I fucking hate guys like you, who think they're a big deal just because they have some dirty money. Can't you see where you are? Fuck! If you're booking the place then do it, if you can't pay up then fuck off! Don't mess around here, or I'll deal with you today!" A sudden harsh voice echoed through the club, causing everyone to fall silent, their eyes all focused on Finn and the man.

The crowd in between both parties started to shift, quickly clearing a space between them. Security guards in the club started rushing over. If things got nasty, it wouldn't be a minor issue.

Finn lifted his head to look at the culprit, a man encircled by seven or eight others within a booth, their arms covered with tattoos. Amidst dim lighting, Finn could see several

young men in the booth, though their expressions suggested they were just there to watch the drama unfold.

Laughing lightly, Finn picked up the microphone, "And who the fuck are you? What do you care if I book the place? If you can't stand watching, why not book it yourself? If you don't even have that pocket change, what the fuck are you all about?"

"Fuck you! Boy, are you fucking looking for trouble? Do you fucking dare me to waste you?" The man shot up from his seat, the seven or eight people beside him, presumably his subordinates, also stood up, with the exception of three or four young men sitting further inside the booth.

"I don't believe you can do shit, come on!" Finn turned his thumb to the ground and waved it at the man.

"Fuck, Sean King, Mr. Wood, gentlemen, this isn't me not giving you face, this fucking punk brought this on himself." The man addressed the five or six young men inside the booth.

The entire club was silent at this moment and everyone could hear the dialogue between Finn and the man. Finn took a look around. The manager of the club was not present, suggesting that the men beside the stranger were likely involved with the club.

"Motherfucker, bring that brat over here. If he dares to resist, break his legs!" After a few quiet murmurs between the club's insiders, the man rose to his feet, addressing his subordinates.

"Damn, Prince, what are we supposed to do?" Chubby Callum, along with several others, were thrown into a panic as they observed the escalating situation.

"What else can we do? We fight! It's just a brawl." Mick shouted as he was the first to dash over. Three more quickly rushed over to Finn while seven or eight men from the other party started making their way over as well.

All of a sudden, amidst the surrounding chaotic crowd, ten figures emerged, too fast for the frontline security to stop them from joining the fray. Two guards tried to stop one of them, only to be effortlessly brushed aside.

As the ten figures got in front of Finn, the club fell into deathly silence. But Finn started laughing, intrigued by the turn of events.

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Chapter 3 - 3 The Huge Cake

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Everyone was somewhat lost and confused as they looked at the ten men standing in front of Finn Lewis. These ten weren't particularly well-built, but the defined lines of the muscles on their exposed arms were apparent. Most importantly, their faces were all expressionless, cold as blocks of ice.

These ten were not dressed uniformly. They were mostly in jeans, short-sleeved t-shirts, with close-cropped hair. In comparison to the seven or eight men who had stood by the other guy, these men had no tattoos, no embellishments. Nevertheless, their imposing presence still managed to reign the entire bar into submission- no one dared to breathe loudly.

The most striking feature was that among these ten men, five of them had their hands in their pockets; what they held within was left to everyone's imagination. The man who was arrogantly swaggering just a moment ago didn't dare to make a peep. It was obvious to everyone that these ten were probably something akin to bodyguards, and their adversaries, the ones covered in tattoos, were nothing more than petty thugs.

Even the toughest thug is still just a thug, and they are definitely not stage material.

"Still want to break my legs?" Finn Lewis jumped off the stage, sneering as he walked towards them. When he reached the ten, they automatically parted in the middle, giving way for Finn. When he passed, they resumed their positions behind him and accompanied him towards the other man.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, let's make money peacefully. Let's keep calm. I'm the manager here; my family name is Tian. Sir, I apologize for our lack of due care that allowed these individuals to enter the premises". A man in his thirties wearing a suit pushed his way through the crowd to stand in front of Finn and spoke to him in a fawning tone.

"You guys, get them all out now! We do not welcome those who cause trouble." This manager roared at the surrounding security guards without waiting for Finn's reply. Few of them ran through and began herding these seven or eight men out.

Finn halted for a moment but made no move to prevent them. After they disappeared from sight, including the man who caused a scene with him, Finn then looked at the manager and said, "I would like to book this place exclusively tonight, will there be a problem?"

"Not at all, sir, the floor is yours! Ladies and Gentlemen, you've heard it, this gentleman has booked us this evening! Enjoy to your hearts' content! And for the next three days, anyone can get a 50% discount if they bring today's receipt." The manager immediately said loudly.

Despite the teeming crowd inside the bar, nobody was talking, so everyone heard what the manager said without a microphone. Those at the far off didn't hear clearly, but someone will relay it to them.

"Excellent," Finn said, nodding. He glanced at the VIP section again, and then made his way to his reserved area. Along his way, he did not dignify the ten men with an acknowledgement.

"Second, third and fourth team, withdraw. First team, stay." As soon as Finn had reached his reserved area, one of the men behind him, who had been standing on his left, murmured softly. The crowd heard his murmurs, and with his command, at least twenty or thirty people in the crowd abruptly made their way out of the bar.

A young man inside the same VIP section as the man who had confronted Finn earlier couldn't help but wipe the cold sweat from his forehead, "Bloody hell, who is this man? Sean King, Mr. Wood, do you guys know him?" He cautiously asked the two young men sitting opposite him.

"Don't know him, never seen him before nor within our circles. You better not mess with him. He's not someone you can afford to mess with. I'll ask around when I'm back, and make sure your guys won't cause trouble here in the future. If a big scene really did unfold tonight, your place would have trouble reopening," one of the young men who was sitting in the middle commented gravely, watching Finn's retreating figure. He may not know him, but anyone with that many people protecting him clearly was not a simple man.

"Good lord, Mr. Finn, this is amazing! Who are these dudes? Your bodyguards? I saw a bunch of similar people in the crowd too!" The ignorant Chubby Callum shouted as soon as they got back to their reserved area.

With the DJ's efforts, the atmosphere in the bar quickly livened up again. The DJ had clearly seen a lot, and everyone was here to have fun. With the trouble over, no one was going to leave, especially considering someone had booked the entire venue for the night and drinks were on the house. Many started calling their friends to come over.

After some laughs with Chubby Callum and his friends, which considerably eased the previously tense atmosphere, Finn let loose and had fun. Throughout the night, numerous attractive women came over for a drink with him on the premise of "Finn's treat". Of course, Finn was not a fool. He knew exactly what they were after. In the past, he'd tried to pick up girls in nightclubs but was ignored. But tonight, now that was a different story.

It was only after three in the morning did Finn and his party finally leave the Nine Heavens Pool. They couldn't make it back to the dormitory that night, so they found a nearby hotel and booked several rooms. The individuals who had been assigned to protect Finn Lewis seemed to have completely vanished, never to be seen again.

After ensuring that Chubby Callum and his friends were settled, Finn returned to his own room and waited in silence.

"You are very clever," an icy voice sounded beside him as if from a ghost.

"The feeling is mutual; it seems that I hold a significant place in your heart." Finn laughed lightly as he responded. At the bar, he took a gamble with his own physical health potentially at stake. As for the wager, it was simple, and now it was clear.

"Looks like we need to talk." The icy voice suggested.

"What are we talking about?" If it could be said that he was impulsive by the riverside that night, after supposedly selling his life to this alien, Finn Lewis came to complete sobriety. Pies don't just fall from the sky, and even if they did, they'd certainly be spoiled.

"I can offer you these things." With the cold voice's words, a three-dimensional virtual screen appeared before Finn Lewis. As he fixed his gaze on it, Finn Lewis's eyes widened in surprise.

"Strength +1 Potion 100 Points."

"Agility +1 Potion 100 Points."

"Intelligence +1 Potion 100 Points."

"Sexual Power +1 Potion 500 Points."

...

"Photon computer T100 model 50,000 Points."

...

"Thunder God Class Universe Battleship Cruiser 1000000000000000 Points."

Damn! What are all these things? Do they have to be this shockingly awesome? Looking at what's inside, Finn Lewis's eyes almost turned into red bulbs.

"Can you explain to me why a Sexual Power +1 potion, just like the other +1 potions, costs 500 points? And how do I earn these points?" Finn Lewis asked, drooling. Heck, as a man, who wouldn't want to have the charm of a Western man?

"If you have 500 points, which one would you choose first?"

"No shit, it would definitely be Sexual Power +1, would it make my little brother bigger?" Finn Lewis said without hesitation.

"That's why its price is 500 points. As for points, I'll give you some tasks which will reward you with varying points, or, you can make money. For every 10,000 yuan you earn, you can exchange it for 1 point." The cold voice explained the point system rules. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"That simple?" As for the tasks, Finn didn't ask, he didn't know what this alien wanted him to do. But seeing as they were offering money, they must require action from him. He was surprised at the mention of making money. Such a simple thing, he had more than 90 million in his hands, haphazardly buying a profitable small company, wouldn't the annual profit be one or two million? Wouldn't that mean he'd have one or two hundred points?

"Simple? I mentioned earning money, if you want to use the money I give you to buy a company, then firstly you have to cover the cost of buying the company. Only the profits afterwards can be considered earned money." The cold voice reiterated the meaning of making money.

These words were like a bucket of cold water pouring over an enthusiastic Finn Lewis, chilling him to the core. Forget the potions, among them were even some that could increase lifespan, in comparison to that, nothing else was attractive. And those black tech things in the back had minimum price tags in the tens of thousands of points. According to the ratio, Finn would have to earn several billion before he could redeem these things.

The problem was, all this was like an incredibly sweet cake, but if you can't take the first bite, there's no need to eat the rest.

"Alright, since I've sold my life to you, I should have some benefits, right? Are there any base points?" Finn Lewis asked expectantly.

"None." The cold voice directly extinguished Finn Lewis's last thread of fantasy.

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Chapter 4 - 4: Amazingly Awesome

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Finn Lewis felt a bit cut up, and for good reason: The stuff this alien was selling was out-of-this-world incredible. Just think about it, if he could get his hands on any of that loot, he wouldn't have to give a damn about anyone on Earth ever again!

Here's the thing; he saw a complete naval task force listed amongst the exchangeables. Can you imagine the magnitude of that? He often daydreamed about instances where Belmare Country was stirring up trouble again at Shark Island. If only he could materialize a few task force fleets, then he wouldn't be just daydreaming anymore, and it'd be quite a show to see the look on Belmare's face.

Of course, he was only complaining for fun at that time, knowing full well that gaining so many assets was far from easy. He enjoyed himself purely for the fantasy of having Belmare at his mercy. Now, with a real opportunity before him, how could he not be excited?

The problem was, these trading conditions were outrageously harsh! Wasn't he just being teased with incredible things he can't actually have? The concept of making a profit may seem simple, but one needed to deduct production costs before he could technically profit. When could he earn enough points to exchange for those awesome products?

For example, there were mechs just like in sci-fi films. They didn't just have the actual product but also had the technical blueprints for it. But for now, apart from items that cost less than 1000 points, every other item available for exchange was listed as locked.

"What does 'locked' mean?" asked Finn, pointing at the grayed-out items.

"It means they will be accessible once you have completed some tasks," responded the alien.

"So you're saying, you will give me some tasks, sort of like missions in a video game, and once I complete those tasks, I can unlock these products?" Finn clarified, pointing at the list.

"Correct," answered the alien.

"What tasks?" Finn couldn't wait to find out, even though he had absolutely no points currently. But he'd figured out in that short span of time that his main source of points would probably come from these tasks. As for making money? To exchange for one point, he needed 10,000 yuan. To get 10,000 points, he needed a billion yuan, and for a million points, he needed a trillion yuan! Several high-end products cost millions to tens of millions of points. Many items were useless if purchased individually, not to mention some ultra-luxury items.

"I will notify you when there are missions," the alien explained before preparing to leave.

"Wait, wait, wait," Finn quickly exclaimed.

"What else is there?" the alien inquired, its tone as cold as ever.

"How am I supposed to call you? 'Hey'? And how do I contact you? Besides, I should be your first appreciator, right? Isn't there any preferential treatment for early adopters? You said we'd have a chat, right? We really do need to talk- communicate! Do you understand?" Finn blurted out all his questions.

As for things like style and manners, Finn had thrown them out of the window. If he didn't seize such a great opportunity, wouldn't that make him a fool? He'd been too stupid before.

"You can name me", it suggested.

"I can name you? Are you sure?" Finn's eyes lit up, as he considered names like Fortune Dog, Yellow, etc.

"Sure," the alien responded, its voice resolute.

"How about Zero? Your voice is so cold, devoid of emotions, much like a number." Ultimately, Finn ruled out names like Yellow. After all, who knew if the alien would retaliate and knock him out?

"Name confirmed," it responded, its cold voice not betraying an ounce of human-like emotion as it accepted the name Finn assigned.

"I have another question," Finn spoke up again.

"Proceed."

"Those who protected me last night, am I still allowed to use them?" Finn asked cautiously. It was a crucial question.

"As my first-ever agent on Earth, I will provide necessary protection for you," Zero replied in its usual manner.

"In other words, if I need them, you will provide them for me, right? Perhaps some even more potent safeguards to ensure my safety?" Finn continued prodding, realizing that his question was of pivotal importance. It concerned his own safety. Who knew what kind of dangerous missions this thing would assign to him in the future? What if he had no one to call for help when he was in trouble?

"As I've said before, I just provide protection for your safety. As for other matters, I will judge them based on the situation. For instance, if you engage in a fist fight, I won't interfere," Zero replied ambiguously. Finn could do nothing but nod in reluctant acceptance.

But nevertheless, Finn was satisfied with the outcome. Snapping his fingers, he said, "Ok, got it. Now all that's left is the last question. My wealth... My family's just ordinary,

but suddenly there's one hundred million Flame Nation coins in my account. I think the bank might find that quite irregular, right? What if the police come knocking?"

"I have resolved that issue by providing you with an appropriate identity," Zero responded.

"Oh? What kind of identity could allow me to casually have a hundred million Flame Nation coins?" Finn was extremely curious. Since Zero claimed to have solved the problem, it meant that Finn's newfound wealth wouldn't raise any eyebrows. So, the question was, what kind of identity would allow a mere sophomore student like him to possess a hundred million Flame Nation coins?

"48 hours and 16 minutes ago, the Fruit Computer Co., Ltd. of the North Federation passed a resolution. A talented technician from Cathaysia brought in some major technology and acquired a 4.8% share in Fruit Computer Co., Ltd. He became the largest individual shareholder of the company!" Zero said, its tone unchanged.

Finn was stunned. The Fruit Company was renowned worldwide. Everybody knew what the Fruit Company was selling. Finn himself was using a phone made by them. Now he was the biggest shareholder?!

Inside, Finn was cursing and cheering, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" to vent his emotions. If not for being in a hotel, he would've probably shouted out loud.

He didn't know how Zero had managed that, but this was just...just...

"Any more questions?" asked Zero, still in its calm and unaffected voice.

"No, none," stuttered Finn. He was still caught in a storm of thoughts stemming from what he'd just heard. [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

After a while, as if struck with an idea, Finn rushed towards the computer provided in his hotel room. Opening up the internet, he promptly checked Fruit's stock prices. Seeing a net value of 650 billion federal coins, Finn was dumbstruck. He grinned like a fool, unable to stop himself.

650 billion times 4.8%, did that mean the value of the stock he held reached a whopping 31.2 billion federal coins?!

But Zero had just mentioned the decision was passed 48 hours ago. He hadn't known Zero for 48 hours yet, had he?

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Chapter 5 - 5 Late Trouble (Part 1)

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 Late Trouble (Part 1)

The next day, when Callum and the other two saw Finn Lewis, they were taken aback by his appearance. Finn had two huge dark circles under his eyes, his eyes were as red as a rabbit's, and his hair was a mess. The smell of cigarette smoke was strong on him. Clearly, Finn hadn't slept all night.

"Mr. Finn, why are you torturing yourself like this? Didn't you say you were okay yesterday? Is the matter over just like that?" Chubby Callum was the first to approach him. He extended his hand and gently patted Finn on the shoulder.

"Callum, it's not so easy to let it go. But, Mr. Finn, since you know the truth now, why are you so heartbroken? I can't believe you're scared of not finding a better woman." The guy with glasses pushed his glasses up and looked at Finn.

"Don't worry, I'm fine. I just had trouble sleeping last night." Finn laughed without further explanation. Explaining this would scare people.

The three of them comforted Finn and then they headed towards the school together. There were classes in the school that day and the first period was their iron-handed class teacher's class, Finn didn't want to fail this subject by the end of the term.

When he arrived in the classroom, he immediately felt a strange atmosphere. They were all looking at him weirdly. In this internet age, words travel fast. It didn't take long for the whole campus to get to know about what had happened. It was impossible to keep such a sensational event a secret.

As Chubby Callum and the other two didn't share the same major as Finn, under normal circumstances, Finn would have been anxious about it. But not today. Before coming here, he had already guessed what the situation would be.

"Hey, Finn, the thing from yesterday blew up." As soon as Finn sat down, a guy next to him leaned in. His name was Edward Sutherland. He was a skinny guy, not too short, with an average family background. He usually got along well with Finn.

"What happened?" Finn looked at Edward and asked.

"You don't know?"

"Of course I don't. After leaving school yesterday, I went out and tried to vent my frustrations." Finn shrugged and asked.

"Um, are you okay now?" Edward hesitated for a moment before asking.

"Of course I'm okay. I figured it out yesterday. In this world, there are always some blind people. You can't expect everyone to treat you well." Finn squinted and smiled.

"Okay, let me tell you this: the thing you did yesterday, the cops got involved." Edward said in a low voice.

"What do you mean?" Finn was stunned. He knew very well what he had done yesterday but how could it have caught the attention of the police? The last person Finn wanted to see right now was a policeman. Anybody would feel a bit guilty in this situation. Even though, his source of money had no issues according to what he had been told, nobody knew for sure until it was verified!

"It's all because of that woman. You just threw away the money, right? It was windy yesterday, and the money got scattered all over the place. There were hundreds of students watching. In the end, Cora Franklin reported a loss of a hundred thousand dollars." Edward gave a bitter smile as he explained the situation.

Finn started laughing. Damn, it's as if it was her money. And she had the nerve to report to the police?

"What happened next?" Finn immediately asked.

"The school was notified. But of course, with so much money, it's impossible to recover it all. But then, I heard that Cora's new boyfriend came over and it seems that he knows the policemen. They said they wanted to see you, but since they couldn't reach you on the phone yesterday, the case was postponed. I don't know anymore after that." Edward shrugged.

Finn asked strangely, "Why do the police want to see me? Since I threw the money, I don't want it anymore. Why? Are they asking me to make up for the two million?"

Looking at Finn's indifferent expression, Edward was somewhat dumbfounded. He didn't know what to make of Finn. The change in his behavior was mind-boggling. He used to be quite frugal, even when it came to meals at the cafeteria. But now, he doesn't even care about two million. Is this some kind of soap opera?

"No, of course not. It's just that the police don't know what to do. Although you used the money to embarrass Cora, you didn't say you were giving her the money, so..." Edward shrugged and shook his head with a bitter smile.

On hearing this, Finn laughed. Damn it, so that's the twist! He had a blast initially, but today he was somewhat regretful. Two million! He might not be short of this money now, but he couldn't leave it to that woman. Finn would rather give it to beggars on the streets or donate it to charity than leave it to her!

"So the police want to ask for my opinion, right?" Finn immediately asked.

"Yeah." Edward shrugged.

After the bell rang for class, indeed, as soon as their class teacher entered, the first thing he asked was whether Finn was present.

"Yes, I'm here." Finn stood up from his seat.

"Come with me." The class teacher, Mr. Wood, immediately pointed to the door.

Finn got up from his seat and walked out. As soon as the two of them left, the classroom burst into a flurry of discussion. Their class teacher, Mr. Wood was a middle-aged man in his forties with thick glasses that resembled the bottom of a beer bottle. He dressed simply, but he was far from dull.

"Tell me about it, what's the deal with you and Cora?" Mr. Wood asked as he led Finn to the fire escape. The students generally use the elevator, so there were not many people here.

"What could it be? It's just a small matter, isn't it? We broke up?" Finn said lightly. If it had been before, he might have been somewhat standoffish around Mr. Wood, but today he wasn't at all.

"You little son of a gun, I know all about the usual young people's drama. But let me tell you, you must not do anything illegal. Because of the small matter, don't ruin your whole life, understand? Is it just because of a woman? You study well, get a good job in the future, won't you still find a good woman? I know your family's situation and I've even met your parents. Where did you get two million from?" Mr. Wood looked at Finn and asked directly.

Looking at Mr. Wood's heartfelt concern, Finn, for the first time, thought Mr. Wood wasn't so bad. Having a teacher talk to a student about relationships was a rare sight. It was clear that Mr. Wood was worried Finn might do something illegal due to heartbreak. [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Mr. Wood, don't worry, I won't do anything illegal. Perhaps, Mr. Wood, you don't quite understand. The money is earned by me legit." Finn thought for a moment about how to pacify Mr. Wood and then said.

"Oh? I would like to hear how you earned this money." Mr. Wood looked at Finn curiously.

Finn hesitated for a moment, then said earnestly, "Mr. Wood, don't worry, I earned this money by my own ability. Here, I'll show you a message. As for the specific reason, I can't tell you for now, because it involves business secrets."

Hearing this, Mr. Wood looked at Finn in surprise, "business secrets?" Mr. Wood took a step back and looked at Finn up and down. To tell the truth, Mr. Wood didn't know Finn very well even though he had been their class teacher for over two years. Could this boy really be so capable?

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Chapter 6 - 6 Late Trouble (Part 2)

Chapter 6: Chapter 6 Late Trouble (Part 2)

Finn Lewis casually took out his own phone and dug up the message from ICBC, then handed it directly over to Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood took a dubious look at Finn before accepting the phone. But when he saw the content displayed on the screen, he immediately bulged his eyes!

"100 million yuan?!" Mr. Wood couldn't help but exclaim. He was aware of Finn's family background, just an ordinary working-class family. So, having suddenly received a transfer of 100 million yuan, it was clear that the money couldn't possibly have come from illegal activities like robbery. Now, unless you're robbing a bank vault, you couldn't get your hands on 100 million yuan in cash. And where would Finn have gone to rob a bank vault?

"Kid, where did you get this money from? Have you obtained it through illegal means on the internet?" Mr. Wood immediately looked up at Finn, asking accusingly.

Finn could only laugh helplessly in response, "I mean, Mr. Wood, can't I do anything legal in your eyes? Although our computing department at F University isn't as superior as Tsinghua or Peking, we have a few alumni whose net worth is above billions, right?"

"Well, you're not wrong. But none of your alumni have made billions while still studying at the university." Mr. Wood looked at Finn with increasing suspicion.

Being a mentor of the computing department at F University, and having Mr. Wood's curriculum also encompass computer science engineering, he was naturally well-versed in the field. It's true that computer science has the potential to create billionaires, but for a software or any piece of technology to sell for over a billion is a rarity, especially when you have no initial capital.

Similarly, computer science engineering doesn't lack another kind of individual - hackers! With the eruption of the North Federation's Prism Gate incident this June, hackers have entered the public eye and are no longer a mystery. And within the computing department at F University, there are plenty of talented students. Mr. Wood feared that Finn had used these illegal means to obtain the money.

"Don't worry, Mr. Wood, my money can withstand investigation. However, I can't tell you anything right now because it involves trade secrets." Finn chuckled twice, leaving Mr. Wood on a cliffhanger.

"Alright, then. If that's the case, I'm reassured. But what do you plan to do with that money? The police came to the department early this morning and they're waiting in the office." Mr. Wood nodded his head, then with a touch of resignation, mentioned the issue. He didn't know what to make of Finn. Was he nouveau riche now? He had just gotten his hands on 100 million yuan, and he had immediately used 2 million yuan to hit someone.

However, having heard the full story, Mr. Wood couldn't exactly chide Finn for his actions.

"What do you mean, 'what am I going to do'? I might have used the money to hit someone, but I didn't say I was giving it to her, did I? Theoretically, the money should still be mine, yes? If a classmate picked it up, then they picked it up, but why did she go to the police?" Finn raised his eyebrows.

"Alright, er... you should go clear things up with the officers. After all, you, as one of the persons directly involved, need to explain things. But... you, kid, have quite a temper. I can understand that, but now that you have money, you can't just eat into your principal. Isn't that simply being prodigal?" Despite his previous statement, Mr. Wood couldn't help but offhandedly advise Finn.

"Thank you, Mr. Wood, I understand." Finn responded with a broad smile. He knew Mr. Wood had his best interests at heart.

"Alright, let's go then. I'll announce to the students in the classroom and then accompany you to the department office." Mr. Wood patted Finn's shoulder.

Mr. Wood let everyone in the classroom continue with their self-study, then led Finn towards the head of the department's office. No matter the cause, the school took the fact that the police had come around very seriously.

Upon their arrival at the Department Head's office, Finn found himself stepping foot in it for the first time during his three years of schooling. Upon entering the office, Finn saw the police officers sitting there with the Department Head.

Seeing Finn come in, the two middle-aged police officers sitting on the sofa stood up. The lead officer asked, "Are you Finn Lewis?"

"Yes, it's me. Hello, officers," Finn immediately greeted them.

"Hello, Finn. I'm Director Samuel from Handan Road Police Station. We need you to cooperate with us on an inquiry regarding an incident from yesterday morning," the leading middle-aged officer scrutinized Finn from top to bottom with a dubious look, then began.

"Hello Director Samuel, whatever needs my cooperation, I'll certainly cooperate," Finn grinned and nodded in agreement.

With Finn agreeing so readily, Sharp James couldn't help but take another look at this student. In Sharp's over two decades of experience as a police officer, Finn looked like just an average university student, in no way resembling a wealthy individual.

But if not a wealthy individual, then how to explain the incident from yesterday morning? Many students had captured the scene on video at the time. Although the video was slightly fuzzy and they couldn't clearly see the faces of those involved, based on the clothes and physique, and with many students as witnesses, it was undoubtedly this young man in front of them.

Two million yuan! That wasn't 200 yuan or 2,000 yuan. With his salary, it would take him at least 30 years to earn 2 million yuan! But this young man had just casually taken out that huge sum and hit someone with it.

"Mr. Wood, is there a problem on Finn's side?" Robert Thomp couldn't help but ask. As the head of the computer science department, despite having been a teacher at F University for many years, he had never encountered a situation like this.

He had seen plenty of wealthy students, but none had ever publicly used 2 million yuan in cash to hit someone under broad daylight. Robert Thomp had never seen anything like it before. But yesterday, Robert had perused Finn's file from the department, and Finn's family was just an average one, so how could they possibly cough up 2 million yuan?

"There's no problem. The money Finn made is all through legitimate means," assured Mr. Wood, who was inclined to believe Finn, and nodded in response to Robert.

"Legitimate? Then can you tell us, Finn, where did you get that 2 million yuan? I've seen your school profile, and your family is an ordinary farming family, correct? And no one among your relatives could possibly loan you such a large sum of money, correct?" Robert immediately turned to Finn and asked.

"All I can say is that the money is earned by me through my own efforts. As for other details, I can't speak on them as they're trade secrets," Finn responded, earnest in expression.

Isn't that obvious? What proof does Finn have to offer right now? Should he claim that he's Fruit Company's largest individual shareholder? Or that he's the largest shareholder overall? Isn't that nonsense? Without actual evidence, who would believe it? As for seeking verification from Fruit Company, that's not something that can be proven in the short term. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

However, Finn wasn't worried, as long as no one could prove that the money was obtained illegally, he was safe.

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Chapter 7 - 7 You are a Moron (Part 1)

Chapter 7: Chapter 7 You are a Moron (Part 1)

Robert Thomp was immediately irritated. A trade secret? Does this also count as a trade secret? "Finn Lewis, what kind of attitude is this? How did you get this money, won't you have an explanation? A trade secret can't just gloss over it? I'm telling you, the police officers are handling this issue in the school out of respect for the institution. Do you know that if this was brought to the police station, it would add a nasty blot on your record? Hurry up and explain, where did this money come from? You're still young, it's normal for young people to make mistakes, but it is also necessary to correct them."

As Robert Thomp spoke seriously, Finn furrowed his eyebrows, glanced at Robert and said, "Mr. Thomp, what are you insinuating? Are you suggesting that my money was definitely obtained illegally? Can't it be money that I've personally earned?"

"You earned it yourself? How did you earn it? Plus, I've checked your whole academic record. Although your grades were not bad since high school, they were by no means top-notch. Even though you were admitted to this school, over the past three years you have failed four or five subjects, it was supplemental exams that helped you pass. Many of them were sympathy grades given by teachers. With such results, how did you earn 2 million yuan? Even more, in just a couple of days? Two days ago, you were still working part-time, right? If you had money then, would you have worked?" Robert Thomp asked back sternly.

"Mr. Thomp, are you implying that I definitely obtained this money illegally? Can't it be money that I've personally earned?" Finn chuckled and asked.

"How did you earn it?!" Robert Thomp immediately questioned.

"It's a trade secret, as I've said." Finn confidently spoke.

"What kind of attitude is this? Do you even want to solve your problem? What trade secret? Yours? Should we sign a non-disclosure agreement for you?" Robert Thomp slapped the desk with a loud "bam", the less Finn talked, the more Robert became sure that Finn's money was not obtained through regular channels.

"Hold on." Finn immediately interrupted Robert Thomp, turned to the middle-aged officer, and asked, "Director Samuel, could you please clarify what exactly you are investigating?"

"We are here to investigate how you showered Cora Franklin with money yesterday morning, right in front of F University's main teaching building. Because Cora claimed the money was hers, a lot of students picked up several hundred thousand yuan. What we have managed to recover so far is only 1.88 million yuan. Therefore, we came to ask for your cooperation in the investigation." Sharp James spoke swiftly.

"So you're only investigating yesterday's incident because Cora reported it to the police?" Finn immediately asked.

"Yes, that is correct." Sharp James nodded his head somewhat curiously.

Finn turned directly to Robert Thomp and said, "Did you hear that clearly, Mr. Thomp? Director Samuel is only here to investigate yesterday morning's incident. As long as the money can be proven as mine, that should be sufficient, right? There were so many students at the scene, proving it's my money won't be hard, will it? But it seems that Director Samuel isn't here to investigate how I earned this money."

"You!" Robert Thomp was nearly suffocated from anger. Sharp James swiftly intervened, "Finn, we're indeed here to investigate yesterday's incident. But it would certainly help if you could explain where your money came from. If the source of your money is unclear, we do have the right to investigate, even if we didn't receive an official report."

While Robert Thomp was about to say something, a knock came from the door. Robert Thomp immediately said for the visitor to come in. Upon opening the door, three people entered the room. Seeing these three people, a faint sneer appeared on Finn's face.

It was no one else but Cora Franklin, another male student, and a teacher, probably from their department. Upon seeing Finn, Cora was momentarily taken aback but she quickly turned to Sharp James and said, "Director Samuel, is it clear now? Can you help me get the money back?"

"The situation is still unclear," Sharp James responded.

"What's unclear? He's right here now, Finn, I ask you, were you the one who dumped that money all over me yesterday? Was it you?" Cora asked aloud.

"So what if it was?" Finn sneered.

"Did you hear that, Director Samuel?" Cora immediately asked Sharp James.

When that male student first walked in, Finn recognized him immediately. He was Yuri Lucas. Finn's face immediately turned serious. No wonder, Finn had never bothered to find out who Cora's new boyfriend was. But seeing Yuri Lucas, Finn immediately understood. The tension between the two could be traced back to their high school days.

"So what if I heard it? Who ever said the money belonged to you?" On seeing the triumphant smile on Yuri Lucas's face as he walked in, Finn raised his head and cut Cora off.

Everyone in the room was surprised. Cora was also taken aback, then she immediately glared furiously and asked, "Finn, what do you mean?" Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"What do I mean? Are you stupid? Yesterday, I was in a good mood and dumped my money on you. If you had just fucking picked up the money and left, this would've been over by now. You picked a bit of money but you fucking called the police. Why did you? Was the money yours?" Finn sneered, his face full of disdain.

"Why the fuck isn't it my money? If you showered me with fucking money, then it's my fucking money!" Cora hesitated for a moment, and then shouted back like a shrew.

"Director Samuel, which law of Flame Nation states that if I throw money at somebody, then the money becomes theirs? The incident between her and me yesterday didn't even amount to a fight or brawl, right? At that moment, I hit her with my stuff, she didn't even get a bruise. I was a bit ticked and didn't take my stuff with me, but that doesn't mean it's hers, does it?" Finn turned toward Sharp James and spoke calmly.

"Uh..." Sharp James was choked up. He never thought the situation could take such a turn. Initially, he just wanted to verify the money was thrown out by Finn. After all, the amount involved was huge, Cora had reported it to the police, and those students had picked up the money right in front of her. Therefore, it was naturally necessary to get it back. Sharp James never thought that after his arrival, Finn would make such a statement.

But can you say that Finn lied? Sharp James had seen some videos taken by students of yesterday's incident. Although they were taken from the middle of the event, Sharp James had a clear understanding of what happened. Just as Finn said, from any standpoint, the money shouldn't be considered Cora's, it's still Finn's money.

"Well... that money is still yours." Sharp James shook his head, a little bit amused. This incident had attracted a lot of attention, even some small media had reported on it. Sharp James definitely didn't want to stir up more trouble. After all, this matter couldn't even be considered a civil dispute, to be honest.

"Did you hear that? You're just an idiot. Give you some colour, and you'd dye a whole factory? It's surprising that anyone could like you. I must have been blind before. Director Samuel, since the money is mine, there shouldn't be any problem with me handling it."

"I..." Cora's eyes turned red, she was about to rush at Finn, but Yuri Lucas at her side quickly grabbed her. He chuckled and said, "The money is indeed yours, we all agree on that. But do you think you should clarify how you got the money?"

"None of your fucking business," Finn snickered, blocking his words with a sentence.

"Finn! Watch your attitude!" Robert Thomp slammed the desk.

Finn ignored him, turned to Sharp James, and said, "Director Samuel, is everything clear? If it's clear, then can we consider the money issue settled? The money isn't hers anyway, so there shouldn't be any problem with me taking it back, right?"

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Chapter 8 - 8 You are a Moron (Part 2)

Chapter 8: Chapter 8 You are a Moron (Part 2)

"Well... of course." Sharp James hesitated for a moment before he nodded directly. After all, it was an apparent fact that the money originally belonged to Finn Lewis. They had believed in their hearts from the beginning that the money was rightfully Finn's, otherwise, they would have already gone to help Cora Franklin retrieve the money, as she suggested. Why on earth would they need to consult Finn?

"Hmm, give me as much money as can be found, and if any is missing, it's okay," Finn nodded and said. search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Wait a moment! Finn, you're brutal! I have seen through you completely. But do you think you can just walk away with the money? Director Samuel, as police officers, you should take my case when I report it, right? I report, this money Finn has is completely illegal earnings. I am Finn's ex-girlfriend, and I know very well what he's like. His family is dirt poor, and he himself is just a poor grass, still working in a restaurant three days

ago. How can he suddenly afford two million?" Cora, with her eyes red, ranted hysterically at Sharp James.

"Finn, given the present situation, if you could clarify the source of the money, it would be better. Otherwise, we have the right to scrutinize it," Sharp James hesitantly proposed.

If Cora had not said this, to avoid trouble, James would rather not dig into where the money came from. James was also suspicious of the legitimacy of Finn's money since he expressed his doubts.

No choice. An ordinary rural child, who has always worked diligently at school for three years, after his ex-girlfriend moved into another man's arms, pulls out two million in just two or three days. Any ordinary person could see there was a problem with the money.

"Finn, you'd better tell us, if you can. Business secrets should never land you in a police station," Mr. Wood, standing by, chimed in.

"Mr. Wood, don't worry. I indeed don't want to say anything about it. I'm curious about what they can do to me." Finn chuckled coldly.

"You, kid! Why are you stubborn with the officers? Why not clarify everything and end this?" Mr. Wood became a little anxious.

"Director Thomp, you are the department head. Don't you think a matter of such severity that occurred in our department should be investigated thoroughly? Although I'm not directly involved, I'm Cora's boyfriend now. While this incident might not necessarily break the law, it does carry some moral implications? Moreover, even if the source of his cash is legitimate, does it mean he can throw money at someone else? Isn't that an insult to a person's dignity? Cora split up with him upon seeing the troubles with his morals. I still think we had better look into such students with problematic morals. Imagine the kind of scandal it would be if the truth comes out. It would disgrace our school," Yuri Lucas broke out suddenly by the side.

"Lucas, you have a point. Finn! I warn you now, clear things up quickly, or else I'll have to alert the school. Then punishment will not be as simple!" Robert Thomp slammed the table and said to Finn.

Finn was almost infuriated to death. Damn it! So are you saying I'm not allowed to make money?

"According to the data I've processed, arguing with them wouldn't make much difference to you. Because that dude named Robert Thomp has already accepted a million in Flame Nation coins as a bribe from a man named Yuri Lucas, with the aim of driving you out of the university," a cold voice suddenly came up in Finn's mind, startling him.

However, after coming to his senses, Finn noticed that people around seemed as though they had turned a deaf ear to Zero's words. He was the only that could perceive the voice. Finn had always thought that although he couldn't see Zero's voice, everyone could hear what Zero said. But it appeared that wasn't the case. However, what Zero said quickly left Finn stunned.

But for everyone else, Finn's expression clearly seemed to be a sign of fear for the ongoing situation. A look of triumph immediately surfaced on Yuri Lucas's face.

"Hehe, Finn, you'd better spit it out quickly. How did you get this money? As your high school classmate, don't you think I know you well enough? Back in high school, you only managed to graduate because the school exempted some of your tuition fees. It was difficult for you to make it into university. Please don't make it impossible for yourself to graduate because of trivial matters like this," said Lucas, picking up where Robert left off, smilingly.

"Hahaha..." Finn burst into laughter and said bluntly, "Lucas, don't think too highly of yourself. How much difference would it make even if you join forces with Robert Thomp? How much did it cost you to bribe Robert Thomp? You are really risking your life in..."

"Finn! Shut up! You, you, you... don't you have the demeanor of a university student?! Don't you have a teacher?! You did wrong, yet you shift the blame onto others?" Robert Thomp interrupted Finn furiously.

"Shut the fuck up, Robert! I've long wanted to give you a piece of my mind. Just because no one knows about the trash you've been up to doesn't excuse you. How many women have had to sleep with you so that their graduation wouldn't be deferred? How many aren't aware of your disgusting repute in our whole college?! Fucking hell! If you hadn't accepted bribe from Lucas, I would take my name in vain." Zero's words enraged Finn, who vented everything he had stored up in his heart.

Everyone may have only heard rumors about Robert, but Finn was all too aware of his vile deeds. A sister from his hometown, who graduated last year, was mistreated by Robert because of a problem with her diploma. That sister drank with Finn for three straight days before crying her way home with her diploma. She initially wanted to stay in the city.

Robert's office was located inside the school building. And students would occasionally walk down the corridor outside. Finn's altercation with the others was overheard by a few of the students walking by. Curiosity arose over what was happening inside the office, especially when they heard Finn's name. The incident yesterday; someone posted the entire video on F university's forum.

These students naturally knew who Finn was. Upon hearing Finn's name, one of the students immediately took out their cell phone and secretly recorded the incident

through the window. When Finn's audacious and explosive remarks came out, the fellas outside were startled, "Holy shit, this dude is dope! Fucking hell! No one in the whole F University dares to openly scold Robert!"

Robert's face turned purplish. Finn's tirade almost made him choke with anger. If the room had not been full of people, Robert would have liked nothing more than to rush over and kick Finn to death on the spot.

Cora and Lucas on one side were also startled. Of course, they knew about Robert's reputation. Still, that was precisely why Lucas dared to offer Robert a bribe. If he hadn't known about Robert, Lucas wouldn't have had the guts to bribe just anyone either! Shortly after, however, Cora and Lucas' faces reddened with excitement. Damn Finn, you only have yourself to blame!

"Mr. Wood! Is this a good student you bring up? Now I will immediately report to the school to expel you! We, at F University, do not need students like you!" Robert was evidently driven crazy by Finn.

"Director Samuel, we have said all we had to. Given the character of such a student, we do not hold any expectations as to how he got the money. But since there was such an incident, we hope you can investigate it thoroughly," Robert turned to Sharp James and concluded.

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Chapter 9 - 9 Trouble Strikes

Chapter 9: Chapter 9 Trouble Strikes

Luca Hall was a bit startled when he got off the plane - hardly surprising, given the shocking nature of the case. As a commercial lawyer at Pruett Law Firm, the largest law firm in the North Federation, he had seen it all. At 45, he had handled numerous major cases, including those involving anti-dumping settlements for the Flame Nation and Belmare Country.

Yet, the case at hand had Luca questioning if he was the punch line to a grand cosmic joke. A college student from Flame Nation had become the largest individual shareholder in Fruit Computer Co., Ltd., the highest-valued high-tech company in the North Federation, owning a staggering 4.8% of the shares. This alone guaranteed the student a place in the top 30 of the Forbes' World Billionaire list!

After receiving this confidential assignment, Luca was excited but refrained from leaking any news, traveling alone to Flame Nation. After all, establishing a good relationship with this young man could mean becoming his spokesperson in the North Federation.

"Mr. Lewis, would you kindly come with us?" Sharp James finally made a decision. He then turned to Cora Franklin and Yuri Lucas, "Considering that you want to file a report, I'd appreciate it if you also accompanied me."

"Wait, Principal Thom! Is it necessary to make a scene? They are our school's students, can't we conduct an internal investigation instead? We don't know the truth yet— isn't it inappropriate to go directly to the police station?" a somewhat panicked Mr. Wood tried to reason with Robert Thomp.

"Mr. Wood! Yes, they are our students. But didn't you hear what he just said? He fired obscenities and showed complete disrespect. As a teacher, I may overlook it, but in society, this behavior could lead to slander and defamation lawsuits! And this is not a trivial matter. If those hundreds of thousands of dollars were illegally obtained, that would carry a hefty prison sentence!" Robert Thomp sternly retorted.

"But..." Mr. Wood was about to object when Finn Lewis interrupted with a cold laugh, "Mr. Wood, don't bother. Go to the police station, be it. If one has done nothing wrong, one has nothing to fear. As for who can't withstand the investigation, we'll see. Mr. Wood, you should go back to class. And thank you."

"Finn, that's probably for the best. At the police station, you should plainly explain your situation to the officer. They can help keep your business secrets confidential. Have you got that?" As clueless as Mr. Wood might seem, Robert Thomp's attitude was a telltale sign.

Mr. Wood could only turn to Finn and firmly remind him.

"Got it," Finn assured him with a smile.

With the discussion concluded, Sharp James stood up, "Let's get going, shall we?"

Upon leaving the school building, Finn got into the police car. Cora Franklin and Yuri Lucas hailed a taxi to follow them to the station. Watching the departing police car, Mr. Wood clenched his teeth, stomped his foot and headed towards the headmaster's office.

However, Mr. Wood hadn't expected that Robert Thomp was already there, apparently having had a lengthy discussion with the headmaster.

"Headmaster Green," Mr. Wood expressed his urgency. Would Robert Thomp's preemptive talk mar the impression of the headmaster?

"I see. Mr. Wood, please sit down," Headmaster Robert Green instructed, pointing to a chair in the office. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Once Mr. Wood sat down, Headmaster Green began, "Principal Thom has briefed me on the incident. I have a basic understanding. I heard about yesterday's incident this morning. I have one question — do you believe that Finn Lewis can make two thousand dollars in a short period?"

"Shouldn't we look at this differently? He might not be the best student, but everyone has their strengths. Maybe he's business-savvy despite his underperformance at school? Isn't that possible?" Mr. Wood quickly interjected.

"Alright, I admit, you make a valid point. But success in business ties in with family, educational background, etc. Considering his background, his family is just an ordinary farming family. I don't scorn farming families, but his background has bound him to a certain societal level. He went to an average high school, got good grades, and got into our college. But in college, he spent most of his free time working part-time," Headmaster Green seemed well-versed in Finn's background.

He paused briefly before resuming, "My reluctance to believe in our students is not the issue. Mr. Wood, consider this: if he did, in fact, possess such commerce acumen, it wouldn't make sense that he spent nearly three years in college working part-time jobs, only to showcase this talent after a breakup, right?"

Headmaster Green's point was objective and made sense. This viewpoint made Mr. Wood wonder if it was as unlikely as it sounded, and he hurriedly spoke, "Alright, Headmaster Green. Your point is that two thousand dollars is a large sum to Finn, correct?"

"Yes! Perhaps two thousand dollars isn't much to others, and while we have many rich students at our school, it's a huge amount for Finn," Headmaster Green nodded.

A sense of smug satisfaction flickered on Robert Thomp's face before he replaced it with a mournful look and he firmly said, "Therefore, Headmaster Green, we should consider my proposals seriously. We must expel these morally corrupt students immediately before they harm others."

"Principal Thom! Aren't you taking this too far? Finn is a young man. So what if he cursed a few times in anger in the office? You can't just expel him for that! When did our school start expelling students so easily?" Mr. Wood was taken aback and stood up violently from the sofa to protest.

"Harsh? I don't think so at all! With such students, every additional day they are allowed to stay risks leading other students astray," Robert Thomp retorted quickly.

"Wait! Headmaster, there's something else I haven't mentioned. We all agree that to Finn, two thousand dollars is an astronomical figure and could be considered illegally gained. But the bank message I saw on his phone showed a balance of not just two thousand dollars but one hundred million!" Mr. Wood exclaimed.

"How much?" Headmaster Green and Robert Thomp were taken aback.

"A whole one hundred million! If two thousand dollars could be illegally obtained, then one hundred million, how could it possibly be gained illegally?" Mr. Wood rushed to clarify.

"Mr. Wood, are you sure about this?" Headmaster Green was flabbergasted. After all, one hundred million Flame Nation coins would weigh over a ton in cash – definitely limited in how it could be illegally obtained.

"I'm sure! He showed me himself," Mr. Wood asserted vehemently.

"Did you notice when this transaction was made?" Headmaster Green mused and continued questioning.

"Uh? I didn't pay attention, but I think it was roughly early morning yesterday," Mr. Wood hesitated before replying.

Upon hearing the time, Headmaster Green's expression grew grave.

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Chapter 10 - 10 Expulsion (Part 1)

Chapter 10: Chapter 10 Expulsion (Part 1)

"Mr. Wood, you step out for a moment." After some deliberation, Robert Green decisively spoke.

"Headmaster Green." Mr. Wood was taken aback.

"You go out for a while, I have something to discuss with Director Thomp." Robert Green quickly said.

"This... alright." Mr. Wood was a bit at a loss, had he made a mistake by disclosing Finn Lewis's huge wealth? But Headmaster Green was in charge here and there was nothing Mr. Wood could do but to walk out of the office. However, he didn't leave, instead waiting outside.

"Headmaster, you heard it, didn't you? There's something strange about this whole affair. Although we don't know when they split the money, right after gaining such a large sum, he took out two million directly to squander on Cora Franklin? And right in front of everyone's eyes. If it were someone else who just got hold of this sum of money,

they could never just squander it. This obviously had been planned beforehand!" Robert Thomp said quickly.

"Mr. Thom, don't jump to conclusions here, you're wrong to say this. After all, it's one hundred million we're dealing with, not some small change of a few million. That's not the kind of money someone can casually lay hands on." Robert Green was somewhat taken aback, considering what Mr. Wood had said: it's not that easy to illegally obtain such a large sum.

"Headmaster Green, let me tell you something. What does Mr. Wood's class teach? Programming, software. Don't tell me you've forgotten about our school's raging hacker issue from a while ago? They hacked Tsinghua's school forum to oblivion and it took a whole three days for Tsinghua to reclaim their servers. In the end, though, they had to resort to cutting off physical connections to do so," Robert Thomp rattled off.

Robert Green watched Robert Thomp skeptically and said, "Are you suggesting that this kid could be a hacker and acquired the cash illegally?"

"Yes, that's my suspicion. As I see it, whether it's two million or one hundred million, it's unlikely he gained it in the real world through illegal means. With his physique, it's basically impossible. There's only one other source — everyone knows our school has a hacker problem. We don't know who it is but the rivalry between our computer science department and that of Tsinghua is no secret. That kid is a key figure in this department," Robert Thomp said gravely.

"Moreover, technical types like them often act without considering the consequences," Robert Thomp added.

Robert Green watched Robert Thomp with some skepticism, mulling over whether Robert Thomp was doing this because Finn Lewis brazenly cussed him out in the office or because of the money issue. Or was it both?

Robert Green and Robert Thomp weren't in the same faction. Robert Green was well aware of the rumors about Robert Thomp, the ones Finn Lewis had railed against, but without evidence — and even with it — Robert Green would not act. Robert Thomp still has important contacts within the city, after all. Though Fusion University didn't care too much, it was still an issue of saving face on both sides.

After deep consideration, Robert Green asked, "Mr. Thomp, be candid, what do you think we should do?"

"Expel him!" Robert Thomp spat out fiercely, "We should make the first move. He cussed out professors and classmates in the classroom, he threw money at a student. Isn't this a moral issue? Isn't expelling him appropriate? We'll expel him first and then investigate where his money comes from. That would be a matter for the police to

investigate. It's not our problem. You should know, this hundred million isn't a small amount. If it was obtained criminally, it is serious enough to warrant the death penalty."

"Isn't expulsion a bit too harsh?" Robert Green looked at Robert Thomp, astonished.

"If his money is obtained illegally, how would it look if this huge affair becomes public? It will damage Fusion University's reputation. But, if we expel him first, even if it eventually comes to light, it won't have much to do with us and the damage to our reputation would be minimized," Robert Thomp replied swiftly.

"Give me some time to think," Robert Green said, a frown creasing his forehead.

"Our school's rules are strict: any student with illegal behaviors is eligible for expulsion," Robert Thomp quickly added.

"But we haven't finished investigating," Robert Green couldn't resist admitting.

"Just contact Director Samuel to know for sure. If they confirm there's trouble of Finn Lewis, and they start investigating, we can proceed. If we wait until the investigation is over, we won't be able to extricate ourselves." Robert Thomp was clever, he tied the issue up with the school's honor.

Unbeknownst to Finn Lewis, the discussion about him had escalated. But after he arrived at the police station, Sharp James first confirmed Finn's identity and family background with Cora Franklin and Yuri Lucas, then let them leave. The police station has its own system. Accessing Finn Lewis's family's records was simple. After reading them, Sharp James was frowning.

Sitting across from Finn Lewis, Sharp James said, "Finn Lewis, if your money comes from a legal source, tell me now. I can you protect your confidentiality. But if you don't say anything, you're handling a lot of money here. This matter may exceed our jurisdiction and need to be reported to city headquarters. Once city headquarters get involved, it will impact your schooling. Do you understand?"

Although just a small town police chief, Sharp James had a good guess what was going on at the school. But he didn't want to get involved in such a matter, and as a small town police chief, he couldn't really join.

Finn Lewis laughed, "Director Samuel, it's not that I don't want to tell you, but that I can't. If I do say something and any information leaks, the issue could become huge and losses could amount to tens of billions of Flame Nation coins. Can you handle that responsibility, Director Samuel?"

(If I could tell them, wouldn't I have done so? Shit, if I could prove that I am a shareholder of Fruit, why would I give a damn about that Robert Thomp?) Finn Lewis muttered under his breath, frustrated. Zero had only mentioned a single sentence from

beginning to end. Although Zero had told Finn that he was a shareholder of Fruit now, Finn couldn't entirely trust that. To become a shareholder, won't there be a contract or some kind of stock transfer agreement? But Finn had nothing.

Just because you say you are, does that mean you are? It already feels ridiculous that a college student from Flame Nation is a shareholder of Fruit. If you're a minor shareholder, that makes sense. Even if you bought a share of Fruit stock on the open market, you're technically a shareholder. But the problem is, you're claiming that you own as much as 4.8% of Fruit stocks.... Okay, Zero initially made it clear to Finn, Finn couldn't believe it himself. How can others? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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