

BEAUTIFUL CEO'S SUPER EXPERT

Chapter 7 - 7 Freaks

Xia Qiuru simply couldn't stand Su Chen's uninhibited gaze, so she stood up and walked to the back, all the way to the door.

Feeling rather embarrassed to turn his head and look, Su Chen, in a fit of boredom, started to examine the exam paper. There weren't many questions on it, just one side, but they were all essay questions.

Most of the questions required solutions for various public relations crises, and of course, Su Chen knew the standard answers, but they weren't the answers he had in mind.

With a flourish of his pen, Su Chen filled in the same word under each of these questions—fight!

Anyone who has wandered through the Dark World knows that all rules are built on one foundation, and that is strength!

When your strength is enough, you are right even when you're wrong; when your strength isn't enough, you are wrong even when you're right.

Essentially, this is also the true law of existence in this world!

Soon Su Chen reached the last question, which was a bit different from the others—it required a brief introduction to Belle Group in different national languages.

Upon seeing this question, Su Chen couldn't help but smile. The ambition of Belle Group seemed quite grand, it looked like they were ready to venture into the international market.

Naturally, Su Chen couldn't just write "fight" for this question, or he would look like a madman.

After some thought, he began to answer, but he quickly ran into a problem, because this was the last question, and there wasn't much space left at the bottom of the page. He had only used about a dozen national languages to introduce Belle Group when he ran out of room.

Su Chen had no choice but to flip to the back and continue writing "swish swish" on the back, and before long, the entire section was filled.

Su Chen took out his phone and saw that half an hour had passed, so he simply got up, walked to the back, and handed his exam paper to Xia Qiuru.

"I can leave now, right?"

Su Chen glanced at the towering front of Xia Qiuru and narrowed his eyes with a cramped smile.

Seeing that his gaze was still not proper, Xia Qiuru fiercely said, "Get lost!"

Just as Su Chen opened the door, ready to leave, he suddenly turned back, blew into Xia Qiuru's ear, and whispered softly,

"Director Xia, your bra is too small, if you wear it for too long, it might affect your development!"

After finishing his sentence, a loud "bang" of the door closing could be heard.

"Asshole! Hooligan!"

Xia Qiuru was stunned for a moment before she realized what had happened, her face flushed with embarrassment as she cursed.

Everyone was startled by Xia Qiuru's shout, and they all turned their heads in surprise to look at her.

Xia Qiuru felt even more humiliated and tried to put on a stern face:

"What are you looking at! Get back to your exam!"

After leaving the conference room, Su Chen went to a slightly smaller room next door to interview for a driver's position. The interview for the driver wasn't as formal as for the PR Director; after a brief understanding of the situation and a test drive, it was almost done.

Although Su Chen's Dantian was destroyed, his other skills and abilities were still intact. The destruction of his Dantian only affected his Martial Arts Cultivation; thus, interviewing for a simple driver's position was still easily within his grasp. After the interview, the interviewer told him to come to the company at 8 a.m. the next day for work.

After leaving the Belle Building, Su Chen took a deep breath of fresh air and muttered to himself:

"Is this what it's like to officially start living a normal life? It doesn't seem too hard to accept."

Having nothing else to do, Su Chen started wandering aimlessly around the streets...

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In an office of the Belle Building, Xia Qiuru was carefully reviewing the test papers from the two groups of candidates who took the written exam today.

Sometimes her delicate brows were slightly furrowed, at other times she smiled knowingly. All in all, there were quite a few talented individuals among the applicants, yet none that truly dazzled her.

In fact, what Belle Group valued most in hiring a Public Relations Director this time was the last question, which was to introduce the Belle Group in multiple languages, because the company's next development focus would be the international market.

The most any of the test papers that Xia Qiuru reviewed had was four or five languages, aside from the two main types of Chinese and English, mainly focusing on common languages like Korean, French, Japanese, Spanish, and German.

After examining one test paper, Xia Qiuru casually pulled out the next one. Upon seeing this test paper, a surge of anger involuntarily burst forth in her eyes.

Under every question on that test paper was a bold and glaring "打" character.

"Which asshole's paper is this? It's downright hooliganism. If public relations were just about 'hitting,' they might as well hire a bunch of thugs! I bet this person is a scoundrel themselves," Xia Qiuru thought indignantly, "Such a person even dares to try their luck at Belle Group."

Just as Xia Qiuru was about to discard this test paper as trash, her eyes suddenly locked onto something.

She noticed that the last question on this person's paper was densely packed with text, in stark contrast to the previous crude single character.

Xia Qiuru quickly placed the test paper back in front of her and started to read it carefully. She discovered that this individual had used over a dozen languages, of which she could only roughly recognize five or six, many she had never even seen before.

A look of shock filled Xia Qiuru's eyes. What kind of freak was this, knowing so many languages!

Xia Qiuru didn't suspect the person was just scribbling nonsense, because the introductions in the languages that she did recognize were not only grammatically correct but also eloquently phrased, clearly indicating proficiency.

From this, his linguistic talent was terrifyingly apparent!

However, being thorough and conscientious in her work, Xia Qiuru set that test paper aside and then started checking the other languages on the computer.

As time went by, the astonishment on Xia Qiuru's face grew increasingly intense, to the point where even sweat began to drip down.

Apart from those common languages, there were Arabic, Hindi, Mongolian, and even languages from smaller nations such as Macedonian, Maori, Georgian, and so on.

At that moment, a breeze blew in through the window, sweeping the test paper onto the floor. Xia Qiuru quickly got up from her seat, intent on picking it up.

However, when her gaze fell upon the test paper, Xia Qiuru's eyes involuntarily widened, her cherry-red lips parting in shock as if she had seen a ghost...

For Xia Qiuru, the current situation was more shocking than encountering a ghost!

It turned out that when the test paper was blown down by the wind, it landed upside down. The back, which should have been clean, was now completely filled with writing, not a single gap remaining.

Xia Qiuru hurriedly bent over to pick up the test paper, staring at it dumbfounded. It took a few minutes for her to come back to her senses, whereupon she sat down at her desk with a face full of amazement.

Xia Qiuru roughly counted and found that there were at least 150 languages written on it. This was absolutely astounding!

"I must contact this person right away! Such a talent is truly once in a century!"

Xia Qiuru immediately decided, but when she looked at the place for the name, she was stunned...

Because that space was blank, the candidate had not written their name at all!

Xia Qiuru instantly became nervous, carefully recalling the person who had submitted that answer sheet. A few minutes later, her eyes suddenly brightened.

The test paper seemed to be the last one from the first batch, which meant it should belong to the first person who turned in their paper.

"The first person to turn in their paper..."

An image of a sly man suddenly forced its way into Xia Qiuru's mind...

"So it was you!"