

DC: The Making of a God #Chapter 1: Soul - Read DC: The Making of a God Chapter 1: Soul

Chapter 1: Soul

In the suburbs of **Metropolis**, at the Seventh Street Nursing Home.

The door opened, and a well-dressed, handsome young man of Chinese descent with **light-green eyes** walked in.

"Professor, I brought what you asked for."

A photograph and two bank drafts totaling **three hundred thousand dollars** were placed on the sickbed. The old man picked up the drafts to verify the account holder's name. Then, he placed the photograph in his palm, looking at the kindly smiling lady, his eyes revealing extremely complex emotions.

The youth picked up a towel and wiped away the tears at the corner of the old man's eyes, then sat silently beside him.

Time ticked by. After a long silence, and with a lonely sigh, the old man regained his composure.

"When I die, please place the photograph on my body."

"I can do that. Do you have any other wishes?"

"No more."

The old man shook his head and then said, "Young man, thank you for doing so much for me. Now, you may state your request. What is it you want from me?"

"A soul."

"A soul?"

"Yes, a soul."

The youth looked up, his light-green eyes radiating a strange, faint glow.

"Professor Landos, I need your soul."

The old man chuckled hoarsely, as if he'd encountered something very amusing, his tone becoming quite cheerful.

"So, I am dealing with a demon. I wonder what your true name is? Lucifer? Or perhaps Beelzebub?"

"No, my name is **Luke**, and I am not a demon." The youth raised his palm, and a green flame appeared in the center. "Just a human with special abilities."

The **deep-green flame** resembled the ghostly fire of the underworld; though burning, it emitted a coldness that penetrated the soul. The old man fell silent. After a good while, he managed a forced smile.

"A metahuman?

I met one when I worked in Norway. She was a beautiful girl with silver hair who could conjure ice out of thin air, even creating a small blizzard. What about you? What exactly is your ability?"

"To devour souls, digest them, acquire memories, and strengthen myself."

"What an evil power!"

The old man sighed, though he showed little fear. For a dying man, there was nothing left to revere, only curiosity.

"Why choose me? An old man with terminal liver cancer can't offer you much, can he?"

"This is an experiment, and a matter of necessity."

"Would you mind telling me more?"

"Of course, if you wish to hear."

Luke pulled a chair up to him and sat down, narrating in a calm voice. "My ability has a flaw: while absorbing the souls of others, I'm also affected by their negative desires.

Before you, I absorbed the souls of three people in total.

The first was a history professor whose body was dumped in the wilderness. His soul was filled with a desire for revenge. To escape the entanglement, I spent months tracking down his killer.

The second was a scientist executed by firing squad. The emotion of brutality, buried deep in his soul, transferred to me. My experience during that time was not good.

To prevent similar issues, I made a very strict selection for the third target and ultimately chose **Frank Tours.**"

The old man frowned. "The Governor?"

"Yes, the former Governor."

Luke sighed. "It turned out to be a very foolish decision. Who could have imagined that the seemingly fair and upright Governor was, deep down, a pervert? To get him off my back, I had to go to great lengths, dating all sorts of girlfriends. My good reputation, which I'd built up over many years, was ruined."

The old man said oddly, "That doesn't sound like a bad thing."

Luke shrugged. "My grandfather is a rigid man, and he doesn't like me bringing girls of various skin colors home to stay the night. Besides, I'm only **seventeen**; too much of that isn't good for my development."

"Good point!"

The old man laughed heartily. "So, you saved the fourth target for me—a good man without any bad habits."

Luke shook his head. "I said this is an experiment."

"My previous experiences taught me a principle: whether good or bad, everyone hides unknown desires deep in their heart. Desire is unavoidable. I must only choose a soul that has **no regrets**."

"A soul with no regrets!"

The old man murmured, a look of sudden understanding in his eyes. "You helped me achieve my final wish so that I can die without regret, making it easier for you to devour and digest."

"Yes."

"That sounds quite fair."

"Thank you for seeing it that way."

Luke adjusted the position of the pillow to make the old man more comfortable. "Do you have any other final wishes? If so, please tell me, and I will help you fulfill them."

The old man quietly looked at the ceiling. After a moment, he spoke weakly.

"How much longer do I have to live?"

"Based on your current vital signs, **two minutes at most**."

"Can it be... a little longer?"

"I apologize, I don't have that ability."

The old man fell silent, and for the first time, an expression of despair crossed his pale face. Fortunately, he was mature enough, and he quickly suppressed the emotion.

"Thank you for telling me so much."

"It was the right thing to do."

Luke stood up and took the old man's frail hand.

"It was a pleasure meeting you, **Professor Landos.**"

The old man gave him a complex look, closed his eyes, and passed away.

"Goodbye, Professor."

Luke bowed. Deep-green flames erupted from his hand. With a gentle tug, he pulled out a fragmented soul. The youth opened his mouth and **swallowed the soul.**

A massive rush of memory fragments surged in: the joy of childhood, the freedom of youth, a college crush, the confusion after graduation, the helplessness at his wedding, and, of course, that passion for science. Most importantly, it was an endless supply of knowledge.

Nuclear physics, electronic engineering, element chemistry, cytology... The old man's life's learning became Luke's nourishment. What was pleasing was that, apart from that one unerasable regret, the memories contained no other desires.

"Thank you for your gift."

Luke bowed once more, tucked the photo into the old man's hand, and called the funeral home.

To ensure the old man didn't depart alone, Luke specifically arranged for **six Ghanaian pallbearers.** Frank J. Landos completed the final journey of his life amidst a lively, bouncing, and cheerful atmosphere.

"Have a good journey, Professor."

Luke set down a bouquet of lilies, turned, and departed.

Outside the cemetery, Charlie Will approached him.

"Boss, the director of the **Wayne Group** and the CEO of the **Luthor Group** have both called, hoping to discuss the acquisition with you."

Luke removed his suit jacket, tossing it casually into the car.

"Tell them to talk to me in three months."

"The Wayne Group is offering fifty million," Charlie paused, then added, "**Euros.**"

Luke put on his sunglasses and said with a faint smile, "Charlie, what did I tell you on your first day of work?"

Charlie paused, then said seriously, "Understood, Boss, I'll handle it."

"That's right."

The silver-white Ferrari blasted a heavy blue flame and sped off, leaving the envious and jealous stares of onlookers behind.

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Chapter 2: Hacking Contest

ABS Television Network

In the US, as a commercial break was about to end, famous talk show host **Doug Rando** suddenly threw out a question:

"Did you **ShowMe** today?"

What is ShowMe?

What is the age of social media?

Doug shook his signature big belly and used a witty tone to briefly introduce the internet product. The broadcast caused a significant stir.

In front of the TV, Luke sipped his coffee, but his heart was bleeding—twenty thousand for ten seconds, it was highway robbery.

"Charlie, what's the market feedback like?"

"It's already broken into the **top 100 on the nationwide search rankings** and is still climbing. We estimate it'll stabilize around seventy."

"That's too low."

"Tell Philly (ABS's Director of Program Planning) that for next week's talk show, I want a one-minute ad slot."

"We don't have that much budget."

"How much money does the company have left?"

Charlie forced out, "**Only five hundred and ten thousand** remaining. Subtracting daily expenses, we don't even have enough for this month's salaries. I suggest we postpone the ad."

"No need."

Luke rubbed his teacup and said calmly, "**Prepare a three hundred thousand advertising budget.** Contact Philly next Thursday. He won't refuse."

"But..."

"Charlie!" Luke cut him off. "Trust me, the capital chain will be fine."

"Alright, boss."

Charlie nodded, dropping the topic.

"What else is on the schedule for today?"

"A board meeting at 10 AM, attending the opening ceremony at Times Square at 1 PM, and the internal R&D meeting at 3 PM."

"Call Solank. I won't be able to make the opening ceremony. **Postpone the R&D and board meetings until tomorrow.**"

Charlie hesitated, "Then, today..."

"Get the things ready. You're coming with me to see a few people."

A Meeting in Queens

At ten o'clock in the morning, in a basement somewhere in the Queens borough of Metropolis.

Luke stood with his arms crossed, sizing up the young white man in front of him. The youth was about twenty-three or twenty-four, wearing a baseball cap, with deep-set eyes and a pale complexion—a clear sign of frequent all-nighters.

"Zacks Borg?"

"Who are you guys?"

The young man watched the group that had barged in with wariness. Crime rates in Queens had always been poor, and criminal cases like burglaries and robberies were common.

"Relax, we're not a gang, and we're not a biker crew."

Luke found a chair and sat down, opening a folder.

"Zacks Borg, a computer genius. At the age of 17, you deliberately invaded the Federal Bank's central system to find security vulnerabilities. In the following months, you stealthily stole four hundred thousand in bank principal with your superb hacking skills, and then were caught by the FBI due to a slip of the tongue while drunk..."

Luke closed the file.

"Wasting two years in prison just for four hundred thousand, was it worth it?"

The young man's face darkened.

"Who exactly are you?"

"Luke Shaw, the founder of **ShowMe**."

"ShowMe?"

Zacks looked doubtful. As a top hacker, he naturally knew about the popular social software that was trending, but he couldn't believe this kid in front of him had founded it. How old was he? Seventeen?

Luke pointed to the computer on the desk.

"My photo is on the official website. Check for yourself."

Zacks clicked on ShowMe's official website. Luke's photo was prominently displayed on the homepage.

"It really is you!"

"What do you want with me?"

Luke waved his hand. "Bring the stuff over."

Charlie and another employee placed two laptop computers on the table. The computers were dark purple-black, with a race car design, and bore a transistor trademark on the front: **Black Crystal Generation 3 - Tempest.**

It was a limited-edition laptop with global top-tier specs—one Zacks had coveted for a long time, but couldn't afford.

"This... what does this mean?"

"I hear you're a computer genius, and coincidentally, so am I. Let's have a match. **If you win, the Black Crystal computers are yours.** If I win, you report to my company tomorrow to be the **Technical Director of ShowMe.**"

"Are you kidding me?!"

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

Zacks was a little stunned. After a while, he asked uncertainly,

"You... you're not serious, are you?"

"What? Don't want a job? Don't want to make money? Or do you lack confidence in your skills?"

"Of course I have confidence."

When it came to hacking skills, Zacks had never backed down from anyone. "Tell me, how do we compete?"

"Pick what you're best at."

Zacks chuckled in exasperation. "Fine. **Invade the FBI's external materials network and retrieve the secret code.** Do you dare?"

Luke looked at him strangely. "Aren't you afraid the FBI will come after you?"

Zacks said proudly, "I won't leave a trace."

"Good. Let's do it your way."

The Contest

Plugging in the power and connecting the network cables, the two sat down at their computers, and the competition began.

Zacks expertly opened the VB language and began writing an invasion program. Luke sat opposite him, yawning boredly, and made no move even as the first subroutine was completed. Zacks couldn't help but frown.

"Are you giving up?"

"I'm giving you ten minutes."

Zacks scoffed coldly, his face full of disdain.

Soon, ten minutes passed.

Luke took off his jacket, casually tossed it into Charlie's arms, and his expression became incredibly focused, as if he were a completely different person. His ten fingers flew across the keyboard, the clattering sound almost becoming a single, continuous line.

Zacks glanced over in his spare time and was too shocked to speak. It was too fast. He had never seen such rapid coding speed; the fingers moved so quickly they were almost a blur.

This guy is a master!

He felt a chill and dared not be careless any longer.

The FBI Head Quarters

In the FBI headquarters building, an employee in charge of cybersecurity rushed into the Director's office.

"Director, we're under attack."

He opened his laptop and projected the signal onto the large screen. A panoramic world map appeared, covered in dense, flashing red dots.

"There are a total of **185 invasion signals**, coming from Oslo, Stockholm, Cape Town, Mumbai, New Delhi, London, Gotham, Metropolis, Brasília, Seoul, Tokyo, Modu (Shanghai), Munich, Paris, and many others."

Roger Consius loosened his tie and said coldly, "Are we at war with the world?"

The employee, not bothering to wipe his sweat, quickly replied,

"Falsifying IP addresses is a common technique used by top hackers. We can discern the authentic ones by checking them one by one."

"How long will that take?"

More and more beads of sweat appeared on the employee's forehead, and his voice became hoarse.

"Thir... thirty minutes."

Roger took a deep breath, unable to tolerate these idiotic subordinates.

"Ten minutes. In ten minutes, I want all the information on that bastard—his family, address, job, education... I want to know everything."

The employee nodded vigorously and turned to leave.

A contest between the FBI and the top hackers began. It didn't last long, only a few dozen seconds, before the red dots on the big screen disappeared. The employee who had just left ran back excitedly.

"We won! We won!"

Roger quickly stood up. "Who is he?"

"We didn't find any personal information, but we tracked the IP address. Here..." The employee placed the paper with the geographic coordinates on the desk.

38° 53' 52" N, 77° 02' 11" W!

Roger's ice-cold face immediately turned bluish-purple after just one look. He suppressed his anger and hissed,

"Do you know where this is?"

The employee shook his head blankly.

"You bunch of idiots! Can't you see this is the **White House**? Are you telling me that people in the White House are invading the FBI?! Are you pigs?!"

Taking a deep breath, he roared,

"Find that bastard at all costs! This is your last chance. If you don't find him, don't bother showing up for work tomorrow!"

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Chapter 3: The Financial Crook

As America's top intelligence agency, the FBI suffers hacker intrusions from time to time, but being ridden roughshod over as they were today was a first.

Rage spread through the entire department.

Everyone was itching to find the despicable thief.

A Job Offer

In the Queens basement, Luke took out four hundred dollars and placed it on the table.

"Buy some decent clothes. **Be at ShowMe tomorrow morning at eight sharp.** Don't be late."

Zacks stared blankly at the computer screen. Only when the door closed did he snap out of it, rushing to the computer Luke had used to check the data log.

The thousands of lines of source code formed a framework he had never seen. The more he looked, the more astonished he became. When he reached the last few lines, the screen suddenly went dark, and a white scythe pattern popped up.

"The Grim Reaper!"

Zacks was terrified.

The pattern flashed and vanished, all data was cleared, and the computer went into a blue screen error.

"It's over!"

Zacks slumped into the chair, clutching his hair in frustration.

The Grim Reaper was a legend in the hacking world. He burst onto the scene ten years ago, challenging the entire world single-handedly: putting up ducks on the UK government website, drawing women on the French site, drawing a backside on the Brazilian site, and leaving feces on the Italian site... The commotion at the time was huge, mobilizing hackers from various countries who even formed a temporary alliance.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't find the person's IP address. The only useful clue was the white scythe.

"Could he be the Grim Reaper?"

"No way. Ten years ago, that kid was six or seven at most. He wouldn't have even touched a computer."

"If he's not the Grim Reaper, why the white scythe?"

"Perhaps I should go and see what ShowMe is all about."

Exiting the basement, Charlie couldn't help but ask,

"Boss, aren't you going to take the computers back?"

"They're a welcoming gift."

"What if he doesn't show up?"

Luke opened the car door and smiled. "**He'll come.**"

Charlie shrugged as he took the driver's seat. He couldn't understand where his boss's confidence came from, but dozens of times in practice had proven that the boss was always right.

"Where to next?"

"Gotham!"

In Gotham City

In a dilapidated rented room on the outskirts of Gotham City.

Robert Downs sat dejectedly on the sofa, a liquor bottle dangling by his hand, his face flushed with alcohol—it was impossible to tell how much he'd had.

Looking at his down-and-out state, no one would guess he was the CEO of a publicly traded company.

Reality is always full of surprises.

A few years ago, Robert and his friends founded an investment firm that provided financial services to the wealthy. Relying on years of accumulated connections and exceptional vision, the company quickly became a leading figure in the industry.

After going public, money poured in, and Robert transformed into a celebrated young entrepreneur.

As the saying goes, great fame draws envy, and in a place with Gotham City's gentle customs, a rich man without a background is like a pure maiden without clothes.

Due to a financial dispute, he angered **Falcone**, Gotham City's mob boss. After that, everything went wrong.

Extortion, blackmail, intimidation... all sorts of tactics emerged endlessly. Robert only lasted two weeks before breaking down. The original partners couldn't tolerate the life of fear and left one after another.

The thriving company was suddenly left with no one to run it.

Robert was forced to file for bankruptcy and live like a vagrant.

The moment he pushed the door open, Luke wondered if he had come to the wrong place. The rundown, damp room didn't have a single decent piece of furniture, garbage was strewn everywhere, and the air was filled with a pungent smell of alcohol.

Luke pinched his nose and frowned.

"Are you sure he lives here?"

Charlie nodded. "The address on the email is this place."

"Alright!"

Luke tiptoed into the living room, sizing up the middle-aged man lying on the sofa several times. He frowned.

"Robert Downs?"

He called a few times with no response.

"Charlie, get a basin of water from the kitchen."

A basin of cold water splashed him, instantly waking the drunken man.

"Who are you? Who let you in? Get out, or I'll call the police!"

"If the police were any use, you wouldn't have fallen to this state."

Luke found a clean spot to sit down and said flatly, "Long time no see, Mr. Downs."

Robert wiped the ice water off his face, his gaze hesitant. The young man in front of him was familiar.

"Luke Shaw?"

"You can recognize me, so your brain isn't completely shot."

"What do you want with me?"

"I don't like talking to someone who reeks. Go take a shower in the bathroom. We'll talk in ten minutes."

Robert's face froze, slightly embarrassed. He used to be a respectable man and never thought he'd be talking to someone while wearing clothes he'd picked up from a trash can.

"Sorry, wait for me."

Robert quickly rushed into the bathroom.

Charlie surveyed the surroundings. The moldy cheese in the trash can and the piles of liquor bottles in the corner all made him feel uneasy.

"Boss, are you sure you want to hire a vagrant? He might even be a thief."

"That's not important. **Skill is the key.**"

Ten minutes quickly passed, and Robert emerged from the bathroom, having changed into a somewhat presentable T-shirt.

Luke didn't want to waste time in this environment and got straight to the point.

"Do you know ShowMe?"

"Of course, it's on my key follow-up list."

After cleaning up, Robert seemed to recall some of his former memory, and his tone became more composed.

"Tell me your thoughts on it."

"Is this an interview?"

Luke nodded. "ShowMe needs a Chief Financial Officer. You're a candidate."

When the words fell, Robert became entirely excited, like a drowning man grasping at a final straw.

"Are you serious... you want to... hire me?"

"I said, a candidate."

"Alright!"

Robert took a breath, suppressing his excitement, and said word for word,

"Over the past few years, with the development of information technology, computers have become commonplace. Many people have them, connecting to the internet to form a huge online platform—an undeveloped world. That's when your ShowMe arrived, filling the void and pioneering a new market. If it develops well and establishes a monopoly, it can become a new economic giant, like the Wayne family and the Luthor Corporation once were."

Luke inwardly praised him. As expected of a rising star in the financial world, his vision was certainly unique.

"You've mentioned all the advantages. What are the disadvantages?"

"The Capital Chain!"

Robert stared intently at Luke, hoping to see some confusion on that overly young face. Unfortunately, Luke remained calm from beginning to end, as if he had already understood everything.

"I've observed the ShowMe operating model. It's a cutting-edge business operation. Traditional enterprises focus heavily on profit; without it, there's no survival value. ShowMe is different. You use **free access to attract users and occupy the market**. As the scale grows, costs skyrocket, but profitability remains zero. To change this, you'd have to introduce paid services like subscriptions or ads, but doing so could easily push existing users to other social media apps."

Luke nodded. "Well said. Continue."

Robert took a sip of water to clear his throat.

"To solve the capital chain problem without harming the company's future, **operations and investment become the critical links**. Good operations can seize market resources and prove the company's value. Then, you use that inherent value to negotiate with those financial groups and venture capital firms, ensuring you secure investments without losing control of the company."

"I don't know much about the operations of an internet company, but capital operation is my strength. Give me a chance, and I will prove my value."

Luke supported his chin, silent, seemingly deep in thought.

Robert swallowed, feeling vaguely nervous. Though the young man had a handsome face, his demeanor and conduct were nothing like a sixteen or seventeen-year-old kid. He was too composed, like an old fox who had weathered many seasons, whose thoughts were impossible to guess.

After a moment, Luke looked up and asked,

"How much money did you scam Falcone out of?"

Robert's cheek twitched violently. Resentment and undisguised fear flashed in his eyes.

"To dare to earn the money of the Gotham boss, I must say, you have great nerve."

Luke rose to his feet.

"I like bold helpers. Let's go. Come with me to Metropolis. **In six months, I'll help you resolve your debt issues.**"

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The 13th floor of the ShowMe Headquarters Building in the Metropolis District.

This was the headquarters of **ShowMe**.

At ten in the morning, Luke, wearing a red and white T-shirt, pushed open the conference room door and walked to the head chair.

"This is the first all-hands meeting since the company was founded. Before we start, I need to formally confirm the assignment of duties moving forward."

At his words, the hearts of the young department heads inevitably tensed up.

ShowMe was no longer the small initial group of people, but a company with over twenty employees. Since it was now a company, job roles, authority, and division of labor had to be established.

Luke pressed his hands onto the table, his calm gaze sweeping around and finally settling on a young man wearing thick glasses.

"Rowan, the **Marketing Department** is yours. Collect user feedback information as much as possible, organize it into a report every three days, and submit it to me."

Rowan immediately stood up.

"I won't disappoint you, boss."

Luke raised a hand to let him sit and turned to face Philip Arthur on his right. The bald, middle-aged Black man was the oldest and most experienced person in the entire

company. A Harvard graduate, he had served as an executive in several large financial groups. Luke had gone to great lengths to recruit him.

"Mr. Arthur, I'll entrust the work of **Overall Planning and Coordination** to you."

Philip nodded with a broad smile, looking very amiable. Only those who had worked closely with him knew his work style was one of strict self-discipline and strict demands on others. Order must be maintained, and for the company to develop healthily, sound management systems were essential.

"Cindy!"

Luke looked at the woman at the end of the table. She was about twenty-six or twenty-seven, quite pretty, well-made up, and possessed a mature charm.

"This is **Robert Downs**. He will be your deputy from now on. The two of you will be responsible for **Finance and Operations**

."

"Understood, boss."

Cindy quickly nodded. The huge stone resting in her heart finally dropped. She had heard yesterday that the boss hired a financial expert from Gotham City. She had assumed her position would be replaced, but he hadn't done so.

With that thought, a sense of gratitude welled up, and her expression became focused. She looked at Robert with a competitive spirit. Robert, however, didn't pay it any mind; a college graduate who barely understood finance wasn't worth his attention.

Luke continued,

"The **Research and Development Department** will temporarily be under my supervision. As for the **Technology Department**..."

The conference room instantly quieted. All the young people not wearing suits looked over simultaneously.

These were all specialized talents Luke had recruited through special channels: some were overweight, some were tall and thin, and some looked cynical while sucking on lollipops. Their academic qualifications were generally low, but their skills were real—far surpassing those of many famous college graduates. It was thanks to them that ShowMe had been able to develop safely to its current state.

Specialized talent often shares a flaw: they are difficult to manage, and these individuals were no exception.

The air was thick with competition.

Zacks sensed something and quickly scanned the room, spotting a few familiar faces. *Interesting!* Such a small internet company actually had so many computer experts.

"The Technology Department is the core of the company, and its head carries great responsibility, allowing for no mistakes. Before this, I considered many candidates and ultimately chose **Zacks Borg**. Some of you should have heard of him. I plan to appoint him as the leader of the Technology Department."

The moment he finished speaking, a chubby guy with braided hair stood up.

"I know this guy. The FBI caught his trail, and he was locked up for two years before being released."

"So, he's been to prison!"

"Someone who couldn't protect his own rear end thinks he can be the boss?"

"His skill must not be much if he's thinking that big."

...

Zacks Borg wasn't known for his good temper, either.

"Whoever is unconvinced, step forward and compete."

"We'll compete, then."

The two groups exchanged barbs, arguing fiercely.

Luke simply watched, making no move to stop them. The core of an internet company is technology, and the foundation of technology is talent. The stage was set; whether Zacks Borg could assume the mantle of command depended entirely on his ability. If he couldn't, Luke wouldn't hesitate to replace him.

"Alright, once the meeting is over, you can compete however you like. Just one rule: **don't break the computers.**"

"Let's continue the meeting."

Luke signaled to Charlie, who took out a stack of thick documents and distributed them to everyone.

"ShowMe is my dream, but I hope it becomes everyone's dream, too. You are not just my employees; you are the creators of this dream. We will work together, cultivate this sapling, watch it sprout and grow, and eventually become a towering tree whose branches spread across the entire planet. When that happens, I want all of you to still be here, enjoying the abundant fruits with me."

"This document is the **equity incentive plan**. Everyone present has a share. Read it carefully and raise any concerns you have."

Those who received the documents read them meticulously, not missing a single word. A dream is great, but money is more tangible. ShowMe's salaries were not high, yet it had gathered many talented people. The reason was partly Luke's ability and charisma, but more importantly, the company's prospects.

They were optimistic about ShowMe's future and willing to dedicate their youth to it.

Luke joked, "Mr. Arthur, give me an estimate. What will ShowMe's market value be in five years?"

"God tells me it will be worth **thirty billion**."

Luke chuckled.

"The future tells me you missed a zero."

Three hundred billion dollars!

Everyone looked disbelieving. Many felt the boss was exaggerating. The famous Wayne Group, developed over nearly a century by three generations, was only valued at over eight hundred billion. Did a social media application really expect to achieve a third of that in just a few years?

"Do you think I'm boasting?"

Luke crossed his arms, his expression composed and calm. "Future billionaires, time will prove everything."

"Cindy, pull up the market report."

"Yes, boss."

A series of tables related to user data appeared on the large screen.

"As of eight this morning, our total user count has surpassed **2.4 million**, with daily active users around **2.1 million**. Do you know what this means?"

He paused until everyone's attention was fixed on him, then continued,

"It means that **nine out of ten users give ShowMe a satisfactory rating**, believing that our creation brings convenience, fun, and a more positive impact to their lives. I must say, this is a satisfying report card."

"But is this enough? No, it's far from enough."

Luke clenched his fist, his excitement barely contained.

"I want the **entire United States, the entire world**, to give us a satisfactory rating. I want every single Earthling to be a loyal ShowMe user. I want every inch of soil on this planet to be covered by ShowMe's network. I want everyone here to become the future's pioneers..."

"Connecting the world, shortening the distance—that is ShowMe. Our ShowMe. Everyone's ShowMe."

Clap, clap, clap, clap!

Philip Arthur was the first to applaud. The others instantly reacted, cheering wildly as if they were pumped with adrenaline. The atmosphere was completely ignited and took a long time to settle.

Luke pressed his hands down, laughing,

"Alright, everyone, lunchtime is approaching. Let's hurry up with the meeting! I can't let you starve."

"After two months of development, ShowMe has secured its footing. We are now beginning the second phase of operations. **I'm ready to launch the video module.** You can share any ideas you have."

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