

DC: The Making of a God #Chapter 11: Teamwork Makes the Dream Work - Read DC: The Making of a God Chapter 11: Teamwork Makes the Dream Work

Chapter 11: Teamwork Makes the Dream Work

Standing in front of the mirror, Emily couldn't believe the girl with the **noble temperament and captivating beauty** was herself. She pinched the back of her hand hard; the sudden pain confirmed it wasn't a dream. It truly was her!

Luke stood behind her and smiled, "Do you like it?"

Emily looked down without speaking. Silence meant yes, and Luke liked that. He turned to the store manager.

"The dress and the jewelry, I'll take it all."

"Wonderful!" The manager beamed with delight. "The total is one hundred and twelve thousand dollars. As a valued customer, we can offer a discount. **One hundred and eleven thousand** will be sufficient."

One hundred and eleven thousand!

Emily was utterly astonished and shook her head repeatedly.

"It's too expensive. I can't take it."

"I'm not buying it *for* you, I'm lending it *to* you. The term is fifty years. Just remember to give it back after fifty years."

Emily: "..."

Is there any difference between buying and giving?

Luke pulled out a bank card and placed it on the counter.

"You don't need to wrap the old dress. Just toss it in the trash can."

Hearing this, Emily grew anxious again.

"No, you can't throw it away!"

Seeing the puzzled looks from everyone, her cheeks instantly turned scarlet. She was so embarrassed she wanted to crawl into a hole.

"That... that was my first dress. I... I want to keep it."

It was mortifying. In her twenty years of life, she had never been so humiliated. It was all the fault of that bastard **Roger Consius**; otherwise, she wouldn't have been wearing a rented dress to the banquet.

"Alright, fine!"

Luke shrugged. "Could you please wrap it up? We'll come back for it after the banquet."

"Don't worry, sir. We will keep it safe."

FBI Agent on the Arm

Leaving the clothing store, Emily still hadn't fully recovered from the earlier embarrassment. Her eyes occasionally glanced at the boy beside her. Under the bright lights, his delicate face still looked a bit young, but the smile on his lips carried an unmistakable **confidence and nonchalance**.

Emily couldn't help but ask,

"Why did you buy such expensive clothes? This is only the second time we've met. We're not even friends."

"Who says we haven't met? You forgot, you were the last person I saw in my previous life."

"Stop joking around. Tell me."

Luke explained, "I need to talk business with some big shots tonight. The first rule of business is you can't look weak. With such a beautiful woman by my side, who would dare underestimate me?"

Emily hesitated. "But I'm with the **FBI**."

"Even better! If anyone harasses you later, just tell them you're with the FBI. It'll scare them out of their minds."

Emily: "?"

The Political Pitch

Upon entering the hotel ballroom again, Emily felt a profound shift in how people looked at her. Everyone was staring their way. The men looked at Emily's beauty with astonishment, while the women frowned in displeasure.

A few brave souls, under the pretense of taking a drink, secretly examined her figure. Emily's figure was excellent, especially the impossibly curved lines of her waist and hips. This was her proudest feature, but now it was her most embarrassing.

Of course, the embarrassment was mixed with a little secret delight.

The scene of Cinderella dancing with the Prince in glass slippers must have felt something like this!

Emily mused inwardly, involuntarily linking her arm with Luke's.

A handsome young man and a beautiful woman naturally draw attention everywhere. Luke was young and not overly conspicuous, but Emily was different. The purple dress accentuated her graceful figure. Silver bracelets on her wrist highlighted her smooth, fair skin. The crescent earrings and the crystal necklace on her chest shimmered together. Coupled with her bright purple hair and eyes more dazzling than gemstones, she truly outshone everyone.

Ninety percent of the men were captivated by her. **Charlie**, who rushed over, was no exception. After staring for a moment, he finally reacted.

"Boss, everything is ready on that side."

Luke nodded, taking Emily to a side hall.

Since becoming a Republican candidate, **Donald Trump** would repeat the campaign slogan "Make America Great Again" wherever he went, and this time was no exception.

After a speech that sounded passionate but was ultimately empty, Donald Trump stepped off the podium to greet the guests.

Luke smiled. "Philip, do you support this guy for president?"

Arthur shook his head dismissively, offering a philosophical sigh.

"Does it make a difference who the president is?"

Luke nodded. "It doesn't make much difference, which means **you could run, too!**"

"Me?"

"Of course. The first Black President in American history, the pioneer of a new era. I think those two titles are excellent. They suit you perfectly."

Philip chuckled and shook his head, clearly unconvinced.

Luke continued, "Some things you won't know unless you try. Take **ShowMe**, for instance. Two months ago, no one would have thought a social networking company could gain millions of users in just a few dozen days. But it happened. Where there's a will, there's a way, isn't there?"

Philip's brow twitched. He looked down, silent, lost in thought.

After interacting with a few other important figures, Donald Trump finally came over. Philip Arthur, acting as the intermediary, introduced them.

"This is **Luke Shaw**

, the founder of ShowMe, and my current boss. Luke, this is **Donald Trump**, my friend."

Luke proactively extended his right hand.

"Mr. Trump, your speech was incredibly powerful, especially your suggestions regarding immigration. They're very thought-provoking."

"Is that so? Well, that's wonderful."

Donald Trump responded politely. His gaze briefly scanned Luke's overly young face before shifting to Emily beside him. Seeing her beautiful face, a spark ignited in his eyes.

Emily smiled. "Hello, Mr. Trump. I'm **Emily Song**, and I work for the **FBI**."

The spark was instantly extinguished!

Donald Trump coughed slightly. After exchanging a few more formalities, he started to leave but was stopped by Luke.

"Mr. Trump, I have **eight million votes** in my pocket. Do you want them?"

Donald Trump's expression didn't change, but his eyes were filled with scrutiny.

A young kid claiming to have eight million votes? Who would believe that?

Luke offered no further explanation, simply pointing to an unoccupied corner.

"Let's talk over there. I guarantee you'll get a satisfactory answer."

Donald Trump looked at Arthur. Seeing the latter nod, he dismissed his staff and walked away with Luke.

"Mr. Trump, I once heard a famous saying: 'Only by keeping up with the trend will you not be abandoned by the times.' What is the trend? The trend is **young people**. Capture the young people, and you capture the present and the future. I've read your campaign report. Over 78% of your supporters are over the age of thirty-six. That means you are at an absolute disadvantage among the youth. Don't you want to change that?"

Donald Trump seized the opening.

"Do you have a good suggestion?"

Luke smiled reservedly. "Two months ago, I started a social networking company called **ShowMe**, targeting the youth demographic. I'm embarrassed to say that after dozens of busy days, our total user count is only eight million. Eight million young people, and yet they lack a qualified pioneer. That's simply wrong."

"Mr. Trump, would you be interested in serving as their **life mentor**?"

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