

DC: The Making of a God

Chapter 4: Forming the Core Team

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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