

## TV Show 77

### Chapter 77: The Young Tycoon's Determined Pursuit

**\*\*Three Kingdoms.\*\***

**\*\*New Delhi.\*\***

**\*\*The Kusapari Family.\*\***

"Rajesh, make sure you take good care of Lalita, okay?"

"Okay, Mom," a teenage boy replied with a bright smile.

As soon as his mother left with a group of distinguished ladies for a salon gathering, Rajesh glanced disdainfully at the chubby girl, Lalita. He left her with a single sentence before walking away.

"Entertain yourself. I have comics to read."

With a swagger that suggested he cared for no one, Rajesh strode away, surrounded by a retinue of servants.

Lalita stood frozen in place, feeling helpless. She watched his departing figure with self-doubt and disappointment, her heart filled with grievances. \*If only I could lose weight...\*

Of course, Rajesh had no interest in the thoughts of a chubby girl.

\*Who is she to me?\*

\*Aren't comics way more interesting?\*

"Alright, let's begin."

Returning to his luxurious, palace-like residence, Rajesh settled into his seat and issued a command to the line of waiting servants.

"Yes, Young Master Rajesh," they responded in unison.

"Young Master Rajesh, here is the latest issue of \*Wonder Woman\*."

"Mm."

Rajesh took the comic from the servant, his lips curling into a satisfied smile as he admired the cover featuring Wonder Woman's powerful figure.

This was his favorite comic. He always made sure to read it as soon as a new issue came out.

As he flipped through the pages, he enjoyed the exquisite dishes prepared by his servants.

Meanwhile, the rest of the servants stood in silence, each holding a different comic book, waiting patiently for their turn.

Even though Rajesh's mother was hosting a major salon gathering, attended by nearly all the top socialites of New Delhi, his household had no shortage of servants.

In the Kusapari family, the number one thing they had in abundance was \*servants\*. The second was \*money\*.

Rajesh had three older brothers and two sisters. Each of them commanded a personal entourage of servants. His parents had even more at their disposal.

So even with a large-scale social event taking place, Rajesh's private team of attendants remained entirely dedicated to him.

Dozens of servants stood by, solely focused on ensuring that Rajesh could read his comics without a single distraction.

\*Born into poverty, struggling to make ends meet, even forced to rent a Bentley—such was the simple and unremarkable life Rajesh led.\*

"Next."

After finishing \*Wonder Woman\*, Rajesh gave another order.

"Young Master Rajesh, here is the latest issue of \*The Incredible Hulk\*."

"..."

"..."

"Young Master Rajesh, this is the newest issue of \*Aquaman\*."

One by one, the latest comics were handed to him. As he received \*Aquaman\*, he scoffed, "Ugh, \*Aquaman\* is the worst."

But after reading it, he immediately changed his tone. "Is there more?"

"Young Master Rajesh, this is a brand-new series."

"Oh? A new comic? \*Lord of the Mysteries\*?"

Rajesh took the comic and flipped through it. He was instantly captivated by its unique style—so different from the repetitive themes of the usual superhero stories.

Since the comic was thin, there wasn't much text left after accounting for the images.

He finished it quickly and eagerly asked, "Where's the next volume?"

"There isn't one yet."

"What?!"

Rajesh was completely engrossed in the story and couldn't accept this answer. "Tell the comic store to figure it out! I want the next part \*right now\*! Immediately!"

A servant rushed off and soon returned with the comic shop owner.

"Young Master Rajesh, the comic just came out. There truly is no next issue yet. But if you want to continue the story, you could try reading the original novel."

"You have the novel?"

"No, it hasn't been released here in New Delhi yet."

"Then contact the U.S. and have them fly a copy over immediately!"

"Yes, Young Master Rajesh."

The comic store owner agreed without hesitation. After all, the cost of express shipping would naturally be covered by Rajesh, and if Rajesh was pleased, a random tip from him could keep the shop running for quite some time.

**\*\*Twelve hours later.\*\***

Rajesh received the air-shipped novel and devoured it in one sitting. When he reached the end, he slammed the book down in frustration.

"It's over again?! Where's the rest?!"

"There really isn't any more."

The comic store owner gave him a wry smile. "The author has only written up to this point. There's nothing else yet."

"Impossible! He left so many cliffhangers—there *has* to be more!"

Rajesh refused to accept it. "I'm sure there's another volume!"

One of the more quick-witted servants suddenly suggested, "Young Master Rajesh, why not bring the author here? He could write the next part just for you!"

"That's a great idea!"

Rajesh, still young and yet to study abroad, had not yet been infected with the strange affliction of being unable to speak in front of girls. Nor had he developed the attitude that "the moon shines brighter in foreign lands," nor the delusion that "I love America, please don't send me back to my crowded homeland."

With the confidence of a young heir from one of India's wealthiest families, he declared, "Go! Bring Adam Duncan here! He's not allowed to leave until he finishes the story. He can name any price he wants!"

At this time, Rajesh was still the golden child of the Kusapari family—the most intelligent and most beloved of his siblings, hailed as the 'Star of New Delhi.' He was full of youthful arrogance and ambition, even daring to point at the moon and proclaim, *"Look! I've discovered a new planet!"*

There was nothing he couldn't do.

"The task is yours," Rajesh instructed the quick-witted servant.

"Yes, Young Master Rajesh!" The servant was overjoyed. "Rest assured, even if I have to \*kidnap\* Adam Duncan, I will bring him here to write for you!"

"Good."

Rajesh nodded in satisfaction.

"Absolutely not!"

An older servant finally spoke up, his face full of concern. "Young Master Rajesh, Adam Duncan is a writer from a powerful nation. You may invite him, but \*never\* mention kidnapping him or restricting his freedom. That would be disastrous!"

"Nonsense!"

Rajesh scoffed. "Our family has nothing to fear."

Seeing that Rajesh wouldn't listen, the older servant exchanged a glance with another, who quickly slipped away to inform Rajesh's father.

**\*\*SMACK!\*\***

Just as the quick-witted servant was about to leave, Rajesh's father arrived and slapped him across the face.

"You fool!"

Then, turning to his son, he roared, "Rajesh, do you have *\*any\** idea what you're doing?!"

"Father..."

Rajesh stood frozen.

Since childhood, everyone—including his parents—had adored him. He had never seen his father this angry before.

"I didn't do anything! I just wanted to read a novel..."

"Just a novel?!"

His father was livid. "Do you realize that your little stunt could destroy our entire family?!"

"Huh?"

Rajesh was stunned. *\*It's just a book. How could it be that serious?\**

After dismissing the servants, his father sat him down and explained the global political landscape and the true influence of powerful nations.

By the end of the conversation, Rajesh trembled and murmured, "I won't read it anymore... I love America..."