

Two Trillion 231

Chapter 231 I'm not interested!_1

"Sheng, Grandma can't take this money, you keep it!"

Li Fengguan looked at Bai Xiaosheng with a kind face, filled with contentment, "Being able to take out such a large sum of money to save Shuanglei, you are a good child of the Bai Family. As your grandmother, I am proud of you!"

Bai Xiaosheng insisted on giving.

"You have to accept this money. The family still needs you to take charge, and without money in hand, you won't have any authority, even relatives can push you into a corner, I don't want to see that scene again!"

Bai Xiaosheng stuffed the bank card into the old lady's hand, then bent down and whispered the PIN into her ear.

Li Fengguan was about to refuse, but Shen Bing by her side stopped her with a gesture.

Old Madam Shen laughed heartily, "My good sister, this is your great-grandson's kind heart, just accept it!"

Speaking of which, Shen Bing leaned in and murmured into Li Fengguan's ear, "Even if you don't spend it, it can be saved as a nest egg for the child."

Li Fengguan suddenly understood, glanced at Yang Qian'er, and couldn't help nodding with a happy smile.

Yang Qian'er saw the two old ladies murmuring and looking at her with smiles. She was startled at first, then her face turned beet red with embarrassment, guessing what they were talking about.

Yang Qian'er was already a beauty, and this made her seem even more charming and attractive.

Bai Fei saw this and jealousy surged within him.

Bai Xiaosheng had really gone to extremes this time, probably taking out all the money he had earned over the years, just to publicly humiliate him!

A whole million!

To save up so much money in less than ten years!

Consider yourself skilled, consider yourself ruthless, I, Bai Fei, have lost!

Bai Fei gave Bai Xiaosheng a cold glare, feeling that there was no more fun in staying, and silently left through the crowd without saying a word.

"Mr. Bai, wait for me." The female assistant called out when she saw this, hurriedly chasing after him in her high heels with small steps.

Her shout drew attention from others, but no one cared.

Bai Xiaosheng's uncle Mingzhi and aunt also felt a bit awkward, but looking at Bai Xiaosheng, they did not show any good faces; after all, he had ruined their own good affair, causing their child to lose face!

Bai Mingzhi's wife gave Bai Xiaosheng a fierce glare and hurried away.

Uncle Mingzhi also huffed heavily, as if he wanted to drop some harsh words.

"Mingzhi, what are you huffing about!" Bai Xiaosheng's father Bai Minghang glared and bellowed, "Go back, and take good care of your son and your wife, each one of you only cares about money, you heartless things! What, you're not satisfied with what my son has done?! If you have something to say, say it to me! Say it!"

Bai Minghang pointed at Mingzhi's nose, demanding an answer with a domineering presence.

Bai Xiaosheng's uncle Mingzhi dared not say anything, hanging his head and sulkily walked away.

"What nonsense, disgracing the Bai Family!" Bai Minghang spat out angrily.

Bai Minghang was the most hot-tempered among the four brothers of the Bai Family, and indeed, the others were somewhat afraid of him.

After driving off Mingzhi, the eldest brother and his wife dared not speak out.

Their daughter Bai Ran couldn't help looking at Bai Xiaosheng, her feelings churning inside, and found it all rather unpleasant.

To think she had always looked up to Bai Fei, but he turned out to be an ingrate!

It seems one shouldn't judge a person solely by their career achievements. No matter how successful one is, if their heart and actions are ruthless, is that really a role model for oneself?

Bai Ran shook her head.

After today, the image of Bai Fei as a role model collapsed in her heart.

And Bai Xiaosheng, from a faint impression, rose to an immensely deep one in her heart.

To take out a million in one go!

I earned quite a bit from our family business!

To think I even said I would find him a job, mentioning a salary of over ten thousand a month after a few years...

Bai Ran couldn't help but feel a wave of embarrassment.

The two great-aunts of the Bai Family also looked at their nephew with newfound respect.

And the younger members of the Bai Family looked at Bai Xiaosheng with even greater eagerness and admiration.

This incident had come to an end.

The dark cloud that had hung over the hearts of the Bai Family members for several days dissipated at once.

Li Fengguan's worries disappeared, and the old lady's spirit became extremely good.

Seeing her happy, Bai Xiaosheng was also extremely delighted.

That night, it wasn't until very late that the family gathering finally dispersed.

Shen Bing and her granddaughter Yang Qian'er stayed at Li Fengguan's home, while other members of the Yang Family went to a hotel.

Back at home, Bai Minghang couldn't help but pat his son on the shoulder.

A son's accomplishments always made a father happy.

"You two really regard money as mere dirt, such heroes you are,"

Li Qiuyun said from the side, both annoyed and amused, "One hears of troubles and is willing to give away the family fortune, while the other, not even married yet, has already given away his dowry. Living with you two, it's a good thing I have a strong heart."

Of course, Li Qiuyun wasn't truly blaming them. After all, saving lives was what mattered most.

"Money can be earned again if it's gone. Besides, I didn't give all my money away." Bai Xiaosheng actually pulled out another card, "Dad, here's one million, you keep it for now!"

"You still have this much money!" Bai Minghang was greatly surprised.

All in all, his son had put forth two million and didn't even blink an eye.

"I set up a training institution with a friend outside, I'm even a co-owner!" Bai Xiaosheng said with a smile.

He didn't mention anything about Zhenbei Group. He always felt it was better not to tell the family for now, to prevent them from worrying.

The business of setting up a training school with Zhengdong Province could be used to explain the origin of the money.

"My son has made it!" Bai Minghang was satisfied and proud.

Just as Bai Xiaosheng's bank card was handed over to him, it was snatched away by Li Qiuyun.

"The money can't be kept with your dad, who knows, one day it might be given away hastily to help someone!" Li Qiuyun snorted coldly, "This is my son's dowry!"

Bai Minghang gave a wry smile, made a funny face to his son, and didn't argue, since that was indeed his character.

Bai Xiaosheng laughed without a word, not interjecting himself into the matter, instead, he went into his room and brought out a brocade box.

"Mom, this is for you!" Bai Xiaosheng said.

Li Qiuyun opened the box and was immediately taken aback.

Although she didn't understand jade, such beautiful things still made her click her tongue. Even Bai Minghang beside her couldn't stop praising, "This bracelet must be very expensive!"

It was okay, just several tens of millions. Bai Xiaosheng scratched his face, not daring to say.

Li Qiuyun loved it, appearing thrilled.

Seeing this, Bai Xiaosheng was also very happy.

The night passed without incident.

A day later, during Li Fengguan's birthday, the whole family put together a big celebration.

Before the feast began, the news came.

Bai Shuanglei's surgery had been completed, very successfully at that, and his recovery was even better than the doctors had anticipated—a huge joy indeed.

The Bai Family was brimming with happiness.

The only exception was Bai Fei from the third uncle's family, who just respectfully offered a toast on his grandmother's birthday, then slipped away dejectedly.

Of course, no one paid attention to him.

Afterwards.

Shen Bing and Yang Qian'er stayed at Li Fengguan's home for several days.

Another day, when Bai Xiaosheng went to see his grandmother, Yang Qian'er pulled him aside into a corner for a private chat.

The two old ladies saw this and were contented and pleased.

What they didn't expect was that Yang Qian'er wanted to talk to Bai Xiaosheng not about personal matters of the heart, but something else.

"I heard you graduated with a degree in advertising media? Our company is hiring, are you interested?" Yang Qian'er asked straightforwardly.

"I'm not going!"

Bai Xiaosheng was also decisive.

"I'm not interested!"

Chapter 232 Shouldn't Be a Problem, Right?_1

Bai Xiaosheng flatly refused Yang Qian'er but found himself looking at her with some surprise.

He hadn't expected the girl would want to help him find a job.

Yang Qian'er was somewhat angry.

Bai Xiaosheng this asshole, he doesn't know what's good for him!

She remembered the sight of Bai Xiaosheng taking off in a taxi, leaving her raging amid the dust.

Calm down, calm down, I can't get angry, I must be reasonable! Yang Qian'er took a deep breath.

As a guest at the Bai Family, and considering the two families have been friends for generations, I should be more patient!

"The other day, the family council at your house was indeed an eye-opener, Mr. Bai's heroic bearing was admirable," Yang Qian'er sneered, "However, after playing the hero and making your appearance, you still need to eat, right? I heard you were going back to Zhongjing to look for a job. Our company happens to be hiring, and it's in your field too, isn't this perfect? I really don't see what you're refusing!"

Bai Xiaosheng scratched his face.

He couldn't exactly tell the girl that he had his eye on a famous enterprise in Zhongjing, planning to go there and become someone's vice president.

That would be crazy!

"I already have plans," was all Bai Xiaosheng could say.

"What plans? Tell me about them!" Yang Qian'er lifted her chin and asked with a sneer.

Suddenly, Bai Xiaosheng was at a loss for words.

"Anyway, I have somewhere to go, you don't need to worry about me," Bai Xiaosheng shrugged.

"I see you'd rather suffer than lose face! What are you afraid of, that people will say you got into the company because of me, or that I'll get promoted faster than you and become your boss? Can't you be a bit more realistic?" Yang Qian'er spoke confidently.

Bai Xiaosheng suddenly realized that this girl was indeed articulate, no wonder she was a reporter.

"In any case, I'm not interested," Bai Xiaosheng felt it was pointless to say more, hands in his pockets, he coolly turned and walked away.

"Is face that important to you? Our Zhongjing Media is the strongest media company in Zhongjing, ranked among the top hundred nationally, and you're not even a little bit tempted..." Yang Qian'er couldn't help but shout out.

It was no use, knowing Bai Xiaosheng for these few days, she understood that this guy was extremely stubborn. If he wasn't interested, not even God could change his mind, and even if Zhongjing Media was strong, he probably wouldn't care.

However, just after Yang Qian'er had finished speaking, Bai Xiaosheng, who had just strutted off, made a swift return.

"You work at Zhongjing Media?" Bai Xiaosheng looked at her, his eyes sparkling.

"Ah."

Caught off guard by Bai Xiaosheng's sudden change of attitude, Yang Qian'er was stunned, and nodded instinctively.

"I'll go!" Bai Xiaosheng laughed, nodded vigorously, and turned to walk away.

Zhongjing Media was the subsidiary company under Zhenbei Group that he had found, and indeed, he had intended to go there!

Now that a free guide was available, Bai Xiaosheng was naturally happy. It would be good to get some prior knowledge.

He had left.

Yang Qian'er was dumbfounded and couldn't help but murmur to herself.

"What does 'I'll go' mean? Is it an exclamation or is he really going?"

...

After this conversation, Yang Qian'er stayed at Li Fengguan's house with her grandmother, Shen Bing, for a few more days.

All in all, a week had passed.

The reason she hadn't left was that the two elderly ladies intended to set up Bai Xiaosheng and Yang Qian'er.

Bai Xiaosheng's mother, Li Qiuyun, also gladly played along, pushing Bai Xiaosheng out of the house and taking Yang Qian'er out for fun.

Yang Qian'er took advantage of the opportunity and made no fuss about it.

Whatever she wanted to eat, she ate; whatever she wanted to buy, she bought.

If Bai Xiaosheng dared not agree, she'd complain to the two old ladies.

Her complaints were always effective.

Bai Xiaosheng had his fill of suffering and knew that this woman was too vindictive, but for his grandmother's sake, he endured it.

Finally, after a full week, Yang Qian'er had to leave.

She had used up all her annual leave and needed to go back to work.

The Yang Family also sent someone to take grandmother Shen Bing back.

When they learned that Bai Xiaosheng was applying for a job at Yang Qian'er's company, which was also a top company in Zhongjing, Li Fengguan, Li Qiuyun, and even Bai Minghang were very pleased.

That evening, they prepared a grand farewell banquet for the two kids.

...

The next day at dawn.

Bai Xiaosheng and Yang Qian'er set off, heading for Zhongjing City.

"Zhongjing is developing rapidly," Bai Xiaosheng kept hearing his family say when he returned home.

It was only when they actually entered the city district that Bai Xiaosheng understood the true meaning of those words.

All over Zhongjing, construction was underway.

Building roads, constructing overpasses, demolishing old buildings for new ones, urban renewal. The liveliness and prosperity of the city truly couldn't compare to Tiannan.

A modern metropolis was emerging.

Yang Qian'er was driving. She was dressed fashionably today, with light makeup and a pair of sunglasses, giving off the vibe of a successful woman.

Bai Xiaosheng could feel from the passenger seat that gazes from outside were passing by him and landing on Yang Qian'er.

Noticing Bai Xiaosheng looking at her, Yang Qian'er couldn't help feeling a bit proud, "This beauty is one of Zhongjing Media's top ten beauties, with numerous admirers. There's even a director who shamelessly pesters me, but alas, he's not to this beauty's taste."

"Has he seen you without makeup?" Bai Xiaosheng quipped.

Yang Qian'er glared at Bai Xiaosheng, annoyed.

If she weren't driving and it weren't inconvenient to take action, Bai Xiaosheng would have been in for it!

Actually, Bai Xiaosheng was just trying to tease her. Even without makeup, Yang Qian'er was definitely a beauty.

Upon entering the city district, Yang Qian'er drove along a street shaded by greenery for a while, then turned into the entrance of a building. She showed her credentials to the security guard and was let through.

While they were checking the credentials, Bai Xiaosheng deliberately peered out of the car window.

Zhongjing Media Tower, majestic and imposing.

To occupy such a prime location in the CBD of Zhongjing City District, with such a modern office property, the company's strength was indeed extraordinary.

Bai Xiaosheng took notice.

Beneath the tower, the flow of vehicles and people was endless.

Interview vehicles and staff carrying cameras shuttled back and forth, a scene of busyness.

Compared to this, Bai Xiaosheng was very satisfied.

However, what he didn't notice was that the security guard at the door took a few extra glances at him, curious about the male companion by Yang Qian'er's side.

As Yang Qian'er had said, she was indeed considered one of the great beauties at Zhongjing Media, with a hint of aloofness. The men who got to ride in her car were rare.

...

"Our Zhongjing Media's main business includes the production and distribution of television programs, investment in movies, production, publicity, investment in TV series, distribution, artist management, new media internet, games, etc.," said Yang Qian'er as she parked the car, explaining to Bai Xiaosheng, "I am the chief reporter of the New Media Internet Department, entertainment section, third team."

As she said this, a look of pride appeared on Yang Qian'er's face.

For someone her age to be a chief reporter at Zhongjing Media was indeed something to boast about.

After boasting about herself, Yang Qian'er noticed Bai Xiaosheng's clueless and daydreaming expression.

It seemed like he had no concept of her chief status...

"Your structure is just too complicated!" Finally, Bai Xiaosheng spoke, voicing his genuine observation.

He took another look at the building.

No wonder the office took up an entire building.

There must be so many departments, so many people!

Seeing Bai Xiaosheng's focus was off.

Yang Qian'er felt a bit stifled.

She had intended to impress him before, but now it seemed like casting pearls before swine!

"The department that's hiring is our New Media Internet Department..." Yang Qian'er said listlessly, her tone pausing, then vaguely hinted to Bai Xiaosheng, "However, our director, he..."

Yang Qian'er stopped halfway through her sentence.

"Never mind, never mind, maybe I'm overthinking it. He is a person who should prioritize work... There shouldn't be any problem," she said.

With that said.

Bai Xiaosheng suddenly had a bad feeling in his heart.

Chapter 233 Mixed-blood Director_1

Yang Qian'er led Bai Xiaosheng into the company's building.

Zhongjing Media, truly a first-class enterprise, had strict internal management. Non-staff members had to complete a detailed registration, including their names, phone numbers, time of entry, affairs they were attending to, and estimated departure time – a very thorough process.

Then, the two went to the elevator area, waiting in a long queue before getting on.

The person operating the elevator was a gold-haired, blue-eyed Russian lady—her Mandarin was quite decent.

Yang Qian'er seemed very familiar with her and called her Natasha.

Bai Xiaosheng looked at Natasha's two hundred pounds frame and then thought of her beautiful name, feeling that her image has been completely overturned.

Arriving on the eleventh floor, Yang Qian'er said goodbye to the two-hundred-pound Natasha, who waved enthusiastically at Bai Xiaosheng, making him feel that Natasha was actually quite warm-hearted.

Yang Qian'er led the way as the two made a beeline for the office area. Everyone they passed by was in a hurry, as if ready for battle at any moment, seemingly unable to afford wasting even a second.

Many people greeted Yang Qian'er along the way.

It seemed that this girl had some degree of fame, and it wasn't all talk! Bai Xiaosheng couldn't help but give Yang Qian'er a look.

Yang Qian'er returned his gaze with a triumphant look in her eyes.

"Mr. Lin!"

"Lin Sheng!"

"Mr. Lin!"

Up ahead, a flurry of respectful greetings suddenly rang out, far more numerous than those greeting Yang Qian'er, and the tone was much more reverent and serious.

Bai Xiaosheng looked over.

A man in a suit and leather shoes, exuding a powerful aura, was walking towards them with a smile that was both authoritative and amiable.

Getting closer, Bai Xiaosheng realized.

The man was a few years older than himself, with a high nose bridge, black hair, blue eyes, and the combined features of both Easterners and Westerners—he was of mixed ethnicity.

"That's the head of the New Media Internet Department, Mr. Lin Beichen, a mix of Chinese and European heritage. He's already forty, but doesn't look like it, right?" Yang Qian'er whispered to Bai Xiaosheng.

Forty, really? He certainly looks young!

Bai Xiaosheng couldn't help but be astonished.

"Qian'er."

Lin Beichen came up to Yang Qian'er and asked with a smile, "How was your holiday, still happy?"

"It was alright, thank you for your concern, Mr. Lin," Yang Qian'er said with a smile.

Bai Xiaosheng watched the two of them discreetly from the side.

Without the Micro Expression Analysis System, Bai Xiaosheng could tell that Mr. Lin definitely had feelings for Yang Qian'er!

His eyes and brows were full of smiles, and every glance radiated adoration; it was only because there were people all around that he couldn't be too overt.

Yang Qian'er, on the contrary, was polite yet distanced and aloof.

Oh my!

A thought struck Bai Xiaosheng as he suddenly remembered Yang Qian'er's vague words in the lobby.

"It shouldn't be a problem..."

She couldn't be referring to this, could she?

Bai Xiaosheng couldn't help but wryly smile.

Imagine, a male friend of similar age to Yang Qian'er being personally brought by her for a job interview at the company, and to be interviewed by the supervisor who was interested in her...

No issues? That would be odd!

Considering the slight worry Yang Qian'er showed earlier, this man in front of them probably wasn't as well-mannered as he appeared.

One misstep, and it would be another trouble...

Bai Xiaosheng couldn't help but sigh.

It felt as if he had been attracting trouble with a bad magnetic field recently.

"And who is this?"

Lin Beichen finally noticed Bai Xiaosheng.

"He's my friend. He heard our company was hiring and wanted to give it a try," Yang Qian'er replied.

"What should I call you?" Lin Beichen asked with a smile.

"Bai Xiaosheng!" Bai Xiaosheng extended his hand, keenly noticing a flicker of wariness in the eyes of Mr. Lin.

This is a man with an extremely strong desire for control.

So thought Bai Xiaosheng.

Lin Beichen gave him a brief handshake.

"Since you are Qian'er's friend and Qian'er personally brought you here, I believe Mr. Bai must be a very talented individual. I hope I'll have the chance to work with Mr. Bai," Lin Beichen expressed earnestly.

However, his repeated use of "Qian'er" caused Yang Qian'er to frown slightly in secret.

Of course, she didn't say anything, as Bai Xiaosheng's chance of getting the job still depended on Mr. Lin.

"Assistant Yin," Lin Beichen raised his hand.

A man wearing glasses, with hair slicked back smoothly enough to reflect light, immediately ran over with a full-faced smile. When he stood in front of Lin Beichen, he clasped his hands in front of him, maintaining a respectful and attentive posture. "What can I do for you, Mr. Lin?"

"Take this gentleman to the third meeting room and wait for me," Lin Beichen ordered casually. He smiled at Bai Xiaosheng, saying, "I have some urgent matters that I need to discuss with Qian'er. Please wait for a moment, Mr. Bai."

Lin Beichen's words were polite.

"Alright," Bai Xiaosheng said with a smile, nodding his head.

He was not in a hurry; after all, could the position of deputy general manager evade him?

The reason Bai Xiaosheng agreed to apply for a job after Yang Qian'er's suggestion was to familiarize himself with the environment first. If he assumed the role of deputy general manager directly, he would be in the dark, unaware of the situation.

Yang Qian'er nodded as well, remaining silent.

After all, she couldn't expect the director to put aside urgent matters to conduct an interview first, which would be against protocol.

Assistant Yin led the way, escorting Bai Xiaosheng out.

"Come, let's go to my office; let's talk about your interview plan for this week," Lin Beichen said, casting a casual glance at the retreating figure of Bai Xiaosheng, revealing a hint of coldness in his eyes that was hard to detect.

He wanted to probe Yang Qian'er's words to see what the relationship was between her and this man.

Moreover, he wanted to "air out" Bai Xiaosheng—after all, this man might indeed become his subordinate, and it was necessary to temper Bai Xiaosheng's sharpness.

Yang Qian'er, unsuspecting, followed Lin Beichen to his office.

In another area,

Assistant Yin took Bai Xiaosheng in the elevator.

The conference area was not on this floor but wasn't far away, just one floor up.

Upon exiting the elevator, Bai Xiaosheng saw the reception desk, staffed exclusively by attractive men and women.

This floor was designated as the conference area, housing more than just one meeting room.

Assistant Yin went over and greeted the reception desk.

Upon learning they needed the third meeting room, the receptionist frowned slightly and whispered to Assistant Yin, "Could you confirm with Mr. Lin again? The third meeting room has already been reserved and will be in use shortly!"

"It will be used later, not right now! We still have thirty minutes, and we're only going to use it for ten or fifteen," Assistant Yin checked the reservation on the computer screen and said with a frown, "Besides, you want me to bother Mr. Lin with such trivial matters and get scolded?"

After a moment's thought, the receptionist agreed.

"Alright then, but no more than twenty minutes. You must bring this gentleman out by then," the receptionist emphasized, "because the reservation is for..."

"Got it, got it!" Assistant Yin replied impatiently.

As Bai Xiaosheng surveyed his surroundings,

Assistant Yin approached with a smile and said to him, "Mr. Bai, let's go. Head to the meeting room and rest for a bit. I think Mr. Lin will be here shortly."

After finishing, Assistant Yin added to himself silently,

"If he hasn't forgotten about you, that is..."

Chapter 234: The Difficult Foreigner (Thanks to the Leader "Longyuan12346")_1

The third meeting room. Bai Xiaosheng glanced at the sign on the door before he and Assistant Yin walked in.

The conference room was exceptionally large, seemingly twice the size of the grand conference room in Teles Square.

It was fully equipped with various meeting devices, all in standby mode, ready for use at any moment.

A huge circular desk was surrounded by dozens of chairs, made of genuine leather, giving off an air of grandeur.

"Mr. Bai, please wait here for a moment," said Assistant Yin with a welcoming smile, summoning a receptionist, "What would you like to drink? Don't be shy, just tell them if you need anything."

The receptionist was a very young woman. She wasn't particularly beautiful, but she had a delicate appearance and a sweet smile that was pleasant to look at.

"Tea is fine, thank you," Bai Xiaosheng said with a smile to her.

The receptionist nodded and left.

"Then I'll take my leave as well," Assistant Yin said with a smile to Bai Xiaosheng.

Bai Xiaosheng replied politely, "Thank you for your trouble."

After Assistant Yin left, Bai Xiaosheng walked around the meeting room with his hands behind his back.

Soon, the door opened, and the female receptionist brought in the tea.

"Is there anything else you need?" she asked politely.

Bai Xiaosheng smiled, "Yes, there is! I'd like to ask you a few things."

The receptionist hesitated for a moment before nodding her head.

Following that.

Bai Xiaosheng struck up a conversation with her. At first, she was quite reserved and careful with her answers.

But this was not a challenge for Bai Xiaosheng at all.

"Red Lotus, retrieve some interview techniques for me."

With just a thought, Bai Xiaosheng gained strategies for the conversation.

Dialogue also required methods and techniques.

In this world, all sorts of news happen every day, with journalists interviewing a variety of people. Their words include countless techniques and traps.

...

Bai Xiaosheng easily grasped the rhythm of the conversation.

After a bit of back and forth, he quickly became close friends with the young receptionist.

He even learned that the girl studied secretarial work and was sent here for training. But in reality, her position had been taken by someone with connections. However, she wasn't bitter or angry at all; she truly saw this place as a training ground for dealing with people.

What a positive attitude! Bai Xiaosheng marveled.

The conversation gradually deepened.

Although receptionists were the lowest-level employees, they had access to various meetings and saw and heard a lot, knowing much more than you'd expect.

With proper prompting, the information gained could be beyond expectations.

Bai Xiaosheng received answers to all his questions and even unexpectedly learned a lot of things, including many secrets between the employees.

At that moment.

In the most luxurious office of the Zhongjing Media Tower,

a man with silkworm-brow and a neatly trimmed mustache was perusing a document.

His usual expression was one of no expression.

This man was the Zhongjing Media General Manager—Song Changkong.

The door to the office was gently knocked five times, after which the person outside pushed it open and entered—an assistant of Song Changkong.

When it came to office rules, Song Changkong's were almost exactly the same as Bai Xiaosheng's at Teles Square: he allowed for the door to be opened without waiting for a response after knocking.

However, Song Changkong was not entirely the same.

He was a man so meticulous that it drove people nuts, and he also had obsessive-compulsive tendencies.

To knock on his office door, you had to knock five times, not one knock less. After five knocks, if there was no response, you could enter directly.

So, the assistant came in.

Without raising his head, Song Changkong asked calmly, "What is it?"

"The representatives from Kaisen Company in Europe have landed. Our people have picked them up, and they're expected to arrive in thirty-five to forty minutes," the assistant answered.

When reporting to Song Changkong, you had to provide a time schedule, and have full control of various arrangements.

This assistant had survived where many others had not; they were dismissed for failing in this regard.

"Kaisen Company... they've finally arrived!" Song Changkong's brows furrowed slightly against his will.

"We're involved in a contract with them worth over three hundred million. The negotiation has been going on for one hundred and twenty-four days without finalization. This time, Kaisen's stance is firm. If we don't make concessions, it's very likely... that the cooperation will fail," the assistant reminded him. "The fields of cooperation cover variety shows, film and television, artist tours, new media, games, etc.

They're crucial for our expansion into the European market and are expected to increase our annual revenue..."

"Enough! I know all this!" Song Changkong interrupted softly, his voice tinged with weariness.

The assistant immediately shut his mouth.

Repeating key issues was one of Mr. Song's requirements for his assistants.

But he didn't always like to hear it.

"This Kaisen Company! Taking an inch and going for a mile, do they think I don't dare to turn my back on them? Hmph! Without them, we can still break into the European market!" Song Changkong slammed the documents in his hand down heavily and let out a muffled sigh.

That being said,

but Song Changkong really didn't want to give up on this collaboration, after all, four long months of negotiation!

"Is the team still led by Ron this time?" Song Changkong asked.

"Yes," the assistant replied.

Just the thought of that bearded foreigner made the assistant frown, feeling a headache coming on.

They say foreigners are dumb, but that bearded one, with his hair stickier than a monkey, is astute, no, with his build, he's more like a King Kong.

This man was incredibly sly and was good at gauging his opponents, which had caused Song Changkong to suffer a few setbacks.

But this time, I'm prepared! Song Changkong couldn't help but snicker coldly to himself.

"How are the arrangements for the business negotiation experts going?" Song Changkong inquired.

"Everything has been arranged. They're top-notch in the industry; we've even hired two specialists well-versed in these negotiations! They're also en route and should arrive within twenty minutes," the assistant said, barely able to hide his excitement and anticipation.

Thinking of that bearded foreigner facing a worthy opponent made him somewhat happy.

"Very well, this time we must dampen their spirits and secure this cooperation!" Song Changkong stood up, walked to the floor-to-ceiling window with his hands behind his back, and looked down upon Zhongjing.

If this cooperation were successful, Zhongjing Media would rise to a new height.

"Let the higher-ups within Zhenbei Group see, my capabilities, Song Changkong, are incomparable to the ordinary!" Song Changkong couldn't help but think to himself.

Actually, he had always harbored some pent-up frustration.

Not long ago, the group had issued an assessment decree, and it seemed that the top executives of their subsidiaries were all included.

Yet, what frustrated Song Changkong was that his deputy had been promoted, but he was left behind.

Even more irritating, in the neighboring Tiannan City, a real estate company called Shang Wenshu had become the provincial regional head!

And he had not received a transfer-or-promotion notice.

How could Song Changkong not be angry!

Right now, this was an opportunity, and he was determined to succeed, showing the people within the group that they had chosen wrongly!

"By the way, is the meeting room ready?" Song Changkong asked.

"It's ready, I arranged it beforehand," the assistant glanced at the time, "Thirty minutes later, in the third meeting room!"

Chapter 235 Caught Off Guard_1

Lin Beichen's office.

"Let's talk in detail about the overall approach for this interview and the order of the questions you've set," Lin Beichen said as he poured a cup of tea and pushed it towards Yang Qian'er with a smile on his face, sitting down.

The interview outline had already been printed in two copies by the assistant and placed on the desk in front of Lin Beichen.

Lin Beichen picked up one copy and handed it to Yang Qian'er.

"Sure," Yang Qian'er nodded and picked up the outline.

Truth be told, this interview was quite important, but not so crucial as to require a director to sit in on the briefing of the outline.

However, since Lin Beichen had made this request, Yang Qian'er had no choice but to go through it with him.

I hope it's quick so he can finish and go interview Bai Xiaosheng.

Yang Qian'er thought to herself.

She had drafted these questions herself and revised them several times, hence she was extremely familiar with them.

As the chief reporter, she had also collected and analyzed a massive amount of information about the interviewee, knowing their preferences, taboos, and habits. She set the questions from simple to complex, guiding step by step. If things went smoothly, which questions to probe with, and if not, how to switch topics seamlessly while still gently probing towards the preferred direction.

The interview outline seemed simple, but it was anything but simple. Yang Qian'er had been very thorough, and she spoke to Lin Beichen with a clear train of thought and confident voice.

Lin Beichen folded his hands together, propping his chin on them, his blue eyes fixated on Yang Qian'er, gleaming with focused and gentle light, appearing very attentive and serious.

After Yang Qian'er had explained everything, she let out a slight breath, feeling quite satisfied with her presentation.

"Good, very good," Lin Beichen praised after a two-second pause, then suddenly asked, "What would you do if our interviewee were to counter question you on your third question?"

A counter question from the interviewee?

Yang Qian'er was taken aback.

Indeed, this interviewee had exhibited such behavior during previous interviews, and it happened live on air!

The guest's questions were sharp and persistent, causing chaos on the scene; it was described as a live broadcast accident. The reporter was flustered and ended up being replaced on the spot.

Replacing someone during a live broadcast is a big no-no! Fortunately, that incident hadn't occurred at Zhongjing Media.

But what if I were the one to be questioned this time?

Yang Qian'er couldn't help feeling a bit nervous as she carefully reviewed her third question.

"Indeed, it's not watertight and gives the interviewee a chance to counter question," Yang Qian'er admitted, her beautiful brows furrowing slightly as she pondered how to rephrase it.

Lin Beichen clearly had an answer, but he just smiled and remained silent. He enjoyed watching Yang Qian'er in this state.

A beautiful woman, when focusing on her work, had an allure that made his heart race, and he was utterly fascinated.

"I have an idea, perhaps we can adjust it this way," Yang Qian'er suddenly brightened, excited, as she started writing and drawing on a piece of paper before reading it out loud to Lin Beichen.

"Good, that's a good way to handle it!" Lin Beichen laughed. "However, there's still an issue with the direction of the sixth question."

What Yang Qian'er didn't realize is that while she was on vacation, Lin Beichen had deliberately organized multiple discussions about the interview outline, rigorously searching for issues. Otherwise, how could he have pointed out so many problems with the outline drafted by a chief reporter just by listening to it once?

Lin Beichen was simply showing off his capabilities and charisma to Yang Qian'er.

So Yang Qian'er resolved the problems, and Lin Beichen pointed them out.

The two even discussed them several times.

By the time Yang Qian'er had finished, she let out a long sigh of relief, glanced at the clock on the desk, and couldn't help but exclaim, "Ah, it's been over twenty minutes!"

To be precise, twenty-five minutes.

"Mr. Lin, my friend..." Yang Qian'er started to get a bit anxious.

Bai Xiaosheng must be getting impatient after waiting in the conference room for half an hour.

"Look how nervous you are. What's your relationship with that friend of yours? Childhood buddy, classmate, or just an ordinary friend?" Lin Beichen asked casually with a smile as he packed up the documents.

This was a rather personal question.

Yang Qian'er's eyes shifted slightly.

This Mr. Lin always seemed to exhibit admiration for her, hinting at pursuing her, and although Yang Qian'er wasn't attracted to his type, she couldn't outright reject him either. After all, offending a director could be very troublesome.

Right now. This is an opportunity!

Yang Qian'er's heart suddenly stirred, an idea irresistibly springing forth.

As if possessed, Yang Qian'er suddenly smiled, a smile so enchanting that it made Mr. Lin's heart flutter.

"Him? For now, let's just say he's my boyfriend, introduced by my family," Yang Qian'er said with a smile, "Mr. Lin, the company's regulations forbid office romances, but we're not in the same department, so there shouldn't be a problem, right? There are similar cases in the company."

Lin Beichen's smile slightly stiffened.

"Oh, I see... that's indeed not a problem. Qian'er, you go back and prepare for the interview first, I'll go have a talk with your friend later," Lin Beichen managed to keep his composure.

Yang Qian'er smiled, took the revised documents, and left the director's office.

Lin Beichen picked up an outline in front of him and tapped it repeatedly on the table as if to straighten it meticulously.

The moment Yang Qian'er left, he slammed the papers down vehemently, flames of rage shimmering in his eyes as he gritted his teeth and muttered three words with fierce resentment, "Boyfriend!"

Jealousy surged within Lin Beichen.

I'll see to it you don't get a chance in this company!

...

At Zhongjing Media, the General Manager's Office.

Song Changkong was sorting through his ties in his personal wardrobe. He was a meticulous and rigid man, extremely strict with his clothing combinations.

This time, facing off again with Kaisen Company's Ron, he took even greater care with the details of his outfit. Ron had mentioned color theory during their last conversation, claiming he could deduce Song Changkong's mood from the color of his tie.

That remark had left Song Changkong annoyed and disturbed.

"Damn Ron!" Song Changkong held back from cursing aloud.

But that wasn't all.

Ron had a peculiar habit of switching languages at pivotal points during an argument, just like when a Chinese person, driven to exasperation, would start blurting out in their local dialect instead of Mandarin.

Last time the translator was caught off guard, left hanging there helplessly.

What was even more infuriating, Ron wasn't just fluent in one language; from time to time, he would switch to another foreign language, not caring whether you understood or not.

All in all, he was a troublesome and annoying foreigner.

"This time, I've prepared two business negotiation experts and three translators for you, along with me personally overseeing. I'd like to see what tricks you can come up with now!" Song Changkong couldn't help but speak proudly to himself, pulling out a tie and trying it around his neck to check the fit.

The office door suddenly burst with five rapid knocks, extremely urgent.

Before Song Changkong could react, his assistant rushed in flustered.

"It's bad, Mr. Song, Kaisen's Ron has arrived!"

Song Changkong's hand trembled, nearly strangling himself with the tie.

"What's going on, did he come early?!" Song Changkong frowned, glancing at his Rolex wristwatch with a mix of surprise and anger.

He was a stickler for time management. They should've arrived in at least thirty-five minutes, but the other party had come early!

How could their driver make such a mistake? Couldn't he delay the timing?!

"Ron got out of the car halfway through and said he wanted to experience China's 'dada' taxis!" The assistant's face turned pale, "So he arrived early!"

"Damn, this blasted nuisance!"

Mr. Song couldn't help but swear, "Are our people in place yet?"

"The business negotiation experts are stuck in traffic!" the assistant said frantically.

"Why is there a traffic jam?!" Song Changkong could hardly bear such circumstances, almost panicking, "Quick, find someone to stall Ron for me!"

...

Amidst Song Changkong's roar of fury.

A portly foreigner with a big beard, arrived at the door of Conference Room Three, pushed it open, and stepped inside.

Chapter 236: This Foreigner is Interesting_1

The door to the third meeting room opened and someone walked in while Bai Xiaosheng was eating a plate of fruit.

The woman receptionist had brought it to him, saying she would go brew a good cup of tea for him to try, and had been out for a while now.

Bai Xiaosheng thought it was her returning, but when he looked up, he was startled.

The man entering was smartly dressed in a suit, broad and even broader at the belly, with the buttons of his shirt straining, as if they might burst off at any moment.

Looking at his face, the man had brown hair, brown eyes—a pure-blooded foreigner!

Bai Xiaosheng was taken aback.

Actually, judging by the time, it was about right for someone to come for the interview—was it him? Why wasn't it Lin Beichen?

But for Zhongjing Media to have a foreign employee wasn't strange at all.

Bai Xiaosheng politely nodded to the foreigner.

The stout foreigner looked equally surprised upon seeing Bai Xiaosheng. After making sure it was the third meeting room from the reception desk, he declined having someone lead the way and came himself.

After all, it wasn't his first time here.

If this was the negotiation room, then there shouldn't be any unrelated people present, after all, such negotiations are important. The stout foreigner had faith in the management of Zhongjing Media.

The stout foreigner walked over, and Bai Xiaosheng stood up, extending his hand.

The two shook hands very solemnly.

"Am I here to talk with you?" the stout foreigner asked.

"Host need detected, activating secondary auxiliary system—language translation."

"Language detected, German, Bavarian dialect."

This language branch... it seemed familiar...

Bai Xiaosheng's mind stirred, but he didn't dwell on it.

"Correct, it's me!" Bai Xiaosheng nodded.

Is there anyone else here?

Bai Xiaosheng's fluent and authentic German in the Bavarian dialect took the stout foreigner by surprise.

Indeed, there was a reason why Song Changkong had sent him to talk to me!

The stout foreigner smiled and said, "Your German is excellent. My name is Ron, what's yours?"

Ron knew this young man might have a complete understanding of his information, yet he still introduced himself.

Perhaps it was out of the typical German precision and politeness.

"Bai Xiaosheng." Bai Xiaosheng smiled, "Can you make decisions by yourself regarding this matter?"

Someone sent by Lin Beichen certainly wouldn't rank higher than manager level.

Perhaps this foreign manager was short-staffed and so Lin Beichen let him interview me.

Or it could be Lin Beichen, on purpose, putting me through a tough negotiation with a foreigner.

Bai Xiaosheng speculated.

"I believe I can totally make decisions on my own!"

Ron shrugged and sat down opposite Bai Xiaosheng.

He was the lead negotiator for Kaisen Company, although a team had come with him, he held the highest decision-making power.

"That's good." Bai Xiaosheng smiled and also sat down.

Since he had gained the secondary system's assistance, he hadn't had a serious work-related conversation with a foreigner.

The real use of language translation was meant for the workplace. Communicating with animals was actually off-topic.

"Would you like some? I've only had a bit, and I assume you don't mind." Bai Xiaosheng pushed the fruit plate towards the stout foreigner, Ron.

The freshly cut fruit in the plate was accompanied by a few toothpicks. Bai Xiaosheng had used some and now had picked them out, even taking a piece of apple with him.

Bai Xiaosheng acted casually, not worrying about possibly offending the other party.

After all, he wasn't there for a real interview.

Furthermore, seeing how Lin Beichen's attitude toward Yang Qian'er and the way he looked at himself, not to mention sending this foreigner over here.

Bai Xiaosheng thought that it was unlikely he would be hired from the interview.

So why worry about anything?

Let's see if I can get some information out of this foreigner's mouth, Bai Xiaosheng thought.

"No, thank you."

Mr. Ron looked at Bai Xiaosheng with a puzzled expression.

Normally, the people Mr. Song sent to converse with him were always professional, rigorous, and stiff, with a strong sense of the corporate world.

Once, twice, three times, Ron had grown used to it and even a bit tired of it. Germans are known for their precision, but they are not emotionless rocks.

So, later on, when he encountered such people, Ron would subconsciously want to toy with them.

He would switch between different languages and use the skills he had learned in psychology to fluster them for his amusement, but this unexpectedly netted him a pleasant surprise.

It was Mr. Song's continuous concessions!

Now, suddenly a young man appeared. He looked ordinary but was proficient in the Bavarian dialect of German and his attitude seemed casual—as if Mr. Song had changed his strategy!

Ron grew a bit guarded.

"Mr. Ron, I am really curious, what do you think of Zhongjing Media?" Bai Xiaosheng unexpectedly took the initiative to ask.

A different person, a different routine.

Ron could not help but be somewhat interested.

"Zhongjing Media is a company with great potential, leading in many areas among its peers, but it still has some flaws."

Ron casually pointed out a few things—Zhongjing Media's strengths and didn't hesitate to highlight the issues.

This frankness, typical of foreigners, surprised Bai Xiaosheng.

In reality, what Ron mentioned was just a small part of the vast amount of information he had mastered.

"It seems that Mr. Song wants to test our abilities!" Ron thought to himself.

Kaisen had a strong business research team that had spent four months studying Zhongjing Media in particular.

Bai Xiaosheng listened attentively.

After all, in his view, an "insider's" offhand comments were more direct than reading through countless documents.

"Red Lotus, search for Zhongjing Media's decisions on these issues he mentioned, and also..."

Based on what Ron said, with the help of Red Lotus's search, Bai Xiaosheng checked the information and thought about the issues.

It turned out that Ron's insights were extraordinary!

Of course, there were some points with which Bai Xiaosheng disagreed.

The various decision adjustments made by Zhongjing Media were not without merit.

"Could it be that this foreigner is deliberately saying this to me as a hidden interview question?"

A thought struck Bai Xiaosheng.

"You want to test me? Fine, let me show you just how capable your future Deputy General Manager is!"

Bai Xiaosheng felt a surge of combativeness at the bottom of his heart.

"Ron, a lot of what you've said makes sense, but there are also unreasonable parts..."

Bai Xiaosheng began to unapologetically contradict some of Ron's views, and even completely reject some.

Ron's eyes narrowed slightly.

Bai Xiaosheng had insightful and profound observations; he could recite a wealth of data without missing a beat!

"This guy is no simple character!"

Ron couldn't help but sit up straight and take the young man in front of him seriously.

The two engaged in a sharp exchange over many issues.

As Ron became more agitated, he began spouting various European dialects.

"You're asking for it!" Bai Xiaosheng thought coldly to himself.

Whatever language Ron used, Bai Xiaosheng would respond in kind. When it came to certain slangs that Ron didn't understand, Bai Xiaosheng even had to explain them to him.

By the end of the conversation, Bai Xiaosheng had confounded the foreigner with his fluency in multiple languages.

Looking at a sweating Ron, Bai Xiaosheng thought playfully, "This foreigner is quite interesting."

In the hallway outside the meeting room, Lin Beichen ran up, drenched in sweat.

Mr. Song's assistant had just called him, asking him to stall Ron in order to buy time for Mr. Song.

That darn foreigner was too intimidating!

I'm no match for him at all!

Lin Beichen was endlessly complaining, now standing in front of the door to Conference Room Three, his hand shaking as he tried to push it open.

Chapter 237 Keep it up, Mr. Lin_1

In the third meeting room, there was a faint sound of heated debate, one voice pressing down another.

Had the discussion already started?

Lin Beichen couldn't help but be startled, then a bit puzzled.

He hadn't arrived yet, who was inside talking with the foreigner? Could Mr. Song's assistant have called someone else?

Listening to that halting accent, was it being completely suppressed by the foreigner Ron?

It's my turn in a while!

Lin Beichen felt a tightness in his heart.

Thinking about how as soon as he entered, he would have to face a fearsome opponent who he was utterly unable to defeat, he felt extremely tense and afraid.

My German is not up to par; I'm fluent in English!

Lin Beichen felt like crying but had no tears.

Originally, after talking with Yang Qian'er, he was expected to deal with that guy surnamed Bai, but then he received a call from Assistant Song Changkong. After being reminded of countless things to note, Lin Beichen learned that he had been assigned a significant mission—to stall Kaisen Company's Ron.

And Ron had already arrived, leaving him with zero prep time.

No, it was negative.

He had to rush over immediately, without a moment's delay.

His responsibility was to hold Ron back until the damned business negotiation expert arrived.

Lin Beichen was torn with this do-or-die command.

All the way there, Lin Beichen couldn't stop his internal roaring.

I'm half a foreigner, so I have to deal with foreigners? What kind of reasoning is that! I'm good at a foreign language, so I can have a pleasant conversation with them? What logic is this!

Lin Beichen was too weak to complain.

Now, he stood outside the door of the third meeting room. If he pushed it open, inside would be that headache-inducing, damned Ron!

And someone else was getting "educated."

He didn't know who the unlucky sod was...

Lin Beichen glanced at the third meeting room, and suddenly his eyelid twitched.

He finally remembered that Bai Xiaosheng had been brought here. Initially, he intended to leave him hanging, so could the person inside be...

Bai Xiaosheng!

Lin Beichen's heart suddenly leapt to his throat, and his eyes were filled with terror.

If the one inside was Bai Xiaosheng, and Ron mistook him for a representative of Zhongjing Media, who would be accountable for the cascade of issues that followed?

Bai Xiaosheng came to apply for a position in the New Media Internet Department!

It was he, Lin Beichen, who had Assistant Yin bring Bai Xiaosheng here!

So ultimately, all problems had a culprit; it was entirely Lin Beichen's fault!

Lin Beichen felt his legs go weak, and in his fear, he pushed open the meeting room door.

What he saw inside was astonishing.

The foreigner Ron was sitting properly in his seat, as attentive as an elementary school student.

That bastard surnamed Bai was almost sitting on the office desk, holding a plate of fruit, and speaking loudly in German.

The foreigner was nodding repeatedly.

I must have gone crazy from fear!

Lin Beichen blinked furiously, rubbing his eyes, trying to clear his head, yet the scene before him remained the same.

Bai Xiaosheng looked up and saw him, smiling and casually waving a hand at him.

"Did Mr. Lin join us? I was just chatting with old Ron here, having a great time."

Old Ron...

Lin Beichen grimaced, if Ron was willing not to give him a hard time, he'd willingly call him boss!

Ron glanced at Lin Beichen and slightly frowned, a bit annoyed at being disturbed.

"I just want to talk to Bai, the two of us will suffice, may I ask what you need?" Ron said in a stiff tone, his eyes clearly resistant.

Lin Beichen subconsciously swallowed, unable to produce a smile, he couldn't fully understand German, but he knew the gist of it.

"I have no business here, you two chat." Lin Beichen bowed out respectfully, closing the door behind him.

Ron smiled satisfiedly, then turned back to urge Bai Xiaosheng, "Bai, let's continue discussing the European market expansion, I think your ideas are really good!"

After a full-on spiel, Bai Xiaosheng had already discussed with Ron how Zhongjing Media could break out of Asia and step into Europe, with some of the policies and strategies leaving Ron in awe.

Bai Xiaosheng furrowed his brows, casting a suspicious glance towards the door.

Lin Beichen, the director of the New Media Network Department, held authority above the managerial level, second only to the deputy general manager. And yet, this fat foreigner had dismissed him with a single sentence.

Something wasn't right.

Bai Xiaosheng had researched and knew that the general manager and deputy general manager at Zhongjing Media had always been Chinese. This foreigner couldn't possibly outrank Lin Beichen in position.

Without authority, to have such a deterrent power...

This fat foreigner was likely a major client, or perhaps a high-level executive of an important partner company.

Bai Xiaosheng quickly realized there was a problem—

This fat foreigner wasn't here for an interview!

Seeing Ron's eager expression.

Bai Xiaosheng smiled, halting his speech.

"I can't let this precious crystallization of my wisdom be heard for nothing. I've got to take some information from him too!" Bai Xiaosheng thought to himself.

Actually, he had already learned quite a bit about Zhongjing Media from Ron, but he still felt it wasn't enough!

"Ron, if you were in charge, holding decision-making power at our Zhongjing Media, what would you do?"

Bai Xiaosheng picked up a cup of tea, "I've talked myself dry, telling you plenty. Now, as a friend, it's your turn to talk. If what you say is valuable, we'll keep talking, if there are no substantial details, then I can only apologize. We Chinese can be very sincere with friends, but if you're not enough of a friend, then there's no need for our conversation today!"

Bai Xiaosheng slyly claimed righteousness.

Without anyone noticing, he had seamlessly transitioned "Zhongjing Media" to "our Zhongjing Media", so naturally that even fat Ron hadn't sensed anything amiss.

Ron furrowed his brow slightly, but then burst into hearty laughter.

"Bai, did you do that on purpose, stopping your explanation at the most exciting part! Right, you've said enough! Well then, I won't be polite and just assume, if I were the top decision-maker at Zhongjing Media, what would I do!"

Ron admired Bai Xiaosheng's brilliant commentary and, fired up, began his own narrative.

He even started with an assessment of Zhongjing Media's decision-making layer.

"Song Changkong. Song, I don't know if your position is higher than his, but he is good at maintaining things. He can ensure that every single matter, anything at all, is perfectly managed. However, he's not adept at offense, at boldly trying new things. I've heard his deputy got promoted, but he didn't. I think the group above your company has quite an eye for talent!" Ron exclaimed.

Song Changkong was a man with obsessive-compulsive disorder, different from others; he was obsessed with routine and consistency.

Bai Xiaosheng took note of this information and nodded in agreement.

"Continue."

...

At this moment, Song Changkong was becoming anxious.

"What's going on, wasn't it supposed to be five minutes, now it's seven minutes and the negotiation expert still hasn't arrived?"

"Apparently, there's a traffic jam, he'll be here any minute!" the assistant was also anxious, "Maybe, Mr. Lin, you could start the talk with Ron?"

"No way!" Song Changkong refused outright, "A plan is a plan, once it's set we shouldn't change it, call Mr. Lin and tell him to hang in there and stall a bit longer!"

Chapter 238 I Want to Save You_1

"Delayed again?!" Lin Beichen received a call from Song Changkong's assistant and couldn't help but exclaim aloud.

Was Mr. Song, Song Changkong, going to sacrifice him at this rate!

"But..." Lin Beichen glanced at the door of the large conference room, hesitating whether to tell the truth to the assistant, that he hadn't actually spoken with Mr. Ron but instead, it was someone who had come for a job interview chatting inside.

No way!

This mix-up had blown up. If the General Manager found out, with his temper, wouldn't he ...

Lin Beichen suddenly felt a chill running down his spine, his whole person became uneasy.

I can't tell!

If I can stall for a little while, then let it be just a little while! After hanging up the phone, I'll try to go in again and end this dreadful farce!

Lin Beichen couldn't help but wipe the sweat beads on his forehead.

"Mr. Lin, Mr. Song just said, you must hold on. As long as you successfully stall Mr. Ron, he will not forget your contributions. Isn't the position of vice-general manager still vacant? He will recommend you to the group!" Song Changkong's assistant said in a lowered voice over the phone.

Lin Beichen's eyes suddenly lit up!

Vice General Manager of Zhongjing Media!

This title was like magic, instantly exciting Lin Beichen.

Lin Beichen took a deep breath to calm his emotions and then said generously over the phone to Song Changkong's assistant, "Please tell Mr. Song that Beichen will spare no effort to stall Mr. Ron and buy time for the company!"

On the phone, Song Changkong's assistant said good with satisfaction and then hung up.

Lin Beichen's heart pounded wildly as he looked at the door to the conference room, listening to the voices coming from inside.

"I'll just let Bai Xiaosheng talk to Ron, and when Mr. Song and the others arrive, I'll take over... If we really can't make it in time, just say that Bai Xiaosheng is someone I've recently hired, and this was all arranged by me!"

Lin Beichen's blue eyes were filled with eagerness.

"Anyway, this credit must be counted towards me!"

The delighted Mr. Lin, the Director, quietly pushed open a crack in the door and stealthily peered inside, like someone spying on a beauty.

Bai Xiaosheng leaned back in his seat, eating fruit in a relaxed manner. Ron was gesticulating with his hands and feet, talking animatedly.

Lin Beichen was astounded.

"How do I feel like the roles of these two have been mixed up? Who's reporting to whom here?!"

Lin Beichen, with a look of shock, closed the door, turned his face, and saw the female receptionist gaping at him in astonishment.

Lin Beichen jumped in fright and couldn't help but shout, "What are you doing!"

After shouting, he hastily covered his mouth, nervously glancing at the conference room, relieved to see that no one inside was disturbed.

The female receptionist was completely taken aback.

The esteemed Director, who normally commanded managers around, was now peeping... indecently...

Seeing Lin Beichen looking over.

The female receptionist hurriedly lifted up the tray she was holding to show him.

On the tray, there was a cup of tea.

"There's a guest inside, so I went to pour a cup of tea," the female receptionist said softly.

She had a great conversation with Bai Xiaosheng, offering him a plate of fruit, then lingered a bit longer in the tea room when no one was paying attention, and took some fine tea leaves.

Looking at a Tieguanyin tea leaf unfolding in the water, the receptionist felt her heart racing.

The hospitality protocol stated that Bai Xiaosheng's position didn't merit such tea; it was reserved for high-level guests.

Lin Beichen obviously noticed.

As he frowned, the receptionist felt increasingly panicked.

"This..." Lin Beichen's brows knotted, and while under the uneasy gaze of the receptionist, he became somewhat angry, "Dump it out!"

Dump it out? What a waste!

The receptionist felt a twinge of pain in her heart.

"Replace it with Wuyi Da Hong Pao reserved for CEO-level guests!" Lin Beichen ordered, hesitating for a moment, "Make it two cups."

Hmph, this time Bai Xiaosheng had gotten the better of me.

Lin Beichen thought to himself, consider it a reward for you keeping Mr. Ron occupied on my behalf.

The female receptionist could hardly believe her ears; under Lin Beichen's stern gaze, she hurried back to the tea room.

Inside the meeting room, Bai Xiaosheng nodded frequently, committing the strategies that Ron outlined deeply to memory.

Bai Xiaosheng was new to the scene, and even with Red Lotus's help, he was still in over his head. It would take a great deal of time for him to thoroughly understand Zhongjing Media, and even then, he wouldn't have a plan as professional as Ron's.

Ron was different.

Bai Xiaosheng searched and confirmed continually during their conversation, and learned about Ron's true identity—he was a partner and vice president of Europe's Kaisen Company, with a very powerful business consultant team under him, famous throughout all of Europe.

Kaisen had been in talks with Zhongjing Media for four months, during which time that renowned consulting team worked tirelessly, day and night, to study Zhongjing Media.

It could be said that Ron was more familiar with Zhongjing Media than even Song Changkong, and far more detailed.

Song Changkong, caught up in the action and extremely traditional in his approach, opted to selectively overlook many matters and problems.

The things Ron shared with Bai Xiaosheng, although a mix of truths and half-truths, were all "the real stuff."

It's no exaggeration, the conversation today, listening to Ron for ten minutes could save Bai Xiaosheng two weeks of contemplation.

Of course, this Ron wasn't a fool either; he kept quite a bit hidden.

As Bai Xiaosheng listened to Ron, he used Red Lotus's search capabilities to probe the depths of Ron's Kaisen Company.

"Kaisen, one of the well-known advertising companies in Europe, with branches in over a dozen countries and regions, possesses a high global reputation and influence..."

"Four months ago, Zhongjing Media initiated strategic collaboration talks with Kaisen Company, supported by Zhongjing City government, the collaboration's first phase amounting to several hundred million..."

Bai Xiaosheng kept his cool.

But the information retrieved by Red Lotus was far from just that.

"Earlier this year, Kaisen Company experienced a financial crisis, which was later denied, and content related to this news was deleted..."

"Kaisen Company's market share has shown a declining trend over the last four years, with the decrease being..."

Bai Xiaosheng looked at Ron with a hint of a smile.

This chubby foreigner spoke so authoritatively about the flaws of Zhongjing Media; he must have enjoyed it immensely.

He assumed their Kaisen was so powerful, but it turned out they were just on the decline despite their big name.

Ron was just taking advantage of the fact that they were not well-informed here. Plus, they were good at handling negative news!

These past four months, the top brass of Zhongjing Media must have given this foreigner quite a headache!

Bai Xiaosheng looked at Ron with an unfriendly smile.

Foreign fatso, you come strutting around on my turf; meeting me today, your luck has run out!

"Bai, it's your turn now, let's hear your thoughts!" Ron looked at Bai Xiaosheng eagerly.

What Bai Xiaosheng said had been a huge revelation to him; passing it on to his team for development might turn around some of Kaisen's sagging fortunes.

Ron was in a hurry, but Bai Xiaosheng was not; he casually ate some fruit, leisurely watching Ron.

Why isn't he speaking anymore, and what's with that expression...

Ron was taken aback, sensing something was off.

This young man watched him with a playful gaze, a smile that wasn't quite a smile.

Ron had studied psychology and knew a bit about micro-expression analysis. He'd been too excited chatting with Bai Xiaosheng just now but suddenly felt as though he was being controlled by the other party.

"Bai, I've been a good friend, telling you so much. What's this, are you now going against your esteemed traditions?" Ron frowned, the tone of his voice deliberately displeased.

"Forsake our esteemed traditions? Of course not!" Bai Xiaosheng shrugged with a smile, looking at the chubby man, locking eyes with him, "As friends, perhaps I want to help you?"

"Help me?" Ron didn't understand.

"Don't understand? No worries." Bai Xiaosheng laughed heartily, "I want to save your Kaisen Company!"

Chapter 239: You Say Sign, Just Sign?!_1

"Bai, I have no idea what you're talking about!"

Ron furrowed his brow deeply, his face somewhat displeased.

You're pretending with me?

Bai Xiaosheng looked at him calmly, a shallow smile on his face.

"Host requirement detected, third system assistance initiated, Primary Micro-Expression Analysis System activated."

"Facial Behavior Code System engaged, analyzing ..."

"Body Language Code System initiated, analyzing ..."

Ron was indeed a formidable opponent; he knew how to analyze others' psychology and hide his own.

Without exaggeration, even if a team of professional business negotiation experts came, they might not gain any advantage over him.

But it depends on who they are compared with.

At the moment, Ron was facing Bai Xiaosheng, with the assistance of Bai Xiaosheng's system.

"As far as I know, Kaisen Company is facing severe financial problems. Although you've tried hard to hide it, some numbers can't be concealed. For example ... " Bai Xiaosheng lowered his voice and mentioned some figures to Ron.

"You're the expert in this area, you understand what I'm saying, right?" Bai Xiaosheng asked with a smile.

Ron's eyelids twitched slightly, quickly reverting to normal.

"That doesn't prove anything!" Ron said calmly.

"Pupil constriction by five percent, eyebrows raised by three point five percent, hand gestures indicate surprise," Red Lotus analyzed. "Emotions assessed as panic, surprise, doubt."

You're still pretending!

Bai Xiaosheng looked at him with a smile that was not quite a smile.

He was analyzing Ron, and Ron was analyzing him; the results of the analysis made Ron even more uneasy.

Bai Xiaosheng was clearly exuding confidence and a mocking tone.

"And those statistical figures, how did he get them!" Ron's heart tightened; he knew all too well what they signified.

Could it be that Zhongjing Media was also investigating us, had they commissioned some powerful commercial investigation agency?

Ron grew anxious.

"Bai, you ... " Ron had just started to speak.

The conference room door was gently knocked, and afterwards, a female receptionist brought in two cups of tea.

When she saw Bai Xiaosheng, she gave a smile, but when she saw Ron, she jumped in surprise.

Isn't this the foreigner who has come many times and caused the company and Mr. Song so much trouble?!

Why is he here again!

And chatting with Bai Xiaosheng ...

Looking at the foreigner's outwardly calm appearance, but with the tea in his cup shaking continuously.

Hand trembling!

The female receptionist took another look, admired the calm and unflappable Bai Xiaosheng, and was truly impressed.

How did he make this foreigner so uneasy?

The female receptionist couldn't help but give Bai Xiaosheng a silent thumbs-up.

Bai Xiaosheng smiled.

The female receptionist quietly left.

"Mr. Ron, do you know why I'm talking to you about those innovative ideas and plans for entering the European market?" Bai Xiaosheng asked softly.

Why?

Ron frowned, a flash of surprise in his eyes.

"Back then, were you already hinting to me, wanting to tell me that you had a meticulous plan to expand the market ... to help Kaisen!" Ron couldn't help but swallow.

Bai Xiaosheng nodded slightly like a sage, smiling as he watched him.

He was laughing his head off inside.

It seems that the power of imagination is immensely strong both in and out of China.

Ron watched Bai Xiaosheng's expression intently, trying to gauge the sincerity of his words.

His eyes had just shifted.

Red Lotus immediately signaled a warning, "Pupils have constricted by 2%, lip line tightened by 4.5%, shoulders sunk by 3%... Analysis result: the other party's emotions include concentration, doubt, and probing."

Bai Xiaosheng burst into laughter right away.

"Ron, Ron! You still don't trust me, huh? Well then, I don't think there's anything left to discuss in our cooperation. You should go back to Europe!"

As Bai Xiaosheng said his last words, his face darkened, and he stood up.

Ron was startled.

"What are you saying, no more cooperation? That can't be... I mean, what right do you have to make this decision?" Ron said anxiously.

What right?

"I'm the newly appointed Deputy General Manager of Zhongjing Media. Is that authority enough for you?!"

Bai Xiaosheng leaned forward to look at Ron, "I'm not afraid to tell you that I was sent by the group above Zhongjing Media. My position as Deputy General Manager puts me on par with Song Changkong, the General Manager, in terms of decision-making!"

"You, a foreigner, are squabbling with us here and wasting too much of our time. Our group feels that you have no sincerity, and why should we even cooperate with you? We could totally collaborate with Kelson!"

At Bai Xiaosheng's words, Ron's face changed color.

Kelson was their biggest competitor.

If Kelson were to cooperate with Zhongjing Media and proceed with the market expansion as Bai Xiaosheng had envisioned, then Kaisen would be in even more jeopardy!

Ron's lips were trembling.

"Alright, Bai, don't be impulsive. Let's sign the cooperation agreement; we can process it right away!" Ron capitulated.

"Too late!"

Bai Xiaosheng glared.

Ron jumped at the glare.

"What were you doing earlier, huh? When I was holding back, why didn't you agree this readily? Now that the group has sent me here, it's to show you our hand. You want to cooperate, then cooperate, but who do you think you are?"

Bai Xiaosheng sneered coldly.

That expression sent a shiver through Ron.

"Bai, Bai, aren't we friends? Please don't be like this..." Ron said with a quiver in his voice.

"Oh yes. We are friends," Bai Xiaosheng's tone softened as he looked at Ron and smiled, "But we Chinese value reciprocity. Know what that means? If a friend visits with a gift, we won't let our friend suffer a loss. But if you come arrogantly and imperiously, taking whatever you like, then what awaits you is probably a hunting rifle."

"Hunting... rifle?"

"Good wine awaits a friend's visit, but a fierce wolf is greeted with a hunting rifle!" Bai Xiaosheng said disdainfully. "You come to our country to do business, you better learn some more, understand? Your cultural understanding is too low!"

Ron was meek, grasping the meaning in an instant.

Bai Xiaosheng was demanding concessions!

To concede or not?

If he didn't, the cooperation would fail!

Ron tasted bitterness in his mouth.

If only he had finalized the cooperation the last time he was here. Taking advantage multiple times had made him increasingly greedy and forgetful, thinking the people here were easy to bully.

Little did he expect to encounter a wolf this time, and not just any wolf, but a battle wolf.

In the hallway, Song Changkong, dressed in a sharp suit, was striding forward.

To his left were his assistants and two top-level business negotiation experts.

To his right were three translators, proficient in English, French, German, Spanish, and other languages.

Behind him followed the directors of various departments, and further back, the managers.

The whole team was majestic and brimming with fighting spirit, like going into battle.

"This time, I must secure Kaisen no matter what, even if it means ceding up to an additional 5% in profits!" Song Changkong was resolute as he communicated with the business negotiation experts while walking.

Upon reaching the corridor of the meeting room, Song Changkong saw Lin Beichen from afar, standing at the door like a doorman.

Seeing the procession, Lin Beichen hurriedly tried to duck into the meeting room.

"You stop right there!" Song Changkong shouted, panic in his eyes, "Come here!"

Song Changkong felt an ominous fear.

I asked him to watch over Ron. He better not have locked him up inside.

Chapter 240 Sir, don't be impulsive! _1

"Mr. Song, they're discussing it inside, they are having a good discussion!" Lin Beichen hurriedly said to Song Changkong.

Now, he wasn't hoping to take credit anymore; he just didn't want the boss to lose his temper in front of so many people.

"If you're out here, who's inside talking!" Song Changkong exclaimed with widened eyes, "Do you think you are Sun Wukong, capable of the art of duplication!"

"It's not me, but someone I sent!"

Lin Beichen quickly explained, "He speaks German, and Mr. Ron, it seems, really enjoys chatting with him."

It's like that kid has him completely under control...

Lin Beichen didn't dare to say that line out loud.

Otherwise, Song Changkong would go crazy.

"Really?"

Even after what Lin Beichen said, Song Changkong still had his doubts, "A German-speaking person who can make Mr. Ron enjoy his time?"

"If your department truly has such a capable person, and it's really as you say, I will commend you and your department!" Song Changkong's expression softened slightly as he stepped towards the conference room.

Lin Beichen cautiously followed.

Upon reaching the conference room door, Song Changkong deliberately calmed his emotions, his face shifting through several expressions.

It had to be polite yet assertive, without giving off any sense of aggression.

Not easy to manage!

Lin Beichen and the others watched in astonishment. Mr. Song's control over his facial expressions was almost transcendent; no wonder he was the General Manager. It seemed being a leader was truly not easy!

After adjusting his expressions and calming his emotions, Song Changkong reached out to open the door.

But then, the door opened.

Song Changkong was startled.

Ron walked out.

When he saw Song Changkong and the impressive line of people behind him, his eyes suddenly narrowed.

So all these people were outside the door; they were indeed prepared! This was like a lamb walking into a lion's den!

Ron's eyes conveyed pain.

Song Changkong's heart skipped a beat; Ron's expression didn't seem happy, more like he had suffered a great grievance.

If one had to describe it...

Like a small wife who had been wronged!

Song Changkong's gaze turned strange.

"Song, I'm glad to see you!" Ron muttered with some emotion.

Compared to that terrifying guy inside, Mr. Song was easy to talk to, with a good temper...

Unlike that guy inside who made him spit out all the advantages he had worked for months to gain, and even added harsh conditions on top of it, utterly ruthless!

However, seeing even Song Changkong had to wait outside, Ron felt disheartened; it seemed there was little room for turnaround in this matter!

Ron gave Song Changkong a silent look, his eyes holding a trace of resentment...

You have a tough new person in your group, why didn't you warn me ahead of time...

"Mr. Ron, where are you off to?"

Seeing Ron dispirited and heading out, Song Changkong panicked and pulled him asking.

The translator conveyed this question to Ron.

"I just got a call; my people are downstairs, I'm going to call them, to prepare the contract," Ron murmured.

In fact, he wanted to take the opportunity to go downstairs and meet with his people, to communicate the situation.

"Contract?!" Song Changkong exclaimed.

Without the need for a translator, he could understand the word "contract."

This word had haunted his mind for a full four months!

The translator confirmed.

Around the room, a chorus of gasps ensued, and the directors' eyes bulged like protruding golden fish.

They're going to sign the contract?!

How could this happen so suddenly...

Song Changkong was ecstatic beyond belief, shaking Ron's hand, "Are we signing now? You're not joking with me, are you?"

The translator relayed.

"I don't have time to joke with you!" Ron said somewhat annoyed, thinking Song Changkong was making fun of him.

"I've already reached an agreement with your deputy manager."

My deputy manager?

The translator's words took Song Changkong by surprise.

That guy was promoted, wasn't he? He's back?

Song Changkong hurriedly looked into the conference room.

There was no deputy general manager inside, just an ordinary young man sitting there, leisurely drinking tea.

Song Changkong turned around, Ron had already walked away.

Lin Beichen took the opportunity to glance inside and said to Song Changkong, "That's right, it's him, the person I sent to chat with Mr. Ron. He's new to our department... inter, interviewing..."

Lin Beichen's voice dropped an octave.

"Interviewing?!" Song Changkong was taken aback, then angrily said, "You arranged for someone here for an interview to talk with Mr. Ron? Have you lost your fucking mind?"

Lin Beichen was on the verge of tears.

Under Song Changkong's fury, he immediately laid out the bottom line, "I arranged for him to wait here; who knew he would end up chatting with Mr. Ron. But Mr. Ron agreed to sign the contract, didn't he? That's a good thing!"

A good thing, what the hell does it have to do with you!

Song Changkong snorted and pushed the door open to enter.

The others stood outside the door, not daring to move.

At this moment, Song Changkong was somewhat anxious.

He wanted to know what had made Ron look like that, who the kid inside was, and how he had talked with Mr. Ron.

Hadn't he recklessly promised something? Then everything would be thrown into chaos, beyond salvaging!

Song Changkong felt a tightness in his chest.

At this moment, he couldn't go to ask Ron, so he could only ask the kid inside.

Seeing Song Changkong coming in, Bai Xiaosheng guessed his identity.

At the door, the only one who could scold Lin Beichen, other than the former deputy general manager, was probably the general manager of Zhongjing Media.

Song Changkong!

Bai Xiaosheng sized up Song Changkong.

Song Changkong also frowned and looked at him.

"Kid, who are you, where do you come from? What did you discuss with Mr. Ron? How did he... end up like that?"

Song Changkong demanded.

He was the Zhongjing Media General Manager, holding a high position of authority. Those who usually spoke to him were all very respectful.

Right now, Bai Xiaosheng was sitting comfortably, which irked him somewhat.

However, seeing that the matter was urgent, he chose not to pursue it, although he could not help but speak in a much colder voice, with a very bad attitude.

Bai Xiaosheng looked at him expressionlessly.

"Stand up! Didn't you hear what I said?" Song Changkong shouted angrily.

Bai Xiaosheng without a word, took out his phone, and dialed. He had added Ron's number in China.

Bai Xiaosheng spoke in German, "Hello, Ron. The contract, let's not rush to sign it."

After that, Bai Xiaosheng turned his phone towards Song Changkong and put it on speaker.

"Why?! Bai, what do you mean! Haven't we already reached an agreement? I will bring people up right away to sign the contract!" Ron's panicked voice came through the phone.

Through the phone speaker, Song Changkong could feel his emotional turmoil, the word "contract" was pronounced particularly loudly.

Bai Xiaosheng ignored Ron completely and hung up the phone.

"Mr. Song, I was trying to help you secure the contract, and this is how you treat me? Fine then, you negotiate with Ron yourself, I'm leaving." Bai Xiaosheng said with a smile as he got up.

Bai Xiaosheng wasn't really intent on ruining the deal, he just wanted to spur Ron into a bit more urgency.

Song Changkong's expression changed instantaneously.

Shock, anger, fear, with fear taking the upper hand in the end.

"Sir, please don't be rash, it's my fault, my tone was inappropriate, please sit down!" Song Changkong said in a fluster.

Bai Xiaosheng, satisfied, sat back down, "Mr. Song, if you had shown this attitude earlier, wouldn't everything be fine? Come, have a seat, let me tell you about Ron's conditions!"

Lin Beichen peeked through the crack in the door and saw Mr. Song sitting obediently opposite Bai Xiaosheng, and he was momentarily stunned before quickly withdrawing his head.

Today, there must be something wrong with his eyes! He kept seeing illusions!

"What's going on?"

"What did you see?!"

The surrounding directors kept asking questions, but Lin Beichen steadfastly kept his mouth shut.

A moment later, Song Changkong hurried out.

"Prepare to sign the contract!"

His expression was incredibly excited, and his hands were even trembling; Ron had actually offered them a better deal!

"You guys come here!"

Song Changkong called people over.

"Listen carefully, the person in there is now our company's deputy general manager!" Song Changkong instructed them in a lowered voice.

Don't give it away!

Deputy general manager?! Everyone was dumbfounded.

"It's to fool the foreigner!" Song Changkong explained and couldn't help but look back towards the meeting room, "Once the contract is signed, we still have to interview him! Really want to be the deputy general manager? Stop dreaming! That position can only be appointed by the group headquarters!"