

Monster Factory

Chapter 17: One who does not understand

Translated by me, edited by Kai.

“Excuse me, do you sell hair dye here?”

“Yes, yes, of course.” With business at his door steps, the owner of the store threw down the cards in his hands and ran over: “What colour do you need and in what price range?”

“Need one that is inexpensive and doesn’t fade easily.” Ye Qing doesn’t know much about hair products: “Need it to be as black as possible. I don’t know what it’s called, but it’s basically black people’s skin colour.

“You can mix them! You own a hairdressers shop, yet you don’t know how to mix colours?”

Ye Qing shook his head: “Just mix it for me. And tell me the usage ratio.”

The owner snapped his finger, as if saying ‘I got it’.

Well the owner wasn’t lying at all. In no time, after mixing a couple of dyes, the colour Ye Qing needed was created. Ye Qing dabbed some onto his fingers.

After he tried it out, it looked exactly like a black person’s skin color as shown on television.

Ye Qing bought 50 of each of the three colours needed for mixing, a couple of large electrical razors, and a couple of sets of clothes specially tailored for those super fat people.

When Ye Qing returned, the first thing he did is passover the razors to the peons and told them to shave.

The peons have a body height of over 1.9 meters. If it wasn’t because the commercial van was big enough and had no back seats, there is no way that these two would fit in.

While they were shaving, Ye Qing took out the formula, and mixed the dye using chopsticks following the ratios.

Just like basting a duck, Ye Qing brushed the two from head to toe with hair dye. Now the two peons no longer look like monsters, but more like some incredibly buff black cavemen.

“Done!” Ye Qing placed the brush down, as he viewed his pleasing work of art.

The good thing with this dye is that it isn't affected by water. As long as the two are given a brushing twice a month, then Ye Qing is sure that people will only think of them as brothers from some backend corner of Africa. There was absolutely no way will people think of them as monsters.

As for their looks, there is just too many ugly people around. In some countries, the average looks can be even worse than these two.

Once the dye dried, Ye Qing passed them each a set of clothing. Even though their size is extra extra large, but once the two wore them, it clung tightly to their body.

Their thick limbs and steel plate like chest is even more pronounced than before.

He prepared size 15 professional basketball shoes, but it still doesn't fit them very well.

Lastly, 2 pairs of full coverage sunglasses.

When the 2 pairs of sunglasses covered their muddy eyes, even if it's Ye Qing, he couldn't believe that these two were actually monsters.

They basically look like black NBA players. Against these muscle heads, even if it were some wicked scoundrel, they would need to think twice before acting.

This is the difference between body shape and power. Just like how no sheep would fight a wolf.

Rather, they are angry tigers. Tigers who are surrounded by sheep.

“Perfect!” Ye Qing sighed at his work.

With Hulk One and Hulk Two in tow, what is there to fear?

Even if world war III happens, he would still have no worries.

At 7 pm in the evening, lights lit up all of Liangjiang road. As for Ye Qing, he parked the van in Tianranju's underground parking lot.

Although Tianranju isn't a top tier restaurant, it still has a long history of working with rare seafood. Currently, the parking lot is already almost full. Among the parked cars, there is no lack of million yuan luxury cars.

A black jaguar cut in front of Ye Qing. From the rolled down window, a young man full of acne can be seen with one hand on the wheel and one hand somewhere else.

The unsettled right hand is caressing a beautiful girl with shoulder long hair, who is covering her mouth while giggling.

The driver gave Ye Qing a look, showing off his prize and sped past.

Having locked the car, Ye Qing looked at the antique like car keys in his hands, then looked at all the advertisements on the commercial van.

Then saw all the unfixed dents and scratches on the bumper.

A determination to change rose from the bottom of Ye Qing's heart.

Cars, girls, even yachts and private jets, will all be his if he tries.

The 2 peons in the van gave him complete confidence.

Strive to earn money!

With steps filled with determination, Ye Qing entered Tianranju.

"Hello sir, do you have a reservation?" A beautiful receptionist, wearing a red qipao, warmly greeted.

"Which floor is Mingyue hall on?"

"Yes sir, please follow me." This receptionist, for some unknown reason, disregarded the other guests and personally led Ye Qing.

Along the way, not only was she reverent and respectful, but even hurried to complete minor tasks, like pressing elevator buttons and so on.

The third floor is decorated with those ancient wooden gazebos. Here Liu Fengjin and Sang Qing were both sitting on red wooden chair whispering to each other. Surrounding them were several eye candies.

These girls were all invited over by Sang Qing from the Dingshang clubhouse after paying an extremely large fee.

Liu Fengjin is completely flushed in front of these girls. The boss of Jiangshan masonry, Sang Qing, on the other hand, is excited for some strange reason. It's to the point where, when they speak, even the walls of the room can't block it.

This time, Zhongyun's planned changes have had many businesses who dealt with construction materials make a fortune.

Originally Sang Qing should've been included in this list, but he didn't expect someone to come out of nowhere and jack his deal.

It's 10,000,000! For this deal, not only did Sang Qing hire 50 more workers, but also bought a new marble extractor and several other stone cutters.

Everything was ready, except in the end, Liu Fengjin called him saying the chief personally decided to give the curbstone deal to someone else.

Who, who tried to steal my business?

As someone who had a certain reputation on the streets, and now is the owner of a business with some 200 employees, of course Sang Qing would be angry.

Jiangshan masonry is the largest in all of Zhongyun. It has always been him bullying others, when did it become him being bullied?

However, despite being pissed, Sang Qing still has the patience to ask for the cause, then, Sang Qing is dumbstruck.....

So they're not of the same trade.

It's not that someone stole his curbstone business, it's just someone came up with some new technology that he hasn't heard of.

This is a special kind of of sculpting, and at a suicidal price. This is skill which allows the carving of detailed pictures onto curbstones.

At the beginning Sang Qing still had some suspicion. Because in all of Zhongyun, who knows about stones more than him?

These curbstones aren't some strategic resource, so they were place out in the open at the city construction management office's yard. Hence, Sang Qing came with an unbelieving attitude when he went to take a look.

The result, with just one look, one look, Sang Qing is completely mind blown.

Stone carvings! Stone sculptures!

Only today, did Sang Qing finally understand what real stone carvings are.

Speaking the ugly truth, the stone carving Sang Qing's masonry is able to produce, in front of these peerless beauties, master level artistry, and skillful strokes.

His products aren't even equal to the bugs in pig's dung!

This is a despairing, almost suffocating, disparity. The more a person understands a trade, the more he is able to understand the underlying values of these art works, and the amount of astronomical money associated with it.

Getting past the initial shock, what remains is an endless desire to possess this tech.

If.....

If I have this type of tech, then it's not just Zhongyun, but all of Jiangnan province! By then, who can compete with me in terms of product quality?

Lose little, gain big!

Earlier, Sang Qing wanted to suicide when he lost that super large deal, but now is stuck in ecstasy.

With this high tech machine in hand, what curbstones? What million yuan deals?

Wouldn't all of the nearby cities and towns' curbstones and related material deals be mine?

Those high tech companies who are able to develop these age defying types of technology, naturally have countless technology patents and unparalleled strength.

Where is the need for these people to compete with us who sell stones for a living?

They're merely releasing a new age engraving machine and are in need of something to prove its abilities. In the end they're just advertising this new machine.

Aren't all companies like this? As soon as a new product is released, the first thing they do is advertise the heck out of it.

But Sang Qing has to admit, this product's advertisement is seriously resounding.

Sang Qing, with just one look, immediately has the intense urge to possess one of these machines no matter the price.

Quickly, must move quickly!

If.....

When this batch of curbstones is shown to the public, then all the nearby masonries and people of the same trade, will rush over like a swarm of bees. Waving sheets upon sheets of checks in their hands.

“Sell it to me! Sell it to me! I’ll give a black check, you can fill in whatever number you want!”

When that time comes, would I have a chance? This type machine is just simply outrageous. It definitely can’t be produced like bean sprouts, a batch every couple of days.

In front of definite benefits, what is there for Sang Qing to care for. He immediately became like a sticky candy, unwaveringly stuck to Liu Fengjin.

Liu Fengjin hinted in the call that he’ll introduce this boss to him, but no matter what, won’t tell Sang Qing which company released this new tech.

Sang Qing immediately understand what Liu Fengjin wanted. This crafty geezer, he’s merely hinting that the deal isn’t over just yet.

The other party is a mechanical tool manufacturing company. They have no way to produce their own curbstones, so in the end, everything still came back to the curbstones.

As long as I fawn over him for a bit, then he’ll definitely introduce that boss to me and the boss would buy curbstones from me.

Sang Qing smiled coldly, you fking retard seriously don’t know what is called high tech stone engraving machine.

Curbstones?

What the fk is curbstones! My million yuan deal got jacked!

That is an honor! That is also my opportunity!

As long as I meet that boss, when the time comes, with some mucus, some tears, and beg him, saying that deal was originally mine, then make my company seem worse than it actually is, like how without this deal, N workers will have to starve and so on.

Then the boss who controls this type of age defining machine, will just need to wave their hand a little, have some pity for me and sell me a couple machines.....

Then wouldn’t I flourish to the point where with there is still leftover work even with 100 workers?

So where is the need for the curbstone deal?

I’ll just gift their company with 250,000 pieces of curbstones, to make up for the price of the machines.

Hehe ~

Luckily Liu Fengjin is an idiot who doesn't understand these things. Otherwise he will definitely kill me, and I can't even resist.

For the purpose of this meeting, Sang Qing could be said to have paid tons of capital. Let's not mention the money used to invite over the models from top tier clubs, merely for a wild sea grouper from Vietnam, Tianranju charged him over 8000 yuan.

Just at this moment, the waitress of the room learned from her earphone that a guest arrived downstairs looking for Mingyue hall and is currently on the way up.

"Finally here!" Sang Qing is trembling non-stop and excitedly stood up from his seat.

Today he intentionally suited up. He ditched all those gold chains and wore some buddhist pendants, which gave off a much more refined look.

This is to give that boss a good impression.