

All-rounder Artist

#Chapter 1 - 1 1 Life Like A Summer Flower_1 - Read All-rounder Artist Chapter 1 - 1 1 Life Like A Summer Flower_1

1 Chapter 1 Life Like A Summer Flower_1

Nine o'clock in the evening.

The Qin Continent Art Academy.

He lay on the lawn next to the school's sports field, hands supporting the back of his head, gazing at the stars—

The starry sky above seemed indistinguishable from Earth's, but even though he couldn't find the North Star, he knew this wasn't Earth; this was a parallel timeline and a place called Blue Star.

“Lin Yuan, the second-year composition student at Qin Continent Art Academy.”

This was his new identity after crossing over.

He inherited everything from his predecessor, especially his handsome looks, yet he couldn't remember his name from his previous life or why he had crossed over. All he knew was that in his previous life he seemed to be a good-looking and famous person?

So, he naturally called himself:

“Lin Yuan”.

He scanned the original owner's memories.

As Lin Yuan expected, the historical trajectory of this world is vastly different from his previous one.

History diverted starting from the Qin Dynasty; Fusu inherited the works of Ying Zheng, leading the Great Qin Iron Cavalry to sweep over the universe. They united the world under the East that dominated the world until it was replaced by an even more powerful Summer Country a hundred years ago.

The world united under one governing body.

The world split into eight continents.

The place where Lin Yuan lived was named the Qin Continent.

In this world that has completely bid farewell to war, art has become a common pursuit of people. The culture here is extremely dense; fields related to literature and art, such as film and television, music, painting, literature, calligraphy, have never been so prosperous.

“Utopia.”

That was how Lin Yuan described it.

Especially for people engaged in the arts.

However, even in a utopian place, misfortune happens. The misfortune happened to the original owner of the body Lin Yuan crossed over into—

He was diagnosed with a terminal illness.

Yes, that’s right, the high-frequency term that appears in TV dramas and is always accompanied by a bucketful of melodrama:

“Terminal illness”.

Lin Yuan found this in his memories after crossing over. He had unexpectedly inherited a body that had been given the death sentence; the doctor had already proclaimed the original body’s condition as a death sentence long before:

“This child won’t live past twenty-five.”

The pain was unbearable for the original owner, so he chose to commit suicide by overdosing on sleeping pills. This was the reason Lin Yuan was able to take over the body. The original owner, being just nineteen years old, gave up his remaining life—

Fearing death?

So, choosing death?

Lin Yuan initially thought it was because of this unbearable pain that he chose to commit suicide. It wasn’t until he delved deeper into the original owner’s memories that he found out the situation was more complicated:

The original owner was raised in a single-parent family.

His father died of illness very early on.

His mother raised him all by herself.

From a young age, the original owner was sickly, fevers would often land him in a coma. The huge cost of treating his medical conditions fell solely on his mother's shoulders.

Some of the money was borrowed.

Some of the money was earned by his mother.

Just to raise him, his mother bore unimaginable hardships. Not to mention, the original owner had a sister and a younger sister—

The two sisters were very understanding.

Despite their hardships because of their brother, they never had good days.

To supplement the family's income as soon as possible, his elder sister gave up the chance to further her studies.

To reduce the burden on the family, his younger sister wore hand-me-downs from her elder sister.

And the straw that broke the camel's back was...

He lost the qualification to chase his dreams.

He was originally a student of vocal music, born with a powerful voice. His vocal condition was undoubtedly the best in his field. His dream was to become a singer.

However, during his first year, his illness struck again, this time resulting in:

He couldn't sing anymore.

His throat was damaged, unable to withstand consecutive high-intensity vocal training, let alone his prized high-notes—

With no other choice.

He switched to the less-favored composition department.

And in his second year, he chose to commit suicide.

Not just because his dreams were shattered, but more so because he didn't want to be a burden on his family anymore. Once life starts a countdown, each minute and every second can be torture.

After digesting these memories.

Lin Yuan, who had crossed over, could fully understand the original owner's decision. He could not stand on a moral high ground and accuse the original master of being weak.

One could only say...

Everyone has their own misfortune. Some people's misfortunes are harder to bear when compared to the average person's.

This aligns with the Buddha's saying, "Life is suffering".

But Lin Yuan wouldn't choose to commit suicide.

Although the body he inherited was still a body that most likely wouldn't live past twenty-five, he still had a few years to make something of it... right?

Copy some songs.

Copy some books.

Transport culture.

Earn some money for the family.

Yes, Lin Yuan couldn't change his fate of having a terminal illness, but in the remaining time, he might be able to change the fate of his family.

He was desperate with this thought.

Lin Yuan couldn't tell whether this was the will of the original owner or his own desire.

Perhaps what he inherited was not just the memory of the original owner, but also all his joys, angers, sorrows, and pleasures, and that connected with the mysterious bloodline.

Lin Yuan didn't resist this feeling.

But when Lin Yuan tried to recall some of the literary works from his previous life, he was shocked to find that he couldn't remember them clearly, as if there was a gauzy partition between them and his memory.

Then what is the purpose of my transmigration?

Lin Yuan asked himself this in his heart.

Then in his mind sounded a response that didn't quite count as an answer, "Blood testing... genetic testing... iris testing... compatibility rate is 99.36%... meets standard... data library selection... Solar System Earth... system binding in progress..."

System?

Lin Yuan understood.

Although the details of his memories were vague, he had read some online novels about the systems in his previous life, and he still had some impressions. He knew this was his golden finger, and this was the purpose of his transmigration.

Stop overthinking.

He was quietly waiting for the system to install.

Soon enough, that mechanical electric current sound rang again in his mind, "Loading successful, Literature and Art System binding complete!"

"Hello."

Lin Yuan initiated the greeting.

"Hello, host, congratulations on binding the Literature and Art System. This system will do its best to help you become an artist on Blue Star. You can communicate with the system through your mind. The following information will be displayed in text form for you."

The mechanical voice quieted down.

Transparent subtitles appeared in front of Lin Yuan.

"Age: 19"

"Life Span: 22"

"Painting: 45"

"Literature: 105"

"Music: 1038"

"Composite: 1188"

"Others: Please wait for activation."

“Note: Besides age and lifespan, the numbers represent Prestige, which signifies the external and industry recognition the host has obtained in that field. Theoretically, there is no upper limit. The higher your Prestige value, the more benefits you get...”

Life Span is... 22?

The system seemed to know what Lin Yuan was thinking.

Another line of subtitle appeared, “Twenty-five years is the theoretical maximum age that the host can live up to. In reality, the host can only live till the age of twenty-two and will be completely paralyzed at the age of twenty-one.”

“Can it be cured?”

Lin Yuan asked in his mind.

System: “When the host reaches the prestige standard of the system, the system will provide treatments. After several rounds of treatments, recovery can be achieved. Every time a certain Prestige value is reached, the system will notify the host...”

So, it can be cured.

Lin Yuan adeptly asked, “What about the newbie gift?”

Perhaps it was because Lin Yuan was too proficient that the system took a few seconds of silence before replying, “The newbie gift has been sent to the host’s inventory.”

“Enter the inventory.”

As soon as Lin Yuan finished speaking, he saw a virtual interface similar to a game backpack appear before his eyes. Inside the first grid, there was an audio file that didn’t take up much space —

Song: “Life Like A Summer Flower”.

The newbie gift is just a song?

Please, could you remove the “big” from it?

While Lin Yuan was mentally complaining, he listened to the song once. As soon as the introduction began, he knew it was the same work from his memory.

As a matter of fact,

The moment he clicked play on the song, memories from his past life regarding this song instantly flooded his mind. Before this, he couldn't recall the tune and lyrics of the song at all.

Lin Yuan roughly understood how the system worked.

Those so-called Prestige might just be matters of releasing songs and gaining enough recognition. When this recognition reaches a certain level, he could get treated and wouldn't have to "kick the bucket" prematurely...

Quite perfunctory settings.

The system seemed unhappy with Lin Yuan's complaints and promptly added a setting: "While gaining prestige, the host will also get lottery opportunities with extremely high winning chances."

"Oh."

Lin Yuan's reaction was indifferent.

He was thinking about the song.

Since his vocal cords were damaged, even though the range of "Life Like A Summer Flower" wasn't high, according to the doctor's advice, it would be better for Lin Yuan not to sing.

But this didn't obstruct Lin Yuan.

He couldn't perform it himself, but he could let others do it.

As long as he could gain Prestige it was fine. Logically, the singer tends to be more famous, but Lin Yuan didn't like being famous, he even kind of loathed it—

He didn't know why.

Maybe it was because of his past life's influence?

Though he couldn't clearly remember his past life, Lin Yuan could vaguely sense that his past self must have been quite impressive, possibly even very accomplished.

This song was interesting too.

It was at least appropriate for the original host's situation.

Thinking about this, Lin Yuan suddenly felt curious, "System, after I transmigrated to this world, did my past self just disappear from Earth?"

System: "Life Exchange"

The system now understood Lin Yuan's routine. This guy's understanding was outstanding and his acceptance was incredible. He loved straightforwardness, so there was no need to explain too much, hence it began to be concise and clear.

"Life Exchange, huh."

Lin Yuan's eyes flickered and he revealed a gentle smile. Having someone take over and continue his life didn't feel bad at all.

After all, he was single.

Many things might not be clear, but from the vague outline of his past memories, Lin Yuan was able to roughly sketch it out.

Not good, not bad either.

Actually, even the worst life would be better than having one's life on a countdown. I wish the stranger who took over could also have a system instead of another 'Life Like a Summer Flower'—

At least, we still exist.