

All R. Artist 42

Chapter 42: Self-Cultivation of the Tool Person

Even though it was just him and Lin Yuan eating, Sun Yaohuo still ordered a table full of food, much to Lin Yuan's disapproval:

"Stop ordering, we can't finish all of these."

Sun Yaohuo laughed, "Don't be polite, brother. Do you want to drink alcohol?"

Lin Yuan shook his head.

Sun Yaohuo said, "Then we won't drink."

Lin Yuan beckoned to the waiter, "Two servings of rice, please."

Sun Yaohuo dismissed his hand, "I'm on a diet, and not eating rice."

Lin Yuan looked at him curiously, "I'm ordering for myself."

Sun Yaohuo:"..."

As soon as the rice arrived, Lin Yuan started eating and drinking heartily, not letting the feast go to waste.

Sun Yaohuo laughed, "Nutrition experts say those who eat less are less likely to age, you should eat more dishes too."

Lin Yuan regarded Sun Yaohuo seriously, "I have a friend who didn't eat for ten days, he's forever eighteen."

Sun Yaohuo:"..."

Lin Yuan frowned, “Isn’t this joke funny?”

He thought he was quite humorous.

There was a freeze by Sun Yaohuo for few seconds, before he burst into laughter, “so hilarious, I’m dying of laughter, hahaha!”

Isn’t this too humble?

The waiter gave Sun Yaohuo a strange look, for the first time grasping the meaning behind a forced smile.

“Ahem.”

He laughed for a while.

Then Sun Yaohuo also quietly lowered his head to eat again.

In fact, he was just considering how to comfort Lin Yuan.

Because he couldn’t even tell that Lin Yuan was telling a joke. From Lin Yuan’s serious looks, he thought that Lin Yuan’s friend really had an accident due to not eating for a long time...

“He who consumes food is the hero.”

After a few seconds, Lin Yuan asked, “Is this joke funny?”

Sun Yaohuo raised his head in confusion, then burst into laughter again, slapping his thigh: “hahahahahaha.”

That’s right.

Lin Yuan suddenly remembered, there was no Three Kingdoms in this world, naturally, there was no such saying as “He who knows the times is a hero”.

So, what was Sun Yaohuo laughing at?

Lin Yuan threw a pitying look at him.

It seemed that senior’s funny bone is quite low.

And so the two of them hit it off for the first time, eating their own meals.

Halfway through the meal, Sun Yaohuo tried to liven the atmosphere again, “I’ve heard your two recent songs. They are really good!”

He was trying to liven up the atmosphere, but he really did mean it.

When “Life Like A Summer Flower” became popular, some people at the company mentioned Xian Yu, while others credited the song’s success to sheer luck.

Influenced by such opinions, Sun Yaohuo once thought that Lin Yuan was just fortunate.

However, he didn’t expect Lin Yuan to write two more songs later, both of which were very popular. This junior was a genius, running into him was pure luck!

Lin Yuan politely said, “Thank you.”

Sun Yaohuo laughed and spoke wistfully, “I guess from now on, only big-name singers will be able to collaborate with you. Now the lowest standard for a collaboration with you is someone like Zhao Ying Ge.”

Lin Yuan shook his head, “Too expensive.”

Sun Yaohuo was stunned, “What is too expensive?”

Lin Yuan said, “You don’t know? Big names have a high share.”

Sun Yaohuo laughed, taking it as another joke from Lin Yuan, “You don’t mean to say that you want to continue working with newcomers? The newcomers in our company are too lucky then. If I could collaborate with you, I would be willing even without a share. I, Yao Huo, don’t want a share!”

To be famous, but not wanting a share?

This is the cultivation of a tool.

Lin Yuan’s eyes lit up, “Really?”

Sun Yaohuo felt even more affirmed about Lin Yuan’s sense of humor, “Of course it’s real, stop teasing me. With your level you wouldn’t even look at me anymore, but it’s fine. I’m already thankful for your help in my debut. I’m not doing too bad now thanks to you. Although I’m not super famous, I do get to attend events from time to time.”

“Senior.”

Lin Yuan took another look at Sun Yaohuo in front of him, “Do you have a vocal range of three octaves?”

“All?”

Sun Yaohuo said, “My comfortable range is between d2 and a4. My mixed vocal range is from C2 to c5, and my current highest falsetto is a5.”

Lin Yuan pondered, “That should be enough.”

Sun Yaohuo paused, “What is enough?”

“Nothing, let’s eat.” said Lin Yuan.

It’s not time yet, he needs to take a break before releasing a new song.

But Senior Yao Huo could be the tool for “Red Rose”. His voice and vocal range meet Lin Yuan’s requirements, and his singing is filled with emotion.

Of course, this isn’t the decisive factor.

A few days later, at Silver Blue Books.

The editor looked at YangFeng, “I read the “King of the Net” you submitted, it’s well-written, the character development and writing style are quite mature, almost doesn’t resemble a new author. The only problem is that the topic is too niche!”

“But it’s new.”

YangFeng tried to convince, “From the hundred thousand words of the plot and the outline sent by the author, it feels like a great story. Maybe the readers are looking for a change of flavor, after all the market is saturated with similar topics, readers might be suffering from aesthetic fatigue.”

“01’ Shen, what do you think?”

The editor turned to the deputy editor on his right.

The deputy editor contemplated and said, “I don’t see a future for “The King of the Net” due to the niche topic, but as a story, it’s a pity to give it up. Can we compromise?”

“What do you suggest?”

“After reviewing all the manuscripts, let’s consider putting it in the fifth place of this year’s Supernova Awards. As for the publishing, let’s be conservative and first print 100,000 copies. For the first four, we’ll follow the old rules and release 500,000 copies.”

The Supernova Awards only selects five books.

The initial print run of each book is usually 500,000 copies, but given the weak prospects of “King of the Net”, the deputy editor decided to be cautious and first print only 100,000 copies to test the market reaction.

“I agree.”

The editor thought for a moment, then nodded. Then he smiled wryly, “Let’s take this novel as a test run. We should diversify the novel market too, after all the whole publishing industry shares the consequence of homogeneity. Even other big publishers in Qin Continent have started pushing out new genres, and us, as a market leader, Silver Blue Books, can’t lag behind, right? Even though most of these trials have failed, I believe that’s also what YangFeng is thinking.”

YangFeng nodded.

He admitted that the sales of “King of the Net” might not be as good as the top four of the Supernova Awards, but the market needs new genres to emerge. And the emergence of new genres must be guided by the publishers. Only when the market sends the signal that “publishers are willing to accept new genres”, the newcomers won’t all rush to write something like otherworldly adventures.

From this perspective.

Chu Kuang benefited from the situation.

Considering its sales, “King of the Net” most likely wouldn’t have gotten a publishing opportunity due to its narrow audience. So, an initial print run of 100,000 copies is already a pretty good outcome for this book.

“Alright.”

The editor decided, “YangFeng, get in touch with Chu Kuang and ask him to send over about another 100,000 words. We’ll announce the top five of the Supernova Awards at the end of January, and the five books will be officially published in February.”

“Understood.”

YangFeng nodded..