

All R. Artist 57

Chapter 57: Artificial Beauty

Sister Lin Xuan arrived home earlier this year.

As soon as she came back, she stared at Lin Yuan, “On the way home, the little girl beside me was humming Red, Green, and Blue for half an hour...”

“So?”

Lin Yuan was a little confused.

Lin Xuan stretched out her hand with a smirky smile, “The torturous song on my brother’s replay all the way home should be worth some compensation for mental damage, right?”

“Then, I’ll send red packets.”

Lin Yuan sent ten thousand yuan in the family group chat, which only includes mom, Lin Yuan, Lin Yao, and Lin Xuan. So, Lin Yuan sent four shares directly.

Two seconds later.

The red packets were all taken.

But when Lin Xuan checked the result, she went dark, “Four shares of a ten-thousand-yuan red packet, and lucky Yao Yao took six thousand by herself?”

She hugged Lin Yao tightly, taking in the luck!

Lin Yuan thought for a moment, also pinched Lin Yao’s face, and then quickly sneaked back into his room.

“What’s he doing?”

Lin Xuan and Lin Yao looked at each other in confusion.

Although they trust and understand Lin Yuan enough, the act of him touching his sister’s face then immediately running back to his room was a bit strange. “System, quickly open a treasure box!”

Lin Yuan shouted in his heart as soon as he returned to his room, just after he touched Lin Yao’s face, the luck on his hand might not have dissipated yet.

The treasure box opened.

System prompt:[Congratulations, you have won five short stories]

“Five short stories?”

Lin Yuan felt ecstatic instantly.

Although they are five short stories, Lin Yuan prefers short ones!

Because the system requires Lin Yuan to type himself, he doesn’t want to write a long novel.

And another advantage of short stories is that readers can finish them without much effort, so the speed of gaining prestige should also be faster.

“How to publish them?”

This was the problem Lin Yuan was thinking about next.

Then, Lin Yuan suddenly remembered that he could publish some articles on the Tribe.

YangFeng had helped authenticate his Tribe account.

Then things became simple, he could publish these short stories under Chu Kuang's account.

Let's start writing "Artificial Beauty", it's only a few thousand words after all.

Let me introduce it.

This work, named "Artificial Beauty", should not be considered as a short story but a micro-story, whose author is Shinichi Hoshi.

Shinichi Hoshi.

He's a modern science fiction writer from Neon country, known as the father of Neon's micro-stories. The most distinctive feature of his works is ingeniously conceived plots.

Also worth mentioning, the name Detective Conan, Kudo Shinichi, came from here.

Turning on his computer, Lin Yuan logged into the Tribe.

Tribe is actually no different from the Weibo and Facebook of the previous life.

If there is any difference, it is that the novel section of the Tribe is quite popular.

Many people like to post short stories on the Tribe-

No one basically writes a long story on the Tribe.

Lin Yuan's Tribe account is named "Chu Kuang", officially introduced as the author of "King of the Net".

When Lin Yuan logged in, he found that his Tribe account, which had never posted any posts and had no advertising, surprisingly had more than ten thousand followers.

There are many messages in the backend, all sent by fans.

But most of the questions are about the plot of “King of the Net”, or expressing admiration for Chu Kuang and so on.

Lin Yuan didn’t respond.

He directly opened the novel section and began to write “Artificial Beauty”.

[This is a robot girl, crafted to perfection— one might even say that no other beauty, no matter how charming, could compare to this artificially created modern woman. As she was designed by meticulously absorbing the best features of all beautiful women, the robot girl is virtually a perfect fairy. However, she tends to be aloof and dismissive of others. But, this is understandable. After all, many pretty girls are quite proud themselves.]

Writing to this point.

Lin Yuan asked, “System, didn’t you say you would increase my typing speed?”

The system replied, “Yes.”

Lin Yuan asked, “Has it improved?”

The system replied, “The professional piano acquired by the host is actually a way to indirectly increase the typing speed, and most importantly...”

“What?”

“You’re single.”

“What’s wrong with being single?”

The system:”...”

It seems that people who can’t tell jokes often don’t understand them either.

But Lin Yuan didn't pursue the issue with the system either, he hammered away at his laptop's keyboard: [...In the fierce business competition, a bar was teetering on the brink of bankruptcy. In order to attract customers, the owner specially spent money to make this attractive robot girl.]

Fifteen minutes later.

Lin Yuan pressed the Enter key.

He was surprised to find that it took him less than twenty minutes to finish "Artificial Beauty".

This story is almost three thousand words!

It seems his typing speed is indeed incomparable to ordinary people, and the biggest advantage of Lin Yuan's writing is that he doesn't have to think about the plot.

You know.

What hinders authors' typing speed often is not the speed of their hands, but the speed of their brains.

Often, the brain's plot operation speed can't keep up, which leads to a slow writing process for the author.

If they don't have to think about the plot, even authors with clumsy hands can write ten thousand words a day.

Of course, Lin Yuan is not clumsy, and doesn't need to think about the plot, which is why he can write so fast.

After finishing writing.

Lin Yuan didn't think much and directly posted it in the novel section of the Tribe.

Just then.

His mother's voice came from outside the door, "Dinner time!"

The family quickly gathered around to start eating. The meal was lavish, a total of five dishes, which had kept mom busy for half a day.

But they didn't have to worry about the food not being eaten, because Lin Xuan was back.

Although Sister Lin Xuan is slim, she can actually eat a lot. This might be why she still has some baby fat on her face after all this time.

While eating.

Lin Xuan was bragging to her sister, "I know a lot of famous authors now, you name any writer, and I might know them!"

"Chu Kuang."

Lin Yao played along.

Lin Xuan coughed, "Of course I know Chu Kuang...we had dinner together some time ago...but after all, we're not from the same company...so we're not that close."

Has Chu Kuang's identity been exposed?

Lin Yuan, a bit puzzled, glanced at his sister.

His sister didn't notice Lin Yuan's puzzled look and was awkwardly changing the topic, asking her younger sister, "Do you also read 'King of the Net'?"

"My classmates read it."

Lin Yao replied, “I need to study and don’t have time to read novels.”

It shouldn’t have been exposed.

Lin Yuan was a bit relieved.

At this time, Lin Yuan’s novel had passed Tribe’s official review. Every user on Tribe who followed Chu Kuang’s account received a reminder: “Chu Kuang published a short story.”

What the heck is catching a cold because of a stomach illness, in such scorching summer? Recently, I’ve been really unfortunate..