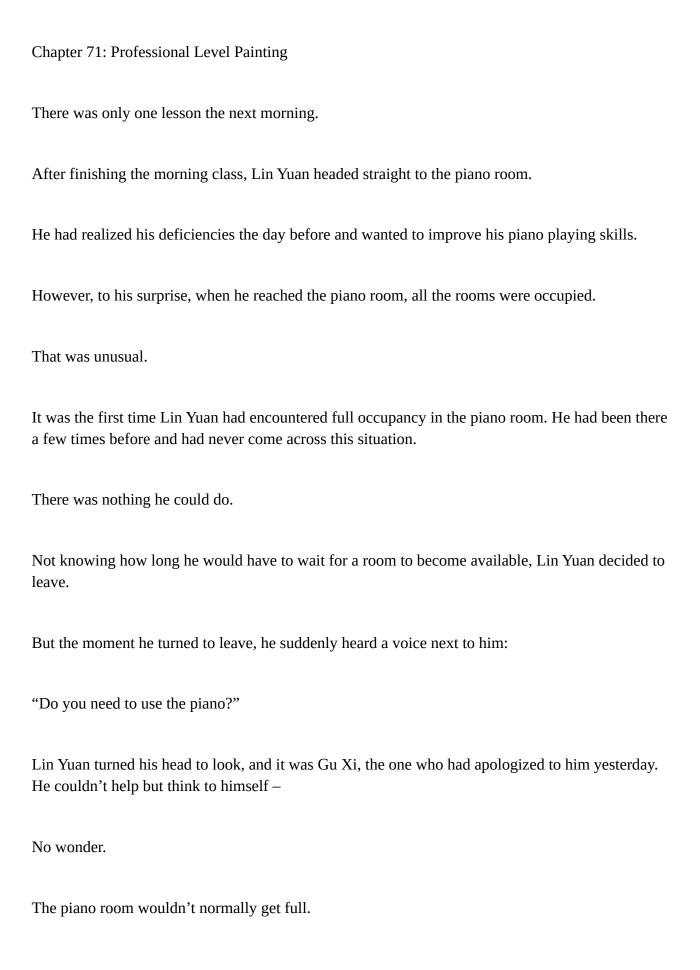
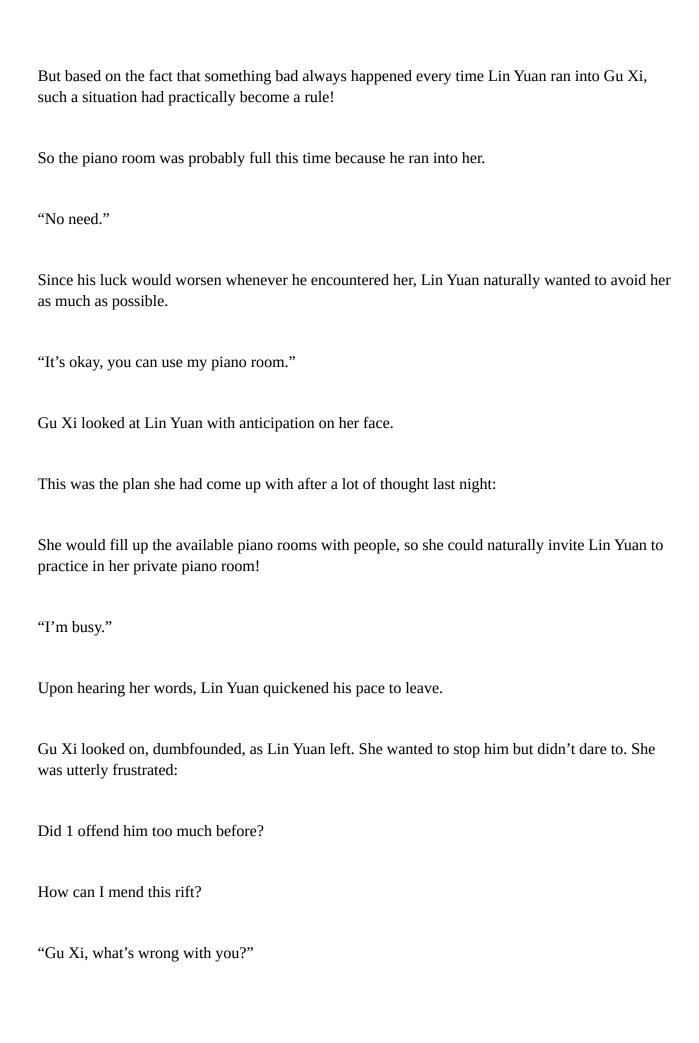
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The door to a piano room was opened. A girl in a white down jacket looked worried and asked her this question, glancing at Lin Yuan's retreating figure. "Nothing." Gu Xi managed a smile and said, "Thank you for calling so many classmates to the piano room, it must have been hard to organize everybody." "I should be thanking you." The class representative spoke seriously: "These guys don't usually practice seriously, even though this piano room is provided by the school for us music majors to practice. The moment they heard that you were doing a guidance session, they immediately agreed to come and practice. It was no trouble at all." "Alright, since they've come, 1 should fulfill my promise." Gu Xi said, "Let's start with the first piano room on the left." She had intended to let Lin Yuan use her private piano room, to make up for the regret of driving him out of the piano room when they first met, while she would teach the other students to play the piano in the other rooms. But Lin Yuan had outright refused her. Although her plan had failed, the students had been called over and she had made a promise to the class representative. She had to follow through. She couldn't let them come for nothing. Two hours later.



"Eh?"

Her friend said, "Didn't you say before that only the hypocritical would constantly give others hope, and that you have to firmly reject these kinds of people to get them to give up their unrealistic thoughts?"

"You don't understand."

Gu Xi said, "Unless someone really likes someone, they wouldn't choose to be a sycophant, would they? To give someone your all, to rack your brains trying to please them, only to be rejected in the end, it's very heart-wrenching."

As Lin Yuan left the piano room, he found his good luck was back, Jian Yi had unexpectedly sent a message saying he was treating everyone to dinner!

"Number two cafeteria."

Lin Yuan headed to the agreed place.

Xia Fan had also arrived and immediately asked, "You don't seem to have much for your monthly allowance this month, why all of a sudden you want to treat us to dinner?"

"Hehe."

Jian Yi gave a mysterious smile: "I didn't have much money left on me last night, so 1 bought a scratch-off lottery ticket, and I won eight hundred bucks!"

"Damn."

Xia Fan was astonished: "You can actually win money from scratch-off lottery tickets? I've always thought that it's a scam."

Lin Yuan, meanwhile, asked with envy, "Where did you buy it?"

It seemed he was tempted to try his luck.
Jian Yi gave Lin Yuan a smug look: "You might as well save it, not just anyone has such good luck."
"Not necessarily."
Lin Yuan stretched out his hand and patted Jian Yi.
Jian Yi looked somewhat apprehensive: "What are you doing?"
Without saying a word, Lin Yuan patted Jian Yi up and down, then stood up and said, "I need to go to the restroom, you guys start eating."
With that, Lin Yuan ran off.
Jian Yi and Xia Fan looked at each other, completely bewildered.
By this time, Lin Yuan had reached the restroom and spoke to the System, "Don't I still have a treasure box? Open it up quickly."
The System was very efficient and immediately opened the last treasure box: "Congratulations, you've gained professional level painting skill."
"Painting?"
Lin Yuan's expression froze.
Why painting this time?
No novel, not even a song, as long as I could sell it for money, but why did they give me this strange painting skill this time?

"Painting is also an art."

The System seemed a bit fed up: "Moreover, the value of professional level painting skill is much higher than that of a novel or a song. I hope the host can properly prioritize."

Feeling somewhat disappointed, Lin Yuan returned to the cafeteria. Unlike when he had left, a plethora of painting skills, from sketching to gouache, now filled his mind.

Jian Yi and Xia Fan looked at him: "What happened?"

Lin Yuan shook his head and began to eat, as he consoled himself:

Even though he wouldn't be able to use his professional painting skill in the short term, it was a good skill to have in the long run. He couldn't blame Jian Yi for not being powerful enough, he had indeed absorbed a bit of Jian Yi's good luck.

After all, he had gained a new skill.

And skills could actually be converted into money:

Perhaps he could set up a stall in a busy location after dinner and offer to sketch for students?

Even though the pay might be small, small amounts add up.

He could also apply to be a teacher at a painting class, but he already had a job at the composition department and might not be free on weekends. Besides, the composition job certainly paid more than painting.

Lin Yuan was caught in a dilemma.