

## All R. Artist 71

### Chapter 71: Professional Level Painting

There was only one lesson the next morning.

After finishing the morning class, Lin Yuan headed straight to the piano room.

He had realized his deficiencies the day before and wanted to improve his piano playing skills.

However, to his surprise, when he reached the piano room, all the rooms were occupied.

That was unusual.

It was the first time Lin Yuan had encountered full occupancy in the piano room. He had been there a few times before and had never come across this situation.

There was nothing he could do.

Not knowing how long he would have to wait for a room to become available, Lin Yuan decided to leave.

But the moment he turned to leave, he suddenly heard a voice next to him:

“Do you need to use the piano?”

Lin Yuan turned his head to look, and it was Gu Xi, the one who had apologized to him yesterday. He couldn't help but think to himself –

No wonder.

The piano room wouldn't normally get full.

But based on the fact that something bad always happened every time Lin Yuan ran into Gu Xi, such a situation had practically become a rule!

So the piano room was probably full this time because he ran into her.

“No need.”

Since his luck would worsen whenever he encountered her, Lin Yuan naturally wanted to avoid her as much as possible.

“It’s okay, you can use my piano room.”

Gu Xi looked at Lin Yuan with anticipation on her face.

This was the plan she had come up with after a lot of thought last night:

She would fill up the available piano rooms with people, so she could naturally invite Lin Yuan to practice in her private piano room!

“I’m busy.”

Upon hearing her words, Lin Yuan quickened his pace to leave.

Gu Xi looked on, dumbfounded, as Lin Yuan left. She wanted to stop him but didn’t dare to. She was utterly frustrated:

Did I offend him too much before?

How can I mend this rift?

“Gu Xi, what’s wrong with you?”

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, I 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.

Gu Xi had given guidance to the students in each piano room, and by the time she finished with the last room, her voice was hoarse.

Being a teacher was really tiring.

She called a friend to meet her in the cafeteria for a meal, where she could also vent her feelings.

“You said you had a plan yesterday.”

Her friend asked as soon as they met: “Did it succeed?”

Gu Xi made a wretched face: “It was a complete failure.”

Her friend was about to say something when a male student ran over in a panic: “Gu Xi, are you thirsty? I bought drinks for you and your friend.”

With that, the boy put two bottles of orange juice on the table.

“Thank you.” Gu Xi smiled.

The boy was taken aback, seemed momentarily stunned, and then blushed and ran off as he mumbled “You’re welcome.”

“What’s that about?”

Her friend looked at Gu Xi as though she had met her for the first time: “Don’t you hate it when these boys try to ingratiate themselves with you? Not to mention you, even I find these sycophants tiresome.”

“Why should they be considered sycophants?”

Gu Xi seemed offended and retorted, “Isn’t it normal to have harmony and camaraderie among classmates?”

“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 I 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.