

All R. Artist 76

Chapter 76: New Manuscript

The office of the painting club was situated upstairs.

Luo Wei, the president of the painting club, hadn't been to the club for a while due to serious issues with failing courses. Little did she expect that upon her rare appearance today, several students would confront her at the entrance "Tuition-based teaching?"

Luo Wei found this a novelty. Raising an eyebrow, she asked, "Who's involved?"

The complaining students presented themselves in indignation. "Zhong Yu, Li Jia and Zhao Yan among others; they often participate in Lin Yuan's paid sketching lessons. They're ruining the atmosphere of our painting club!"

"For how long?"

"More than ten days, I guess."

Luo Wei seemed thoughtful, saying, "No wonder..."

The complaining students were taken aback. They hadn't expected the president to take this so calmly. One of them unwillingly asked:

"No wonder what?"

Lightly tapping her finger on the desk, Luo Wei shot a glance at the questioning student. "No wonder Zhong Yu and Li Jia's sketching grades have improved so quickly."

"Huh?"

"All of you are aware that they are in the same class as me, right? In yesterday's sketching test, Zhong Yu came fourth in the class, and Li Jia fifth. They had never been so illustrious before. I was

curious as to their sudden improvement. So it turns out they found a private tutor in the painting club. Our private tutor's skill level is surprisingly high," Luo Wei explained.

"What?"

The complainers were stunned.

At that moment, Vice President Shen Liang happened to enter the office.

Luo Wei greeted him with a smile, "Perfect timing! You heard about our painting club's new sketching champion providing fee-based teaching?"

"Yes."

Shen Liang gave a glance at the complaining students, "This does not violate the rules of our painting club. Besides, I have conducted investigations; those who have participated in Lin Yuan's sketching training have seen rapid improvement. It was their voluntary act to pay to improve themselves, and the results prove they were not deceived."

"I've got it, you guys can go back."

Luo Wei glanced indifferently at the group of complainers: "Put your focus on painting instead. It may be helpful for your skill level. A high-level sketch artist like this wouldn't be teaching for money. Or do you think Zhong Yu and others aren't as intelligent as you? These guys are savvy; would they pay willingly for things that aren't beneficial?"

Looking at each other, the group of complainers left in awkward silence.

Watching their retreating figures, Luo Wei expressed her interest, "Seems like we have a real expert here. He significantly improved their skill level in such a short span of time. I have to meet him after my re-exams."

"Indeed, he's very impressive. I reckon no one in our club has better sketching skills than him."

Zheng Liang admitted with a respectful face, “Initially, I too thought his means of charging for teaching wasn’t right. But after seeing the rapid improvement in sketching grades of those who studied with him, I realized that perhaps what he cares about may not actually be the money. He might just be trying to get the learners to cherish the opportunity more...But President, your habit of failing courses every year is severe. Are you going to get retained? Are you going to be my junior?”

“Shoo.”

Luo Wei rolled her eyes.

And just like that, the complaints evaporated into thin air.

But word got around the entire painting club that those studying with Lin Yuan had significantly improved their sketching grades.

Zhong Yu in particular was proud enough to flaunt his sketching result, boasting about his improvement within the painting club. He also unabashedly declared:

“I’m the number one disciple of the GOAT!”

All controversies were toast. Lin Yuan suddenly became the darling of the painting club, with many trying to take lessons from him.

No one is a fool!

Zhong Yu and the others improved way too quickly!

And even if someone was a fool, after witnessing the progress made by Zhong Yu and the others, it should be clear how valuable Lin Yuan’s teaching is!

Lin Yuan’s teaching skill may not necessarily be better than that of the experienced teachers at school. The school teachers have too many students to look after; they cannot possibly pay undivided attention to each.

But Lin Yuan was different.

He had a professional level of painting skill, and his one-on-one teaching concept was completely unique.

Lin Yuan understood this.

So, despite more and more people wanting to take lessons from him—so much so that many almost fought for the opportunity—he still stuck to his one-on-one teaching strategy.

The strategy to only teach one person a day ensured targeted improvements in the learner's skill level.

However, Lin Yuan did make some adjustments to avoid his office doorway getting trampled by club members:

He raised his fee!

From originally two hundred an hour, his one-on-one teaching fee soared to five hundred per hour.

The majority of the students weren't wealthy.

The doubling of Lin Yuan's teaching fee indeed held back quite a number of them.

But Lin Yuan didn't run out of students to teach in the coming days.

Even at five hundred an hour, many students were willing to foot the bill.

In addition to the one-on-one sessions, Lin Yuan conducted a public painting lesson every day, which was much appreciated by the club members.

"This is like a free class for us."

“The GOAT indeed takes care of us poor students.”

“Yeah, just watching him paint alone, we can learn so much.”

“I heard someone tried to blacken his name before, so heartless. Fortunately, the president didn’t make a fuss about it.”

Even though Lin Yuan hadn’t been with the painting club for long, he quickly accumulated positive feedback. Whenever he was painting in public, club members would voluntarily bring him milk tea, coffee or snacks.

Lin Yuan was delighted.

Beyond his one-on-one teachings, he noticed that his reputation points increased every time he painted in public. The progress of the task was very promising.

All he needed to do was continue painting publically, letting the audience acknowledge his work time and again, and he could successfully complete the mission of gathering a thousand reputation points.

“All set.”

After finishing the public painting for the day, Lin Yuan left under the admiring gazes of the club members. It was time to go home and rest.

The end of the month was fast approaching.

Lin Yuan remembered he had to participate in the short-story submission for the literature section of the Tribe. Therefore, he planned to submit his short story that he’d already finished tonight.

Whether he would get the first prize was not certain.

But he was confident he’d be in the top three.

With those thoughts in mind, he returned home. He sent the chosen novel to the email address provided by the Tribe's literature manager.

Meanwhile.

Wei Long, one of the chief editors of Tribe's Literature section, received a ping in his email.

"Chu Kuang's submission?"

Wei Long got up to check, curiosity flashing across his face. The story before his eyes was titled "Death of a Small Civil Servant"..