

All R. Artist 82

Chapter 82: There's Nothing Wrong

The following days proceeded as they usually did.

Lin Yuan went back and forth between his classroom and the art society, maintaining his rhythm of teaching sketching to two people each day.

What he didn't notice was.

Recently, Zhong Yu was constantly whispering to other society members, seemingly conspiring about his so-called major news.

Of course.

Even if Lin Yuan had noticed, he wouldn't have cared anyway.

After teaching sketching for so many days, Lin Yuan began to consider whether he should also teach the more common gouache and watercolors, to expand his customer base.

However, knowing that he was already overwhelmed with teaching sketching every day, he temporarily gave up on the idea.

He'd take it slow.

After all, he had plenty of time in the future.

He planned to teach all kinds of painting in the future, including the hardest — traditional Chinese painting. The Master's blessings were his teaching confidence.

Furthermore, the system also mentioned that.

The more people he taught, the better the effect of the Master's blessing would be.

Once the effect of the Master's blessing reached a certain level, Lin Yuan would have no choice but to raise his prices.

Raising prices rightfully and confidently.

That was Lin Yuan's biggest motivation for teaching.

If it comes to money, Lin Yuan's favorite day of the month has to be the fifth.

Every fifth day of the month was a good day.

The fifth of April was such a great day.

Because on this day, he would receive a huge transfer of funds on his salary card!

However...

This time, Lin Yuan was pleasantly surprised when he received the transfer message from the bank!

Because he realized that his song royalties, after deducting a certain amount of tax, surprisingly exceeded six hundred thousand yuan this month.

In fact, Lin Yuan's song royalties had been increasing almost every month, because he now had four songs working together to make him money.

The more songs, the more money he made!

With the addition of last month's "King of the Net" sales share, the extra income Lin Yuan made from teaching in the art society, and the franchise invitation fees from Tribe Literature short stories...

When all projects were added up, his total income for the past month exceeded three million yuan!

This was the first time that Lin Yuan had earned this much money. At one moment he even wanted to properly customize some works with the system to help him make more money.

But after careful consideration, he decided there was no need to rush.

He would seek the system's help when he urgently needed certain works. It's too bad the company never assigned him any orders.

“Top-up.”

Lin Yuan did not like this word.

If someone had told him before that one day he would top up to achieve a goal, Lin Yuan would surely have thought they were joking.

As the saying goes: You can't change your fate without topping up.

But Lin Yuan found out that if he wanted to change his fate, he really had to top up. Otherwise, what would he use to gain prestige value?

Starlight Entertainment.

Tenth Floor Composition Department.

The composers were engrossed in their work.

At this moment, a man in a black coat appeared at the entrance.

One of the composer department members saw this man at the door, suddenly stood up and stammered,

“Pre...Predecessor...”

“What’s wrong with you?” Wu Yong, who was beside him, followed the direction of his colleague’s gaze, his eyes suddenly widened, and blurted out: “Father Yang is at the company!”

This sentence exploded throughout the entire Composition Department on the tenth floor.

Everyone stood up, either admiring or looking shocked at the expressionless man in the black coat:

“Predecessor!”

“Hello, predecessor!”

“Long time no see, predecessor!”

Greetings sounded one after another.

The man in the black coat nodded and asked, “Where’s 01’ Zhou?”

Even the gold-medal composers wouldn’t dare to directly refer to the manager as 01’ Zhou, but this man in a black coat called him so naturally, and no one in the entire composition department thought it was inappropriate.

Because this man was the only Maestro of the Composition Department on the tenth floor, Yang Zhongming!

Wu Yong hurriedly said, “Please wait a moment, predecessor. I’ll call and inform the manager now.”

“No need.”

Yang Zhongming spoke, then walked toward the window.

However, when he reached the table by the window, Yang Zhongming's brow creased slightly, his expression seemed full of confusion.

This was his desk.

He was one of those people who rarely came to the office.

But even so, this table should've been dust-free and cleaned daily.

Because this was his, Yang Zhongming's, spot.

But at this moment, the desk was surprisingly piled up with quite a few books.

Such as "Complete Theoretical Collection of Composition."

And "Simple Explanation of Chords."

And "Only Three Steps Needed to Get Started with Composition."

Just having these books in the Composition Department of Starlight was strangely incongruous, hence, Yang Zhongming stood in front of the desk for a long time.

"This is bad!"

Seeing Yang Zhongming standing in front of Lin Yuan's desk, Wu Yong felt his heart flutter.

Other people in the Composition Department also came to their senses, their faces showed worry and nervous sweat formed on their palms.

This position originally belonged to Father Yang.

But due to the fact that Father Yang rarely came to the company, 01' Zhou assigned this position to Lin Yuan.

Back then, many people felt that was inappropriate, thinking what would happen if Father Yang found out?

And now, many people's concerns have finally become a reality; it seems like Father Yang is already getting mad.

"Here."

Yang Zhongming pointed his chin at his own position, his tone devoid of emotion: "Who sits here?"

Father Yang was really mad!

Even if Father Yang didn't show it, everyone could feel it, and the surroundings became suddenly silent with no one daring to respond.

"Shall I ask for the second time?"

Yang Zhongming sweep his gaze over everyone.

Wu Yong, who was closest to Lin Yuan in the department, swallowed hard, bracing himself and said, "Lin... Lin Yuan..."

"Who's Lin Yuan?"

Yang Zhongming's eyes narrowed slightly.

Wu Yong explained bitterly, "Father Yang, it's not his fault. He's a newcomer who doesn't realize that this is your spot. This was arranged by our manager..." "Right!"

The other colleagues couldn't help but side with Wu Yong, not wanting Lin

Yuan to suffer unjustly: "It was arranged by our manager."

“Xian Yu didn’t know the situation.”

“Xian Yu thought this spot was unoccupied.”

There was no other way, only the manager could handle Maestro.

Yang Zhongming looked out of the window, musing: “Xian Yu?”

Wu Yong’s face became even more bitter, “Xian Yu is Lin Yuan. Please don’t blame him, Father Yang. He’s just a college student and has just started working for our company. He’s not aware of a lot of things...”

Yang Zhongming didn’t say anything.

Nobody else dared to say anything. Although they wanted to defend Lin Yuan, not everyone could withstand the fury of the Maestro.

Lin Yuan has to take care of himself at this point.

However, just when everyone thought that Yang Zhongming was about to explode in fury, the Maestro nodded and casually laughed, saying:

“Then there’s no problem.”

Finished speaking, Maestro Yang Zhongming turned around and left, leaving behind the bewildered composers.

It was as if a storm disappeared before it had even started.