

## All R. Artist 89

### Chapter 89: Precautions before Rain

The students weren't wrong in their guesses. Everyone was now familiar with Lin Yuan's style — a style that went by the name "Lin Yuan".

Lin Yuan indeed didn't feel like explaining.

However, the more important reason was that Lin Yuan didn't want to draw too much attention to himself. Otherwise, what if the professor brought up the issue of transferring departments again?

He didn't want to leave the Composition Department.

"Next classroom."

Before leaving, Kong An gave Lin Yuan a deep look, and a certain idea in his heart became even more firm.

After the selection team left.

Everyone's gazes focused back on Lin Yuan.

Whether it was flattery from peers or roundabout praises, amidst the inquiries about his well-being, Lin Yuan handled it all with ease.

Ever since kindergarten he had been mentally prepared for the attention from being the center of the group, he was more than used to it now.

Just like his piano skills.

Facing the beautiful chalkboard bulletin drawn by Lin Yuan, most people could only draw the conclusion that Lin Yuan was also great at painting.

However, how great he was, they didn't quite have a clear concept.

On the other hand, Yan Mengjia, who had learned painting for several years, understood very well what it meant to complete a gouache chalkboard bulletin of this level in just two hours. Hence, her gaze towards Lin Yuan was a bit unusual.

Of course.

The gaze of most of the girls in the class toward Lin Yuan was also somewhat different.

This could be evidenced by the various inexplicable snacks that often appeared on Lin Yuan's desk.

This situation is probably hard to eliminate, either in the past or in the future, especially after Lin Yuan has left everyone with an impression of being multi-talented for two consecutive times.

The next day.

The chalkboard bulletin from Lin Yuan's class made it to the campus official website, winning the sophomore chalkboard championship without a doubt.

And Lin Yuan, he kicked off his own gouache course in the painting club, teaching two rounds every day.

First sketch, then gouache.

However, more students chose to learn sketching than gouache. Lin Yuan's sketching teaching level was already well-known in the Art Department, but many people didn't have a clear concept of Lin Yuan's gouache skill and teaching level—

Except for the students like Zhong Yu who witnessed Lin Yuan's two-hour extreme gouache creation.

These guys were also sly as foxes.

They secretly agreed not to disclose Lin Yuan's feats.

In this way, there wouldn't be so many people scrambling for Lin Yuan's gouache course with them.

After some time passed and they have received Lin Yuan's true teachings, they would then let the Art Department know that Lin Yuan's gouache is also of a killer level.

Lin Yuan didn't really care.

He didn't lack for students now.

The fee was the same anyway.

As for the results of the chalkboard competition, naturally, Lin Yuan received praise from his tutor in the Composition Department. The role that tutors played in universities was actually similar to that of homeroom teachers, but most tutors in Art University also served as mentors for professional courses

The tutor's name was Hua Li.

Hua Li had been paying attention to Lin Yuan recently because Lin Yuan's recent academic performance had improved rapidly. Most university students did not pursue grades, and their standards were set at not failing, but Lin Yuan was different. He took classes seriously, studied hard, and although he had a bit of difficulty keeping up when he first transferred to the Composition Department, in the recent theory exam, Lin Yuan had already entered the top five of the class.

Hua Li liked students like this.

As for how much of this like was tainted by factors such as appearance, that was no longer necessary to mention. In any case, Hua Li spent a good deal of time, a full three minutes, earnestly praising the honor that Lin Yuan had won for the class.

After praising Lin Yuan.

Hua Li steered into the main topic for the day: “We have been studying composition for almost two years now, and I believe the future development direction and goals for the vast majority of you are not compositions for musical instruments, but to join some entertainment companies as composers.”

Piano compositions were the work of composers.

Writing pop songs was also the work of composers.

The former had a high entry threshold, while the latter was relatively popular.

That’s why, although the Composition Department’s professional courses at Art University are nominally centered around the former, they have never neglected the guidance and cultivation towards the latter.

Like this time.

Hua Li said, “Our learning task for the next period is not to write papers, but each of you has to write a song for me. You can choose any style for the song. You can find someone or do it yourself for the lyrics and singing. You don’t have to spend money. There are plenty of altruistic mutual aid societies in our school. The deadline for the creation date is the end of next month.”

“Okay.”

The classmates are eager to give it a try. For composing students, this isn’t a hassle at all. Many have privately written quite a few songs already, even submitted them to entertainment companies, so they do have a small selection in their repertoires.

“Just a reminder.”

Hua Li laughs, “This song is important in your grade, to be precise, it’s your annual assessment! The leaders of the composition department will personally grade it! Because you guys are in your second year now. Next year, you’ll be in your third year and that’s when we’ll be deciding on a batch of exchange student slots. The song grade is an important reference for that.”

“What?”

“Really?”

“Annual assessment?”

The volume of everyone’s voices noticeably increases.

Many faces even show signs of excitement, dismissing the initially casual outlook they had.

Indeed.

The majority of the students are interested in the exchange program because it’s a big help when looking for a job after graduation!

Moreover, being an exchange student allows you to experience different school’s teachings. A year’s experience on an exchange program is seen as precious by many, not to mention the various benefits for exchange students provided by the school!

“Exchange student.”

Lin Yuan pondered.

After Jian Yi mentioned last time about wanting to go to Qi Continent as an exchange student, Lin Yuan had been considering accompanying him. After all, the chances for them to be together were dwindling, and he was also interested in the benefits for exchange students.

As for Xia Fan-

Xia Fan would definitely stay in Qin Art.

She was participating in this year’s “Bloom”.

She was even planning to debut through this show.

This was her longtime dream, if she really debuts, she wouldn't spend much time at school in the future. As such, going to Qi Continent was a serious option for Lin Yuan.

Because Lin Yuan was sure:

Xia Fan was bound to debut.

Even if she fails again in "Bloom" this year, Lin Yuan would ask Zhao Jue to sign Xia Fan. Meanwhile, he would prepare some songs for her.

Given that, he needed to treat this song properly.

That night.

On the way home after school, Lin Yuan summoned the System, gritting his teeth to say, "I want to order a song, the kind that costs 500,000."

"What kind?"

Lin Yuan replied, "About inspiration."

He didn't mention a genre, but a song theme instead, because students haven't entered society yet, so motivational songs might be more aligned with the campus atmosphere.

"Deducting payment..."

"Randomly drawing..."

"Song extraction completed..."

"Congratulations on receiving the song 'Initial Dream'."

With a light stroke, Lin Yuan received a message stating 500,000 had been deducted from his bank card. In return, he had a new song in his repertoire. He felt his luck was quite good.

“By the way.”

Lin Yuan suddenly asked, “Will there be a problem with the bank deduction?”

The System replied, “Don’t worry, the bank won’t find any issues since the

System deducts the host’s funds through legitimate channels.”

“Understood.”

Lin Yuan decided to hand in the song next month.

With his grades this semester, plus this song, getting an exchange student slot shouldn’t be too difficult.

Of course.

This semester had just started not long ago, and there’s still a long way until next semester. So thinking about all these seems quite far-fetched now. Lin Yuan was just planning ahead.