

All R. Artist 43

Chapter 43: Royalties

Following the contact information left during the submission, YangFeng contacted Lin Yuan that evening: “Hello, are you Chu Kuang? I am YangFeng from Silver Blue Books, the editor in charge of the Supernova Award.”

“Yes, I am.”

Lin Yuan answered the phone in his dormitory.

YangFeng laughed: “Congratulations, following our Supernova award committee’s decision, we will choose ‘King of the Net’ as the fifth-ranked novel of the awards. That means your book will have the opportunity to be published. I can send the contract via email, can we exchange contact details first?”

Lin Yuan happily replied, “Sure.”

Even though Xiao Hei made a big deal about the System, he was unsure whether ‘King of the Net’ would undoubtedly succeed in the New Talent Awards. This call comforted him, indicating the System was trustworthy.

After hanging up the phone.

The two exchanged contact details.

YangFeng quickly sent over a contract, marking the initial publication quantity for ‘King of the Net’ as 100,000 copies, priced at twenty yuan per copy, with a royalty rate of five percent. A fairly standard introductory price.

Let me explain.

Royalties are not the typical taxes understood by ordinary people but the copyright fees charged by publishing companies. These are the financial benefits collected from others using the intellectual property of the original creator or copyright holder.

Lin Yuan didn't feel cheated.

In the physical novel market of his previous life, new authors would basically have their copyright bought out by the publisher when first publishing, and there would be no royalties for future reprints. The new authors' situation would only improve once they accrued a certain amount of capital; unless they had publishing connections, new authors could receive special treatment. In this sense, Blue Star was quite conscientious.

After reading the contract.

Lin Yuan agreed to sign.

He even promptly sent the outline for the next hundred thousand words for 'King of the Net'. For it takes time for a publishing house to edit a novel, modifying phrases that are inappropriate or correcting misprints.

This much, Lin Yuan understood.

Unfortunately, they would rarely have the opportunity to do so, because the System's proofreading was precise. Only subjective points like wording usage might see minor adjustments.

Upon receiving the manuscript.

YangFeng wasn't surprised.

Since he submitted his work, it was natural for him to prepare everything ahead of time. Typing out the plot for the first volume in advance was very normal. However, YangFeng was astonished to find that Chu Kuang had already logged off after they briefly discussed the contract!

YangFeng:"..."

In this industry, new authors usually fawn over editors, lowering their stance even if they are not so well-known. In the face of the editor's urgency, they timidly lock themselves in their room and diligently type out the words.

But, Chu Kuang was different.

After discussing the contract, he logged out immediately, which puzzled YangFeng. Not that he expected Chu Kuang to praise him excessively, in fact, he disdained the trend of authors flattering editors.

But the problem was.

YangFeng wanted to engage Chu Kuang in deeper conversation, as he saw potential in him. He planned to discuss the book market and future directions for novel creativity, offering guidance and advice in passing...

Faced with the offline avatar.

He had to swallow his words.

Taking into account that Chu Kuang was still a student with little social experience, YangFeng didn't take offense, only finding it amusing. If he wished to progress within the industry, sooner or later the youngster would discover how formidable editors could be.

Lin Yuan didn't mean to brush off YangFeng, it was just time for him to sleep. While the System had extended his lifespan, it hadn't improved his constitution. His body was still weak, and the consequence of not sleeping on time was severe.

Lin Yuan was a patient.

His terminal illness had received effective treatment, but that didn't mean he was robust. He was still weaker than the average individual, thus the System's operation was indeed in line with medical understanding.

This was quite bothersome.

Lin Yuan considered whether to exercise.

However, with his physique, even if he exercised, it must be done scientifically and moderately. Since he got off to a bad start, if he was careless, he might damage his own body.

“Ding-Dong!”

It seemed the System had sensed Lin Yuan’s troubles and unexpectedly threw out a special task: “The host is detected to have a strong desire for health, triggering a special task. If the host completes this task, the System will ensure the host lives healthily and free from illness until the age of thirty.”

[Task name: Health is the Fundamental Capital for Revolution]

[Task content: Attain over a million reputation in both literature and music categories]

[Task reward: The host can live healthily and free from illness until the age of thirty]

[Task remarks: The standard for physical health is determined by the System, and the host’s physical quality will be far superior than others. Furthermore, this task will continue until the host turns twenty-seven before it expires]

It seemed this task had a long duration.

As for why it expires before the age of twenty-seven, it was because that was the lifespan limit for Lin Yuan. If he hadn’t completed the task by then, he could essentially say his final goodbyes to the world.

“Accepted.”

Lin Yuan had always been open to challenges.

After all, even if the task failed, there was no penalty.

But, what Lin Yuan didn't expect was such a special task. To live healthily and free from illness until thirty was like buying a System-level insurance policy for himself.

It sounded pretty good.

However.

Breaking a million in reputation in both literary and music categories would not be easy. Judging from the speed at which Lin Yuan's musical reputation increased, he could deduce: "I work hard on my tasks. You must defeat the illness."

System:"..."

System: "As long as the host can complete a series of tasks issued by the System, the System will help the host overcome your illness. To the System, the host is its master! If the host dies, the System will self-destruct."

Such loyal commitment.

Lin Yuan nodded, then went to sleep.

When the roommates in the dorm saw that Lin Yuan was about to sleep, they automatically turned off the light. Those on the phone quietly moved the conversation to the hallway outside, and those on the computer silently put on their headphones so as not to disturb Lin Yuan.

Lin Yuan always slept before nine every day.

The other dorms might still be live at nine, but in Lin Yuan's dormitory, there was basically no noise after nine because his roommates knew about his health condition and always accommodated him.

"It seems that I should move out."

His roommates always accommodated Lin Yuan, a kindness which Lin Yuan could not take for granted.

He was not the kind of person who took weakness for granted.

Now that he had money, he could consider renting a house outside.

It would also allow his roommates to enjoy their nightlife in the dorm as any regular college student..