

All R. Artist 61

Chapter 61: Chu Kuang's Manuscript Feel

Indeed, Yu Rong was scared to set a price!

He had been the editor-in-chief of “Fun Reads” for ten years and had come across countless excellent novellas. Among his decade-long career, the novella in front of him definitely ranks among the top. Of course, this is Yu Rong's personal opinion, after all, everyone's opinion of literary works varies. However, Yu Rong believed.

No one could possibly read “The Gift of the Magi” and give it a less-than-stellar review, because the story was so deeply moving, especially the unexpected ending that also felt reasonable upon reflection.

But one thing was certain:

He had to get his hands on this novel!

Yu Rong took a deep breath, made a phone call to Chu Kuang, and voiced his thoughts frankly, “I'm honored to be one of the first to read this novel. I'm willing to represent the publishing company and offer 200,000 to purchase this novella. This isn't to say the novel is worth 200,000, but our magazine's payment generally has a cap...”

“200,000?”

After a thought, Lin Yuan agreed. After all, the other party only provided a channel to publish “The Gift of the Magi”. They weren't buying the copyright to his novel, so he didn't make a big fuss about it.

“What's 200,000 about?”

Lin Yuan was shopping with his sister and his younger sister. His sister perked up when she heard him on the phone, but Lin Yuan didn't plan to reveal his identity and brushed it off by saying, “Things like salary.”

“Let’s go, Yao Yao!”

Upon hearing this, Lin Xuan took her little sister and strode off, “The clothes we just saw were indeed beautiful. Even though they cost over three thousand, who else has a wealthy brother like you?”

“No need.”

Lin Yao couldn’t bear the thought.

Although Lin Yuan seemed to have become richer, being frugal was deeply ingrained in these children. Neither Lin Yuan, Lin Xuan, nor Lin Yao would suddenly become spendthrift because of the sudden influx of wealth.

Lin Yuan proposed, “Let’s go back then.”

Lin Xuan huffed, “What a tight-fisted brother.”

Lin Yuan gave a stingy grin in return. He certainly wouldn’t admit that among the two down jackets he had previously bought for Lin Yao, none of them were cheaper than three thousand. Any less than that and his little sister would feel burdened wearing it.

Back at home.

Lin Xuan started to frequently answer calls. Probably dealing with the work that had piled up during the holidays. After several consecutive calls, Lin Xuan lay exhausted on the couch and started to complain, “The senior at my company says that authors always drag their work around during Chinese New Year. I now have first-hand experience of that. I estimate that 50% of them will fail to submit their work in upcoming months. I bet the editor-in-chief is wishing he could fire me.”

“What does ‘not submitting work’ mean?”

Her younger sister Lin Yao seemed quite curious.

Lin Xuan explained, “‘Opening the skylight’ is originally a professional term in magazines or newspapers that means an empty slot due to the failure of an author to submit work on time. In our novel world, it means to delay submission.”

Lin Yao asked, “So what happens if someone delays their submission?”

Lin Xuan sighed, “Generally, there’s a deadline for authors. The former is the agreed-upon time for handing over the draft manuscript; if the manuscript is turned in on time, it can be edited smoothly. The latter is when the manuscript isn’t finished and it becomes a risk affecting the publishing time. In other words, considering the time needed for printing, etc., the manuscript must be completed by a certain end time. You can say that the deadline is a terrible thing for authors. However, for some authors who have both talent and popularity, delaying and pushing the deadline has all but become their personal signature.”

Lin Yao wondered, “Would they get fined?”

Lin Xuan shook her head, “Less influential authors wouldn’t dare to drag their work. We have contracts that stipulate fines if they fail to submit work on time. For high-profile authors, although we have contracts, we dare not withhold their manuscript fees due to their delays. For instance, 01’ East Wind, he is the most high-profile author cooperating with our publishing company; he always delays for several months before submitting a manuscript, but nobody dares to mention a word about it other than the habitual reminders.”

“I see.”

Although it was a conversation between his sister and younger sister, Lin Yuan was listening attentively on the side. Even though he just started serializing novels under the pen name Chu Kuang, he knew nothing about the inner workings of the industry.

So he found this talk quite interesting.

For example, his sister mentioned that more than 70% of the authors had experiences of delaying work. It seems that physical publishing is just like the online novels in his previous life, where readers always fret about the author’s slow updates.

“Also, there’s some good news.”

All of a sudden, Lin Xuan seemed excited, “Before the Chinese New Year, I visited an author who had just ended her contract with another publishing company and invited her to write for us. To my surprise, she agreed. Now she is the most high-profile author that I’m in charge of, and the new book she wrote is really fantastic, It will probably get published after the Chinese New Year!”

“Editors get a share?”

Lin Yuan asked a question he was interested in.

His sister shook her head, “Not exactly a share. But it’s close enough. Mostly it’s about the performance appraisal of editors. If you don’t manage any influential authors, your performance is bound to be unsatisfactory, which affects our final salary and bonuses. So, it’s not much different from getting shares. Otherwise, why would I go to such lengths to seek authors.” “What about Chu Kuang?”

Lin Yao spontaneously blurted out, “Sis, didn’t you say that you knew Chu Kuang? When he finishes the book he is working on, won’t you also be able to bring him under your wing for the next one?”

Lin Xuan laughed, “You sure are concerned about Chu Kuang... Chu Kuang has a deal with Silver Blue Books, one of the biggest publishing companies in Qin Continent. My company is insignificant compared to Silver Blue Books, so Chu Kuang isn’t someone you can easily poach. Silver Blue Books would go to any lengths to continue its contract with Chu Kuang.”

“So, he’s hot right now.”

Lin Yao glanced at Lin Yuan.

Lin Xuan nodded, “As a newly-emerged novelist in the youth fantasy genre, Chu Kuang has already achieved success with just one book. The sales of ‘King of the Net’ last month totaled 1.4 million copies, ranking twelfth overall among youth fantasy books...”

“Only twelfth?”

“What do you mean ‘only twelfth’? Selling 1.4 million copies in such a large market means that Chu Kuang earned over a million in royalties last month. This is assuming he signed a typical

newbie contract. However, by the looks of it, his share in the contract should increase after the New Year.”

Lin Yuan was stunned.

His sister actually knew about his royalties from last month!

But then again, the final sales of “King of the Net” broke one million, which could be attributed to the professional tennis player who acknowledged the book’s professionalism and value, bringing a lot of hype to it.

Following that.

Lin Yuan suddenly caught onto the key point in his sister’s words, asking, “Why did you say that Chu Kuang’s share in the contract will increase?”

“It’s inevitable,”

Lin Xuan said with certainty, “The new contract share for ‘King of the Net’ was made assuming that the book wouldn’t become a hit. But now that the book is such a success, the publishing company will certainly consider increasing Chu Kuang’s share in the contract, otherwise they might not be able to keep Chu Kuang for his next book.”

“Makes sense,”

Lin Yuan sincerely agreed.

Lin Xuan laughed, “You don’t write books, why are you interested in these? Since you’re working at Starlight, why don’t you tell me some insider gossip about your company’s big-name celebrities....”