

## TV Show 150

### Chapter 150: Urgent Deadline

**\*\*Davor Manor.\*\***

Two days later.

Scientific researcher Adam drove back to New York.

"Adam, call back immediately! Your phone—no, my phone—is about to explode!"

As soon as Adam entered Apartment 520, he heard Monica shouting in frustration.

"Who is it?" Adam asked curiously.

"The editor from Random House," Monica snapped. "I told him you were out, but he's been calling ten times a day! Does he not want people to live in peace?"

"Calm down, I'll call him right now."

Adam picked up the phone and dialed Jack Cerf, the editor at Random House. "Jack, it's me. What's so urgent? Alright, I'll head over now."

After hanging up, Adam got up to leave.

"Hello?!"

Monica blocked his way, exasperated. "Aren't you going to at least tell me what he wanted? He sounds like a grim reaper chasing you down!"

"He kind of is," Adam said with a wry smile. "He's calling about the publication of \*Lord of the Mysteries, Part Two\*."

"Ahh."

Monica instantly relaxed and stepped aside. "You should've just said so earlier instead of being all mysterious. Do you know how much stress this put me under? I haven't been able to eat or sleep properly!"

"Sorry about that," Adam apologized. "I gave him this number before, but I'll tell him not to call here again."

"It's actually fine," Monica admitted with an embarrassed smile. "He only called me because he couldn't reach you at your apartment. But the way he kept dragging things out without explaining anything drove me crazy."

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**\*\*Random House\*\***

**\*\*Editor's Office.\*\***

"Our esteemed author is here! Have a seat—tea or something to drink?"

Jack Cerf greeted him enthusiastically.

"Tea is fine," Adam replied, accepting the hospitality.

He knew he deserved it.

Whoever brings in profit is the real boss—that's an unshakable truth.

"Linda, bring us some tea—the good stuff," Jack said into the intercom.

"Congratulations! The second edition of \*Lord of the Mysteries\*—100,000 copies—has completely sold out! The feedback from all channels has been overwhelmingly positive. We're planning a third edition with 500,000 copies, distributing it nationwide!" Jack grinned. "Also, over at Black Horse Comics, \*Lord of the Mysteries\* is selling like crazy. More and more production companies are reaching out to discuss film and TV adaptations."

"Let's hold off on the film rights for now," Adam said after some thought. "Current CGI technology isn't advanced enough to fully bring \*Lord of the Mysteries\* to life. Besides, a book that sells 100,000 copies is in a completely different league than one that sells 500,000 or even a million. Let's wait until the numbers go up before we talk about adaptations."

"That makes sense," Jack nodded.

He had only brought it up to test the waters—if he secured a deal, the production company would pay him handsomely.

After all, book sales and CGI advancements take time. By the time things are ready, who knows if he'll still be in his current position?

But Jack was no fool—he knew when to push and when to back off.

When Adam first came to him, he had bluntly pointed out the underhanded tactics of middlemen profiting off resales.

Bringing up the topic was fine, but if he pushed too hard, he'd only make a fool of himself.

With \*Lord of the Mysteries\* selling so well and the expected profits skyrocketing, the project was now a priority at the company. If he angered Adam now, he'd be the one to suffer.

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\*\*\*"Adam, is Part Two finished?"\*\*

"Not yet," Adam shook his head.

"You need to hurry!" Jack urged. "New book releases drive up sales for older books. We've planned an extensive marketing campaign, and everything is waiting on your second book. When can you deliver the manuscript?"

"Uh..." Adam hesitated. "Before summer break?"

"That's too late!" Jack immediately rejected the idea. "Do you know how hot the market is right now? If we don't strike while the iron's hot, it's a waste! Plus, we've been receiving a flood of letters from your loyal fans demanding the next book ASAP. Some of the more extreme ones have even asked for your address—they want to visit you personally!"

"You didn't give it to them, right?"

Adam's eyes widened in alarm.

He had heard stories about fans sending razor blades to pressure authors for updates, but those were mostly jokes.

This was America—the land of freedom and unpredictability. If extreme fans said they'd show up at his door, they might actually mean it.

"Of course not," Jack shook his head. "But I strongly suggest you finish the manuscript soon. If fans get too impatient, they might actually track you down. Even if we don't give out your address, they have their ways."

"Alright then," Adam sighed, his lips twitching.

Jack was probably exaggerating, but still—he decided to speed things up.

With his endurance at an almost superhuman level now, he could go several nights without sleep and still be full of energy. If he really committed, he could write at an insane pace.

The only problem was his past laziness.

Back in his previous life, he had developed a habit of only writing a few thousand words a day before losing motivation.

Reading, learning new things, hunting, gaming, hanging out with friends, and enjoying life—weren't those way more enjoyable?

But lately, his expenses had been piling up—buying a car, renovating a cabin in the woods, purchasing guns, medical equipment, upgrading his lifestyle... money was flowing out like water.

If he didn't start earning more, he'd soon find himself running out of funds.

Looked like his laid-back days were coming to an end.

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**\*\*Back at Apartment 520\*\***

When Adam told everyone what happened, their jaws dropped—especially Rachel's.

"A reprint of 500,000 copies?! I remember you got \$500,000 in royalties for the second edition of 100,000 copies... so 500,000 copies means \$2.5 million?!"

"Pretty much," Adam nodded. "Though the actual number isn't exactly \$2.5 million—there are some extra calculations."

"That's a ton of money."

"Writing books is actually that profitable?"

"Why don't I have any writing talent?"

Everyone was in awe.

"No way!"

Rachel suddenly jumped up, her voice full of excitement. "I'm a writer too! I want to be famous and make millions! I'm going to start writing right now!"

She dashed into her bedroom to start her masterpiece.

Adam, however, wasn't optimistic.

Rachel had zero perseverance. She was only excited because of the huge paycheck he mentioned. Once she hit writer's block, she'd definitely give up.

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**\*\*3 AM\*\***

Heather groggily woke up, realizing that her chest felt empty—something that had never happened since she started sleeping next to Adam. It felt strange.

Still half-asleep, she reached out, but the spot next to her was empty.

"Adam?"

She called out, but there was no response.

A sliver of light seeped through the doorway. Rubbing her eyes, she got up and pushed open the bedroom door.

The living room lights were on.

A figure sat at the desk, typing away.

\*Tap! Tap! Tap!\*

Heather listened for a moment.

Suddenly, she wasn't sleepy anymore...