

TV Show 57

Chapter 57: Young Man, Are You Tired? **

Random House

Editorial Department

"Nora, it's such a pleasure to see you."

The professional smile on Chief Editor Jack Serv's face transformed into a genuinely warm one as he saw the captivating woman approaching. He stepped forward and greeted her with a Western-style hug.

"I'm happy to see you too, Jack."

The woman named Nora slightly curled her lips into an intellectual smile. Her deep, sultry voice, paired with her stunning appearance and aura, exuded a unique charm—utterly alluring.

Adam was certain that if God ever held a vote to choose a female believer to pray to Him, he would definitely cast his ballot for Nora.

"I thought you hated New York. What brings you here this time?" Jack asked warmly.

"Yes, I do hate New York, but I had no choice—my son is here."

Nora smiled helplessly. "I'm mainly here to visit him, so I thought I'd stop by to see you as well. Hope I'm still welcome?"

"Of course, of course!"

Jack exaggerated his enthusiasm. "I wish you'd move to New York permanently. You're our brightest star!"

"Heh."

Nora chuckled, then turned her captivating gaze toward Adam. "And this is?"

"Adam Duncan."

The moment he heard her mention her son, Adam immediately suppressed the fleeting thought in his mind. He was a man of principles—he would never get involved in ruining someone else's family.

"Nice to meet you, Adam. I'm Nora."

Noticing a fleeting yet familiar glint in Adam's eyes, Nora grew even more intrigued.

As a professional writer specializing in romance, she was an expert in the subtleties of human attraction.

The eyes are the window to the soul. A man's gaze often revealed his thoughts, and she could read them like an open book.

She had encountered men who weren't interested in her—like her ex-husband.

But a man whose eyes burned hot one second and turned completely indifferent the next? That was new.

Her professional instincts kicked in, and curiosity flared.

Especially because he seemed like such an ordinary man.

So, she extended her hand for a handshake. "Are you a writer as well?"

"I'm just a newcomer," Adam replied modestly.

"Have you signed a contract yet?"

Nora gave Jack a knowing glance.

"Not yet. I'm still considering it."

Adam shook his head.

"Jack."

Nora smirked at him teasingly. "Are you guys bullying another rookie?"

"No, no!"

Jack forced a bitter smile. "Nora, you know we always follow the rules..."

He shot Adam a sidelong glance, muttering internally:

Damn it! Being good-looking really is an advantage! I've tried so many times to win Nora over, and she never responded. Now look at her—so proactive with this guy. Figures. A woman who writes those kinds of books... definitely passionate.

"Come on, Jack."

Nora winked at Adam, then cut Jack off with a look that said, *You can't fool me.* "Do you remember how I got my later books published by Random House after I got screwed over the first time?"

"Uh..."

Jack's expression twitched.

Of course, he remembered.

Back when he was just a junior editor, he had poached Nora—who was then an emerging writer—by passionately condemning her previous publisher's unfair treatment.

Even though both publishers had offered her the same terms, the bad blood made her switch to Random House.

Not to mention, Random House had a stronger marketing reach.

But he understood what she was getting at—writers valued money, yes, but they weren't just profit-driven businessmen. Especially early in their careers, showing them enough respect could earn lifelong loyalty.

The problem was, while many knew this, few actually followed through. New authors had a high failure rate, and friendships often crumbled in the face of profit. A top-tier publisher like Random House would rather acquire established talent than nurture newcomers.

That wasn't the real issue, though.

What really gave Jack a headache was the other layer of meaning in Nora's words—she had taken a liking to Adam and was asking him to show some consideration.

Nora was a true top-tier writer. Every one of her books sold in the millions.

The only reason Adam hadn't heard of her was that he was a straight-laced guy who had no interest in steamy romance novels. Not only had he never read them—he had never even heard of her name.

Her books were wildly popular among young adults, even internationally. Within Random House, she had significant influence.

For her, the publishing house had to tread carefully—maintaining a good relationship with her was crucial. She was successful enough that she could take her audience elsewhere at any moment.

"Mr. Duncan, how about we continue this discussion in my office? I'm sure we can work something out."

Though Jack was frustrated, he forced a smile.

"That sounds good."

Adam understood what was happening and smiled in agreement.

This kind of thing wasn't unusual for him. He had experienced it before—like during his Columbia University interview, when a particularly warm-hearted female professor had eagerly helped him secure a scholarship.

At this point, he was used to people showing him favor and took it in stride.

"You don't mind if I listen in, do you?"

Nora smiled. "I'd love to read your work, Adam."

"Not at all," both Jack and Adam responded quickly.

The three of them entered Jack's office. Jack eagerly invited Nora to sit, and Adam handed her the manuscript for the first thirty chapters.

"Go ahead and talk, don't mind me," Nora said as she accepted the pages.

Jack and Adam exchanged glances and resumed their negotiation.

"A 6% royalty, but Random House retains full rights to *Lord of the Mysteries* and takes 50% of all profits from subsidiary deals..."

"No. 6% royalty is acceptable, but only for book distribution rights. Full intellectual property rights remain mine. Random House can help facilitate licensing deals, but they don't get decision-making power. If a deal goes through, you'll receive a 6% commission for the transaction."

"6%? Mr. Duncan, are you joking?"

"Not at all. Random House is a publisher—why do you need full IP rights? You're only interested in taking a cut if *Lord of the Mysteries* becomes a hit."

You claim that without your platform, the book won't succeed—but if a film or game company wants to buy adaptation rights, I can negotiate with them directly.

Random House wouldn't be investing any resources or taking any risks in that process. So why would you get 50% of the profits?"

"Without Random House's marketing, your book wouldn't even get the chance to blow up. You think you could negotiate a high price for adaptations on your own? Only a powerhouse like us can secure top-tier deals. Handing over full rights ensures a win-win."

"Except that as soon as Random House gets full rights, you'd turn around and sell them at a discount to one of your own subsidiaries. Then that subsidiary would resell them at an exorbitant price—none of which benefits me."

"..."

Jack rubbed his temples.

How the hell did this kid, who hadn't even entered the workforce yet, know all these business tricks?

What's wrong with young people these days?

Do they not have a shred of naïveté left?

Clap, clap, clap.

Nora, who had been quietly reading, suddenly applauded. "Brilliant!"

Then she looked at Adam with a gentle smile.

"Young man, living like this... isn't it exhausting?"

Adam: ...