

TV Show 58

Chapter 58: Women Named Nora Are Always Impressive

****Random House****

****Editor-in-Chief's Office****

"Young man, aren't you exhausted doing this?"

Hearing this, Editor-in-Chief Jack Serv's face darkened.

MMP!

The gap between people is sometimes wider than the gap between humans and pigs.

A pig will always be a pig—it can never become the protagonist. But sometimes, people aren't even people.

Even though he was bald, overweight, and married, Jack considered himself good enough to Nora. So why was it that the moment Nora met Adam, she was already helping him?

Why?!

Jack was screaming internally!

At the same time, Adam was also screaming inside. Why did this sound both awkward and familiar? Was she... flirting with him?

The suppressed emotions that had just been cut off resurfaced again. This kind of thing was like a weed—cut it down, and it grows back stronger. It was impossible to eradicate.

Instinctively, he recalled a classic character from his past life—one who excelled at psychological drama:

"If you're my brother, then come slash me... Oh, no, no, wrong line. Should be—I'm dying, I'm dying."

Cough, cough.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," Adam coughed lightly and responded awkwardly.

But deep down, he kept reminding himself: *She's a decent woman. She has a son and a family. She doesn't fall into the 'bad girl' category. Don't mistake your admiration for her as something else.*

With that thought, Adam once again wielded his wisdom to cut down his inner demons. His gaze toward Nora regained clarity.

This time, Nora was genuinely shocked. It was as if she had just witnessed the ninth wonder of the world. She closed the manuscript in her hands, growing impatient with Jack's stalling, and decided to step in.

"Jack, I skimmed through it briefly. *Lord of the Mysteries* is definitely a top-tier work. Random House should publish it. Stop making things difficult for Adam."

"Nora, this is just standard procedure—"

"I know the procedure," Nora interrupted. "But the issues you're nitpicking over have nothing to do with the actual process. Adam already stated he's only discussing the publishing rights, which *is* standard procedure."

She backed Adam up: "He's willing to take just a 6% royalty—that's already quite low. The first print run shouldn't be less than 100,000 copies. As for film, television, and game rights, Random House can handle negotiations, but the final decision must remain with Adam. If a deal is reached, Adam will pay Random House a commission. Six percent is far too low for that—let's increase it to 30%. That way, it's a win-win."

"I have no objections," Adam nodded with a smile.

Jack was right—only a major industry player like Random House had the resources to secure lucrative film and game adaptation deals.

Adam had initially proposed 6% just to mock how Random House had only offered him a 6% royalty on book sales. He knew that was unrealistic—without a significant profit incentive, they wouldn't put in the effort to negotiate on his behalf.

A 30% share was just right.

Any higher, and Adam would be at a loss. Any lower, and Random House wouldn't be interested. This struck the perfect balance.

It was clear—Nora was truly an industry veteran with a wealth of experience.

"..."

Jack felt like his mental stability was crumbling.

But he couldn't afford to offend Nora, who consistently brought in massive revenue for the company.

Forcing a smile, he said, "Since you've spoken, Nora, I'll generally agree to this. But isn't a 100,000-copy first print a bit too much? How about starting with 10,000 copies to test the market?"

Nora looked at Adam. She specialized in writing romance novels and wasn't sure about the market for a dark fantasy novel like **Lord of the Mysteries**.

"What's the planned price?" she asked.

Adam thought for a moment. "The first volume is about 700,000 words."

"That much?" Jack was surprised. He then frowned and said, "Most fantasy novels are between 200,000 and 300,000 words per volume. Yours is long enough for two books. We can increase the price—\$50 per copy. But with that pricing, the first print run absolutely can't exceed 10,000 copies. The risk is too high."

At \$50 per copy, a 10,000-copy print run would mean Adam's 6% cut would be \$30,000. That was more than enough for him to live comfortably for a while.

After doing some quick mental math, Adam nodded. "Alright, let's go with 10,000 copies for the first run."

Of course, he had completely forgotten about personal income taxes.

Once he realized that the highest tax rate could reach ****39.6%****, he would **not** be feeling so good.

"Linda," Jack called out.

"Yes, sir?"

A female office assistant entered the room.

"Draft two standard contracts," Jack instructed, repeating the agreed-upon terms.

"Understood."

Linda quickly returned with the contracts.

Jack reviewed them briefly before handing one to Adam. "Take a look. If everything checks out, you can sign."

"Can I take it home to review first?"

Adam glanced at the contract. It appeared to match their agreement, but he wasn't about to sign immediately.

This was a cutthroat industry, full of hidden traps and tricky legal wording. He wasn't a lawyer—how could he be sure there weren't any pitfalls?

To be cautious, he'd take it home and have a professional review it first.

"Of course," Jack said, his expression twitching slightly.

This young man was **way** too careful.

"Goodbye, Mr. Serv."

"Jack, I'm leaving too," Nora added.

Adam said his goodbyes, and to his surprise, Nora stood up as well.

"Shall we go together?" she asked.

"Sure," Adam replied with a slightly awkward smile.

After all, she had helped him so much, and she was clearly a righteous person. He couldn't refuse.

Outside the Random House Headquarters

"Want to come over to my place for a bit?" Nora invited.

"I'll pass," Adam declined politely. "I have a freshman welcome event tonight. Besides, weren't you here to see your son? Where's your husband?"

"My husband?" Nora chuckled bitterly. "Ever since my ex-husband ran off to Las Vegas to become a drag queen with our male housekeeper, I've sworn off marriage forever."

"..."

Adam was completely stunned by the sheer amount of information in that sentence.

His mind screamed, *People in the TV drama world sure know how to live!*

Once he processed the shock, another thought crept into his mind. His inner demons resurfaced.

He cautiously probed, "So now...?"

"I've seen through marriage," Nora said with a smile. "It's just two people tolerating each other—it's meaningless. Now, I travel the world, enjoying life while gathering inspiration for my books. I'm free. If I meet the right person at the right time, I'll linger for a bit, but I'll never stay for too long."

Adam couldn't help but give her a thumbs-up.

He thought to himself, *Women named Nora are always impressive.*

In his past memories, there was another woman named Nora—one with six boyfriends, two ex-husbands, and a fiancé. And those numbers kept changing daily.

By comparison, the Nora in front of him seemed much more respectable. At least she was free and single, rather than playing the role of someone's fiancée while fooling around.

More importantly—she just **looked** like a righteous person!

"There's a welcome party at Columbia tonight. Want to come?" Adam asked.

Nora blinked in surprise, then smiled radiantly.

"Sure."