TV Show 72

Chapter 72: Word-of-Mouth Spreading

New Jersey.

A small group of people was chatting.

"Lord of the Mysteries is truly amazing. It perfectly blends Lovecraftian horror with detective suspense."

"I really love the world-building—the pathways and sequences. Each pathway has multiple sequences that grow progressively, and each sequence represents a profession. What an interesting concept!"

"We are guardians, yet we are also a group of pitiful souls constantly fighting against danger and madness. But above all, we are guardians. What a noble role the Night Watchers play."

"It was so touching when Klein, as the Fool, finally met with Melissa and Benson."

"It fits the theme of this volume perfectly, doesn't it? The Fool is an advancement sequence in the 'Seer' pathway. A Seer can divine fate, yet when it comes to true destiny, everyone is just a clown being played by fate. Klein being killed and then resurrected—doesn't that perfectly illustrate this idea?"

"The second volume should take place in Backlund, right? I'm really looking forward to it. Will Klein and Miss Justice meet in the real world? Will there be a spark of romance between them?"

"Maybe, maybe not. But I lean towards no."

"Why?"

"Klein can die and resurrect repeatedly, and he is the ruler above the gray fog—he clearly has the shadow of a god. On the other hand, Miss Justice, Audrey, feels more like a saintess who serves the divine. A saintess might have a small, personal love for a god, but a god only possesses universal love. In Klein's eyes, Audrey, the Hanged Man, and even Susie are not much different from one another."

"Is this some kind of foreshadowing? And what about the Blasphemy Slates, the True Creator, and the Fallen Creator? Could there be trouble ahead?"

*"What kind of trouble? This isn't the Middle Ages anymore. Otherwise, there wouldn't be so many 'heretics' around. Even the IRS dares to tax churches; they can't do anything about it. *Lord of the Mysteries* is just a novel—why overanalyze it?"*

"I have an idea. Why don't we start our own Tarot Club? What do you all think?"

"Isn't that a bit too nerdy?"

"I think it's worth a try. I choose the Hanged Man."

"I'll be the Sun."

"I choose the Hermit."

"I pick Justice!"

Suddenly, a child's voice rang out, startling everyone. They turned toward the sound and saw a delicate little girl clutching a golden retriever puppy. She was hiding behind a curtain in the corner, peeking out at them.

"Annie!"

The host, Gerald, called out sternly before turning apologetically to the group. *"Sorry about that. Ever since Annie accidentally came across *Lord of the Mysteries*, she's been obsessed with Susie. She begged us to get her a golden retriever and named it Susie. Now, she even wants to feed it potions, hoping it will talk. And somehow, she sneaked in here without us noticing…"*

"Haha! Annie is watching us like an audience member, just like Susie!"

"Annie is so adorable! With Susie by her side, she's definitely the best choice for Miss Justice, Audrey."

"The key to potions isn't just mastering them—it's digesting them! It's not about discovering but about acting! Kate is an actress, observing and imitating people. Annie is so beautiful; she'll surely become an outstanding actress like her mother, Kate—perhaps even more exceptional."

*"Eventually, *Lord of the Mysteries* will be adapted into a TV series. If we wait a few years, Annie could be the perfect real-life Miss Justice!"*

"Gerald, isn't Annie a bit too young to be reading this?"

"What's the harm? There's nothing inappropriate in it—it's so pure it's almost unbelievable. If not for the horror elements, it could almost be a children's book. As long as Annie isn't scared, why shouldn't she read it?"

*"Still, *Lord of the Mysteries* is too niche. I looked into it, and there's barely any marketing. Won't this severely discourage the author? Forget about the grand world-building in future volumes—who knows if the second volume will even be published?"*

"That's a good point. It was published by Random House. Does anyone here know someone at the publishing house? Maybe we can give them some suggestions or even reach out to the author to discuss the story?"

"Random House? I know their chief editor, Jack Serv. I'll call him right now."

Gerald, the host, was a lawyer, and his wife, Kate, was an actress. Their family belonged to the upper middle class, meaning they naturally associated with people of influence. Since they were all based in New York, it wasn't surprising that someone knew Jack Serv.

Random House

Chief Editor's Office

"No problem. Come by tomorrow, and I'll arrange a meeting for you."

Jack Serv hung up the phone, furrowing his brows in thought. Then, he pressed a button and called his secretary, Linda, into the office.

*"Bring me the sales report for *Lord of the Mysteries*. Oh, and also the reader letters."*

A short while later, Linda entered with a stack of documents.

"That many reader letters?"

Flipping through them, Jack was shocked. Then he looked at the sales report—9,696 copies sold in two months. The first print run of 10,000 had already sold out.

Of course, this was nowhere near bestseller status, but given that there had been *zero* marketing, it was an impressive feat. More importantly, the growth curve showed an explosive upward trend.

Reading through the letters, Jack found plenty of praise, along with insults and even threats. To him, this was a sign of a potential blockbuster.

If they pushed the marketing now, *The New York Times* bestseller list might just see a shake-up.

"My instincts were right after all."

Jack took a moment to pat himself on the back before frowning. *"Damn it, if only I had secured all the rights back then…"*

But he was just venting. With Nora, the queen of romance novels, advocating for the book, even if given another chance, he wouldn't have dared to push too hard.

*"Rick and his friends say they're big fans of *Lord of the Mysteries* and want to meet the author. Since they're so passionate, I might as well stop suppressing it."*

With that thought, Jack dialed the number Adam had left behind.

At the end of the day, he was a businessman—profit came first. Since suppressing the book wasn't working, he might as well switch tactics and maximize the gains.

The Next Morning

Adam arrived at Random House.

"Welcome, welcome!"

This time, Jack was all smiles, completely shedding his earlier arrogance—the attitude of *"A book's quality is nothing compared to a publisher's marketing reach."*

"A reprint of 100,000 copies, a royalty increase to 10%, and significant investment in promotion?"

Adam was slightly surprised by Jack's initiative, but he didn't lose his composure—this was exactly what he had anticipated.

In his previous life, *Lord of the Mysteries* had over 100,000 paid subscribers. And that was just for the official edition—pirated readers outnumbered them at least tenfold.

Whether it was the original 10,000 copies or the reprint of 100,000, it was still just a small fraction of its potential.