

## TV Show 73

Chapter 73: Looking Forward to the Future

\*\*Random House.\*\*

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

"Okay."

Adam naturally wouldn't refuse Jack's kindness.

"Now, there's a problem," Jack got straight to the point. "Have you started writing the next volume? When do you think you'll have it done?"

"The plot is all there, but I just haven't been motivated to write."

Adam said seriously, "You know how it is."

"I know? I don't know sh—"

Jack's mouth twitched.

Alright, no need to pretend—he totally got it.

It was all about the money.

"A reprint of 100,000 copies is about to hit the shelves. Ideally, a third or even fourth edition could follow soon. When that happens, your earnings will skyrocket. A lot of readers are eagerly waiting for the continuation of your story. You wouldn't want to disappoint them, would you?"

A reprint of 100,000 copies, priced at \$50 per book, with a 10% royalty rate—that meant \$500,000 in income. That was equivalent to nearly 20 years of earnings for a median household. A huge sum.

In *\*Friends\**, Ross once dated a woman who only had relationships with Nobel Prize winners. His friends tried to comfort him, saying that winning a Nobel Prize wasn't a big deal.

Ross replied, "A Nobel Prize comes with a million-dollar prize."

And his friends immediately "betrayed" him.

That was about ten years later.

Even if \$500,000 now wasn't quite the same as \$1 million in the future, it wasn't far off.

Not to mention the potential third and fourth editions.

This was the allure of literature, art, and entertainment.

One moment, you're a nobody. The next, you're rich and famous, with everything you could ever want.

"Don't worry, I've already started writing."

For the sake of his income, Adam was quick to show his goodwill. "I've already planned out seven volumes, aiming for one per year, each ranging between 400,000 to 800,000 words."

"You've planned out *\*seven\** volumes?"

Jack was dumbfounded. "Is *\*Lord of the Mysteries\** really *\*that\** grand in scale?"

"This is just the beginning."

Adam smiled. "If I wanted, I could write seven more and still not run out of material. A vast world like this has endless stories to explore—as long as the readers keep loving it."

"They will. Readers tend to stick with what they enjoy."

Jack didn't seem too happy, though.

He had the nagging feeling that he'd just missed out on millions.

After finalizing the reprint deal, Adam was about to leave when Jack stopped him.

"Hold on, I have a few friends who are big fans of your book. They'd love to meet you in person. You don't mind, do you?"

"Fans?"

Adam was slightly surprised but then nodded. "Of course not."

This was his first group of fans in this parallel world, thanks to borrowing a masterpiece from another reality. Plus, since they were Jack's friends, he had to show some respect.

Jack led Adam to a conference room.

A group of people was already waiting inside.

"You're the \*Fool Beyond the Times\*, the \*Mysterious Ruler Above the Gray Fog\*, the \*Yellow-Black King Who Holds Good Fortune\*, right?"

A delicate little girl clutching a golden retriever puppy jumped out from behind the door.

"No, I'm not."

Adam bent down and smiled. "I'm more like Fors—a writer who records the stories of \*Lord of the Mysteries\*."

"So, you don't have the potion that will let my Susie talk?"

The little girl looked disappointed as she petted the golden retriever in her arms.

"Sorry," Adam shook his head. "Potions only exist in \*Lord of the Mysteries\*, and a talking Susie is one of a kind—she belongs only to Miss Justice, Audrey. But I believe that even if she can't talk, your Susie is still your best companion, isn't she?"

"Yeah! Susie is super smart!"

The little girl's mood lifted as she affectionately stroked her puppy.

"Mr. Duncan, this is my daughter, Annie. She absolutely loves Susie from \*Lord of the Mysteries\*."

Annie's father, Gerald, walked over with a smile. "We're all big fans of your book. I have to say, \*Lord of the Mysteries\* is simply amazing."

"Thank you."

Adam responded with a reserved smile, but inside, he was ecstatic.

In his previous life, as a part-time, struggling writer, his only audience was himself—or worse, people who just left negative comments, criticisms, or even personal attacks. It had been discouraging, killing his motivation to write. He'd just barely scraped by, sticking to minimum word counts for full attendance bonuses.

But now, facing sincere praise from real fans?

It was the best feeling ever.

No wonder some people can rise to the top of the world just by receiving enough affirmation and encouragement.

**\*\*This makes perfect sense!\*\***

Adam felt like he was floating on air. *\*If I can dream it, I can do it!\**

Unfortunately, this was an ordinary world—no supernatural elements.

Otherwise, Adam would definitely become a *\*Sun God\**, a *\*One Punch Man\**, or someone who *\*Breaks the Heavens\**.

This group of fans was well-mannered. Even as passionate readers of *\*Lord of the Mysteries\**, they remained composed. They sat in the conference room, discussing the plot and world-building for an entire morning.

By noon, Jack Surf treated everyone to lunch. After the meal, they went their separate ways.

"Adam, here's my card. If you ever need legal advice, feel free to contact me anytime."

Annie's father, Gerald, handed him a business card and spoke sincerely.

Aside from being a fan, as a professional lawyer, expanding his network and business opportunities was just standard practice.

The value of \*Lord of the Mysteries\* was obvious.

"Thank you."

Adam took the card, bid farewell to Gerald and Annie, then got into a taxi. After giving the driver the address, he pulled out the business card for a closer look.

The moment he read the full name, his eyes widened in shock.

"Holy crap! No way!"

The card read: \*\*Gerald Hathaway.\*\*

"If \*Lord of the Mysteries\* ever gets adapted into a film or TV series, maybe we already have the perfect actress for Audrey..."

Adam murmured to himself.

In his heart, young Audrey Hepburn was the absolute ideal for Miss Justice, Audrey. Not only did she share the same name, but she also had that same elegant aura and a pet dog.

Maybe, just maybe, the original author had based Audrey on young Hepburn.

It was now 1992, and Hepburn was already in her sixties—far too old to play Miss Justice.

But now, there was a new "little Hepburn" with the same elegance and charming smile...

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\*\*Nightfall.\*\*

**\*\*Apartment 520.\*\***

"Tonight's on me! Let's go out and have some fun!"

Once Chandler and the others had gathered, Adam made the announcement.

"OMG! What happened?"

Phoebe exclaimed in excitement.

"You guys won't believe this! Not only is Adam a Columbia student, but he's also an amazing writer! His book *\*Lord of the Mysteries\** just went into its second edition!"

Monica, who had known for a while, was overjoyed as she quickly explained. "He's making money. No—he's making a *\*lot\** of money!"

She waved her hands dramatically, as if Adam had just bought the entire world.

"OMG!"

This time, it was Joey who gasped. Without giving Adam a chance to dodge, he lunged in for a classic Joey bear hug.

"I have a writer friend now!"

Releasing Adam, he pointed at him with both hands and grinned. "If it ever gets adapted into a movie or TV show, remember to cast Joey! I'm a professional actor!"

"I'll try."

Adam chuckled helplessly.

At this point, Joey didn't even know about the \*Smell-the-Fart Acting Technique\* yet...