

## TV Show 114

Chapter 114: Wealthy Adam

Inside the restaurant.

"Haha."

Adam's flattery was well received by Leonard.

"Don't think that way! Since you've chosen to be a surgeon, you should aim to be the best. Do you think I didn't want to take shortcuts back in the day?"

Leonard took another sip of straight whiskey and said self-deprecatingly, "I wanted to, but by then, I was already married to Rachel's mother. There was no way around it."

"Dad~!"

Rachel called out in a half-reproachful tone.

"What?"

Leonard shrugged. "I'm just telling the truth. And I don't regret choosing your mother—except for the times she keeps bringing up cigars, whiskey, and sailing. Oh, and that time she spent \$1,400 on a flower pot."

"That's Mom's hobby."

Rachel, who had inherited her mother's extravagant ways, naturally sided with her. "That's her only hobby, and you don't support it? She raised three kids for you! Even if only one of them turned out adorable and sensible, they're still all your children."

"Alright, alright."

Leonard smiled indulgently. "You have a point. Jill is indeed adorable and sensible."

"Dad!"

Rachel huffed.

"I'm just kidding."

Leonard laughed. "Of course, the adorable and sensible one is my Rachel. Jill's too mischievous."

Only then did Rachel beam with satisfaction.

"Leonard, you like sailing?"

Adam seized the opportunity to deepen his connection with Leonard.

Amidst Leonard's blunt revelations, Adam had grasped the key takeaway—connections. The idea of sleeping one's way to success was just the surface; at its core, it was all about networking.

Just like those so-called motivational stories about people rising from nothing—sure, they were talented, but wasn't their initial network a major factor in their success?

Adam understood this well. The reason he was still shocked was that, as a doctor, saving lives should primarily rely on skill. But who would have thought that even in the medical field, it was connections, not talent or effort, that truly opened doors?

However, after Leonard pointed it out, Adam reflected on it and found it understandable.

Unlike Eastern medicine, Western medicine in America operated on a production-line model. Both drugs and doctors were standardized, emphasizing mass production and interchangeability.

That was the whole point of the standardized medical process.

Anyone who completed medical school and earned an M.D. had strong qualifications. During their internships, they all learned the same standardized surgical procedures. So, in the end, whoever had more opportunities to practice naturally became more skilled.

As for surgical innovation based on talent—that was something only attending physicians and above had to worry about.

Adam had initially planned to take the most solid path step by step. He was set on attending the best medical school—Harvard Medical School. But now, his perspective had shifted.

Harvard Medical School had long dominated as the world's top institution and was a dream for medical students. But the competition there would be unprecedentedly fierce. Previously, Adam wasn't too worried.

But now, he had to consider the risks.

Besides ambitious students willing to do anything to stand out, there were also second- and third-generation doctors. If those with existing connections were also willing to go all out, it would be terrifying.

If he lost against these unfair competitors, it could derail his entire trajectory and waste valuable time.

And time was something Adam absolutely couldn't afford to waste.

Now, however, a great opportunity had presented itself.

Rachel was his friend. Leonard, her father, seemed to appreciate him and was a senior attending surgeon in cardiothoracic surgery at NYU Medical Center. He had graduated from Columbia University's medical school and, while not as influential as a department head, still had significant resources within New York's medical community.

If Adam could establish a strong enough relationship with Leonard, he wouldn't have to start at a disadvantage. He could place himself in the first tier right from the beginning. With his ability and hard work, he was confident he could become a top surgeon at the fastest possible speed.

If he could hold another person's heart in his hands, then his own heart would beat stronger.

To achieve this, he even put to use the half-semester of psychology he had studied.

"Yeah," Leonard chuckled. "Actually, Rachel was the one who liked it at first. But once we bought the sailboat, she was too young to sail it herself. So, I took over. Over time, I started enjoying it, too. Eventually, I taught Rachel, and we've shared many wonderful moments together."

"Yeah," Rachel added enthusiastically. "Even now, our family still goes sailing together every year."

"That sounds amazing."

Adam flashed a wealthy man's smile. "Hearing you two talk about it makes me want to buy a sailboat, too. Leonard, Rachel, you two will have to teach me!"

"You're thinking of buying one?"

Leonard was surprised. "Sailboats aren't cheap. You can't get a decent one for less than \$20,000."

"Dad," Rachel explained, "Adam isn't just a Columbia student. He's also a writer. His book \*Lord of the Mysteries\* was a big hit last year. He made \$500,000 just from the royalties on the second edition alone!"

"That's impressive."

Leonard nodded in appreciation. "I already held you in high regard, but it seems I still underestimated you. Among the young people I know, you're definitely the most outstanding!"

"Thank you."

Adam smiled modestly. "Rachel is actually quite talented herself. She—"

"Ah!"

Rachel yelped, cutting Adam off and shooting him desperate looks.

She wrote romance novels with explicit content. She didn't mind showing her friends, but letting her father find out before she became famous and made real money? That was too embarrassing!

"What's wrong, sweetheart?"

Leonard looked at her with concern.

"Nothing," Rachel quickly said. Seeing Adam nod in understanding, she sighed in relief and casually changed the subject.

The conversation continued, and with Adam deliberately flattering Leonard and Leonard already having a favorable impression of him, their chat grew increasingly warm. Rachel chimed in occasionally, and the room was filled with laughter.

Monica sat there with a wry smile. She leaned toward Phoebe and whispered, "They seem more like a family than we do."

"Yeah," Phoebe nodded in agreement.

Ross kept pouting, venting his frustration.

Even though he didn't like Leonard, he still wished he could trade places with Adam.

The only one truly happy was Joey, who was busy devouring his meal without a care in the world.

To him, food was sacred and couldn't be wasted.

After a long while...

Just as Monica and the others were about to start dozing off, Leonard finally ended the conversation, looking quite satisfied. He waved down the server, checked the bill, and calculated the tip.

For a gathering like this, splitting the bill wasn't an option—Leonard was treating.

Since Chandler wasn't there, the total was for seven people, and the bill came to \$500—a proper feast.

"Excuse me for a moment, I need to use the restroom."

After calculating the tip and signing the bill, Leonard got up.

"Oh~"

Ross glanced at the bill and suddenly looked as if he had uncovered some shocking secret, making a dramatic exclamation.