

TV Show 122

Chapter 122: The Return of the War God

****Funeral Home.****

In front of Monica's grandmother's casket stood a middle-aged man dressed in a black suit.

Judging by his stance and expression, he didn't seem to be a relative or friend.

He looked more like a staff member at the funeral home.

Based on common customs, he was most likely an embalmer.

Adam was shocked because he recognized the man's face all too well.

In his previous life, he had seen this face in many movies.

Weathered yet resolute.

Tough yet tender.

A savior of heaven, earth, and even the air itself.

Nicknamed the strongest dad on the planet.

Such a formidable figure appearing at Monica's grandmother's funeral made Adam doubt whether he was truly an embalmer.

Could this be another rescue mission, with the man disguising his identity?

Or perhaps...

The War God has returned, saw his daughter living in a rundown apartment, and with a single command, 100,000 soldiers would come rushing in?

Having watched plenty of war-hero movies featuring this man in his previous life, Adam's imagination ran wild, making him worry that the funeral might turn into a battleground.

As if sensing Adam's gaze, the middle-aged man looked over, met Adam's eyes, and nodded with a slight smile.

Adam naturally smiled back.

This funeral home was the largest in the area, handling all funeral services. Next to it was the cemetery.

Once the memorial service concluded, the attendees exited the funeral home and proceeded toward the cemetery.

Monica's grandmother's casket was to be buried there.

Unlike Eastern traditions, everything here was handled by the funeral service provider. Friends and family didn't need to lift a finger—they only had to attend and pay their respects.

In fact, even the burial process was usually handled by the funeral home staff after the attendees had left.

***"What's wrong?"**

Joey noticed Chandler looking at him repeatedly and asked in confusion.

"Nothing," Chandler replied sarcastically. **"It's just that your coat makes you look like a sports commentator."**

"Alright, you got me," Joey admitted, revealing a small, portable TV under his coat. **"Giants vs. Cowboys."**

"You're watching football at a funeral?" Chandler asked, speechless.

"Of course not," Joey responded seriously. **"This is just the pre-game. I'll watch the actual match at the reception later."**

"You are a truly terrible person."

Chandler summed up.

"It's not that bad, actually."

Adam, standing nearby, chuckled. **"Monica's grandmother was quite old and passed away peacefully in her sleep—it's actually considered a good death. Look at Monica's parents and aunt; do they seem devastated?"**

"See?" Joey smirked at Chandler in triumph.

"Monica!"

Adam ignored the usual antics of the two best friends and called out to Monica.

"What's up?"

Monica, who had been enduring her mother's endless nagging, was on the verge of breaking down. Hearing Adam call her was like receiving a royal decree—she quickly walked over.

***"Do you know who that middle-aged man standing by your grandmother's casket was during the service?"** Adam asked curiously.

***"Oh, you mean Mr. Deacon?"**

Monica, far more socially aware than Ross, immediately put a name to the face and answered, ***"He's the owner of this funeral home and also an embalmer."**

***"Has he always been?"** Adam pressed further.

***"I think so,"** Monica thought for a moment before replying. ***"I first saw him back in high school. He was really handsome and manly back then. I... no, Rachel actually had a crush on him."**

***"So, he was already here ten years ago?"**

Adam was surprised. ***"Does he have a daughter?"**

***"I don't think so."**

Monica shook her head. ***"I vaguely remember hearing that he lost his wife when he was young and never had children. For a while, he was the most eligible bachelor in the area.

A lot of women, even younger girls, had crushes on him. But he never remarried—people say it's because he loved his wife too much.

He's very kind and well-liked, but because of his profession, he doesn't interact much with people outside of funerals. If it weren't for this funeral, I probably wouldn't have even remembered him."**

***"No daughter, no children..."**

Adam raised an eyebrow. ****"So, he's not the strongest dad on the planet after all."****

****"Why are you so curious about him?"****

Monica asked, puzzled.

****"Because someone has a crush on him,"**** Adam teased. ****"Kept sneaking glances at him. I had to check if he had a wife and kids, just in case someone made a mistake."****

****"Ah!"****

Monica gasped, her face instantly turning red.

Because the "someone" Adam referred to was her. She had used Rachel as an excuse, but in truth, she had been the one crushing on Mr. Deacon the hardest back then.

She had always had a thing for mature, gentlemanly, and deeply affectionate men.

****"Haha."****

Adam chuckled, stopping his teasing there.

After all, this was her grandmother's funeral—this wasn't the time for such jokes.

Besides, he didn't think Monica would actually be happier with an older man than she would be with Chandler in the future.

That thought led him to another realization—Chandler had a thing for motherly women, and Monica had a thing for fatherly men. The fact that they ended up together was pretty amusing.

After the Funeral

March arrived.

Spring break at Columbia University had begun.

Unlike in the East, where students only had winter and summer vacations, American universities also had spring break, usually in March, around the middle of the semester.

It was a time specifically designed for college students, typically lasting one to two weeks.

Spring had come.

After enduring the long winter without a chance to have fun, college students were ready to go all out.

Adam had already made plans with Juno and Karen—it was time to start hunting and honing his surgical skills.

With enough money, anything was possible.

In just a short time, a real estate agent had handled all the necessary arrangements according to Adam's requirements.

Adam also applied for a firearm license, which was quickly approved.

After that, he went to a gun store and purchased a rifle, a hunting shotgun, ammunition, a compound bow, medical supplies, food, and drinks.

Once everything was packed into his car, he set off toward the cabin in the woods.

He and Juno had arranged to meet in Hartford, Connecticut.

The cabin was nearby.

Since it was located between New York and Boston, Adam and Juno coordinated over the phone and set out. Two hours later, they met up in Hartford.

They then headed to Walmart to buy hunting licenses—purchasing permits for multiple types of game.

That's right!

You could buy hunting licenses directly at Walmart. Shocking, isn't it?

Afterward, they met with the waiting real estate agent. Their convoy of three vehicles drove toward the cabin in the woods.

Upon arrival, they saw that an electric fence had already been installed, as per Adam's request.

The real estate agent gave them a tour of the cabin, and after confirming all modifications met their needs, Adam signed the check.

Under the agent's knowing gaze, the three of them moved in.

They were about to spend an exciting and unforgettable week together.