

TV Show 123

Chapter 123: The First Night

That night.

The three of them finished tidying up and gathered on the couch to watch a video.

Of course, it wasn't a soap opera.

Nor was it a horror movie.

And it definitely wasn't an action-romance film.

"Where did you get this?"

Juno asked in surprise as she watched the surgical procedure in the video.

"Remember my friends in New York?"

Adam watched the tape while smiling as he explained, "One of the new ones you haven't met—Rachel—her dad happens to be a chief surgeon in cardiothoracic surgery at NYU Medical Center..."

"You managed to build a relationship with him already?"

Juno interrupted before Adam could finish, already guessing what he had done. But she was still a little surprised. "That fast?"

Friends were one thing; family was another.

Meeting a friend's family wasn't difficult, but establishing a good relationship with them was another matter entirely.

First, there was the age gap.

Then, there were different social circles.

Friends rarely met each other's parents, let alone someone trying to forge a connection through a friend.

Even in a romantic relationship, things wouldn't progress this fast.

After all, fathers everywhere saw their daughters as their precious little girls, and any man dating them was naturally "the enemy." If he wasn't getting the cold shoulder, he should already consider himself lucky—let alone expecting to become friends.

Wishful thinking!

When Ross was meeting Rachel's parents in **Friends**, she repeatedly warned him: he could say anything, except that he had **done** her.

"Yeah," Adam admitted with a hint of disbelief. "I didn't expect it to go so smoothly either. Maybe I just have a way with people."

Juno rolled her eyes at his shamelessness and bluntly pointed out, "Or maybe he wants to help you on purpose. Otherwise, it wouldn't have happened so fast."

Adam was momentarily stunned before nodding in realization. "Leonard did take a liking to me from the start."

"You should maintain this relationship," Juno reminded him. "A chief surgeon in a major hospital can be a huge asset to your future."

"Of course."

Adam grinned. "Otherwise, how would we be watching these tapes right now?"

The video tapes were a collection of surgical recordings Leonard had accumulated over the years. They were rare and valuable—something that couldn't simply be bought with money.

More importantly, since Leonard was a cardiothoracic surgeon, these tapes served as a chronicle of his professional growth.

For Adam, who aspired to be a cardiothoracic surgeon, they were immensely beneficial.

"Too bad I'm going into neurosurgery,"

Juno said, shaking her head.

She had always been fascinated by the human mind. Even as she prepared for a medical career, she had thoroughly researched her options and firmly chosen neurosurgery—the field most closely linked to human psychology.

It was Juno's insight that had prompted Adam to choose cardiothoracic surgery early on.

But Juno's path was much harder than Adam's.

Even in the 2020s, neurosurgery was seen as a field where "90% depended on fate, and 10% on skill." And this was still only 1993.

Most of Leonard's tapes focused on cardiothoracic surgery, so for Juno, who had chosen neurosurgery, they weren't as useful.

"I'll ask him for some neurosurgery tapes for you,"

Adam said, slapping his forehead, cursing himself for forgetting.

"Sounds good,"

Juno smiled. "But no rush—I can still learn from these."

Neurosurgery and cardiothoracic surgery weren't entirely separate fields.

During medical training, students rotated through different specialties before specializing.

And knowledge was interconnected.

A neurosurgeon could sometimes perform cardiothoracic procedures, and a cardiothoracic surgeon might occasionally operate on the nervous system—it all depended on their skill level.

Seeing Adam about to make a bold promise, Juno reminded him, "Dr. Green lending you these valuable tapes shows he holds you in high regard. But you should be careful and patient—build the relationship first. After all, even he has to pull strings to get those tapes. It's not a simple favor."

"Good point,"

Adam nodded.

No matter where you were, relationships were finite.

Excessive demands without reciprocation or restraint? That was just foolish.

"Speaking of which,"

Adam casually said, "I've decided not to apply to Harvard Medical School. Leonard graduated from Columbia Med and works at NYU Medical Center. His connections are all in New York, so I'm applying to Columbia instead."

He then told Juno about the hidden obstacles in the medical internship system that Leonard had warned him about.

"No doubt about it,"

Juno agreed. "I've heard rumors too. And it's not just interns—even med students face these kinds of issues. Many students *worship* authority figures in medicine, and plenty of med school professors have had their marriages ruined because of it."

"Damn!"

Adam's mouth twitched.

He had been too naive—he had underestimated the cutthroat competition in med school.

"Would you consider transferring too?"

Adam asked instinctively.

"No need,"

Juno smiled. "Dr. Green is only a chief surgeon—mentoring one student is fine, but two would be too much."

"I'm not in a rush to climb the ranks. Columbia Med is top-tier, but Harvard Med has been ranked number one for years. If I go there, I can also share different techniques and insights with you."

Both Harvard and Columbia were private institutions with their own curricula. Even though medical training followed a standard process, there were distinct differences in technical details.

Sometimes, those differences defined expertise.

Of course, they couldn't outweigh the advantages of personal connections.

But with Juno at Harvard and Adam at Columbia, he could benefit from both insider connections and cutting-edge knowledge—a win-win.

Adam could only sigh in admiration. "You're right."

The two of them continued discussing for a while.

Eventually, Adam shifted to his side while talking to Juno. As his gaze wandered, he noticed an imposing shadow in the corner of his vision. He blinked and finally remembered—Karen had been there the entire time.

She had been so quiet, nestled against Juno, that Adam had almost forgotten she existed.

"*Ahem.*"

Adam's throat felt dry. He cleared it a few times and forced a smile. "Karen, how have you been?"

"I'm fine,"

Karen replied with a glance, seemingly puzzled as to why he was addressing her. But she answered politely enough—probably influenced by Juno.

"That's good,"

Adam said awkwardly, especially as he caught Juno's amused, knowing expression.

"Karen is a natural in the kitchen,"

Juno added with a smile. "Tomorrow, she'll cook for us—you're in for a treat."

"I believe it!"

Adam nodded enthusiastically.

After that, the three of them fell silent, focusing on the somewhat gory surgical footage on the screen.

If someone had walked in at that moment, they probably would've been scared half to death.