

TV Show 125

Chapter 125: Drunk on More Than Just Wine

****Morning.****

Adam and Juno spent the entire morning dissecting animals and studying biological structures, frequently exchanging playful banter.

What would have otherwise been a rather gory scene felt surprisingly warm and almost comforting under the guise of practicing life-saving techniques.

For someone like Adam—who had never even killed a chicken before—jumping straight into such intense scenarios would normally be overwhelming. Yet, he showed no discomfort at all.

As Zhou Shuren once said, "Studying is best done with a friend or two by your side, only then can progress be made."

How true that is!

If not for Juno and Karen's presence, Adam might have had the financial means to pursue this unusual hobby, but he would've likely dismissed the idea as soon as it crossed his mind.

After all, heading into the wilderness alone to hunt, dissect, and practice surgical techniques sounds like the behavior of a lunatic.

It was Juno's enthusiastic participation that made all of this possible.

****"Learning from books alone is shallow; true understanding comes from hands-on practice."****

It wasn't until Adam actually started dissecting that he truly understood the indescribable sensation of cutting through animal tissue with a scalpel.

"Hmm... Smells amazing!"

Time had flown by. Suddenly, Adam sniffed the air deeply, his eyes widening in delight.

"That must be Karen roasting venison," Juno said with a grin. She took a whiff herself and added, "Let's call it a day for now and head out to help her."

"Alright," Adam agreed.

They helped each other take off their surgical gowns and left the makeshift operating room.

Outside, Karen had already set up the grill with all the necessary ingredients. Tender chunks of venison were roasting over the fire, sending waves of mouth-watering aroma their way.

"Need any help?" Adam asked cheerfully.

"Nope," Karen replied, shaking her head.

"I'll set the table. Adam, go grab the wine and glasses," Juno commanded confidently, taking charge as usual.

Among the three, she was the glue that held the group together.

Adam didn't mind at all and went to fetch the wine.

Once everything was ready, Juno carried over the freshly grilled venison and placed it on the table.

Adam poured each of them half a glass of the decanted red wine.

"Since we're not at home, just half a glass is enough. We don't want to get too tipsy—it wouldn't be safe," he remarked.

"Oh, look who's talking about safety!" Juno teased, rolling her eyes. "Do you even know how well Karen and I handle our liquor? Pour us some more."

"You two can hold your alcohol that well?" Adam raised an eyebrow, curious.

"Definitely better than you," Juno replied with a cheeky grin. "Trust me, half a glass is plenty for you."

Adam chuckled, feeling a little embarrassed as memories of his last blackout drunken night flashed through his mind. As he topped off Juno and Karen's glasses, he debated whether to finally ask about what really happened that night.

***"That's enough! You're about to overflow it!"**

Juno's warning snapped him out of his thoughts. "What's on your mind?" she asked.

"Nothing," Adam lied, quickly stopping the pour.

He decided to let it go. Whatever happened that night was in the past. Even though he and the girls were now officially friends, some things were better left in the dark.

Juno raised her glass and tapped it with her fork. "Today, we're here enjoying hunting and delicious food, all thanks to our generous Adam. You've given us a taste of the high life. To Adam—cheers!"

***"Cheers!"**

They clinked glasses, and Adam took a sip, smiling.

"And second, let's toast to Karen for this incredible roast. To Karen—cheers!" Juno continued.

Karen's face lit up with joy. ***"Cheers!"**

"And third, to fate—for bringing us together. To fate—cheers!"

***"Cheers!"** Adam repeated, raising his glass again before playfully adding, "And last but not least, to Juno—because she decides whether or not we get to eat!"

"Alright, dig in!" Juno laughed, setting down her glass and cutting a small piece of venison.

***"Mmm..."**

Adam followed suit, savoring the flavor.

***"Mmm... Mmm..."**

Karen watched them with a satisfied smile as they enjoyed her cooking.

The venison tasted somewhat like beef but much more tender, and with Karen's exceptional culinary skills, the flavor was simply outstanding.

***"I've got to bring some back for Monica and Chandler to try,"** Adam remarked between bites.

"No problem. We've got a freezer here. When it's time to leave, we'll go hunting one more time. I'll prep the meat, and you can drive it back fresh," Juno suggested, elegantly sipping her wine.

***"Great idea!"** Adam agreed. "Monica's a chef, so she'll definitely cook up something incredible with this."

After eating several pieces, Adam slowed his pace, swirling his glass like Juno did, watching the deep red wine dance in the glass. He glanced at his two beautiful companions, his gaze becoming slightly dreamy.

This... this is the life.

"Karen, is it supposed to rain tomorrow?" Juno asked casually after another sip of wine.

Adam looked over instinctively, almost spitting out his drink.

Karen put her hand on her chest, pretending to check her "gut instinct," then hesitantly replied, "There's supposed to be a shower around noon."

Juno shot Adam a playful look. "Seems like we'll have to get up early tomorrow."

***"Yes... yes, definitely!"** Adam stammered, hastily swallowing his wine and taking another big gulp to calm his nerves.

Even though he already knew about Karen's uncanny "weather-predicting" ability, seeing it firsthand was still astonishing.

He glanced at Juno, who was clearly enjoying his reaction.

That morning, Juno had joked about setting him up with Karen, claiming she could tell he was interested.

Adam had flatly refused, although he secretly hoped she would try harder to convince him.

But she didn't bring it up again, leaving him both disappointed and confused.

In that moment, he realized he'd been played.

But he still couldn't figure out Juno's true intentions. Was she just teasing him, or was it a subtle warning?

****Psych majors... they play mind games like nobody else.****

Even with his own knowledge of psychology, Adam was no match for Juno's natural talent.

Watching her toy with him again, Adam decided he wouldn't fall for it this time, no matter how tempting it was.

And he was extremely glad he had refused her earlier offer to make him soup—he might not have survived it otherwise.