

## TV Show 128

Chapter 128: Come, Have Some Soup!

By the lake.

"Hey, let me introduce us. I'm Juno, this is Karen, and that's Adam. We're here for spring break."

"I'm Heather. My home is in Hartford."

"Oh, that's great! You must be familiar with the area. Maybe you could show us around?"

"Of course! No problem. What brings you all here to hunt?"

"We were high school classmates. Adam is at Columbia, and I'm at Harvard. We're both planning to go to med school and become doctors. So we bought a cabin in the woods halfway between New York and Boston to hunt, relax, and get a head start on our medical studies."

"I see! That's really impressive! I'm a freshman at CUNY, back home for spring break. I never expected to run into something like this."

"Don't feel bad. These things happen. At least now you know their true colors—it's better this way."

"Yeah..."

...

Adam walked ahead, carrying the doe over his shoulder. He listened as Juno effortlessly eased Heather's worries, and soon the two were chatting like old friends. He couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth.

Once they arrived at the cabin, Adam and Juno went straight into the operating room again.

Seeing Heather curiously looking around, Juno smiled while putting on her surgical gown with Karen's help. "Heather, give Adam a hand—like this."

"Okay."

Heather glanced at Adam, then lowered her head and walked over, mimicking Karen as she tied Adam's gown.

Juno playfully winked at Adam.

Adam rolled his eyes at her, but deep down, he was touched.

Juno clearly remembered how Adam had wanted Karen to help him tie his gown the day before, only to be ignored.

This girl—what a pal!

"It's going to get a little bloody. Heather, do you want to step out?" Adam asked.

He couldn't keep relying on Juno to do everything. If he was interested, he needed to take action.

"No need," Heather said with a smile. "My parents run a small butcher shop. I grew up seeing this kind of thing. Even now, during summer breaks, I work at a supermarket meat counter processing cuts."

"Really? That's awesome!"

Juno grinned. "No wonder I felt like you fit right in with us."

"We should exchange tips then," Adam chuckled. "This is our first hunting trip, and everything we know is straight from textbooks. Having your expertise will be a huge help."

"I'll do my best."

Heather blushed slightly.

"You're up first today," Juno said, motioning toward the deer.

Adam nodded and, without hesitation, made the first incision.

What followed was another academic discussion, while Karen busied herself preparing roasted meat. This time, Heather joined in.

An expert's touch was immediately apparent.

Heather not only shared practical butchering techniques that differed from Adam's textbook knowledge, but she also demonstrated them firsthand. The three bonded quickly over their work.

"Can I keep a bone?" Heather suddenly asked.

"Huh?"

Adam and Juno both turned to her curiously.

"It's just a little habit of mine," Heather said, somewhat embarrassed. "Every time I process meat, I keep a bone as a keepsake. I use them to create bone art. Is that weird?"

"Not at all!" Juno laughed. "Come on, look at what we're doing here."

Adam chuckled too. "There was a famous detective from the East who once said, 'There is only one truth.' And bones are the only tangible evidence that something once lived. Keeping them is just preserving a record of their existence. Nothing strange about that."

He vaguely recalled that both Eastern and Western TV shows had featured female protagonists nicknamed "Bones."

Heather beamed with happiness.

Just then, the aroma of food drifted into the room.

"Smells about done. Let's go eat," Adam suggested.

"No rush—I had Karen make soup too," Juno said with a smile.

"Soup?"

Adam was taken aback. Then his eyes widened, and he quickly shot Juno a look as if to say, \*Are you serious?\*

Juno ignored him and turned to Heather. "It's venison soup—really nutritious. Can you drink it?"

"Of course!" Heather nodded, showing she had no dietary restrictions.

The three continued their discussion until Karen came to call them for dinner. After tidying up, they gathered at the table.

Heather looked at the elegant table setting and expensive wine, feeling a little self-conscious.

Juno, ever the wingman, chimed in, "Everything here, including this cabin, was bought by Adam. Karen and I are just lucky to enjoy it with him."

"Adam must come from a wealthy family?" Heather asked, impressed.

"Nope."

Juno grinned. "Adam's family is pretty average. He earned all this money by writing books while in college."

"Wow!"

Heather gasped, looking at Adam with admiration. "That's amazing!"

In America, making money was the ultimate virtue. That wasn't a joke.

Juno smugly winked at Adam.

\*Grand gestures may fade, but a well-executed strategy wins hearts.\*

The classic "hero saving the damsel in distress" trope might be old-fashioned, but when the hero had Adam's righteous face, financial success, and Juno's tactical support, it was no surprise Heather was drawn in.

The four of them enjoyed their food and wine, chatting and laughing.

Mostly, it was Adam and Heather flirting, with Juno assisting. Meanwhile, Karen remained silent, puffing out her cheeks the entire time.

Boom!

A sudden clap of thunder.

Rain began to fall outside.

Adam instinctively glanced at Karen, marveling at how uncanny the timing was.

But he quickly snapped back to the moment and continued chatting with Heather.

As Juno had pointed out, while Karen was intriguing, she lacked something compared to Heather.

Adam was a simple man, like all humans, ultimately driven by one thing.

Everything else was secondary.

"It's raining, Heather. Why don't you stay the night?" Juno suggested.

"Um..." Heather hesitated.

"Forget it. We should take her home," Adam said, frowning. "Her ex-boyfriend made threats. He might actually show up with a gun. No need to provoke trouble. Once Heather officially breaks things off, we can invite her back."

"I *am* completely done with him," Heather said quickly. "Going home would mean either seeing him or returning to my family—neither of which I want. If you let me stay, I'd be really grateful."

"Not on good terms with your family?" Juno asked, amused.

Heather nodded. "Yeah. I don't know why, but I've always felt like there's something between us, like a barrier. If it weren't for Ryan, I would've stayed in New York and never come back."

"Then stay."

Juno smirked. "Hang out with us for a few days. Then you and Adam can head back to New York together. Perfect plan!"

Seeing Adam frown, Juno reassured him, "Don't worry about Ryan. He's all talk. He won't actually do anything."

"Yeah," Heather agreed. "He doesn't even know how to use a gun."

"See?" Juno shrugged. "So relax. Here, Heather—have some soup!"

"Thank you," Heather said happily, taking the bowl.

"Adam?"

Juno handed him a bowl as well.

Adam met her gaze and understood exactly what she was saying.

"The choice is yours. Are you drinking the soup or not?"