

## TV Show 129

### Chapter 129: Late-Night Conversation

Inside the cabin in the woods.

To drink or not to drink?

That was the question!

Adam glanced at Heather and decisively took the bowl of soup, gulping it down without hesitation.

Juno gave him a look that said, "I knew you'd do that."

Adam ignored her.

It was just a bowl of tonic soup. As long as he stayed in control, what could possibly happen?

If he couldn't even handle this, wouldn't his self-discipline and composure be a joke?

Thinking of this, Adam handed the bowl to Juno. "Another bowl!"

Just to prove his self-control, he was going to drink to his heart's content.

He, Adam Duncan, had nothing to fear—unless he ran into Eve herself.

After that, Adam seemed to transform into a hero from *\*Water Margin\**, eating meat and drinking soup in large gulps.

Outside, thunder rumbled and rain poured down.

The four of them ate and chatted, and before they knew it, it was already afternoon.

Adam, Juno, and Heather went back to the makeshift operating room to continue their research and discussions.

By evening, Ryan—who had left with harsh words—still hadn't shown up.

Dinner was another feast with fine food and wine.

After they were done eating, Juno pulled Karen into the bedroom, leaving the living room to Adam and Heather.

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\*\*"What kind of movie do you like to watch?"\*\*

Adam had clearly noticed the suggestive look Juno gave before she left, and he knew Heather noticed it too. But he pretended not to see it and went with the classic "let's watch a movie" move.

\*\*"Anything's fine."\*\*

Heather's cheeks were slightly flushed.

Venison's restorative effects weren't just for men.

Not to mention the lingering effects of the red wine.

Even though she had a feeling about where this was heading, she didn't want to resist. Adam was too charming. If it happened, she'd just let it happen naturally.

\*\*"How about a horror movie, then?"\*\*

Adam suggested with a smile.

Seeing Heather nod, he picked out the classic \*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre\* from 1990.

Unlike Asian horror films that focus on atmosphere and psychological fear, American classics were all about gore and violence—the bloodier, the better.

\*\*"Texas?"\*\*

Heather read the title aloud and said casually, \*\*"I grew up near there."\*\*

\*\*"Oh?"\*\*

Adam was curious. \*\*"I thought your family was from here?"\*\*

\*\*"My parents moved here later,"\*\* Heather explained. \*\*"So I barely remember anything about Texas."\*\*

\*\*"Well, maybe I could take you back there someday,"\*\* Adam offered with a grin. \*\*"I'm from Texas too, actually—Galveston, to be exact."\*\*

\*\*"Really?"\*\*

Heather's eyes lit up. \*\*"Then we're practically neighbors!"\*\*

\*\*"Yep,"\*\* Adam teased. \*\*"Looks like we were meant to meet."\*\*

Heather's face turned even redder. She thought back to earlier when Adam had saved her. If not for him, who knew what could've happened? Her beautiful blue eyes sparkled as she gazed at Adam.

Adam's heart raced, and he leaned in closer.

Just then—

A piercing scream!

The movie had begun.

The moment was broken, and they both turned their attention to the screen.

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The movie was pretty cliché—nothing Adam hadn't seen before.

A group of young Americans on a road trip, headed to Mexico to buy illicit goods, stumbled upon a wounded, traumatized girl who begged for help.

The saintly heroine insisted on getting justice for the girl, so they ventured into a creepy, isolated mansion. Naturally, they were hunted down one by one by the terrifying chainsaw-wielding maniac.

In the end, only the heroine survived, while her friends all paid the price for her curiosity and recklessness.

To Adam, the movie was nothing special—not scary at all. But Heather was screaming and clinging to him more and more until she eventually hid in his arms.

They say watching horror movies with your girlfriend is rewarding. Turns out, it's true.

Adam wasn't a rookie; he knew how to seize the moment.

After some skillful comforting...

\*\*"Girls need to protect themselves when they're out,"\*\* Adam said with a smile. \*\*"If that heroine had been more cautious and knew how to defend herself, she could've saved her friends too."\*\*

\*\*"Juno and Karen must be like that—strong and brave,"\*\* Heather murmured.

\*\*"Exactly."\*\*

Adam looked at her meaningfully. \*\*"You could be like them too. I can help you."\*\*

\*\*"How?"\*\*

Heather looked up at him, eyes filled with anticipation. She clearly knew what he meant.

\*\*"We'll start with self-defense training,"\*\* Adam teased. \*\*"I'll teach you close combat first. We'll handle the rest later."\*\*

Heather didn't resist.

Everything was falling into place naturally.

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They moved to the bedroom to begin her "self-defense training."

As the saying goes, "Physical contact is normal in martial arts. Hand-to-hand, foot-to-foot, even face-to-face... it's all part of the process."

And so, the "training" began.

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**\*\*Late at night.\*\***

Exhausted, Heather fell into a deep sleep.

Still full of energy, Adam remembered Ryan's earlier threats and felt a twinge of worry, silently blaming Juno for meddling.

Then he laughed at himself for overthinking it.

Just to be safe, though, he grabbed his rifle, loaded it, and stepped outside the bedroom.

Better safe than sorry—standing guard was the smart choice.

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**\*\*"Done already?"\*\***

To his surprise, Juno was sitting in the dark corner, watching the front door. She gave him a knowing look, her rifle resting by her feet.

**\*\*"You've been here the whole time?"\*\***

Adam was shocked.

\*\*"Let's see... two hours and thirty-three minutes,"\*\* Juno teased, glancing at her watch. \*\*"You've got some stamina, huh? Feeling grateful now? Not mad at me anymore?"\*\*

\*\*"Mad? Of course, I'm mad!"\*\*

Adam suppressed his gratitude and sat beside her, pretending to complain. \*\*"It's not like I was desperate. If I wanted to date someone, I could do it easily. Besides, this isn't like you at all."\*\*

\*\*"Not like me? What do you mean?"\*\*

Juno raised an eyebrow.

\*\*"You're usually so cautious,"\*\* Adam said matter-of-factly. \*\*"Even if you figured Ryan wouldn't actually come here, it's still a risk."\*\*

\*\*"Which is why I've been out here with this,"\*\* Juno said, patting her rifle.

\*\*"But... why?"\*\*

Adam's expression turned serious.

\*\*"Why?"\*\*

Juno echoed, then after a moment of silence, she broke into a radiant smile. \*\*"You like her, and I like her too. The risk wasn't that high. Isn't that reason enough?"\*\*

Adam was speechless.