

TV Show 140

Chapter 140: No One Is More Professional Than Me!

****Evening.****

Adam drove Leonard back to the Hofstadter house.

"Heh heh, heh heh."

Leonard touched his cheek, lost in a dazed, love-struck state, chuckling foolishly from time to time.

Adam was speechless.

He had planned to help Leonard fulfill his dream today.

Unfortunately, carrying a bronze player as a champion proved impossible.

Adam had subtly guided Penny through various tactics, hinting at a kiss with Leonard. She had agreed and even leaned in on her own.

But to his absolute shock, cowardly Leonard turned his head away in fear, and Penny's kiss landed on his cheek instead.

It was truly the epitome of "opportunities came at me like raindrops, and I dodged every single one."

At least Leonard seemed satisfied with the outcome.

Once Adam estimated that the two Dr. Hofstadters had finished their experiment and tidied up, he took the initiative to end their joyride. After dropping Penny off, Leonard remained in his love-struck daze the entire way home.

"Ah, you're back."

Leonard's father, Alfred, greeted them with a beaming smile, his eyes filled with gratitude as he looked at Adam.

Clearly, Adam's in-depth understanding of Beverly, combined with the genius tactics of Amy—who had successfully "captured" Sheldon—had worked wonders when he advised Alfred.

Once Adam pointed out the key issues, all Alfred had to do was follow Amy's approach: take it step by step. Their marriage would be just fine.

After all, Sheldon was way harder to deal with than Beverly. If even that ever-elusive duck ended up surrendering to Amy's methods, then a woman who had been married for years and had three children with Alfred would be a much easier case.

When it came to relationships, how long had Amy and Sheldon been together? How much physical intimacy had they shared?

Now compare that to Alfred and Beverly.

After Alfred had an affair with a waitress and divorced Beverly, she had lost her composure and furiously lashed out at him. She never let it go and always blamed their broken marriage on that affair.

For someone as rational and emotionally detached as Beverly, this was enough proof that she actually had deep feelings for Alfred.

As for Alfred, after the affair and divorce, he showed no guilt whatsoever. Instead, he constantly provoked Beverly—probably because of how much he loved her deep down.

In his mind, the real reason their marriage fell apart wasn't the affair, but rather Beverly's emotional coldness, her disregard for his dignity as a man, and, most importantly, the fact that they hadn't been intimate for ****seven to eight years****.

Seven or eight years!

Many men can't even stand going eight months without intimacy while their wife is pregnant, let alone seven or eight years.

The fact that Alfred endured it for that long—if that's not love, then what is?

Now, he would surely find every possible excuse to invite Beverly to various experiments. And once his most basic physical needs were met, her coldness and disregard for his dignity wouldn't seem like such a big deal anymore.

Just like when Leonard heard Beverly mention his self-respect and said, "That's surprising, Mom. You actually think I have self-respect to protect?"

And where did Leonard inherit that personality from?

It was obvious.

Adam nodded with a smile.

Doing a good deed really is like "giving someone a rose and leaving its fragrance on your hand"—his heart was filled with a sense of achievement and joy.

The only downside was that despite Alfred's immense gratitude, and the fact that he likely now saw Adam as a good friend just like Leonard did, the system still hadn't given Adam any rewards.

A reasonable explanation would be that Alfred wasn't popular enough—just a supporting character. Another possibility was that, despite being a doctor and an anthropologist, his field of study didn't require the kind of genius intellect needed for, say, physics.

Adam leaned toward the latter explanation.

"Dad, are you okay?"

Back home, Leonard shook off his dazed expression and asked with concern when he noticed Alfred moving stiffly.

"It's nothing, I just took a little fall earlier. My backside hurts a bit," Alfred quickly explained.

Adam, however, just gave him a knowing smile.

At that moment, Beverly walked over.

"Mom!"

Leonard called out, "Dad got hurt!"

"He's not injured."

Beverly replied matter-of-factly, "It happened earlier during our... *unmentionable* activity. I used a ping-pong paddle on him. I've already applied medicine, and I even added a cushion to his chair. He'll be fine."

"Beverly!"

Alfred shouted in embarrassment and frustration.

"WHAT?!"

Leonard's eyes widened in shock. "So, when I was six, I wasn't dreaming?!"

When he was six, he had walked in on his parents in a similar situation. Later, Alfred had brushed it off as a dream. But now, Leonard realized—it had really happened!

"Of course not."

Beverly said without hesitation. "Your father has mild masochistic tendencies, and I was just accommodating him. Any other questions?"

"Nope."

Adam quickly stepped in to diffuse the situation and give Alfred an out. "This kind of preference isn't uncommon. Plenty of men even pay professionals for it. It's really not a big deal."

A whip wouldn't be surprising, but a ****ping-pong paddle****?

Adam thought to himself, **Wow, that's a new one.**

"I'm the most professional."

Beverly stated coldly but confidently. "I'm a psychiatrist, which means I have a deep understanding of these slightly deviant psychological needs. Plus, I'm also a neuroscientist, so I thoroughly understand the nervous system and physical responses. When it comes to mild masochistic... **unmentionables**, no one is more professional than me!"

"Yes, yes!"

Alfred snapped, both embarrassed and angry. "We all know you're the most professional, okay? Can we change the subject now?"

"Interesting."

Beverly adjusted her glasses and scrutinized Alfred. "You exhibit both a desire to beg for it and a simultaneous angry rejection of it... fascinating."

"Human nature is inherently complex."

Adam had no choice but to interrupt. "By the way, Dr. Hofstadter, since you're a neuroscientist, I have a friend studying at Harvard who plans to apply to Harvard Medical School and become a neurosurgeon. Do you have any neuroscience materials she could borrow to get a head start?"

"A neurosurgeon?"

Beverly made the same disdainful expression Sheldon did whenever he talked about Leonard being an experimental physicist. "But at least she has a clear goal—I can appreciate that."

If she wants to achieve something more significant, I'd recommend studying neuroscience and doing original research. She can even apply to be my graduate student. Of course, whether she gets in will depend on her abilities."

"I'll let her know."

Adam smiled.

Having Juno study neuroscience under Beverly?

That actually sounded pretty interesting.

But Juno probably wouldn't be interested. Compared to tedious research, she preferred hands-on work...

After that, it was dinner time.

Beverly naturally wouldn't cook. Alfred was injured. So, takeout it was.

After dinner, Adam got ready to leave. After all, the day had been filled with way too many unexpected shocks.

Beverly was just as blunt as Sheldon. The problem was—she was Leonard's mother.

If Sheldon said something, Adam and the others would laugh it off. But when Beverly said it, it was just plain ****awkward****.

Before leaving, though, Adam accepted an invitation to check out Leonard's bedroom.