

TV Show 154

Chapter 154: The Competition Has Begun

After the party ended, Heather gave Adam a private celebration.

Adam finally understood why Americans love parties.

He liked them too.

In fact, he wouldn't mind having a dozen more celebrations like that.

The next day, Adam received a message from Leonard.

In a few days, there would be a prestigious gala in New York's medical community, and Leonard would be taking him as his guest.

Adam immediately understood the significance of this.

With medical school applications and admissions approaching, networking was essential.

As one of the biggest events in New York's medical scene, the faculty from Columbia University's medical school would undoubtedly be in attendance.

Some of these professors played a key role in the final stages of the admissions process.

Even after enrolling at Columbia, Adam would still have to interact with them.

Establishing good relationships now was crucial.

When Heather heard the news, she was thrilled for Adam and immediately dragged him out shopping to prepare for the event.

Manhattan

Park Avenue

West of here was Madison Avenue; to the east lay Lexington Avenue. Skyscrapers lined both sides, housing some of the most expensive real estate in the world. Wealthy tycoons and celebrities, including the likes of John D. Rockefeller Jr., called this area home. It was the epitome of affluence.

Building No. 67

Inside a luxurious duplex apartment—

"Steven, come with me to a party on Friday night."

A stern-looking middle-aged man, dressed in a tailored suit with the assistance of his elegantly dressed wife, spoke to a young man sitting on the couch, engrossed in a book.

"Do I have to?"

The young man, Steven, put down his book and frowned slightly.

"Listen to your father," the woman reminded him. "This gala is a major event in New York's medical community. All the key figures will be there. I know you don't want to work for your father's pharmaceutical company, but even as a surgeon, networking is important. How else will you connect with patients?"

Steven was silent for a moment before nodding. "I understand."

"Make sure he's well-prepared."

The middle-aged man instructed his wife before heading toward the door.

"I will," she assured him, handing him his briefcase and seeing him off.

Once he was gone, she returned to sit beside her son.

"Steven, nothing in life comes easy. You may see your father as a serious man at home, but when he started as a pharmaceutical sales rep, he had to smile so much his face nearly froze."

She smiled as she continued, "Even after all these years of hard work—after founding his own pharmaceutical company and achieving success—he still has to smile for the sake of business. Whether he wants to or not, there are moments when he has to."

Seeing that her son was listening intently, she added, "That's why he never pressured you to join the company. As a surgeon, if you're among the best, you can choose when to smile and when to be serious. You'll have far more freedom than he ever did. Since this is what you love, treasure it."

Steven adjusted his glasses and said firmly, "I will become the best surgeon. One day, there will be a surgical technique named after me."

"That's my son!" She beamed. "Don't worry about Friday's event—almost everyone there is a friend of your father's..."

"Mom!"

Steven interrupted. "I don't need special treatment. I can handle myself."

"Alright, alright, I won't say anything."

She chuckled, ruffling his hair affectionately. "You'll succeed on your own, just like your father did. Who knows? One day, he might even have to rely on you."

And you know how you always wanted to see your father smile at you—not his professional smile, but a real, heartfelt one?

If you achieve what you set out to do, that day will come."

For the first time in a long while, a small smile appeared on Steven's otherwise serious face.

Manhattan

Prison Bar

Spiraling metal railings encircled the crowded venue, and more people lined up outside, eager to get in. This was one of New York's hottest nightclubs.

"You all want poetry?"

A handsome bartender stood atop the bar counter, whistling loudly to grab everyone's attention before shouting:

"Yes! We want poetry!"

The crowd roared back.

After all, people didn't come here just to drink overpriced cocktails; they came for the wild atmosphere.

"I am the last poet bartender," the man proclaimed dramatically. "I watch America drink my finely crafted cocktails, swaying until they fall into a drunken haze. The unspeakable on the beach, peach gin, silk hammer, Alabama Slammer!"

His words lacked rhythm or elegance, but his animated gestures and impassioned delivery had the crowd screaming in excitement. Some even dubbed him a "sexy beast."

"I mix fruit juice and foamy liquor—Pink Squirrel, Three-Toed Sloth. My drinks are sweet and intoxicating—Long Island Iced Tea, Kamikaze... reaching the peak of pleasure!"

As he finished his declaration, the crowd erupted once more. Some overly enthusiastic female patrons couldn't help but reach out to him.

The bar descended into chaos, with expensive drinks flying off the shelves like water.

After the frenzy died down, the bartender left with a stunning woman, thinking he had found true love.

But not long after, she dumped him for a doctor—one who wasn't even handsome.

Heartbroken, he turned to his uncle for advice.

"Why?" he lamented. "Why did she leave me for him?"

His uncle scoffed. "Are you really that clueless? He's a doctor—a man with a bright future and high social status. You're just a bartender, working late nights, forcing smiles, and earning tips. If I were a woman, I'd choose him over you too."

Then, shaking his head, his uncle continued, "William, I told you after you graduated—you should've gone to medical school. It's the safest way to climb from the bottom to the middle class. But you wouldn't listen."

You thought you could bartend for quick cash, save up, and start your own business. But do you think starting a business is easy?

I've spent half my life building this tiny bar. Everyone calls me stingy because I never give out free drinks, but if I hadn't scrimped and worked my ass off, I never would have owned this place..."

"Doctors are respected and have bright futures. Bartenders are lowly and have no future..."

William couldn't hear anything else.

His mind replayed the image of his so-called "true love" leaving him for a doctor.

Muttering to himself, he suddenly stood up.

"I'm going to be a doctor."