

TV Show 157

Chapter 157: Murphy's Law**

Four Seasons Hotel, New York.

The Banquet Hall

"I heard Steven Murphy is coming to our school," James said with a knowing smile.

"Murphy?" Leonard frowned. "You mean Murphy, as in Murphy Pharmaceuticals?"

"Yeah." James nodded, giving a look that said, *Do I really need to explain further?*

"Why isn't he going to Harvard?" Leonard asked, puzzled.

Even though they were all graduates of Columbia University's medical school and believed their alma mater was the best, there was no denying that Harvard Medical School had an unparalleled reputation. It was considered the holy grail for medical students.

In private, everyone acknowledged that Harvard was the top-tier institution. After all, it had consistently ranked number one on medical school rankings, while Columbia usually hovered around the top ten.

Originally, Adam had planned to attend Harvard, but because of his connection with Leonard, he chose to stay in New York and enroll at Columbia instead, hoping to leverage Leonard's network.

Murphy Pharmaceuticals might not be the most prestigious pharmaceutical company, but it was still incredibly influential—not just in New York but across the entire U.S. and even globally.

If *this* Murphy was indeed *that* Murphy from Murphy Pharmaceuticals, then he could attend any medical school he wanted and receive VIP treatment wherever he went.

"Maybe his mother didn't want him to go too far from home?" James speculated with a teasing grin.

"What kind of ridiculous reason is that?" Leonard scoffed. "A mama's boy can't make a good doctor."

Despite his words, he cast a glance at Adam, giving him a sympathetic look.

Adam's mouth twitched.

He knew exactly what Leonard meant.

If this Murphy really was a mama's boy, that kind of personality wouldn't suit a doctor's profession. But the reality was, his last name alone made him a formidable competitor—one who would take up many opportunities and resources that might have otherwise been Adam's.

Looking back, choosing Columbia over Harvard, thanks to Leonard's advice, had been a wise decision. This situation only reinforced that fact.

Columbia's medical school consistently ranked around eighth place—respectable but not the absolute best. Yet before even setting foot on campus, Adam was already feeling the immense pressure of having a classmate with an overwhelming family background.

Maybe he'd be lucky and never have to compete directly with Murphy?

Yeah, right. Not likely.

Wait a minute... this guy's last name is Murphy. Could this be fate?

After all, there's something called **Murphy's Law**—anything that **can** go wrong **will** go wrong.

For example, if you have two keys in your pocket—one for your car and one for your apartment—and you reach in to grab your car key, what happens? You almost always pull out the wrong one first.

In other words, rare and inconvenient situations tend to happen more often than you'd expect.

The more Adam wanted to avoid facing a disaster like Leonard had in the past, the more likely it seemed he'd have to deal with one.

"There's only this one Murphy, right?" Leonard asked, quickly realizing the key issue.

Not getting the top spot was fine—being number two was still respectable. As long as he didn't have to deal with three or four privileged students who got in purely through connections like he had back in his day, things wouldn't be too bad.

Columbia could handle having two big-shot students at the same time.

James smirked. "There's only one Murphy with that level of influence..."

"But?" Leonard pressed, not in the mood for games.

"But," James continued, "I've heard quite a few students this year are being called 'geniuses.' Some of them actually *are* brilliant. Others... well, let's just say they got in through the back door. This class is even more complicated than ours was."

He turned to Adam. "You'd better be ready for this."

"I know." Adam suppressed the urge to roll his eyes and smiled.

Of course.

Murphy's Law strikes again.

The more he wanted to avoid this situation, the more inevitable it became.

Still, with Leonard's connections and his own talent and hard work, Adam wasn't too worried—at least, as long as he wasn't up against someone *as* powerful as Murphy.

Even those so-called "genius" legacy students didn't intimidate him.

Strictly speaking, he was one of them too.

James noted Adam's calm reaction and gave an approving nod.

A good doctor needed strong mental resilience. From what he had observed, Adam had outstanding qualities in every aspect. No wonder Leonard—who usually hated nepotism—had gone out of his way to support him.

The three of them continued chatting for a while. Mostly, it was Leonard and James talking, while Adam listened, occasionally adding a few comments when appropriate.

The atmosphere was pleasant.

But since this was a major medical gathering, many big names from New York's medical scene were in attendance. Leonard hadn't come here just to catch up—he was here to introduce Adam to the right people.

So before long, Leonard led Adam away and approached another Columbia Medical School professor to make introductions.

Adam remained composed and followed Leonard's lead.

This was an essential part of networking.

It was also something ordinary students could only dream of—opportunities they might never get, no matter how hard they tried.

Adam didn't feel guilty about it.

He hadn't been born into privilege. He had worked hard to get to this point.

Rachel—wasn't she tempting?

The Green family's three daughters—weren't they appealing?

Listening to Leonard and Sandra argue and complain for years—was that enjoyable?

If he hadn't spent three years carefully building his connections, he wouldn't be standing here now.

So he had no reason to feel ashamed.

At most, he could just admit that he had gotten lucky.

Then again, luck was relative.

Good fortune always came with its own set of challenges.

And here he was, already facing Murphy and a whole bunch of "genius" legacy students with connections.

Leonard was thorough—he practically dragged Adam around the entire banquet hall, introducing him to everyone he could.

People took notice.

Most of the major players in New York's medical scene were around Leonard's age. While New York's medical community wasn't exactly small, it wasn't so vast that people didn't know each other.

Those who knew Leonard also knew his past.

This was a man who had been burned by nepotism before.

And now, he was actively helping someone climb the ranks?

That alone was shocking enough.

And it wasn't like Adam was his son or son-in-law.

To add to the intrigue, Adam's looks, presence, and reputation as a bestselling author made him stand out even more.

Some attendees even turned out to be fans of **The Lord of Mysteries**.

They weren't hardcore or obsessive fans, just casual, rational ones.

But that was enough.

Once they found out Adam was the author, their conversations took on a whole new energy.

A few discussions about classic plotlines later, and just like that, people started warming up to him.

With these rational fans breaking the ice, Leonard's introductions became much easier.

At first, Leonard had to take the initiative to approach people.

But before they knew it, more and more people started gathering around them.

Until they became the center of the banquet.

On the outskirts of the crowd, a handsome young man caught sight of Adam, who was effortlessly socializing at the heart of the event.

His pupils contracted slightly.