

## TV Show 158

Chapter 158: Romantic Rival

**\*\*Four Seasons Hotel, New York.\*\***

**\*\*Banquet Hall.\*\***

For the moment, Adam had become the center of attention at the banquet.

Faced with so many seasoned professionals and industry giants, he showed no sign of nervousness. Instead, he spoke with confidence and ease.

This was America—a place where people valued presenting the best version of themselves. Even if they didn't have something, they had to act as if they did. Confidence was key. The goal was to sell yourself, to make an impression, to make everything seem grander than it was.

Humility?

Forget about it!

Being too humble would only make people think you were incompetent.

Boasting was a skill everyone had.

After all, who hasn't exaggerated at some point in their life?

And most of the time, no one would deliberately call you out on it.

Even if someone didn't like you and wanted to challenge you, there was one surefire way to handle it: Stick to your own narrative.

In other words, use vague statements, shift the conversation, ignore criticism, and repeat your points like a broken record.

If that wasn't enough, throw in some exaggerated gestures to enhance the delivery and subtly intimidate your opponent—making it clear that if they kept pushing, things might get physical.

It had already been said that even nerds like Sheldon and Leonard from *\*The Big Bang Theory\** could wield elaborate hand gestures effortlessly.

That kind of skill came from practice.

Adam was no exception.

He had learned to play multiple instruments, including the guitar, keyboard, and drums.

But what set him apart from the average American was his background in psychology. He was on the verge of earning his psychology degree.

Those techniques that typically required special training—like the "you say your piece, I say mine" strategy—came naturally to him. In fact, he didn't even need to rely on such tactics.

Because he could analyze his opponent's psychology, identify the flaws in their arguments, and respond with logical, well-structured counterpoints. He didn't need to mindlessly repeat a single unrelated point just to force an escape.

Fortunately, this was a gathering of high-level professionals—rational individuals from the medical field, where emotional conflicts and petty rivalries were rare.

Even if there were a few young attendees brought in by mentors to observe and network, none would be foolish enough to openly challenge him out of jealousy.

But at the edge of the crowd, a handsome young man's eyes narrowed the moment he spotted Adam at the center of attention.

"It's him!"

A wave of envy, jealousy, and resentment washed over him.

Adam might not know who he was.

But he knew Adam.

His name was William Harvard, a senior at the City University of New York, majoring in business administration. He worked part-time as a bartender to save money, dreaming of one day owning his own bar and becoming a self-made millionaire.

His side job had an interesting backstory.

His uncle had started as a bartender, worked hard for half his life, and eventually owned a small bar.

After moving to Manhattan, the city of bright lights and endless nightlife, William had gone bar-hopping with friends and met a charismatic bartender.

They clicked instantly. William needed a job, and the bartender took him under his wing, teaching him the art of mixing drinks and the philosophy of living life to the fullest.

With his naturally good looks, he had always been a ladies' man.

And in a bar environment, his attractiveness was an even greater advantage. With the mentorship of an experienced bartender, he quickly evolved from relying purely on charm to becoming a masterful flirt with both looks and skills.

Every woman he met believed their relationship with him was unique.

Because he truly convinced himself that every romance was real.

Self-deception was the first step to deceiving others—and he had perfected the art.

Of course, his "true love" always came and went like a whirlwind.

A year ago, he met a girl at school—so stunning that he fell for her instantly. Sure, it wasn't the first time he had "fallen in love," but this time, he felt serious.

So, he pursued her.

Unfortunately, none of his usual tactics worked. She wasn't interested. In fact, she rejected him outright.

But he refused to give up.

She was the most beautiful woman he had ever met—both in looks and figure.

What captivated him the most were her mesmerizing blue eyes.

They were simply lethal.

But before he could step up his game, a man arrived at the school in a luxury car and picked her up—his affectionate gestures leaving no doubt that he was her boyfriend.

Anyone else might have given up in despair.

But William?

He was a romantic player.

Having a boyfriend had never been an obstacle before.

Instead, it made him even more determined.

But to win, he had to know his enemy. So, he began investigating the man.

It didn't take long to find out—after all, the information was public.

The guy was the author of *\*Lord of the Mysteries\**, one of the youngest self-made millionaires.

And that was the end of it.

He had no chance.

There was no competing with wealth.

What he had been struggling to achieve—this man had already accomplished effortlessly.

How could he possibly compete?

With his good looks?

In the face of money, good looks were worthless.

Otherwise, why had the girl ignored him but smiled so warmly at that man?

The answer was clear—money.

The experience left a lasting impact on him.

It fueled his desire to make more money—fast.

Of course, that didn't stop him from continuing his cycle of whirlwind romances.

Then, another woman rejected him for a man who was far less attractive than he was—simply because the guy was a doctor.

Compared to his failure a year ago, had anything changed after all his efforts?

The answer was no.

He had worked himself to exhaustion, but still had little to show for it.

Unlike his uncle, he didn't save money—his lifestyle and romantic escapades drained whatever he earned.

At this rate, his uncle's past criticism was proving to be painfully accurate.

He felt lost.

Was he on the wrong path?

Seeking guidance, he visited his uncle's bar to talk.

His uncle told him that the best career choice he could make was medicine—not as thrilling as striking it rich overnight, but the most stable way to become a millionaire.

The words struck a chord.

But his bartender mentor and drinking buddies scoffed, saying medicine wasn't the answer.

Not everyone could get into medical school.

Not everyone could graduate.

And even if he did, the enormous student debt would make him a slave to the system for years before he saw any real profit.

The true key to wealth was becoming a capitalist—and the easiest way was to find a wealthy woman to sponsor him.

His mentor had been waiting for such an opportunity his entire life.

But William had an epiphany.

Sugar mommies would never truly give him the chance to succeed on his own.

So, he decided to follow his uncle's advice and pursue medicine.

However, getting into medical school through traditional means wasn't easy.

Fortunately, as a charming and adaptable bartender, he knew how to make connections.

He learned about an elite medical banquet.

Through persistence and clever maneuvering, he managed to sneak in, hoping to network his way into medical school—ideally at Columbia University.

His looks and smooth talking helped him make progress. He had several women laughing and enjoying his company, discreetly gathering information about key decision-makers.

Then, he saw Adam.

The man who had once crushed his confidence.