

TV Show 159

Chapter 159: I Love You**

Four Seasons Hotel, New York.

Banquet Hall.

"Peter Murphy is here."

After being the center of attention at the banquet for a while, Adam vaguely heard someone whisper those words. Slowly, the people gathered around him dispersed, turning their attention to the family of three who had just walked in through the entrance.

The shift happened smoothly and naturally, clearly the result of deliberate training.

In an instant, the focus of the room shifted to the Murphy family.

Such is the power of wealth and connections.

Leonard smiled at Adam and said, "You performed exceptionally well tonight. You've already exceeded our expectations for this event. Don't overthink it—just enjoy the rest of the evening. I'm going to catch up with some old friends."

"Don't worry, I understand," Adam replied with a smile.

He genuinely didn't care.

Leonard glanced at him, noting that Adam showed no signs of disappointment over losing the spotlight so quickly. Satisfied, he nodded, lifted his glass, and walked toward James Mudd.

On the outskirts of the crowd, William witnessed this scene. The corners of his mouth curled up unconsciously—he felt strangely pleased.

Adam noticed that someone was still watching him. When he turned his gaze, he locked eyes with William.

William's expression immediately stiffened.

Adam raised an eyebrow in surprise before walking straight toward William.

William's pupils contracted as shock coursed through him. *Does he know me?*

Adam read his expression and smirked inwardly.

Of course, he knew William.

Just as William had looked into him, Adam had done the same a year ago. When Heather had told him that someone was bothering her—someone trying to make him pick her up from school in hopes of driving William away—Adam had done his own research.

The man's reputation as a notorious playboy, coupled with his resemblance to Tom Cruise, had made Adam prepare for a confrontation.

But to his surprise, before he could even make a move, William had backed off on his own and never appeared around Heather again.

That had piqued Adam's curiosity, so he dug deeper.

He found out quite a bit about William, including his dream of saving up to open a bar and striking it rich.

And that was the end of it.

Since William had already given up, Adam had neither the time nor the inclination to humiliate him further. He thought the matter was settled—until today, when he unexpectedly saw William again at this event.

And judging by his expression, there was even a hint of schadenfreude in his eyes.

That intrigued Adam.

As the saying goes: *Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer.*

He was curious to see what William was up to.

"Hello, I'm Adam Duncan," Adam said, taking the initiative to greet him.

"Hello, I'm William Haver," William replied stiffly.

He was usually a confident person—after all, his playboy reputation didn't come out of nowhere. But that confidence was reserved for the women who admired him.

When facing Adam, however, he felt an inherent sense of inadequacy.

Before, it was just about wealth. But as Adam approached, another glaring shortcoming became evident—his height.

He had to look up at Adam.

And that disparity was even more embarrassing and humiliating than the financial gap.

"Aren't you studying business management? Weren't you working part-time at a bar to save up and open your own? What brings you here?" Adam asked with a smile.

"You know about me?"

William was stunned, looking at Adam in disbelief.

"Isn't it normal?"

Adam grinned. "I imagine you know about me too, don't you?"

For some reason, William suddenly couldn't meet Adam's gaze. A chill ran down his spine.

Investigating others was one thing.

But realizing that *he* had been quietly investigated—especially by a multimillionaire *rival*—was an entirely different matter.

After all, all the information William had gathered about Adam was publicly available.

But what Adam had just casually mentioned? There was no way he could have known without a deeper investigation.

"I-I didn't know before," William stammered, growing nervous.

"Relax."

Adam studied him for a moment, confirming that he was just an ordinary guy—not some undercover agent or secret operative. Feeling reassured, he chuckled and asked, "I'm just curious—why are you at this kind of event?"

"I'm planning to become a doctor," William quickly explained, afraid that Adam might misunderstand. "I heard about this banquet and wanted to check it out."

"You're going to be a doctor?" Adam was surprised. "What about your bar?"

"Being a doctor might suit me better."

William, seeing that Adam didn't seem hostile, gradually relaxed. He stole another glance at Adam, feeling strangely unsettled.

He had worked as a bartender in a place full of all sorts of people and had done quite well.

He had seen men richer than Adam. He had seen men taller than Adam—plenty of them.

So why did Adam make him feel so uneasy?

"Good luck," Adam said.

Now that he understood William's true intentions, he saw no reason to waste more energy on him. Smiling, he turned and walked away.

Some people are worth paying attention to. Others aren't worth the effort.

If William Haver ever crossed paths with him again in the future, *then* he would take another look.

Otherwise, he was just a passing figure—one whose Tom Cruise-like face didn't mean much in this world.

After all, this was the world of a TV drama.

A young Tom Cruise lookalike? He was probably just an extra in some show.

Without protagonist-level plot armor, none of it mattered.

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"Mr. Duncan, it's a pleasure to meet you."

Adam, holding a glass of champagne—though he hadn't taken a single sip—had walked over to a corner, planning to observe the event like a certain **righteous lady detective**.

But before he could settle in, someone approached him and greeted him.

"I'm Iliad Reed. I'm a huge fan of **Lord of the Mysteries**. I absolutely love you—"

"Uh..."

Adam turned to see a blonde girl, about his age, looking at him excitedly, her words rather... intense.

"No, I don't mean I **love** you."

The blonde girl, Iliad, realized how her words sounded. Covering her mouth, she quickly corrected herself. "I mean, I **love** **Lord of the Mysteries**! I love you—"

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched.

What was this?

Since when were American girls *this* forward?

Saying "I love you" right off the bat—wasn't that a bit reckless?

If he remembered correctly, Americans took the phrase *I love you* very seriously.

They usually only said *I like you*. But once they said *I love you*, it meant they were serious—ready to take the next step, like moving in together, getting engaged, or even marriage.

And if they didn't get the same response, the relationship was at risk.

In *The Big Bang Theory*, Leonard was the most emotionally intense when it came to certain... *activities*. He was even moved to tears at times, writing thank-you notes and doing everything he could to please Penny.

But once, after one of those... *moments*, he blurted out *I love you*. Penny froze on the spot, struggled for a long time, and then awkwardly replied, "Thank you."

Leonard was devastated.

This led to a prolonged struggle in their relationship, eventually causing them to break up for a while.

In *How I Met Your Mother*, Ted fell for Robin at first sight. On their first date, he impulsively said, *I love you*.

Robin—who had been ready to *proceed*—was immediately put off.

The two, who were meant to be together, ended up taking a long detour before finally getting there.

But those were actual relationships!

So what was **this** blonde girl's deal?