

## TV Show 161

Chapter 161: Be My Boyfriend

Four Seasons Hotel, New York.

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

After the boisterous Iliad left, Adam took on the role of an observer.

His gaze landed at the center of the banquet: the Murphy family.

Peter Murphy, the head of the family, was engaging in lively conversations with the guests, effortlessly making everyone around him feel included. His charisma was undeniable, and he managed to acknowledge nearly every doctor in attendance, leaving a lasting impression.

Mrs. Murphy, much like Nora, was an elegant and graceful woman who had aged remarkably well. She carried herself with poise and composure, surrounded by a mix of men and women.

Among those gathered, some had a certain glint in their eyes—desire—both from men and women alike.

A young man, presumably Steven Murphy, whom Professor James Mood had mentioned earlier, stood beside Peter Murphy as he was introduced to the guests.

He had a reserved personality, and though he spoke only briefly, his words garnered unanimous praise.

Adam, however, internally scoffed.

They weren't praising \*him\*—they were praising Franklin.

Setting aside his cynicism, Adam took a closer look at the person who would likely be a formidable rival throughout his medical school journey, and perhaps even his entire medical career.

**\*\*Appearance: average.\*\***

Adam couldn't help but glance at the stunningly beautiful Mrs. Murphy, then at Peter Murphy. After a moment of thought, he nodded in understanding.

Peter Murphy, a major figure in the medical industry, exuded a natural authority that made people focus on his commanding presence rather than his looks.

Upon closer inspection, his appearance was quite plain—borderline unremarkable.

This suggested that Peter had likely built his success from the ground up. If his family had been wealthy for generations, their bloodline would have naturally merged with attractive partners over time, refining their genetic pool. But that clearly wasn't the case here.

Steven Murphy had an introverted nature, his smile reserved yet calm, giving the impression of someone easy to get along with.

However, Adam felt a twinge of unease.

If Steven *truly* maintained this composure at all times, it would be admirable.

But if he ever faced setbacks, who knew what kind of extreme changes might take place?

Medical school was highly competitive—there was no doubt about that.

Adam and the others wouldn't go easy on Steven just because he was the son of a billionaire.

With competition comes conflict.

Could he handle failure?

Adam had his doubts.

And if he *did* fail, would he turn dark?

Adam wasn't being paranoid—such things happened all the time in real life. And in this world, a fusion of medical drama and TV series logic, Murphy's Law had an alarmingly high frequency of occurrence.

**\*\*Should I switch from Columbia to Harvard Medical School instead?\***

But if someone like Murphy was here, who's to say Harvard didn't have someone just like him?

No point in kidding myself.

**"I'll just play it by ear,"** Adam thought with mild frustration. **"Worst case, I humor him—treat him like a spoiled kid who needs a little coddling."**

Of course, if Steven turned out to be the kind of brat that couldn't be appeased, Adam wouldn't force it. In that case, he'd happily become the major antagonist in Steven's life.

Having sized up his primary rival, Adam shifted his attention to his so-called romantic rival, William Harvard.

William was mingling among the female guests, effortlessly drawing their attention with every gesture and smile. Eventually, he set his sights on a particular woman.

It was a professor from Columbia whom Leonard had previously introduced to Adam.

She was in her fifties, not particularly well-preserved, but she still had a youthful spirit, engaging in playful interactions with William.

From Adam's perspective, it was clear—William was internally struggling.

In the end, the professor gave William's arm a firm squeeze before discreetly leaving the hall. William stood still for a moment, hesitating. Then, with a resolute sigh, he downed his champagne in one gulp and followed her.

Watching William's retreating figure, a poetic line surfaced in Adam's mind:

\*"The wind howls cold over the Yi River; the warrior departs, never to return."\*

Adam chuckled to himself.

Of course, William *would* return.

But when he did, he would no longer be a warrior... nor a young man.

Sweeping his gaze across the room, Adam's attention landed on the quirky, somewhat neurotic Iliad.

She was mingling with three men—one older, one middle-aged, and one young—all of whom bore a resemblance to her. She exchanged greetings with guests, clearly well-regarded among them.

Their attitudes toward her were more affectionate than with Adam but more relaxed than with Steven Murphy. It was evident that they saw Iliad as a beloved junior member of their prestigious medical family.

\*\*As expected from a family of doctors.\*\*

### After the Banquet

Adam drove Leonard home.

**\*\*On the road.\*\***

"Adam, you did really well tonight," Leonard said with a tipsy smile. "Everyone had a great impression of you. This is an excellent start."

"It's all thanks to your introductions. I really appreciate it," Adam said sincerely.

Without Leonard's efforts, Adam knew that even with his wealth, breaking into this elite circle would have been extremely difficult. Establishing connections with influential doctors and professors had been an invaluable opportunity.

**\*\*A circle is a circle because it keeps outsiders out.\*\***

Money could buy a lot of things, but Adam's current net worth wasn't high enough to force his way in.

In fact, nearly every esteemed doctor at the banquet had a net worth of at least several million.

For them, accumulating ten million dollars was just a matter of working for a few years.

"From here on, there's not much I can do for you," Leonard said with a laugh. "Once you start med school, everything will depend on your own efforts. When you finish and come to the medical center for residency training, *that's* when I can personally mentor you."

"I'm looking forward to that day," Adam replied with a smile.

During residency, while trainees followed senior residents, real surgical experience came under the supervision of attending physicians. Since residents didn't have independent surgical privileges, they relied on attending doctors to guide them.

With Leonard, a skilled cardiothoracic surgeon, as his mentor, Adam was sure he'd receive excellent training. Even if he clashed with Steven Murphy, he wouldn't have to fear most of his tactics.

Thinking back to his initial efforts to secure this mentorship, Adam couldn't help but feel smug about his foresight.

### Central Park Café

After dropping Leonard off, Adam drove past a café near Central Park.

He spotted Rachel standing outside.

Thinking of Leonard's words, he decided to stop. \*Gotta keep in touch with friends.\*

"Hey, Rachel."

"Adam!"

Rachel's eyes lit up in delight. She immediately ran over, grabbed his hands, and exclaimed, "You're finally back!"

"What's wrong?" Adam asked, puzzled.

"Can you do me a favor?"

"Of course," Adam agreed without hesitation, still grateful for the help her father had given him.

"Great!" Rachel cheered.

"So... what's the favor?" Adam asked, now curious.

Rachel hesitated. After a few moments of stammering under Adam's expectant gaze, she finally blurted out:

"Adam, can you be my boyfriend?"

Adam: ...