

TV Show 174

Chapter 174: Betrayed, Betrayed

The Cooper Household.

Looking at a child five or six years younger than herself, seriously asking her to call him "Doctor," Heather couldn't help but feel a strong sense of discord. Even though she had heard Adam and the others talk about Sheldon over the past two years, experiencing it firsthand was still surreal.

"I warned you."

Missy's voice floated in from outside.

Of all people, Adam had to bring Sheldon into this? That was just asking for trouble.

Because Sheldon was trouble.

That wasn't just Missy's opinion—it was their mother, Mary, who had said it. And Sheldon himself had confirmed it.

Sheldon wasn't ashamed of it; in fact, he was proud.

In another timeline, he had once said, quite happily and proudly, "I was a troublemaker as a kid!"

"Sheldon, Heather is my girlfriend."

Adam sighed. "Can't she just call you by your name?"

"I prefer to be addressed as Dr. Cooper."

Sheldon said with a hint of arrogance.

"Are you sure, Dr. Cooper?"

Adam asked, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Absolutely."

Sheldon nodded confidently.

At this moment, he had just returned from Heidelberg University in Germany, where he had been a visiting scholar and successfully earned his first PhD.

As mentioned before, a PhD was somewhat like a knightly title in ancient nobility—a symbol of status and prestige.

But unlike hereditary titles, a doctorate wasn't something passed down by bloodline; it was a recognition of intelligence and academic achievement, making it an even greater distinction than noble titles.

For someone like Sheldon, who prided himself on being one of the few people on Earth capable of real intellectual discourse, this kind of title was of utmost importance.

If there were an academic rank higher than a PhD, Sheldon would surely pursue it. Since no such title existed, he had decided to obtain multiple doctorates instead.

One PhD wasn't enough for him. He was already planning to pursue his second doctorate—the one he truly wanted: a PhD in Physics.

"How's Peggy doing?"

Adam grinned. "Oh, wait—should I be calling her Dr. Adler?"

"..."

Sheldon's eyes widened as he glared at Adam.

Adam smiled back at him.

The two locked eyes for a long moment.

Finally, Sheldon looked away and turned to Heather. "You can call me Sheldon."

"That's more like it," Adam said with a chuckle. "We're all friends here—first names only."

Sheldon pouted and turned his head away, clearly annoyed with Adam.

Peggy was his sore spot.

Ever since they met, Peggy had always outperformed him.

Even the achievement he was most proud of—his doctorate—was something Peggy, who was the same age as him (even a few months younger), had already obtained last year.

Bringing up Peggy was the easiest way to get under Sheldon's skin.

In fact, this wasn't the first time Adam had used Peggy to mess with him. Just now, during their staredown, Adam had been hoping Sheldon would retaliate, giving him the perfect excuse to keep teasing him until Sheldon's face twitched, his eyelids spasmed, and he teetered on the verge of tears.

Poor baby, he's about to cry. Somebody should comfort him.

As the saying goes, children are meant to be played with.

And Sheldon? Sheldon was the ultimate man-child. He could drive people up the wall, so it would be a waste not to mess with him.

It was like traveling back in time to Dream of the Red Chamber and not provoking Jia Baoyu until he threw a tantrum and smashed his jade pendant—it would be a missed opportunity!

Sigh. Don't blame him for being mischievous; this was all just a nostalgic throwback.

"Sheldon, are you mad?"

Adam gave Heather a look, signaling her to watch what happened next. "Look what I have here!"

He pulled out a gift box from behind his back.

"The latest train model!"

Sheldon glanced at it and immediately lunged forward, grabbing the box. His eyes lit up as he exclaimed, "This is awesome!"

"Heather picked it out just for you," Adam reminded him.

"Thank you!"

Sheldon was delighted, his eyes glued to the gift as he played with it excitedly.

"Doesn't that deserve a hug?"

Adam teased.

Sheldon hesitated for a moment before shaking his head. "That would make hugs too cheap."

Instead, he made a finger gun with his thumb and index finger, aimed it at Heather, and clicked his tongue, flashing a playful smile. "Thanks, Heather."

"No problem," Heather replied, giggling.

He really was just a tall, lanky child.

Speaking of which, Sheldon's whole family was quite tall.

His dad was tall and stocky.

His mom was above the average height for American women.

His older brother was towering.

His twin sister, Missy, was unusually tall as well.

And Sheldon himself? According to Penny, he was like a giant praying mantis. In the future, his wife, Amy, would even describe him as a sexy praying mantis.

"Seriously though, how's Peggy doing?"

After successfully making Sheldon sulk and then laugh, Adam was satisfied and circled back to Peggy.

"Ugh," Sheldon grumbled. "Same as always—asking a bunch of pointless questions."

"What kind of pointless questions?"

Juno asked curiously.

She was always interested in the thoughts of super-geniuses like Sheldon and Peggy.

"Ever since I graduated last year, no matter how much I suck in my stomach, my lower abdomen still droops. I've officially become a hairy adult," Sheldon said with a straight face. "And now, Peggy keeps asking me if I have any interest in the opposite sex. Please! What's the fundamental difference between a female chimpanzee and a male chimpanzee? With that time, I could be playing with trains instead!"

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched as he screamed internally:

"Amy Farrah Fowler, I think you're about to be cheated on—"

"You really don't see it?"

Juno pointed out. "Peggy is into you."

"Obviously," Sheldon said, pouting. "I understand how male-female dynamics work; we covered it in biology class. It's just a filthy and unnecessary human biological function. I'm very disappointed in Peggy. I can't believe she's so interested in something so trivial. But that's fine—weaklings like her are bound to be eliminated by natural selection."

"Is he serious?"

Heather whispered to Adam. "Or is Peggy just not that attractive?"

"Of course I'm serious," Sheldon interjected, his sharp ears picking up the conversation. "And according to Western beauty standards, Peggy is very attractive! But she should be focusing on science instead of wasting time on these pointless questions."

"Poor kid," Heather muttered, opening her mouth as if to say more but eventually just sighing. "Isn't his mom worried?"

"Nah," Adam chuckled. "He has an older brother who's already married. Besides, who knows? Maybe one day, Sheldon will be eating something, and in the middle of chewing, he'll just split into two Sheldons—no need for relationships or kids."

Sheldon glared at Adam again, his eyes wide with indignation.

Adam just laughed.

"Come over for dinner tonight,"

Missy suddenly reappeared, smiling warmly.

"How about tomorrow night?"

Adam hesitated for a moment but ultimately declined. "We already have plans tonight."

(End of Chapter.)