

## TV Show 193

Chapter 193: Seeking Medicine\*\*

Las Vegas.

A luxurious suite.

William lay there, pretending to be dead.

The rich woman nudged him a couple of times, but he didn't react, making her purse her lips in mild annoyance.

She knew, of course, that he was faking it. But considering how exhausted he truly was tonight, she decided to let it slide.

After all, not many people become wealthy by being foolish.

They either have a rich father, a rich husband, or wealth of their own.

For someone with an average appearance, the most likely scenario is that they made their own fortune. The second most likely is inheriting it from a rich father, while the third is marrying into money.

Because if a man is truly wealthy, he wouldn't typically marry a plain-looking woman—unless she possesses something truly unique or has exceptional skills.

Take, for example, a certain widow from Caltech's physics department. When Leonard hesitated about accepting her advances while trying to secure a research donation, she bluntly asked:

\*"Do you think I married my late billionaire husband by chance?"\*

Leonard thought about it for a moment and immediately realized she must have extraordinary means.

When she confirmed it with a knowing smile, Leonard swallowed his reluctance, quoted a classic Stephen Chow movie line, and dived right in:

**"If I die, I die!"**

And she wasn't lying.

The next morning, Leonard stumbled back to his apartment, clothes disheveled and legs wobbly, clearly having overindulged.

Of course, there was also the possibility that after deceiving him, she used the promise of a massive donation to make him accept his fate.

After all, in life, things often happen either once or endlessly.

The rich woman William encountered belonged to the same category—a true **\*black widow\***. In her youth, she had used extraordinary methods to marry a wealthy husband. Now, long past the honeymoon phase, they both played their own games.

When she first met William at a bar, she had been openly interested in this fresh young man, often teasing him.

Back then, William had been determined to make it on his own.

But after facing setbacks and following his uncle's advice, he decided to pursue medical school.

Leveraging his connection with a female professor at Columbia's medical school, he secured admission. However, when he saw the staggering tuition fees, he found himself unable to resist when he ran into that same wealthy woman again.

Of course, it wasn't all bad.

After this vacation together, William had secured tuition for the next two years of medical school.

Seeing him now, pretending to be dead, the rich woman understood—but she still made a mental note.

That's right.

**\*\*Deduct his pay.\*\***

She would still give him another chance, though.

Half an Hour Later

The sounds from the neighboring suite hadn't stopped.

Left with no choice, the rich woman dragged William into another room.

The Next Morning

"I want whatever miracle drug they have next door!"

The moment she woke up, the rich woman shook William awake, her eyes burning with curiosity. "Go buy some, or at least find out what it is. I'll pay!"

William felt like dying.

That blue pill had nearly wrecked him, and now she was interested in *\*that\**?

Judging by the chaos from next door, he'd be dead for sure.

But under her veiled threats, William forced himself out of bed.

Dragging his exhausted body, walking with Leonard's signature \*slut strut\*, he leaned against the wall and made his way to the neighboring suite.

At this point, there was no turning back.

**\*\*Ding-dong.\*\***

"Who is it?"

Hearing the doorbell, Juno peered through the peephole—and was startled.

Even with her composure, she was taken aback by William's ghostly pale face. He looked like a vampire that didn't even need makeup.

"Hello, my name is William. I'm staying in the suite next door, and I have a question."

His voice was hoarse.

"What question?"

Juno opened the door, giving him a once-over before kindly suggesting, "Do you need to see a doctor?"

"I'm fine."

Seeing that Juno was a beauty, William instinctively flashed his usual charming smile—only to remember why he was here, causing his expression to stiffen.

After a brief hesitation, he asked, "Is it just you staying in this suite? The noise last night was a bit... disruptive."

Juno immediately understood and chuckled. "It's not just me. My friend is here too. I suppose the noise you heard came from him. Hold on, I'll go get him."

She walked briskly to Adam's bedroom and knocked.

"Adam, Adam, someone's here for you!"

"Who is it?"

A lazy voice responded.

William's stomach dropped.

That voice sounded eerily familiar.

And the name \*Adam\*...

No way.

It couldn't be \*that\* Adam, right?

But if it was, then the other person last night must have been...

Realization struck, and a flush of anger rose to William's ghostly pale face.

When Adam finally yawned his way out of the bedroom, William's suspicions were confirmed.

One phrase echoed in his mind:

**\*\*Those shameless dogs!\*\***

Before, his resentment had been mere jealousy.

Now, it was *\*personal\**.

Even his former goddess, Heather, wasn't spared from his growing hatred.

They had been enjoying themselves next door while he had nearly **\*\*died\*\***.

And now, he had to swallow his pride and *\*ask for medicine\**.

Oh, God.

He turned to leave.

"Hey, it's you."

Adam recognized him too, then gave him an odd look.

Alice had just arrived, and now William had traveled all the way from New York to Las Vegas?

Could this really be fate?

"What are you doing here? Did you come to see me?"

"He lives next door. You and Heather were too loud," Juno said, smirking as she provided the commentary.

"Oh, I see. My bad."

Adam realized the issue and immediately apologized.

William's expression worsened.

Fine, apologize—but did you have to smile **\*\*that\*\*** smugly while doing it?!

"It's okay, just... be mindful next time."

Forcing a stiff smile, William turned to leave.

Adam knew he was being a little inconsiderate, but he just couldn't help it. Last night had been **\*incredible\***.

Anime culture really was something else.

After this experience, Adam felt that joining Sheldon and the others at an anime convention might actually be worth it.

Only by embracing cultural diversity could one truly experience life's brilliance.

As William reached the door, he hesitated.

The rich woman was waiting for answers. If he didn't ask now, she might just come over herself—an even worse humiliation.

Thinking quickly, he said, "Adam, you should cut back on those pills. They're bad for your health."

"Pills? What pills?"

Adam looked confused.

"You mean... you didn't take anything?"

Seeing Adam's genuine confusion, William was stunned.

"I don't take pills," Adam replied with a composed smile, glancing at Juno, who was clearly amused. "I don't need them."

"..."

William stood there, completely dumbfounded.

He had just suffered a **\*\*devastating\*\*** blow.