

TV Show 194

Chapter 194: Eye-Opening

In the Hallway.

It was only a few steps away, yet William found it incredibly difficult to move forward.

Damn it!

He didn't need to take any pills?

Was he even human?

William was filled with envy, jealousy, and resentment to the extreme.

Then, he thought about how he would explain this when he returned.

Tell the truth?

They probably wouldn't believe him.

Even he didn't believe it.

Yeah, how could it be possible?

Adam must have been bragging.

Snapping back to reality, William convinced himself that he had figured out the truth. He felt annoyed that he had almost been fooled by Adam's big talk.

"Darling, how did it go?"

Inside the luxurious suite, the wealthy woman was enjoying her meal. Seeing William enter, she immediately asked.

"He didn't take any pills at all," William said with a smile.

"Impossible!"

The wealthy woman flatly denied it. "No one can be that strong."

She clearly hadn't read Marvel comics and didn't know Captain America's famous quote.

Nor had she watched The Big Bang Theory and seen Howard constantly boasting, "I can go all night!"—even printing that embarrassing phrase on a T-shirt.

Then, in an overly excited moment, he would dramatically rip his shirt off in public, baring his thin chest, wildly swinging the torn fabric while kneeling and howling at the sky.

To her, the strongest thing wasn't a person—it was the pills.

"Of course, no one is that strong," William quickly agreed. "The key is, he's not alone in there. They're a group."

"You mean..."

The wealthy woman's eyes lit up.

"Yes."

Images of Juno and the fleeting glimpse of Karen flashed through William's mind, helping him piece together the real truth. He confidently confirmed the wealthy woman's suspicions.

"Can we join?"

The wealthy woman's words were as shocking as ever.

"..."

William was stunned for a moment. He glanced at the ordinary-looking wealthy woman, then thought about Heather, Juno, and Karen. His heart raced—if they could join, he'd be the one reaping the rewards!

But then he realized it was impossible. Besides, he had no intention of facing Adam again, especially not with the wealthy woman by his side.

So, he could only shake his head. "No way. It's an exclusive private party..."

"I see."

The wealthy woman seemed disappointed but quickly put it out of her mind.

Since there was no miracle drug, it wasn't worth her attention. It wasn't like this was the only kind of party around.

She had attended even more eye-opening ones before.

William breathed a sigh of relief, but at the same time, he felt a hint of regret.

If only the wealthy woman had insisted a little more, or if she had used some means to persuade Adam and his group... that would have been amazing...

Next Door.

Adam had no idea that William was fantasizing about such things.

"Juno, while you were at Harvard, did you ever hear about MIT's 'chicken dinner' legend?"

He stretched lazily and asked casually.

"Of course," Juno said with a smile. "One of the guys involved even applied for Harvard Medical School's Robinson Scholarship. He beat out the other 74 applicants in our class and won a \$300,000 scholarship. Of course, I've heard of his story."

In the U.S., to maintain the prestige and income of doctors, medical school admissions were strictly controlled. Every year, only about 20,000 spots were available across 143 medical schools that could grant an MD degree.

Larger state-run public medical schools had 200 to 300 spots, while top private institutions like Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Stanford, and Columbia accepted only about 100 students per year.

That fall, Juno's class at Harvard Medical School had only 75 students (including her).

With such a small circle and such high stakes, news spread like wildfire—even the smallest details of interview sessions were widely discussed.

"Oh? So he's in your cohort?"

Adam was surprised.

"Yes," Juno nodded. "His name is Ben Campbell. He's a bona fide genius—premed, a perfect 4.0 GPA, scored 44 out of 45 on the MCAT, was the captain of a national-level math competition team, and even

worked as a TA for two renowned professors, securing their recommendation letters. His resume was flawless."

"That alone wouldn't be enough to impress the admissions committee, right?"

Adam shook his head.

"Exactly," Juno agreed. "His resume was impressive, but among Harvard applicants, it wasn't particularly outstanding. Even when he passionately stated that his lifelong dream was to attend Harvard Medical School, the admissions officers remained unmoved. They asked him to present an even more extraordinary life experience—something straight out of a novel—to truly impress them."

"And that's when he told them about his card-counting days in Vegas?"

Adam couldn't help but laugh.

He finally remembered the general plot of 21, the movie about Ben Campbell.

Ben was an MIT student preparing to apply for Harvard Medical School but was worried about the massive \$300,000 cost (tuition plus living expenses).

Then, due to his exceptional math skills, he was recruited by a professor into a secret card-counting team. He quickly mastered the skill, surpassing even his mentor, and became the core of the team.

With the team, he went to Las Vegas 17 times, winning hundreds of thousands of dollars personally—and collectively, they made over ten million.

During this period, conflicts arose between Ben and the professor. The professor, who only worked behind the scenes but still demanded half the earnings, eventually stole Ben's winnings. Ben was also caught and beaten up by casino security.

When he confronted the professor, the professor threatened to sabotage his grades—since without a perfect 4.0 GPA, Ben wouldn't stand a chance at Harvard Medical School, no matter how much money he had.

Desperate, Ben decided to team up with casino security, setting a trap for the professor. They convinced him to make one last, high-stakes play before the casino's new anti-card-counting system went live.

The professor fell for it and was ultimately taken down, disappearing with a fortune in gambling chips. His fate was unknown.

Ben, on the other hand, walked away with an extraordinary story—and a romance—like a protagonist straight out of a novel.

"Wait... isn't that illegal?"

Adam asked, intrigued.

"Illegal?"

Juno chuckled. "What are you talking about? Card counting isn't illegal. And besides, he got robbed twice."

Adam was stunned. After hearing Juno's version of the story, he realized that Ben had conveniently omitted the part where he collaborated with security to trap the professor.

In his retelling, he had reluctantly reconciled with the professor, and the two had planned one last big score together.

Because Ben didn't want that much money—he just needed enough to pay for medical school—he and the professor's goals didn't conflict.

Unfortunately, they were robbed once again.

"They're all such performers."

Adam sighed.

"Exactly."

Juno chuckled. "When Ben finished telling his story, the admissions officers were completely dumbfounded. Then, he asked them, 'Was that an extraordinary experience? Do I sound like a protagonist straight out of a novel?'"

Adam shook his head.

This was only possible in a mixed-reality world of American TV shows and movies.

Otherwise, in real life, a famous MIT professor vanishing after gambling trips with students would have drawn police scrutiny.

Ben had a known conflict of interest with the professor.

Even if they couldn't charge him with a crime, the mere suspicion could have jeopardized his Harvard Medical School admission—let alone his dream of winning a \$300,000 scholarship.

And yet, he still had the audacity to boast to the admissions committee?

(End of Chapter)