

## **TV Show 198**

Chapter 198: Classmates

New York.

Central Park.

Three people jogged side by side through the park.

Adam was on the left, Monica on the right, and in the middle, Chandler was gasping for breath.

With Adam there this time, Chandler had no chance to sneak away.

After a full thirty minutes of running, the three finally headed back.

Monica made breakfast while Adam and Chandler took advantage of the meal.

"Same time tomorrow."

"No!"

After breakfast, amid Chandler's wails of protest, Adam left in high spirits, carrying the breakfast Monica had specially prepared for Heather.

Today was the first day of medical school, and he needed to get ready.

He first delivered breakfast to Heather's bedside, playfully teasing her for a while. After she finished eating, the two of them took a long bath together, spending an hour in the bathroom. They had an in-depth discussion about why her figure seemed to defy gravity—until the water nearly flooded the bathroom, forcing them to stop.

After tidying himself up, Adam left the mess to Heather, got dressed, and drove to Columbia University's medical school.

A grand white building stood before him.

Tall, round columns supported its structure.

The overall atmosphere exuded solemnity and prestige.

Juno had shown Adam photos of Harvard Medical School before, and it looked quite similar.

"Hey, Adam!"

Just as Adam was taking in the sight of the place where he would be studying for the next four years, a surprised and excited female voice called out.

"Hey, Iliad," Adam responded with a smile.

The girl was Iliad Reed, whom he had previously met at a party. She came from a family of doctors—her grandfather, father, and brother were all in the medical field.

Attracted by Adam's looks, she had pretended to be a fan of his writing, only to be caught in her lie. Adam had used a few plotlines from *\*Lord of the Mysteries\** to confuse her, scaring her off completely.

Later, when she read the book, she realized that the golden retriever named Susie was not actually a female protagonist, nor was the story as wild as she had imagined.

Only then did she realize that Adam had played a trick on her. She was embarrassed and annoyed, yet secretly delighted.

Handsome and witty—he was just too perfect.

She had already done her research through various channels and knew that Adam would be her classmate. Because of this, she had put extra effort into her appearance for today's meeting.

She hadn't expected to run into him so soon, so her excitement was evident.

"Looks like we'll be classmates from now on!" Iliad said cheerfully. "Out of 108 new medical students this year, I actually know someone—what a relief!"

"108 students?"

Adam chuckled.

That was an interesting number.

"Yeah!"

Iliad, demonstrating the information network of a family steeped in medicine, rattled off the details. "This year, 2,638 people applied to Columbia Medical School, but only 108 were accepted. That's an acceptance rate of less than 4.1%!"

"Are we all in the same class?" Adam asked with a smile.

"All first-year students take lectures together," Iliad explained. "That's how it is for the first two years. In the third and fourth years, we rotate through different hospitals. But even in the first two years, anatomy in first year and pathology in second year will have us split into smaller groups. That makes learning easier. We should be in the same group!"

"Sounds good to me," Adam agreed.

Having someone who liked him and had access to a wealth of information would certainly make things easier.

"Look! It's Steven Murphy—he's here too!"

Iliad, always sharp-eyed, gestured subtly.

Following her gaze, Adam saw a stretch Cadillac pulling up to the plaza. The Murphy family, whom he had met at the party, stepped out from the back.

Mrs. Murphy held her son's hand, giving him a string of last-minute instructions before finally getting into the car under her husband's urging.

The young Steven Murphy walked toward the building. Noticing Adam and Iliad looking at him, he nodded with a polite smile.

Adam and Iliad returned the nod with smiles of their own.

Once he was inside, Iliad remarked, "You can really tell he's from the Murphy family—such a noble demeanor."

"Heh."

Adam smirked but said nothing.

Sometimes, the more refined and aristocratic someone appeared on the outside, the wilder and more ruthless they were inside.

His memories from his past life had taught him that "gentleman" wasn't necessarily a compliment.

In the West, where survival of the fittest was the dominant philosophy, being a gentleman was merely a façade, a disguise. It had little to do with true inner refinement.

The moment you touched on their true interests or conflicted with them, that mask would be torn off without hesitation, revealing something truly terrifying—like a demon shedding its human skin.

Back in the year Adam had first arrived in this world, he had seen this happen repeatedly, terrifying those who once idealized America and believed its air was inherently sweet.

Tears flowed freely when reality shattered their illusions.

As Adam and Iliad walked toward the teaching building, something caught his eye.

"Huh?"

He let out a small sound of surprise.

Iliad followed his gaze and immediately frowned, looking displeased.

Because in their line of sight stood a stunningly tall and beautiful woman—so gorgeous that Iliad couldn't help but feel inadequate.

"If she looks like that, why isn't she in Hollywood instead of going through all the trouble of med school?" Iliad muttered under her breath. "Doesn't she think this is exhausting?"

The long-legged beauty seemed to sense someone looking at her. She glanced over, and when she saw Adam, her body stiffened slightly.

Adam smiled and nodded at her.

She responded with a similarly stiff nod.

"You know her?" Iliad asked, immediately picking up on the exchange.

"Yeah, her name is Alice. I've met her before," Adam replied.

"Ex-girlfriend? Or...?" Iliad pressed, curious.

"Neither," Adam shook his head. "Just an acquaintance."

He didn't elaborate on how they had met.

Since they were now classmates, revealing too much would be hurtful.

Adam wasn't as loose-lipped as Sheldon from *\*The Big Bang Theory\**.

Besides, Alice was working hard to put herself through medical school instead of spending extravagantly. That meant she had goals, dreams, and the determination to achieve them.

Adam didn't necessarily approve of her methods, but he didn't look down on her either.

In America, this kind of situation was common—it was more of a systemic issue than a personal failing. Tuition fees were so outrageously high that many young, attractive women were forced into these choices.

In *\*How I Met Your Mother\**, Barney Stinson's favorite thing was "donating" money at clubs to help girls who were stripping just to pay for school.

It sounded like a joke, but deep down, Barney might have actually believed he was doing charity work—or at least partly believed it.

Another common path was finding a sugar daddy.

For the wealthy, this was both a form of indulgence and a way to "give back." Because of this, such openly exploitative behavior was never seriously condemned, and public opinion was surprisingly tolerant.

Ah, the true spirit of democracy and freedom.

As Adam and Alice exchanged glances, a handsome but short young man walked past them.

Adam couldn't help but smirk.

Was this medical school or the set of a teen drama?

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