

TV Show 211

Chapter 211: Eradication**

A few days later.

The day of the carnival.

A sedan pulled into the Sawyer estate.

Two people stepped out when it reached the house—it was Heather's adoptive parents.

Unlike their usual sloppy appearance in tank tops and baggy shorts, this time, both were dressed meticulously. Heather's adoptive father had even put on a suit.

"Remember, tell her you love her," Heather's adoptive mother reminded him as she rang the doorbell.

"Heh."

Heather's adoptive father scoffed at his wife's words. "Now that she's rich, of course, I love her."

"Dad, Mom, you're here."

Instead of the buzzing sound of a chainsaw, they were greeted by Heather's warm smile.

"Oh, my dear daughter."

Heather's adoptive father exaggeratedly rushed forward and embraced her. "I love you."

"I love you both, too."

Heather maintained her smile as she welcomed them inside, leading them on a tour of the house. As they gasped in awe and delight, she guided them to the underground wine cellar.

For a pair of alcoholics like them, nothing could have been a better invitation.

"All of this is ours now."

Heather's adoptive father, upon seeing the vast collection of wine, waved his hand and proclaimed ownership.

Heather's adoptive mother's eyes sparkled with greed as well.

"It's all yours," Heather said with a smile. "Dad, you go ahead and drink. I'll make some appetizers for you. Mom, come with me—I need to talk to you about something."

"Alright, alright."

Heather's adoptive father was overjoyed. He grabbed a bottle, uncorked it, and took a deep breath of its rich aroma before eagerly gulping it down.

Although reluctant, Heather's adoptive mother still followed Heather upstairs.

Heather, walking behind her, glanced at her father as they reached the cellar door. Without hesitation, she pulled the heavy iron door shut and locked it with the large key. Once upstairs, she turned on the gramophone and cranked up the volume.

"Mom, do you like it here?"

Heather looked at her adoptive mother, who was reclining on the sofa with her eyes closed, savoring the moment.

"I love it. Absolutely love it."

Her mother was utterly enraptured.

"That's good. Then stay here—endless cigarettes, unlimited alcohol. Sound good?"

Heather's smile carried a deeper meaning.

"Perfect, perfect!"

Her mother clapped her hands in joy. "You really are my good daughter. With all this, I have no regrets in life."

"That's all I needed to hear."

Heather smiled.

Originally, she had planned to kill both her adoptive parents to exact revenge. But when the moment arrived—when she saw her adoptive mother's joyful expression through the peephole and heard her delighted words—she suddenly hesitated.

Her adoptive father was irredeemable. But her adoptive mother had been somewhat kind to her.

Without her, Heather wouldn't have survived the massacre all those years ago—or her father's cruelty afterward.

Forget it. She decided to let her adoptive mother live.

She understood her mother well enough to know that she wasn't a particularly sentimental person.

In reality, people who smoked and drank excessively were often selfish.

With the wealth she had inherited, Heather was confident she could buy her mother's silence.

Half an hour later.

Heather drove to Newt Town.

"Wow."

A young white police officer, patrolling in his squad car, was instantly mesmerized when he saw Heather. He immediately pulled over, adjusted his uniform, and casually walked toward her.

"Hey, you look unfamiliar. Are you from out of town?"

"Are you interrogating me?"

Heather's lips curled into a smirk.

"Of course not."

The officer raised his hands with a grin. "It's just that a girl as beautiful as you showing up in town—it's my duty as an officer to ensure your safety."

"Thanks."

Heather smiled. "I may have just arrived, but I'm not exactly an outsider. My home is here, in town."

"No way."

The officer shook his head. "If you were from this town, I'd definitely know you. Where do you live?"

"Homestead Road."

Heather's smile deepened.

"Homestead Road?"

The officer was stunned. "No one lives there except the Sawyers."

"That's right."

Heather's tone was laced with meaning. "I'm a Sawyer. I just inherited the estate from my grandmother."

At that moment, a middle-aged man dressed as a cowboy approached.

"Is this officer bothering you? If so, I can get rid of him."

"Oh, he definitely could."

The officer laughed, playing along.

"Go back to your patrol."

The cowboy gave an order.

The officer nodded and left.

"I'm the mayor of this little paradise—Burt Hartman."

"Heather."

After their introductions, Mayor Burt scrutinized Heather.

"Well, Heather, if I heard correctly, you just said you're a Sawyer and inherited the Sawyer estate?"

"That's right."

Heather nodded.

"You're Verna's granddaughter. You have her eyes."

Burt stared at her intently. "I've known your family for a long time. And trust me, they wouldn't want you dealing with that mess. Let me be direct—I'll be taking over that entire property."

"No, thanks."

Heather turned to leave.

"Playing tough, huh? I'm starting to like you."

Burt called after her with a grin.

Heather felt the sharp gaze behind her, but her smile only widened.

"Pigo, gather the crew. There's still a little Sawyer brat left."

Burt immediately made a phone call. "We need to finish the job."

After hanging up, Burt sneered. "Everything the Sawyers had belongs to me. No one is taking it."

Years ago, when the sheriff had gained control of the situation, Burt had led a mob to massacre the entire Sawyer family. It wasn't just a spur-of-the-moment decision—it was for cold, hard profit.

The Sawyer land was worth a fortune.

But he hadn't expected Verna, who wasn't home at the time, to be a formidable woman. Against all odds, she took over and rebuilt the Sawyer family, thwarting his plans.

Over the years, as the Sawyer estate thrived under Verna's management, Burt's greed grew. He had been waiting for her to die.

Now that she was finally gone, a little girl had suddenly popped up to inherit the estate. And worse—Heather was the very baby who had gone missing all those years ago.

That was absolutely unacceptable.

Even if Heather seemed clueless and had done nothing yet, Burt wasn't about to take any chances. He had to eliminate her immediately.

That was just how ruthless he was.

He couldn't summon a massive mob like before, but several men who had followed him back then—those who had participated in the massacre—were still around.

Taking out one girl?

A piece of cake.

At the police station.

The sheriff got word of the situation and immediately left to find Heather.

"Kid, you need to leave," the sheriff warned. "You're not safe here."

"Why?"

Heather feigned ignorance.

"Well..."

The sheriff hesitated.

Burt was, after all, his boss.

But the slaughter of the Sawyers had always been his greatest regret. And now, seeing an innocent girl about to suffer the same fate, he couldn't stay silent.

Finally, he decided to tell her everything.

He explained the truth, emphasizing that Burt was planning to kill her soon. Her only chance of survival was to flee immediately.

"Are you joking?"

Heather feigned shock. "Is this still the land of the free? A mayor can just murder people? And as sheriff, instead of arresting him, you're just telling me to leave?"

The sheriff fell silent in shame.

Heather turned and walked away.

She had come here precisely to lure Burt out.

Now, she also knew that the fat man who had once laughed gleefully while holding a severed leg was one of Burt's closest men.

If Burt came, so would he.

Perfect.

She could end this once and for all.

Chapter 212: The End of the Bloodline

Carnival Night.

Sawyer Manor.

"Burt, you can't do this. She's just a victim—she hasn't done anything."

The sheriff tried to stop the mayor from committing murder.

"She's breathing, isn't she?"

Mayor Burt sneered and signaled to his three men. "Come with me. We're wiping out the last trace of this cursed bloodline tonight—finally finishing what we left undone over twenty years ago."

"Yeah!"

The men who had participated in the massacre all those years ago cheered as they looked at the luxurious Sawyer Manor.

Like the mayor, they weren't motivated by vengeance for family members killed by Leatherface. Their real reason was greed.

One look at their worn-out clothes was enough to tell they were struggling—just like Penny, Leonard's mother-in-law, would call them: white trash.

Drinking, boasting, brawling—even killing. That was their expertise.

Living a responsible life? Not a chance.

Over the years, some had gotten divorced, while others remained lifelong bachelors. They were no different from the vagrants and outlaws in old outlaw stories.

When Mayor Burt gathered them, he had already hinted at the reward. Once Heather was dead and the Sawyer estate was theirs, they'd each get a share.

And judging by the wealth of the Sawyer Manor, that share would be more than enough to drink, feast, and live lavishly for quite some time.

That was all they cared about.

Was Heather innocent?

They didn't care.

Just like how the so-called "heroes" of old had innocent blood on their hands, these men convinced themselves that they were on a righteous mission—one led by the mayor himself.

"Sheriff, stay out of this."

Mayor Burt's son, Officer Junior Hettman, blocked the sheriff's path with a smirk.

"You—"

The sheriff's face darkened, his hand instinctively reaching for his holster.

"Whoa, whoa, easy there, Sheriff. My dad's the mayor, remember?"

Junior Hettman flinched and quickly reached for his own gun, raising his voice in warning.

The sheriff's expression flickered with hesitation before he finally let out a long sigh and removed his hand from his gun. He could only watch as the mayor and his three men climbed over the estate wall.

Just like all those years ago—when he had stood by, powerless, as the Sawyer family was slaughtered.

Even if he stopped Mayor Burt tonight, the mayor would just fire him tomorrow. Then what? He'd lose his job and still be unable to protect Heather.

Between an innocent life and his own survival, he had made his choice. And that was human nature.

"Don't worry, this will all be over soon. For good, this time."

Junior Hettman grinned.

The sheriff ignored him.

He despised second-generation brats like this the most.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

"AHHH!!!"

"Son of a bitch!"

Gunshots erupted from within the manor, followed by screams and cursing.

"What the hell?"

Junior Hettman's face twisted in panic as he hurriedly climbed over the wall to back up his father.

The sheriff followed.

Once inside, they were met with a gruesome sight—Burt's men lay on the ground, lifeless. One of them had been nearly blasted apart.

It had been a trap.

Heather, after months of training with Adam and Juno, wasn't as defenseless as they had thought. And with the brute strength of Leatherface by her side, the arrogant mayor and his men had met their end.

"Holy shit!"

The sheriff stood frozen, unable to process what had just happened.

"Dad? Are you okay?"

Junior Hettman raised his gun, scanning the area as he called out.

BZZZZZZ!

A familiar chainsaw revved from the basement, making their faces go pale.

"No!"

Junior Hettman had heard the stories of the Chainsaw Killer. He sprinted toward the sound.

BANG!

A single gunshot rang out.

Junior Hettman collapsed instantly.

"Heather?"

The sheriff stared in disbelief at the figure who had fired.

"It's me."

Heather stepped forward, gun in hand, arms wide open as she let out a wild, almost hysterical laugh.
"Sheriff, did you come with the mayor to wipe out my family too?"

Beside her, Leatherface gripped his chainsaw, ready for a fight.

"..."

The sheriff hesitated, thinking she had killed out of desperation. A wave of guilt flashed across his face, and he slowly lowered his gun.

"No, I didn't. I was trying to stop them."

"Well, looks like you failed."

Heather smirked, glancing at Junior Hettman's lifeless body.

"It's over," the sheriff sighed. "Burt is dead. His son and his men, too. No one will come after you anymore. But what about your cousin? Newt can't afford any more deaths."

"To him, animals and humans are no different. And there will always be animals—you can buy them with money."

Heather's voice was steady now, her madness replaced by determination. "My grandmother kept him locked in the basement for over twenty years, and Newt was fine, wasn't it? My grandmother is gone, but I'll take over her duty until he naturally passes away."

"Is that a promise?"

The sheriff studied her closely.

"It is."

Heather met his gaze.

After a long pause, the sheriff finally lowered his gun completely and let out a breath.

"Fine. Clean up all traces of this. Let's end this here."

He hadn't been able to stop the mayor, but he had despised what they were doing—breaking into someone's home to murder for money.

Now that they were dead, he had no reason to stand up for them.

In a small Texas town like this, a few missing people were nothing out of the ordinary. Even if one of them had been the mayor—who, in reality, was nothing more than an honorary titleholder.

As the sheriff left, Heather stood among the wreckage, momentarily lost in thought.

In just one week... how had she become this person?

One month later.

"Adam, I took a break from school. My adoptive father left my adoptive mother. She's in a lot of pain, so I'm staying with her."

Heather was on the phone.

"What's really going on?"

Adam's voice was heavy.

For the past month, Heather had kept making excuses not to return, refusing to let Adam visit her. If he still didn't realize something was wrong, he'd be a fool.

"Nothing. I inherited a huge fortune. School doesn't matter much anymore—better to just run the farm."

Heather sighed. "Remember your theory about love? I think we should take a step back—more than friends, less than lovers. I'll probably stay here, but I'll visit you, Juno, and Karen in New York when I can."

"You're sure?"

Adam had a feeling he already knew the truth.

"I'm sure."

Heather smiled. "Once I've sorted everything out, I'll invite you guys over."

"...I see."

Adam sighed. "Take care, and stay safe."

"I will."

Heather ended the call with a smile, but tears streamed down her face.

"You regret it now, don't you?"

Her adoptive mother, clutching a bottle of alcohol, exhaled smoke and sneered drunkenly. "I told you not to come back to Newt, but you wouldn't listen. Happy now?"

Heather remained silent, tears falling.

"Crying? Over a man? Please. You're rich now. You can have any man you want."

"Adam is different."

Heather shook her head.

"Then bring him here. Get pregnant. Tie him down."

Heather's mother chuckled darkly.

"I will never have children."

Heather whispered, "The Sawyer bloodline ends with me."

And she was grateful—grateful she had kept her mother here, because that meant there was still a sliver of hope.

Chapter 213: Grey the Intern

New York.

Duncan's Apartment.

Adam put down the phone, got up, and walked to the window, gazing across at Apartment 520.

He saw Monica and the others playfully bickering, their interaction warm and lively.

Adam couldn't help but feel a bit melancholic.

"Maybe Monica was right after all..."

He murmured to himself, "At first, I thought it was just a coincidence that both Caroline and Heather had estates. But Caroline stayed at her Virginia estate, and now Heather has chosen to stay at her Texas estate. Could that really be another coincidence?"

There was something he left unsaid—Caroline's inheritance of her estate had been fraught with danger and unspeakable matters. Judging by Heather's situation, she was likely facing something similar.

What was really going on here?

Faced with Heather's breakup—one that was somewhat like Caroline's, not a true split but not quite together either—Adam felt oddly calm. He had no impulsive urge to fly straight to Texas to confront Heather and demand an explanation.

He didn't like surprises or uncertainty.

And he knew that, after spending so much time with him and absorbing many of his habits, Heather didn't like them either.

Besides, based on what had happened with Caroline, he could guess that Heather must also be dealing with something unspeakable.

Since Heather had clearly stated that now wasn't the right time, he wasn't going to push it.

More importantly, he himself had no real desire to settle down.

The only reason he had escalated things with Heather in the first place was because his mother, Amy, had pressured him so much that he just went along with it to get her off his back.

At his core, he still preferred his own approach to relationships—

More than friends, but not quite lovers, a mutual understanding.

That deep, passionate love? It wasn't for him.

But unlike his indifferent farewell with Caroline, this time, he did feel a sense of loss.

After all, he and Heather had been together for three years—he had truly grown attached to her over time.

For a moment, he had a strong urge to talk to someone about it.

Glancing once more at Monica and the others, Adam returned to the couch, picked up the phone, and dialed Juno.

Although they were all good friends, there were certain things he could communicate more effortlessly with Juno.

The call connected quickly, and Adam explained the situation.

"Juno, do you think I have some kind of special trait that attracts unusual friends?"

Adam couldn't help but joke.

The first was Amazing Amy, the control queen.

The second was Jennifer, who seemed to want it all.

The third was Veronica, who started as a seductive temptress but later became a devout saint.

The fourth was Nora, the queen of risqué novels, who had even competed with her ex-husband for another man.

The fifth was Caroline, the female version of Captain America—righteous and principled, yet adaptable.

And now, Heather made six.

That was only counting the ones he had spent significant time with. Who knew how many of his short-lived flings had their own peculiarities?

Not to mention his close female friends like Juno and Karen.

If he expanded the list further, Peggy also seemed a little odd, and Sheldon was in a league of his own. Even Leonard's ability to tolerate so much was unsettling when you really thought about it.

God, it was like he had some kind of magnetism for extraordinary people.

"Yeah," Juno laughed. "Just like how you ended up meeting me and Karen."

"No, no, no..."

Adam instinctively wanted to deny it, but then he could almost picture Juno smirking at him. Awkwardly chuckling, he changed the subject.

"So, how are things going for you over there?"

Juno's single remark had shaken him, and suddenly, he understood.

He really did have a knack for attracting unusual people—but not just anyone with odd quirks. He was surrounded by characters with legendary qualities.

Think about it—whether in TV shows or movies, the main characters and standout supporting roles all possessed something extraordinary.

Simply put, their personalities were amplified to the extreme, so much so that just hearing their names would immediately evoke their defining traits.

It was like these characters had come to life, stepping out of fiction and into reality, making an unforgettable impression—almost like embodying a concept.

You hear Sheldon, and you think of an arrogant yet endearing genius.

You hear Stephen Chow, and you think of absurd comedy.

Not just their images, but even their voices were iconic.

Adam had reincarnated into a world that was a blend of various American TV shows and movies. Naturally, the people around him were either stunningly attractive or had exceptional traits. They weren't just ordinary folks.

Realizing this, Adam felt at peace.

It wasn't that he had a problem.

It was that this world was the problem.

Yes, that must be it.

"I'm doing great," Juno replied.

She knew Adam had been trying to change the subject, but she didn't call him out on it. Instead, she played along.

Because, in truth, Adam wasn't wrong—she and Karen did have their own issues.

"Harvard Medical School truly deserves its reputation as one of the best in the world. There are so many impressive people here."

"Oh?"

Adam was intrigued. "Like who?"

He realized he hadn't really talked with Juno about this before.

"Well, there's this guy, Ben Campbell—he's definitely a genius," Juno said. "But there are also two really outstanding female students. One of them is Cristina Yang. She's around our age but has already earned a PhD and is now pursuing her MD."

"Cristina Yang?"

Adam was surprised. "South Korean descent?"

"Yeah, you know her?"

Juno chuckled.

"I met her on a flight once..."

Adam recounted the story of his Christmas trip to Palm Springs and then added, "I had no idea she was such a genius."

Earning a PhD by the age of 21 or 22 and then going for an MD? That was insanely impressive, even if the difficulty varied across different fields.

"She's incredibly talented," Juno teased. "And not just in terms of intelligence~"

"Hmm?"

Adam picked up on the playful tone in Juno's voice. "What did she do?"

"She's... very close to one of our professors," Juno said tactfully. "And that professor is a big deal in the medical field."

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched.

"Well," he finally said, "good thing I didn't go to Harvard Medical School."

At Columbia, while there were students like Steven Murphy with powerful backgrounds, Elliot from a family of doctors, and William, the handsome guy willing to do anything, Adam still managed to hold his own.

"There's another impressive girl here—Meredith Grey."

Juno continued, "Her mom is Ellis Grey, as in Grey's Technique."

"Grey?"

Adam's eyes widened.

That name sounded way too familiar.

Wait a minute—Grey's Anatomy!

He had watched the show in his previous life, but with so many seasons, he had eventually dropped it. Now, he only had a faint memory of it.

This Meredith Grey must be the Grey from the show—of course, she was extraordinary.

"Is she even more talented than Cristina Yang?" Adam asked casually.

"In academics? No," Juno laughed. "But when it comes to her personal life, nobody can compete. The moment she drinks, her pants always come off—no matter who she's drinking with. And I mean anyone~"

Adam: "..."

Chapter 214: Bad News

On the phone.

"She didn't ask you out for drinks too, did she?"

Adam couldn't help but tease.

"She did."

Juno said in a low voice, "But I brought Karen with me."

"Brought her along, or were you brought along?"

Adam joked.

"What's the difference?"

Juno chuckled.

Adam thought about how obedient Karen was to Juno, smirked, and said no more.

"Speaking of which, Meredith is actually your alum."

Juno casually mentioned, "She also graduated from Columbia, I think two years ahead of you."

"Oh?"

Adam frowned. "Then how come I've never heard of her?"

Most female protagonists tend to be highly attractive, and given what Juno said about her behavior, Meredith should have been quite well-known at Columbia. There was no way Adam wouldn't have noticed her.

"Maybe she's not your type?"

Juno teased, "Her looks and figure are way below Heather's, but she has a very unique voice."

"What do you mean by 'unique'?"

Adam immediately perked up.

Could she have a voice like a professional voice actress?

If that were the case, wouldn't her boyfriend be able to say, *My girlfriend is a voice actress*?

While Adam primarily valued looks and body shape in friendships, a good voice could be a huge bonus.

A voice that lingers in your mind for days—those who know, know.

"It's very magnetic and distinctive."

Juno sighed.

"I'd like to hear it sometime, just to see how special it really is."

Adam smiled.

"You'll get your chance."

Juno said playfully, "That brings me to another thing I wanted to tell you. Her mother, Alice Grey, used to work at NYU Medical Center for a long time.

The current Chief of Surgery there is an old friend of hers. Once Meredith graduates, there's a very high chance she'll end up at NYU Medical Center for her residency.

Surprised? Shocked?"

"Son of a bitch!"

Adam couldn't help but curse.

"Hahaha!"

Juno immediately burst into laughter.

"You're not joking, are you?"

Adam pressed.

"Of course not."

Juno laughed, "I had to drink two whole bottles of whiskey with her just to get this information out of her. She spilled it all when she was drunk, and honestly, she's pretty naive—so it's probably true."

"Why were you digging for information on her?"

Adam felt a headache coming on. He already believed it.

He had chosen Columbia Med School because of attending physician Leonard, and now he was planning to do his residency at NYU Medical Center.

Would Meredith really waste the opportunity of her mother's close ties with the Chief of Surgery?

No one was that foolish. Americans know how to leverage connections and nepotism just as well as anyone else.

"She's a fellow student and a strong competitor. Learning more about her isn't a bad thing."

Juno said nonchalantly.

"I have a bad feeling about this."

Adam groaned. "There's a high chance Meredith really will be at NYU Medical Center for residency training in the same cohort as me. And Christina Yang and Ben Campbell might come too."

"It's possible."

Juno teased, "Christina and Meredith are practically besties now. If Meredith goes to NYU, there's a good chance Christina will follow."

Adam's mouth twitched.

He vaguely remembered that in his past life, the *Grey's Anatomy* hospital was supposed to be in Seattle.

But this was a mixed-media universe. Things had changed.

Seattle was too remote—nothing compared to the media multiverse hub that was New York City.

And while Adam didn't like to brag, he was a transmigrator with a cheat system. The *main character effect* was real.

Everyone gravitated toward him. The world revolved around him. That was just how it worked.

But he didn't *want* this.

Meredith had such strong backing, on par with Steven Murphy.

After all, *a county magistrate is no match for an immediate superior*.

A Chief of Surgery had immense influence.

With just a slight nudge, resources would naturally tilt toward Meredith.

Mistakes? No problem—easily covered up.

Plus, she was **easy**. Her looks and body aside, she had that distinctive voice, and her **female protagonist aura** was ridiculously strong.

If she managed to secure an attending surgeon as a mentor, she'd absolutely squeeze Adam and the others out of many opportunities.

And then there was Christina Yang. At such a young age, she was already pursuing dual PhDs. From the moment she entered med school, she had been cozying up to top medical professors.

If she also came to NYU, her combat power wouldn't be any lower than Meredith's.

Compared to them, Alice and Iliad were nothing.

Alice had turned Steven and William into her wings, but she still played by **girlish** rules—she hadn't lowered herself to cozy up to elderly professors because she valued looks too much.

Otherwise, with Steven Murphy's family wealth, William wouldn't even have a chance.

The only reason that duo existed was because William was handsome while Steven was plain-looking.

Iliad was even worse—completely useless in a competitive sense. Her only strength was a slightly stronger drive than most, but among med students, that was barely above average. Otherwise, she wouldn't have followed Adam from the start.

As for William, he had the looks and the skills, but ever since he met Alice, he hadn't dared to make any bold moves. He was tied down.

Steven Murphy? He didn't need to do anything—professors naturally favored him. But he was **too** proud, insisting on competing with Adam fairly, relying purely on skill to win opportunities.

And the result?

He lost. Completely.

In Columbia Med's 1995 cohort of 108 students, Adam had always maintained absolute dominance, making Leonard proud and giving him good reason to advocate for Adam.

In the U.S., **any** industry values early fame. Sometimes, reputation means everything.

What's the difference between a **famous** doctor and an ordinary one?

The **fame** itself.

Building a reputation as a medical prodigy in New York's circles was a huge advantage.

At first, Adam was thrilled that **there were no real threats**.

But now, it seemed like Leonard's worst nightmare—an **elite rival**—had set their sights on him.

And people **change**.

Steven Murphy might be proud now, but that doesn't mean he'll always be.

Alice might judge by looks now, but that doesn't mean she always will.

William might be restrained now, but that doesn't mean he'll stay that way.

Even his little sidekick Iliad would eventually grow.

And when they did, they'd all become fierce competitors.

That already made six or seven.

Who knew how many more were out there?

This was going to be a nightmare.

Adam could already foresee an intense *clash of titans* at NYU Medical Center.

Leonard had been delayed for years by just three skilled persuaders.

Adam's future struggles might be twice as difficult.

Fortunately, he had his cheat system and had already secured Leonard as his attending physician. Otherwise, he really might have considered doing his residency elsewhere.

Not that it would have mattered—if the *main character effect* was in play, he wouldn't be able to escape no matter where he went.

Chapter 215: A Twist of Fate

The next day.

Early morning.

"Okay, let's go for a run."

When Adam knocked on the door as usual, he was surprised to find Chandler already up and fully prepared. There was none of his usual reluctance to get out of bed—he was bouncing on his feet, clapping his hands, looking completely energized.

"What's the good news?"

Adam asked with a smile.

"Nothing."

Chandler feigned innocence. "Can't I just say I've grown to love running?"

"Monica, do you believe that?"

Adam turned to Monica, who was just stepping out of her apartment.

"Susie complimented him."

Monica hit the nail on the head.

"Ohhh~"

Adam dragged out the sound, looking as if everything suddenly made sense.

"Alright, fine, I admit it."

Chandler couldn't hold it in anymore. He rubbed his hands together and chuckled. "But seriously, running really works! Adam, thanks for the tip."

"No problem,"

Adam said with a grin. "That's what friends are for."

"Though, to be fair, it's not just the running."

Chandler smirked. "Monica deserves a lot of credit too."

"OMG~"

Adam looked at the two of them in mock horror.

"It's not what you're thinking."

Monica rolled her eyes. "I just taught him a few techniques."

"Yeah~"

Chandler said with a dreamy look. "Some techniques that take the indescribable from 'pleasant' to 'so intense that if someone overheard, they'd think it was a murder scene and call the cops.'"

"That effective?"

Adam perked up. Suddenly, he remembered the iconic *Friends* moment when Monica taught Chandler. He hadn't thought about it before, but now he was definitely interested.

"It's a technique designed from a woman's perspective—of course, it works."

Monica laughed. "But Adam, I don't think you need it, do you?"

"No one ever complains about having too many skills."

Adam said seriously. "Making someone call the cops is easy. But making them think it's a full-scale massacre and call the military? Now that's true mastery."

"Alright, I'll teach you later."

Monica shrugged.

Friends in sitcoms were always this open and carefree. Sometimes it left Adam speechless, but other times, he genuinely appreciated it.

"Why wait? Teach me now."

Adam urged, eager to learn.

"Okay."

Monica led them inside, sat them down on the couch, grabbed a pen and paper, and started drawing.

"The human body can be divided into seven key zones."

She quickly sketched a simple outline of a human figure and labeled seven areas.

"Wow."

Adam was impressed. "Monica, anyone who didn't know better would think you were a doctor."

"I'm self-taught."

Monica joked. "Do you want to hear this or not?"

"Of course!"

Adam nodded enthusiastically.

Then, Monica gave them a lesson in combinations and sequencing using numbers 1 through 7—a lesson that would make most people blush.

At crucial moments, she even added sound effects for emphasis, which left Adam completely fascinated.

"Got it?"

Monica finally snapped out of her teaching mode and smiled at Adam, who was still in shock.

"Could you write down the number sequence? I kind of spaced out for a second."

Adam admitted, completely straight-faced.

Monica blushed, quickly scribbled the sequence on the paper, and tossed it to him.

Even though she had done this before—when she and Rachel taught Chandler—it still felt a bit embarrassing. Back then, having Rachel with her gave her a psychological advantage.

This time, it was just her, with Adam and Chandler sitting on either side of her. The dynamic was different.

Adam carefully folded the paper and tucked it into his pocket.

Then, the three of them headed downstairs for their morning run in Central Park, laughing along the way.

After more than a month of consistent training, Chandler's breathing was much steadier while running. The results were obvious—no wonder Susie had praised his stamina.

"By the way, Chandler, do you know Meredith Grey?"

As they walked back after the run, Adam suddenly thought of last night's conversation with Juno and casually asked.

"Meredith Grey?"

Chandler's voice went up an octave.

"Looks like you do."

Adam raised an eyebrow in surprise.

"Oh, I **definitely** know her."

Chandler smirked proudly.

"An ex-girlfriend?"

Monica teased. "Or just a hookup?"

"Hey! She was just a classmate, my junior."

Chandler shot Monica a look.

"Really?"

Adam and Monica exchanged skeptical glances.

"Okay, okay."

Chandler finally gave in and grinned. "I'll tell you, but you **cannot** let Ross find out."

"Why not?"

Monica asked, puzzled.

"OMG."

Adam gasped. "Don't tell me Meredith is one of Ross's exes?"

"No way!"

Monica immediately dismissed the idea. "Remember? Ross started dating Carol back in college."

"And?"

Adam teased. "That doesn't necessarily mean anything."

"Enough stalling."

Monica ignored Adam and turned to Chandler. "Spill it."

"Alright."

Chandler smirked. "Meredith was a junior at our school—a total campus celebrity. Both Ross and I had a thing for her. One time, we ran into her at a party when she happened to be single. Naturally, we both wanted to make a move.

But we ended up arguing over it. So, to preserve our friendship, we made a pact—neither of us would pursue her."

"And then you broke the pact and secretly dated her?"

Monica's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wow, Chandler, I never took you for that kind of guy."

She gave him a look that screamed, *You, of all people? A traitor?*

"Hey! Don't look at me like that."

Chandler protested. "Ross betrayed me first! He knew I was head over heels for a certain girl, but he still made out with her behind my back. At the time, I was..."

He trailed off, looking embarrassed.

Because when he saw it happen, he had actually cried.

Back then, he had genuinely believed she was *the one.*

"You guys are unbelievable."

Adam shook his head. "Pulling a full-on *double-cross* on each other? I knew Ross wasn't as innocent as he pretends to be."

"Exactly."

Chandler agreed. "So I went on a bunch of dates with Meredith—sometimes deliberately in Ross's usual hangouts, like the science lab. Totally justified."

Monica rolled her eyes again.

"Never would've guessed you had history with her."

Adam mused.

This really was a classic case of *small world.*

Originally, there was about an 80% chance that Meredith Grey would end up in New York and become his colleague. But now, with this new connection, Adam felt the odds had shot up to 95%.

Seeing Chandler looking so smug, as if his past with Meredith was something to be proud of, Adam couldn't resist bursting his bubble.

"You sure Ross didn't do the same thing?"

"Huh?"

Chandler blinked. Then realization hit him, and his face darkened.

"What?!"

"Hahaha!"

Monica burst into laughter.

Chapter 216: The Fun of Studying Medicine**

That evening.

Everyone gathered together.

This was the first time in over a month that Adam had joined them.

"Well, well, if it isn't our busy man! What brings you here today?"

Phoebe exaggeratedly teased when she saw Adam walk in.

"I've just been really busy," Adam said with a smile. "But no matter how busy I am, I'd always make time for you."

"Alright, I'll accept that reason."

Hearing this, Phoebe immediately lit up, happily accepting the flattery.

"Ross!"

As soon as Chandler got home from work, he pushed the door open and saw Ross. He immediately shouted, "You betrayed me!"

"What?"

Ross was taken aback. He spread his hands in confusion and said, "When did I betray you?"

"Do I need to remind you?"

Chandler gave him a knowing look. "Our college brotherhood pact?"

"Uh-huh."

Ross's eyes flickered as he avoided Chandler's stare, looking a bit guilty. "Which brotherhood pact are you talking about?"

"Meredith Grey."

Chandler sneered, "Clearly, this isn't the first time you've broken it."

"What are you guys talking about?"

Rachel asked curiously.

Adam explained the situation.

Rachel and Phoebe exchanged strange glances at Ross, as if silently judging him.

"I'm sorry."

Seeing that he couldn't hide it anymore, Ross had no choice but to apologize. "I didn't mean to, but you know I really liked Meredith, and she liked me too."

"Were you drinking?"

Adam cut straight to the point.

"Of course."

Ross was momentarily stunned. "How could there not be drinking at a college party?"

"You drank too?"

Adam turned to Chandler.

Chandler nodded.

"What?"

Now it was Ross's turn to be shocked. He pointed at Chandler. "You and Meredith?"

"That's right!"

Chandler tossed his head back dramatically. "We hooked up multiple times... in your science lab."

"That's too much."

Ross was furious. "You did that in my territory?!"

And just like that, the two started arguing.

Adam, however, didn't bother getting involved in who was right or wrong—because, clearly, Ross was in the wrong.

As it turned out, Adam's assumptions weren't unfounded.

The yet-to-be-seen Meredith Grey certainly lived up to Juno's description of her.

A few drinks, and off came the pants.

And in college, parties were everywhere. Where there were parties, there was drinking.

Tsk, tsk.

Suddenly, Adam lost all interest in Meredith's voice acting.

First, there was her messy history with Chandler and Ross.

Then, there was her even messier history with everyone else...

Adam thought to himself: Nope, not getting involved.

Even though it had been so long that he'd forgotten what Meredith, the female lead, even looked like, he vaguely remembered a classic scene.

A doctor had an *indescribable* encounter with a nurse, caught an *unspeakable* disease, and before long, an entire line of hospital staff was waiting for testing...

That had to be the worst portrayal of doctors and medical staff in history.

Back in his past life, Adam had just watched that drama for fun, knowing how exaggerated it was. But now, living in this world of the TV show—and about to cross paths with that female lead—he couldn't help but feel a looming sense of dread.

Now that he knew she was even more promiscuous than he'd imagined, the psychological damage was real.

Even if her voice was uniquely magnetic, even if she was stunningly beautiful, Adam had zero interest.

He didn't have some invincible immunity superpower...

Better to stay clean, stay safe, and stay far away.

Three times for emphasis: ****Stay clean, stay safe, stay far away.****

"Adam, what are you thinking about?"

Rachel noticed Adam spacing out and asked curiously.

"I know!"

Phoebe exclaimed, "It must be something about medicine, right?"

"Heh."

Adam let out a dry laugh. There was no way he could say what was really on his mind, so he simply brushed it off. "Nothing much, just thinking about a question."

"Do you have a lot of female classmates?"

Monica joined the conversation.

"Are they pretty?"

Joey smirked.

"There are actually quite a few."

Adam chuckled.

"Studying medicine must be really fun, right?"

Phoebe sighed regretfully. "If I had the chance, I would've loved to be a doctor. *Dr. Phoebe Buffay*—wow, that sounds so impressive!"

"Whether it's fun or not is relative. But the workload is absolutely exhausting."

Adam smiled. "I'm actually one of the lucky ones—I still have time to hang out with you guys. Many of my classmates are completely consumed by their studies. One of the girls in my class, according to her own words, had so many breakouts it looked like a volcanic eruption. She didn't even have time to take care of it. She hadn't washed her clothes in a month."

Another classmate bought a stopwatch to time every single activity, whether it was drinking coffee or going to the bathroom, just to make sure not a single second was wasted."

"OMG!"

Monica and the others were completely stunned. "That's insane!"

"It really is."

Adam continued, "You guys love coffee, right? Well, some of my classmates relied on it so much to stay awake that now the mere smell of coffee makes them nauseous."

"Oh my God."

Rachel gasped. "Thank goodness I didn't go to med school. That would've ruined my entire image."

Her father, being a doctor, had always hoped one of his kids would follow in his footsteps. He had told her stories about the medical field before, but mostly the interesting and glamorous parts.

If Leonard had ever shared the brutal reality of how he survived med school and residency, it wouldn't just have scared his pampered daughters away—it would have made *him* question if he'd do it again.

So this was the first time Rachel was hearing about the real struggles of medical students, and she was *so* relieved she never pursued it.

Breakouts, dirty clothes, bathroom time limits, coffee-induced nausea—it all sounded terrifying.

"But once you get through it, it gets better, right?"

Monica asked hesitantly.

"Of course."

Adam nodded, then smirked. "But med school is four years, followed by seven years of residency. So yeah, only after those eleven years will you *barely* be considered 'through it.'"

"..."

Everyone exchanged looks.

They had heard Adam mention how long and intense med school was before, but they had never fully grasped what that meant. Their image of a doctor had always been someone in a white coat, respected and well-paid.

But hearing Adam casually describe these extreme struggles suddenly made them realize how insane the workload actually was.

And the fact that it lasted ****eleven years****? That sent chills down their spines.

This really was a path of no return.

No wonder someone once said: **Convincing someone to study medicine should be punishable by lightning strikes!**

"Are all the female med students like that?"

Joey asked in disbelief.

"Not all of them."

Adam chuckled. "I'm talking about the majority—there are always exceptions."

In fact, this only reinforced how unforgiving this world was for ordinary people.

Most female med students were too overwhelmed to care about their appearance. Male students, too—some didn't even wash their clothes, just flipped them inside out to rewear.

Otherwise, how could someone go a month without washing clothes?

But Alice, Iliad, and a few others had none of these struggles. They showed up perfectly groomed every day and still ranked at the top of their class, making others envious beyond words.

The rule of *looks determining everything* was in full effect.

So unfair, but so true.

Chapter 217: All for the Sake of Learning

Weekend.

Columbia University Medical School Community Health Program.

Adam, Iliad, and Bianca—the inseparable trio—arrived at the community clinic for their weekly medical internship.

In medicine, clinical practice is crucial, especially for doctors.

Even though the first two years of medical school focus mainly on theory, students still participate in weekly internships to gain hands-on experience in clinical settings.

After all, cadavers are different from real people.

Understanding human anatomy requires real-life references.

At the clinic, students take turns examining one another—a fundamental part of their learning process.

"Hey, Jenny."

"Hey, Adam."

"How was your week?"

"Great. What about you? I haven't been able to get you to hang out lately. What have you been up to?"

"What else? Studying, of course. You already know how tough it is for us med students."

"Don't overwork yourself. Your health is the most important thing."

"Thanks."

Adam led the way into the clinic, greeting the receptionist warmly. Their casual conversation made Iliad and Bianca, who were standing behind him, twitch their lips slightly.

"Is Dr. Tess in?"

Noticing Iliad tugging at his sleeve, Adam quickly shifted gears and got to the point.

"She is. Come with me."

Jenny, the receptionist, cast a slightly resentful glance at Adam before getting up to lead them inside.

This clinic was one of Columbia Medical School's teaching and internship sites.

Dr. Tess was the person in charge.

"This is an otoscope."

After exchanging pleasantries, Dr. Tess picked up an L-shaped medical instrument and demonstrated its use.

"You'll be using this to examine each other's heads, ears, noses, and oral cavities."

As she spoke, she inserted the otoscope's probe into Adam's nostril.

"Tilt the nose slightly upward and observe inside. You should be able to see the beautiful inferior nasal concha."

After the demonstration, she handed the otoscope to Iliad and instructed,

"Just like that—insert it properly and observe the relevant structures. Compare what you see with what you've learned from your textbooks. Unless something is seriously wrong, don't call me. Understood?"

"Understood!"

Adam, Iliad, and Bianca responded in unison.

Once Dr. Tess left, Iliad grinned, holding up the otoscope.

"Stay still. Let me take a look at your beautiful inferior nasal concha."

Adam chuckled and sat still, letting Iliad examine him.

After all, everyone had to take turns as a model—there was no escaping it.

Besides, this was for learning, a serious and professional matter.

If they were too self-conscious about this, they might as well give up on studying medicine altogether.

Modern clinical medicine is fundamentally rooted in human anatomy. The first step in medical training is studying the human body—regardless of gender. Compared to some of the more awkward procedures they would later encounter, this was nothing.

For example, when they studied gynecology, they had to practice on anatomical models.

Adam was reminded of a scene from *Friends* when Ross accompanied his ex-wife Carol to childbirth. While waiting, he casually picked up a speculum—a tool that looks like a duck's beak—and began opening and closing it, imitating a talking duck. He was having a great time—until Carol reminded him what it was actually used for. He immediately freaked out and threw it away.

It was incredibly awkward.

Yet here they were, a group of medical students gathered around an anatomical model, taking turns using the speculum under the professor's guidance.

Just imagine the atmosphere.

That's why medical students must develop a professional attitude.

The more awkward or unnatural you act, the more it reveals that you're thinking about something other than medicine. This can make patients uncomfortable.

And if you're not particularly good-looking, they might even suspect you of being a creep and report you.

Of course, professionalism isn't something that comes naturally—it requires training and experience.

Adam was relatively composed, but Iliad and Bianca still struggled with it.

Especially when it was Adam's turn to hold the otoscope and examine them.

Checking the head, ears, and nose was fine.

But when it came to the oral exam, both Iliad and Bianca's faces instantly turned red.

Their reaction even made Adam momentarily lose his professional mindset, as fleeting distractions flashed through his mind.

Fortunately, Adam had plenty of experience and the acting skills of a seasoned performer. To keep things from getting awkward and ensure that learning could continue, he forced himself to suppress any stray thoughts and proceeded with the examination as if nothing had happened.

This brief moment allowed Iliad and Bianca to adjust their mindsets.

Once their professionalism took over, the process felt entirely routine.

The three of them took turns examining each other, discussing their findings, and benefiting greatly from the experience.

If possible, Adam would have loved to take the otoscope back to check on Chandler and the others.

"The more samples, the broader the knowledge base, and the better the learning experience!"

Unfortunately, the equipment was fixed in the clinic and couldn't be taken home.

Buying one?

For small instruments like this, sure. But when it came to large machines that cost tens or even hundreds of thousands of dollars, was Adam really going to buy them just for extra practice?

Completely unrealistic.

From the beginning, he never considered that option. He would take opportunities as they came.

With his current level of skill and reputation, he had no shortage of chances to get hands-on experience.

Still, thinking about this reminded him of Heather, and he couldn't help but feel a little regretful.

If Heather were still around, she could've been a professional model for his practice.

After all, anatomical models can never fully replace real human bodies.

And since real patients would be the focus of their future careers, it would be best to start practicing on real people as early as possible.

As for Iliad and Bianca, no matter how professional they were, some topics were just not appropriate to study together.

"Hmm... Juno?"

A thought suddenly struck Adam.

At first, he was delighted.

Then he remembered Karen.

His expression immediately darkened.

Juno was also a medical student, and with her personality, she'd probably agree to mutual practice sessions.

But Karen, who was always by her side?

That was another story.

She might just stab him on the spot.

Better not risk it.

"Looks like I need to find a new female friend—someone between a friend and a lover."

Adam thought to himself.

"All for the sake of learning!"

First, this person had to match his aesthetic preferences.

After all, in life, you can compromise on many things—but not on taste.

Second, she had to share his views on relationships.

That part would be tricky.

Iliad and Bianca were both attractive and ideal study partners, but from what Adam had observed, they were too inexperienced and way too serious.

After what happened with Heather, Adam had become more self-aware.

The last thing he wanted was to get involved with someone like that again.

So, he had to pass on them.

But then...

Who else was there?

Chapter 219: Who's the Bully?

One week later.

Same morning run as always.

Monica was absent.

"Don't bother calling her," Chandler said, waving his hand when he saw Adam about to check on Monica. "She's in a bad mood."

"What happened?" Adam asked curiously. "She was fine yesterday, wasn't she?"

"Her credit card bill arrived yesterday," Chandler explained. "After paying it off, she only has \$127 left in her account."

"That little?" Adam suddenly understood.

As the saying goes: When you have food in your hands, you won't panic in your heart.

In modern society, money is that food.

It's completely normal to feel anxious when you're broke.

Adam knew this all too well from his past life, so he could empathize with Monica's frustration at having only \$127 left.

"She really hasn't worked in a while," Adam recalled. Ever since Monica impulsively quit her chef job, deciding she didn't want to serve people anymore, two months had already passed.

Americans do have savings habits.

Take Monica, for example—she saved 10% of her salary every month. Otherwise, she wouldn't have lasted this long.

Of course, most people were like Joey—if they weren't working, they had to borrow money to survive.

Quitting had felt great at the moment, but that feeling had lasted for two whole months.

If she still had savings left, Monica would probably still be in her "this job isn't good, that one isn't either, let's wait and see, no rush" phase.

"Yeah," Chandler said with a sigh. "The problem is, she still hasn't figured out what she wants to do. She's in the same state she was when she quit—maybe even worse."

"Being a chef is actually pretty great," Adam mused. "With her skills, if she gets the right opportunity, she could be the head chef of a restaurant. That would mean good pay and respect—but that kind of opportunity is rare."

There wasn't much he could do to help with that.

He often dined at high-end restaurants, but their head chefs were well-established. He couldn't just go up and ask if they needed a new one.

Chef positions were like puzzle pieces—one person per slot.

Monica had quit on impulse. Unlike Chandler, who simply disliked his job, Monica actually loved cooking. She had only left because of issues with her coworkers and boss.

That was why Adam hadn't been as supportive as he had been with Chandler—offering comfort, encouragement, and financial help.

Monica had a brother, parents—if it really came down to it, Ross and their family would step in.

Besides, her current state was mostly due to staying at home too long, getting too comfortable, and being unwilling to leave her comfort zone.

Too much help wouldn't actually be good for her.

Later, After Their Run

After a lap around Central Park, Adam and Chandler were ready for breakfast. Since Monica wasn't in the mood to cook, they decided to stop by the Central Perk café.

As Adam was about to enter, he noticed Chandler looking around nervously.

"What's up with you?" Adam asked, curious.

"N-nothing," Chandler mumbled, glancing inside before sighing in relief and following Adam in.

"Seriously, what's going on?" Adam pressed after they ordered coffee and breakfast.

"Okay, okay," Chandler said, seeing Adam's persistent stare. He smiled bitterly and admitted, "Ross and I ran into two bullies here. They warned us not to come back, or they'd beat us up every time they saw us."

"Pfft!" Adam almost spit out his coffee. "How old are you? Still afraid of bullies?"

"Easy for you to say," Chandler retorted. "We've been bullied since we were kids. It leaves a psychological scar, okay? And these guys are huge and mean."

"Oh yeah?" Adam grinned. "Now I kinda want to meet them."

"Let's not," Chandler shook his head. "Joey wanted to help too, but Ross and I don't want to have to call you or Joey every time we grab coffee."

"Why would you need me or Joey?" Adam asked with a sly smile.

"If we don't, what if we run into them again?" Chandler replied, confused.

"Silly boy," Adam patted Chandler's head with mock pity. "You've been bullied so much you don't even realize—do you really think I'd just be there for moral support?"

"...Wouldn't you?" Chandler looked even more confused.

"Of course not." Adam smirked. "They said if they see you at Central Perk, they'll beat you up every time, right? Well, I'll just make sure they never set foot in Central Perk again. Problem solved."

"You mean..." Chandler's eyes widened. "An eye for an eye? We scare them off so they don't dare come back?"

"I scare them off," Adam corrected. "You wouldn't be convincing."

"Can you even do that?" Chandler was skeptical. "They're really big. And there are two of them."

"A real man never says he can't," Adam said confidently. "I could take ten of them!"

Outside the Café

As the two stepped out, Chandler suddenly gasped, "Look, look! That's them! He's even wearing my hat—they stole it from me!"

Chandler quickly ducked behind Adam, pointing at two approaching white men while whispering in panic.

"Relax. Watch me," Adam said, dragging Chandler forward to face them.

"Well, well, look who it is—the cowards!" The two men sneered, clearly seasoned bullies.

"Oh?" Adam raised an eyebrow and smirked. "I think you two are mistaken."

The bullies froze, glancing at Adam's lean frame. They couldn't process what was happening—he was standing up to them?

"Kid, you looking for trouble?" they growled, stepping forward to intimidate him.

"Let's not make a scene in the street," Adam said coolly. "Come on, let's talk in that alley over there."

Before they could react, Adam grabbed both of them by the shoulders. With a slight squeeze, he controlled them effortlessly and led them toward the narrow alleyway.

The two men looked ready to cry.

"Come on, you're bullies, right?" Adam mocked. "Where's your backbone? Don't start acting like crybabies now."

"Big guy, we're sorry! Please, let go—this hurts!"

"AHH! IT HURTS!"

The bullies, unable to withstand the pain, actually started tearing up.

"Bullies don't cry, do they?" Adam teased, easing his grip slightly. "Tell me—what did you do wrong?"

"We—we shouldn't have messed with you—AHH! I mean, we shouldn't have messed with your friend!" They quickly corrected themselves, looking pitifully at Chandler. "We're sorry!"

"Uh... it's fine?" Chandler, completely stunned, could hardly believe what he was seeing.

"You didn't want to see my friends at Central Perk, huh?" Adam asked with a smile.

"We were wrong! We'll never go to Central Perk again!"

"And you won't bother my friends behind my back, right?" Adam added.

"No! Never!" The bullies shook their heads frantically.

"Good," Adam grinned, finally letting them go. "Now, give me your business cards. Let's stay in touch."

The bullies, nearly in tears, handed over their cards, internally vowing never to return to this part of town.

"And the hat."

Adam held out his hand, retrieving Chandler's stolen hat before waving them off. "See you around."

The bullies bolted.

"See? Simple as that," Adam said cheerfully, placing the hat back on Chandler's head.

Chandler: "..."

Who's the real bully here?

And what does it feel like to have one as a friend?

Chapter 220: The Style of a Stock Market Genius

Nightfall.

Ring, ring, ring.

Adam was watching a videotape when the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Adam, I have a question for you!"

Monica's excited voice came from the other end of the line.

"Mm-hmm."

Adam gestured for her to continue.

"Do you invest in stocks?"

Monica fired off a series of questions without a pause: "Which ones? How are they performing? How much money have you made?"

"Slow down, slow down."

Adam pulled the phone away from his ear for a moment, waiting for her voice to quiet down before teasing, "Why are you suddenly into stocks again?"

"What's so hard about stock trading?"

Monica dismissed his concern. "Isn't it just buying low and selling high? Bull market, bear market—I see the trend is good right now. Everyone says it's a bull market!"

"Heh."

Adam couldn't help but laugh.

That sounded way too familiar.

In his past life, there was a time when he kept hearing about a bull market everywhere. Stocks were hitting their upper limits daily, and even someone like him—who had never dabbled in stocks—felt tempted to open an account and get in on the action.

But back then, he didn't have an account, and opening one felt like a hassle. So, he remained on the sidelines, just watching.

Every day, he saw people just like him—completely inexperienced in stock trading—jumping in, randomly picking stocks, and making big profits.

Adam started studying candlestick charts and researching market rules. Eventually, he couldn't resist the urge any longer.

And then... nothing happened.

Because overnight, all the talk of stocks hitting their upper limits disappeared. Instead, the conversation shifted to people getting stuck, trapped in losses, and watching their investments shrink.

Newbies, who had once been euphoric, were now in despair. That's when they learned what it meant to be "harvested" like fresh crops by the market.

The phrase "The stock market carries risks; invest cautiously" wasn't just empty talk—it was built on countless tears and losses.

Adam felt incredibly lucky.

If he hadn't been so lazy—if he had actually gone through the hassle of opening an account—one market downturn could have wiped out months of his hard work. If he'd gotten stuck in a falling stock, his entire year's effort could have vanished in an instant.

From that point on, he stopped paying attention to the stock market.

After traveling to this new life, he only started investing because making money had become absurdly easy for him. Plus, he knew that holding long-term positions in companies like Apple and Google would guarantee massive returns. That was the only reason he put most of his money into stocks.

Even so, to play it safe, he kept over a million dollars in cash for emergencies.

As for leverage, futures, and other high-risk investments—no matter how much those brokers hyped them up—he never touched them.

That was a straight-up elevator ride to financial ruin.

"I invest in Apple, Google, Amazon..."

Adam listed the stocks he held.

If his friends had the patience and discipline, he didn't mind helping them make money too.

But clearly, not everyone had that kind of patience.

"Those stocks?"

Monica sounded unimpressed, as if she had done some "research" of her own. She frowned and said, "They're too slow! None of them increase by 10% in a day. Investing in those is boring—you can't make real money that way!"

"What do you want to invest in?"

Adam twitched at the corner of his mouth.

10% in a day?

For a stock worth millions, a 10% gain meant earning \$100,000 in a single day. That was billionaire territory.

Newbie investors always had this romantic notion of getting rich overnight.

Adam knew the feeling all too well.

"MEG!"

Monica declared with confidence.

"What company is that?"

Adam asked, confused.

"I have no idea."

Monica grinned proudly. "But don't you think its name sounds a lot like mine?"

"So?"

Adam was speechless.

"So, of course, I'm investing in it!"

Monica said firmly. "I believe it'll bring me good luck."

"Then why are you even asking me?"

Adam quipped. "Clearly, you have more experience than I do."

"I'm just discussing it with you."

Monica huffed. "Being well-informed is an important part of stock trading, you know!"

"I don't trade stocks."

Adam chuckled. "I invest in them."

"Whatever."

Monica wasn't interested in hearing the difference. She changed the topic: "I feel great about this—this is exactly the career I've been looking for! Adam, do you support me?"

Adam simply laughed.

"..."

Monica paused, then regained her confidence. "The only regret I have right now is that I don't have enough capital. Even if my stock gains 10% in a day, I only make \$12.70—that's nowhere near what I deserve with my luck. So... can you lend me some money? I'll pay you back when I make big bucks—with interest, of course!"

"Remember that intervention in Las Vegas?"

Adam laughed, reminding her. "You want to go through that again?"

"This is totally different!"

Monica protested. "That time was my mistake—it was gambling. But this is investing! This is my new career!"

"Holding stocks long-term is investing."

Adam corrected her. "Short-term trading is gambling—an even riskier kind than Vegas. In Vegas, at least you roll the dice yourself, relying on your own luck. But in the stock market, you're surrounded by fake information and manipulation. One bad trade, and you'll be wiped out."

"Fine! If you don't want to lend me money, just say so. No need to scare me."

Monica first sounded guilty, then pouted. "If I don't do this, do you really expect me to work at that terrible restaurant? Where I have to dance and wear a costume? I don't want to wear that ridiculous, fireproof fake chest piece!"

"Real ones aren't flammable either."

Adam couldn't resist pointing out.

Click!

The call ended abruptly.

Adam walked to the window and saw Monica freaking out in her apartment across the street.

He just chuckled and let her be.

Right now, she was upset about missing out on making money.

But soon enough, she'd be grateful she didn't borrow any.

And she wouldn't have to wait long.

The next day.

After class, Adam skipped the library and went straight to Apartment 520.

"I want to buy five shares of SGJ! Right now! Hurry up—time is money, my friend! Thanks!"

Monica was on the phone, shouting excitedly. "Wow!"

"Ha! Adam, you're here!"

Seeing Adam enter, Monica grinned proudly. "I made \$17 before breakfast—how awesome is that? I'm clearly a stock market genius!"

"Weren't you investing in MEG?"

Adam asked, curious.

"That's old news."

Monica waved dismissively. "It made me some money, but I ditched it. My new motto is: Get out before the dip!"

"That really suits you guys."

Adam smirked. "Men definitely wouldn't think that way."

"..."

Monica caught the innuendo and rolled her eyes.

She had no time for dirty jokes—or anything else for that matter.

Adam watched as Monica kept making calls, spouting phrases like 'Money makes money' and 'Don't make me kick Wall Street's ass!'

He could almost see her in full-blown 'I make tens of thousands in minutes' stock guru mode.

Until...

"NOOO!!!"

Monica's scream echoed through the entire building.