

TV Show 241

Chapter 241: The Fragility of Friendship

The next day.

Morning.

The signing event for *Lord of the Mysteries IV: The Undying* in Boston, organized by Random House, officially began.

Thanks to the accumulated popularity of the first three volumes, *Lord of the Mysteries* had gathered a large and dedicated fanbase across the United States. In a cultural hub like Boston, the number of devoted readers was especially high.

When Adam arrived at the venue, he was met with a long line of people eagerly waiting, each holding a copy of the new book. As soon as they saw him, the crowd stirred with excitement.

The most thrilled were the female fans who had arrived early to secure a spot at the front. Their eyes sparkled with anticipation, and many of them thought to themselves, This was totally worth it.

"It's about to start."

"You got here early."

"Early? Please! Look at the girls up front—they got here way before us. I heard some of them lined up last night!"

As people in the middle of the line chatted, a red-haired girl near the front kept her eyes locked on the long-haired girl with glasses standing ahead of her.

The long-haired girl swayed awkwardly, occasionally glancing sideways at the red-haired girl's furious expression before quickly looking away, avoiding eye contact altogether.

The Night Before

The red-haired girl had been attending a book club when she heard the news—Adam was holding a signing event in Boston the next morning. She was beyond excited.

She was a hardcore fan of horror fiction. Stephen King's works, the Cthulhu Mythos—she loved them all.

Two years ago, she had discovered *Lord of the Mysteries* and was immediately captivated by its story and characters. She became a die-hard fan.

Under normal circumstances, she should have been one of the first to know about Adam's signing event.

But she'd been busy lately. Plus, the event had only been arranged last-minute due to Ross's pressure, so there hadn't been much advance promotion.

When she found out, she was completely shocked—first, at the fact that she, a devoted fan, had somehow missed such an important announcement; and second, at the sheer surprise and delight of the opportunity.

Anyone smart enough to get into Harvard wasn't lacking in intelligence.

She had never been to a signing event before, but she knew that the closer you were to the front, the better your chances of chatting with the author. Those at the back? By then, the author would be exhausted—still polite, but definitely not in the mood for long conversations.

So, after the book club meeting, she rushed back to her dorm, grabbed some essentials, and headed straight to the venue, determined to be first in line.

But no matter how early you think you are, there's always someone earlier.

When she arrived, several people were already ahead of her. A few guys—clearly experienced fans—had even come fully equipped with camping gear.

Her hopes of being first were dashed, but at least she made it into the top ten. That was still pretty good.

Once she got over her initial disappointment, she realized there was another benefit—everyone here was a hardcore Lord of the Mysteries fan. They were far better company than those shallow girls at the book club who only cared about the author's looks.

Besides, those types wouldn't have the dedication to camp out overnight. They were probably off partying with guys somewhere.

Since the night was long, talking about the book with like-minded fans seemed like a great way to pass the time.

She tapped the long-haired girl in front of her on the shoulder.

"Hey."

"Hey."

The girl turned around, looking surprised and a little stiff, as if she hadn't expected someone to talk to her.

"I'm Emily," the red-haired girl said.

"I'm Amy," the other girl replied.

"Oh?" Emily's eyes lit up. "What a coincidence—our names are so similar!"

"Heh."

Amy let out an awkward chuckle.

Emily's smile froze.

There was something... off about Amy's expression. Her smile looked unnatural, not at all like how a normal person would smile.

Could she be... something else?

It was nighttime—the perfect hour for supernatural creatures to roam.

Emily, a hardcore horror fan, immediately started imagining all kinds of terrifying scenarios. She shivered—not from fear, but from excitement.

"So, Amy," Emily pressed on, her eyes gleaming with curiosity, "who's your favorite Lord of the Mysteries character?"

"Uh... Klein?"

Amy sounded hesitant.

"Hm?"

Emily's interest piqued. That kind of uncertain tone wasn't something a true fan would use. If Amy wasn't a hardcore fan, why was she camping out overnight for a book signing?

Suspicious.

The chances of Amy being a supernatural entity just went up.

Emily eagerly continued chatting with Amy, trying to learn more. Soon, she discovered that Amy had just started reading *Lord of the Mysteries*.

Emily was a little disappointed. It turned out Amy wasn't some mysterious entity—just someone who wasn't great at socializing.

She was probably here for the author's looks.

Still, after learning that Amy was also a Harvard student and a member of a neighboring book club, the two gradually warmed up to each other.

To Emily's surprise, they shared an interest in Geoffrey Chaucer, the English poet, and both were obsessed with quilting.

They bonded over Chaucer's themes of gender equality and his praise of free and loyal love.

Of course, they also couldn't resist criticizing his exposure of the corruption and debauchery of monks and the upper class—especially the unmentionable parts of his stories.

Like *The Miller's Tale*.

Amy called it the most explicit thing she'd ever read. If she hadn't skipped two grades and gone to college at sixteen—away from her mom—she doubted she'd have ever been allowed to read it.

Emily had obviously read it too. She giggled.

Especially when Amy, with a completely serious face, pointed out that kissing that eye from a hygiene perspective was incredibly unsanitary, making *The Miller's Tale* truly dirty.

Emily nearly burst out laughing.

Between discussions on Chaucer and quilting techniques, the night passed quickly.

Everything was going well—until Emily discovered the real reason Amy was there.

"Hey, Amy! There you are! Thanks for holding our spots!"

"No problem."

"Over here, guys! Amy saved our places!"

A whole group of book club members swarmed in, cutting ahead of Emily.

At first, she held back her frustration. But then more and more people arrived—one after another—until she was pushed from the top ten into the twenties. And the numbers kept growing.

She couldn't take it anymore.

"We're Amy's friends," they said smugly. "It's not cutting in line."

Emily turned to Amy.

Amy avoided eye contact.

"Sorry... they're my friends."

"See?" one of them sneered.

Emily was furious.

As time went on, more of Amy's friends showed up and squeezed in. Emily was pushed further and further back until she was stuck in the middle of the line.

Any goodwill she had toward Amy was completely gone.

Chapter 242: Hoo

Boston.

At the book signing event.

Adam's arrival completely ignited the atmosphere.

"What's your name?"

After sitting down, Adam smiled and asked the first fan in line.

"Daisy."

Standing at the front was an average-looking young woman who became extremely excited upon hearing Adam's question.

Adam signed the inside cover of Daisy's newly purchased book with the words:

"To Daisy, your friend, Adam Duncan."

Then, he handed it back to her with a smile.

"Thank you! Thank you!"

Daisy took the book and, seeing the signature, was overjoyed.

"No, thank you."

Adam responded sincerely.

These readers, especially the loyal ones, were his lifeblood.

He still remembered in his past life, as an unknown and struggling writer, the thrill of receiving his first comment or donation. Even later, when he became a mediocre, full-time author scraping by, the moment he got his first big supporter was still exhilarating.

It was never about the money—out of a 1,000-dollar donation, he might only receive 500 or even 300. But the encouragement far exceeded its monetary value; it was a profound validation of his worth.

In this life, he stood on the shoulders of literary giants, becoming a well-known author with an ever-growing fanbase. Yet, he remained deeply grateful for his readers' support.

Daisy left happily, and the second person in line immediately stepped forward.

Adam asked for their name as well and wrote:

"Your friend, Adam Duncan."

If someone specifically requested a personalized message, he happily obliged.

This took much more effort than simply signing his name.

The event organizer from Random House came over to remind him to sign only his name, but he refused. These were enthusiastic readers, and he wanted to fulfill their small requests.

He couldn't bear to see their disappointed expressions.

This was also why he didn't participate in book signings often.

Personalized messages significantly extended the event's duration. No matter how much stamina he had, continuously signing for such a long time was exhausting.

His principle was simple: If he held a book signing, every attending reader should leave completely satisfied.

The line kept moving forward, but it hardly seemed to shrink. More readers kept arriving, and even passersby joined in out of curiosity.

This was normal.

Take Leonard and his friends, for example. Whenever they saw a celebrity, they'd ask for an autograph—even from former stars they barely recognized. If they stumbled upon a signing, they'd likely get in line just for the experience, even if they weren't fans.

It was a habit.

Like that time at Stuart's comic book store, when Leonard and Sheldon co-purchased the Lord of the Rings Greatsword. Stuart priced it at \$250, calling it a limited-edition "friendship price."

Sheldon, unable to grasp sarcasm or sales tactics, genuinely believed Stuart was giving them a deal and urged Leonard to buy it.

Leonard, however, knew better. He haggled the price down to \$200. Stuart countered with \$235, then \$225, and finally settled on \$210—on the condition that he throw in an Iron Man helmet.

Stuart claimed it was signed by Robert Downey Jr.

Leonard simply asked, "So?"

Stuart was instantly offended, exclaiming, "If you're going to question the significance of a plastic helmet signed by an actor from a comic book adaptation, then what's the point of our lives?!"

Leonard was momentarily speechless and agreed to the price.

Then, Stuart dropped his dramatic act, happily processed the order, and mumbled, "Guess I'll be eating well this week."

It was thanks to people like Leonard and Sheldon that Stuart hadn't starved. Occasionally, he even ate well. It was also why comic book stores, publishing houses, film studios, gaming companies, and merchandise businesses thrived.

If Leonard, Sheldon, and Adam had never met and just happened to pass by this book signing, they'd likely join the line, buy a signed book, and figure out if they liked it later.

Adam's signing continued.

Meanwhile, red-haired Emily and Amy slowly moved forward in the line.

When Amy got close enough to see Adam's radiant smile, she suddenly trembled and let out a strange sound:

"Hoo~~"

Emily, who had been watching her closely, was shocked.

When Amy made the same "Hoo~~" sound again, Emily—despite her lingering annoyance—couldn't help but show concern.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I don't know."

Amy looked panicked. "My heart rate is increasing, my palms are sweaty, my mouth is dry, and certain blood vessels are pulsating."

"Certain?"

Emily pressed for details.

"My ears and... um, lower body."

Amy grew even more alarmed. "What's happening to me?"

"Let me guess."

Emily glanced at Adam, then at Amy. She had always been interested in medicine and planned to study it in the future. She had a good understanding of common physiological reactions and, being a girl herself, quickly pieced things together.

"This reaction started when you saw Adam, right?"

"Yes."

Amy nodded immediately. "What's wrong with me?"

"You really don't know?"

Emily chuckled. "You're in college already..."

Then she remembered that, despite Amy's somewhat mature appearance, she was still just 16. In the U.S., it would be unusual for a teenage girl to be this unaware, but not impossible.

Leaning in, Emily whispered, "You're experiencing sexual arousal."

"Oh."

Amy froze for a moment, then calmly returned to normal.

"...Just 'oh'?"

Emily was dumbfounded.

Most girls, if told they were aroused in public, would at least blush in embarrassment. Even Penny, before she became experienced, would have reacted that way at 14.

Confidence in these matters was something one developed over time.

But Amy's reaction was entirely abnormal. She was a teenage girl displaying the composure of someone much older.

"I have a stomach, so I get hungry."

Amy stated matter-of-factly. "I have reproductive organs, so of course, I experience arousal. It's normal, isn't it?"

"...Heh."

Emily's mouth twitched.

She suddenly had no idea how to respond.

That logic was flawless—especially when paired with Amy's deadpan expression and serious tone.

What could she even say?

Forget it. She's just a weirdo.

Emily sighed and decided to ignore Amy.

Meanwhile, Adam continued signing books, smiling as he looked up at each fan.

But when his gaze landed on Amy and Emily, he was briefly taken aback before his expression lit up.

Emily was one thing, but Amy was a certified genius.

A neuroscientist who could keep up with Sheldon Cooper, collaborate on cutting-edge physics research, and share a Nobel Prize in Physics—her intelligence was undeniable.

She might not have been as smart as Sheldon, but she was likely smarter than Leonard.

Sheldon was a 5+, Leonard a 3+, so Amy was probably a 4+.

That meant she could provide Adam with a substantial boost to his own intellect.

However, his excitement didn't last long.

The moment he saw Amy make that odd "Hoo~~" sound at him, his smile froze in place...

Chapter 243: CP Rankings

Boston.

At the book signing event.

"Holy shit!"

When Adam saw Amy's classic iconic moment—especially since he was the subject—he almost couldn't hold back from spitting out a mouthful of complaints.

But thinking about it, it actually made sense.

What did Penny's ex-boyfriend, Zack, have going for him?

Sure, he was tall, but calling him handsome would be a stretch.

And yet, even he could make Amy unconsciously let out a "Hoo~~." So, given Adam's own qualities, it was hardly surprising.

Still, knowing this only made Adam more frustrated.

He would rather be completely average than find himself in such a situation.

After all, Amy was Sheldon's destined soulmate.

In Adam's personal CP (couple pairing) rankings, they were ranked third—just behind Marshall & Lily in first place and Howard & Bernadette in second.

They even ranked higher than Chandler & Monica.

Without Amy's patience, persistence, and efforts to guide Sheldon, he wouldn't have become more socially adjusted—not in eight years, not even in eighty.

In his previous life, the Penny-Sheldon CP had a lot of supporters.

One of Adam's friends even quit watching *The Big Bang Theory* because Penny ended up with Leonard instead of Sheldon.

In his words, *The Big Bang Theory* had only one decently attractive female lead, and she didn't end up with Sheldon? Absolutely ridiculous!

Meanwhile, the actual male lead, Leonard, could only cry silently in the background. Penny was the female lead, and he was undeniably the male lead. They were meant to be together. Just because Sheldon's character was brilliantly acted and charismatic didn't mean he should be treated as the main protagonist, let alone steal the female lead from Leonard.

Penny did have some traits reminiscent of Sheldon's mother—she was tolerant and understanding of him, which earned her the nickname "Penny-Mom."

Sheldon once described his love for Amy by saying:

"Everything my mother could do for me, Amy can do. And everything my mother couldn't do for me, Amy can do too..."

Thinking about it that way, it's not entirely unreasonable that some people shipped Penny and Sheldon together.

Plus, Sheldon and Penny did share a few ambiguous moments.

For example, when Penny slipped in the bathroom, Sheldon had to help her get dressed with his eyes closed. However, when he touched her arm, he ended up grabbing the wrong place.

Faced with Penny's slightly awkward question, "Is this my arm?"

Sheldon seriously considered it before responding, "It doesn't feel like an arm..."

Before helping Penny out of the bathtub, she told Sheldon not to look.

Sheldon agreed, but later, he somehow knew Penny had a tattoo on her butt.

Of course, unlike Leonard, Howard, and Raj, whose glances were filled with desire, Sheldon probably only peeked out of curiosity. But still, it showed that Penny held a special place in his mind.

After all, Amy—who was far more physically affectionate—had often made direct advances on Sheldon as his girlfriend, yet he always rejected her.

Then there was that time when Penny and Sheldon did the famous love experiment—where they stared into each other's eyes for an extended period. Penny admitted to feeling a little something.

Even in an alternate scenario hypothesized by Amy and the gang—if Leonard were out of the picture—Penny was imagined making a dirty girl move on Sheldon in the laundry room.

But in this lifetime, with Peggy as a new variable, Sheldon's romantic future became uncertain.

Still, Adam was 95% sure that Sheldon would end up with Amy.

Compared to Penny, Amy's intelligence was much closer to Sheldon's.

Not to mention, Amy would later share a Nobel Prize in Physics with Sheldon. She also once provided academic assistance to Sheldon's long-time rival, Caltech theoretical physicist Barry Kripke, which made Sheldon incredibly jealous.

For years, Barry had bullied Sheldon, and their research areas even overlapped. Yet, Sheldon couldn't dismiss Barry's intellect outright.

Later, when Caltech cut funding and forced them to collaborate, Sheldon realized that Barry's research was actually superior to his own.

In the end, Sheldon had to use Barry's excuse to console himself:

"You have a girlfriend, Amy. Of course, your focus is divided. That's why your research is lagging. If I had a girlfriend, I'd also be too distracted to do research!"

Whenever Sheldon and Barry worked together, Sheldon had to resort to telling dirty jokes—ones he wouldn't dare say in front of Amy—just to keep Barry from teasing him.

That alone showed Barry's intelligence and academic strength. And yet, Amy could still offer him significant cross-disciplinary help, proving just how brilliant she was.

When it came to IQ, only Peggy was smarter.

Meanwhile, in Sheldon's eyes, Penny was nothing more than a blonde monkey.

Then there was the issue of tolerance.

Peggy was immediately out of the running. She was too proud and, like Sheldon, enjoyed feeling superior to others. There was no way she would tolerate his eccentricities.

And if someone didn't accommodate Sheldon, he would absolutely flip the table—and possibly even blacklist them.

In this regard, both Penny and Amy were quite patient with Sheldon. But Amy had the edge, because she had a clear goal.

Sheldon once stated that "positive reinforcement is the most effective type of conditioning."

That explained why Amy could tolerate Sheldon's quirks—she was incredibly attracted to him.

Finally, there was the matter of training Sheldon.

There wasn't enough data on Peggy to analyze, so she was out.

Both Amy and Penny had, in their own ways, shaped Sheldon—whether intentionally or not.

Penny's influence was passive and unintentional.

Amy's, on the other hand, was deliberate and methodical.

This was due to her personality and profession.

As a neuroscientist, Amy often studied human behavior through experiments with monkeys and apes—teaching monkeys to smoke, having food fights with chimps...

Sheldon called Penny a blonde monkey, but in reality, he was the one Amy had been training all along.

After dating Sheldon for a year, Amy told Bernadette and the others that she had a timeline for their relationship.

In four years, she planned to marry Sheldon. But she told Bernadette not to mention it to him because he was still a duck that might fly away at any moment.

Four years later, while Amy was away at a conference, one of Sheldon's admirers made a move on him.

When Amy found out, she was furious and said:

"I spent five years smacking that ketchup bottle, and now some other woman just gets to tip it over and enjoy?"

Right after that, Sheldon proposed.

At one point, Sheldon even considered breaking up with Amy because Leonard and Penny told him she had changed him too much.

But Amy skillfully reversed the situation, proving once again just how effective her methods were.

This wasn't just true for Sheldon—Amy had done the same to Penny.

Originally, Penny didn't even like Amy, let alone consider her a best friend.

But Amy subtly used various strategies to become Penny's BFF.

This included filling Penny's apartment with her scent, acting subservient, and constantly showering her with praise.

Her training was so subtle and drawn out over the years that it was terrifyingly patient.

And that... was exactly what worried Adam the most.

Chapter 244: All Amys Are Terrifying

At this moment—

The young girl, Amy, felt a sudden surge of emotions toward Adam.

Meanwhile, Adam simply wanted to befriend Amy and earn 4+ intelligence points.

How would this turn out?

Adam wasn't optimistic.

If he tried to establish a friendship with Amy, he had no doubt it would send the wrong signal.

Amy would likely set her sights on Adam in advance.

Then, she might even confess to him:

"Standing before you is 130 pounds of boiling female hormones, eager to embrace your glutes and engage in what Shakespeare once metaphorically described as a beastly affair."

Adam was no Zack. No matter how good an actor he was, his intelligent eyes could never pull off a blank, clueless expression.

Besides, as a well-known writer, Amy wouldn't believe Adam was as foolish as Zack either.

Moreover, at this moment, Amy didn't have Sheldon as a boyfriend to encourage her to follow the call of her endocrine system. Even if Adam managed to perfectly mimic Zack's bewildered face, it didn't mean Amy would back off.

Right now, she was still just a girl—not the highly rational neuroscientist she would become a decade later.

If Adam rejected her, there was no doubt—he could forget about being friends, and the 4+ intelligence points would be gone too.

But if he didn't reject her?

Even though Amy dressed conservatively at her mother's request, making her seem old-fashioned, she hadn't yet reached 130 pounds. Upon closer look, she was actually a delicate and refined young girl.

Not a stunning beauty, but attractive in her own way—around a six or seven out of ten.

If it were anyone else, Adam might have been willing to sacrifice himself for those 4+ intelligence points.

But this was Amy—Sheldon's destined one and only.

Adam might be a flirt, but he had his principles—he never got involved with women who were good friends.

Even when Rachel, America's forever sweetheart with a perfect nine out of ten beauty, actively seduced him, he rejected her with tremendous willpower.

Let alone a six or seven out of ten Amy.

Besides, every Amy was a force to be reckoned with.

His ex-girlfriend, Amazing Amy, and his mother, Amy, were proof enough.

And then there was Sheldon's Amy—her patience was terrifying, her methods of conditioning people were terrifying, and that was just her rational side.

While these qualities made Adam a bit uneasy, as long as he remained cautious, he could easily defuse any situation. So, they weren't a real problem.

But Amy wasn't entirely rational.

As she said herself, she was "130 pounds of boiling female hormones."

And that exaggerated metaphor wasn't without basis.

Amy had been heavily controlled by her mother since childhood, living an extremely repressed life.

Before college, she barely even attended school—she was homeschooled by her mother, who feared she'd be deceived by boys, believing all schoolboys were bad news.

To be fair, that assumption wasn't entirely wrong...

But it was an extreme overcorrection.

If Amy hadn't had an exceptionally high IQ, getting into Harvard would have been impossible.

Her teenage years were spent under such oppression—no boys ever had the chance to trick her, but no girls wanted to befriend her either.

Lonely and isolated, she had to entertain herself.

For example, she created a unique way of speaking that she later taught Penny. The two even used it to communicate when countering Sheldon and Leonard's secret conversations in Klingon.

She also mastered the quarters-into-a-cup drinking game with Penny. Penny gave up because Amy never missed—after all, it was a game she had played alone countless times.

At this point, the teenage Amy was unpredictable. Who knew what impulsive, terrifying thing she might do?

Adam remembered that at age 22, Amy once threatened someone with stolen insulin just to experience her first kiss.

It was both absurd and pathetic—but also truly terrifying.

Without timely insulin injections, a diabetic could fall into a coma, and if left unnoticed, they could even die.

And that was just one example.

To experience more physical contact, Amy frequently visited gynecologists.

To satisfy her hormonal urges, she even attended wild parties, got completely wasted, and practically offered herself up. Unfortunately for her, she had spent so much time disguising herself as unattractive that, when she woke up the next morning, nothing had happened.

No one had touched her.

Someone had even kindly covered her with a blanket...

And then there was the unspeakable chapter of her life—the time she repeatedly volunteered for experiments studying the link between electric shocks and peak experiences.

Not to mention her relentless pursuit of intimacy after getting together with Sheldon—her desperation was beyond obvious. Anyone with a pulse could see it.

Clearly, her "130 pounds of boiling female hormones" statement wasn't much of an exaggeration.

This underlying, suppressed turbulence—ready to explode at any moment—was what troubled Adam the most.

Because even if Amy didn't end up with Sheldon, she was still someone Adam wanted nothing to do with.

She was dangerously rational, extremely patient, professionally trained in neuropsychology, highly intelligent, repressed, prone to sudden emotional outbursts, and had a vengeful streak.

If this weren't a comedy universe, she would be the perfect supervillain template.

And this world wasn't just *The Big Bang Theory*—there were plenty of terrifying forces lurking.

If Adam drastically altered Amy's life trajectory while giving her the wrong signals, no one could predict what she might become.

Another Amazing Amy?

No—definitely far worse.

In the original timeline, she once casually said, "I have viruses in my lab. I can bring them over anytime..."

You don't just casually say something like that unless it's actually crossed your mind before.

Compared to her, Amazing Amy was merely ambitious—her methods were predictable and could be countered easily.

But if this Amy went off the deep end, her methods would be unimaginable. Ruthless. Secretive. Long-lasting.

Adam really could end up dead.

That was his biggest concern.

So, despite the temptation of 4+ intelligence points, after weighing all the risks, Adam decided to let it go. He would treat Amy like any other ordinary reader and avoid sending any misleading signals.

Of course, if Adam were like Sheldon—utterly disinterested in romance—then getting targeted by Amy wouldn't matter.

In fact, someone like Amy was perfect for Sheldon.

Her terrifying patience, ability to endure, and persistence in conditioning others would be unacceptable for most people—but they were perfectly suited for Sheldon.

A relationship is about balance—one partner has to take the lead and make sacrifices.

Amy was proactive, patient, and fully committed to training Sheldon like a monkey.

For someone like Leonard, she'd be a nightmare, reminding him too much of his cold, emotionally detached mother.

But Sheldon? He admired Leonard for having such a cool mom.

Beverly ran experiments on Leonard his whole life?

Sheldon's response: I've always wanted to study myself, but I had to attach the electrodes to my own brain!

Astonishingly, both Amy and Beverly were neuroscientists. Both tolerated Sheldon's quirks. Both admired his intelligence and looks. Both had the intellect and skill to train him.

If this weren't a sitcom, Beverly might have drunkenly kissed Sheldon one night, and boom—Sheldon could've ended up as Leonard's stepdad.

After all, age meant nothing to either Beverly or Sheldon.

Sheldon didn't care about physical attraction—he valued intellectual connection.

And Beverly? She spent eight years not sharing a bed with her husband.

Physical compatibility wasn't even a concern.

Sheldon had even said he felt more comfortable around Beverly than Leonard, despite Leonard waiting on him hand and foot for over a decade.

The contrast was striking.

Amy only appeared later.

It would be ridiculous to think her character wasn't modeled after Beverly.

Leonard almost never interacted with Amy alone. When he did, he felt extremely uncomfortable—clearly, she reminded him of his mother.

Beverly wasn't a fit—so Amy was created.

Amy was always meant to be Sheldon's perfect match.

All these thoughts flashed through Adam's mind in an instant.

When Amy finally stood before him, Adam suppressed his complicated emotions and treated her as just another reader.

He simply asked for her name and neatly signed her book:

"To Amy Farrah Fowler—Your friend, Adam Duncan."

Without any extra words or expressions, Adam avoided looking at Amy's emotional gaze and moved on to the next person—red-haired Emily.

Chapter 245: Good Afternoon, Mr. Fool

Boston.

At the book signing event.

Amy stood not far away, holding her newly signed book, seemingly reluctant to leave.

Adam chose to ignore her and turned his attention to the red-haired Emily.

"Mr. Duncan, hello! My name is Emily. I'm a huge fan of Lord of the Mysteries!" Emily said excitedly.

"Thank you."

Adam glanced at this future "most beautiful girlfriend" that Rajesh lost due to his own foolishness. Her striking red hair was her signature feature. Tall and slender, she had an attractive appearance, easily an eight out of ten.

At only seventeen or eighteen years old, she radiated youthful beauty.

To Adam, she was an undeniable beauty.

Judging by her enthusiasm, she was clearly one of his fans.

Emily wasn't within his principle's scope, and besides, Rajesh owned a Hulk glove personally signed by Stan Lee.

This...

Adam suddenly thought of many entertainment industry veterans—figures like Cannon Hui, Old Wang, and Old Xu.

Feeling Amy's gaze lingering on him from the side, Adam decided not to talk too much with Emily to avoid any misunderstandings. Instead, he casually signed his name and handed the book to her.

Emily happily accepted it and politely stepped aside to make way for the next person in line.

Once she reached a quieter spot, she opened the title page.

Her face instantly turned red, and her heartbeat quickened.

"Why are you still here? Where are your friends?"

Emily took a moment to adjust herself. Noticing Amy standing there alone, she walked over and asked in a slightly mocking tone.

After chatting all night, she had thought they were friends. She hadn't expected to be "backstabbed." Now, seeing that Amy's queue-jumping friends had all left without acknowledging her, she couldn't help but find it both amusing and frustrating.

"They left," Amy said, a bit dejected.

She had stayed up all night in line, not because those so-called "friends" had asked her to, but because she had volunteered—hoping to use this chance to connect with fellow book fans.

But, as always, before the event, she was "Amy," and afterward, she was nobody.

"Are you feeling better now?"

Seeing her expression, Emily dropped her teasing tone.

"Hmm?" Amy was startled.

"Your hoo~," Emily motioned toward Adam and said meaningfully.

"I'm fine now."

Amy replied expressionlessly, "I can't even make friends with fellow book club members, let alone expect to get closer to Adam Duncan."

"Then why—?"

Emily hesitated.

"You mean my heart racing?"

Amy bluntly replied, "I study biology. Since I know it's just a physiological reaction, there are many ways to address it. It doesn't necessarily have to involve Adam Duncan. I could just—"

"OK, OK!"

Emily quickly raised her hands to cut Amy off, staring at her in shock.

She could actually say something like that with such a serious face? It seemed like Amy was better suited to being a doctor than she was.

"Are you leaving?"

"Going where?"

Amy still looked a little stiff and confused.

"Back to Harvard, obviously," Emily said, exasperated. "You got your autograph—why are you still standing here? Don't tell me you're waiting for Adam?"

At this point, she couldn't help but tease, "Didn't you say you had many ways that don't involve Adam?"

"You're right."

Amy's eyes flickered behind her glasses, and she nodded seriously.

As for what exactly Emily was right about, she didn't elaborate.

"..."

Emily found it exhausting to talk to her. Though she had forgiven Amy's odd behavior, she didn't feel like untangling their friendship all over again.

"You do whatever you want—I'm leaving."

Without waiting for Amy to respond, Emily clutched her newly signed book and happily walked away.

Even though she had encountered the unpleasantness of Amy's friends cutting in line, staying up all night to attend her idol's book signing was totally worth it—and then some.

Today was a great day.

The book signing event continued until noon. Even someone with Adam's endurance was starting to feel it in his arm. Fortunately, the organizers from Random House were experienced enough to cut off the line an hour early, allowing Adam to finally wrap up the event.

"Phew."

Even more relieving was the fact that Amy, after standing there for half an hour, finally decided to leave.

Back at Juno's apartment...

Adam collapsed onto the couch, massaging his sore hand, and mocked himself: "I used to think I had the hand of God. Turns out, it's just a fake hand of God."

"Then take a good rest," Max quipped with her usual sharp tongue. "Tonight, you won't need to use your hands~"

(An unauthorized, incorrect, and inappropriate section was deleted.)

"..."

Adam twitched at the corner of his mouth and fired back: "Forget one hand—if I let you use both hands and feet, would you dare to respond if I called you?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

Max wasn't one to back down.

As the ultimate queen of comebacks, she might retreat when things got too intense, but her words never would.

"Heh."

Juno watched their exchange with an amused grin, her expression practically screaming, Keep going, don't stop now!

"Dinner's ready."

Karen called everyone over for lunch.

Her cooking skills were top-notch—proof that effort and dedication mattered more than pure talent.

After a satisfying meal, everyone took a short rest.

Adam and Max had a "friendly discussion" regarding the whole "Would you dare answer if I called you?" topic.

Just like in Journey to the West, no matter what you say, the moment you respond—you get sucked into the Vase of Pure White Jade and, within moments, turn into liquid essence...

Afternoon.

Juno looked at Adam with a hint of surprise.

She hadn't heard anything unusual.

Considering what she knew about Adam, that was very strange.

Adam shot her a knowing glance and smiled smugly.

Juno studied Max closely, thought for a moment, and immediately understood what had happened.

Adam was still Adam.

His title as the Qianlong Emperor of sitcoms was well-earned.

Harvard University.

With Juno leading the way, the campus tour was especially enjoyable.

The four of them arrived at Harvard Medical School.

It truly was a sacred ground for medical students. Even on the weekend, the shaded areas around campus were filled with students buried in massive textbooks.

Their arrival quickly drew attention.

Juno and Karen were well-known on campus, but even beyond that, Adam's good looks and Max's devilish presence made them hard to ignore.

"Hey, Juno!"

Someone waved from a distance.

"Hey, Meredith!"

Juno waved back with a smile.

Seeing Adam look over, she whispered, "That's Meredith Grey—the one I told you about. Come on, let me introduce you two."

Adam nodded, glancing over at the casually seated Grey under the shade.

She was indeed charming—no wonder Chandler and Ross were both obsessed with her.

And her voice... It had a certain something that stirred emotions.

"Let me introduce you."

As they reached Grey, Juno took the initiative:

"Adam, this is Meredith Grey, Harvard Medical School's class beauty from the class of '95. Meredith, this is Adam Duncan."

Adam and Meredith exchanged glances before shaking hands.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Grey."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Chapter 246: Reliving an Old Dream

Harvard Medical School.

In front of the building.

Under the shade of the trees.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Hearing that distinctive voice say such a familiar yet special greeting, Adam felt a ripple in his heart.

This...

Looks like another fan of Lord of the Mysteries.

No wonder everyone wants to be famous.

Tsk!

However, Adam quickly suppressed his emotions because, when they shook hands, he felt a light scratch on his palm, making him suddenly realize—

The woman in front of him was a female version of Barney Stinson.

Even though she knew Adam was with Max, she still brazenly scratched his palm. Her boldness was overwhelming, almost too much to handle.

He suddenly regretted forgetting the plot of Grey's Anatomy because he was seriously starting to suspect that a drama with such a wild female lead must have been produced by HBO.

But if it was an HBO production, he should have remembered a lot more iconic scenes.

"Miss Grey, are you also a fan of Lord of the Mysteries?"

Adam withdrew his hand on his own, keeping his smile intact.

"Just call me Meredith," Grey said with a smile. "I love anything new and exciting. Lord of the Mysteries has been a hugely popular novel in recent years, so of course, I've read it. Besides, it's written by the best friend of Juno's favorite author."

"She admires me?"

Adam glanced at Juno in surprise, unable to hide the smile creeping up on his lips.

"Of course."

Juno chimed in with a half-smile. "I told her a few of your legendary stories. Everyone thinks you're pretty impressive."

"Don't listen to her."

Grey chuckled. "She says you're her best friend. When you wrote *Lord of the Mysteries*, she was completely shocked because she never saw that kind of talent in you before. If anyone's your number-one fan, it's definitely her."

"Really?"

Adam beamed, feeling absolutely elated.

Even though he knew Grey was exaggerating, there had to be some truth to it.

Hearing someone praise you behind your back and then finding out about it later—now that was ten times more satisfying than being praised to your face.

Especially when that person was Juno.

"You should have told me earlier!"

Adam threw an arm around Juno's shoulders, laughing. "If I'd known, I would've named Hugh Dillcha after you! And Fors Wall? She could've been Karen!"

"Ohhh, I see."

Grey's eyes flickered with a gossip-loving glint as she glanced at Juno and Karen. "I always had a feeling that Hugh and Fors were based on the two of you."

Juno just smiled without saying anything.

Karen smiled too.

Having read *Lord of the Mysteries*, she was quite happy with the interactions between Hugh and Fors and was looking forward to how their story would develop.

The group chatted for a little while longer before parting ways.

As Adam and Juno walked side by side, Juno asked with a smirk, "So? What do you think?"

"She's intense."

Adam sighed. "Just like you said."

Scratching his palm the moment they met—how could she not be intense?

"She scratched your hand, didn't she?"

Juno leaned in a little closer, teasing him in a hushed voice.

"Huh?"

Adam was genuinely surprised. How did she notice such a subtle action?

"Don't be so shocked."

Juno smirked. "That's her signature move. She's done it to me too."

"She's always like this?"

Adam couldn't help but ask, "Not even trying to hide it?"

"Remember when you told me that every legendary American figure—good or bad—has a childhood story that explains them?"

Juno chuckled.

"You're saying... she had an unhappy childhood, so that's why she turned out like this?"

Adam was speechless.

"Yep."

Juno nodded and said with a knowing smile, "According to her, that's the case. Her mother is that famous Grey—a renowned powerhouse in the medical world. She divorced Meredith's father and raised her alone.

She was extremely strict with Meredith from a young age, but because of her busy work schedule, she had very little time to actually care for her daughter. Their mother-daughter relationship was terrible, and with no real parental guidance, Meredith naturally developed the personality she has today."

"You don't buy that explanation?"

Adam grinned.

"Not really."

Juno shook her head. "Family background and childhood trauma are only part of the story. In the end, it all comes down to personal choices. Just like you..."

She trailed off, giving Adam a teasing look. "The Duncan family is known for being the picture of happiness. You didn't have any childhood trauma, did you? And yet—you turned out just like Meredith. So, childhood trauma is just an excuse for people who want to justify their behavior."

"..."

Adam twitched.

He actually agreed with Juno's perspective. Childhood trauma definitely played a role, but at the end of the day, the kind of person you became was mostly up to your own choices.

But seriously... why did she have to use him as an example?

He was nothing like Meredith!

After spending the day exploring Harvard, the group headed back.

That evening, there was a banquet, and both Adam and Max needed to get ready.

Inside an apartment near Harvard.

A woman in her twenties sat lazily in front of a vanity mirror, holding a copy of *Lord of the Mysteries* in her hands.

Her eyes lingered on the author's name—Adam Duncan.

"Well, well..."

She murmured to herself, "Who would've thought? That little boy from back then has grown into this... How interesting. Very interesting..."

"Amy!"

An elderly woman's voice called from outside the door. Before the younger woman could respond, the bedroom door swung open.

An elegantly dressed older woman stepped inside.

"Mother," Amy greeted indifferently.

"You haven't started getting ready yet?"

The older woman scolded, "I've told you time and time again—a woman must always maintain her appearance. You are our 'Amazing Amy,' after all."

"Amazing Amy is just a character in a book."

Amy replied coolly, "I'm not her."

"No, you are her."

The older woman approached, placing a hand on Amy's head, her tone firm. "You always have been, and everyone knows it. That's why you must be."

Amy didn't respond. She simply stared at her mother through the mirror.

"Enough nonsense."

The older woman patted Amy's head. "I know you have issues with 'Amazing Amy,' but don't forget—everything you have is because of her. She's like the older sister you never had. You need to protect her reputation. Understand?"

Her stern gaze met Amy's eyes through the mirror.

Amy sighed internally and gave a small nod.

Just as her mother said—everything she had was because of the Amazing Amy books.

Or rather, because of her parents.

She wasn't financially independent. Even if she hated it, she had no choice but to endure.

"Good."

Seeing Amy give in, the older woman smiled in satisfaction. "Now, go put on your makeup and get dressed. I heard there will be a promising young writer from New York at tonight's party. You should get to know him."

"Heh."

Amy chuckled, her voice carrying an unreadable tone. "Oh, I definitely will..."

Chapter 247: Stay Away from Me

Night falls.

The writers' social event organized by Random House is in full swing.

"You guys sure have a lot of parties," MAX quipped, linking arms with Adam. "Do you all just have too much free time?"

"Pretty much," Adam chuckled. "Networking is basically just a bunch of bragging and small talk. Writers often take years to finish a book. The actual writing time is minimal. Most of the time is spent gathering inspiration, collecting material, and structuring plots. And inspiration? Ha!"

"Oh, I know all about that," MAX said sarcastically. "The Muse of artists, right? Only a goddess could provide you with enough inspiration. One goddess, one book—just like you."

Cough.

Adam cleared his throat and sighed. "Why does this always come back to me? Weren't we talking about other people?"

"You're currently publishing *Lord of the Mysteries IV: The Undying*," MAX pointed out, rolling her eyes. "You wrote the first book when you graduated high school. I heard you were obsessed with *Transformers* back then with some girl named Jennifer.

"The second book was written during your freshman year of college. You were supposedly dating a girl named Caroline and doing charity work together.

"The third book took you two years, during your sophomore and junior years, while you were hunting all the time with a girl named Heather.

"And now, you're with me—and you've written the fourth book."

"It's not what you think..."

Adam twitched as he met MAX's knowing gaze. No explanation seemed convincing, so he grumbled, "Was it Karen talking about me behind my back?"

"But is it true?" MAX countered.

"Of course not."

Adam shook his head without hesitation. "It's just a coincidence! Yeah, pure coincidence!"

"You told me that before," MAX teased. "I even remember you quoting an Eastern poem about accidentally wandering into something. Do you really expect me to believe you?"

"This is different."

Adam sighed. "Fine, I admit the past wasn't a coincidence. But this whole Muse thing? That really is. I never even thought about it. Honestly, the entire story of *Lord of the Mysteries* has been in my head for years. I don't need a Muse to inspire me."

"So you're saying I don't inspire you? That I'm not good enough to be your Muse?"

MAX tightened her grip around Adam's arm and playfully wiggled against him.

"Uh..."

Adam suddenly didn't feel like talking anymore.

"Haha."

MAX giggled mischievously.

Adam sighed and muttered, "MAX, you've changed. Be careful or Karen might turn you into a complete troublemaker."

"I play for both teams."

MAX smirked.

"Adam~"

Just as they were joking around, a familiar voice called out. Adam's heart clenched, and he turned toward the sound, silently cursing, *Of course, it's you.*

"Amy."

"Adam, it's been so long."

Amy Dunn's eyes glistened with unspoken emotions.

"Yeah," Adam nodded, but he didn't bother exchanging pleasantries. Instead, he casually pulled MAX in front of him and subtly pressed her waist, signaling her. "This is MAX. MAX, this is my high school classmate, Amy Dunn."

"Nice to meet you," MAX straightened her posture, puffing out her chest slightly, and greeted her with a smile.

"Nice to meet you,"

Amy's smile faltered for a split second as she glanced at MAX with narrowed eyes.

"Just a classmate?"

Amy quickly composed herself and asked in a soft tone.

"And an ex-girlfriend," Adam corrected with a frown. "But unfortunately, I was the one who got dumped."

"I had no choice back then," Amy said, looking regretful. "I was moving away for college, and you had just started high school. Texas and Harvard are so far apart... long-distance relationships are tough."

"You're right."

Adam nodded. "Long-distance relationships are impossible. Not in this lifetime."

He then smiled and asked, "So, how's Boston treating you?"

"It's alright," Amy said, her eyes flickering. "I heard you're studying in New York and publishing **Lord of the Mysteries**. Congratulations! I never expected you to become such a famous writer. New York is a great place. My parents have been thinking about moving there. Looks like they made a good decision."

"That depends," MAX chimed in, puffing her chest out again. "Big cities have their perks, and so do smaller ones. The key is what suits you best. Adam, for instance, prefers things **big**—which is why he's so comfortable in New York."

Damn!

I'm standing right here—do you think I'm invisible?!

Amy's eyes turned ice-cold as she glanced at MAX.

A chill ran down MAX's spine, and she instinctively withdrew her challenging stance.

"Adam, can we talk in private?"

Amy shot MAX a look of dominance before turning back to Adam.

"Alright."

Adam thought about it. He wasn't afraid of her, but it was better to clarify things.

"MAX, wait for me here."

"Mm."

MAX held onto Adam's arm briefly and whispered, "Come back soon."

As Adam and Amy stepped out of the hall into the garden, MAX watched their backs and scoffed at herself.

"Damn! What's wrong with me? I've been through so much—seen everything—and I actually let her intimidate me with just a look? Ugh, that's embarrassing!"

In the Garden

"What do you want?"

Adam got straight to the point, not in the mood for pleasantries.

"I think we should start over," Amy said, gazing at him tenderly. "I made a mistake before, but I can make it up to you. My feelings for you never changed. I believe yours haven't either..."

Adam chuckled, resisting the urge to mock her. Instead, he looked her straight in the eyes and said calmly, "The past is the past. We're adults now. Let's not pretend this is some fairy tale."

"You still blame me."

Amy sighed. "I understand. But I truly believe we're meant to be. Back then, out of all the guys in school, why did I choose you—a freshman four years younger than me? And you just happened to have a talent for writing? That's fate!"

"That wasn't fate, or talent," Adam said, pointing at his own face. "It was because of this."

He narrowed his eyes. "I heard from Juno that you graduated top of your psychology class. And I have a degree in psychology too. So can we cut the mind games? What do you **really** want? A second chance? A backup plan? Some kind of power trip? Sorry, but I'm not interested."

"So you **have** been thinking about me," Amy smirked, her expression shifting.

"You know why I've been paying attention to you?"

Adam's gaze turned cold.

Amy just smiled without responding.

Since she refused to back down, Adam decided to be blunt.

"It's because I want to make sure you stay the hell away from me."

Chapter 248: Write It Down in the Notebook

At the party.

Max stood at a distance, watching the garden.

Before long, he saw the two of them part ways, clearly unhappy.

"How did it go? What did she say?"

Max quickly walked up to Adam.

"She wants to get back together. I said no."

Adam's expression was cold.

"What a bitch!"

Max scoffed, cursing. "Seriously? She has no shame!"

As tall as she was, the woman acted as if Max didn't even exist. That was just infuriating!

"Do you really think she wants to get back together?"

Adam frowned. "She just has a serious control issue."

"No way!"

Max couldn't believe it. "You guys broke up years ago, and she still wants to control you?"

"Sounds crazy, right?"

Adam sighed. "But it's the truth. I even know this guy who's madly in love with her—he's from a wealthy family, completely obsessed. She keeps him hooked with just a few letters every year. If I were a nobody, she probably wouldn't care. But my success? That's not something she can just ignore."

Once in love, forever a backup.

She could dump you, but you had to stay devoted to her forever.

That was Amy's twisted logic.

Of course, most people—men and women alike—had a little bit of that mindset. But Amy? She took it to the extreme.

"Ugh."

Max was speechless that Adam could still be so full of himself at a time like this.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh!"

Adam's eyes lit up as he nodded enthusiastically.

"..."

Max shoved him, frowning. "Come on, be serious. What's your plan? I don't know why, but she freaks me out. She glanced at me, and I felt a chill down my spine. I've never met anyone like her before."

"Stay away from her."

Adam's tone turned serious. "Don't talk to her. Don't even acknowledge her. If you got that feeling, it means you're perceptive—she really is dangerous."

Then, he told Max about how Amy had framed her ex-boyfriend and gotten him sent to prison.

"Holy shit."

Max gasped, a shiver running down his spine. "She's that ruthless?"

"And that's just the tip of the iceberg."

Adam warned, "She's capable of much worse. So, don't interact with her at all. Not even a little. Otherwise, she might decide to target you next."

He had made things clear to Amy earlier, but judging by the look in her eyes, she wasn't backing down that easily.

"What about you?"

Max looked at Adam, worried.

"I'll be fine."

Adam smiled. "I've already warned her—if she tries anything, she'll regret it."

"That's not what I'm worried about."

Max smirked. "I'm worried about your little brother. His self-control isn't exactly top-tier."

"Well, that's your fault."

Adam shot back. "All you do is talk big, but if you were actually persuasive, we wouldn't even have this problem."

As they bantered back and forth, Adam kept an eye on Amy. She stood there, her face expressionless, staring in their direction.

He sighed. He already had a plan in mind.

Meanwhile...

"Amy, was that Adam Duncan just now? Do you know him?"

An elderly couple approached, looking pleased.

"Yes, he was my high school boyfriend."

Amy replied calmly, looking at her parents.

"Oh? That's an interesting connection!"

Her mother's eyes lit up.

"Yep."

Amy smirked. "Pretty fitting for your 'Amazing Amy,' isn't it?"

"You."

Her mother shook her head, smiling along with her husband. "Our Amazing Amy is all grown up. You've won so many awards—maybe it's time to start a relationship. I think Adam Duncan is a good candidate. What do you think?"

"Hmm."

Her father, always cultured and gentle, nodded. "Famous from a young age, talented, good-looking, and childhood friends with you. He has great potential. Definitely worth considering."

Amy's mother beamed, pleased with her idea. "So, what's the tone of this love story? Sweet and innocent? Or tragic and painful?"

Inspired, the couple immediately started discussing the next book in the Amazing Amy series.

Amy herself stood silently at the side, unfazed.

She was used to this.

Since childhood, she had lived in Amazing Amy's shadow.

Her parents turned her life experiences into bestselling books.

When she quit playing the cello at ten, Amazing Amy became a musical prodigy.

When she got cut from the college volleyball team due to poor fitness, Amazing Amy made it onto the team.

She hated dogs, yet Amazing Amy had an inseparable bond with a golden retriever named "Puddle"—because it made her character more relatable to readers.

In the books, Amazing Amy was always a step ahead of her, always better, more perfect, more extraordinary.

And she?

She was just plain, flawed, real-world Amy.

The truth was, she hated Amazing Amy.

But, as her mother reminded her, Amazing Amy was like a big sister to her—the reason she had a house, a trust fund, and everything else.

So she could only hate her in silence.

Publicly, she had to maintain the persona of Amazing Amy's real-life counterpart. She even had to give interviews, sharing "behind-the-scenes" details about Amazing Amy's life—things that never happened, stories either made up by her parents or by herself. The readers loved them.

And now, Amazing Amy was about to steal Adam, too.

Amy turned to look at Adam, who was flirting with Max.

Her eyes went cold.

No one had ever rejected her before.

In her world, no one was allowed to be that extraordinary—except her.

"Amy, tell us about you and Adam Duncan!"

Her mother spoke up again, eager. "I have a feeling this will be an amazing story."

As for their daughter dating in high school? That didn't bother her at all.

After all, Amazing Amy would never date as a teenager. That was their perfect daughter.

Amy chuckled, her expression unreadable.

"Oh, don't worry," she said with a smirk. "This story is going to be very exciting."

But this time, Amazing Amy wouldn't be one step ahead.

This time, she was going to control the narrative.

Because she was the real Amazing Amy.

After the Party

Back at her apartment, Amy soaked in the bathtub, sipping champagne.

Her eyes flickered with countless thoughts.

An hour later, she stepped out, wrapped herself in a robe, and retrieved a notebook from a locked safe.

She began to write:

October 24, 1995 – Boston

"Tonight, I attended a writer's networking party and unexpectedly ran into my high school ex-boyfriend.

He's changed a lot—successful, confident. But just as I was the one to break up with him back then, I feel the same now. If there's no spark, there's no spark. But clearly, he doesn't see it that way..."

Chapter 249: Who Even Keeps a Diary?

On this side—

Miraculous Amy consciously began writing her diary in the form of a novel as a backup.

Her parents were experts in this field.

And they even used her as a model.

Sometimes, she had to cooperate with them.

As a result, having been influenced by them from a young age and personally participating in the process, she developed a unique talent for writing novels.

Moreover, she studied psychology and was an outstanding graduate of Harvard's Psychology Department, giving her an even greater ability to understand people's minds. Applying this skill to writing allowed her to turn fabricated stories into something detailed and realistic.

It was practically a family tradition.

Her parents had also studied psychology. The reason the Miraculous Amy book series remained popular to this day was because of its realistic storytelling and compelling details.

That was why, when Miraculous Amy went to college, her parents had her study psychology.

In the future, the Miraculous Amy book series might be passed down to the real Amy, continuing its legacy.

After all, this was her parents' life's work—and their primary source of enormous income.

Compared to the Miraculous Amy in the books, the real Amy was insignificant in their eyes.

Otherwise, in the original timeline, when Amy faked her disappearance, her parents' reaction at the press conference wouldn't have been so composed—almost as if they were attending a book launch rather than grieving over their missing daughter. It was as if they were hinting that the next installment of the Miraculous Amy series was already in the works—"Stay tuned!"

Tonight's reunion and Adam's attitude made her furious.

She was a person with an extremely strong sense of control and possessiveness—her thirst for revenge was even stronger.

If someone badmouthed her, she wouldn't hesitate to secretly spit in their drink.

When her husband cheated, she framed him by attempting suicide—not as an empty threat, but as a real plan to end her life.

And now, Adam—the man who once longed for her, only to be dumped by her initiative—dared to treat her this way after she expressed interest in rekindling their relationship?

Unacceptable.

Revenge it is!

And this diary was just the beginning...

On the other side—

Adam returned to Juno's apartment. After his usual banter with Max, he got up and went to the living room once Max had fallen into a deep sleep.

Standing by the window, he gazed outside for a long time before finally turning on his old 286 desktop computer and starting to type.

Tap tap tap!

"You're writing again? Didn't you just publish a new book?"

Juno, who had somehow appeared behind him without him noticing, leaned in close and glanced at his screen.

"Gone Girl"? A new book?"

"Something like that."

Adam responded casually, his fingers never stopping their rhythm on the keyboard.

Juno didn't say anything else. She turned to make him a cup of tea, placed it on the desk, then sat beside him, silently watching him type.

He hadn't read the original novel; instead, he was drafting an outline based on the movie, roughly sketching out key plot points. So, for now, the word count was relatively low.

One hour later—

"This is your prediction?"

Juno had read everything from start to finish. The movie *Gone Girl* played vividly in her mind, and she immediately grasped Adam's intention.

"You're afraid she might use the same method to take revenge on you, so you want to expose it in advance?"

"Exactly."

Adam didn't hide anything.

"If my guess is right, and she really goes through with this, her greatest advantage would be the element of surprise and her *suicidal-level determination.*"

She was a woman—a beautiful woman. In the eyes of the world, she was automatically seen as the weaker party. If something happened, public opinion would instinctively side with her.

After all, no one would ever suspect that she was the true perpetrator.

That's how her ex-boyfriend got framed—falsely accused of being a rapist.

That's how she set up her cheating husband—fabricating an intricate web of evidence. Though there were flaws in her plan, the sheer amount of apparent proof made it impossible for anyone to believe he was innocent.

In the U.S. jury system, as long as you can convince the jurors, even a criminal can walk free.

And Miraculous Amy's meticulous schemes were more than enough to make a jury—who weren't professional detectives—believe her husband was guilty beyond a doubt.

On top of that, she deliberately presented herself as a pregnant woman. With the inevitable involvement of feminist groups and child protection organizations, public sentiment would overwhelmingly be in her favor.

Given how aggressively those groups fight, the media frenzy would be unstoppable.

Even if law enforcement suspected something was wrong, the pressure from public opinion would force them to turn a blind eye and close the case quickly.

That was why, after abandoning her initial suicide plan, Miraculous Amy dared to kill the loyal "friend-zoned" guy who helped her, return home covered in blood, and ultimately manipulate her husband—who knew the truth—into obedient submission.

Her entire family were experts at manipulating public perception.

But if Adam published *Gone Girl* and ignited a media storm first, cutting off her ability to catch him off guard, control the narrative, and plant evidence, then her threat to him would be greatly diminished.

"If she really is as vengeful as you describe..."

Juno murmured, "Even if you block most of her methods, she could still find ways to attack you."

"There's a saying—'A thief has a thousand days to plot, but a victim only has one day to defend.'"

Adam chuckled.

"I know. But this is the best I can do for now. Don't worry—things haven't escalated to that level yet. This is all just speculation. She might not even take things that far."

Juno smirked.

Then she shoved Adam aside, took over the computer, and started typing.

"Let me help you add some details about her psychological activities."

"Fantastic!"

Adam's eyes lit up, and he clapped his hands excitedly.

"You're a woman, and a master of psychological manipulation. You'll capture her mindset perfectly—it'll make the story even more chilling."

Juno didn't reply. Instead, she focused on adding layers of Miraculous Amy's twisted psychology at every key plot point.

Of course, in *Gone Girl*, the protagonist's name wouldn't be Miraculous Amy—they made slight adjustments.

As Adam read through Juno's additions, he couldn't help but shiver.

Even though he already knew the story, her descriptions brought Miraculous Amy's psychopathy to life in such a vivid, bone-chilling way.

The two worked tirelessly until 3 AM, fleshing out the story significantly.

It was still just a detailed outline for now—after all, a few tens of thousands of words weren't enough to fully capture the intricate twists and turns of the plot.

Adam also added his own interpretations.

For example, in the original story, Miraculous Amy's diary, which detailed how her husband had "abused" her, was found by the police and became key evidence proving he had killed her.

Adam had the detective in his book say:

"Who even keeps a diary? Who actually writes down their deepest thoughts? And if they do, is it really their unfiltered truth? Of course not—it's always edited to make themselves look better."

"And why was that diary burned just enough to be discovered? Why did the remaining pages contain conveniently placed 'clues' like a scavenger hunt? That's way too suspicious."

Chapter 250: She Won't**

3:00 AM.

Inside the apartment.

"After you finish writing it, don't rush to send it out. Let me take another look first."

Juno smiled and said, "Let's try to tone down any personal bias in the text as much as possible. Otherwise, you might get warnings from feminists, and they may even think you did it on purpose."

"Alright."

Adam naturally had no objections.

When it came to attention to detail, Juno completely outmatched him.

And she wasn't speaking without reason.

In American TV shows, copycat crimes based on detailed descriptions from books were practically a favorite pastime of deranged criminals.

Who knows? Someone might even accuse you of premeditating a crime just to use it as a way to escape punishment.

Of course, that possibility was unlikely, as there were many logical flaws in such an argument.

But compared to the benefit of publishing a book that would preemptively expose Amy's methods, limiting her options and preventing the public and jury members from blindly believing only one narrative, such suspicions were hardly worth mentioning.

The timing was also crucial.

The earlier the book was released, the better.

If it was published only after an incident occurred, people would assume it was a made-to-order novel, greatly diminishing its credibility.

But releasing it in advance—stirring up public debate and shocking people's perceptions—would plant a subconscious idea in everyone's minds. Then, if a lawsuit arose, referencing the book would lend immense credibility to the defense.

After all, it would have already become "common knowledge."

"Actually, you're right. There's no need to worry too much."

Juno skimmed through the manuscript again and smiled. "The reason Amy was so ruthless in the book, willing to stake her own life in a suicide attack, was because she had nothing left to lose."

"Exactly."

Adam nodded.

In the movie, Amazing Amy was terrifying, but her husband wasn't exactly an innocent victim either.

As a struggling writer, he had managed—thanks to his good looks and eloquence—to marry Amy despite her parents' objections.

At first, everything was great. Spontaneous moments of passion and thrilling holiday surprises kept Amy deeply intoxicated with happiness.

But when her mother-in-law fell ill, she and her husband moved back to his hometown, and the illusion of love began to crumble.

First, her husband had a twin sister. To Amy, their relationship seemed more than just sibling closeness—it felt uncomfortably like soulmates.

Before, he used to share everything with her—or at least, she thought he did.

But after they moved, he spoke to her less and less, while spending more time confiding in his sister.

Then, he used her money to open a bar with his sister.

He was a washed-up writer who couldn't even produce a decent book—what did he know about running a bar?

As expected, the bar barely made any money.

Instead, he spent most nights there, sitting around for hours.

Then came the financial crisis.

Both of them lost their jobs, and even her parents ran into financial trouble. She had to dip into her trust fund to help them out.

But this infuriated her husband.

To him, that trust fund was theirs. Now that neither of them had jobs, their lifestyle depended on it—how could she waste it on her parents?

Of course, the trust fund was legally hers, so he couldn't openly object.

Instead, he found another way to retaliate—by splurging on expensive gaming consoles and other luxury items, blatantly telling her:

"If your parents are going to spend the money, I might as well spend it first."

Amy's personality made her tolerate all of this. Her upbringing had conditioned her to endure until she reached her breaking point. She simply kept track of everything, waiting for the right moment to settle the score.

And that moment inevitably came.

On their anniversary, she decided to set aside her dislike for his sister and visit the bar, hoping to celebrate with her husband as they always did, with their usual elaborate games.

But he had long grown tired of those games.

In fact, the moment he married her, he had started resenting these complicated "childish" rituals.

And at that very moment, he was in the midst of an affair.

Now teaching literature at a university, with his Batman-like good looks, literary charm, and the same smooth-talking skills that had once won over Amy, he had become a dreamboat for many female students.

One particularly attractive student admired him immensely.

Predictably, they started an affair.

At that moment, his mind was completely preoccupied with his beautiful young lover. He had completely forgotten that his wife was waiting at home, expecting their annual anniversary surprise.

Then, out in the snow, he and his student recreated one of the most romantic moments he had once shared with Amy.

Amy, who had long suspected something, caught them red-handed.

And with that, she had the catalyst she needed.

That's right.

With her intelligence, how could she not notice the changes in her husband's behavior once he stopped trying to please her?

She had already realized she was in a hopeless situation—losing both love and money.

All she needed was a trigger to set her plan into motion.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have gone to that bar she despised so much.

And because her husband was certain she would never come, he had no qualms about openly making out with his student outside the bar, even reenacting their special moment.

Amy thought to herself: "I endured and endured, but this time... since you've personally buried what was once unique between us, you're asking for it."

So, she turned and left, officially executing the plan she had been meticulously preparing for months.

That's right.

Her scheme wasn't a spur-of-the-moment reaction—it was a carefully orchestrated revenge.

After her husband started spending her money without permission, she manipulated him into signing a massive life insurance policy with her as the beneficiary.

Then, she secretly used his identity to purchase expensive luxury items and hid them.

In a town where she had no friends, she deliberately befriended a pregnant neighbor, using psychological manipulation to make the woman believe they were best friends. She even tricked her into using her pregnancy test, making her think Amy was also expecting. At the same time, she subtly suggested that her husband had violent tendencies, ensuring that once things escalated, the "best friend" would unknowingly reinforce her narrative.

She spent countless hours writing a meticulously fabricated diary, detailing how her husband abused her and was plotting to harm her to minimize his divorce settlement. She even staged moments of fear, including a visit to buy a gun.

On their anniversary, after witnessing the betrayal she needed, she staged a "murder scene" at home—designed to look like a premeditated crime, carefully cleaned but leaving just enough evidence for forensic experts to "prove" her husband's guilt.

Then, she disappeared, planning to kill herself in a distant place to ensure his downfall.

This ruthless, suicidal revenge was only possible because she had nothing left to lose. Before that, she endured everything in silence, methodically setting up her payback.

Now, though, she was still wealthy. She had fame, money, and a comfortable life.

Even if she had a strong desire for control and revenge against Adam, at most, she would plot in the shadows. She wouldn't go so far as to destroy herself in the process.

And without such extreme measures, her ability to harm Adam was quite limited.

"It's getting late. Go get some rest," Juno said, yawning.

"Yeah, you too. Let's skip breakfast tomorrow and just have lunch. After that, we'll take a stroll and head back to New York."

Adam stretched and went to his bedroom to sleep.

Juno shook off her yawn, sat back down at the computer, and stared at the manuscript, deep in thought...