

TV Show 251

Chapter 251: The Knocking Little Red Riding Hood

The next day.

Weekend.

After spending most of the night analyzing and researching with Juno, the pressure brought by Amazing Amy had significantly lessened. As a result, the motivation to pull an all-nighter writing spree had also diminished.

After some calculations, based on the expanded outline Juno had provided, the novel *The Disappearing Lover* would be around 400,000 to 500,000 words long.

At a pace of 10,000 words per day, it could be completed in about a month and a half.

In movies, revenge often seems swift and intense because they skip over the long stretches of time—sometimes seasons or even years—between events.

Even if Amazing Amy wanted to take revenge on him, she would still need time to set everything up. It wasn't something she could accomplish in just a month or two.

So, there was still plenty of time.

Based on the analysis with Juno, no matter how Amazing Amy planned to retaliate, further contact with him was inevitable.

With this warning in mind, the next time Amazing Amy appeared in his sight would be the moment he needed to be on full alert.

Having figured this out, when Max woke up early and started messing with him, Adam dragged her into a morning workout session. Afterward, they both went back to sleep, not waking up again until after ten.

After freshening up, the four of them went out to a restaurant for a famous brunch.

Apparently, this was a specialty of affluent areas.

The more prosperous a place was, the livelier its nightlife, meaning people stayed up later. Many partied until the early morning.

Early to bed and early to rise? Not here.

When sleep is that good, breakfast doesn't stand a chance.

By the time they woke up, breakfast was long over, but lunch was still a while away. With their stomachs growling, they decided to eat anyway.

And so, this neither-breakfast-nor-lunch meal evolved into brunch.

Beyond being a regional trend, brunch was also perfect for couples.

Couples often exhausted themselves from... late-night activities. Staying in bed was practically a tradition. The younger they were and the deeper into the honeymoon phase, the more pronounced this habit became.

Why?

Because they were tired.

Adam remembered that back in college, when his girlfriend lived in a neighboring city, every time they met, they would hole up in a hotel room all weekend.

Plans to go out? Just talk. In reality, they couldn't be bothered.

A simple walk around campus counted as an outing.

A stroll in the park? Maybe once a month at best.

Back then, brunch wasn't really a concept. They'd just snack on something to hold them over until lunchtime.

Now, his life with Max felt a lot like those college days. Nostalgic, in a way.

These two factors combined meant that young, urban couples in love had become the main consumers of brunch.

And this group just so happened to be the most willing to spend money.

Because of this, more and more restaurants in big cities started offering brunch services.

Some places even became famous solely for their brunch.

These spots weren't ideal for solo dining—unless you wanted to be surrounded by sickeningly sweet couples.

Take Matthew, for example, a senior at Columbia. His favorite thing was having brunch with Lily. They were so in love that waking up early was impossible.

After they broke up, Matthew tried going back to their favorite brunch spot alone.

Hearing the waiter ask, "Table for one?" felt like a dagger to his heart. The sight of all the couples around him stung even more.

But brunch had become a habit, and he loved that restaurant's food. Eventually, he roped in a buddy to go with him—risking potential misunderstandings—just so he wouldn't have to eat there alone.

For Adam and his group of four—two couples—brunch was a non-issue.

After they ate, Adam wasn't particularly interested in exploring Boston further. They wandered around briefly before he and Max caught a flight back to New York.

Juno and Karen dropped them off at the airport.

On the Plane

"Juno and Karen are really great people," Max remarked as she settled into her seat.

"Hey!" Adam feigned outrage. "I'm right here!"

"Are you worried they'll turn me gay?" Max chuckled. "Relax, if that was going to happen, it would've happened already. It's not like I haven't been with women before."

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched, momentarily speechless.

Max's past had always been a mystery. Adam only knew that it was something she didn't like to talk about, so he never asked—he didn't want to reopen old wounds.

Some scars could heal, like Chandler's childhood trauma.

But some wounds never closed; they could only be buried deep and left untouched—like Max's past.

Max often made offhanded comments about her experiences, but it was hard to tell how much was true. One thing was certain: these jaw-dropping stories weren't all made up.

Some she might have just heard about, but most were probably things she had lived through herself.

So even though Adam was dying to gossip about the woman who had tried to "turn" Max, he held back.

At the Dunn Household

"Dad, Mom, I think your idea of moving to New York is a great one," Amazing Amy said with a smile.

"Boston is a cultural hub, sure, but it's nothing compared to New York, the economic and cultural capital. The Dunn family deserves a bigger stage."

"You've finally come around," her mother said approvingly. "Your father and I have actually been preparing for this for a while. Since you agree, then let's officially make our move to New York."

Amazing Amy ignored the fact that her parents had never actually cared about her opinion on the matter. She simply smiled and nodded.

"Looks like love is in the air," her mother said knowingly, giving Amy a teasing look. "Is it that handsome young man, Adam Duncan? Has he stolen our little girl's heart?"

Before Amazing Amy could respond, her mother had already made up her mind.

"Go for it! Your father and I support you. Have a beautiful romance, and don't forget to share all the juicy details with us."

It was obvious—she didn't actually care about her daughter's happiness. She just wanted more firsthand material to enrich the story of her real daughter: the Amazing Amy in her books.

"You won't be disappointed," Amazing Amy said softly, her eyes glinting.

Two Weeks Later

Late at night.

After yet another farewell party, Amazing Amy strutted through an empty parking garage in her high heels.

She had just gotten into her car when—

Knock, knock, knock!

The sudden rapping on her window made her jump.

She turned to see two figures dressed in red standing outside, smiling at her through the glass...

Chapter 252: Fortune Favors the Bold

"Whew!"

Amy the Amazing was startled. She took a closer look, recognized the visitors, and patted her chest in relief. "Oh, it's Juno and Karen. You scared me."

"Hey, Amy! Good evening!"

Juno waved with a bright smile.

"What are you two doing here?"

As Amy rolled down her car window, she casually asked the question.

"Just hanging out," Juno replied with a grin. "Mind giving us a ride?"

"Huh?"

Amy frowned slightly. "I don't think we're going in the same direction."

"Come on, please?"

Juno clasped her hands together, pleading.

"Alright."

Amy couldn't resist Juno's slightly playful expression. They had been high school classmates and were now in the same university. Plus, Juno seemed to be good friends with Adam. Thinking of that, Amy hesitated for a moment but then nodded with a smile.

"Thanks! Really, thanks a lot."

Juno expressed her gratitude repeatedly and pulled Karen into the car. Juno took the front passenger seat while Karen sat in the back.

The car slowly exited the parking lot and headed toward Juno's apartment.

"So... you two are really inseparable, huh?"

Amy glanced at Karen in the rearview mirror, then looked at Juno. She couldn't help but chuckle.

"Matching outfits? Even this late at night?"

Juno and Karen were always together, and they were both top-tier beauties. No matter how low-key they tried to be, they stood out like a full moon in the night sky—impossible to ignore.

Their unconventional presence made them legendary figures on campus.

"Heh."

Juno laughed. "Love is all about fate. Back in the day, you and Adam were way more dramatic than Karen and me—one was the famous senior-year beauty, the other the most handsome underclassman. Do you know how many people envied you two?"

"Adam..."

Amy murmured his name, a nostalgic look flashing in her eyes. "We did have a wonderful past, but..."

She hesitated for a second before her gaze sharpened. "He seems pretty happy with that Max now, huh?"

"You mean Max?"

Juno waved dismissively. "He's just fooling around. You have no idea—ever since you dumped him, he completely spiraled into being a player. Over the years, he's never been serious about any relationship. He changes girlfriends every few months. Max won't last long either."

"Is that so?"

Amy's lips curled up slightly. "Looks like breaking up with him really hit him hard. I guess that's my fault."

"It wasn't all because of you."

Juno shook her head. "A few years ago, he did have one serious girlfriend. She had a big impact on him."

"Who was she?"

Amy's voice instantly turned cold.

"Her name was Heather," Juno said with a smirk. "Not only was she gorgeous, but her figure was unbelievable. Adam was crazy about her. Unfortunately, she had to go back to Texas to inherit her family's ranch. But honestly, I think they have a good chance of getting back together in the future."

Amy fell silent. An icy aura surrounded her, making it clear that no one—friend or stranger—should approach.

Juno glanced at her but said nothing more.

The air inside the car suddenly became tense.

"Stop here for a second."

Juno's voice broke the silence.

"Here?"

Amy instinctively slowed down and pulled over, looking around at the long, empty road in confusion. "There's nothing here."

"Yep, here!"

Juno beamed. "By the way, Amy, do you want to meet Heather? We can take you to see her."

Amy parked the car and gave Juno a puzzled look.

"Why would I want to see her?" she thought.

Before she could react, a cloth covered her mouth and nose. A strange scent rushed into her nostrils. Panic set in, but before she could figure out what was happening—she blacked out...

New York

Ross and Rachel's drama had finally come to an end.

Everyone could finally enjoy some peace and quiet.

To celebrate, the group decided to throw a dinner party.

That's when they heard something shocking.

"Pfft!"

Adam spat out his drink in disbelief. He coughed uncontrollably as he looked at Phoebe in shock.
"What?!"

"I'm having Frank Jr.'s baby," Phoebe said casually, tilting her head.

"If I remember correctly, Frank Jr. is your half-brother, right?"

Adam raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah."

Phoebe nodded, completely unfazed. "Isn't it sweet?"

"..."

Everyone fell silent.

"Phoebe! That's unethical!"

Monica exclaimed.

"And illegal!"

Adam added.

His memory was a little hazy, and he'd been busy writing *Gone Girl* lately, so he wasn't sure if this had really happened. But his first reaction was pure shock.

This was America, not Germany!

"Oh, no! It's not what you think."

Phoebe finally realized the misunderstanding and waved her hands. "The baby isn't mine and Frank Jr.'s. It's for him and Alice."

"So?"

Adam raised an eyebrow. "That's only slightly less shocking. Are you sure about this?"

"I'm Frank Jr.'s sister," Phoebe said seriously. "Even though we didn't grow up together, I love having him as a brother. Since I can't afford an expensive wedding gift, I figured this would be the perfect present."

"He still likes visiting massage parlors, you know."

Adam scoffed. "Back then, you tried to stop him, right? He was what, a teenager? He just acts on impulse. As his sister, you should be guiding him, not enabling him by having his kid!"

"He doesn't listen to me," Phoebe said helplessly. "I tried to stop him from marrying Alice too, but that didn't work either."

"Alice was just his home economics teacher, 26 years older than him. Sure, it's legal, but..."

Adam shook his head. "To be blunt, their relationship started fast, and it'll probably end fast. There's no real foundation there."

"Yeah," Monica agreed. "And you being his sister just makes this feel even weirder."

Phoebe shrugged. "As his sister, shouldn't I help him?"

"That's exactly why you shouldn't do this."

Adam tried to reason with her. "Frank Jr. just turned 18. He doesn't know anything about life yet. Right now, this seems exciting to him—like a fun idea. But having a child is easy; raising one is hard.

Do you really think he can handle it? If he can't, it'll just turn into another tragic situation—a kid growing up without a stable family.

Even if he somehow manages, he'll pay a huge price. His whole life will be tied down, struggling to support a kid with no real future ahead of him.

Sure, he and Alice might be happy for a year, two years, maybe even five. But do you really think they'll stay in love forever? When he's in his thirties, Alice will be in her sixties.

That's the reality.

Think about it—every time they visit us, what's the most noticeable thing about them? They can't keep their hands off each other!

That tells you their relationship is built on passion and chemistry.

When Alice turns sixty, do you think he'll still be all over her like this?

You're making a huge sacrifice for the sake of his impulsive decision. At best, you'll make him happy for a short time—but at worst, you'll set him up for a lifetime of regret.

Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

Chapter 253: Where is the Amazing Amy?

New York.

Apartment 520.

"What should I do then?"

Phoebe hesitated after hearing Adam's words.

Her life had been full of drama—her biological father abandoned her, her stepmother committed suicide, her biological mother left her, and her stepfather went to prison. Her twin sister ignored her, and she ended up homeless as a teenager.

If this were a novel, she'd have the perfect tragic backstory for a main character.

But unfortunately, she wasn't the main character.

After much effort, she finally found her biological father's new family, but the only one who acknowledged her was her eccentric and unreliable younger brother. She desperately wanted to be good to him, but she couldn't stop him from marrying a housekeeper he had just met—who was twenty-six years older than him.

And now, she couldn't bring herself to reject his ridiculous request—he wanted her to be his surrogate.

The biggest reason wasn't just that she was already pregnant and could only go along with it, but rather that she was too eager to please this strange younger brother.

Because he was the only blood relative who was willing to be close to her.

Her biological parents and twin sister didn't care about her at all. They weren't even willing to go through the motions of occasional meetups or greetings.

In comparison, it was easy to see why she had no boundaries when it came to her brother.

"Of course, you should refuse him."

Adam said without hesitation, "I remember he's in community college right now, right? Tell him to focus on his studies, get a good job in the future, and if he still wants a child then, you can help him raise money for a surrogate instead of doing it yourself."

"He won't agree to that," Phoebe said, conflicted. "And Alice's age is also a problem."

"It's not that serious," Adam scoffed. "Give it a year. If there's really no time, delay it for another year—what's the big deal? Plus, that gives them more time to save money. You should start by convincing his housekeeper-turned-wife. She's the one leading this relationship. If she agrees, your brother will absolutely listen to her—students are always afraid of their teachers."

"What if she doesn't agree?" Phoebe was tempted by the idea.

Truthfully, even she felt that the surrogacy idea was absurd.

"If she won't even agree to that, then there's already a huge issue with her marrying and wanting a child with an eighteen-year-old student."

Adam analyzed, "If she doesn't care about your brother's future, does she really love him?"

"Yeah, exactly!"

Monica added, "She's a teacher—she should at least understand something as basic as this."

"In my opinion, why are they even having a child?"

Chandler mocked, "Isn't your brother already her 'child'? Raising one isn't enough? If they have the time and money, they should focus on helping your brother grow. A well-raised husband is basically the same as having a child, plus they get a great life without sacrificing anything—win-win!"

"Brilliant idea!"

Adam praised. "Phoebe, Chandler's suggestion is actually really good. Instead of surrogacy, you can propose this alternative. Your brother is only eighteen—he's still a kid himself! If she understands and focuses on supporting him, it'll be beneficial for you, your brother, and even her!"

"This is perfect!"

Phoebe finally snapped out of her confusion. She clapped her hands excitedly. "This plan is great! I'm going to talk to them right now!"

She turned and started heading out.

"Phoebe!"

Adam called out, stopping her. "Make sure you never bring up surrogacy again. They only have two choices: either wait or focus on supporting your brother. You need to be firm on this."

"I will," Phoebe said happily.

"You better."

Adam wasn't too optimistic, so he teased, "Otherwise, if you end up carrying quintuplets, that would be terrifying."

"What?!"

Everyone shouted in unison.

"You guys don't know?"

Adam explained, "Surrogacy procedures aren't cheap. With your brother and his wife's income, they could only afford one attempt. But the success rate of embryo implantation is only 25%, so doctors often implant multiple embryos at once. If you're unlucky and all five take, you'll have quintuplets."

"OMG!"

Monica gasped. "Phoebe, you absolutely cannot do this. Carrying one baby is already hard enough—having five could be life-threatening!"

"And it wouldn't just be hard on you."

Adam added, "They wouldn't be able to handle it either. Raising one child might be fulfilling, but raising multiple—especially five—would be absolute chaos. It wouldn't be helping your brother; it would be harming everyone involved."

"I'm not doing surrogacy anymore!"

Phoebe imagined herself with a belly full of quintuplets and was so horrified that she screamed.

"Adam, maybe we should go with Phoebe?"

Monica suggested, "I don't feel confident about her handling this alone. You might have to be the one to convince them."

"Alright."

Adam thought about it and didn't refuse.

Even though Phoebe wasn't a core member of his friend group, she had helped Adam earn 20 strength points in the past. With such a big issue at stake, he had no reason to stand by and do nothing.

So, Adam, Phoebe, and Monica set off to find Phoebe's unreliable younger brother.

Meanwhile...

The unconscious Amazing Amy slowly opened her eyes. The harsh glare of bright lights made her instinctively shut them again before cautiously reopening them.

"Am I in a hospital?"

The medical examination light above her made that seem like the most logical explanation.

But then—what had happened?

How did she pass out?

Someone had covered her nose and mouth—no, wait!

A terrifying realization struck her as she remembered what had happened before losing consciousness.

She tried to move, but her entire body was paralyzed. Fear gripped her instantly.

"You're awake."

A familiar face appeared in her line of sight. It was Juno.

"Where am I? What happened to me?"

Amazing Amy asked urgently.

"You don't remember?"

Juno smiled.

"I just remember someone covering my nose and mouth..."

Amy's voice trailed off as she looked at Juno suspiciously.

She clearly remembered that Karen had been in the back seat with her when it happened. They had been in the car—so unless Karen did it, no one else could have.

Juno didn't deny anything. She simply smiled and said, "Think harder."

A chill ran down Amy's spine.

Juno hadn't directly admitted it, but her reaction said it all—she and Karen had done this.

But why?

They had no reason to harm her... unless...

"Adam?"

As a top graduate of Harvard's psychology department, Amazing Amy wasn't stupid. She immediately thought of the most likely reason.

"I'd like you to meet someone."

Juno remained evasive, still smiling as she pulled someone forward. "Guess who she is?"

"Heather?"

Amy's eyes widened. Based on the woman's stunning beauty and overwhelming presence, combined with Juno's strange invitation before she passed out, she immediately guessed the truth.

And with that realization, her fear deepened.

Were they in Texas?

How long had she been unconscious?

What exactly did Juno and her group want from her?

Chapter 254: You Wouldn't Dare

"See? Your traits are just too obvious. Just a mention, and anyone can recognize you."

Juno teased, "That's not so great, is it?"

There's a reason why the assassin world ranks A-level at the top, while D, E, F, and G-levels are considered insignificant. Concealment is also a talent.

"So, you're the one trying to cling to Adam?"

Heather ignored Juno's teasing and coldly looked down at Amazing Amy.

At this moment, she was no longer the fragile woman who used to be shaken to her core by a scumbag ex-boyfriend and a backstabbing best friend.

After surviving the Chainsaw Carnival, rekindling a bit of the Sawyer family's madness, and spending so much time with her cousin Leatherface, she had truly become a ruthless cowgirl.

Her beautiful blue eyes locked onto Amy, exuding an intense pressure.

"No."

Amazing Amy was startled and quickly denied it, "I just ran into him by coincidence. We were just catching up. Please, don't get the wrong idea."

"That's not what Adam said."

Juno laughed, "He said you wanted to get back together, and he turned you down. But now you're planning to move to New York? If that's not clinging, then what is?"

"Oh my God! How is that clinging?"

Amazing Amy feigned grievance, "I did want to get back together, but after he turned me down, I let it go. I'm moving to New York because my parents have been planning it for a while. I'm just following them. It's not about chasing Adam."

"So, we misunderstood you?"

Juno's 'expression changed.'

"Yes!"

Amazing Amy hurriedly explained, "I broke up with him, not the other way around. Why would I cling to him?"

"But things have already come this far..."

Juno hesitated.

"Just kill her," Karen said coldly, "There's no turning back."

"No!"

Amazing Amy screamed in terror, "This is all a misunderstanding! We can pretend this never happened! I swear I won't say a word!"

"I don't believe her," Karen said icily.

"I agree," Heather nodded. "Since things have come this far, we should end it once and for all."

"No!"

Amazing Amy shouted, "If you kill me, the police will find out."

"No, they really won't."

Juno kindly explained, "You've been attending farewell parties lately, and the last one was your final one. All your friends in Boston think you've already left."

As for your parents, they're in New York, and they don't seem to care about you much. They haven't contacted you even once in over two weeks."

Once this gap in time passes, no one will know where you went."

The American police aren't as sharp and efficient as they're portrayed in sponsored TV shows. It'll likely turn into a cold case, or they'll assume you ran away because you couldn't stand your parents' control."

Your parents might even capitalize on it and release another book in the 'Amazing Amy' series."

Amazing Amy's face grew paler with every word Juno spoke.

She realized that Juno came prepared—she'd probably been watching her for a while.

And considering how they chose a quiet night to strike, knocking her out without any struggle, the chances of anyone noticing were almost zero.

If she disappeared now, no one would even know.

And as time passed, the already scarce clues would vanish completely. Who could figure it out?

If American police were that good, there wouldn't be so many unsolved serial killer cases, let alone the few that ever get solved.

Every year, a staggering number of people go missing due to all sorts of reasons—running away, human trafficking, imprisonment in basements, murder, and so on.

Every few years, mass graves are discovered somewhere—in forests, oceans, walls, you name it. It causes a public uproar and becomes the talk of the nation.

Most of these victims are never identified.

Of course, Amy visited the dentist frequently, so she had dental records. If they eventually found her remains, they could identify her, but what good would that do?

Besides, she always looked down on American law enforcement.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to scheme against everyone, filled with contempt even in her inner monologues.

Not to mention that after the incident, she had the audacity to alter her plans at the last minute—risking everything to kill someone, then returning to face everyone.

She remained calm under questioning from countless officers, even when a female detective noticed flaws in her story. She coolly deflected with a few words, forcing the detective to let her go despite her suspicions.

Of course, this was yet to happen.

But she had the nerve to scheme against her ex-boyfriend and succeeded.

To say she had any respect for American law enforcement would be a joke.

Now, that same arrogance was causing her immense fear.

At this moment, she desperately wished American police were a bit more competent.

She got away with breaking the law before, facing no consequences.

But now, Juno and the others had meticulously planned everything, acted efficiently, and were ready to kill her without hesitation—far crueler than she could ever be.

Expecting them to get caught?

That would be far too naive.

She had everything anyone could want, but right now, she didn't want to die!

There is great terror between life and death.

If she hadn't been injected with muscle relaxants and sedatives, rendering her limp and paralyzed, she would've been trembling uncontrollably by now.

"Sigh, what a pity,"

Juno sighed, "I actually wanted to be good friends with you."

"She must die!"

Karen's tone grew even colder.

"Right! Who knows if she's lying? Women are the best liars, and she's a psychology expert. She's even better at lying."

Heather picked up a small electric chainsaw. The moment she flipped the switch, it buzzed loudly, emitting a terrifying noise.

"I'm not lying!"

Even the sedatives couldn't stop tears from streaming down Amy's face.

The thought of a chainsaw cutting into her was horrifying and excruciating!

"Really?"

Juno leaned in close, locking eyes with Amazing Amy, "Are you sure?"

Boom!

Amazing Amy suddenly realized something. Her face went pale, then quickly regained color as the terror in her eyes faded, replaced by calmness.

Her mind raced, and her training as a top Harvard psychology graduate kicked in.

If they truly intended to kill her, why waste time talking?

And killing someone isn't that easy.

If they really wanted her dead, they would've made her unconscious first to make it easier.

They were just trying to scare her!

To make her submit!

Maybe Juno was even trying to manipulate her—playing a psychological game.

Well, two can play that game.

She held a trump card, a guaranteed way to win no matter what they did.

With this realization, she fully regained her composure, even letting a faint smile curl at her lips.

"You wouldn't dare!"

Chapter 255: Who Do You Think We Are?

"Not daring?"

Faced with Amy the Amazing's confidence, Juno and Heather exchanged a glance and smiled.

"Karen."

Juno called out.

"Got it."

Karen understood immediately and stepped forward to raise the head of Amy the Amazing's hospital bed, allowing her to see the entire room.

Amy the Amazing's eyes narrowed as she took in the scene—a surgical table with a large deer lying on it.

"Heather."

Juno nodded at Heather.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Heather nodded back, pulled the cord on a small electric chainsaw, and started it up. She flashed a bright smile at Amy the Amazing before raising the chainsaw and cutting off one of the deer's legs.

"Ahhh!!!"

The gruesome sight made Amy the Amazing scream involuntarily. "You're trying to scare me! You're trying to scare me! I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid!"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The sound of the chainsaw was the only response she got.

There's a reason the Texas Chainsaw Massacre series remains a classic in the horror genre—it has a unique, enduring appeal.

American audiences don't care much for the eerie horror style of the East. Instead, they have a particular love for over-the-top gore. The more blood splattered everywhere, the louder the inevitable screams.

Heather had planned to keep her cousin, Leatherface, locked in the underground wine cellar for the rest of his life, preventing him from killing again. But aside from eating and sleeping, Leatherface had an uncontrollable thirst for blood.

To keep him calm, Heather would regularly buy or hunt animals, allowing him to unleash his urges.

Growing up in a slaughterhouse herself, she had become an expert at dismembering animals with a chainsaw over the years.

Now, as she casually displayed her skill, Amy the Amazing initially just screamed but held firm. However, as things became bloodier, she quickly broke down.

"You can't kill me! If I die, Adam is finished too!!!"

Juno raised a hand, and Heather immediately stopped the chainsaw.

"What do you mean?"

"You can't kill me! If I die, Adam is finished too!!!"

Amy the Amazing kept repeating the same sentence, screaming it over and over, even though Heather had already stopped. She shouted it four or five more times before finally realizing that Juno and the others were simply watching her.

"You don't dare to kill me!"

Feeling as though she had escaped death, Amy the Amazing exclaimed excitedly, "If I die, Adam is finished too! I have important evidence! The police will definitely go after Adam, and from there, they'll trace everything back to you! I'm famous! Public pressure will force them to solve the case! You don't dare to kill me! Hahaha!"

Juno calmly let her finish her outburst, waiting until she had regained her confidence before speaking leisurely.

"October 24, 1995. Boston. There was a writer's networking event that evening. I went, and unexpectedly ran into my high school ex-boyfriend.

Though he had changed a lot and looked successful now, just as I had taken the initiative to break up back then, I still felt nothing for him. No feelings are no feelings. But clearly, he didn't think the same way..."

"No!!!"

Hearing this, Amy the Amazing's face turned deathly pale as she let out a desperate scream.

"Who do you think we are?"

Juno picked up a diary from the table, walked over to Amy the Amazing, and patted the book lightly with a sigh.

"A bunch of deranged serial killers? Do you really think we went through all this trouble to kidnap you for no reason?"

No! We are delivering justice. We are on the side of righteousness! You are the villain here! We hold the real, crucial evidence!"

"No!!!"

Amy the Amazing screamed again, but this time, it was a cry of utter despair...

New York.

Morning jog.

"Adam, you're really something!"

Monica praised as they finished their run. "If you hadn't been there, Phoebe would probably be pregnant with quintuplets by now."

"Exactly."

Chandler chimed in. "Adam's persuasion skills are top-notch. Just look at how many female friends he has! I'd bet money that back in high school, he probably had a thing with a hot teacher or two. Otherwise, how else could he have convinced young Frank's teacher-wife so easily? Clearly, he's got experience!"

"Is that true?"

Monica's gossip instincts flared up instantly.

"Heh."

Adam chuckled without confirming or denying anything. "Honestly, I'm not even the best at persuasion. When it comes to manipulation, Juno is the real expert. She has a gift—she can see right through people and play mind games so well that no one can resist. If she had gone instead of me yesterday, it would've been faster and even more effective."

"Seriously?"

Monica found it hard to believe. "Juno seems nothing like Roger!"

Roger—Phoebe's ex-boyfriend, a psychiatrist. Everyone hated him.

Every time they met, Roger would psychoanalyze them all. And the worst part? He was a professional—his insights were spot-on. He constantly exposed their unconscious thoughts, leaving them first stunned, then completely humiliated and angry.

Although he wasn't quite on Beverly's level, he wasn't far off.

"Think about it."

Adam tapped his temple.

"I get it now!"

Chandler suddenly exclaimed. "The fact that we can't see it just proves how good Juno really is.

Look at Roger—he's a psychiatrist. You think he doesn't know how annoying he is?

Of course he does! But he can't control himself. That's the hardest part—self-control!

And Juno is so in control that she's fooled us all. We just think she's the sweet girl next door, never realizing that she's even scarier than Roger. That is what makes her truly terrifying."

"Huh?"

Monica was stunned. She found Chandler's explanation hard to believe but, at the same time, oddly convincing. She couldn't find a single argument against it.

"Anyway, let's change the subject."

Adam smiled. "Monica, how's your funeral catering business going?"

"Oh, amazing!"

At the mention of her work, Monica perked up immediately. "I just landed another big gig yesterday—60 people! It was a referral from a previous client. Word is spreading! My reputation is growing!"

"Congrats!"

Adam congratulated her.

She had quit her job at MAX's diner, where she had to wear an embarrassing bear costume.

Now, she was fully focused on funeral catering, working as an independent banquet chef.

It wasn't a random decision.

Over the past three years, she had done occasional catering gigs but never considered making it her profession.

Being a restaurant chef meant stable work with little pressure and occasional downtime.

But being a catering chef meant running her own business, earning more money, but dealing with stress, instability, and a lot more responsibilities. It was exhausting.

Both paths had their pros and cons.

"I really have to thank you!"

Monica said sincerely. "If you hadn't lent me 500 bucks for ingredients and encouraged me to take a chance, I never would've accepted such a big job."

Catering jobs varied in size. She had only ever handled small gatherings of 10–20 people before. A 60-person event required a significant upfront investment.

Unemployed at the time, she probably would've turned it down if not for Adam's help.

Chapter 256: Don't Be Afraid, Think Carefully!

Central Park.

"No need to thank me."

Adam smiled, "We're friends, and you're doing something legitimate. Of course, I should support you."

In his memory, when Monica lost her job and started working in funeral catering, it was Phoebe who lent her money.

But Phoebe had also been fired for ogling a massage client's firm glutes. She lent Monica the money to encourage her but demanded it back shortly after, showing a banker's cold demeanor.

Obviously, Phoebe was strapped for cash herself.

Regardless of whether Phoebe was being stingy, at least she made an effort to support Monica.

But Ross, Monica's own brother, who could've easily afforded to help her, didn't even offer.

The fact that the Geller siblings were so transactional was mind-boggling.

Adam couldn't imagine himself acting that way.

"Maybe Monica will become a big boss someday," Chandler joked.

"Maybe!" Monica laughed joyfully.

Adam just smiled, saying nothing.

Ever since he was transported here, he had accepted the fact that unless he chose to be a mere bystander, he would inevitably change his friends' destinies.

Take Chandler, for example.

He's completely different now.

He reconciled with his parents early on, getting rid of his emotional baggage. He even dated Susie, who once hated him, and is now much happier.

He gave up his IT job and didn't become a manager, avoiding resentment from his former colleagues. He chose a new career he's passionate about.

In the future, his job won't be a burden but a career with limitless growth potential.

His daily morning runs have improved his physical health and stamina, making a happy life and future fatherhood more attainable.

And then there's Monica.

With Adam's help, Monica might continue as an independent funeral caterer, make a lot of money, and completely transform her life.

These changes are all due to Adam's influence.

Will this affect Chandler and Monica's future as a couple?

Of course!

Adam realized this from the beginning but still chose to help.

As Monica once said, she initially wasn't planning to find Chandler but was seeking out Joey to let loose. It was only because Joey wasn't around that she ended up with Chandler that night.

Richard, who was once Monica's great love, no longer had that impact on her once she started dating Chandler.

Love at first sight isn't true love—it's just hormonal attraction.

Lasting companionship is the truest form of affection.

Chandler and Monica went through that journey, evolving from friendship to love.

Adam's presence introduced a lot of uncertainty into their relationship.

But does that mean Adam shouldn't help them grow into better versions of themselves?

Of course not!

With Adam's help, even if Chandler and Monica don't end up together, they will still find happiness.

Couples aren't set in stone; happiness is what truly matters.

Adam's goal is to create happiness, not merely be a deliveryman for it.

Meanwhile...

The Ace Card of Amazing Amy

To her surprise, her trump card only brought greater despair. Juno had cheated and swapped her ace for a worthless card.

"Still pretending, huh?" Heather sneered, "You think you can fool us? Fool Juno?"

"Kill her!" Karen demanded coldly.

"I didn't do anything!"

After despair, Amazing Amy was overcome with a desperate will to live. She pleaded, "I don't know what Adam told you, but that's really how I feel.

Besides, diaries aren't meant to be private thoughts; they're for others to read. I couldn't write that I wanted to get back together when Adam didn't, right? It'd be humiliating if someone found out!"

"Hmm, makes sense," Juno nodded. "You wouldn't want others to know something that embarrassing. So, you're using your diary as material for your future Amazing Amy series?"

"Yes! Exactly!"

Seeing that Juno was approachable, Amazing Amy felt a glimmer of hope and eagerly agreed.

"Then what about your ex-boyfriend?" Juno asked curiously. "Did he really try to assault you?"

Amazing Amy froze, unsure of how to respond.

Normally, she'd deny it.

But given her current situation, having just been caught in a lie, she didn't dare lie again, fearing Heather's chainsaw would come straight for her.

She wasn't stupid!

At this point, she didn't know if they'd really kill her, but she knew her best chance was to please Juno, the clear leader.

If Juno was genuinely on the side of justice and not just a sadistic killer, then lying again would be disastrous. She had no idea how much Juno already knew.

And judging by the fact that Juno even got hold of her diary, it was clear she knew a lot. Lying again would only provoke them.

But if she told the truth, it would reveal her dark side, contradicting her earlier claims about her diary just being "material" with no ill intentions toward Adam.

"Take your time," Juno smiled. "After all, such a traumatic event must've been overwhelming. And given our current situation, it's understandable if you're shaken. Think it through before you answer."

"Yes, yes," Amazing Amy looked at Juno gratefully.

Even though she knew Juno was playing mind games, she couldn't help but feel grateful.

Stockholm Syndrome is no joke.

With her life in Juno's hands, even the slightest kindness was magnified amidst the terror, causing emotional fluctuations beyond her control.

Before Amazing Amy could fully relax, Juno and her friends did something that sent another wave of fear through her.

Wearing a doctor's lab coat, Juno, with help from Karen and Heather, began skillfully sewing up a dismembered deer leg, chatting and laughing casually as she worked.

"What kind of people are they?!"

Amazing Amy screamed internally, "They look like complete psychopaths! Adam Duncan, you've killed me! Why on earth do you surround yourself with so many maniacs?!"

Chapter 257: She Wasn't the First, and She Won't Be the Last

One hour later.

Under Amy the Marvelous's pale and terrified gaze, Juno and her two companions first stitched up an entire deer, then dissected it, and finally sewed it back together again—delivering a vivid and unsettling anatomy lesson.

Watching the deer lying motionless on the operating table, Amy felt an overwhelming sense of empathy.

Every cut, every stitch—it was as if they were slicing into her own flesh.

"Have you thought it over?"

Juno walked over with a bright smile, her tone almost cheerful.

"It was me. I planned it."

Amy the Marvelous, driven by sheer survival instinct, finally cracked. Her psychological defenses began to crumble.

Faced with two possible answers, she simply couldn't take the risk of choosing the wrong one.

In her eyes, Juno had already ascended to the level of a full-fledged psychotic killer.

No matter how harsh words might sound, they could never compare to the visceral reality of actual violence.

Under the scalpel, was there really any difference between a person and an animal?

In American TV shows, why were so many of the most terrifying villains doctors wielding scalpels?

It was precisely because of situations like this—when someone was completely at another's mercy, reduced to nothing more than a helpless victim. It was terrifying.

And surgeons naturally possessed the skills and psychological resilience to carry out such acts. Once pushed over the edge, they could transform instantly—making their expertise all the more horrifying.

Was this psychological torture? Or was it slow, calculated execution?

The answer was obvious.

"Why?"

Juno asked with interest.

"I treated him so well, and yet he said he couldn't take it anymore and cut me off? How is that possible?!"

To Amy, the world was binary—everything was either a zero or a one. Now that she had begun telling the truth, she decided to lay everything bare.

"I was always the one doing the dumping. No one had ever dumped me!"

"So, a few days later, I showed up at his place with his favorite bottle of bourbon and his favorite band's CD.

"Two minutes later, I pulled down his pants.

"Hah! Men!

"They say no, but their bodies tell the truth!

"I turned the music up to full volume, screamed at him, urged him on, told him not to see me as human tonight. With the music he loved blasting in his ears, he lost control completely!

"It was perfect!

"After he finally collapsed from exhaustion, I tied his wrists to the bedpost using the two neckties I had given him as gifts, making sure to leave deep marks on his skin.

"Then, wearing my torn clothes, I went straight to the police.

"Before I even showed up at his place, I had already used a bottle to create convincing bruises on myself.

"The evidence was irrefutable!

"Too bad he pleaded guilty right away. Otherwise, he would've been looking at 30 years in prison for first-degree sexual assault!"

"He didn't end up in prison," Juno pointed out, "but you still destroyed his life."

She continued, "With a sexual harassment charge on his record, he still can't find a job. His applications are flagged for sex crimes, and no employer is willing to take him in.

"His neighbors keep him on a watchlist, and every time he tries to date someone, someone makes sure to warn the woman that he's a registered offender. And then—nothing. It all falls apart."

"Why do you think I didn't push to get him locked up?"

Amy sneered.

"So, this was all part of your plan?"

Juno nodded as she adjusted the IV drip, lowering its flow rate.

"And I assume you made sure to remind people repeatedly, just in case he ever got lucky and managed to land a job or a date with someone who wasn't aware of his history? You ensured the truth always came out, didn't you?"

Amy smirked silently, confirming Juno's suspicion.

"Get some rest," Juno said with a gentle smile. "We'll talk again later."

She turned and walked out of the room, accompanied by Heather and Karen.

Outside Adam's Cabin in the Woods

Texas was too far away, so Juno and the others had brought Amy here instead.

"We should just kill her," Heather said seriously. "She's dangerous. Leaving her alive is a risk—to Adam and to us."

"Kill her," Karen agreed. "Today is Friday. At best, we have two more days. That's not enough time. She's a cunning, manipulative person—you can't change her."

"I know."

Juno nodded. "She's definitely dangerous. But I still want to try.

"I meant what I said—we're not evil villains.

"Even if we fail and are left with no choice but to silence her, at least we can say we tried. We can live with ourselves."

Heather nodded.

Karen remained silent.

Of the three, Juno and Heather were the experienced ones. Yet, ironically, it was Karen who showed the strongest killing intent.

But that made sense.

Juno was driven by a sense of justice. Heather was out for personal vengeance. Their moral compasses were still relatively intact.

Karen, on the other hand, had a more extreme nature. Back when she was obsessed with Jennifer, she had stalked Adam with a box cutter, ready to attack him. If Juno hadn't noticed and followed her, stopping her in time—who knows what would have happened?

Eventually, Juno's influence had won Karen over, turning her into Juno's loyal shadow. She had even let go of her hatred for Adam and become his friend.

But when it came to outsiders, Karen was still ruthless.

And Amy wasn't just a threat to Adam—she was also a potential rival for Juno's attention.

That alone was enough to make Karen eager to kill her.

"Killing should always be the last resort," Juno explained.

"As Amy pointed out, she's somewhat famous. With parents like hers, her disappearance would cause an uproar. No matter how careful we are, there's always a risk of exposure.

"Besides, I don't think we're entirely without hope. In fact, I believe we have a pretty decent chance of success.

"More importantly, I have a feeling—she won't be the first, and she won't be the last.

"Are we going to resort to murder every time?"

"If we do, then one day, we really will become the psychotic villains she already thinks we are."

With that, she looked directly at Karen.

"Juno's right," Heather said, snapping out of her own thoughts.

She had the blood of the Sawyer family running through her veins. During the Chainsaw Carnival, she had nearly lost herself to the madness. And after spending time with her cousin Leatherface and her alcoholic adoptive mother, she had unknowingly started to drift toward that darkness again.

The fact that she had grabbed a chainsaw and come here the moment she got the news proved it.

Of course, her primary reason was protecting Adam. But to say she hadn't started becoming numb to taking lives would be a lie.

Juno's words had shaken her awake.

The stronger the weapon, the easier it was to fall into bloodlust.

Juno's scalpel was just as deadly as Heather's chainsaw, yet Juno remained calm and rational. That level of restraint was truly admirable.

No wonder Karen was so devoted to her.

At that moment, Heather was completely convinced.

"I'll follow your lead."

Karen pouted.

She knew Juno's last words had been directed at her.

Maybe there wouldn't be a "next time"—but Amy definitely wasn't the first person who had threatened Adam. Karen herself had been.

Yet Juno had never killed her. Instead, she had taken her hand and led her toward the light.

Without Juno, Karen would never have found the happiness she had now.

To her, Juno was the brightest light in the world—an electrifying force, a living legend.

"Alright then."

Juno smiled. "We'll give her two and a half days.

"We'll do everything we can to persuade her, to guide her, to reform her.

"In the end, whether she lives or dies—it's up to her."

Karen and Heather nodded in unison, flanking Juno as they pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Chapter 258: I Am Emotionless

New York.

Medical Center.

As one of the teaching hospitals affiliated with Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, this facility offers clinical internship opportunities for medical students.

"I'm so nervous."

Iliad mumbled uneasily, "This is our first time facing real patients. What if I mess up? What if they ask questions I can't answer? What if they refuse to let us examine them...?"

Beside her, Bianca began to fidget, tugging at her white coat. "It feels like a costume. Are we really about to meet patients as doctors?"

"Relax."

Adam reassured them, "This is a teaching hospital. The patients we examine have been informed in advance, and there will be instructors supervising us. Just be bold and perform the exams. There's nothing to worry about."

"Right!"

Iliad breathed a sigh of relief, "And Adam goes first anyway. We'll watch him first."

Adam shot her a sideways glance, internally muttering, Coward!

With that level of mental fortitude, she wasn't even a contender. Even Alice and William over there were way stronger than her.

Her previous display of competitiveness was likely just a facade—like Little Red Riding Hood pretending to be the Big Bad Wolf.

"Ethel Hoffman, let me introduce you."

Their supervising physician entered the room with an extremely obese middle-aged African American woman and gestured towards Adam, "This is Adam Duncan."

"My memory isn't great, dear, but I'm sure this is your first time here, right?"

Ethel extended her hand to shake Adam's.

"Yes."

Adam shook her hand, smiling warmly.

"Hah! I knew it."

Ethel chuckled, "With a handsome doctor like you, I wouldn't forget, even if I had amnesia."

"Alright then."

The supervising physician also laughed and explained, "Ethel, you'll be spending most of your time with Adam. He'll talk with you about the issues you've been experiencing since your cough, then conduct a physical exam. Is that okay?"

"Sounds great. Normally, I couldn't get this level of care no matter how much I paid."

Ethel joked.

Adam just smiled.

In another setting, he might've fired back with a witty remark.

But here, he knew she meant no harm. She was just using humor to ease her nerves.

The suffering brought on by illness could drive some people mad, while others became more lighthearted and carefree.

Ethel was clearly the latter.

"First, I'd like to discuss the issues you've been experiencing with your cough, and the reason for your visit. Then, I'll perform an examination, starting with your back. Please take off your top and put on this gown."

Adam spoke clearly and calmly, "The gown has an opening in the back, so no need to change your skirt. Please come this way."

"I don't have to be naked?"

Ethel glanced around the room, joking, "You all want to see these old bones?"

"No, no."

Iliad and Bianca quickly explained, "We'll pull the privacy curtain."

"Haha."

Ethel laughed heartily, taking the gown and heading behind the curtain to change.

"First, I'll check your vital signs."

As Adam spoke, he began the examination. He measured her pulse manually, then moved behind her and gently tapped her back a couple of times before using a stethoscope to listen to her lungs.

He relayed his findings to the supervising physician, sharing his thoughts and observations.

"Very good."

The supervising physician gave high praise.

This lifted Iliad and Bianca's spirits. Watching Adam go through the steps, it didn't seem so difficult. They felt they could do it too.

Then, when the next patient arrived and it was their turn, they were immediately thrown off balance.

Because not every patient was as good-natured as Ethel.

"I don't want this person examining me. Get this unprofessional person away from me!"

"Sorry, sir, this is a teaching hospital. As doctors, we have the right to let students perform initial examinations."

The supervising physician maintained a professional demeanor, "If you don't agree, we'll have to ask you to leave."

Faced with this, the patient grumbled but begrudgingly allowed Iliad to proceed with the examination.

Iliad grew even more anxious, stuttering through her questions, which only prompted more snide remarks from the patient. By the time she was finished, her forehead was damp with sweat.

"Don't take it to heart. Patients are like this. They always want the best and most professional treatment but don't realize that without giving medical students hands-on experience, how would there ever be top-tier doctors?"

The supervising physician smiled, trying to comfort her.

"That's nonsense!"

The patient scoffed, "Only us poor folks have no choice. Why don't you let these students practice on rich people? Using us as guinea pigs to train your students while giving the rich the best care—you've got some nerve to say we're all treated the same!"

"In teaching hospitals, it doesn't matter if you're rich or poor. If you come here, you're just a patient—no other status."

The supervising physician responded with a smile.

Adam nodded in silent approval, noting that this was a good approach to handling such situations.

In the East, medical outcomes were valued above all else, and bedside manner wasn't considered as important.

But in the U.S., a doctor's attitude toward patients was crucial—sometimes even more important than medical skills or outcomes. Conflicts with patients were to be avoided at all costs. Follow the procedures, and whether the patient gets better or not is a separate issue.

Is this good or bad? Opinions vary...

But Adam reminded himself once again to adapt to local customs. This was just a job—don't get too emotionally invested. I am a professional. I am emotionless!

Meanwhile, in a cabin deep in the woods...

As the dose of tranquilizers was gradually reduced, Amazing Amy began to regain faint control over her body, rekindling her hope for survival.

Then she immediately regretted it.

She should have just given a brief overview earlier. Why did she share so many details?

Especially since Juno and the others had left right after hearing her shocking confessions. Clearly, they were now discussing what to do with her.

"Damn it!"

If she were Juno, knowing how calculated and vindictive Amy was, she would definitely be extremely cautious.

Considering the diary she wrote about Adam, her upcoming move to New York, and her vengeful nature towards her ex, would Juno and the others really let her live, given their bizarre attachment to Adam?

She regretted speaking too much, revealing her hand. If she hadn't confessed, they might've just been trying to scare her. Otherwise, why didn't they do anything yet?

"No! I can't just wait to die! I still have a chance! I am Amazing Amy!"

The skies cleared, and her optimism returned. She believed she could still turn things around.

Chapter 259: Do You Still Want to Be Human?

A Cabin in the Woods

"You're in good spirits—very good."

Juno and the others pushed the door open and walked in. Seeing that Amy the Marvelous had shaken off her previous terror and despair, seemingly regaining her fighting spirit, they couldn't help but smile knowingly.

Earlier, Juno had deliberately slowed down the sedative drip, anticipating this exact reaction. Convincing and guiding someone like Amy the Marvelous to change wasn't something that could be achieved with one or two blows, or a couple of moments of despair.

If once or twice wasn't enough, then three times, four times—countless times would do the trick!

Psychological warfare had to be matched with physical confrontation.

If she were left immobilized for too long, her psychological resistance would temporarily weaken.

However, once her body recovered, the despair and forced submission she had previously felt would naturally fade away, giving her the illusion that the storm had passed and she was back in control.

This was a dangerous mindset—one that had to be eliminated.

The method was simple: gradually ease her physical restraints while continuing the psychological battle. The goal was that by the time she regained full physical freedom, her mind would be completely submissive. That would be the true victory.

Similar to falconry training.

This required an extremely delicate technique—something that ordinary people couldn't possibly execute successfully.

But Juno was a natural genius in this field, with extensive and proven experience.

Given enough time, she was 100% certain she could succeed.

To be safe, she only had a little over two days—definitely not enough time—but she still had a 70% chance of success.

"You must be feeling conflicted right now, huh?"

Amy the Marvelous, regaining some of her resistance, sneered, "You don't dare to kill me, but you also can't let me go. You're trying to make me develop Stockholm syndrome? Ha! Do you really think that's possible?"

"Don't dare to kill you?"

Karen smirked. "Do you know how much Juno is holding herself back? She's a medical student—do you have any idea how much she longs to perform surgery with her own hands?"

Under normal circumstances, she would have to wait years before getting the chance. And to fully take control of a surgery? That would take at least a decade—something most doctors never get to do their entire lives.

But now, in a situation like this, where she can do as she pleases? That's an opportunity too rare to waste."

Amy the Marvelous turned pale, her confidence and determination shrinking once again. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Then why...?"

"Why haven't we killed you yet?"

Karen sneered. "It seems you still don't understand your own value. Opportunities like this don't come often. Every step of preparation must be perfected, practicing repeatedly to reach the best state—so as not to waste the valuable chance you've provided."

"Don't scare her."

Juno interrupted with a smile when she saw Amy's face turn ashen and her body tremble uncontrollably. She then turned to Amy and reassured her, "Don't worry, you're right—I am conflicted. That means you still have a chance."

"I'll do anything—please, just let me go."

Amy the Marvelous trembled even more violently, begging through her tears.

Because Juno hadn't denied a single word of what Karen had said.

"Let's wait and see."

Juno chuckled and nodded toward Karen.

Karen and Heather placed another deer on the operating table, expertly helping Juno put on her surgical gown once again.

The sight of them preparing for another round of practice completely broke Amy the Marvelous.

If this was just meant to scare her, why were they so well-prepared?

They were serious!

"Shhh, shhh, shhh."

Juno gently soothed as Amy continued sobbing. "Don't cry. Feeling bored? Heather, why don't you read us a fun story to lighten the mood?"

"Alright."

Heather, understanding Juno's intent, picked up a stack of manuscripts and began reading aloud.

It was the outline of *Gone Girl*—a story written by Adam.

At first, Amy the Marvelous was still sobbing, but as the story progressed, she became completely captivated.

Because this story—this character—it was her.

Then, she became even more terrified.

Because in the story, the version of her was so terrifying that even she was afraid of it.

And suddenly, she understood why Juno and the others had reacted so strongly.

Simply writing a diary and moving to New York wasn't enough to make them take such a huge risk to kidnap and possibly kill her.

But when viewed through the lens of *Gone Girl*, their extreme reaction started making sense.

Would she ever do something as manipulative and dangerous as the character in the story?

She only had to think for a moment to get the answer: Yes.

And would Juno and the others kill someone like her?

That answer was also clear: Yes.

With these realizations sinking in, Amy the Marvelous spiraled into an even deeper breakdown...

New York City

Morning Run

Monica, busy with funeral arrangements, didn't join that day—only Adam and Chandler went for a run.

After finishing their jog, while walking back, Chandler suddenly caught sight of someone and instinctively called out:

"Casey! Casey!"

Adam followed Chandler's gaze and saw a beautiful woman jogging across the street, wearing headphones.

"Casey! Casey!"

Seeing that she didn't hear him, Chandler, completely losing his sense of reason, dashed across the street—nearly getting hit by a car.

Then he slipped on some butter, knocked over a pedestrian, fell into a trash pile, stepped on the roof of a taxi—causing absolute chaos—before finally coming to a breathless stop in front of Casey.

"Chandler? What are you doing here?"

Casey looked at him in surprise.

(Classic sitcom-like chaos ensues... No mistakes, just perfect comedic timing.)

"I was just out for a run."

Chandler panted, "Then I saw you and wanted to say hi."

"Hi."

Casey smiled back.

"Okay."

Chandler suddenly didn't know what to say. Besides saying hello, he had no idea what to do next. After struggling for a moment, he walked away dejectedly.

Leaving behind a very confused Casey.

Meanwhile...

"I just wanted to say hi," Chandler muttered awkwardly to Adam.

"Okay."

Adam shrugged.

Seriously? All that chaos just to say hi?

Yeah, right.

Who could believe that?

"Adam..."

Chandler hesitated, then admitted sheepishly, "You already know, don't you?"

"I think Joey is the only one who doesn't know."

Adam smirked.

"What should I do?"

Chandler sighed. "I didn't mean for this to happen, but I just can't control it. I've never felt this way before. I think... I'm in love."

"But she's your best friend Joey's girlfriend."

Adam reminded him. "Remember what I told you about the Bro Code?"

And there it was—the inevitable moment!

No matter how much Chandler had tried to avoid it, when Joey started dating an actress named Casey, Chandler still fell for her. Hard.

"But shouldn't we follow our hearts?"

Chandler protested. "Loving her is my freedom!"

"Animals follow their instincts and act freely."

Adam scoffed. "But humans are different. We live in a society bound by morals and laws. Absolute freedom doesn't exist."

So, the real question is—do you want to be an animal, or do you want to be human?"

Chandler: "..."

Chapter 260: The Choice of Amazing Amy

"It seems you still want to be human."

Adam laughed, "That's a good sign~"

Chandler's mouth twitched, left speechless.

"Adam, I always feel like your perspective is different from most people's."

Chandler thought for a moment and then complained, "Anyone else would at least tell me to make my own choice, even if they didn't support me, because it's my freedom. Who else would link freedom to being an animal like you do?"

"You think what I'm saying is wrong?"

Adam smiled, "Animals aren't bound by any human morals or laws. That level of freedom is the most absolute freedom, right? If you blindly pursue freedom, seeking the ultimate form of it without regard for human ethics and morality, aren't you just regressing into an animal? That's not evolution; it's degeneration!"

"That's not the same, though..."

Chandler struggled to find a way to argue back.

"Why isn't it the same?"

Adam retorted, "Many so-called advocates of freedom claim they're just liberating their natural instincts. Humans are animals too, driven by instincts. If you strip away all restraint and return to acting purely on impulse, how is that different from becoming a reckless animal?"

The so-called "universal values" often promoted in TV shows aren't truly universal; they're distorted. At first glance, they seem reasonable, but they fall apart under scrutiny.

In Adam's mind, the values he learned from his previous life in the East were the real universal values.

When people interact, value systems naturally clash. The closer the relationship, the more intense and frequent these clashes become.

Adam and Chandler's relationship was close enough that either Adam would change Chandler's worldview, or Chandler would change his. It was inevitable.

But as long as they could reason it out, when pseudo-universal values clashed with true universal values, the result was clear.

"So, what should I do?"

Chandler asked, feeling defeated.

"I thought I already gave you the answer."

Adam sighed, "Of course, brotherhood comes first. That so-called feeling of true love you're talking about? It's just an illusion, a powerful impulse. Once you get through it, you'll realize how foolish it was to hurt a real brotherhood over such a ridiculous illusion."

"But I feel like I can't get through it."

Chandler said in pain, "This feeling is too intense..."

"That's because you're lacking an outlet!"

Adam scoffed, "They say men go crazy before and find peace afterward—that's no joke. Here's the plan: tonight, I'll take you out for some fun."

"I'm not going to that kind of place!"

Chandler waved his hands frantically.

"What are you thinking?!"

Adam slapped him on the back. "Do I seem like that kind of guy?"

"Then where are you taking me?"

Chandler asked, confused.

"Relax, it's absolutely legit."

Adam said seriously, "We're going to show some care and support for underprivileged students who can't afford college—by making a donation to them."

"Oh."

Chandler nodded, then suddenly shouted, "But what does that have to do with Casey?"

"Heh."

Adam chuckled, "It's very much related. Just trust me, would you? Don't you believe me?"

"Alright."

Chandler sighed and reluctantly agreed.

He really hoped Adam was right because he absolutely didn't want to hurt Joey.

In the Cabin in the Woods

"Amy, do you think the female lead in the book is terrifying?"

While performing a dissection, Juno casually asked.

Amazing Amy remained silent, overwhelmed by a wave of despair even more intense than before. She was so immersed in hopelessness that she was barely responsive to the outside world.

But Juno didn't need her to answer. She continued, "She set up her ex-boyfriend, slit the throat of a longtime admirer who helped her, and perished together with her husband. Such terrifying tactics are anything but normal.

But I understand her. Maybe she didn't want to be like this; she just couldn't help herself... because she's sick."

Hearing this, a glimmer of light appeared in Amazing Amy's vacant eyes as she turned her head to look at Juno.

"That's right, she's sick."

Juno smiled at Amazing Amy, "You can blame her parents for that. They made her go through an abnormal childhood and adolescence, constantly comparing her to a 'perfect sister' she could never live up to.

Her parents didn't care about her at all. They only cared about that fictional sister from the books. This continuous emotional trauma was the root of everything.

The admiration from outsiders clashed with her internal inferiority complex, creating a strong sense of dissonance that twisted her personality, giving her an intense need to control her relationships.

She couldn't control her parents or that fictional Amazing Amy, and she had no siblings, so she naturally tried to control her friends, especially her boyfriends!

So whenever a boyfriend defied her, she'd be extremely angry. If it went further, she'd feel a strong desire for revenge, no matter the cost.

Her ex-boyfriend who wanted to 'give her space' was a perfect example.

Then she met her husband.

On the surface, it seemed his charm and wit attracted her, but who's to say it wasn't her deliberate choice?

She knew her parents would never approve of a struggling writer.

Yet, she married him anyway, defying her parents. Later, she even moved away from the city, giving up her high-society lifestyle to live in a poor, remote place.

Wasn't that a silent form of rebellion?

But she didn't expect her husband to be no pushover either. After everything she sacrificed, he started to resist her control.

Those elaborate treasure hunts for their anniversary each year? She might not have cared about them at all. Maybe they were just an alarm system she set up from the beginning.

If a man is willing to go through all that trouble for you, year after year, it means he loves you.

But once he stops trying, or even stops pretending to care, it means he no longer loves you and is trying to break free.

And that is simply unacceptable!

Perhaps she began to truly harbor murderous thoughts about her husband a year before everything happened.

In the end, she risked returning because she saw his compromise on television. Whether genuine or not, it was a sign of submission.

And that's what she wanted!

She wanted him to see her true self and submit. That was a perfect signal for her, giving her the confidence to regain control over their relationship and write her own Amazing Amy legend.

She succeeded, exactly as she planned.

If given a choice to do it all over again, would she choose loving parents and a happy childhood, or would she still want to win everything like this?

Amy, what about you?"