

TV Show 301

Chapter 301: I Save You, and It Has Nothing to Do With You

Green Clinic.

"Adam, with your abilities, you don't need to train under Dr. House at all," Leonard reassured him. "Dr. House built his reputation through sheer effort. If he could do it, so can you."

"I know."

Adam nodded with a confident smile.

His confidence was well-founded. After all, he had a system backing him up.

"I heard that your epilepsy patient was nearly transferred to the hospital in New Jersey to see Dr. House because Sheppard couldn't find the cause of the illness."

Leonard chuckled when he saw that Adam truly didn't care. "They couldn't get an appointment with House, so they stayed, and you solved the case. Who knows? Maybe in the future, more patients won't need to bother Dr. House anymore.

"He often complains that cases aren't complicated enough to interest him. A lot of the time, it's his team who takes on cases just to keep themselves busy.

"But imagine—if you keep growing at this rate, there might come a day when there really aren't any cases left for him. That would be hilarious. I'd love to see that moment."

Dr. House worked at Princeton-Plainsboro Teaching Hospital in New Jersey, which was still part of the greater New York metropolitan area. The medical community was small, so it wasn't surprising that Leonard knew about House's quirks.

"I'll do my best," Adam said, intrigued by the thought.

It really would be interesting...

"But maybe you'll never reach House's level," Leonard said after a laugh, his tone turning serious.

"You mean because I can't be as crazy as him?" Adam asked knowingly.

With the same level of talent, it all came down to how far one was willing to go.

The phrase "One must embrace madness to achieve greatness" seemed fitting here.

"Exactly."

Leonard posed a hypothetical: "Imagine a group of infants all suffering from the same infection. There are two possible pathogens, but time is critical, and you need to know which one to treat. Would you experiment on one baby to save the others, knowing that one might die but five might live?"

Adam fell silent.

This was one of the most difficult moral dilemmas a doctor could face.

The standard procedure would be to treat all the infants the same way—either they all survive, or they all die. In that case, the doctor bears no direct responsibility.

But if a doctor sacrificed one child to determine the correct treatment, they could save the others. However, that child's parents would undoubtedly sue, asking: Why was our baby chosen to die while the others lived? No parent would accept that.

"Any normal doctor knows what choice to make," Leonard continued, understanding Adam's hesitation. "But House? He wouldn't hesitate. He would experiment on one infant to save the rest. If he weren't incredibly lucky, do you think he'd still be practicing medicine?"

Adam shook his head.

In the U.S., organizations that protect children's rights are incredibly powerful—sometimes even terrifying. If such an incident came to light, without extraordinary luck or strong backing, House would be finished.

"And he does things like this all the time," Leonard said with admiration. "His diagnostic skills are incredible, but modern medicine presents countless possible causes for the same symptoms. Even with strong deductive reasoning, there are still cases where the only way to be certain is to test.

"The fastest way to verify a diagnosis is to stop a treatment or switch to a different one. But without solid theoretical backing, this can worsen a patient's condition or even kill them. It completely disregards standard medical protocols, making it a surefire malpractice case."

"I could never do what he does," Adam admitted with a sigh. "I just don't have it in me."

This wasn't just about civil lawsuits—it was often a criminal matter. Without protagonist-level plot armor, the risk of losing in court and going to prison was way too high.

Sacrificing oneself entirely for the sake of patients? That was truly the definition of at any cost.

Adam knew he could never go that far.

If his system didn't change, he would never surpass Dr. House.

"Someone like him is both terrifying and admirable," Leonard said with a complicated expression. "His reputation has gone beyond the medical field—many people outside the profession know who he is. A lot of people hate him, but even more secretly respect him.

"At the end of the day, he's a man willing to sacrifice everything to save lives.

"Or maybe," Leonard mused, "he's just a compulsive, obsessive maniac. Perhaps his need to solve medical mysteries has nothing to do with the patients themselves."

I save you, and it has nothing to do with you.

I just can't stand not solving the case...

"I'd love the chance to meet him in person," Adam murmured, lost in thought.

Maybe they could even be friends?

House was undoubtedly a genius—one of the best.

He might even be on par with Sheldon Cooper.

And geniuses like that could definitely give Adam a run for his money.

With mixed emotions, Adam left Leonard's office and returned to the grueling life of an intern. He was looking forward to the neurosurgery scheduled for the afternoon.

Afternoon – Operating Room Observation

A group of interns once again gathered in the observation area whenever they found a spare moment.

"This is getting ridiculous—Adam Duncan again?"

"Well, what do you expect? He's a genius."

"I heard he's close with Dr. Green. Do you think Green secretly gave him the answer?"

"Doubt it. Green is a renowned doctor, but he's not even as famous as Sheppard. Plus, this is neurosurgery, not cardiothoracic surgery. If Sheppard couldn't figure it out, how could Green?"

"Still, Sheppard did ask for suggestions. Maybe Green had a different perspective and found a solution."

"The problem wasn't actually that hard—we just didn't think of it in time. Adam beat us to it, that's all. No need to be sore about it."

The discussion grew heated, and some started making snide remarks.

It was understandable. As interns, they were struggling to gain favor with attending physicians just to get a chance to observe surgeries. Meanwhile, Adam was already assisting in one procedure after another.

The gap was maddening.

Why does he get to shine so much?!

Fortunately, Meredith and the others, though envious, were still friends with Adam. Besides, his good looks helped keep resentment at bay. They spoke up in his defense, preventing the negativity from getting out of hand.

"Alright, everyone," Dr. Sheppard said as he entered, freshly scrubbed and assisted by a nurse putting on his surgical gown. "Such a beautiful afternoon—perfect for saving lives."

Adam, as the assistant, took his place beside Sheppard, granting him an excellent view of the surgery.

This was one of the main reasons interns scrambled to get into the OR.

The closer the view, the better they could study the attending surgeon's technique.

"Dr. Duncan," Sheppard called when it was time for the aneurysm resection.

Adam stepped forward as Sheppard worked through the microscope, performing delicate surgery on the tiny nerves. A second microscope allowed Adam to watch every detail up close.

A slow smile spread across Adam's face.

This felt incredible.

Chapter 302: You've Never Been in Love, Have You?

Evening.

Medical Center Cafeteria.

"Adam, how are you so amazing?"

Christina couldn't hold back her curiosity any longer. "Meredith and I just teamed up to head to the library and look up the cause of the illness, but you already figured it out. How did you do it?"

"I looked it up in a book too."

Adam tapped his temple. "I was just lucky to find it right away."

"Are you saying you memorized everything?"

Christina was in disbelief. "All of it?"

"Of course not."

Adam shook his head.

"Phew, I knew it."

Christina let out a breath of relief.

She was a genius herself, holding dual doctorates at a young age, but she didn't have a photographic memory. Her memory relied on comprehension and hard work.

Medical knowledge was vast like an ocean. Memorizing common cases and treatments was enough to be competent.

Being more knowledgeable meant having read about more cases, remembering the general details, and being able to recognize a condition when encountering it—then looking it up and applying the right treatment. That was considered excellent.

But remembering massive amounts of information, fully understanding it, instantly recalling it when faced with a problem, and integrating that knowledge into practical application? That was beyond what an ordinary genius could do.

That kind of skill was what made Dr. House, that legendary physician from New Jersey, stand out. It's why he could lead a team of elite specialists, each an expert in their own field, solving the most complex cases.

He practically had all medical knowledge stored in his brain. A single, seemingly insignificant movement from a patient—one that other doctors wouldn't even notice—was enough for him to deduce the likely illness.

With his vast medical knowledge and extensive experience, he had already thought of every possible diagnosis.

If you were standing on the first floor of medical knowledge, he was on the fifth.

The modern medical system, with its increasing specialization, seemed irrelevant to him.

He was practically a master of all disciplines.

That was why he was so ridiculously brilliant.

After the surgery, Adam had looked into Dr. House's background and became even more convinced that this was the kind of protagonist you'd only find in a TV show or novel.

Because in real life, people like that simply don't exist.

Christina was ambitious. She knew all about legendary doctors like House. So when Adam mentioned recalling books in his mind, she instinctively made the connection. Seeing Adam shake his head, she finally relaxed.

If Adam truly had House's level of genius, then no matter how confident she was, she wouldn't even be able to compete with him. What would be the point?

She might as well just follow behind him and chant "666" in admiration.

Adam understood Christina's mentality well. That's why he deliberately left out the part where he could actually recall everything he read and that he had read far more books than most.

If he said it outright, he had a strong suspicion he'd lose a lot of friends.

"You're really lucky," Christina said enviously. "Opportunities like that are so rare."

"Actually, this might not be a bad thing for you."

Adam smiled.

"Oh? How is this a good thing?"

Christina rolled her eyes. "Go on, enlighten me."

"It's simple. If you and Meredith had found the cause instead of me, who would have performed the surgery? The OR only has limited space. Dr. Shepherd wouldn't have let both of you in."

Adam pointed out, "And if only one of you could go, that would definitely affect your friendship."

"Meredith already said she wouldn't go."

Christina refuted, "So there was never a conflict."

"Heh."

Adam chuckled.

"What are you laughing at?"

Christina was annoyed.

"You really believe that?"

Adam raised an eyebrow.

"Christina is telling the truth," Meredith's distinct voice rang out. "I had already said I'd step aside."

"Alright then."

Adam shrugged. "I believe you."

"..."

Meredith's lips twitched.

Could you be any more dismissive?

"Meredith really would give it up."

By this point, Christina was well aware of Meredith and Dr. Shepherd's complicated situation. She trusted Meredith completely and couldn't stand Adam's skepticism. Ignoring Meredith's protests, she leaned closer and whispered the whole story to Adam.

"That's it?"

Adam remained unfazed.

(Read the full, unedited version on 69Shuba!)

A surgical intern getting involved with the attending surgeon, who was also the boss's boss and their teaching physician? Adam had seen it all before.

It was standard practice. This wasn't the first time, and it wouldn't be the last.

If this had happened before he had gained his photographic memory and his ability to visualize complex medical data in his mind, he might have been more bothered by it.

After all, Meredith was a "medical aristocrat," with the department head looking out for her from above and a boyfriend in a senior position giving her preferential treatment below. She was bound to take opportunities that could have been his.

But now? With his exceptional talents, physical advantages, and extensive accumulation of knowledge, Adam was far beyond the level of a typical intern.

Whenever an opportunity arose, he could seize it outright with undeniable skill. Even if Meredith wanted to use connections, she wouldn't have the chance.

After all, they still had to maintain the illusion of fairness.

"That's not a big deal?"

Christina was stunned.

"You've never been in love, have you?"

Adam looked at her oddly. "Couples bicker all the time. Do you really think it means anything? A little sweet-talking, and it's all forgotten."

"Unless Dr. Shepherd is a total robot or plans to cut ties with Meredith completely, do you honestly think he'd risk her holding a lifelong grudge by giving this rare surgical opportunity to you instead?"

"..."

Christina was speechless. She felt an existential crisis creeping in as she looked at Meredith differently.

As someone who prioritized logic over emotions, she truly had never been in love.

Of course, that didn't mean she lacked certain experiences.

In that sense, she and Adam were actually quite alike.

They both kept relationships in a space that was more than friendship but never truly romantic.

Back in Harvard Med, she had even lived with a professor she admired for two or three years.

But when he proposed, she felt nothing and chose to leave.

So in this area, she had very little awareness. It never even crossed her mind that this could be a possibility.

But now? Thinking about it, it made too much sense.

Sure, Meredith might say she was done with Dr. Shepherd, but he was handsome, authoritative, and practically a dream guy. How long could she really keep up the act?

One bright smile from him, and Meredith would probably melt.

And once she did—what choice would she make?

Her rational mind already had the answer.

"I..."

Meredith opened her mouth to argue, but under Adam's knowing gaze, she hesitated.

Because deep down, she realized Adam had a point.

If that moment came, her emotions would push her to keep her promise to Christina.

But logically, as a surgeon, she knew she couldn't afford to pass up an opportunity like this.

When emotion and reason clashed—who would win?

She didn't know.

Or rather, she didn't want to think about it.

Chapter 303: Welcome to the Competition Arena

Medical Center.

Cafeteria.

Adam's bluntness made the two "plastic sisters" suddenly aware of each other's fakeness.

For a moment, the atmosphere became awkwardly silent.

Everyone lowered their heads and focused on their meals.

Adam twitched the corner of his mouth, sighing inwardly—perhaps he shouldn't have been so straightforward.

Some truths are better left unsaid among friends.

Pfft!

Just then, George, the flamboyant chubby guy, plopped onto a chair, the loud sound he made cutting through the awkward silence.

"George, what's wrong?"

Liz, known for her ruthless nature, was the first to express concern.

"Tony is dead."

George's eyes were red as he spoke, his voice hollow with despair. "Dr. Burke asked me to inform Gloria of the news, but she wouldn't even listen to my comfort. She just told me to leave. That look in her eyes..."

As he spoke, the sensitive and emotional George choked up.

"Let this be a lesson."

Adam sighed. "This is what happens when you form emotional attachments to patients and give them unrealistic hope."

In less than two days, George had already started referring to the patient and his wife by their first names, treating them like close friends. He had even reassured them personally, making promises he shouldn't have made. That was a clear boundary he had crossed.

If every doctor treated patients like personal friends, the profession of medicine would cease to exist.

After all, human beings cannot endure an endless cycle of death and grief.

And yet, in a hospital, birth, illness, and death unfold every single day.

Those who are too emotional simply won't last.

With that in mind, Adam cast a sympathetic glance at George.

Less than two days into the hospital, he had already offended an attending physician and now faced this emotional turmoil. Unless he had extraordinary luck, Adam seriously doubted George would make it in the long run.

"The patient's family just told you to leave—they didn't say they'd sue you, right?"

Christina asked.

Everyone turned to look at her, and George's expression was particularly aggrieved.

"What?"

Christina tilted her head. "In situations like this, if the patient's family is unreasonable, don't you think they might sue you? After all, it was your promise that convinced them to go through with the surgery."

"George is already in this state. You're too cold-hearted."

Liz, radiating her saintly aura, scolded Christina.

"Christina's point isn't wrong," Adam countered. "Instead of dwelling on sorrow, George should be focusing on the reality of the situation. Otherwise, he'll only be dealing with more sorrow later."

"George?"

Meredith also looked at him with concern.

"They probably wouldn't... right?"

George, now properly spooked by the idea, found his anxiety over potential legal trouble overtaking his grief.

After all, Tony's unexpected death had only been a two-day event, while his medical career had taken him eight long years to build.

"Pray."

Adam shook his head. "It all depends on fate."

For now, the patient's family had merely asked George to leave, showing no intention of pursuing legal action. But that could change.

People's thoughts shift all the time. Once they go home and discuss it with others, who knows if they'll decide to take legal action?

Good intentions can still lead to disaster. Among rookie doctors who haven't yet become hardened veterans, this is a common pitfall.

That's precisely why, on their first day, the hospital had a bald-headed legal advisor repeatedly emphasize common legal precautions.

Unfortunately, young doctors tend to be headstrong. They hear the warnings but let them go in one ear and out the other—until they hit a wall.

And sometimes, hitting that wall can end a career.

The mood among the group soured. George's predicament resonated with them all.

Doctors are meant to save lives, yet along the way, they must navigate countless traps—not just fighting death itself, but also the demons lurking within human nature.

While they might not make the same rookie mistake as George, none of them could guarantee they wouldn't encounter their own struggles down the line.

Adam felt the same way.

The only silver lining was that he was a billionaire, and his wealth was growing rapidly. In a country where money rules, his ability to protect himself far surpassed that of his colleagues.

After finishing their tasteless late-night meal, the group left the cafeteria and braced themselves for the final stretch of their first 48-hour shift.

Nurses' Station.

"He's still breathing rapidly. Have you checked the arterial blood gas analysis or chest X-ray?"

Surgical Chief Richard, during his rounds, noticed that a patient under Alex's care hadn't shown any improvement. He called for Alex.

"Yes, I have."

Even though Alex was panicking inside, he forced a smug, confident smirk.

"And what's your conclusion?"

The Chief pressed on.

"I was in charge of so many patients last night..."

Alex's smile faltered.

Truthfully, he had no conclusion.

"List the common causes of postoperative fever."

The Chief's face darkened. "No looking at your notes—use your brain. This is something you should have memorized."

Having spent his entire career in the hospital, the Chief immediately saw through Alex's flashy exterior, recognizing the emptiness underneath. Seeing Alex attempt to make excuses, he decided to show no mercy.

"Can anyone else answer?"

The interns instinctively reached for their notebooks.

"Pneumonia, urinary tract infection..."

Adam and Christina spoke in unison.

They exchanged glances, and Adam smiled, gesturing for Christina to continue.

He had already outshone everyone enough during the first shift—it was only fair to give his colleagues a chance to shine.

Besides, Christina was, at the very least, a sort of friend.

And more importantly, this wasn't surgery.

"Pneumonia, urinary tract infection, wound infection, thrombosis, medication effects—the five Ws!"

Christina had barely finished speaking when Meredith's distinctive voice rang out:

"The most likely cause is pulmonary embolism or inflammation. In cases where tests aren't available, it's usually considered inflammation by default."

Alex's face turned grim.

He hadn't known the answer.

And yet, everyone else did.

Under countless watching eyes, his usual cocky grin finally collapsed.

Adam exchanged a knowing glance with an older nurse whom Alex had previously scolded, and they both smiled.

In a hospital, competence is everything.

Either you know your stuff, or you don't.

One test could expose the truth—there was nowhere to hide.

Whether Alex could use connections to keep his job despite his incompetence was another matter altogether...

"What do you think is the cause in Bed 4-B?"

The Chief, wanting to showcase his friend's daughter, pressed Meredith for an answer.

"The fourth W—thrombosis!"

Meredith didn't disappoint, proving her solid foundation. "It's most likely a pulmonary embolism."

"And how do you confirm it?"

The Chief's eyes glimmered with approval.

Meredith hesitated, organizing her thoughts—but before she could speak, Christina's voice cut in:

"Spiral CT, lung ventilation scan, oxygen consumption, liver phospholipid levels, and inferior vena cava filter results."

"Tsk, tsk."

Adam clicked his tongue in amusement, glancing between the two women.

The plastic-fake competitiveness between them was overwhelming.

The Chief twitched at the corners of his mouth, briefly looking at Christina's impassive face before turning back to Alex, who was looking increasingly miserable.

"Run the tests she mentioned," the Chief ordered. "And inform your supervising resident that you're off this case. That's my decision!"

With that, he walked up to Meredith, patted her on the shoulder, and said, "I see your mother in you. Welcome to the competition arena."

As the Chief walked away—

"Welcome to the competition arena," Christina said coolly before leaving.

Adam grinned at Meredith's conflicted expression.

"Welcome to the competition arena."

Chapter 304: Approved by Me

"Christina."

Realizing what had happened, Meredith quickly chased after her best friend.

Did she know that her actions might hurt her friend's feelings? Of course, she did.

But she couldn't control herself.

Because this was the instinct of a surgeon in a competition.

"A surgeon's God complex."

The senior nurse shook her head in disapproval.

That mysterious confidence, the competitive nature, the belief that they were like gods capable of saving the world—she had seen these traits in too many surgeons.

"Some surgeons really do seem like gods."

A beautiful young nurse murmured as she watched Adam walk away.

"Olivia, stop staring."

The senior nurse reminded her, "Dr. Duncan is too outstanding. He's not for you."

"I wasn't—"

The pretty young nurse, Olivia, blushed.

"Good, then."

The senior nurse smiled and turned back to her work.

Olivia muttered wistfully, "I know Dr. Duncan is amazing. I wasn't thinking about anything..."

Morning.

The 48th hour.

"It's finally over."

Bald Chris cheered.

"Got any plans later?"

Fat Stu wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, looking like a creep.

"Dude."

Bald Chris put his arm around Fat Stu. "Of course, I do. I made plans with Carla. You do your thing."

With that, he swaggered away, singing and dancing triumphantly.

"What's the big deal?"

Fat Stu scoffed. "I still have my orange."

"Orange?"

Adam's lips twitched. "Are you serious?"

"Of course!"

Fat Stu smirked. "Oranges are the best fruit for that. Let me give you a tip—heat it up in the microwave first. The effect... chef's kiss."

"..."

Adam was speechless. "That trick is useless to me, but hey, whatever makes you happy."

Truly, when you go deep into geek territory, weirdness follows.

There's no limit to perversion—only more perversion!

Adam was at a loss.

After changing in the locker room, Adam and Bianca left the hospital together.

"Dr. Duncan."

A soft voice called from behind them.

Adam turned around to see the pretty young nurse now dressed in casual clothes, looking at him shyly.

"My name is Olivia, and I—"

"Nice to meet you, Olivia. Just call me Adam."

Adam flashed a bright smile.

Bianca rolled her eyes on the side.

"Adam."

Olivia was excited and mustered her courage. "I know a great café with amazing coffee. Would you like to go for a cup?"

"We just finished our first 48-hour shift. Maybe next time."

Adam politely declined.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Olivia blushed, embarrassed. "I forgot."

After a few more words, she quickly walked away.

"You don't actually think she just wanted to grab coffee, do you?"

Bianca teased.

"I know."

Adam chuckled. "But I'm not interested in her that way."

"Seriously?"

Bianca was surprised. "She's pretty, and she made the first move. Not even a little tempted?"

"Not at all."

Adam shook his head. "In fact, I don't get involved with colleagues at the hospital. I'd suggest you do the same."

"Why?"

Bianca was puzzled.

Adam briefly explained how medical dramas portray healthcare professionals, instantly making Bianca rethink things.

"No way. Is it really that messy?"

"You've seen it yourself."

Adam grinned. "Chris just met Carla less than a day ago, and they already hooked up in the on-call room."

Medical professionals work long hours. It's hard to find a partner, and even when they do, schedules rarely align.

When hormones surge, it's easy to lock eyes with a colleague and find a convenient place for mutual relief.

And once that culture becomes the norm, things get out of hand quickly.

So, to avoid trouble, no matter how attractive a colleague is, I won't be tempted."

"All colleagues? Are you sure?"

Bianca's gaze became suspicious.

"Ahem."

Adam coughed awkwardly and added, "Of course, those with integrity are an exception."

"Where's your car?"

Bianca smirked. "Hurry up and drive."

Near the hospital.

Adam's upscale apartment.

Two hours later.

"I'll be right there."

Adam ended the call, glanced at Bianca, who was sleeping peacefully with a contented smile, and chuckled.

He wrote a note, placed it on the bedside table, got dressed, and left the apartment.

Even after 48+2 hours of no rest, he was still full of energy.

Macallan Bar.

"Oh, thank God, Adam! You're finally here. Talk some sense into Matthew!"

Barney grabbed Adam's arm in a panic, as if Matthew was about to make a huge mistake.

"What happened?"

Adam ignored him, sat down calmly, and gestured for a beer before turning to Matthew and Lily with a smile.

"Look at this!"

Matthew and Lily, wrapped in each other's arms, held out their left hands, revealing matching engagement rings on their middle fingers.

"You're engaged? Congratulations!"

Adam was momentarily stunned but quickly offered his congratulations.

"Thank you."

Matthew and Lily said in unison before locking lips passionately in front of everyone.

Adam grimaced slightly.

Public displays of affection were a Western custom he still hadn't fully gotten used to.

"Enough, enough!"

Barney shuddered and rubbed his arms as if covered in goosebumps. "Adam, talk to them! They're only in their twenties!"

"So?"

Adam grinned.

"No one should even think about marriage before 30! It's a rule!"

Barney declared.

"Whose rule?"

Adam teased. "Oh, wait—I know. The legendary Barney Stinson's rule!"

"The Barney Stinson Rule is a rule all men should follow!"

Barney straightened his tie confidently.

"Did you ask the crown?"

Adam pulled a small crown from his pocket and twirled it between his fingers teasingly.

"..."

Barney's smile froze.

This was the crown he had lost to Adam in a previous bet. He never expected Adam to carry it around.

"Ha! He didn't ask."

Matthew and Lily laughed.

"Only a king with a crown speaks for all men. His rule is the real law."

"Let me ask, then."

Ted, full of blessings for his friends, played along. "Your Majesty, do you approve of Matthew's engagement before 30?"

"As long as they're adults and in love, age doesn't matter."

Adam placed the crown on his head and solemnly declared, "Matthew and Lily are true love. I approve!"

"Thank you, Your Majesty!"

Matthew and Lily cheered.

"Come on!"

Barney groaned.

That legendary bet with Adam had been both painful and exhilarating for him.

Chapter 305: Listen to Him, He's a Doctor!

MacLaren's Pub.

"Oh my God! Time flies so fast—Matthew and Lily are actually engaged!"

Ted looked at Matthew and Lily, who were all over each other, feeling both touched and impulsive. "I've made up my mind!"

"No!"

Adam and Barney shouted in unison.

"Well, well, great minds think alike," Barney said smugly, glancing at Adam with a look of mutual understanding.

"I haven't even said anything yet, and you're already shutting me down?" Ted protested.

"Don't tell me you don't know why Barney loves going to weddings so much?" Adam asked.

"To hit on bridesmaids," Ted replied, confused. "But what does that have to do with rejecting my decision before I even say it?"

"It has everything to do with it."

Adam teased, "At weddings, bridesmaids are easily influenced by the romantic atmosphere, making them easy prey for Barney. And right now, the romance of Matthew and Lily's engagement is affecting you too, so whatever you're about to decide—don't!"

Barney, far from feeling ashamed, nodded in agreement with a proud smile.

"Are you comparing me to a bridesmaid?" Ted twitched the corner of his mouth.

"Oh, Ted, when it comes to romance and sentimentality, you're no different from a bridesmaid. In fact, you're probably one of the best among them, which means you're even more susceptible to being influenced."

Adam spoke seriously. "If you don't believe me, ask Lily and Matthew."

"No!"

Ted glanced at Lily, who tilted her head with a knowing smile. Then he looked at Matthew, who simply shrugged with a grin. In disbelief, he exclaimed, "I can't believe this is how you see me!"

"Being romantic and sentimental isn't a bad thing—it's one of your strengths," Lily explained. "Compared to emotionally distant guys, many women dream of someone like you."

"Not just women," Adam teased.

"Well said! High five!"

Barney laughed and held out his palm for Adam.

Seeing Barney's enthusiasm—and knowing that he had been behaving himself lately, at least not deliberately twisting Adam's words for mischief—Adam chuckled and gave him a high five.

"Hey, buddy, what decision were you about to make?"

Matthew, being Ted's best friend, noticed his mood and asked with concern.

"Now that you and Lily are engaged, it's no longer 'Matthew, Lily, and me'—it's 'Matthew and Lily... and me.'"

Ted shot a grateful look at his best friend. At least he cares about me. His earlier thoughts resurfaced, and he declared, "I'm tired of living like this. I'm going to start looking for my soulmate!"

The way he paused while speaking made a world of difference in the meaning.

"NO!!"

Barney immediately exploded. "Ted's lost his mind—someone call 911!"

"See? Classic bridesmaid impulse," Adam said with a shrug.

"Ted, no matter what, the three of us will always be 'Matthew, Lily, and Ted.' That'll never change," Matthew reassured him.

"I know," Ted said, not entirely convincingly. "I just don't want your future kids calling me 'Uncle Ted, the lifelong bachelor.'"

"I don't think you're ready yet. You should stick with Barney for a few more years," Adam suggested.

"Thank you!"

Barney dramatically grabbed Adam's hand, pretending to be deeply moved.

"I am ready!" Ted argued.

"Sure, you're ready—to hurt good women."

Adam scoffed, "If you go out with this mindset, you'll start meeting great women instead of the usual mix of mostly bad ones. But can you guarantee that once you spark their hopes for love and marriage, your feelings won't suddenly change? More likely, they'll fall for you, and you'll realize you're not feeling it anymore—then you'll bail."

"I..."

Ted hesitated, then awkwardly laughed. "But that's how dating works! You don't just find 'the one' on the first try."

"Casual dating is fine. Even Barney's full-fledged womanizing isn't a problem," Adam said with a smirk. "At least everyone involved knows it's just for fun—nothing serious."

"But you? You're planning to search for 'true love' with the goal of marriage. That means you'll attract women who also have that goal."

"If you suddenly lose interest and leave them heartbroken... that's next-level douchebaggery. Way worse than Barney. Are you sure you want to do that?"

"Hey!"

Barney straightened his tie and proudly declared, "No one out-douches Barney Stinson!"

"I..."

Ted was speechless. The emotional high from Matthew and Lily's engagement had faded significantly.

At his core, he still had morals.

If no one pointed out his behavior—or kept calling him out on it—he might have just blissfully ignored how much of a player he really was.

But once someone broke it down like this... he couldn't pretend he wasn't aware anymore.

"Looks like you do have some self-awareness," Adam said with a smile. "That's good. Hold onto that feeling. Stick with Barney for a few more years, and once you're truly tired of playing around, then start thinking about true love."

Adam remembered watching How I Met Your Mother in his past life. He still vividly recalled the scene where Ted broke up with his girlfriend on her birthday—through a voicemail.

The worst part? She was at home, surrounded by family and friends waiting to surprise her for her birthday.

Everyone crouched down, listening as Ted's breakup message played. No one knew what to do when she walked in with a huge smile, expecting a surprise party...

And that was just one of Ted's many horrible moments.

What made it worse was that, after being emotionally rattled by Matthew and Lily's engagement, Ted decided she was "the one" after all—and chased her down to get back together.

His grand romantic gestures worked, and she gave him another chance.

Then, just a few weeks later, his feelings faded again.

Right when she had finally healed from their first breakup and begun to believe in love again—Ted dumped her again.

This time, though, he had matured.

He didn't break up with her over voicemail.

He waited until her birthday party to do it in person.

Fortunately, she had spent those years learning Krav Maga.

In her rage, she gave Ted a hands-on lesson in why Krav Maga is not just yoga—it's an Israeli military close-combat technique.

And that was just one example of Ted's long history of being the King of Douchebags.

"Listen to him," Barney said, throwing an arm around Ted. "This guy's a doctor!"

"..."

Ted had no words.

"To Matthew and Lily!"

Adam raised his glass. "Cheers!"

"Cheers!"

Ted sighed but ultimately joined in, clinking glasses with everyone.

Chapter 306: Life and Death Race in the ER

Duncan's Apartment.

Adam had spent hours at the bar celebrating Matthew and Lily's engagement with the others.

When he returned, he found Bianca still fast asleep and couldn't help but chuckle.

Despite her petite frame and delicate features, she looked quiet and reserved—but deep down, she was anything but.

When she let loose, she could be even wilder than most girls.

Adam had tried to stop her, but to no avail.

The Next Day

"A new day begins."

Adam nudged Bianca awake.

"Mm."

Bianca kept her eyes shut, unwilling to move.

"Are you planning to give up on becoming a surgeon?"

Adam teased.

"Of course not! Hiss..."

Bianca shot up immediately, only to wince and suck in a sharp breath. "Damn it! Adam, are you even human?"

"Heh."

Adam just smiled without responding.

Arguing with a woman about who was right or wrong was a pointless endeavor.

"You okay?"

Adam stepped forward to help her out of bed. "Do you want to take the day off and rest?"

"Absolutely not."

Bianca pushed him away, grimacing as she made her way to the bathroom to freshen up.

Every surgical intern wanted to learn as much as possible, as quickly as possible.

Hospitals treated interns like workhorses, and taking a leave of absence on just the second rotation? That would be a disaster for their evaluation scores.

If she got a poor rating or negative remarks recorded in her medical file, it would be a permanent stain on her career.

Landing a good job or competing for a coveted position later on? Candidates with blemishes on their records were usually the first to be eliminated.

Even though their resident supervisor, Dr. Shani, was known as the "compassionate doctor," Bianca wasn't about to take any risks.

After all, she was dating Adam Duncan.

Who knew if Shani would smile to her face while secretly holding a grudge and making her life difficult?

As a woman, Bianca understood all too well how tempting Adam could be.

Shani was just a few years older than them and still single. If she truly had no interest in Adam, Bianca wouldn't believe it for a second.

Medical Center

The second rotation officially began.

Unlike the grueling 48-hour initiation shift from the first round, this time it was about 14 hours per day—7 AM to 9 PM, six days a week.

As soon as Adam parked the car with Bianca, the loud rumbling of a motorcycle echoed nearby.

A rider clad in full leather pulled up beside his parking spot.

When the helmet came off, Christina's not-so-friendly face was revealed.

"Morning."

"Morning. You two?"

Christina's eyes darted between Adam and Bianca, brimming with curiosity.

"We just happened to arrive at the same time," Bianca explained.

"Oh."

Christina's expression read: Sure, if you say so... but I don't buy it.

"You patched things up with Meredith yet?"

Adam locked his car and changed the subject as they walked toward the hospital.

"Yeah."

Christina shrugged. "There was never really a problem to begin with. We're all surgeons—we know the rules of the game. Competition is the norm. If you can't handle that, you might as well quit now."

"Now that's the spirit."

Adam nodded approvingly. "I'll keep that in mind. Next time, I won't hesitate to jump in and answer first."

"..."

Christina rolled her eyes hard.

Locker Room

The interns were busy changing into their blue scrubs and white coats.

Fierce-looking Liz immediately drew the attention of most of the male doctors—especially Alex, the resident playboy.

He looked like he was about to whistle, his face plastered with a grin.

The embarrassment from his first rotation had clearly vanished from his mind.

His thick skin was practically bulletproof.

Watching the scene unfold, Adam reconsidered his earlier assumption that Alex would be one of the first to get kicked out.

Turns out, shamelessness was a superpower.

Compared to the self-righteous Liz and the perpetually unlucky, timid George, Alex might actually have a better survival rate.

"You're looking for roommates?"

Meredith walked in and pinned a notice to the wall.

George, who harbored a crush on her, rushed over immediately. "Count me in!"

"I'm in too," Liz added, her eyes lighting up.

"Not a chance."

Meredith shut them down without hesitation.

"My mom ironed my scrubs yesterday like they were regular clothes."

George pleaded, "I can't keep living with my parents. I need a place. Please let me move in."

"I can cook, and I'm super clean."

Liz tried to sell herself.

"We already spend 100 hours a week together. That's more than enough."

Meredith refused outright. "I just want two strangers as roommates. No small talk, no forced niceties."

"Come on, what about me?"

Alex smirked. "No small talk, no fake friendliness—you set the rules."

"I want you as far away from me as possible."

Meredith slammed her locker shut and stormed off.

Alex just shrugged, unfazed.

Greene Clinic

"Adam, you're assigned to the ER today."

"Christina, you're in trauma."

"Bianca, go deliver test results to patients."

"Stu, you're on sutures."

Shani handed out assignments.

"Yes, doctor."

Everyone acknowledged their tasks and dispersed.

Emergency Room

Beep. Beep.

Adam's pager went off. He checked it and immediately sprinted toward the designated room.

"I'm Dr. Duncan, in charge of this resuscitation. What's the patient's status?"

He assessed the situation while questioning the EMTs.

"57-year-old male, cardiac arrest."

The paramedic responded.

"Defibrillator ready—charge to 200 joules."

Adam grabbed the paddles, signaling the nurse.

"Charged."

The nurse confirmed.

"Clear!"

Adam gave the warning, making sure no one was in contact with the patient before delivering the shock.

"Ah!"

The patient gasped and jolted awake from unconsciousness.

"Heartbeat restored," the nurse announced, looking at Adam with newfound respect.

They had seen plenty of rookie doctors freeze under pressure, standing by helplessly while the nurses took charge.

But Adam? He was decisive and confident, like a seasoned pro.

He glanced at the monitor, satisfied, then set the defibrillator down with a smile.

Because on his system panel, a small notification had just appeared: +0.01

Just like that, he had saved a life.

No wonder some people loved emergency medicine—this kind of high-stakes action was exhilarating.

Compared to long, grueling surgeries that lasted for hours, the ER's split-second, life-or-death moments seemed like a perfect fit for someone like Adam, whose goal was to extend lives.

But it was just a thought. He didn't regret choosing surgery over emergency medicine.

After all, these dramatic defibrillator saves were rare. Within the hospital's coverage area, the odds of such cases weren't high.

A renowned surgeon, on the other hand, could attract critically ill patients from all over the country—or even the world.

At that point, he could perform as many surgeries as he wanted, maximizing efficiency, stability, and long-term impact—something the ER could never match.

And his instincts were right.

Over the course of the day, Adam only got one chance to play "lightning god" with the defibrillator.

The other emergency cases weren't life-threatening, giving him system boosts of only +0.0001 to +0.0005 at a time.

In the end, assisting in surgery still yielded better results.

Chapter 307: The Fierce Young Woman

Noon.

Medical Center.

Cafeteria.

Bang!

Meredith walked in and slammed the cooler onto the table.

"Is this it?"

Adam and the others immediately turned to look.

"Yes," Meredith replied irritably.

"Can we take a look?" Adam and Cristina asked in unison.

"What is it?" George, the chubby and slightly effeminate intern, asked curiously.

"You all want to see?" Meredith glanced between Adam and George.

Adam nodded with a smile.

George, not wanting to be left out despite his confusion, nodded enthusiastically.

"Go ahead," Meredith said, pushing the cooler toward them.

Adam held it steady, opened it, and after a quick glance, clicked his tongue in astonishment.

George leaned in and saw an indescribable mass inside.

"What is that?" he asked, puzzled.

"A severed fifth limb," Adam replied with a smirk.

Pfft!

George nearly choked, coughing violently while covering his mouth. "You could've warned me!"

"Wimp," Cristina scoffed, giving him a disdainful look before shutting the cooler.

"That girl is one fierce fighter," Adam remarked.

"If there were more women like her, there'd be a lot fewer rapists in the world," Cristina agreed.

"She was wearing the same shoes as me," Meredith murmured, momentarily dazed.

Americans tend to have an interest in mysticism, given that belief in God is mainstream.

Today, Meredith had worn a pair of shoes she hadn't touched in a long time, picking them from her closet on a whim. And now, she realized they were identical to the ones worn by this fierce young woman. That coincidence made her feel an unusual connection with the girl—something beyond the typical doctor-patient relationship. She felt emotionally invested.

Earlier That Morning.

Paramedics had wheeled in a severely injured and unconscious young woman. She was covered in wounds, barely clinging to life. Meredith had been the first doctor to attend to her, making her the girl's primary physician by default.

In the Operating Room.

While performing surgery, Dr. Burke had discovered something in the girl's mouth. When he extracted it, he couldn't immediately tell what it was.

But Meredith recognized it at a glance and stated what it was.

Immediately, a horrifying image formed in everyone's mind—a young woman, beaten to a bloody pulp by her assailant. Just as the rapist assumed she was too weak to resist, she had summoned the last of her strength and bitten off his detestable "fifth limb."

Dr. Burke, staring at the severed appendage held in his forceps, instinctively tossed it into a sterile container. It wasn't a lack of professionalism—just an unavoidable, visceral male reaction.

Due to the chain of custody rules, until the police arrived, Meredith was required to keep the evidence with her at all times.

And given the efficiency (or lack thereof) of the NYPD, Meredith had been stuck carrying it around, attracting attention wherever she went.

This kind of story had already spread throughout the hospital—and, by now, probably across all of New York's medical community. Dr. Burke and his team had also alerted other hospitals to be on the lookout for a rapist who was almost certainly in critical condition.

"Damn rapist!" Liz cursed viciously.

"I hope they don't find him too soon," Bianca said coldly.

"Even if he shows up at a hospital now, it's already too late for him," Cristina said with a smirk. "Bite wounds are jagged and unsuitable for clean surgical reattachment. Plus, saliva damages muscle tissue. Even if they attempt to repair it, they'd have to cut away a portion first. He'll be using a catheter for a long time—and he'll never be able to commit the same crime again."

"Sigh," Adam exhaled.

"What is it?" Cristina frowned. "Did I say something wrong?"

"Your medical assessment is spot on," Adam said, shaking his head. "But saying he'll never commit another crime again? That's too optimistic. Sometimes, men like him become even more dangerous after something like this. It all depends on whether he has money."

Everyone fell silent.

Even if they weren't familiar with the history of twisted eunuchs in ancient China, they had certainly heard of men whose psychological scars made them even more depraved.

"But this is a serious crime. He'll be sentenced to a long time in prison, right?" George still had faith in the justice system.

"Yes, theoretically," Adam said dryly. "But only if he's poor. Otherwise, whether he's guilty at all will be 'up for debate.' There's always 'consent' or a 'misunderstanding in a financial transaction.' Hell, the girl could even end up being charged with aggravated assault. And even if he is convicted, watch as a heavy

sentence turns into a light one, a light one into probation, and then the sentence keeps getting reduced. You'd be amazed."

The room fell into a heavy silence.

Hearing it laid out like that was disturbing—but it was the reality of America's legal system.

"Then what do we do?" Meredith asked, her voice thick with sorrow. "She's already been shattered—barely clinging to life. Are we really going to save her, only for her to wake up to a nightmare instead of a new beginning?"

"That's horrifying," Liz muttered, shivering.

"We do what we can," Adam sighed.

After all, she was born into 'the land of the free.'

"Adam, you can help her!" Liz suddenly exclaimed, her face full of hope. "You're a billionaire, a famous author—you can do something!"

"Isabelle Stevenson!" Adam's face darkened, his tone turning sharp. "In this hospital, I am your colleague and a doctor—not a billionaire or a celebrity. If you want to do something for this brave young woman, then go do it yourself.

As for what I choose to do, that's my business. You have no right to demand anything from me. Do you understand?!"

Did Adam want to help the girl?

The truth was, he did.

In fact, he had already decided that if the legal system failed her in some egregious way, he would quietly step in and provide whatever assistance he could. He considered it a good deed.

But wanting to help and being guilt-tripped into it were two completely different things.

Even if he did help, it would be in secret and only within his means.

Because in this so-called 'free world,' there were too many injustices and tragedies. If he openly built a reputation for being generous, he'd attract an endless stream of opportunists looking to exploit him.

Losing a bit of money wasn't the issue.

The real problem was how exhausting it would be.

And some scammers would go to extreme lengths—like faking illnesses to exploit his kindness.

The first person that came to Adam's mind was Frank from Shameless. That old crook would definitely pull a stunt like that.

Adam wasn't afraid of lawsuits, but if he lost his medical license because of some scammer? That would directly impact his longevity—something he cared about far more than any moral debate.

He had no interest in Liz's moral crusade. Even if she were a true saint, if she jeopardized his future, she'd become his enemy.

"Adam..." Meredith tried to smooth things over, but Adam cut her off with a wave of his hand.

"Isabelle Stevenson!" Adam's gaze was icy. "Did you hear me clearly?!"

Chapter 308: A Round of Applause

Medical Center.

Cafeteria.

Liz's face turned red with frustration. She wanted to argue back, but when she met Adam's cold and sharp gaze, she instinctively lowered her head, unable to maintain eye contact. She murmured softly, "I understand..."

Aura is a mysterious thing.

It cannot be seen, yet it undeniably exists.

A person with a strong aura can influence those around them with just a look, an expression, or a single sentence—sometimes profoundly.

As a system-enhanced transmigrator, Adam's physical abilities had undergone a drastic transformation since crossing over, steadily advancing towards a superhuman level.

With immense wealth backing him, along with long-term companionship with Juno, Karen, and Heather—honing his skills in hunting and dissection—he had recently even performed real surgical procedures. His aura had naturally acquired a unique quality.

Most of the time, he was calm and composed, friendly to all. But when angered, he made sure everyone knew exactly where they stood.

On the other hand, Sainly Liz, despite her emotional nature and self-imposed moral high ground, had an aura that was nothing but an illusion—merely a product of her own imagination.

Under normal circumstances, this wasn't obvious. But when confronted with someone like Adam, her flimsy sense of righteousness was easily shattered.

If people acknowledge you, you're a saint.

If they don't... well—

Beep, beep.

Beep, beep.

At that moment, the pager clipped to Adam's waist buzzed, notifying him of a new task.

Glancing at it, he stood up and left.

"Tsk, tsk, such a commanding presence," remarked Alex from another table, a cryptic smile playing on his lips.

"That's not about presence—it's about standing firm in his convictions!" Bianca retorted. "Was Adam wrong? Who has the right to interfere with his choices? If it were you, would you like someone dictating your actions under the banner of morality?"

"I didn't—" Liz didn't dare argue with Adam, but Bianca was not Adam, so she instinctively defended herself. "I just thought she was pitiful and wanted to help..."

"Helping someone means forcing others to contribute?" Bianca sneered. "A normal person who wants to help would think of ways to do it themselves first."

"Alright, Liz meant well."

Meredith tried to smooth things over. "She just expressed it poorly."

"We know you're defending Adam," Christina teased. "Liz already admitted she understood, and Adam accepted it. No need to get worked up."

"Hmm?"

Meredith and the others immediately perked up, sensing gossip in the air.

Emergency Room.

An ambulance arrived.

A stretcher was swiftly wheeled in, carrying a patient as the medical team rushed into the hospital.

"What's the situation?"

Adam stepped forward, examining the patient while questioning the paramedics.

"One-year-old infant found unresponsive in their crib, unable to receive IV fluids," a paramedic reported quickly.

"What was the condition upon your arrival?"

Adam pressed further.

"No spontaneous breathing, cyanosis, pulse at 200—extremely weak."

The paramedic efficiently relayed the vital signs.

"Call Dr. Lewis."

Adam habitually instructed the nurse.

As an intern, it was protocol to notify the senior resident before proceeding with treatment. If the situation was critical and the resident had yet to arrive, only then could an intern act independently.

The senior resident in the ER was Dr. Susan Lewis—an experienced doctor. With Adam being temporarily assigned to the ER under Dr. Cheney's orders, he was currently shadowing Dr. Lewis.

"Already called," the nurse responded.

Adam nodded and turned to the young, anxious parents.

"Has your child been sick recently?"

"No!"

"Taken any medication?"

"No!"

"Any recent injuries?"

"None!"

As they spoke, the team reached the treatment room.

Adam placed his stethoscope on the infant's chest to listen, while the nurse followed protocol, connecting the baby to monitors and reporting in real time.

"Try to find a vein."

"No access, sinus rhythm, heart rate 180."

Adam lifted the baby and began manual CPR.

"Laryngoscope!"

"Curved forceps!"

After a round of emergency care, Adam put the infant down and called out.

The nurses immediately handed him the laryngoscope and curved forceps.

Adam inserted the laryngoscope into the baby's mouth, opening the throat and using the built-in light to check for obstructions. He held the forceps in his other hand, ready to extract anything blocking the airway.

Everyone in the room held their breath, watching Adam work.

The young parents trembled, covering their mouths to avoid making a sound that might disrupt their child's treatment.

Seconds stretched into eternity.

"Found it!"

Adam murmured, pulling out a shiny object with the forceps.

"It's an earring!"

Everyone exhaled in relief. The worst-case scenario had been not finding the cause at all.

"Give her assisted ventilation!"

Adam ordered.

The nurse moved quickly.

"Blood sugar levels?"

"Twenty!"

"I need an 18-gauge spinal needle—insert into the intraosseous space. Prepare glucose!"

"Glucose IV is ready."

Adam placed the stethoscope on the infant's chest again.

"Stop ventilation."

Waaah!

A loud cry echoed in the room.

"Ah!"

The young parents sobbed, overcome with emotion.

"Run blood gas analysis, chest X-ray, complete blood count, and metabolic panel," Adam instructed the nurse before turning to the teary-eyed parents with a smile. "She's going to be okay. You can come see her now."

"Thank you!"

"Thank you so much!"

The relieved parents hurried to the bedside, repeatedly expressing their gratitude.

Out of the corner of his eye, Adam noticed ER resident Dr. Susan Lewis standing by the doorway. He quickly approached her and reported the case.

"You did great. You saved her," Dr. Lewis said approvingly, breaking into applause.

Clap, clap, clap!

She was soon joined by the nurses.

ER nurses are seasoned professionals.

They were used to guiding wide-eyed, clueless interns through their first cases. But witnessing an intern handle an emergency with such precision was rare.

Even compared to senior residents, Adam's composure rivaled that of the esteemed Dr. Duncan.

In a hospital where skill and expertise reign supreme, competence is the ultimate power—and Adam was already a shining presence.

The combination of his talent and authority...

Tonight, many would struggle to sleep.

And many more would find comfort dreaming of Adam...

Adam felt a deep sense of satisfaction. Compared to his earlier victory as the "Thunder King," this kind of rescue was far more intense, thrilling, and rewarding.

The admiration of those around him and the system's +0.01 notification filled him with joy, completely washing away the lingering disgust from his earlier clash with Saintly Liz.

As the saying goes: The joy of saving lives is incomparable. Compared to this, what is Eastern Evil or Western Venom? Medicine is the true divine path!

Chapter 309: Love Her? Then Cut Yourself First

"Are you interested in working in the ER?"

Dr. Susan Lewis's invitation was clear. "I think you're naturally suited for it."

"Thanks for the compliment."

Adam smiled but declined politely. "But I prefer being a surgeon."

"Alright then."

Susan didn't insist and left it at that.

In the hospital hierarchy, surgeons were at the top, while ER doctors were at the bottom. Naturally, the best talents aimed for the top.

It couldn't be helped.

The ER had relatively low pay, an overwhelming workload, immense pressure, and the highest patient mortality rate of any department—because many patients were already beyond saving when they arrived.

In this kind of environment, ER doctors had a high likelihood of mental breakdowns.

Adam had heard a story about the previous attending physician of the medical center's ER. One moment, he was leading his team in an intense rescue operation. The next, he went completely silent, started stripping off his clothes, and walked out of the hospital completely naked, disappearing without a trace.

Apparently, everyone at the scene was so shocked that they just stood there watching, unable to react.

Afternoon

Adam went to the nurse's station to pick up patient records when he ran into Meredith, who, as always, was carrying a cooler wherever she went.

"Still not here yet?"

Adam smiled.

"In TV shows, American cops always show up last to clean up the mess. Turns out that's not just made up," Meredith complained. "Their efficiency is so slow. If it were us, the patient would be dead by now."

"That's why they started heavily sponsoring those crime dramas," Adam joked. "Mark my words, soon you'll see all sorts of heroic police shows where no one escapes justice. Not only will justice arrive, but it'll never be late."

"Heh."

Meredith chuckled, then looked at Adam with her warm, expressive eyes. "Liz didn't do it on purpose. Don't be mad at her."

"Whether it was on purpose or not doesn't matter," Adam said coolly. "As long as it's not directed at me."

"I just can't believe it."

Meredith looked at him with a strange expression. "A gorgeous woman like Liz, and you treat her like this? Most guys wouldn't have the heart to do it."

"That's exactly why she's so immature."

Adam scoffed. "I'm not her dad."

"Dad?"

Meredith gave him a weird look. "Why would you bring up being her dad?"

Wouldn't a normal relationship be about being a boyfriend, not a father figure?

"Ahem."

Adam cleared his throat, lifted the patient file in his hand, and said, "I've got patients to see. Gotta go."

"Oh, my God!"

Meredith didn't respond to him. Instead, her eyes widened as she looked past Adam, let out a gasp, and grabbed her cooler before running outside.

"What the hell?"

Adam turned to look and saw a car parked haphazardly at the hospital entrance. A man covered in blood from the waist down was stumbling toward the entrance.

"Call security," Adam instructed, then quickly stepped forward.

This guy was probably the rapist.

Holding out this long before coming to the hospital—he was a tough one.

The man was placed on a stretcher and rushed toward the OR, with security arriving to handcuff him just in case.

Since the case was linked to that brave girl, and Meredith was the first to make contact, Dr. Burke, their supervising attending, allowed her team to take over the surgery.

Dr. Burke was in the middle of another operation, so the responsibility fell to Miranda Bailey, their resident-in-charge.

Adam and Meredith arrived at the same time, so technically, he could've been included in the surgery. However, Bailey only asked Meredith to scrub in and didn't even mention Adam.

"Dr. Bailey, I'd like to assist in this surgery."

Surgery wasn't a pop quiz—you didn't wait to be called on. Adam never missed an opportunity to gain hands-on experience.

"Sorry, there's no space in the OR."

Bailey rejected him without hesitation.

Adam frowned. That was a weak but effective excuse.

Operating rooms varied in size. Besides the lead surgeon, there were anesthesiologists, scrub nurses, and sometimes even interns observing for learning experience.

Meredith was in that category, and Adam was asking for the same opportunity.

If the OR was small, it made sense to limit the number of people inside.

But they were using OR 2, which was a large surgical suite designed for major, multi-disciplinary procedures.

A penile reconstruction surgery was overkill for such a big room. There was plenty of space—enough to fit a few more people comfortably.

Saying there was no room was simply an excuse.

But since Bailey had made the call, there was nothing Adam could do.

The lead surgeon had the final say. If they claimed there wasn't enough room, even if they were performing surgery in an open courtyard, they could still say your breathing was too loud and distracting.

And even if he forced his way in, without the surgeon's approval, he'd just be standing uselessly at the back, with zero visibility and no chance to assist.

Watching Meredith follow Bailey inside with the cooler, Adam turned and walked away.

Clearly, not everyone was taken in by Adam's charm.

Unlike others, Bailey didn't care about looks, and to her, Adam's charisma was meaningless.

It annoyed him a little, but he quickly brushed it off.

He wasn't Benjamin Franklin—not everyone had to like him.

If he was arrogant enough to think otherwise, then that would be a real problem.

Emergency Room

"Dr. Duncan, can you ask the nurse to step outside?"

Inside a private room, a shy young man looked uneasy.

"Sure."

Adam immediately understood and signaled the nurse to leave. Once they were alone, he said, "Alright, now show me why you're in the ER."

The young man hesitated, then removed the bundle of clothes he had been clutching, revealing his blood-soaked pants.

"What happened?"

Adam's eyes widened as he studied the man. Could I have misjudged? Was this guy actually the rapist? That'd be too much of a coincidence.

"I... I recently started dating a new girlfriend," the young man stammered. "She's Jewish. I'm her first non-Jewish boyfriend, and she's... a little uncomfortable with it."

As he spoke, he pulled down his bloody pants.

"So you decided to circumcise yourself to please her?"

Adam's lips twitched when he saw the wound.

"I looked up the procedure online and sterilized the knife beforehand..."

The young man's face burned with shame.

"Ah, yes. The internet—the great equalizer," Adam said sarcastically. "Now anyone can be a doctor. If everyone followed your example, we'd all be out of a job."

With that, he turned to leave.

"Wait! What do I do now?"

The young man panicked.

Adam smiled. "Stay put. I'll go get a plastic surgeon for you."

Chapter 310: Are You Discriminating Against Me?

"Thank you."

The shy young man sincerely expressed his gratitude.

"You're welcome."

Adam smiled, closed the hospital room door behind him, and almost couldn't contain the amusement in his eyes.

He really wanted to tell the shy young man, "Don't thank me—thank Howard."

But professionalism held him back, so he kept it to himself.

In *The Big Bang Theory*, when Sheldon's twin sister Missy came to visit him, Howard, Raj, and Leonard were all instantly smitten with her. They competed fiercely, each trying to win what they believed was the "right" to date her.

Raj, after drinking, started acting wild and talked to Missy about the *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, referring to it as a legendary book. He also mentioned a certain indescribable book, claiming it was one of China's greatest contributions to the world, and told Missy not to hold back.

Howard, as a Jewish man, refused to be outdone. He immediately boasted that his people had invented circumcision, also telling Missy not to hold back—his face full of pride as if he were expecting applause.

Now, seeing this shy young man genuinely wanting to thank Howard, the first thing that popped into Adam's mind was that scene. It was so vivid that he almost lost control.

It was just too perfect—complete with top-tier sound effects in his head.

"I understand. I'll have someone from plastic surgery come over," Susan said, shaking her head.

Technically, Adam could handle this himself, but unless Shani temporarily assigned him to the plastic surgery department, he really wasn't in a position to step in.

Besides, deep down, Adam wasn't too interested in this type of procedure.

Doctors are expected to be professional and not have personal hang-ups, but given the choice, Adam preferred to avoid these kinds of surgeries—just like rectal exams. The fewer, the better.

"Patients these days are getting bolder," Susan sighed after making the call. "They come across some half-baked medical information and think they can perform procedures on themselves. Do they ever stop to consider—if it were that easy, why would we spend so much money and so many years training to do this?"

"Ignorance is bliss," Adam chuckled. "The more you know, the more you respect the complexity of medicine. I'm sure after this experience, he'll carry that respect for the rest of his life."

No doubt about it.

He had taken a knife to himself and botched the job. Even with a plastic surgeon's intervention, it would never look the same as before.

And if the surgeon wasn't skilled? Well, if they left him looking like a piece of broccoli down there, that would be a lifelong nightmare.

Using public restrooms would turn into a mission—dodging glances and avoiding any chance of being seen. The mere thought of it...

"Dr. Lewis, there's a patient waiting for you," a nurse called out, pointing to an elderly African American man sitting in the waiting area.

"Got it," Susan acknowledged and motioned for Adam to come along.

"Adam, you take the lead on this one," she said.

"Did this start this morning?" Adam asked as he examined the patient's eyes with an ophthalmoscope.

"Yes, I noticed it when I woke up," the elderly man confirmed.

"Are you still seeing double now?"

"No."

"How many fingers am I holding up?" Adam raised three fingers.

"Three."

"Have you had any previous eye issues?"

"No."

"When you were seeing double, did you feel any pain? Headaches? Loss of balance? Strange tastes in your mouth? White spots in your vision? Weakness in your limbs?"

Adam ran through a series of questions, but the patient shook his head at each one.

"I think he should see a neurologist," Adam suggested after ruling out most possibilities. He suspected a neurological issue and looked to Susan for confirmation.

"Mr. Irwin, right?" Susan glanced at his chart and said in a gentle tone, "A neurology consult costs \$200. Right now, you don't have any concerning symptoms, so I'd recommend waiting until something actually feels wrong before seeing a specialist."

"Is it because I'm Black?" the elderly man suddenly asked. "Are you discriminating against me?"

"No!"

Susan quickly shook her head. "I'm just trying to save you some money. I know you don't have insurance..."

In American hospitals, insured patients usually get private rooms, and doctors treat them with a high level of confidentiality.

But for those without insurance? The treatment was much less personal. Quick assessments in the waiting area were common. Some hospitals wouldn't even accept uninsured patients.

After all, in the U.S., healthcare is a business—one of the biggest.

Money buys the best medical resources.

For example, wealthy donors often contribute large sums to hospitals—not just for philanthropy, but also for personal reasons.

When they have a mysterious illness that multiple doctors can't diagnose, they might try to book an appointment with a top specialist, only to be told there's a months-long wait.

But if they donate a large sum? They could be admitted that very afternoon. A top-tier doctor would personally oversee their case, quickly pinpointing the issue and recommending the best treatment.

That difference in timing? It could be the difference between life and death.

And hospitals? They already have all the numbers worked out for you in advance. You just need to pay up.

"If I weren't Black, you wouldn't say that!" the elderly man accused.

"Dr. Lewis, should we just schedule the neurology consult? Provisional diagnosis: transient diplopia?" Adam interjected.

"Fine," Susan sighed, full of exasperation. She instructed the nurse and then turned to leave.

"Make sure to add it to his bill," Adam whispered to the nurse.

"Of course," she replied with a knowing look.

People like this—who assumed discrimination where there was none—were frustrating to deal with.

Hospitals were profit-driven. They didn't care if you had symptoms or not—if you walked in the door, they'd happily run every test imaginable just to rack up charges.

By medical protocol, Susan should have ordered the neurology consult immediately. It was a billable service, after all.

A single visit to a neurologist cost \$200, which was a huge sum for someone without insurance.

Susan was genuinely looking out for the patient's best interests, yet he instantly accused her of racism.

This was still 1998. A decade or two later, Susan could have faced serious consequences for such an accusation—possibly even losing her job.

"Don't follow my example," Susan said with a bitter smile as Adam caught up with her. "Your diagnosis was correct."

"I know," Adam replied. "And I also know that you know what the right thing to do was."

A seasoned attending like Susan wouldn't be unaware of the right course of action.

"Yet I still did it," she laughed at herself. "And it's not the first time. Maybe I'll never change."

"You're a good doctor," Adam said sincerely.

once wrote: "To understand the world yet remain kind—that is true wisdom."

Susan embodied that—both wise and kind.

Adam wouldn't have gone to such lengths for a patient like that, nor did he feel the need to. But that didn't stop him from respecting doctors like Susan, who genuinely cared.