

TV Show 311

Chapter 311: Luck with Women

"Thank you."

Susan felt Adam's sincerity and smiled with relief.

Their eyes met naturally.

For a moment, Susan found it hard to look away.

She had silently done many thankless tasks like this before. It would be a lie to say she wasn't a little frustrated.

Now, she had met someone like Adam—a person who truly understood her. And to top it off, he was incredibly handsome and charismatic.

Considering her busy work schedule, she could hardly remember whether she had broken up with her boyfriend or not. She couldn't even clearly recall what he looked like. At that moment, she found herself a little entranced.

Adam hesitated for a brief moment before quickly looking away.

According to Rajesh's theory, that fleeting fraction of a second was enough to spark chemistry between him and Susan—not the kind Rajesh imagined in his head, but something real.

Susan was an attractive woman who matched Adam's aesthetic preferences.

She was worldly yet untainted by cynicism, silently doing good deeds. Unlike Saint Liz, who always insisted that others follow her ideals, Susan simply did what she thought was right.

But she was both a colleague and a superior at the hospital, unlike Bianca, whom he knew inside and out. Adam had no intention of letting that spark turn into something more.

"Okay."

Susan was a kind and mature woman in her thirties. She immediately noticed her momentary lapse and smiled awkwardly. "I have a patient to check on. Page me if there's an emergency."

"Got it."

Adam nodded with a smile.

Once Susan left, he let out a quiet breath.

No doubt about it—this was the kind of world you'd see in a Hollywood TV show. The number of attractive men and women in the hospital was overwhelming, and it was all too easy to end up in a messy situation.

This only strengthened his resolve to avoid entanglements with beautiful female colleagues.

After all, people are naturally drawn to beauty—men and women alike.

And Adam was far from the only good-looking guy in the hospital.

But a good-looking guy who maintained his self-discipline? That was rare.

Better not follow the crowd.

"Adam!"

A chubby, sleazy-looking man named Stu waddled over, wagging his eyebrows. "I heard you were the first one to see that guy who tried to perform his own circumcision."

There were no secrets in a hospital.

It had barely been any time, and the shocking news had already spread everywhere.

If this had happened in Adam's past life, it would've been trending on social media by now—probably with some viral phrase like, 'If you can't even cut yourself, do you really love me?'

If the shy young man had known that, he probably wouldn't have waited so long, suffering in silence, before finally pulling his pants down after Adam arrived and the nurse had left.

"You're interested in this too?"

Adam teased, "What, already thinking about ditching your orange?"

"You know me, I'm just that kind of free spirit."

Stu smirked proudly. "No one can tie me down. I've even got a new girlfriend—cantaloupe. Still the same method—poke a hole and microwave it for 30 seconds. That texture..."

"Enough."

Adam had mentally prepared himself, but even so, he couldn't handle Stu's perversion any longer. He cut him off. "Don't you have work to do? Why are you hanging around the ER?"

"Heh, I got Shani to transfer me to help out in plastic surgery."

Stu grinned. "Dr. Jordan over there really likes me. Says I've got a talent for plastic surgery. I was part of the entire surgery for that DIY circumcision guy."

"Not bad."

Adam looked at Stu in surprise.

Among the interns, aside from Adam, who was clearly the top performer, and George, who had the worst luck, most of them were just trying to get by. Meredith was busy using her latte bribes to cozy up to her bosses. Who would've thought the sleaziest one—Stu—would be the first to get into the OR?

"When the internship ends and we choose our specialties, I'm definitely picking plastic surgery."

Stu looked triumphant.

"Good choice."

Adam nodded. "Light workload, high income, and most importantly, you like it."

"That's the best part!"

Stu got even more excited. "Think about it, Adam—once I become a famous plastic surgeon, imagine how many beautiful women will come to me, letting me work my magic on them. And if I open a clinic in Beverly Hills, catering to Hollywood actresses... that would be heaven!"

"I didn't hear anything."

Adam's mouth twitched. He had no patience for Stu's bottomless sleaziness.

Whoever ends up as a patient under this guy's knife is doomed.

Total Liu Bei move—way too cunning.

"Dr. O'Malley, come with me."

A nurse called out to George, the chubby and somewhat effeminate intern, who was also assigned to the ER.

"Sure!"

George flashed his warmest smile and followed the nurse toward the patient rooms. "What kind of patient? Cardiac arrest needing defibrillation? A baby choking on something?"

"You've heard about Dr. Duncan's amazing work already, huh?"

The nurse glanced at him, a playful smirk on her face. "Neither of those."

She pushed open the door.

"What's going on?"

George's smile froze.

Inside the room, patients were seated with bowls in their laps, vomiting into them. The overwhelming stench of bile and sickness filled the air.

"This is a German tour group," the nurse explained. "They all got food poisoning at the Imperial Restaurant on 46th Street."

She then turned to the patients. "Good afternoon, this is Dr. O'Malley. He'll be taking care of you. If you have any questions, feel free to ask him."

"Good afternoon, Dr. O'Malley—ugh!"

A patient tried to greet him but immediately began dry-heaving.

George stood there, his smile now completely hollow.

"Don't worry, Bambi. This is simple."

The nurse, thinking now this is what an intern should look like, smiled brightly. "You just need to perform rectal exams and collect stool samples."

"On all of them?"

George's face turned green, especially when he spotted some of the bigger women, their thighs thicker than his waist. He suddenly felt like his soul was leaving his body.

"On all of them," the nurse confirmed with a sympathetic glance.

"Dr. Duncan was just at the nurse's station. Can't he help me out?"

George forced a smile.

"I can try, but you'd better get started. These patients can't wait."

The nurse reminded him.

"Alright then..."

George pulled on latex gloves, looking as though he was marching toward his doom.

Nurse Station

"Hehehe..."

As expected, George's situation quickly became gossip. The nurses laughed openly.

"Dr. Duncan was right there. Why didn't you ask him?"

An older nurse teased.

"Dr. Duncan is handling real emergency cases. We can't have him wasting time on something like this."

The nurse who had taken George to the room smirked.

"Exactly."

The other nurses nodded in agreement.

"Dr. Duncan is practically at the level of a resident."

"He's so handsome. How could we ask him to collect stool samples?"

Just around the corner, George was carrying the collected samples to be sent to the lab when he overheard them.

He stood frozen in place, stunned.

All his life, he had always had great luck with women.

Yet now, compared to Adam, the nurses naturally saw him as the guy who dealt with poop.

What kind of twisted world was this...?

Chapter 312: He's Not That Important

Night falls.

At the medical center.

In the hallway.

Several temporary hospital beds were placed together.

Christina and the others walked over one after another, plopping down onto the beds and slumping against the wall, exhaustion written all over their faces.

Having missed mealtime, they used some coins to buy coffee and snacks from a nearby vending machine, making do with whatever they could find.

"My head hurts," Alex complained, for once without his usual mysterious and ambiguous smirk.

"It's probably a tumor," Christina said sarcastically.

"You wish I had a tumor, don't you?" Alex snapped.

"That's hilarious. Do you think I'm the only one who wants that?" Christina retorted.

"..."

Alex froze for a moment.

He had a decent sense of how unpopular he was.

"If wishful thinking could make things come true, I wouldn't be the first one to get a tumor—Adam Duncan would!" Alex sneered. "Don't tell me you've never imagined that before."

Christina couldn't be bothered to respond.

If not for the fact that Alex had been assigned under Nazi as an intern and Nazi had asked her to show him the ropes, she wouldn't even be talking to him.

She was already fuming.

When it came to surgical skills, she firmly believed she was just as capable as Adam—easily one of the top interns among the twenty in their program.

Yet, this was already the end of their second rotation.

What had Adam done?

And what had she done?

Adam had not only performed an appendectomy on his very first day, but he had also solved a difficult case, assisted in a high-level neurosurgery, and today in the ER, he had excelled yet again—successfully saving a baby. The entire hospital had heard about how the room erupted in applause afterward.

Meanwhile, she—Christina Yang, with a Bachelor's degree in Literature from Smith College, a PhD from Berkeley, and an MD from Harvard Medical School—hadn't gotten a single surgery. She had spent her time handing out diagnostic pamphlets and doing menial tasks.

To make things worse, when patients learned they were fine, they would hug her in joy. As someone who disliked physical contact, it made her skin crawl.

And on top of all that, she had to babysit Alex, this useless idiot.

It was infuriating.

If she had a scalpel in her hand right now, she might actually stab Alex.

"My hands are numb from suturing all day," Liz said as she walked over, holding a cup of coffee and some snacks.

"At least you're helping patients and improving your skills," Christina grumbled, pointing at herself. "Now, take a guess—who does Nazi dislike the most?"

"American police are the most unreliable," Meredith muttered as she walked over, carrying a cooler. She reached out and grabbed some snacks from George, who had just bought them. "They said they'd come in the morning. Then they said the afternoon. And now, when we're about to get off work, they say it'll be a few more hours. Looks like I'm stuck with this all night."

"You'll be stuck with it for life~" Alex teased.

"Shut up," Meredith snapped, glaring at him with disgust. "Don't talk to me. Thanks."

"You guys think that's bad?"

George walked up, his face grim. "This afternoon, I had to handle an entire German tour group with food poisoning. Now that was miserable. Try dealing with that!"

The group fell silent.

Clearly, they all agreed—George had it the worst.

"You know what's even worse?"

George's voice was filled with grievance. "Adam was there too, so I asked a nurse to call him for help. But she just brushed me off! And then, behind my back, she said Adam was meant for 'great things' while I was only fit to do rectal exams and collect stool samples."

"Hahaha!"

The group burst into laughter.

"You're laughing?!"

George yelled.

"Alright, alright, we won't laugh," Meredith said, trying to comfort him. "Damn Adam!"

"Damn Adam!"

The moment she said it, everyone instantly agreed and started complaining in unison.

They were all interns—why was the gap between them so massive?

"What's this about?"

Adam appeared from around the corner, looking puzzled as he heard them all badmouthing him.

"You ordered takeout?"

Christina's sharp eyes immediately noticed that the food in Adam's hands was far superior to the bland snacks from the vending machine.

"Sort of."

Adam paused for a moment before smiling nonchalantly.

He had realized he would miss dinner, so he had asked his assistant to order a meal from a high-end restaurant and have it delivered.

After all, in life, one must indulge in good food.

"Can we see what billionaires eat?" Christina asked curiously.

"Of course."

Adam sighed, helplessly handing over the food.

"Le Bernardin's seafood feast," Christina gasped, then held up her tasteless vending machine sandwich in comparison. "And you wonder why we're all complaining about you?"

"Heh."

Adam chuckled but said nothing.

That's human nature—without comparison, there's no resentment. And naturally, envy and jealousy arise.

The key was keeping it within reason.

As long as it stayed at the level of envy and didn't turn into outright hatred, they could still be friends.

Christina, at least, was straightforward about it, which was perfectly normal.

Liz opened her mouth, wanting to say, "Instead of spending so much on food, why not help more people?" But then she remembered Adam's cold, sharp gaze from earlier that afternoon and quickly swallowed her words.

This was a man she couldn't afford to provoke.

"Anyone want some?"

Adam opened the container and invited them to share.

"Of course!"

Christina didn't hold back. "After such a long day, getting to enjoy a Michelin three-star meal is the perfect way to unwind. Hand me a lobster."

Adam smiled and passed one to her.

"I'll have some too," Meredith said, reaching for a bite.

"Help yourselves," Adam said.

They were all colleagues. Even though the competition was intense, he still wanted to maintain a friendly atmosphere. Christina's openly competitive yet professional attitude was something he could appreciate.

"Everyone, dig in."

"If you insist."

George pouted. "By the way, did you hear about the German tour group earlier?"

"I heard a little," Adam replied with a smile. "They meant well..."

Seeing George's face darken, Adam quickly changed his tone. "Next time, for sure."

"Wow, this is amazing!"

Christina and Meredith couldn't help but exclaim as they took their first bites. They exchanged glances before hastily eating faster.

George took a bite as well, and his expression instantly softened as he let out a satisfied sigh.

Liz hesitated, swallowing involuntarily as she watched them eat.

"I'll have some too," Alex said shamelessly, reaching out.

Smack!

Adam slapped his hand away and smiled lightly. "I didn't order enough this time, and I haven't even eaten yet. Next time, for sure."

"Whatever, it's just food," Alex muttered, his face darkening as he stormed off.

"Adam," Meredith said hesitantly. "Even if you don't like him, wasn't that a bit harsh?"

"I don't like him," Adam admitted with a smile. "With his disregard for human life and his dubious medical skills, the chances of him ever becoming my colleague are slim. Besides, I haven't eaten yet—I'm not about to go hungry for his sake."

Alex wasn't that important.

Chapter 313: I'm a Doctor, Not Your Moon

After a seafood feast...

The second shift was wrapping up.

Everyone went their separate ways.

Adam stopped by Green Clinic. Seeing that nothing needed his attention, he decided to check the ER to see if anyone needed his help.

With his energy, he didn't mind working longer hours.

Ding!

The elevator arrived.

As the doors opened, Adam's eyes flickered.

Standing inside was a handsome middle-aged doctor smiling at him, while Meredith was crouched down, gathering a pile of scattered medical files.

"Hi, Adam."

Meredith looked up and greeted him.

"Hi, Meredith~"

Adam smirked playfully. "Hi, Dr. Shepherd."

The eyes are the windows to the soul. If he had only subconsciously sensed something was off before, he was now certain.

"Dr. Duncan."

Dr. Shepherd nodded with a polite smile.

"You didn't lose any files, did you?"

Adam asked with concern. "It's okay if you did—there are cameras in the elevator. Even if something went missing, we'd find it."

Meredith's body instantly stiffened.

"Oh, I just remembered—I need to see Dr. Green."

Dr. Shepherd's smile turned slightly unnatural as he stepped out of the elevator.

"Wow."

Adam walked into the elevator, making a show of astonishment at Meredith, who had gathered the files in her arms and was standing up.

"What?"

Meredith feigned innocence, giving him a "what's that look for?" expression.

"Pretty wild."

Adam teased, "In the hospital elevator? That eager? Looks like the fiery girl has awakened."

"How did you know?!"

Meredith looked at him in shock.

"Because Christina and I made a bet. We were guessing how long you'd last in front of Mr. Dreamy. She thought you'd hold out at least through the week."

Adam chuckled. "But I bet you wouldn't last past this week. One emotional moment and you'd give in—especially in a hospital, where life-and-death situations create constant emotional highs. I saw no way I could lose."

"You guys bet on me?!"

Meredith was furious. "And why would you think I wouldn't last a week?"

"Well, the bet isn't over yet. You couldn't have done much in the elevator—at most, a French kiss. So I won't count it as you surrendering. How about this? As long as you don't spend the night together this week, I lose."

"You!"

Meredith wanted to argue and say he'd definitely lose, but when she met Adam's knowing look and thought about the volcanic energy between her and Dr. Shepherd, she wasn't so sure...

Adam was absolutely right.

The reason the feelings hit her so hard was because that fiery girl inside her had awakened. And Dr. Shepherd had shown his tender side in front of that girl. The moment she saw it, her defenses crumbled.

How could such a gentle, passionate, and handsome man possibly be the playboy she had accused him of being? The one who, despite knowing she was a student of his student, still pursued her, violating hospital rules and putting her job at risk just to play some hunting game?

Ding!

The elevator doors opened. Someone was about to step in.

Meredith rushed out immediately—never mind that this wasn't even her floor.

Adam shook his head, amused.

Hooking up with the boss in an elevator during work hours? He had only ever seen that in certain Japanese action films. Like father, like daughter.

Back at the ER...

"Adam."

George, the chubby and slightly effeminate intern, sidled up to him hesitantly.

"What's up?"

Adam kept his eyes on the patient file in his hands.

"Can you teach me?"

George gritted his teeth and said, "So many girls like you..."

"If you want to chase Meredith, forget it."

Adam didn't even look up.

"Who said I want to chase Meredith..."

George tried to deny it but was clearly frustrated. "Why do you think I don't stand a chance?"

Adam glanced at him, resisting the urge to gossip about what he had just witnessed in the elevator.

Normally, gossip was fair game, but he wouldn't spread something that could affect a sort-of friend's career. So, he just smiled and said:

"You want me to teach you? I really can't, because I don't know anything either. But if you want to pursue Meredith, I can offer some advice."

"Go on."

George ignored the first half of Adam's sentence—he figured Adam was just being modest.

"First, let me ask: are you looking for a serious relationship with Meredith, or do you just want a taste?"

Adam asked seriously.

"Of course, I want a real relationship!"

George blurted out.

"Then there's nothing I can do. That's really impossible for you."

Adam shrugged. "You're just not her type. And forced love never works."

"..."

George's mouth twitched. He looked frustrated and unwilling to accept it. "Then what type does she like?"

"Aren't you supposed to ask how to just get a taste instead?"

Adam teased. "Her type? Someone like Dr. Shepherd."

"Dr. Shepherd..."

George looked dazed.

"See?"

Adam studied his expression and said playfully, "Even you are captivated by Dreamy Dr. Shepherd. So how could Meredith not be? Do you really think she'd be interested in a potential romantic rival?"

"I'm not! I don't! Stop talking nonsense!"

George denied it immediately, then realized how it sounded and shouted, "I'm not gay!"

"Mhmm."

Adam responded ambiguously.

"I'm really not gay!"

George was getting anxious.

"You don't have to explain it to me."

Adam patted his shoulder. "The important thing is that Meredith knows."

With that, he grabbed the file and walked off.

He was a doctor, not some love guru. He didn't have time for all this nonsense.

George hesitated for a moment, then caught up.

"What now?"

Adam asked, exasperated.

"You gave me two options..."

George hesitated. "What about the second one?"

"Heh."

Adam couldn't help but laugh. "Looks like you're finally getting it—understanding what really matters."

George's chubby face turned red.

"How's your alcohol tolerance?"

Adam asked.

"Uh..."

George was confused. "Not bad, I guess?"

"Good."

Adam grinned. "Find a chance to drink with Meredith—just the two of you. Get really drunk. As long as you can hold your liquor, you'll get what you want.

But remember—what happens, happens. It doesn't mean love or a relationship. Once it's over, don't overthink it, because Meredith definitely won't."

George's expression turned strange. He didn't know how to respond.

It felt like Adam was insulting him.

Wasn't it usually men who hooked up and then walked away?

Why did it feel like, in his case, it would be the other way around?

Bang!

The ER doors suddenly burst open.

Adam looked up, his expression tightening, and quickly walked over.

Chapter 314: How Can Relying on Dad Be Called Mooching?

Medical Center.

Emergency Room.

Two beautiful young women walked in, supporting each other.

"Jill, what happened to you?"

Adam quickly stepped forward, reaching out to help one of the girls with concern.

"So, you're Adam! You really are as handsome as Jill described."

The other girl's eyes lit up as she extended her hand. "I'm Louise, Jill's best friend."

"Nice to meet you."

Adam shook her hand, ignoring the subtle way she scratched his palm with her pinky. Instead, he frowned and asked, "What happened?"

"We were in a car accident," Louise said with a smile.

"Oh my God! Adam, you have to save me!"

Jill finally snapped out of her daze and clung to Adam's arm. "I crashed my dad's new car! He loves that car more than anything—he's going to kill me!"

"That's it?"

Adam guided her into a hospital room and began examining her injuries while speaking casually. "It's just a car. Leonard won't mind—you're his favorite daughter."

"Oh, come on!"

Jill rolled her eyes, giving him a don't try to fool me look. "Rachel is clearly his favorite! 'Look at Rachel, learn from Rachel'—that's his favorite thing to say!"

Adam simply chuckled.

"You're making fun of me."

Jill pouted. "No way, you have to help me!"

"Well, the good news is you're fine. You just need a few stitches."

After checking her over and finding no serious injuries, Adam breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't care about my injuries!"

Jill cried, "Are you going to help me or not?"

"Are you sure you don't care?"

Adam teased, "If I don't stitch this up properly, it'll leave a scar."

"Ahhh!"

Jill shrieked. "No way! I still need to wear bikinis—I cannot have a scar!"

"Relax."

Adam chuckled. "My stitching skills are excellent. You won't even notice a mark. But if you're worried, I can call in a plastic surgeon."

"You do it."

Jill hesitated for a moment before gritting her teeth and agreeing.

She wasn't stupid—especially when it came to her looks.

Doctors were usually more skilled with experience, but in her household, aside from hearing 'look at Rachel, learn from Rachel,' she'd also often heard her father say 'Adam is amazing.'

As the spoiled youngest daughter, Jill admired her father immensely. Since everything she had came from him, she naturally trusted his judgment.

So even though Adam was young and still just an intern, she instinctively believed in him.

"Alright."

Adam wasted no time. He quickly prepped his tools and got to work.

When the nurses praised his stitching skills, they weren't exaggerating. It was a fact.

After all, he had spent four years in college hunting and dissecting animals with Juno and the others, practicing suturing nearly every week. During medical school, his hands-on experience only increased.

When it came to this, he was supremely confident.

As the saying goes: It's not talent—just practice.

"Wow! You're really good at this!"

Louise gasped, half in awe and half in admiration.

Her tone carried a different kind of meaning.

Adam just smiled and ignored her.

These little flirtations were far too obvious—she really thought she had a chance?

"All done."

Adam finished the stitches quickly and efficiently.

"My dad was right—you are amazing."

Jill examined her stitches in admiration.

As the daughter of a renowned doctor, she had seen enough sutures before to recognize quality work. Compared to what she'd seen, Adam's skills were clearly superior.

"Adam, you still haven't said if you'll help me!"

With her injury taken care of, Jill's worries resurfaced, and she pressed him again.

"What exactly do you want me to do?"

Adam sighed.

"I heard you're a billionaire—why don't you just buy Jill the exact same car? That way, Uncle Leonard won't even notice."

Louise suggested with a grin.

"Yes, yes!"

Jill's eyes sparkled as she clung to Adam's arm, shaking it playfully. "Adam, please help me!"

Adam glanced at Louise, whose eyes were practically glowing with anticipation, and said calmly, "Buying a new car isn't a big deal..."

"So you'll do it?!"

Jill beamed.

Louise also looked at him with admiration.

This kind of effortless confidence—agreeing to buy a car without even asking the price—was incredibly attractive.

A flood of thoughts raced through her mind, all revolving around how to secure a connection with this wealthy young man. She even stole glances at her best friend Jill...

"Of course... not!"

Adam smirked. "Buying a car isn't a big deal, but solving your problem this way isn't right. Today, you were lucky—just a few scratches. But next time, you might not be. If I buy you a new car to cover it up, I wouldn't be helping you—I'd be harming you."

"I swear I won't speed anymore!"

Jill immediately raised her hand, making the gesture so smoothly it was clear she had done this many times before.

"Really?"

Adam gave her a knowing look. "How about this? Let's make a deal. If you go an entire year without getting scolded by Leonard, I'll buy you a car for your next birthday—one that I guarantee you'll love. Deal?"

"An entire year...?"

Jill was both excited and dismayed.

Excited because Adam was willing to buy her a car of her choice as a birthday gift—an extremely tempting offer.

Her dad did love her, but ever since she'd grown up—and especially since her older sister Rachel 'took the wrong path by getting a job instead of relying on family wealth'—Leonard had been much stricter with her.

In the past, she wouldn't have hesitated to buy a yacht for Louise, but now, even wrecking one of her dad's cars made her worry he'd cancel her credit card.

Dismayed because one whole year was way too long—she wasn't sure she could last even three months.

Without Rachel, maybe she would have stood a chance. But the more successful Rachel became, the more their dad scolded her.

Damn Rachel!

How could relying on Dad be considered mooching?

In her heart, their father was forever forty years old!

"If you don't want to, forget it."

Adam shrugged.

Louise nudged Jill, and Jill caught on immediately. "No, no! I agree!"

Whether she could do it or not was a problem for the future.

Who knew? Maybe Rachel would mess up and disappoint their dad. Then, he'd finally realize she was the truly caring daughter and go back to spoiling her!

Anything was possible.

Gotta stay optimistic.

"Jill Shantha Green!!!"

A furious voice roared from the entrance.

Jill's face turned pale as she turned toward the doorway, where Leonard stood, fuming.

She swallowed nervously. "Dad...?"

Chapter 315: 50 Knives—I'll Let You Pick 49 First

"Look at what you've done!"

Leonard was furious. "Now you're into street racing?! Who taught you that?! Do you have a death wish?"

"Rachel taught me."

Jill secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

As expected, her dad still loved her. He didn't even care that it was his brand-new car.

Now that her worries were gone, the mischievous side of Daddy's little girl came out.

"Rachel loves street racing the most."

Adam couldn't help but smirk.

That was actually not wrong.

Rachel was a textbook example of a reckless driver—poor skills but a love for speeding.

After Monica's father felt guilty for how he had treated her, he gave her his Porsche. Everyone had taken a turn driving it—except Rachel.

They all agreed to keep it a secret from her.

Because Monica didn't trust Rachel.

When Rachel eventually found out, she snatched the keys, took the car onto the highway, and immediately got pulled over. In the end, she avoided punishment by batting her eyelashes at the cop.

So yeah, Jill wasn't exactly lying.

She really had learned from her big sister Rachel—just like all those little tricks of acting cute, whining, and playing the innocent victim.

After all, Rachel had always been Leonard's favorite.

And since Rachel's tactics worked so well on Dad, Jill naturally picked up the habit of following in her big sister's footsteps.

"..."

Leonard clearly had the same realization. His anger faltered for a moment before he scowled and said, "Those are all the bad habits your sister developed! Why can't you learn from her good ones? She stopped taking my money ages ago and worked her way up to a management position at a big company! Why don't you try that?"

"I'm still young," Jill muttered.

"You're not that young."

Adam couldn't help but chime in, "When Rachel was your age, she was already working as a waitress."

"That's because she was stupid," Jill scoffed. "Wasted all that time, only to give up in the end. Even now, after working her butt off for a year, how much can she actually make? How many designer bags can she even buy?"

Adam's mouth twitched. He had no rebuttal.

Sure, Rachel had climbed up to a management position, but she was still low-level. Her salary wasn't bad, but it was nowhere near enough for a luxury lifestyle.

Jill's words—though blunt—weren't exactly wrong.

She had a keen sense for these things. Just by looking at Rachel's outfits over the years, she already had an idea of her financial situation.

Making money wasn't easy.

And Jill? She had a great dad. Being born into privilege was her greatest talent—so why should she work herself to death, only to end up living a worse life?

"Rachel can support herself."

Leonard felt a sharp pain in his chest and snapped, "Even if I died, she'd be just fine. But you? Could you survive?"

"Daddy will always be forty! You'll never grow old or die~"

Jill lifted one leg and pounced into Leonard's arms, playfully snuggling up to him.

"Enough nonsense!"

Leonard gave her a light smack on the head. He sounded annoyed, but his expression softened, and a hint of a smile appeared. "Does it still hurt?"

"Of course, it does."

Jill kept whining, making Adam cringe with secondhand embarrassment.

But Leonard? He was eating it up.

She was his precious little girl, after all. A few sweet words, and nothing was unforgivable.

Leonard was nearly sixty, had been divorced from Sandra for years, and was always busy with work. He had no resistance to his youngest daughter's affection.

"Learn from your big sister, Rachel."

Leonard doted on Jill as he advised her, "Make some good friends. Stop hanging out with troublemakers. You're already in your twenties."

Louise, standing nearby, looked awkward but didn't dare say a word.

When Leonard got angry, it wasn't just Jill who was scared—her whole friend group was.

Aside from Leonard's natural authority as a veteran heart surgeon, there was another reason: they all owed him favors.

In their social circle, Jill was basically a walking credit card. That yacht? Just one example.

"I know, I know."

Jill pouted, clearly just humoring him.

"Rachel invited me to dinner tomorrow night."

Leonard smiled and turned to Adam. "I haven't seen her in a while. You should come too, Adam."

"No, thanks."

Adam's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly declined. "You know I don't have time. Besides, you two haven't seen each other in a while—spend some quality time together. If I'm there, Rachel might feel embarrassed to act spoiled around you."

"Fair enough."

Leonard nodded in agreement, looking forward to the dinner.

Jill made a face like, Rachel's in her thirties and still acts like a little girl? Seriously?

Adam quietly sighed in relief.

If his guess was right, Rachel inviting Leonard to dinner probably had something to do with her pregnancy.

That was a mess he wanted no part of.

Yep.

Even though Adam had already told Rachel and Ross they should stop messing around—after all, they had a baby on the way and should just get remarried—Rachel did have that thought.

Being a single mom wasn't easy. And when the kid inevitably asked, *Where's Daddy?*—instant tears.

But Ross? He wasn't the same Ross anymore.

In short: He had embraced his wild side.

When Rachel tried to test the waters, he hit her with a casual, "Neither of us actually want to get married again, right?"

And just like that, conversation over.

The truth was, he had already hooked up with a woman from Monica's wedding and was having the time of his life. No way he'd give that up for Rachel.

Out with the old, in with the new.

Adam didn't believe for a second that Ross was oblivious to Rachel's intentions.

He just didn't care anymore.

Rachel, the once-untouchable goddess, was now just a familiar old friend to him.

And if Ross didn't care, Leonard definitely would.

His precious daughter got pregnant, and Ross didn't even want to marry her?

Letting her suffer alone while he lived it up with other women?

That's a 50-knives situation—Ross could pick where 49 landed, but the last one? That was Leonard's choice.

And Adam had no interest in watching that massacre unfold.

Because in these kinds of bloodbaths, even bystanders could get caught in the fire.

"Jill, we're going home."

Leonard supported Jill as they walked out.

"We're best friends," Louise suddenly said, pulling a card from her purse and slipping it into Adam's hand. "The best kind."

Then, with a seductive look, she added, "So... call me~"

With a toss of her hair, she quickly followed Jill.

Adam twitched.

He wasn't an amateur.

He knew exactly what she meant.

But he wasn't interested.

Nope. Not one bit.

"Bianca, we're off work!"

Chapter 316: Death Babies

The next day.

Early morning.

Adam drove Bianca to work.

By now, the entire hospital had heard about their relationship.

After today, the rumors would be even more solidified, leaving many female doctors and nurses heartbroken.

But Adam saw this as good news, so he didn't bother clarifying that they were more than friends but not quite lovers yet.

Bianca, who appeared quiet on the outside but was wild at heart, didn't care either.

Not everyone had Adam's energy—to work 14-hour days, seven days a week, and still have time for anything else.

Many interns were single, relying on bars to release their hormones in fleeting encounters.

Dating and relationships were just too time-consuming and exhausting.

For Bianca, having Adam as a steady companion—going to and from work together—and being such an exceptional person was something everyone dreamed of.

"Shit!"

Adam suddenly slammed on the brakes.

"What's wrong?"

Bianca, in the passenger seat, was startled.

"Some reckless cyclists."

Adam responded quickly, and that was all he needed to say.

Bianca immediately understood.

A swarm of cyclists flooded the road, charging forward recklessly.

Each rider pedaled furiously, shouting wildly, exuding an untamed, free-spirited energy.

"Damn it! It's the Death Babies race!"

Adam cursed.

The chaotic wave of cyclists passed, leaving a mess behind—several riders groaning on the ground, having been kicked down by competitors.

"We should hurry to the hospital; it's going to be a busy day."

"Aren't we going to help them?"

Bianca pointed at the injured riders writhing in pain.

"No need."

Adam glanced at them indifferently, then stepped on the gas, heading toward the hospital.

"Someone will come for them. Since they chose to ignore others' safety and act recklessly, a little suffering is the least they deserve."

"I just hope no bystanders were hurt."

Bianca didn't press further.

She wasn't a saint.

"How could there not be?"

Adam sighed.

"I just hope there are fewer innocent victims."

The Death Babies race was an illegal underground cycling competition that had been held in New York for years.

The only rule was that there were no rules.

It was an unrestricted, no-holds-barred race—whoever reached the finish line first won.

Racers would kick each other mid-ride, recklessly weaving through traffic, completely disregarding their own lives.

And for what?

Just the glory of winning and a free bottle of tequila at the victory party.

At the Medical Center

By the time Adam and Bianca arrived, the entire hospital was on high alert.

"Thank God you two made it safely."

Shani let out a deep sigh of relief upon seeing them.

"Today is Death Babies race day—it's dangerous out there. We've already had reports of injured medical staff. The ER is about to be flooded with patients."

"Adam, Bianca, both of you head to the ER. Suture quickly, discharge quickly. If it's serious, send them to the OR. No fighting over patients, understood?"

"Understood."

Adam and Bianca nodded in unison.

In the ER

"You're all here."

"Of course."

"No stealing my patients."

"First come, first served."

Nearly all 20 surgical interns had arrived, already dressed in disposable surgical gowns, standing in the ER, ready for action.

Adam glanced at Meredith—she looked radiant.

He smirked.

He had never lost a bet before.

If he were as sleazy as Alex or as much of a playboy as Barney, he could probably land a different date every night just from winning bets.

Meredith avoided his gaze, pretending not to see him.

It wasn't her fault—she just couldn't control the surge of emotions inside her.

Dr. Shepherd was like a celestial being to her.

So handsome, so untouchable, in every possible way...

"Here they come!"

The ER doors burst open, and paramedics rushed in with stretcher after stretcher.

"They're like blood-soaked candies—amazing."

Cristina's eyes gleamed as she fixated on the incoming patients.

"OMG, this one's mine."

When a critically injured, unconscious patient was wheeled in, Cristina called dibs and rushed over.

"No, I saw him first!"

Even the ever-compassionate Liz momentarily abandoned her saintly persona and lunged forward.

For an ambitious surgical intern, today was a golden opportunity.

With so many patients, not only would they get to perform countless sutures, but many severe cases would require surgery, giving them a chance to get into the OR.

And getting into the OR depended on claiming a critical patient. Once they took responsibility for a case, they could follow it into surgery as per the attending's protocol.

That's precisely why their resident supervisors had warned them in advance—no fighting over patients.

But as Lu Xun once said:

"The most profitable trades are all listed in the criminal code."

Their bosses' warnings were, in a way, a reminder—those who hadn't caught on before quickly realized and joined in.

"That one's mine!"

Meredith snapped out of her dreamy haze about last night's encounter with Mr. Fantasy and zeroed in on a patient with metal rods impaling his waist.

"You'll have to go through me first."

Alex lunged forward.

Meredith followed suit.

A tug-of-war over patients ensued.

No fighting over patients?

Are you seriously telling me how to do my job?

"Give me something for the pain—this hurts like hell!"

A middle-aged office worker, clearly an innocent bystander caught in the chaos, groaned as he was wheeled in.

Adam immediately stepped up.

"What's his condition?"

The two cops who had brought him in were too busy chatting to bother answering.

Adam wasn't surprised.

He got straight to work, reassuring the patient.

"We'll give you something for the pain. Hang in there."

"Nurse!"

As soon as Adam called, several nurses rushed over, making the other interns envious.

They were all swamped, desperately needing nurses to assist them.

Yet, unlike their usual grumbling and complaints, the nurses responded to Adam without hesitation, eager to help.

Comparisons are cruel.

"Notify ortho—we've got an open fracture."

"Got it, Dr. Duncan."

A nurse immediately ran off.

"Administer a tetanus shot and five milligrams of morphine."

Another nurse sprang into action.

After quickly stabilizing the patient, Adam scanned the room.

Unlike Cristina and the others, who were fighting over severe cases, Adam specifically chose patients who were clearly innocent victims.

He wanted to help them first.

Of course, he didn't say this out loud—otherwise, he might get into trouble.

After all, a doctor was supposed to treat all patients equally.

"Adam!"

Suddenly, a loud, familiar voice rang out, causing Adam's eye to twitch.

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Fairy Tail: My Contract System Starts with Erza

Roger never expected to wake up in the world of Fairy Tail. But with him came a mysterious system—one that lets him forge magical contracts with others and share in their powers.

His first contract is with Erza Scarlet, unlocking both Requip and Enchantment Magic. From there, every battle, every ally, and every contract brings him closer to becoming a legend. Magical tools drop from fallen enemies, ranging from bizarre to game-changing—like a pipe that forces the truth from liars, or a crystal ball that blurts out everyone's secrets.

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While the guild sees Roger as a comrade, the Magic Council knows him as something far greater—the rising All-Magic King, the hidden hand guiding Fairy Tail's destiny.

A tale of contracts, bonds, and power begins here—starting with Erza.

Chapter 317: A Human Tragedy

Medical Center.

Emergency Room.

"Barney!"

Hearing that familiar, exaggerated voice, Adam looked over. Sure enough, it was Barney.

"What happened to you?"

Walking over, Adam sighed and said, "Don't tell me you also participated in the Death Baby Bike Race?"

"Why not?"

Lying on a stretcher, Barney gazed dramatically upward at a 45-degree angle and mused, "What a fun race—free and uninhibited..."

"In what world does 'free and uninhibited' mean wearing an expensive suit while riding a bicycle in a race?"

Adam interrupted, "Speak like a normal person!"

"There was a really pretty girl there. I made a bet with her—if I could make it to the final party, she'd agree to go on a date with me."

Barney nodded with a smug smile. "It was a challenge, and Barney Stinson never backs down from a challenge... Ahhh!"

Before he could finish, he let out a pained scream.

"Does it hurt?"

Adam withdrew his hand from Barney's wound.

"Of course, it hurts!"

Barney shouted.

"Good."

Adam nodded seriously. "Anywhere else?"

"..."

Barney felt Adam's malicious intent. He had no doubt that if he mentioned another injury, Adam would press on that spot too.

"Fracture in the lower left leg."

After checking, Adam said, "Nurse, call the orthopedic surgeon."

"Okay, Dr. Duncan."

A nurse responded and walked away.

"Wow, Dr. Duncan~"

Barney looked at Adam as if discovering a whole new world.

Adam ignored him and moved on to the next patient.

By midday, a flood of patients had overwhelmed the hospital, which was running at full capacity.

Adam treated several critical cases—all innocent victims of the Death Baby Bike Race. One of them had already been declared dead after unsuccessful resuscitation.

Everyone missed their lunch break because there was no time to eat.

The work continued into the night.

"Adam, is Barney okay?"

Ted and the others had rushed over after hearing the news.

"He's fine."

Adam said casually, "Lower leg fracture. He'll recover in two or three months."

"That's serious! How is that 'fine'?"

Ted was shocked.

"He brought it on himself."

Adam's tone was indifferent. "Who told him to participate in that stupid race?"

Ted frowned.

Lily stopped him, then looked at Adam with concern. "Are you okay, Adam?"

"I'm fine."

Adam shook his head, but his mood was low.

Seeing Lily and Marshall still looking at him with concern, Adam hesitated, then sighed.

"Do you guys know that because of this race, two innocent bystanders have died? They had wives, children... they were the pillars of their families."

"What?!"

Lily gasped.

Ted's expression changed. Now, he understood why Adam was acting this way.

"Barney deserves it!"

Lily's eyes turned red. "Two happy families—completely shattered just because of idiots like them having 'fun!'"

In the U.S., people rely heavily on credit and live paycheck to paycheck, so they have little to no savings. During economic crises, large numbers of people lose everything overnight—it's a classic case of living one step from paradise and one step from hell.

For the two innocent victims who died, if they had life insurance, at least their families would have some support.

If they didn't... their widows and orphaned children would be in real trouble.

Throughout the day, the hospital staff kept saying the same thing:

"Tomorrow, I'm definitely getting insurance."

That showed just how deeply this tragedy affected them.

"You think that's bad?"

Adam's face remained emotionless. "One of the two didn't die on the spot. Instead, he was hit by a motorcycle trying to avoid the swarm of cyclists. He fell into a deep coma and was declared brain-dead."

"The doctors called his wife and daughter, explained the situation, and asked if they would donate his organs."

"They started with the major organs—heart, lungs, liver, kidneys."

"Then came the corneas, because corneal transplants could restore sight to blind patients."

Lily's grip on Marshall's hand tightened.

"And then?"

She asked, her voice trembling.

"Then... they asked for his skin."

Adam's tone was flat. "Because his skin could help burn victims."

"What?!"

Lily, Marshall, and Ted exclaimed in unison.

"That's so cruel!"

"How would they even hold a funeral?"

"How could they ask a grieving widow and her child something like that?!"

Adam sighed.

"The female doctor who was originally handling it couldn't face their tearful questioning and stepped back. She asked me to talk to them."

That female doctor was Cristina.

She was so proactive about it because the brain-dead man's heart was a perfect match for a VIP patient of the surgical director.

If the wife and daughter agreed to donate, Cristina would get to participate in the transplant surgery—an opportunity to impress the surgical director and advance her career.

To make it happen, she and 'Saint' Liz even went against the orders of Dr. Shepherd and Dr. Burke.

They didn't wait the required six hours before declaring him dead. Instead, while his condition was critical, they forcefully gave him a blood transfusion and, with the surgical director's help, preserved his body for the heart transplant.

Yet, even someone as cold and career-driven as Cristina couldn't bring herself to face the grieving family in the end. That said everything about the tragedy.

"You... you actually went?"

Lily's eyes filled with tears. "Don't tell me you went."

"I did."

Adam sighed. "As cruel as it was, the truth is... his body could save many others. It was the right thing to do. As a doctor, the least I could do was try to comfort them."

After taking on this tragedy, Adam had already decided—once he found out more about the family's situation, if they had no insurance, he would secretly provide financial help.

This wasn't like those who brought disaster upon themselves. When he encountered cases like this, and if he had the means, he couldn't just stand by. Helping in secret was the least he could do.

Even if such good deeds barely earned him any extra lifespan points, he would do it—if only to clear his conscience.

"They agreed in the end?"

Lily sobbed.

"They did."

Adam's face remained blank. "The worst part? They were crying... while the ones responsible for this were laughing."

"A bunch of cyclists were yelling for doctors to stitch them up quickly so they could get back to this 'epic event.'"

"Some of them were even flirting with female doctors, forcing kisses on them like some kind of 'charming rogues.'"

"And our dear Barney? Even though he's lying in bed with a broken leg, I bet you anything—he's still trying to hit on the nurses and doctors."

"Damn Barney! Damn that Death Baby Bike Race!"

Lily cursed through her tears.

Marshall and Ted were silent.

Yeah, Barney would absolutely do something like that.

Before, they had envied his carefree, adventurous lifestyle.

But after hearing Adam's account of this human tragedy...

That feeling was completely gone.

Now, it just felt disgusting.

Chapter 318: The Manor's Doors Are Always Open for You

"How could this happen?"

Lily murmured, "Things weren't supposed to be like this..."

Adam let out a cold smirk.

Was that even a question?

Don't ask!

"No, no! He's not okay at all!"

As the crowd fell silent, a voice filled with suppressed anger suddenly rang out from not far away.

It was Dr. Miranda Bailey—nicknamed "The Nazi"—yelling at a group of obvious "Death Baby Derby" racers.

"He deliberately threw himself at full speed onto the concrete road!"

Seeing that the group remained unfazed, still grinning and joking around, Dr. Bailey grew even angrier. She pointed at them and shouted, "I know you punks, with your piercings, tattoos, and drug habits, think you're indestructible! If you want to throw yourselves onto the pavement and die, be my guest!"

Go ahead!

But other people still need to walk, drive, and survive on that road. Today, because of your madness, two people died, and countless others were severely or lightly injured!"

"Dr. Bailey."

Meredith quickly intervened, worried that Bailey's outburst would get her in trouble.

Dr. Bailey took a deep breath, realizing she had lost her temper. She cast one last cold glance at the racers before turning and walking away.

Watching her leave, Adam felt his previous irritation—caused by her refusing to let him into the operating room—completely dissipate.

In this entire hospital, she was the only one bold enough to openly berate those reckless racers.

That kind of courage earned Adam's respect.

Even if her words had no real effect—the racers clearly remained unmoved.

"You guys should go check on Barney."

After saying this to Lily and the others, Adam also turned to leave.

He still had unfinished business.

In the Operating Room

A large group of medical staff had gathered.

Dr. Burke was leading the procedure. First, he carefully removed the heart from the brain-dead patient. Then, one by one, he extracted other organs. Each time an organ was taken out, a staff member stepped forward with a refrigerated container to collect it.

Once the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, corneas, and several patches of skin had been removed, Dr. Burke stepped away, leaving only Liz and the deceased with an open chest cavity in the operating room.

"Liz?"

Cristina paused, looking at Liz in surprise.

"I want to stitch him up—for his family."

Liz picked up a suturing needle.

A flicker of sorrow crossed Cristina's eyes as she recalled the man's wife and daughter crying in despair. She hesitated, then chose to stay.

"I'll do it."

Adam pushed the door open and entered. "My sutures are a little better."

Liz and Cristina exchanged glances before silently stepping aside.

In this atmosphere, even someone as competitive as Cristina had no desire to fight for the task. They both knew Adam's suturing skills were superior.

Adam did his best, meticulously stitching up the deceased, ensuring he was restored to the most dignified state possible.

In the Hospital Lobby

After the surgery, Adam found the deceased's wife and daughter in the lobby. He spoke gently, "Mrs. Davidson, if you'd like to see him, he's ready."

Mrs. Davidson forced a smile, took her young daughter's hand, and followed Adam to the operating room.

The moment she saw her husband lying lifeless on the surgical table, she could no longer hold back her grief. Clutching her daughter, she broke down in uncontrollable sobs.

That very morning, they had kissed each other goodbye before he left. Their daughter had playfully clung to her father, their life filled with happiness.

But within just a few hours, she received the devastating news. Now, death had torn them apart forever.

She had lost the love of her life.

Her daughter had lost the father who adored her.

Their mortgage and car payments were still unpaid.

She was just a housewife—how could she support their daughter alone?

Soon, the bank would repossess their home and car, leaving them homeless.

Though she had agreed to donate her husband's organs out of goodwill, a part of her decision was also driven by the harsh reality of funeral costs.

A funeral, including a burial plot, would cost at least \$10,000 to \$20,000. But by donating his organs or opting for cremation, she could save a significant amount of money.

It was a bitter truth—dying was expensive.

However, as a Christian, she believed in burial traditions.

In the end, Mrs. Davidson couldn't bring herself to cremate her husband or donate his entire body. She decided to give him a proper funeral, no matter the cost.

Her daughter needed a chance to say goodbye to her father.

Thinking of this, she couldn't stop crying.

Adam stood quietly beside them.

He knew that no words could ease their pain—only tears could bring even the slightest relief.

He had already asked his assistant to investigate the Davidson family's situation, and now, he understood their struggles even more.

A Phone Call

Just then, Mrs. Davidson's phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello, is this Mrs. Davidson? This is the Ellis Charity Foundation. We were deeply saddened to hear about your husband's passing."

"Thank you. Why are you calling me?"

"Our foundation selects families for assistance each year, and we've learned about your situation.

After review, we've decided to include your family in this year's donation program. We will provide you with a \$50,000 charity grant to help cover funeral expenses and support your living costs for a while.

Additionally, if you're interested in finding work, we can offer job training and help you secure employment."

Mrs. Davidson was stunned. She couldn't believe such good fortune was suddenly being offered to her. Clutching her daughter tightly, she hesitated, "Is there... any catch?"

"None at all. Please don't worry—we are a legitimate charity organization. You can verify our credentials at City Hall before deciding whether to accept our assistance. One of our representatives will reach out to you soon."

"Thank you!"

Realizing it wasn't a scam and that no unreasonable conditions were attached, Mrs. Davidson felt overwhelmed. Perhaps her husband's spirit was watching over them, pleading with God to send them a blessing. Choking up, she repeatedly expressed her gratitude.

In Western culture, where many people are religious, this kind of "miracle and hope" could bring immense comfort.

Her husband must have been "worthy" in God's eyes—surely, he had made it to heaven.

That thought alone provided her with some solace.

"Congratulations."

Adam, standing beside her, smiled warmly.

"Thank you."

Tears streamed down Mrs. Davidson's face as she held her daughter close.

Grief and joy, so closely intertwined.

A Quiet Call

Adam smiled as he left, stepping into a secluded area before dialing a number.

"Thank you, Caroline."

On the other end of the line, his ex-girlfriend—"America's Female Captain," Caroline Ellis—chuckled. "I should be the one thanking you."

"Thanks to your donation, we can help even more people."

Adam smirked.

With Caroline's integrity and professionalism, she was the perfect person to quietly channel his donations to those in need.

All he had to do was send the money.

"Come visit sometime?"

Caroline extended the invitation.

"Would that be appropriate?"

Adam teased.

There was a pause before Caroline replied seriously, "The doors of the Ellis Manor will always be open for you."

Chapter 319: A Man's Words

Medical Center

Emergency Room

Nightfall

"...He swallowed it as soon as he got it."

A young woman brought her five- or six-year-old son to the ER, saying that as soon as he got hold of a key, he put it in his mouth and swallowed it.

"We need to take an X-ray first."

Adam reassured her, "Don't worry, in most cases, it will pass through his system naturally when he has a bowel movement."

"I know."

The young woman held her forehead, looking distressed. "I just don't understand why he did it."

"We can ask him."

Adam turned to the little boy. "Jimmy, why did you do that?"

"Because..."

Little Jimmy had just started to answer, still trying to find the right words, when his impatient mother cut him off.

"See? He's completely irrational."

"Mrs. Edmonds, let Jimmy speak at his own pace."

Adam reminded her, "With children, we need to be more patient."

"That's easy for you to say."

The woman retorted, "Try being a single mom yourself! I have to work and take care of him. How could you possibly understand how hard it is?"

"Jimmy, why did you do that?"

Ignoring the woman's complaints, Adam kept his focus on the boy.

Arguing with a woman was best avoided. Arguing with a female patient was foolish. Arguing with a single mother who brought her child to the hospital? That was the height of stupidity.

"I saw it on TV."

Jimmy tilted his head.

"Saw what?"

Adam's instincts kicked in.

"They put things in their mouths... all the way in."

Jimmy's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"What were you watching?! Who let you watch that?!"

The woman instantly erupted, "I'm firing Nancy the moment we get home!"

"Take it easy."

Adam calmed her down and turned back to Jimmy. "What you saw wasn't real. They didn't actually put those things in their mouths and swallow them—it was just an illusion. You shouldn't try to copy them, okay?"

Jimmy's eyes darted around, clearly not convinced.

"Mrs. Edmonds, you'll need to educate him properly when you get home."

Adam resisted the urge to perform a magic trick on the spot and instead took a more measured approach. "He shouldn't be watching those kinds of shows, and you should also make sure no one performs magic tricks in front of him. At this age, kids don't have strong judgment skills, but they are very good at imitating.

"There was a case before where an older brother performed a 'coin from the ear' trick for his baby sibling. The baby then developed a habit of stuffing anything he could get his hands on into his nose. He had to come to the hospital repeatedly. It's a very dangerous behavior."

"Are you saying Jimmy might do the same?"

The woman immediately became anxious.

"That was a baby. Jimmy is old enough to understand if you educate him properly. The key is paying close attention to him."

Adam quickly explained.

The woman still looked overwhelmed.

Adam understood.

Raising mischievous children had always been a major challenge. Most parents lacked the necessary skills and patience. In her case, being a single mother with limited time made it even harder.

It was a common issue, and Adam could only sympathize.

After taking Jimmy for an abdominal X-ray, they found exactly what they expected—a key-shaped object in his stomach. Adam advised the woman to monitor Jimmy's bowel movements and then moved on to his next patient.

A teenage girl was sitting on a hospital bed, holding her stomach, looking dazed.

"Lower left abdominal pain?"

Adam asked while examining her. Looking at her young face, he sighed internally.

The girl avoided his gaze, blushing slightly, and nodded.

"You're pregnant."

Adam delivered the bombshell.

"I'm not pregnant."

The girl shook her head immediately.

"Even if there was no penetration, even if he told you, 'I'll just rub it, I won't go in,' you can still get pregnant."

Adam reminded her.

"I'm not pregnant."

The girl shook her head again.

"Miss Murphy."

Adam noticed the flicker in her eyes when he repeated that common excuse men use. Clearly, she had heard something similar before. He pressed on, his tone firmer: "If you are pregnant, it could be an ectopic pregnancy. If left untreated, it could become life-threatening. Do you understand?"

"I'm not pregnant."

The girl repeated like a broken record.

Snap!

Adam closed the medical chart, took a deep breath, and asked in a serious tone, "Can you tell me the last time you got your period?"

"I don't remember."

She shook her head.

"Just give me an estimate."

Adam continued.

The girl hesitated but finally answered, "Easter."

"So it's been several months."

Adam looked at her intently. "Now do you understand why I suspect you might be pregnant?"

The girl fell silent.

"So you have been sexually active?"

Adam asked again.

"Yes."

This time, the girl answered truthfully.

"I'm ordering an ultrasound for you."

Adam warned, "If it confirms an ectopic pregnancy, you will need immediate surgery."

This time, the girl didn't refuse.

Adam shook his head internally.

Hospitals were full of patients from all walks of life, with bizarre and shocking stories.

Many of these stories challenged common sense. As an ordinary person, one might be tempted to criticize.

But as a doctor, he had to remain professional and treat everything as routine.

Allowing personal emotions to interfere could easily lead to complaints—or even lawsuits.

Healing people was a noble calling, but the first rule was to protect oneself.

As the saying goes: Being an honest official requires more cunning than being a corrupt one!

The more tricks you know to protect yourself, the more good you can do.

Adam firmly believed this.

Ring!

Adam's phone rang.

"Adam, can you book the Grand Plaza Hotel for a wedding reception on August 12th?"

Leonard's voice came from the other end.

"I'll try. Shouldn't be a problem."

Adam immediately guessed it was about Rachel's wedding. As a friend in more ways than one, no matter how tight the schedule or difficult the task, he would do his best.

And as a billionaire, if he really wanted to make it happen, he probably could.

"Who's getting married?"

Adam still played along and asked.

"Rachel is getting married!"

Leonard sounded excited. "She's pregnant—I'm going to be a grandfather!"

"Congratulations."

Adam immediately offered his best wishes.

Among the Green family's three daughters, Rachel was the eldest, already past thirty, and still unmarried. The second daughter, Amy, and the youngest, Jill, weren't even close.

Leonard was nearly sixty. If he didn't long for a grandchild, it would go against human nature.

Hollywood and American TV often portrayed characters who cared only about love and friendships while ignoring family. But that was because those shows were targeted at younger audiences, shaping their narratives accordingly.

Americans were still human, and family and lineage were just as important to them.

Leonard was clearly one of those people. After his initial anger over Rachel's pregnancy, all that remained was joy—he couldn't wait to give her the best of everything.

Truly, no parent in the world is without love for their child.

Chapter 320: The 2:30 AM Cook

Restaurant.

Phoebe and Rachel sat at the dining table, taking advantage of Leonard's absence to argue with each other.

"I can't believe your dad thinks I'm a lesbian and that I'm the father of your baby! I actually thought he was kind and was considering letting you leave early," Phoebe complained.

"Hey! That's not the point!"

Rachel waved a hand in front of Phoebe's face to refocus her. "I just lied to my dad! I'm not actually going to marry Ross. What do I do now?"

"Relax."

Phoebe waved dismissively. "You're a grown woman, and you're already pregnant. What's he going to do? Make you eat your baby the way he used to threaten to make you eat an entire pack of cigarettes when you smoked?"

Rachel glared at her.

"Alright, alright."

Phoebe chuckled. "Just tell him the truth later."

"Weren't you listening?"

Rachel looked horrified. "Didn't you see the way he gritted his teeth when he thought his first grandchild might be illegitimate? It was terrifying!"

"Hah! I have an idea!"

Phoebe clapped her hands. "If you're too scared to tell him, just let your baby do it! Wait until the kid grows up and suddenly appears in front of your dad—what a surprise that'll be!"

"That's not a surprise; that's a heart attack waiting to happen!"

Rachel rolled her eyes.

"How about letting Adam tell him?"

Phoebe grinned. "They're best friends, after all. Plus, they work together at the hospital now."

Rachel's eyes lit up.

That sounded a lot better than leaving a voicemail.

Better him than her, right?

"Good news for you."

At that moment, Leonard returned from his phone call, looking pleased. "I just spoke to Adam. He said there's a good chance he can book The Plaza for your wedding reception!"

"...!"

Rachel's smile froze.

Adam was clearly taking Leonard's side. There was no way she could count on him to break the news.

"Looks like someone played their cards better," Phoebe teased.

"What are you two whispering about?" Leonard asked, confused.

"Nothing..."

Rachel considered looking for another ally, but when she met Phoebe's amused gaze, she took a deep breath and blurted out, "Dad, I lied about the wedding."

"What?!"

Leonard's voice echoed through the restaurant.

Rachel shrank back, especially when she noticed people around them turning to stare. She covered her face and whispered, "Dad, keep your voice down..."

"Why?! Why aren't you getting married?! Is it because that idiot Ross doesn't want to?!"

Leonard's voice only grew louder.

"Yes!"

Rachel's eyes lit up as she played the victim. "It's Ross!"

"That bastard!"

Leonard shot to his feet. "I'm going to kill him!"

"Don't kill him, just yell at him a little!"

Rachel called after Leonard's retreating figure without much sincerity.

"That was smooth," Phoebe said, giving Rachel a thumbs-up.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Rachel asked indignantly. "If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be pregnant and dealing with my dad's pressure to get married! Why should I be the only one facing my father's wrath?"

"Fair point!"

Phoebe nodded in agreement.

The Next Day

4:30 AM.

"Bianca, Bianca."

Adam gently nudged the sleeping Bianca.

"What do you want?"

Bianca muttered without opening her eyes. "I can't do this anymore. Go wake up Iliad or someone else."

"..."

Adam paused for a second before nudging her again. "Time for work. Starting today, we're on a 5 AM to 7 PM schedule. Someone's probably already at the hospital."

You don't want all the good cases to be taken, do you? If they impress Dr. Snow first, they'll get to assist in surgeries while you just stand and watch."

"Argh!"

Bianca groaned into her pillow before jumping out of bed.

"Damned intern life!"

As medical interns, after surviving the initial shock and learning the hospital workflow, they had now entered their real training period.

Adam and the others had to wake up before dawn, rush to the hospital, and cheerfully wake up sleeping patients to ask about their condition.

At that hour, patients were understandably cranky.

But it had to be done. Interns needed to gather firsthand, accurate information before the residents did their rounds.

If an intern failed to get the right details and the resident made a mistake because of it, they'd be the one taking the heat—not the patient.

And when a resident decided to make life miserable for an intern? It wasn't hard.

On the flip side, doing a good job could make an impression. If an intern provided reliable reports, residents—and even attending physicians—would take notice.

That was how interns earned their spot in the operating room.

So, no ambitious intern showed up exactly at 5 AM.

Most were there by 4:30. Some even arrived at 4:00. Others just slept at the hospital to be first in line.

Adam's apartment was right next to the hospital, only a few minutes away—practically the same as living there.

But compared to hospital accommodations, plus a few personal reasons, Adam preferred going home every night.

Once they had washed up, Bianca rushed Adam to leave.

Not because she was afraid of being late, but because she was trying to avoid morning workouts...

Outside, it was still dark.

Even in a city that never sleeps, there were few people around besides the streetlights.

But once they arrived at the hospital, everything changed.

Doctors and nurses bustled about from all directions—some coming in, some going off shift. The energy level was almost the same as in the daytime.

That was a hospital for you.

"Boss, here's your breakfast."

A girl stood outside the hospital entrance, holding a packed meal. When she saw Adam, she immediately greeted him.

"Thanks, Lisa."

Adam smiled as he took it.

"It's my pleasure," Lisa said cheerfully. "If you ever have any special requests for breakfast, just let me know."

"I will. Now go get some rest."

Adam nodded as Lisa walked away.

"You really know how to enjoy life."

Bianca shook her head. "Breakfast isn't a big deal. You could just grab something quick, but you actually hired someone just for that?"

"Lisa isn't my assistant."

Adam walked as he explained. "She's Ada's assistant. I need to wake up early every day, but I can't make Ada suffer along with me. Lisa's a great cook, so I hired her."

To have a freshly prepared breakfast ready for Adam, Lisa had to wake up at 2:30 AM to start cooking.

The idea came from Juno and Karen.

Karen was an amazing cook and took great care of Juno. Adam was envious.

Karen was one of a kind, but hiring a personal chef? That was easy for a billionaire like Adam.

He wasn't about to start eating cold sandwiches for breakfast like most Americans.