

TV Show 321

Chapter 321: Think About It Carefully!

Medical Center.

"Look!"

Adam nudged Bianca and pointed toward the nurse's station, where Cristina was looking full of energy.

"She's really pushing herself!"

Bianca felt exhausted just watching.

Thankfully, she was crashing at Adam's apartment, which was right next to the hospital. Otherwise, with the time spent commuting, she'd have to wake up at 3 AM just to get here earlier than everyone else.

Technically, after their 5 AM to 7 PM shifts, she should be able to sleep early.

But in reality, no one actually leaves work on time.

And even after getting home, could she go straight to bed?

Yeah, right.

Thinking about this, Bianca glanced at Adam and started weighing her options—should she keep staying at Adam's place to save on commute time, or move out and get a bit more sleep instead?

Outside the hospital, a loud, frustrated voice interrupted her thoughts.

"You don't understand! I'm a guy, and you're a girl! You can't just walk around in front of me wearing Hello Kitty while I'm showering!"

It was George, the chubby, slightly effeminate guy.

"Oh, that reminds me—don't forget to buy us tampons!" Liz called out casually.

"I'm a man! I don't buy feminine products!"

George was on the verge of a breakdown.

"Adam! Say something!"

Seeing Adam and Bianca, George hurried over, desperate for backup.

"Oh, oh, oh!"

Adam raised his hand, stopping him. "How does whether you're a man or not have anything to do with me? Why should I say anything?"

"Hahaha!"

Meredith and Liz burst into laughter and walked away.

"..."

George looked at Adam with a pitiful expression.

"Don't look at me like that," Adam shrugged. "You chose to live with them. Are you telling me you couldn't find any other place to stay after moving out of your parents' house? Bianca, what's that phrase again?"

"You just want to get with them. You're shameless!"

Bianca chimed in without missing a beat.

She had heard Adam say this line countless times. As close friends who knew each other well, she immediately caught on to what he wanted her to say with just a glance.

"I do not!"

George protested. "Meredith's place is great, and since we're all colleagues, living together is convenient. That's why I moved in."

"Well, you can move out now."

Adam smirked. "Otherwise, when Liz walks around in Hello Kitty again, will you be able to handle it? Wait—don't answer yet! Let me analyze this for you: If you can handle it, that means you're not a man.

But if you can't handle it, then why haven't you moved out yet? Could it be that you're just hoping for something? A thief at heart but too afraid to act? Bianca, what's that other phrase?"

"If you won't be a beast, then don't act like one. Pick a side!"

Bianca instantly caught on again, responding as if on instinct.

"..."

George was nearly in tears. He threw down a final remark before storming off.

"You guys are the worst!"

"Who does he like?"

Bianca asked, intrigued.

"What do you think?"

Adam replied with another question.

"Liz is prettier, but if George saw her in that situation and wasn't secretly enjoying it, and instead was freaking out... Hmm..."

Bianca pondered. "That must mean he likes Meredith!"

"Bingo."

Adam grinned as they headed toward the locker room. "Now take another guess—do you think Meredith knows that George has a crush on her?"

"Of course she does."

Bianca said matter-of-factly. "It's such an obvious situation. Even someone inexperienced in love could figure it out with a little thought. Plus, women have a natural instinct for this kind of thing. Meredith is a pro in the dating game—there's no way she wouldn't know."

"Exactly."

Adam snapped his fingers.

"She's just pretending not to know?"

Bianca suddenly realized.

Adam just smiled knowingly.

Locker Room.

Cristina leaned against the wall, softly murmuring something under her breath. Adam, with his sharp hearing, caught every word clearly.

"55-year-old female, diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, has undergone chemotherapy to control the spread. Abdominal pain level: 3 out of 10. Nausea present but no vomiting, diarrhea, rectal bleeding, or black stools. Max temperature: 37.2°C, no fever, stable vitals. Lab results: bilirubin level at 7, elevated liver enzymes..."

"Congratulations!"

Adam smiled at Cristina.

"For what?"

Cristina stopped reciting the case file and looked at Adam warily.

"Relax."

Adam chuckled. "This case belongs to Dr. Burke. There's no way I'd be competing with you for it."

"Glad you understand."

Cristina let out a relieved sigh. "I got here at 4 AM just to prepare for this surgery."

"Surgery? What surgery?"

Meredith immediately walked over. "What do you know?"

Liz and George also turned their attention toward Cristina.

"It has nothing to do with you."

Cristina quickly stuffed her notebook into her pocket and shook her head, refusing to reveal anything.

Adam was right—he wasn't in the same team as her, so he wasn't a direct competitor. But Meredith, Liz, and Alex were—they were the real threats.

Even though Meredith was her best friend, in this environment, competition was everything.

There are no friends in the operating room.

She would never forget the time Meredith stole her thunder.

Friday Morning.

Leonard's coronary artery bypass surgery was scheduled for the morning.

Adam, of course, was going to be in the OR, so he wasn't assigned to the ER today.

Hospital Cafeteria, Noon.

"Meredith, that was an incredible surgery."

Adam complimented.

"Thanks."

Meredith beamed. "It's so rare to see a case where a nail gun shoots seven 3.5-inch nails into someone's skull without instantly killing them. None of the other nerves were damaged—only the optic nerve was compressed.

We managed to remove them at the exact angles they went in, with zero bleeding. The surgery was a complete success. I have to say, Dr. Shepherd is a genius."

"Heh."

Adam couldn't help but chuckle.

"Heh."

Cristina also laughed, but her smile wasn't as bright.

Meredith lowered her head, feeling a bit guilty under their knowing gazes.

Dr. Shepherd was amazing—in more ways than one. Just because she and he had an indescribable relationship now, did that mean she couldn't compliment his skills anymore?

"How's your pancreatic resection prep going?"

Adam turned to Cristina, who now looked a little less energetic. "Not going well?"

"How did you know?"

Cristina looked up sharply. "Do you know something?"

"I know she's been a nurse here for a long time."

Adam reminded her. "She's in bad shape. If she undergoes pancreatic resection, she probably won't survive..."

"I know, but she has no choice—if she doesn't do the surgery, she's just waiting to die. Dr. Burke is making me run every possible test to prepare..."

Cristina trailed off, then met Adam's pointed gaze—one that practically screamed, Think about it carefully.

Her face darkened as realization hit her.

"Son of a bitch! She's only here to die! Burke knew! Everyone knew! Except me!"

Chapter 322: Adam, the Subject of Gossip

Medical Center.

Cafeteria.

With just a small reminder from Adam, Cristina finally saw through the haze, and an overwhelming sense of anger rose within her.

What had she been working so hard for?

Wasn't it just to secure a chance to perform a pancreatic resection?

Yet, despite all her efforts, Meredith, who hadn't even competed, ended up getting a procedure far more interesting and rare than a pancreatic resection— the so-called Seven Nails Skull Extraction.

Meanwhile, Cristina was stuck assisting an elderly nurse with a series of exhausting rectal exams.

And now, she had just found out that these exams had been completely pointless.

No wonder this pancreatic resection, which should have been done as soon as possible, kept getting postponed. Every time she suggested it to the lead surgeon, Dr. Burke, he simply brushed her off with more tests.

That old nurse had even stood there with her arms crossed, mocking her from time to time.

Turns out, everyone knew— the old nurse had come to the hospital just to wait for death. She had never intended to undergo pancreatic surgery in the first place.

And Cristina? She had been running around like a clueless clown...

"Meredith, you knew too?"

Cristina, eyes red with frustration, turned to Meredith.

"Knew what?"

Meredith looked confused.

"My pancreatic cancer patient came here just to wait for death."

Cristina stared at her intently.

"What?"

Meredith gasped. "I didn't know! Has it gotten that bad? I heard she used to be my mom's surgical nurse."

"She was your mom's surgical nurse for eighteen years."

Seeing that not everyone had known, Cristina's expression softened a little. She then said blankly, "But she never once met you. She thought your mom was extremely arrogant."

Even though doctors and nurses belong to different professional groups, the relationship between a dedicated surgical nurse and the lead surgeon shouldn't have been so distant.

Especially after working together for eighteen years.

If an old nurse who had spent her life in the hospital developed pancreatic cancer, yet her colleague of eighteen years never once checked in on her, anyone would assume it was arrogance and disdain.

"My mom... arrogant?"

Hearing this, the excitement from Meredith's earlier involvement in the Seven Nails Skull Extraction surgery instantly faded.

She had always had a terrible relationship with her mother. She, too, thought her mother was arrogant, strict, and even a little cold.

When she applied to Harvard Medical School, her mother flat-out told her she wasn't good enough.

But now, her mother had Alzheimer's, forgotten everything, and was no longer the same person. Hearing someone else call her mother arrogant suddenly made Meredith feel uneasy.

"And where did you hear this from?"

Cristina turned to Adam.

"It's not exactly a secret."

Adam shrugged. "The nurses all knew the moment she was admitted."

Cristina understood. Given how much the nurses liked Adam, this kind of information would have reached him immediately.

"This is ridiculous."

Cristina grumbled, feeling stifled. "She's wasting medical resources!"

"She's a veteran employee who served this hospital for decades."

Adam reminded her, "In her final moments, she chose to come here. That's human nature. Policies exist, but they should also account for people's emotions. Put yourself in her shoes—what would you do?"

"I'd choose to have the surgery..."

Cristina started to argue but fell silent when she saw Adam's be honest expression.

People tend to speak from their own position.

Right now, she desperately wanted to participate in a pancreatic resection, so of course, she wished the old nurse would have the surgery.

But if she were being objective, the old nurse had three options:

Stay at home and wait for death. Undergo pancreatic resection surgery. Stay in the hospital and wait for death.

The first option was the most painful— suffering from pancreatic cancer while knowing you're just waiting to die. The physical and mental anguish would be unbearable.

The second option, surgery, was risky. Given her condition, she'd likely die on the operating table. But at least anesthesia would make it a relatively painless death.

The third option— staying in the hospital— meant she'd have access to morphine and other pain relief, reducing her suffering compared to waiting at home. And unlike surgery, she'd live a little longer.

Everyone has a survival instinct. Death is terrifying.

Knowing there's a 95% chance of dying on the operating table, who would willingly choose that unless they had no other choice?

Most people in her position would choose the third option.

But as Cristina had pointed out, this was still a waste of medical resources— hospital beds, tests, medication.

With how profit-driven the American healthcare system is, there's no way such "wasteful behavior" would normally be allowed.

It was both illegal and against regulations.

Most people wouldn't have access to this kind of treatment.

But this old nurse had spent her entire career in this hospital. Everyone in the hospital knew her.

The department head said nothing.

The attending physician said nothing.

The residents said nothing.

The nurses said nothing.

They all pretended she was genuinely going to have the surgery, running test after test until she eventually passed away naturally.

This was the greatest level of compassion they could show within the system's limits.

Even if someone exposed this, it wouldn't be a big deal.

Besides, who would dare expose it?

Unless they didn't want a future in medicine.

All the medical staff knew— this nurse's situation could one day be their own.

Sure, it wasted public healthcare resources and cost insurance companies money. But who in their right mind would make an enemy of their entire hospital over this?

Cristina wasn't stupid, so she could only keep her frustration bottled up.

As they spoke, Liz sat down with her tray.

"Well, if it isn't our model doctor."

Cristina, still irritated, couldn't help but throw in a jab.

Liz immediately shot her a glare.

"Don't look at me like that."

Realizing she had misspoken, Cristina changed her tone. "Come on, six feet tall, ridiculously perfect body, long hair down to your chest— if I had your figure, I'd walk around naked all day. No school, no work, just living the dream."

Everyone chuckled.

"I was wearing makeup... and they edited the photos."

Liz, sensing the friendly teasing, smiled too.

"Still, taking down Alex in the locker room? That was badass!"

George gave her a thumbs-up.

Adam smirked knowingly.

After discovering Liz had posed for a Bethany Whisper magazine shoot as a "sexy doctor," Alex had printed dozens of copies and plastered them all over the locker room— even on the elevator doors.

When Liz saw it, she didn't hesitate. While Alex was egging her on, she started taking off her clothes right in front of everyone, taunting him.

We're all doctors. Haven't we studied anatomy? Haven't we seen it all before?

It's just a bunch of fat, right?

That completely shut Alex down. The gathered crowd, which had been enjoying the show, suddenly felt too awkward to laugh.

The whole hospital was buzzing about it.

Liz noticed Adam's amused expression and shot him a you have no right to laugh at me look.

Adam blinked, suddenly sensing something was off.

All around them, people were whispering and pointing—not just at Liz, but at him too...

Chapter 323: Rage from the Heart

"What's going on?"

Adam couldn't help but ask.

"You don't know?"

Meredith looked at Adam with an unusual expression in her 'affectionate' eyes.

"You really don't know?"

Liz was laughing the hardest.

"What happened?"

Adam frowned.

He genuinely had no idea.

And that made him very annoyed.

"January 30th—every night, a groom."

Liz gloated. "Now, everyone knows that our hospital has a 'Mr. January 30th.'"

"Barney Stinson!"

As soon as Adam heard this, he immediately understood what had happened. He gritted his teeth and said each word slowly.

This had to be the work of Barney Stinson, who was currently hospitalized.

Then, the scene from that morning replayed in Adam's mind.

Men's restroom.

Adam was using the urinal.

The chubby Stu and the bald Chris walked in side by side, taking positions on either side of Adam.

Their gazes simultaneously shifted toward him.

One of them had a lewd grin, while the other had a look of disbelief and self-doubt.

Adam was used to being compared to others. He simply finished his business and left.

A real man never looks at others. Besides, if anyone was going to feel insecure, it wouldn't be him.

But thinking back now, Stu and Chris probably had heard some gossip and had come to verify it.

Then, more rumors must have spread from them, escalating the situation even further.

"Bianca is so lucky," Christina sighed.

"Yeah," Meredith agreed, her uniquely alluring voice making people feel tingly.

"Winning in love, losing at work," Liz mocked. "Haven't you noticed that the nurses are hostile toward Bianca? Now that they know Adam is handsome, rich, and unbelievably strong, their jealousy is practically uncontrollable. This morning, I even saw them purposely giving her a hard time."

Adam's mouth twitched.

Offending nurses—or being targeted by them—was definitely bad news for an intern doctor.

After all, the saying "Doctors diagnose, nurses treat" wasn't baseless.

Without nurses, a doctor's workload would be a living nightmare.

Can you imagine a doctor diagnosing a patient, only for that patient to vomit or lose control of their bladder and bowels, and then the doctor having to clean it up?

Unscheduled patients were all called in through the nurses' station.

If a nurse disliked you, they could keep calling you for the most difficult and disgusting tasks.

Would you go or not?

Complain?

Nurses had signed contracts and union protection. The boss wouldn't get involved in disputes between doctors and nurses. You had to solve your own problems.

And if you caused trouble, the nurses would unite against you, making your life hell—with nowhere to complain.

Thinking about how Bianca might be facing hostility and even being deliberately tormented because of him, Adam couldn't sit still. He got up and left.

This situation needed to be handled carefully, or it would become a big problem.

As he reached the corner, he spotted a group of nurses chatting. Adam immediately began eavesdropping.

"Is it true? Dr. Duncan is handsome and rich, but he seems so refined. Is he really that powerful?"

"Of course it's true! Dr. Fowler and Dr. Turk confirmed it."

"Some people are just naturally gifted."

"Even Dr. Turk, who's Black, said so. 'Naturally gifted' isn't even enough to describe Dr. Duncan."

"That's right. Not just anyone can be 'Mr. January 30th—every night, a groom!'"

"Looks like Dr. Duncan is quite the player too."

"A man who doesn't enjoy life in his youth is wasting it."

"Olivia seems to like Dr. Duncan. She's gorgeous—maybe she has a chance."

"Not necessarily. It depends on chemistry. For all we know, Dr. Duncan might prefer someone like me."

"..."

The gossiping crowd fell silent, staring speechlessly at a plump Black nurse who confidently swayed her overly curvy hips.

At the corner, Adam's mouth twitched even more.

He knew this nurse wasn't joking—she genuinely believed it.

And this wasn't just empty talk.

Just yesterday, Adam had treated a curvaceous Brazilian woman with a swollen belly.

After examination, he found that she wasn't pregnant but had a tumor. Thankfully, it was benign.

Then something surprising happened.

The Brazilian woman refused Adam's suggestion to have surgery.

Her reason?

Her husband loved her body the way it was—curvy and voluptuous.

Since the tumor was benign and not life-threatening, she didn't want a scar on her stomach ruining her bikini look.

When Adam tried to persuade her to reconsider, she got mad. She even accused him of discrimination, saying:

"I'm not fat. This is real feminine beauty! You guys who only like those twisted, skeletal women don't understand true curves!"

Blah, blah, blah.

Adam could tell this wasn't just an angry retort—it was what she truly believed.

Then, today, her husband came in and confirmed it.

According to him, when she was pregnant, her maternal glow was absolutely stunning.

So, he truly loved his wife's plump figure.

Of course, for the sake of her health, he still wanted her to have surgery, even if it meant sacrificing the body he adored.

And then reality took an even more ridiculous turn.

As the husband showed pictures of their happy family, trying to convince the doctors, Adam immediately noticed something wrong.

Based on genetics, two out of their three children clearly weren't his.

The reason the Brazilian woman was so confident?

Aside from her husband loving her curves, she also had a secret lover who adored them too.

She didn't want surgery—not because of her husband, but because her lover probably wouldn't like the scar on her stomach.

Adam subtly pointed out the genetic issue, and the woman, realizing she had been caught, confessed everything.

After Adam assured her he wouldn't reveal her secret, she finally agreed to the surgery—at the cost of giving up her lover.

And this wasn't even an isolated case.

In the future, there would be an entire family who would gain fame across America because of something similar.

That's why, when Adam heard the confident declaration of that plump Black nurse, he was utterly speechless.

"Damn it!"

He cursed under his breath and took a detour.

VIP Ward.

"...Yes, yes! Listen, you guys, Adam and I are best friends, partners, comrades-in-arms! We've been through countless legendary nights together..."

Before even stepping inside, Adam could already hear Barney's unmistakable voice spewing shameless nonsense.

Thinking about how Barney was the root of all this trouble—even causing a chubby Black nurse to openly drool over him—rage surged through Adam.

He roared:

"Barney Stinson!!!"

Chapter 324: Dare to Take on Ten?

VIP Hospital Room

"Adam, you're here! Come on, tell them about our legendary bet."

As soon as Barney saw Adam, he waved excitedly, acting as if they were best friends.

"Dr. Duncan."

The young nurse, Olivia, blushed slightly.

Several other nurses also looked at Adam with curious and admiring eyes.

Adam nodded, his gaze sweeping over them and then landing on Barney, who was winking at him repeatedly.

"Can I have a moment alone with Mr. Stinson?"

"Of course."

"I have things to do, so I'll be going."

The nurses quickly took the hint and left.

"Adam, you're something else!"

Barney was lying on the hospital bed, his left leg in a cast. He grinned at Adam and held up his hand.

"Come on, give me a high five!"

"What, even with a broken leg, you're still hitting on women?"

Adam smirked. "Are you trying to show off your tricks here at the hospital again?"

"Nothing can stop my passion for flirting."

Barney straightened his tie.

That's right!

He wasn't wearing a hospital gown—he was dressed in a suit!

When you have money, you can do whatever you want.

And Barney's motto was: Suit up!

So, he was always in a suit.

"And you're using me as a topic of conversation?"

Adam's expression turned dangerously sharp.

Barney shivered inside, his smile turning awkward.

For some reason, he suddenly remembered the soul-crushing moment when he lost their previous bet. After abstaining for a month, he had tried to make a comeback in front of a familiar college girl—only to be hit with the devastating words: 'That's it?'

"Adam, it's just that your charm is too much! They're all interested in you—"

"And you're using me as a topic of conversation?"

Adam repeated himself, his face completely unreadable.

"..."

Barney started to panic. A bad feeling crept into his heart.

"Do you want to win back the crown?"

Adam suddenly chuckled after staring at him coldly for a while.

"Of course!"

Barney's eyes lit up. "Are you proposing a new challenge?"

Even though he suspected that Adam's challenge was meant to punish him, he still couldn't resist the excitement and thrill of it.

Life should be colorful and full of challenges—what's the point of just existing?

"Smart."

Adam smirked. "Do you dare accept?"

"Bring it on!"

Barney didn't hesitate for a second.

He had never backed down from a challenge!

"You need two months to recover from your leg injury. During this time, if you can hook up with ten medical staff members—home run required, gender doesn't matter—I'll return the crown to you and acknowledge you as the best."

Adam's tone was full of amusement. "Of course, you cannot use me as a pretext or mention me in any way. If you fail, you have to remain completely abstinent for six months—**no exceptions, not even by yourself.**"

"That's brutal!"

Barney's eyes widened.

That one month of abstinence had nearly driven him insane.

Halfway through, when he realized victory was impossible, he had at least relieved himself to make it to the end. That was the only reason he survived—but at the cost of becoming The Flash in the process.

Now, it was six months—and no self-help allowed.

If he lost, it would be pure hell.

"Do you dare?"

Adam smirked.

How else could he vent his frustration after Barney stirred up trouble using his name?

"Challenge accepted!"

Barney tightened his tie, his eyes burning with determination. "This time, you're going down!"

Two months. Ten home runs.

That meant one every six days.

For someone who used to change partners every night, it didn't seem too hard.

Sure, his broken leg made it trickier, but in a way, it also worked in his favor.

Women who would normally reject him outright might hesitate when they saw him injured.

And as long as they hesitated—that's when he worked his magic.

With enough attempts, at least a few would give in.

A hospital this big? Ten was definitely doable!

So, he was sure he would win!

"Heh."

Adam chuckled. "I'll be watching."

Like the old saying goes: You think you're winning, but I'm the one who never loses.

If Barney lost, six months of abstinence would be pure torture for him—more than enough to make up for Adam's irritation.

And if Barney won?

All Adam would lose was a meaningless crown Barney had previously lost to him—plus a simple 'You're the best' acknowledgment.

But what did Barney gain?

Not just victory. He also dramatically increased his risk of catching something nasty.

Adam had always been wary of hooking up with hospital colleagues, thanks to how medical professionals were depicted in TV dramas.

The hotter they were, the bigger the risk.

No exceptions.

If Barney managed to score ten times, his risk factor would skyrocket.

Adam knew there was no way Barney would go for unattractive targets.

Of course, even if Barney did get desperate and resort to a "lights-off, eyes-closed, just-get-it-over-with" strategy, Adam wouldn't care.

Either way, Barney would suffer, and Adam would be entertained.

That was Adam's hidden lesson.

Sure, this was a TV-show-like world where main characters wouldn't get anything incurable, but treatable diseases were still disgusting.

And once you got one, even if you were cured, it was still humiliating.

For someone like Barney, who prided himself on being a ladies' man, this would be a brutal wake-up call.

It might even change his entire approach to life.

If that happened, Adam would have done a good deed—maybe even earned himself a few extra karma points.

Hmm... this was going to be fun. Definitely worth trying.

No matter the outcome, Adam was 95% sure he would come out on top.

Want to casually mess with people's lives? Go find Ted.

Want to experience harsh, unforgettable punishments? Come find Adam.

Beep. Beep.

Adam's pager buzzed at his waist.

"Remember the bet."

He pointed at Barney before leaving the VIP room in high spirits.

Emergency Room

"Dr. Lewis is looking for you," a nurse reminded him.

A curly-haired woman saw Adam and immediately perked up, pointing at him.

"I want him to treat me!"

"Dr. Duncan is busy," the nurse replied. "It's just a minor burn. We already called Dr. Carter—he'll be here soon."

"No way!"

The curly-haired woman shook her head. "I want Dr. Duncan. I'm the patient, and I have the right to choose my doctor."

"What's going on?"

Susan walked over after hearing the commotion.

The nurse explained the situation.

"Adam, since the patient specifically requested you, why don't you take a look?"

Susan chuckled.

"Alright."

Adam had no objections.

Examination Room

"How did you burn yourself?"

Adam asked while checking the injury.

"I poured hot water into the sink, and it splashed back."

The woman stretched out her long legs and smiled lazily.

"It's not serious. A first-degree burn. No blisters, no scars."

As he applied burn cream, Adam explained.

"Why is there a nurse here?"

The woman glanced at the silent nurse standing nearby and smirked. "She's not doing anything. She doesn't need to be here."

"Hospital policy," the nurse replied expressionlessly.

The woman: "..."

Chapter 325: A Friend to Women

Emergency Room.

Private Hospital Room.

The sharp-tongued remark from the nurse made the curly-haired beauty a little displeased. However, when she saw Adam's face and felt his gentle touch as he carefully applied burn ointment, her irritation melted away.

"You have such a delicate touch; it feels nice," she said seductively.

The nurse rolled her eyes in response.

Adam's mouth twitched slightly. He chose to ignore the flirtation and instead focused on his task. "This ointment will help you feel much better."

Private hospital rooms were meant to protect patients' privacy, but in this situation, they felt more like a liability to Adam.

Dealing with the flirtations of the curly-haired beauty was a headache.

Hospital policy strictly prohibited intimate interactions with patients.

Besides, Adam wasn't that kind of person.

On the other hand, if he outright rejected her advances, she might become angry and falsely accuse him of harassment. In a closed-off space like this, it would be difficult to defend himself.

Fortunately, the experienced nurse had followed him in, ensuring he wasn't left alone with the patient.

This made Adam more cautious: Men need to protect themselves when out in the world, too.

With the nurse present, he wasn't worried about false accusations. Still, he continued pretending not to hear the woman's flirtations, hoping to avoid provoking her further.

However, he underestimated both his own charm and the woman's persistence.

"Your fingers are so long," she said, refusing to give up. Then she added with a sly smile, "You know, there's a scientific study that examines the correlation between finger length and certain other body parts. Dr. Duncan, have you heard of it?"

Adam remained silent and quickened his pace in bandaging her wound.

Of course, it had to be that kind of "scientific study."

Even someone as unmotivated as Lü Xiaobu knew how to make money by participating in those so-called scientific experiments. It was hardly surprising that a flirtatious woman like this knew about them too.

"Not only are your fingers long, but they're also incredibly strong," she continued, her voice sultry. "If I had known there was a doctor as... skilled as you here, I would have worn cleaner underwear before coming in."

Adam focused on bandaging the wound, ignoring her completely.

"I know you can see it," she teased, tilting her head as she tried to catch his gaze. "And you can feel it too."

Cough, cough.

The nurse, unable to tolerate it any longer, cleared her throat loudly. "This is a hospital. Please keep the conversation professional."

Adam finished his work and stood up. "Keep these bandages dry for at least a day. No showers or baths—only sponge baths. You should heal in a few days."

As he turned to leave, the curly-haired beauty laughed. "Are you afraid of me?"

Adam smiled without answering and walked away.

"Giggle."

She chuckled smugly.

"He's not afraid of you," the nurse suddenly said. "He's just not interested in you. Dr. Duncan is a rising star in the medical field. To him, there are only two kinds of people: patients and non-patients. You're just a patient—nothing more."

The woman smirked. "Then why did you stand here the entire time, doing nothing?"

"Because we were worried you might try something inappropriate and ruin Dr. Duncan's future," the nurse replied coldly. "Were we wrong to be concerned?"

The woman let out a soft laugh, draped her shawl over her shoulders, and strutted away.

The nurse's concerns were absolutely valid.

Had she not been there, the curly-haired beauty might have tried to grab Adam's hand while he was applying ointment, use her long legs to tease him, or even lean in for a kiss.

Who knew what she would have done?

"Vixen," the nurse muttered under her breath as she watched the woman leave.

Back at the nurse's station, she recounted the incident, sparking outrage among her colleagues. They quickly made a decision: From now on, Adam must always have someone with him in situations like this.

To hell with patient privacy!

Meanwhile, Adam went off to find Susan.

"Dr. Lewis."

"Adam, done already?" Susan asked with a teasing smile.

"Yeah, all done," Adam replied with a wry smile.

"I swear, if you worked in obstetrics, you'd be every pregnant woman's best friend," Susan joked. "I bet most of them would rather have you in the delivery room than their husbands. Just one look at your face during labor, and they'd feel energized no matter how exhausted or in pain they were."

Adam chuckled. "Well, if I ever hit rock bottom, I'll take your advice and become a full-time midwife."

Susan burst into laughter.

"By the way, I heard you were looking for me?" Adam asked.

"Oh, it's nothing major," Susan said, calming down. "I know you're passionate about medical research. We have a patient who needs an exploratory procedure, and I thought you'd be interested in observing."

"Of course," Adam said, nodding gratefully. "Thanks, Dr. Lewis."

Technically, Adam belonged to the surgical department at Green Clinic and was under the supervision of resident doctor Sherry. His occasional work in the emergency department was mostly to gain experience.

Normally, emergency department cases requiring surgery would be assigned to ER interns first.

Susan was definitely giving Adam special consideration.

"No need to thank me." Susan handed him an X-ray film. "This is the patient's scan. Take a look and give me your diagnosis."

Adam held the X-ray up to the light, quickly processing the relevant information. "There's a high-density shadow in the middle lobe of the right lung. It could be an infiltrative lesion, a dense scar from a past infection, an inhaled foreign object, or possibly a granuloma."

"What's your recommended course of action?" Susan asked in a mentor-like manner.

Even though Adam had earned his medical degree, as an intern, he was still considered a trainee. It was common for residents and attending physicians to quiz interns on cases.

Generally, only those who answered correctly would be allowed to assist in surgery.

After all, if you couldn't even understand the case, how could you operate?

"I'd start with a bronchoscopy," Adam responded. "If we can't determine the cause that way, then we proceed with an exploratory surgery."

A bronchoscopy was a non-invasive procedure, whereas surgery was invasive.

Whenever possible, non-invasive methods were preferred.

No matter how effective surgery was, cutting into the body always caused damage.

That's why professions with strict physical requirements, like pilots, had to ensure their bodies remained unscarred—even the smallest surgery could impact performance.

In traditional Eastern medicine, such procedures were believed to deplete a person's vital energy.

"Good. Come with me," Susan said, satisfied with his answer.

Adam's strong diagnostic skills were one of the reasons she gave him extra opportunities.

After all, the responsibility for an intern's diagnosis fell on the supervising resident.

If you gave someone an opportunity, you had to take responsibility for them.

That was only fair.

Chapter 326: What's It Like to Be Castrated in Front of Your Goddess?

Night falls.

Medical Center.

Adam, feeling refreshed after assisting in another surgery, walked through the hallway and noticed Cristina and the others gathered together. He paused.

"What are you all doing here? Aren't you afraid of getting yelled at by Nazi?"

For interns, life was tough—if a resident doctor saw them standing around idly, it would make them uncomfortable. Interns were supposed to be busy all the time.

After all, the residents had gone through the same ordeal back in their day.

Why should the new interns get special treatment?

"We're comforting Liz," Meredith said. "Her patient recognized her from Bethany's Whisper and refused to let her perform his examination, let alone enter the operating room."

"And then?"

Adam glanced at Liz, who looked dejected.

"And then?"

Meredith was momentarily stunned.

"This is a teaching hospital," Adam reminded her. "Who gets to enter the operating room is up to the doctors, not the patients—unless he wants to go to another hospital. Did Nazi actually ban you from the OR?"

"She let me decide," Liz murmured.

"So?"

Adam gave her a puzzled look.

"I really wanted to participate, but I couldn't."

Liz hesitated before repeating what the patient had told her:

**"You see, I've fantasized about you before. About all the women in those photos, actually. I'm not proud of it, but that's the truth."

Do you know what they're going to do to me today? I have cancer. They're going to lift my legs, expose me in front of everyone, and remove my prostate and nerves—basically castrate me.

Maybe it's hard to understand, but I don't want one of the women from my fantasies to watch me get neutered."**

"Hah."

Hearing this, Adam couldn't help but laugh.

What's so hard to understand?

What would it feel like to be castrated in front of your goddess?

There was no Zhihu (Chinese Q&A platform) yet, but even without it, anyone could figure it out.

And he wasn't proud of his fantasies about women in photos?

Classic old white guy thinking!

A normal person in his position would feel embarrassed, wouldn't they?

"What's so funny?"

Liz frowned. "If he doesn't want me there, shouldn't I respect his wishes?"

"No! What he doesn't want is cancer! What he wants is to stay alive!"

Adam scoffed. "As for everything else he's thinking, you're a medical intern authorized by a resident to enter the OR. You don't need to consider his personal feelings.

Otherwise, what's next? Are you going to respect and accommodate all his fantasies about you too? You're a doctor, not a Bethany's Whisper model! If you can't handle something this trivial, why are you even in medicine?"

Liz was stunned.

Adam ignored her and instead turned to Cristina and Meredith with an amused look.

"Why are you looking at us like that?"

Cristina snapped.

"I'm just curious."

Adam grinned. "At a time like this, shouldn't you two be fighting for the surgery?"

Cristina's face darkened.

If she had the chance, she absolutely would have. No way would she be sitting here 'comforting' Liz.

To her, Liz was completely ungrateful for what she had—way too sentimental.

But by the time Cristina heard about the case, it was already too late. George had snagged the spot.

That made her secretly curse Nazi—was she into soft-looking, feminine guys like George? Otherwise, why did she always choose him whenever an opportunity arose?

"We're friends," Meredith said with a genuinely warm smile. "Friends come first."

Adam just smiled without commenting.

Meredith was already sleeping with attending neurosurgeon Shepherd, following him into advanced neurosurgeries whenever she wanted.

A simple prostate nerve removal? It didn't hold the same appeal for her anymore.

When you have everything, you can afford to say things like friends come first.

Just like how Adam could say, I don't care about money—I just want to be a doctor and save lives.

It's easy to be selfless when you already have it all.

"Who's the lead surgeon?"

Adam asked casually.

"Dr. Victor," Liz replied.

"Hah."

Adam chuckled and shook his head. "Interesting."

"What's interesting?"

Cristina asked, curious.

"You don't know Dr. Victor?"

Adam raised an eyebrow. "His motto is: *Young people like to gamble with cancer. At my age, I know efficiency is key.*"

"You're saying... he's going to remove all the related nerves, even if some could be preserved?"

Cristina immediately caught on.

"They call him 'Soft Hands.' His methods are a bit crude, but they get the job done."

Adam smirked. "That patient will never be able to twist his face at a photo again..."

Once the prostate is removed and the surrounding nerves are completely cut, there'll be no sensation left.

No desire, no problem.

This is exactly why people get second opinions for serious illnesses.

Different doctors have different approaches, and their levels of aggressiveness vary.

Some prioritize success rates above all else and push patients to make major sacrifices without caring about their quality of life afterward.

If you don't know there are other options, that's one thing. But if you find out later? That's pure agony.

Take this patient, for example.

Mentally, he was already prepared for castration.

But did he have to be fully castrated?

Not necessarily.

There was a chance of residual cancer cells, sure—but combined with chemotherapy, the results could still be decent. And more importantly, he could retain his sexual function.

For any man, if you gave him that choice—without exaggerating the risks—he would 100% choose to keep it.

But 'Soft Hands' Victor? He wouldn't bother.

One reason is the surgery's success rate.

The other?

Preserving those nerves takes more time and effort.

Why waste an extra hour doing delicate work when he could be enjoying his afternoon tea?

People like to think doctors are all noble, making choices solely for the patient's best interests.

But in reality, doctors are just professionals.

Most choose this career for the high income and prestige.

Victor was already in his sixties. His stamina wasn't what it used to be, and after decades in the field, he'd become desensitized.

If he had to push through an extra hour of grueling surgery just to preserve a patient's sex life, would he bother?

No surprise there.

"OMG!"

Liz jumped up and ran toward the OR.

"Where is she going?"

Cristina scoffed. "Is she really going to piss off Victor just so a guy who didn't even want her near him can keep fantasizing about her?"

Adam shrugged.

At least this time, Liz took action on her own instead of relying on him.

For the sake of a patient's well-being, she was willing to offend an attending physician.

It was a bit foolish, but it was hard to dislike.

Hopefully, she'd stick to it.

This just proves one thing: when something goes against your principles, you have to push back.

If you don't push back hard enough, how will the other person ever wake up?

Barney needed it.

Liz needed it.

Some people just need a reality check.

And Adam? He was more than happy to give it to them.

Ring, ring.

His phone rang.

Adam glanced at the caller ID and answered, surprised.

"Joey?"

After hearing what Joey had to say, Adam was speechless.

Joey—classic you.

Chapter 327: The Poor Baby

On the other end of the phone, Joey said he had recently started seeing a single mother who had just given birth not long ago. However, while they were getting intimate, her eight-month-old baby suddenly started crying uncontrollably.

The new mother, who had been single for a while, wasn't too eager to stop.

Seeing this, Joey cleverly called Adam, a doctor, to check if they really needed to go to the hospital immediately...

"I'm just an intern, not a family doctor!"

Adam was speechless. "You're still thinking about that at a time like this? Take the baby to the hospital! Right now!"

Half an hour later.

Emergency Room.

"...She refuses to drink formula. I only give her healthy, natural breast milk. How could this happen all of a sudden? Her face swelled up in just this short time!"

The young mother looked puzzled as she described her baby's condition.

"Delicious!"

Joey stood to the side, giving a thumbs-up and winking while pursing his lips.

"Don't do that, Joey."

The young mother lightly patted Joey, but she couldn't suppress the amusement in her eyes.

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched.

Your eight-month-old daughter's face is swollen, and you still have the mood to flirt with a man?

Poor kid.

Adam reached out, touching the baby's forehead and then her cheeks. "No fever, glands seem normal... Hmm?"

"What is it?" Joey asked.

"She hasn't been vaccinated?"

Adam pointed to the baby's medical record.

"That's right!"

The young mother said naturally, "I'm not letting her get any vaccines."

"Why not?"

Adam was shocked.

"I don't think vaccines work."

The young mother confidently said, "Those big international pharmaceutical companies just want me to believe vaccines are effective so they can make money. I'm not falling for it."

"Let me guess—you and Joey fell in love at first sight, didn't you?"

Adam remarked sarcastically.

"How did you know?"

The young mother spoke while gazing affectionately at Joey.

"Heh."

Adam forced a smile.

How did he know?

Joey was clueless, and she was... well, let's just say not the brightest.

Luckily, Joey had a bit of an innocent charm—making him clueless but adorable.

And she had good looks—making her clueless but pretty.

They were a match made in heaven. It made perfect sense that they clicked.

"Antibodies from breast milk only protect a baby for six months. That's why those 'evil' pharmaceutical companies think they can make money off you."

Adam explained.

"No! I don't believe it!"

The young mother shook her head. "There are so many medical scandals showing that vaccines are unsafe. They have tons of side effects—they cause depression, autism, and, in severe cases, even death! I will never let my child get vaccinated."

Adam paused.

This was about the credibility of vaccines in the Western world.

In a way, this young mother wasn't completely talking nonsense.

In a profit-driven society, companies often prioritize their bottom line over human lives.

Take the pharmaceutical company where Bernadette worked in *The Big Bang Theory*, for example.

As researchers, Bernadette and her colleagues knew the drug they developed had weak effects and potentially serious side effects. But under corporate pressure, they still pushed it through for approval and aggressively marketed it.

Whenever issues arose, the company had a standard response:

"There are countless factors that could cause these symptoms. Why assume it's our drug?"

As a major pharmaceutical corporation, they had plenty of money.

As long as there wasn't a large-scale outbreak of issues, they could easily handle any problems with their financial power.

By the time a real scandal broke out, they had already made massive profits from the drug.

And who paid the price? Ordinary people.

With so many medical scandals happening over and over, it's no wonder Americans—and Westerners in general—have such little trust in vaccines.

The endless conspiracy theories and absurd reasons for refusing vaccines all stem from this deep-seated anxiety.

"What's wrong with the baby, exactly?"

Joey couldn't help but ask.

"My diagnosis is a common cold."

Adam answered cautiously. "But I'll have a pediatric specialist take a look. You should listen to what they say."

"A cold?"

Joey was dumbfounded. "How is that possible?"

Who doesn't catch a cold a few times a year? Could it really be this serious?

Adam smiled and had a nurse notify the pediatric department.

The common cold is no small issue.

The Spanish flu was one of the deadliest pandemics in human history, infecting a billion people and killing 40 million, with a 4% fatality rate.

Even today, despite vaccines, the U.S. still sees tens of thousands of flu-related deaths every year.

Not vaccinating and exposing an infant to this environment? It's a serious risk.

"Dr. Ross."

"Dr. Duncan, what's the situation?"

A handsome male doctor walked over—pediatric senior resident Doug Ross.

Adam explained the case.

"Your diagnosis is correct."

After examining the baby, Dr. Ross confirmed Adam's assessment.

"It's really because she wasn't vaccinated?"

Hearing it from two doctors, the young mother started to waver.

"Yes."

Dr. Ross couldn't help glancing at the young mother's partially exposed "baby food supply," left open for convenience. "For just \$40, you can protect your child from most serious diseases. It's best to get her vaccinated. These basic vaccines are nothing like experimental new ones—they've been tested for a long time and are proven to be safe."

"Can you guarantee 100% safety?"

The young mother pressed.

Dr. Ross's charming smile froze.

Who could guarantee that?

No medication is foolproof. That's why doctors always ask about allergies before prescribing drugs.

For some, a certain medication is life-saving.

For others, the same drug could be deadly.

Only God could guarantee 100% certainty.

And God doesn't work as a doctor.

Adam stayed out of it, simply observing.

Vaccinating or not was entirely up to the mother.

If, by some rare chance, a vaccine-related complication occurred, the doctor who encouraged her to vaccinate would likely be the one in trouble.

At that point, she wouldn't care about the doctor's good intentions or the risks they took trying to help.

It might sound cruel.

But this is what absolute freedom looks like.

With it comes the responsibility to bear the consequences.

"Adam?"

Joey looked at Adam for input.

"Listen to Dr. Ross."

Adam remained neutral. "He's the pediatrician."

"I can't guarantee absolute safety."

Dr. Ross knew the risks too. He was no longer distracted by the "food supply" and said cautiously, "The choice is yours. You can also seek another opinion at a different hospital."

"Give her the vaccine."

After a long struggle, the young mother looked at her baby's swollen face and decided to trust the doctors.

Despite her limited education, she had always been confident—almost anti-intellectual, like many working-class Americans.

But when faced with a real crisis, she knew better.

If she blindly stuck to her beliefs now, the one who would suffer would be her own child.

Chapter 328: Doctors' Gathering

Emergency Room.

"Wow, Adam, you really look like a doctor now."

Joey pointed both fingers at Adam, winking playfully, as a new mother followed a nurse to get her baby vaccinated.

"I am a doctor."

Adam responded, speechless.

"Before, it was just a title. Now, you actually look the part."

Joey chuckled.

"What's going on with you? That woman just had a baby, and you're already hitting on her?"

Adam teased.

"I wasn't planning on it!"

Joey defended himself. "At first, I just thought she was gorgeous and had a great figure, so I went over to chat. Who knew she was a single mom? By the time I realized it, there was no backing out..."

"No backing out? Really?"

Adam gave him a skeptical look.

"This time, it's not like I didn't want to back out."

Joey looked aggrieved. "The thing is, she locked me in! I never expected a single mom to be this persistent. I guess being single for too long really makes you resourceful."

"..."

Adam couldn't help but feel a little offended and rolled his eyes. "Are you sure she's actually single? You don't want the baby's Marine dad showing up out of nowhere and putting a bullet in you."

"That... shouldn't happen, right?"

Joey suddenly looked nervous. "She said she was single. But we did just meet tonight..."

"Better start praying."

Adam patted Joey's shoulder.

Joey pulled a worried face.

Situations like this weren't uncommon—in fact, they happened a lot.

Long-distance relationships were already unreliable in the U.S., let alone when one partner was a Marine frequently deployed overseas and hard to reach.

While they were out causing trouble abroad, their families often had their own problems back home.

Guys like Joey—charming playboys—were often the biggest threat to these relationships, essentially acting as... weed removers.

Why is it that in Western culture, love and relationships are seen as separate?

Because of the sheer number of one-night stands.

If love and relationships were treated the same way, the divorce rate would skyrocket, possibly even dismantling the very concept of family and causing social instability.

"As long as I love you, but I momentarily lost control because of hormones and made a mistake that anyone could make, you should forgive me."

When society collectively accepts this idea, marriage counseling and therapists can then step in to say things like, "This kind of thing happens all the time. If you want a successful marriage, you need to be a little more open-minded."

Only then can divorce rates be kept under control, and people can continue to believe in family values.

"Enough of that gloomy face. I've got some good news for you."

Adam, feeling refreshed after scaring Joey a little, changed the subject.

"What good news?"

Joey looked at Adam curiously.

"Barney is in the hospital."

Adam smirked. "Isn't that great news?"

"Barney Stinson is in the hospital?"

Joey's eyes lit up. "Why? Did he get sick? Which room is he in?"

Adam quickly filled him in.

"I have to see this."

Joey couldn't contain his excitement and bolted off.

Adam chuckled.

The bet with Barney was supposed to last two months, which was way too long. Letting Joey go and mock him for a bit was like collecting some early interest.

No wonder so many brilliant minds are also incredibly sarcastic—mocking people really is satisfying.

"Dr. Drake Ramoray?"

"You're Dr. Drake Ramoray from Days of Our Lives?"

"It's me!"

Before Joey even reached Barney's room, someone recognized him.

Apparently, plenty of hospital staff were fans of the show.

There was even a time when a beautiful woman, completely obsessed with Joey's character, chased after him.

Joey initially turned her down, but when he saw how stunning she was, he assumed she just wanted to roleplay. Since he had nothing to lose, he played along.

Turned out, she had serious mental health issues. She scared him so badly that he swore never to use his on-screen doctor persona to pick up women again.

Now, getting recognized at the hospital gave Joey a massive ego boost. Smirking, he mimicked Dr. Drake Ramoray's mannerisms and responded to everyone's greetings in character.

"Adam, lend me a white coat."

Joey, fully in the zone, momentarily forgot about visiting Barney. He just had to embrace his role as Dr. Drake Ramoray again.

"Nope."

Adam shook his head firmly.

No way was he indulging Joey's antics.

Joey's acting skills aside, his passion for fully immersing himself in a role was intense—almost on par with the greats.

Adam had no doubt that if Joey got too into it, he'd probably stick around the hospital for days, just to get his fix.

And in a real hospital, if Joey overacted and caused any trouble, it could turn into a huge problem.

"Buzzkill."

Seeing Adam's firm refusal, Joey had no choice but to give up on the idea. Instead, he ran off to Barney's room to roast him.

"Adam, thank you!"

As Adam walked down the hall, he ran into Liz, who beamed at him with excitement.

"You saved the nerve?"

Adam asked, surprised.

"Yeah."

Liz nodded enthusiastically. "I rushed to the OR and stopped Dr. Victor. I told him that Dr. Bailey taught us to always respect the patient's wishes, and this patient wanted to keep their heart function intact."

"And Victor actually listened?"

Adam gave her a skeptical look.

A surgical intern directly challenging an attending? Even if Liz wasn't part of Victor's team, that was bold.

"If you had that much courage, why did you need me to step in before?"

"He told Dr. Bailey to kick me out, but she said she couldn't, because, and I quote, 'these kids are just too damn stubborn nowadays.'"

Liz grinned, looking way too pleased with herself.

"You do realize he's going to complain to the surgical chief about you guys, right?"

Adam reminded her.

"I know."

Liz shrugged, still grinning. "But I don't care. We did the right thing."

"Great. That patient is never going to forget you."

Adam deadpanned.

Instead of feeling insulted, Liz's smile grew even brighter.

"..."

Adam was speechless.

"Oh, by the way, I'm hosting a party at my place tomorrow night. It's just a casual get-together for us doctors. You in?"

Liz invited.

"A doctors' party, huh?"

Adam thought for a moment and nodded. "As long as nothing urgent comes up, I'll be there."

What's networking?

This is networking.

Modern medicine isn't about lone wolves playing the hero.

No matter how skilled a doctor is, they can't master every medical specialty. When complex cases arise, cross-departmental collaboration is a must.

Having the right connections in every department makes things far more efficient than just following standard procedures.

And in medicine, efficiency is life.

"Awesome!"

Liz cheered.

Chapter 329: Physical Edition – You Broke My Heart

The next day.

4:30 AM.

The hospital was once again bustling with the early morning shift.

Observation Surgery Room.

Dr. Burke was performing a coronary artery bypass surgery, and as expected, the fortunate intern assisting him was Meredith.

Adam and the others sat in the observation area, chatting while watching the live surgery.

"I heard you're going too?"

Christina asked casually.

"You're not going?"

Adam was a little surprised.

"At first, I wanted to go because Liz said it was just a small gathering with a few of us, and we'd get to meet her boyfriend."

Christina scoffed, "But then I heard she invited not only people from surgery, trauma, and plastic surgery but even those little brats from pediatrics and the nutcases from psych. All my enthusiasm disappeared—this party is going to be a disaster."

"That's a bit much."

Adam glanced at her.

"What do you mean?"

Christina dismissed it indifferently, "People who go into pediatrics or psychiatry—aren't they just little kids and idiots? Who in their right mind chooses those specialties? When we finish our internship and pick a specialty, would you choose pediatrics or psych?"

"...."

Adam was at a loss for words.

Pediatricians had it rough—no doubt about it.

In the U.S., pediatricians consistently ranked at the bottom of the doctor salary scale.

In a country where money is king, you can imagine where pediatricians stand in the medical hierarchy.

Yesterday, the pediatrician who diagnosed Joey's new girlfriend's daughter, Dr. Doug Ross, was a charming man. But even he got dumped by Nurse Carol.

Of course, the real reason was that Dr. Ross was too much of a flirt.

But in his own words, it became: "Do you know which type of doctor earns the least? You made the right choice dating a football player instead."

The only ones who could rival pediatricians in low income were family doctors.

That said, it still wasn't terrible—after all, it was still a high-income job compared to the average salary.

Back in Adam's previous life in China, his brother-in-law was a pediatrician, and that was truly miserable.

Low pay. Heavy workload.

Seriously, low pay and exhausting work.

His brother-in-law made just over 100,000 yuan per year, which seemed decent—until you realized he was in Shenzhen.

The average annual salary there was already around 110,000–120,000. So after five years of medical school, three years of a master's degree, and three years of residency training, he was actually below average.

Can you believe that?

Why was the pay so low?

Simple—base salaries were similar across the board, but income depended heavily on department bonuses.

And where do those bonuses come from? Department revenue.

A child's dosage is only a fraction of an adult's—so how can a pediatric department generate revenue?

At first, Adam's brother-in-law's bonuses were even lower than his sister's, who was a nurse. It was only after he completed residency training that he finally surpassed her—otherwise, his status in the family would've been questionable.

And it wasn't just about low income—the workload was brutal.

Seeing 100 patients a day was normal.

Kids have weaker immune systems, and when they gather, they get sick easily.

The start of school and flu season? Absolute nightmares for pediatricians.

When a child gets sick, the whole family shows up. Young parents were manageable, but grandparents? Not so much. They were often uncooperative and difficult.

A pediatric clinic felt like a chaotic farmer's market—constant crying, yelling, and noise that could drive anyone insane.

His brother-in-law had chosen pediatrics because his grades were average and job competition was fierce. Pediatrics had fewer applicants, making it an easier choice.

He had long regretted it and had been trying to switch specialties.

Back when Adam crossed over, there was even an infamous incident where an entire pediatric department applied to transfer out—an unprecedented move.

They wouldn't have done it unless they were truly desperate.

At one hospital, the monthly performance bonus coefficient for pediatrics was 1.0, translating to 498 yuan. Meanwhile, for administrative staff, it was 1.0 but worth 2,600 yuan—a fivefold difference!

That was pediatrics.

Psychiatry, on the other hand, was high-paying—but just look at Leonard's mother, Beverly, and you'll understand why Christina called psych doctors "idiots."

Psychiatrists who delve too deeply into their patients' minds often end up with their own issues.

Case in point: the psychiatrist treating the Joker ended up becoming Harley Quinn.

"Honestly, why even bother with this party?"

Christina complained, "We barely get time off as it is. If I had a free day, I'd spend it in bed with my boyfriend—not wasting time on a party. Tell me, do you think Liz's boyfriend has performance issues?"

"You should ask Liz that yourself."

Adam felt like his sarcasm still needed work.

Just look at Christina—she had managed to roast almost everyone within minutes.

And the worst part? She wasn't even wrong.

"But if that's not the reason, then Liz probably wants to break up."

"Break up?"

George, who had been silent until now, couldn't help but join the conversation. "No way."

"You mean Liz doesn't want to break up directly, so she's hoping her boyfriend will take the hint and back off?"

Christina immediately caught on to Adam's meaning.

"What else?"

Adam shrugged. "Like you said, we're all as busy as spinning tops. If she really wanted to introduce her boyfriend to everyone, why would she waste her precious free time on a party instead of just spending it with him?"

"Wait—what if Liz actually likes you?"

Christina suddenly turned to Adam. "Maybe that's why she wants to break up—to be with you instead?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

Adam shook his head. "That's impossible."

Christina smirked. "Still, it makes sense for Liz to want to break up. They're not even in the same city. She's insanely busy every day—how is she supposed to maintain a long-distance, Platonic relationship? Without that moral burden, she'd be free to do whatever she wants. If it were me, I'd just break up outright instead of making him come all this way."

"You've worked with Liz for a while now, and you still don't get her personality?"

Adam gave her a sideways glance. "Do you really think she'd be the type to break up first and hurt someone?"

Christina fell silent.

Saint Liz always put others first—there was no way she'd initiate a breakup.

"Wait, something's wrong!"

Adam's expression suddenly changed.

"What is it?"

Christina asked.

A storm raged in Adam's mind.

Inside the OR, Meredith was holding up the heart.

Adam saw her briefly doze off—her fingers squeezed the patient's heart.

Not a huge deal—the myocardium was strong enough to withstand a little pressure.

But Adam's sharp eyes caught something—Meredith's glove had been punctured by her own fingernail.

This...

Adam's gaze locked onto the surgery below.

Dr. Burke placed the heart back in, warmed it up, and removed the bypass. The heart was supposed to restart.

But it didn't.

Everyone tensed.

"Is this a transplant?"

"Not yet sutured. What's the temperature?"

"96 and rising."

"It has to restart on its own."

"It's failing!"

Adam couldn't hold back any longer. He pressed the intercom button.

"Dr. Burke, check for a cardiac puncture. I saw Dr. Grey's glove was torn by her fingernail." The link to the

The moment he said this, all eyes turned to Meredith.

Chapter 330: What Did Your Goddess Do?

Observing the Operating Room.

As soon as Adam spoke, everyone turned to look at Meredith's fingers.

Meredith instantly panicked.

"Dr. Grey, identify the exact spot you just touched."

While massaging the heart with his fingers in an attempt to restore its rhythm, Dr. Burke ordered in a deep voice, "Defibrillator, ready!"

"The vitals are dropping to 90."

Dr. Burke's calm demeanor influenced the rest of the surgical team, and they quickly refocused on their tasks.

"Charge! 10 joules!"

Dr. Burke took the specialized cardiac defibrillator and positioned it over the heart. "Clear!"

The monitor still showed a flatline.

"20 joules!"

"Clear!"

"Alright, the heartbeat is back," a nurse announced.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

"Dr. Grey!"

Dr. Burke called out, "Where is the spot?"

"Here."

Meredith racked her brain, trying to recall, and then pointed to a location in horror.

"The myocardium is strong—it wouldn't tear just from a fingernail scratch..."

Dr. Burke reassured her as he examined the area, but then he suddenly shouted, "Damn it! How is there such a large tear?"

Gasp!

A wave of shock spread through the observing interns.

"This is bad!"

George's heart sank.

Who would have thought that Meredith had actually torn the patient's heart?

"The myocardium is too thin," Adam quickly analyzed. "A small injury turned into a major tear."

"If you hadn't warned us beforehand, the sutures would've failed, and the patient would have needed another surgery."

Christina sighed. "Meredith should really thank you. If this had led to a malpractice investigation, she could have lost her medical license."

"Do you know the patient's medical history?" Adam asked.

"I do..."

Christina was always prepared—she had memorized the records of any patient undergoing major surgery.

"You said she originally weighed 300 pounds and lost weight quickly down to 200 pounds?"

Adam immediately pinpointed the issue. "With such rapid weight loss, she must have used extreme dieting. As her fat decreased rapidly, so did her myocardium, making it dangerously thin. That's why Meredith's touch caused a tear, which then expanded."

"That actually makes sense," Christina murmured, feeling a wave of powerlessness in front of Adam's sharp insight.

"Dr. Burke..."

Adam pressed the intercom and relayed his analysis.

"Excellent diagnosis," Dr. Burke praised while continuing the surgery. "Well done, Dr. Duncan!"

Now that the issue was clear, Dr. Burke's surgical expertise quickly resolved the problem.

"Dr. Grey, you owe Dr. Duncan a big thank you."

Dr. Burke glanced at Meredith.

"I know," Meredith exhaled, relieved, and quickly agreed.

"Alright, let's start closing up," Dr. Burke instructed.

In the Observation Gallery.

The group exchanged glances at Adam, then quietly left their seats.

Not everyone had Christina's level of confidence and competitive drive.

While Christina merely felt a sense of inadequacy in the face of Adam's brilliance, the others had already dismissed him from the category of "intern."

There was no way such an exceptional person could be just an intern.

He must be a senior resident pretending to be a rookie.

How infuriating!

"You shouldn't have said that," George muttered, his thoughts running in a different direction. "At the very least, not in front of everyone."

"Because you have a crush on Meredith?" Adam mocked.

"No," George denied, "but under normal circumstances, the myocardium shouldn't be that fragile. Pointing it out like that makes Meredith look bad."

Even though things had settled now, she would still face internal disciplinary actions.

In George's mind, if Adam had kept quiet, no one would have noticed.

The patient had a weak myocardium—it was reasonable for an unexpected tear to occur.

If no one brought it up, they could've simply done another surgery to repair it.

But now that Adam had spoken, Meredith's mistake was set in stone.

"Normal circumstances? Are these normal circumstances?"

Adam sneered. "If I hadn't said anything, and the sutures failed post-op, the patient would need another surgery. Do you think the patient could handle that? More importantly, why should they have to endure that? Just because you like Meredith?"

"I think Adam did the right thing," Christina interjected. "As doctors, our priority is the patient. Meredith should've trimmed her nails beforehand, and she definitely shouldn't have been dozing off. These kinds of basic mistakes are unacceptable."

"She's been really busy lately," George tried to justify. "The workload is intense—it's understandable to make mistakes."

"If she was exhausted, she shouldn't have fought for this surgery," Adam countered. "I'm sure Christina, you, or Liz wouldn't have made such a careless mistake."

"I definitely wouldn't have," Christina said confidently.

She was always energetic, especially when she had a surgery—especially a coronary artery bypass.

Christina had long been irritated by the special treatment Meredith received in high-profile surgeries.

Dr. Shepherd's neurosurgeries? Almost all went to Meredith.

And now even Dr. Burke prioritized her?

There was no way that wasn't influenced by Chief Webber's connections.

George was speechless.

Of course, he understood the logic.

But Meredith was his goddess.

"You all live together—so what exactly is keeping her up at night?"

Adam cut straight to the point, seeing through George's thoughts.

Even with 14-hour shifts, that still left 10 hours—more than enough time for proper rest, if she weren't distracted.

"..."

George's face darkened, unable to respond.

What else could it be?

Late-night 'deep discussions' about advanced neurology with Dr. Shepherd, obviously.

Adam stood up and left the observation gallery.

If it hadn't been an emergency, he wouldn't have embarrassed a colleague in front of everyone.

The +0.001 system notification reassured him that he'd done the right thing.

So he had no regrets.

He couldn't stand the way Meredith benefited from her "main character aura."

Think about it—without the privilege of being the protagonist, would she have been so relaxed?

Her boss and her boss's boss were all her personal connections.

That kind of subconscious entitlement made her careless enough to make such a rookie mistake.

A surgeon with nails long enough to tear a glove?

What did she think she was, the Empress Dowager?

Falling asleep while holding a heart in her hands?

How much more careless could you get?

This was Meredith's first time holding a human heart.

For any surgeon, that moment should be unforgettable.

And yet she fell asleep?

Unless she was way too comfortable, lacking the respect and reverence a surgeon should have, Adam couldn't think of any other explanation.