

TV Show 331

Chapter 331: One Thought to Become a Buddha, One Thought to Become a Demon

Noon.

Cafeteria.

Adam and the others were having lunch.

Meredith walked over with her tray, sat directly across from Adam, and stared at him intently.

Christina and the others immediately switched into gossip mode, their eyes full of curiosity and excitement.

Adam, unlike Sheldon and the others who would just poke at their food with a fork without eating, continued eating as usual, unfazed.

Bianca frowned at Meredith, looking ready to intervene at any moment.

"Thank you."

To Christina's disappointment, Meredith, after staring at Adam for a while, suddenly spoke sincerely.

"You're welcome."

Adam glanced at her briefly.

"If you hadn't pointed out the mistake right then and there, the consequences..."

Meredith's tone was full of gratitude. "I've been thinking about it all morning, especially when I faced the patient's family. The fear of what could've happened hit me even harder. If things had gone wrong, I

probably wouldn't have been able to stop myself from admitting my mistake right in front of them... In the end, you saved me. Really, thank you!"

"The first lesson of residency training: Never admit mistakes in front of patients or their families."

Christina couldn't help but remind her, "Even without Adam's warning, you shouldn't have done that. That's common sense. Did you forget?"

"Admitting it in the moment is far more useful than a guilty confession after the fact."

Adam said calmly, "But paying attention to common sense and details beforehand is even more useful than admitting mistakes when they happen."

This was just who she was.

Anyone else probably wouldn't have reacted this way.

Someone spends eight grueling years studying, accumulates two or three hundred thousand dollars in student debt, and makes it this far.

One step forward, and they become a respected doctor.

One step back, and they might end up on the streets.

If you confess your mistake to a patient's family after the fact, the most likely outcome is getting fired—maybe even losing your medical license.

Unable to use the professional skills they spent years mastering, still buried in debt with no way to pay it off, they'd likely end up homeless.

Living off food from charity shelters.

On holidays, they might be able to visit a few different shelters, where most of the good donated food would already be taken home by volunteers—after all, they're "starving" too. But at least there would be plenty of junk food to eat until they were full. That would be considered a holiday celebration.

If they were especially lucky, they might run into someone eccentric like Barney, who'd buy them a lap dance to give them a taste of "heaven."

But that's about as good as it gets.

Does that compare in any way to being a successful doctor?

Would anyone choose the latter path?

Adam asked himself: If this had happened to him, would he admit to it?

No.

That's just human nature.

But does that mean Meredith is somehow more noble than Adam and the others?

Of course not.

It only means that her "main character syndrome" is still going strong.

She hasn't fully grasped the extreme fear of the real consequences. Deep down, she still believes she'll be fine. That's why she dares to say she would admit her mistake— even in front of the patient's family.

Who else would do that?

This kind of thinking is far more dangerous than a simple human weakness.

Human weaknesses are well understood, and systems have been put in place to manage them, so the harm is actually limited.

But this "main character syndrome" operates at a subconscious level, meaning the person isn't even aware of it.

Once they act recklessly, they end up hurting both themselves and others.

And to make matters worse, people like her appear noble—owning up to mistakes, taking responsibility, shining with a moral glow.

But life-and-death situations demand a healthy level of fear.

As doctors, having fear and reverence is far better than being fearless and reckless.

"Meredith has already improved a lot."

George, the sycophantic pretty boy, couldn't help but defend his goddess again. "Every doctor makes mistakes. Even someone as great as Dr. Burke once left a towel inside a patient's lung, and it wasn't discovered until today."

"How do you know that?"

Christina's eyes narrowed.

"You guys don't know?"

George explained, "I'm the attending physician for Mrs. Drake. She had surgery at our hospital five years ago and has been feeling chest tightness ever since.

"But she used to smoke four packs a day, so lung shadows were considered normal. Even after she quit, no one took her complaints seriously.

"Until today, when she had another surgery, and the chief surgeon found a towel inside her lung. That's when we realized the mistake had happened during her previous operation—and Dr. Burke was the lead surgeon at the time."

"Wait, how do you know it was Dr. Burke?"

Christina asked, her voice tense.

Adam glanced at her.

Christina immediately looked away, guilty.

She was the one who had looked up the old records.

She had originally planned to warn Dr. Burke in advance because they'd been getting a little... close lately.

That's right.

The elderly nurse with pancreatic cancer from last time had ultimately chosen not to undergo surgery and had passed away naturally.

In her final moments, Christina had an emotional outburst, insisting on resuscitating her despite the signed DNR (Do Not Resuscitate) order. Dr. Burke had pulled her away.

In the stairwell, as he comforted her, their faces had been just inches apart, their breaths mingling—sparking an undeniable moment of chemistry.

This morning, Dr. Burke had even brought her a latte. The implication was clear.

And Christina was happy about it.

For one thing, she had always been drawn to highly skilled professionals, especially in cardiothoracic surgery.

Dr. Burke was tall, a little dark-skinned, but had a refined elegance—an undeniable charm.

For someone like her, who practically lived at the hospital 24/7, having a colleague who could provide a little... release was definitely a perk.

On top of that, Meredith's endless special privileges were starting to get on her nerves.

If Meredith had chosen neurosurgery with attending physician Dr. Shepherd, then she would go for cardiothoracic surgery with Dr. Burke. After all, once residency ended and they moved on to specialty training, cardiothoracic surgery was her goal.

If they became "mutually beneficial friends," then the next time a coronary artery bypass surgery opportunity came up, it wouldn't be Meredith getting into the OR—it would be her.

So, she had originally planned to warn Dr. Burke first.

But when she saw him confidently tell her that nothing could shake him, she suddenly hesitated.

If Dr. Burke chose to bury the report, she would be complicit.

For an uncertain relationship, was it worth taking such a huge risk?

Rational as she was, Christina had no intention of doing that.

So, she had followed Dr. Bailey's instructions, retrieved the old records, handed them over, and kept her mouth shut.

Later, she saw Dr. Bailey give the records to Dr. Burke.

That left her with mixed feelings.

So, Dr. Bailey was like this too?

If she had known, she might have been the one to trade that favor...

But now, George had blurted out that Dr. Burke was the lead surgeon.

That made Christina nervous.

Were there backup records somewhere?

Good thing she hadn't helped cover it up!

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"Haha."

Adam couldn't help but laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

Christina asked, clearly annoyed.

"Do you even need to ask?"

Adam scoffed, "A doctor may perform countless surgeries every year and forget them, but for the patient, it's a once-in-a-lifetime event. How could they possibly forget who performed their surgery?"

"..."

Christina's face stiffened.

As rational and intelligent as she was, she hadn't thought of that...

It must be because she was too involved!

That had to be it!

"No."

George shook his head. "Mrs. Drake hasn't woken up yet. Dr. Burke admitted it himself."

"What?!"

Christina and Meredith exclaimed in unison.

"What exactly did he say?"

Adam asked curiously.

"He said that after he finished the surgery back then, he had an uneasy feeling, like he hadn't thoroughly checked before closing up the patient's chest cavity."

George continued, "The patient seemed fine post-op, and he was in a rush, so he let it go. Until today, when the chief of surgery and Dr. Bailey removed a surgical towel from the patient's body. As for why he didn't report it back then..."

"Fear."

Adam sighed.

"Exactly!"

George nodded. "At that time, he had just become an attending physician and wasn't as well-known as he is now. If he had made such a basic mistake and it went to court, he'd be in a terrible position. The hospital's legal team, fearing liability, would likely have recommended firing him immediately to cut their losses."

Attending physicians often work in partnership with hospitals, and if the costs outweigh the benefits, hospitals will always choose the most favorable option.

A newly promoted, unknown attending physician is nothing compared to the hospital's reputation and potential financial losses. Letting him go would have been the obvious choice.

So, even though Burke was already an attending, he wasn't as bold as intern Grey, who had the guts to admit her mistakes head-on. He simply covered it up and moved on.

But now?

Adam speculated.

For one, Burke had realized what Christina hadn't—the patient would remember who performed their surgery. Destroying records wouldn't change that.

Secondly, Burke was now a highly respected surgeon and the top cardiothoracic specialist at the medical center. He was even the leading candidate for chief of surgery.

Under these circumstances, the hospital had a strong incentive to protect him.

Lastly, the patient had a good temperament. Burke likely figured that as long as he sincerely apologized and offered a decent settlement, the issue could be resolved without much trouble.

Taking all this into account, Burke felt secure enough to openly admit his mistake.

If even one of these conditions hadn't been met, things could have turned out very differently.

"Actually, I really agree with what Dr. Burke said at the end."

George sighed, "He said that even the greatest doctors make mistakes. When we do, we should admit them without hesitation instead of being afraid of punishment. Otherwise, everyone suffers."

The group fell silent.

His words struck a chord.

Doctors are human. How could they never make mistakes?

If a mistake is unintentional and admitted, forgiveness should be possible.

That would be the ideal scenario.

But in reality, one mistake could destroy years of hard work overnight.

Meredith punctured a patient's heart. Burke left a towel inside a patient. These weren't isolated cases.

In many similar situations, doctors often had a gut feeling afterward that something was wrong.

But because the consequences were so severe, when faced with choosing between their own careers and their patients, they naturally prioritized themselves.

Reality didn't allow for an ideal middle ground.

"Enough of this."

Adam interrupted the somber, self-reflective mood with a laugh. "The hospital will definitely implement new policies because of this. Work hours will likely be reduced significantly. For most people, that's actually a good thing."

"I don't want that kind of 'good thing'."

Christina, now calm after realizing the issue didn't involve her, scoffed, "I think the current pace is just fine."

"That's not up to you."

Adam shook his head. "Right now, we're doing 5 AM to 7 PM, seven days a week—577. After both Meredith and Dr. Burke had surgical mishaps, and given that overwork contributed to them, the hospital might enforce new rules, like capping weekly hours at 80. If that happens, you won't even be allowed to stay at the hospital as much as you want."

"Less than 80 hours a week?"

Christina exclaimed, "That's 13 hours a day, six days a week at most! No way am I following that rule. Adam, don't tell me you think this is a good thing?"

"Of course, I hate it too."

Adam sighed. "But if the hospital enforces it, I'll have to comply. Otherwise, if something happens, even if it's not your fault, it'll still be your fault."

If a medical dispute ends up in court, and you've broken the hospital's work-hour policy, you're automatically at a disadvantage.

"I actually think a mandatory work-hour cap would be nice."

George smiled. "Doctors are people too. We need lives outside of work."

"No ambition at all."

Christina immediately gave him a disdainful look.

"Forget it, let's not think about it. Let's just relax at the party tonight."

Meredith shook her head, as if trying to shake off the stress.

Her disciplinary hearing was still pending, but based on her boyfriend, Dr. Shepherd's, past experience, she was likely facing at least a month of probation.

"I wonder what kind of guy Liz's boyfriend is? As her friends, we need to check him out properly."

The group exchanged looks.

"Has Liz talked to you today?"

Christina asked.

"No."

Meredith shook her head, puzzled. "Why?"

"Nothing."

Christina grabbed her tray and walked off.

Adam also smiled and left with Bianca.

"What's going on?"

Meredith sensed something was off and grabbed George before he could sneak away.

"You should talk to Liz."

George had a guilty look.

But under Meredith's piercing gaze, he quickly caved and spilled everything.

"LIZ!!!"

The moment Meredith heard the truth, she nearly lost it.

What was supposed to be a small gathering with a few friends had now turned into a massive party with dozens of doctors—all thanks to Liz.

She had agreed to move in with Liz and George on impulse.

But the moment they moved in, she regretted it.

She'd wake up to find Liz, in her Hello Kitty pajamas, standing right in front of her.

Then Liz and George would bicker like besties, giving her a headache.

And now this.

Just imagining all those people crowding into her home made her head want to explode.

Chapter 333: A Doctor's Daily Life

Afternoon.

The medical center seemed to be enveloped in an air of restlessness.

"Great, 14 cases. Which kind? Hmm, just get a mix of everything."

Dressed in a white coat, Liz was making a phone call in the hallway, securing the most important thing for tonight's doctor's party: alcohol!

"Make sure it's from a local brewery, and don't forget to bring some nuts."

Alex suddenly appeared behind Liz, speaking casually.

"I'm ordering office supplies."

No one liked Alex, including Liz.

That's why this doctor's party had grown from just a few people to dozens, and now even over a hundred—including interns, nurses, and even their boss, Dr. Bailey. Yet, Liz still had no intention of inviting Alex.

Having a boss at a party like this was never ideal because it meant people wouldn't be able to fully enjoy themselves.

But when word spread throughout the hospital and the boss asked, "Am I invited?"

Could anyone actually say no?

Liz and George certainly didn't have the guts to.

"Oh, of course," Liz responded.

Alex simply dropped a casual remark and walked away—nothing like his usual shameless self.

He wasn't stupid.

Not long ago, he had posted Liz's candid photos all over the hospital, only for Liz to retaliate mercilessly. After that, Liz was no longer the joke—he was.

So, he had wisely started keeping a low profile.

No more ambiguous smirks, no more provoking people—he had even adopted a brooding and mysterious persona.

And how effective was it?

Well, just look at Liz.

"Local brewery, with some nuts," Liz quickly confirmed over the phone.

Her initial extreme anger had faded like dust in the wind.

Emergency Room.

"Dr. Duncan, will you be at the party tonight?"

"Hmm, we'll see. If there aren't any patients, I'll stop by."

"Awesome!"

"I'm going too."

"Count me in."

At the nurses' station, the nurses were chatting excitedly.

Interns were overworked, but nurses weren't any better. The stress was overwhelming, and outside of work, their social opportunities were quite limited.

Hospitals were profit-driven. To maximize efficiency, they often hired just one nurse to do the work of two, keeping them constantly on their feet.

And when unexpected emergencies happened, hospitals operated at extreme intensity. Nurses had to push themselves to the limit just to keep up.

But that kind of struggle was the type that made them want to quit after just one experience.

With such a workload, maintaining a normal love life was tough.

Male nurses were rare, and female doctors were also relatively uncommon.

This imbalance, combined with the long hours working together, led to frequent workplace romances and countless friendships—especially in the world of medical dramas.

Adam had walked in on these situations more than once.

He had also received plenty of flirtatious hints from attractive nurses, but he had always politely declined.

Apparently, they hadn't given up.

Now, they seemed to believe that their past failures weren't due to a lack of charm, but rather a lack of a crucial tool: alcohol!

As the saying goes: Alcohol is the matchmaker of desire!

And no one understood that better than Westerners.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The emergency alert sounded at the nurses' station.

"Okay, Mary, bring the emergency cart!"

The head nurse gave orders while informing Adam, "Dr. Duncan, we've received a distress call."

The emergency cart had a defibrillator and other lifesaving equipment.

"Notify Dr. Lewis."

Following standard procedure, Adam reported the situation and quickly followed the nurses toward the patient's room where the alarm had been triggered.

When they arrived and pushed open the door, they were instantly dumbfounded.

Dr. Doug Ross was leaning against the sink, shirtless. One hand was bracing the counter, the other pressing against the wall—right on the emergency alarm button, completely unaware of what he had done.

Hearing the door open, he turned his head, revealing a face twisted in embarrassment.

"Uh... hi."

"Hi."

Faced with this awkward situation, Adam played it cool and casually greeted Dr. Ross before shutting the door behind him—completely ignoring the pink-clad figure hiding on the floor in an attempt to disappear.

The head nurse didn't react much, but young Nurse Mary, dressed in pink scrubs, turned bright red.

"The party is tonight, isn't it? Can't they wait?"

The head nurse shook her head. "So impatient. Young people these days!"

Patient Wing.

"Hey, we heard about the party tonight. Can we join?"

The hospitalized patients were starting to tease.

"Sorry, we're not the organizers," Adam replied with a smile. "Besides, you all need rest. No getting out of bed."

Hospitals in the U.S. prioritized bed turnover for profit.

If you weren't seriously ill, you wouldn't even get admitted.

And once you were admitted? The costs were so high that no sane person would want to stay long-term.

Patients wanting to attend a party? Yeah, right.

"Doctors actually have a social life? Who knew?"

"Yeah! When I close my eyes at night, they're here. When I wake up in the morning, they're still here. I thought they lived in the hospital like superheroes."

"Bet you can't wait to get off shift and start partying!"

"Don't drink too much—I've got surgery tomorrow!"

The patients kept cracking jokes, getting more and more animated.

Adam chuckled.

Doctors always looked down at patients—literally.

Patients were lying in bed, doctors were standing. That positioning reflected their relationship.

Patients had to look up at the people diagnosing their fate, putting them at a psychological disadvantage.

Nobody liked feeling powerless.

Now, seeing the doctors in a more casual, human light, it was no surprise that the patients were enjoying themselves.

7:00 PM.

A group of doctors and nurses, now dressed in casual clothes, gathered and headed to Meredith's apartment.

Adam was a little late, finishing up a patient's discharge paperwork until 8:00 PM. Finally, he drove over with Bianca.

"Looks like they're having fun."

Even before entering, he could hear the lively music blasting from inside.

When he stepped in, the place was already packed.

The most eye-catching sight? A table where one man and two women were downing drinks while dancing.

On the left was Meredith, on the right was Cristina, and in the middle—George.

An absolute mess of tangled limbs and drunken movement.

"Dr. Duncan!"

"Dr. Duncan!"

"Dr. Duncan!"

Adam's arrival instantly drew the attention of a group of women, all eagerly greeting him.

Unlike the sterile white coats and pink scrubs of the hospital, they were now dressed in stylish outfits, each trying to outshine the others.

Chapter 334: A Call from Peggy

Grey's Apartment.

The party was in full swing.

In America, social circles are a thing.

Even though this was a party with over a hundred guests, after Christina, Meredith, and George finished their awkward dance on the table, they stepped down and ended up gathering in a room with Bianca—drinking and chatting.

Everyone else was just there to fill the space and set the mood.

Since this was Meredith's home, it made sense that she wasn't a fan of such a big party.

After all, once the party was over, she'd be the one dealing with the mess—who knew what kind of trash or unmentionable things she'd find scattered around?

What really made her grit her teeth in frustration was the fact that Liz, the party's supposed organizer, was still stuck in the hospital—doing the very brain surgery they all wished they could be performing.

Adding insult to injury, Meredith had just been disciplined, so she decided to go back to her old ways—chugging alcohol like there was no tomorrow and letting out wild screams every now and then.

"You're not jealous?"

Christina, her eyes hazy from alcohol, glanced at Bianca before gesturing toward Adam, who was surrounded by women.

"Why would I be jealous?"

Bianca took a few sips of her drink, feeling more outgoing than usual. "Adam and I are just friends. I'm not his girlfriend. Besides, he's a beast—I'm actually kind of relieved when he's like this."

The moment she said that, Christina and Meredith's eyes lit up with the fire of a million degrees of gossip.

"A beast? How so?"

"Spill it!"

"It's nothing."

Bianca wasn't that drunk yet. She knew Adam didn't like her talking about their private affairs, so she quickly changed the subject.

"There's definitely something!"

"We're all friends here, and we're doctors. What haven't we seen? What's the big deal?"

"Exactly! Bianca, do you not think of us as friends?"

There was no way Christina and Meredith were letting her off the hook. They took turns pushing her, their words getting heavier and heavier, determined to satisfy their curiosity.

Opportunities like this were rare.

If it were any other guy, and he was as impressive as they suspected, he'd probably be bragging about it non-stop.

But Adam was too low-key. He was clearly extraordinary, yet he never showed it off.

Mysterious and powerful—exactly the type that drew women in.

"I really can't say..."

Bianca, unable to withstand the pressure, half-heartedly admitted, "Let's just say... I can't keep up."

"OMG!"

Christina and Meredith, both seasoned veterans, immediately understood and gasped dramatically.

"What's going on?"

George, who was a bit tipsy, looked at them in confusion.

"She just said she can't keep up. What's so shocking about that?"

"I'm seriously thinking about moving out."

Bianca took another swig of her drink, unable to hold back her complaints. "Otherwise, after working 14-hour shifts every day, I come home only to have another exhausting shift. I feel like I'm falling apart. If any of you can get Adam's attention, I honestly wouldn't mind."

Not everyone had Adam's never-ending stamina.

Look at Meredith—ever since she got involved with Dr. Shepherd, she'd been seriously sleep-deprived. The first time she held a real human heart, an adrenaline-pumping moment for any surgeon, she nearly dozed off, almost causing a fatal mistake.

That was how Bianca felt.

Sure, she enjoyed what Adam brought to the table, but that wasn't her whole life.

Becoming a doctor had been her dream since childhood.

Her father was a dentist, and many of his friends were doctors. That was why she had originally planned to return to Chicago for her medical internship after graduation.

Growing up in a medical circle, she often heard people joke that "dentists aren't real doctors." It left a lasting impression on her.

So, she was determined to become a surgeon—standing at the top of the medical hierarchy—to make her father proud.

If being with Adam jeopardized that dream, Bianca wouldn't allow it.

She was human, not a lab rat with an electrode implanted in its brain, pressing a pleasure button until it dropped dead.

"Incredible..."

Meredith's usually sentimental eyes shimmered with curiosity.

Dreamy Guy was pretty impressive, but from her experienced perspective, she had always been in control.

She even used her award-winning acting skills to boost his ego when necessary.

Throughout her many, many experiences, she had never encountered something like this.

What a shame.

If she were still in her early twenties, she would definitely give it a try.

But now, she was deeply involved with Dreamy Guy. And judging from his reaction the last time that injured racer stole a kiss from her—his jealousy ran deep. There was no way he'd be okay with an open relationship.

Bianca, meanwhile, was looking at them through drunken, squinting eyes.

She had spoken from the heart, but she hadn't mentioned that Adam wasn't even interested in them.

Internally, she chuckled: Even if you had the chance, you wouldn't stand a chance.

Adam, outwardly calm, continued entertaining his overly friendly female colleagues. But deep down, he was grumbling to himself—making a firm resolution to attend fewer of these parties in the future.

They were just too exhausting.

In every sense of the word...

Not getting involved with female colleagues had been a strict rule of his ever since Barney showed him that video.

That's right.

Barney had, quite literally, taken the first step—with a limp.

And he had proof.

Barney was staying in a private VIP hospital room, the perfect setting for his antics. Given his smooth-talking nature, willingness to spend money, and decent looks, it wasn't hard for him to charm some easygoing, attractive nurses.

The hard part was getting them to agree to let him play the role of Professor Stinson.

But Barney could spin a lie in his sleep.

In the first video Adam saw, a nurse noticed his phone was pointed at them, flash on, and immediately asked, "Are you recording this?"

Without missing a beat, Barney replied, "Nah, my phone's just out of battery."

The party wrapped up quickly.

Everyone was at the bottom of the hospital food chain, meaning they had to be up early for work. They couldn't party until sunrise like Ted and Barney.

The party started at 7 PM, and by 9 PM, people were already trickling out. By 10 PM, only Meredith and her roommates were left—staring at the mess.

The Next Day

The life of an intern continued.

When a story spread about an ER intern falling asleep while using the bathroom, it became yet another example of their brutal work hours—alongside Meredith nearly stabbing a patient's heart in her sleep and Dr. Burke accidentally leaving a towel inside a patient due to exhaustion.

To prevent more medical mishaps (and potential lawsuits), the hospital board quickly passed a mandatory work-hour limit.

Just as Adam had predicted, they adopted the infamous 80-hour workweek policy.

Finally, the interns got their first official weekend off.

Adam was just about to use the time to catch up with Chandler and the gang—when he got a call.

"Peggy?"

Surprised, he picked up.

Chapter 335: Sheldon, Destined to Be Alone

"Of course, no problem."

Upon hearing Peggy's request, Adam agreed without hesitation.

After hanging up the phone, Adam fell into deep thought.

Ever since Peggy and Sheldon started college, nearly seven years had passed without Adam seeing her.

Although they were friends, Peggy was not Sheldon.

So even though Peggy was studying right next door at Princeton University in New Jersey, Adam had never visited her.

Because it would always remind him of Juno's smiling face...

That said, Adam still had Peggy's address and phone number, and they had spoken a few times over the years—though most of their conversations were just Peggy complaining about Sheldon.

Now, out of nowhere, Peggy had called him, invited him over, and asked for his help. It was a bit unusual, but of course, he couldn't refuse.

After all, Peggy had contributed quite a few wisdom points to him every year.

On the Other End of the Line

After hanging up, Peggy flashed a sly smile as memories from the past few years surfaced in her mind.

Seven years ago, just like Sheldon, she had enrolled at Princeton University at the age of eleven, becoming one of the youngest college students ever.

With an intellect surpassing even Sheldon's, she chose mathematics—the crown jewel of the sciences—as her field of study. By the age of fourteen, she had earned her Ph.D. and was hired as a research fellow at Princeton.

Her mother had been by her side since her parents' divorce.

Scientific research requires an immense amount of dedication, and after earning her Ph.D., she set her sights on solving the Millennium Prize Problems.

Besides occasional phone calls with Sheldon—whose intelligence and mathematical talent were on par with hers—she was wholly devoted to her research.

But her mother was still only in her early forties, and the monotonous life of accompanying Peggy took its toll. As Peggy grew older and became increasingly absorbed in her studies, her mother's desire for companionship and romance only grew stronger.

Not long ago, her mother met a middle-aged man named David and fell head over heels in love.

Back when Peggy's parents divorced, the reason was that her mother had been too focused on raising her genius daughter—so much so that Peggy's father had complained, saying she gave him no attention at all. The resulting tension eventually led to their divorce.

At the time, Peggy blamed herself, believing that she was the reason her family had fallen apart. For a while, she even considered abandoning her genius status and living as an ordinary girl.

After the divorce, her mother followed her to Princeton, supporting her studies for seven years—proof of just how much she loved her.

Now, however, with David in the picture, her mother had essentially let go of her.

The stark contrast between her mother's past dedication and her newfound passion only emphasized the intensity of her current romance.

Unlike Sheldon, Peggy had not only extraordinary intelligence but also exceptional emotional intelligence. She didn't resent her mother's new relationship, but after years of being her mother's sole focus, the sudden change left her feeling a bit lost.

Adding to that, she had recently hit a bottleneck in her research, and her emotions were becoming increasingly unstable.

With only one and a half friends in the world, she started bothering Sheldon more and more.

Sheldon, however, had no patience for it.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I've read books. Missy told me about this. I know what it means! I have absolutely no interest in this filthy, primitive human desire for physical interaction."

"Instead of wasting time on this nonsense, why don't you focus more on solving mathematical problems?"

"No wonder you've hit a bottleneck—your mind is being clouded by such base desires! I suggest you watch some anime or play some video games."

"What? You're not interested?"

"Oh, boy!"

"Girls really are troublesome! I thought only Missy was like this, but I can't believe someone with intelligence close to mine would be as well!"

"Then again, it makes sense. Historically, there haven't been many outstanding female scientists. Newton, Einstein, Planck—they were all men. Now I think I understand why."

"If you really can't resist the call of your biological instincts, I suggest you find Adam."

"Based on what my brother George often complains about, Adam seems to have unparalleled talent in that area."

"Even Missy seems quite interested in him."

"Since you're both girls, I assume the experience would be about the same."

"Besides, Adam is just over in New York, right next to New Jersey. He's much closer than I am, and finding him would be far more productive than repeatedly harassing me over the phone."

"Am I sure? How many times do I have to say it? Of course, I'm sure!"

"If you keep calling me about topics I have no interest in, rather than actual academic discussions, I won't answer your calls anymore."

"Last time, some guy had the audacity to argue with me about plot holes in The Flash! Like you, he was too distracted by primitive desires to even grasp the basic storyline."

"If he had dedicated as much time as I do to reading comics, such an embarrassing mistake would never have happened!"

"Today is comic book day, and a new issue of The Flash is out. I'm going to buy it and enjoy it. That's it!"

With that, Sheldon immediately hung up the phone.

Hearing the dial tone, Peggy gritted her teeth in frustration.

Girls mature faster than boys—especially a genius girl like her.

Sheldon was an intelligent and good-looking boy her age, and years ago, she had subtly tried to bring up these topics with him.

But Sheldon was completely oblivious, showing zero interest. To him, Peggy's flirtations were nothing more than annoying distractions.

After years of failed attempts, Sheldon had grown utterly exasperated with her "harassment." If it weren't for the fact that he had no other friends of comparable intelligence and age, he would have blocked her long ago.

In his mind, science and trains were his true loves, his mother and grandmother were his anchors, and comics and video games were his sources of relaxation.

What more could he possibly need?

After years of trial and error, Peggy had come to the conclusion that Sheldon might genuinely be asexual. Delayed development could only explain so much.

If she had known his future, she would have understood everything.

In the original timeline, Sheldon didn't start dating Amy until he was around twenty-eight. Even then, Amy—frustrated by his complete lack of interest—had to use every trick in the book for five or six years before he finally gave in and offered himself as her birthday present.

Even after they got married, their marital intimacy (or lack thereof) became an ongoing joke among everyone who knew them.

If he weren't truly uninterested, how else could that happen?

Penny constantly speculated about Sheldon's sexuality.

Was he into women? Men? Something else entirely?

When Sheldon announced that he was "giving himself to Amy for her birthday," everyone was so shocked it was as if they had seen God.

Even his mother—the person who loved him most and knew him best—admitted at his wedding that she had never expected this day to come.

She had truly believed her "Shelly" would be alone forever.

If grown-up Sheldon was like this, then what could be expected of the childlike Sheldon of today?

He genuinely found Peggy's advances unbearable.

And at last, Peggy gave up—shifting her attention to that "half-friend" she had left...

Chapter 336: A Familiar Face Below the Apartment

1998

August 23rd

Sunday

Auspicious for renovations, business openings, construction, bed placement, transactions, and groundbreaking ceremonies.

Adam drove to Princeton University.

As a renowned young mathematical prodigy, Peggy was provided with an independent apartment on the Princeton University campus to facilitate her studies and daily life.

Outside the Apartment

"Adam! What are you doing here? Did you come to see me?"

As soon as Adam stepped out of the car, an excited figure rushed toward him.

"Leonard?"

Adam was momentarily stunned. "What are you doing here?"

"I..."

Leonard's face flushed red. Trying to change the subject, he asked, "You're not here to see me?"

"No."

Adam apologized, "You know how busy I am with work. I finally got a day off, and a friend asked me to come over for some help. Otherwise, I wouldn't even have had the time to come."

"Apart from me, you have other friends at Princeton?"

Leonard's eyes lit up in surprise. "Who? Why haven't you introduced them to me before?"

"A high school friend," Adam said with a smile. "She was younger back then, and her mother always accompanied her while she studied here. So, I rarely kept in touch, and I never mentioned her."

"She was young and had her mother accompany her?"

Hearing this, Leonard quickly grabbed his asthma inhaler, took a few puffs, and finally managed to suppress his rapid heartbeat and breathlessness. He asked in shock, "Your friend isn't Dr. Peggy Adler, is she?"

"You know Peggy?"

Adam nodded with a smile. "Of course. A prodigy like her would be famous even at Princeton. It's no surprise you've heard of her."

"You mean the genius beauty!"

Leonard took a deep breath and excitedly added, "There's never been a scientist in history with her level of brilliance and looks! The only one who might barely compare is Dr. Elizabeth Prington from the Physics Department.

But Dr. Prington is six years older than Dr. Adler, got her doctorate eight years later, and isn't nearly as attractive. Dr. Adler is widely recognized as the most beautiful woman in the scientific community..."

Once he started talking about this, Leonard's eyes sparkled as he spoke endlessly, not even his asthma stopping him.

Adam looked at him with a strange expression.

"What?"

Leonard finally realized he had been rambling and gave an embarrassed chuckle.

"This is Peggy's apartment building," Adam said playfully. "Don't tell me you live here too or just happened to be passing by?"

"Uh..."

Leonard's face turned red, and he was at a loss for words.

"Heh."

Adam couldn't help but laugh.

You never know how small the world can be.

In this life, the indirect connection between Sheldon and Leonard wasn't just through Adam—now Peggy was also involved.

Even more interesting, Peggy liked Sheldon, and Leonard had a crush on Peggy.

Oh, and there was also Dr. Elizabeth Prington. If Adam remembered correctly, she was that wild scientist.

Leonard had a one-night stand with her... well, actually, a night and a morning. And let's not forget the delivery guy, Howard, and the landlord, Rajesh...

"I'll catch up with you later. I'm heading up now."

Adam patted Leonard's shoulder and was about to enter the building.

"Can I come with you?"

Leonard asked eagerly, "I've always wanted to meet Dr. Adler."

"Well..."

Adam hesitated, then shook his head. "I'm not sure if it's appropriate."

Seeing Leonard's puppy-dog eyes, Adam sighed and smiled helplessly. "I'll check with Peggy first. If it's fine, then sure—we're all friends, after all."

"Awesome!"

Leonard nearly jumped in excitement, but his poor athleticism kept him grounded.

"I'll wait here for your good news."

"Alright."

Adam nodded and walked toward the apartment entrance.

"I'll be waiting!"

Leonard called out again.

"Got it."

Without turning around, Adam waved a hand behind him.

"I'll be here!"

Just as Adam stepped into the elevator, Leonard's excited voice echoed once more.

Adam couldn't even be bothered to respond this time.

Without looking back, he could already picture Leonard standing there, fidgeting with his hands while grinning like an idiot.

Ding!

Apartment 3A

Adam pressed the doorbell.

Inside, he heard light footsteps approaching.

As they got closer, Adam's heartbeat suddenly sped up for no apparent reason.

Peggy had been both beautiful and adorable as a child, with a unique aura about her.

It had been seven years since they last met. What did she look like now?

Please don't look like Captain Marvel.

Please don't look like Captain Marvel.

Please don't look like Captain Marvel.

Some things are worth saying three times.

But judging from Leonard's fanboy behavior and the title "most beautiful genius scientist in history," it seemed unlikely that Peggy had aged poorly.

Maybe she had become even more stunning?

And why had she suddenly asked him to come over?

If he had known, he would've called Sheldon first to ask.

After all, his connection to Peggy was entirely through Sheldon.

In seven years, they had only spoken on the phone a few times—all because of Sheldon.

Adam knew that Peggy only truly considered Sheldon a friend.

His system stats never lied.

Although Peggy had provided him with intelligence points over the years, she had never given him strength points—an undeniable sign that their friendship wasn't that deep.

If anything, he barely qualified as her friend. At most, he was half a friend.

He still vividly remembered the soul-deep coldness Peggy once showed him.

Thinking about it, he subconsciously checked his system panel, focusing on his intelligence stat.

Intelligence: 177.75 (Normal: 100, Excellent: 120, Genius: 140, Super Genius: 180)

Just under three points away from being a super genius.

At this moment, Adam couldn't help but blame Christina a little.

For someone who earned dual PhDs at such a young age, she was undoubtedly just as much a genius as Leonard.

If she had seen him as a true friend and given him over three intelligence points, he would have already reached the super genius level—on par with Sheldon and Peggy.

Creak.

As Adam's mind raced, the door opened, revealing a face that made his heart skip a beat.

"Not Captain Marvel!"

Adam cheered inwardly. "She didn't age badly at all!"

"You made it~"

Peggy's lips curled into a smirk, her smile wickedly charming.

Chapter 337: Aggressive Approach

"Hey, Peggy, long time no see."

Although Adam was stunned by how Peggy had grown even more beautiful instead of losing her charm, he was no longer the high schooler he once was. He quickly regained his composure and greeted her with a smile.

"It really has been a long time. Come in."

Peggy stepped aside, her tall and well-proportioned figure making way for him.

As Adam walked in, his eyes were immediately drawn to a whiteboard—just like the one Sheldon used—covered in complex mathematical formulas. On the desk by the window, there was a thick stack of calculation papers, filled from top to bottom with handwritten equations.

A vivid image formed in his mind: a beautiful young woman, working tirelessly under the glow of a lamp.

"Where's your mom?"

Adam casually asked while glancing around the apartment.

"Why do you ask?"

Peggy smirked. "The first thing you do when you step in is ask about my mom? Do you have a thing for her?"

"Heh."

Adam chuckled. "Peggy, you've become much more humorous and outgoing since we were kids."

"If it's not my mom you're interested in, then... could it be me?"

Peggy locked eyes with Adam, a sparkle in her gaze making his heartbeat stutter.

No way...

A bold thought crossed Adam's mind, but the habit of associating Peggy with Juno's smiling face made him suppress it immediately.

"Ahem. Don't joke around. We're just friends."

"If we're friends, then why have you never come to visit me in the past seven years? You've been living right next door in New York."

Peggy's tone became slightly aggressive.

"Sheldon is still your best friend. Has he ever visited you?"

Adam countered with a smile.

Peggy's confidence wavered for a moment.

Although she had high emotional intelligence, her deeply ingrained arrogance was difficult to suppress. Very few people ever caught her attention—maybe just one and a half individuals.

Adam was that "half," and most of that credit belonged to Sheldon. The rest was because Adam had once gone to great lengths to snap her out of a foolish decision with endless motivational speeches.

That's right.

Looking back, Peggy felt nothing but embarrassment about her past self.

She couldn't understand why she had been so fragile back then.

Marriage?

It was just two people teaming up to get through life.

Divorce was no big deal.

Why waste time obsessing over love and relationships when uncovering the deepest mysteries of the universe was far more interesting?

Had it not been for Adam, she likely would have spent years lost in emotional turmoil before coming to this realization. Even then, she was confident her intelligence would have allowed her to start over.

But Adam had saved her years of wasted time—time she could now use to peel back more layers of the universe and achieve even greater accomplishments.

So, even though his intelligence didn't quite meet her standards, she still acknowledged him as a friend. Not on Sheldon's level, of course, but half a friend was enough to grant him access to her world.

"You've changed."

Peggy studied Adam with great interest. "The old you wasn't this confident."

In her memory, Adam used to try his hardest to impress her—but awkwardly so. A single comment or look from her could send him retreating. Now, though, he carried himself with ease and could even fire back at her instantly.

"People change."

Adam smiled.

Back then, his useless system couldn't help him at all, and he was constantly surrounded by terrifyingly intelligent, emotionally sharp, ruthless, and decisive individuals who completely outclassed him. Confidence was a luxury he simply couldn't afford.

On top of that, he used to crave the wisdom points that came with being Peggy's friend.

When you need something from someone, you naturally humble yourself.

But now? He didn't need anything from her. That changed everything.

"So tell me, what made you so confident?"

Peggy leaned forward with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Is it because you became a billionaire from writing books? Or because you hold a scalpel and decide people's fates as a doctor? Or maybe... it's all the beautiful women who've boosted your confidence as a man?"

"..."

Adam wasn't used to this level of bluntness.

"Looks like it's all three."

Peggy smirked. The way she looked at him made Adam sigh internally—it was too similar to Juno's uncanny ability to read people like an open book.

If Juno's intuition was a natural gift, then Peggy's insight was a result of her extreme intelligence and high emotional awareness.

If she wanted to, she could unravel the secrets of the universe. So how could she not see through a person's thoughts?

She wasn't a Trisolaran sophon, after all.

"My mom went on a trip abroad with her boyfriend."

Peggy abruptly changed the subject.

"Really?"

Adam was momentarily caught off guard by the sudden shift, letting out an awkward laugh. "So... why did you call me over? Do you need my help with something?"

"No rush."

Peggy blinked playfully. "I have faith in you."

Adam forced a smile, but his mind had already started generating scenarios...

"So, how are things with Juno?"

Peggy asked with a smirk.

"Uh."

Adam hesitated but eventually said, "We're great. We've always been best friends."

"Just friends?"

Peggy's smirk deepened. "I don't believe you."

"A lot of people don't."

Adam chuckled. "But we really are just best friends—nothing more, nothing less."

"Is it because you're not interested in her, or she's not interested in you?"

Peggy pressed. "Sheldon and I are best friends too, but I am interested in him. Unfortunately, he's basically asexual and has zero interest in me."

"..."

Adam was momentarily speechless. After thinking for a moment, he replied, "I think it's mutual. Juno has Karen, and I'm not in the mindset for romance at all."

"Adam Duncan, the legendary playboy—who doesn't know?"

Peggy teased. "Sheldon once told me his brother, George Jr., used to curse your name all the time."

"Heh."

Adam smirked but didn't respond.

George Jr. had every right to be mad. After all, Adam had shared some secrets with Veronica.

If he were in George Jr.'s shoes, he'd be cursing himself too.

"Do you know why I called you here?"

Peggy suddenly asked.

"Why?"

Adam's heartbeat picked up again.

"Sheldon told me to."

Peggy's lips curled into a devilish smile. "I've always wanted to conduct a practical biology experiment with him, but he's forever a child—completely uninterested and downright repulsed by the idea. I'm one step away from being blocked."

Adam's heartbeat pounded in his ears.

That wicked smirk made Peggy's beautiful face exude an entirely new level of temptation.

Even Akina Speed Star Adam had never encountered something like this before.

Not even Heather—his favorite, breathtakingly beautiful yet terrifyingly ruthless ex—had given him this kind of feeling.

This wasn't about looks or body shape.

It was an entirely different kind of spiritual impact.

For a moment, Adam genuinely felt like he couldn't handle it.

"Ahem. That's... very Sheldon."

Adam instinctively tried to break the increasingly intimate atmosphere—but the words caught in his throat.

Because Peggy had already leaned in...

And silenced him completely.

Chapter 338: Toolman Adam

Peggy's Apartment

"Who am I?"

"Where am I?"

"What am I doing?"

Adam was trapped in a moment of existential crisis.

When his dazed eyes finally refocused, they locked onto a pair of long eyelashes, so close they were almost poking his eyes. Beneath those lashes were bright, mischievous eyes filled with an alluring smirk.

"Holy shit!"

Adam finally snapped back to reality—he was wall slammed...

"What are you staring at?"

"I'm staring at you. So what?"

"Try staring one more time!"

For a brief moment, Adam and Peggy seemed to enter the realm of telepathic communication, just like Lily and Matthew.

"Are you sure?"

"Quit pretending to be innocent. Sure about what? If you really didn't want this, wouldn't you be asking for my birthday to make sure I'm of age? Or just pushing me away outright?"

"June 25th. You're of age."

"Heh! How do you remember so clearly?"

"We're friends."

"You remember all your friends' birthdays?"

"..."

What else was there to say?

Nothing.

No more talking.

Not even with their eyes.

Downstairs

Leonard stood below, gazing expectantly at the third floor, waiting for Adam to bring good news.

Half an hour passed.

"No rush, no rush," Leonard muttered to himself.

An hour passed.

"Adam did say he hadn't seen Dr. Peggy Adler in seven years. Catching up, of course, takes time."

Leonard was very understanding.

Two hours passed.

As the crisp autumn wind blew, Leonard started to feel a chill.

"Dr. Peggy Adler needed Adam's help with something. He's probably busy. It's normal for it to take this long... He wouldn't forget that I'm waiting for him, right?"

Three hours passed.

The sun was now at its peak.

Still no sign of Adam.

Leonard, haunted by memories of being forced to play the cello by his mother, Beverly, found his mind replaying classic melodies—all of them tragic and sorrowful.

"Adam must have really forgotten I'm down here waiting... Also, what the hell is he doing up there for so long?"

Leonard pictured Adam's handsome face and Peggy's stunning beauty. His heart grew heavier.

"No way, no way, no way..."

Even as doubt crept in, Leonard remained rooted in place. It wasn't that he didn't want to leave—it was that he couldn't move. His whole body felt drained of energy.

By 2 PM, he had been waiting downstairs for five hours.

Still, no Adam.

Then, he spotted a short-haired girl carrying a large box, walking towards the apartment building.

"Excuse me, is this Dr. Peggy Adler's apartment?"

The short-haired girl scanned the building and noticed Leonard standing downstairs with his glasses. She approached him with a bright smile.

"Yes," Leonard's eyes lit up. "Are you delivering food for Dr. Adler? I can take it up for you!"

"Heh, no need."

The girl shook her head with a smile. "I can handle it myself."

"Oh."

Leonard was a little disappointed as he watched her carry the large box into the building.

Apartment 3A

Ding dong.

The short-haired girl rang the doorbell.

"Lisa, you're here."

A moment later, Adam opened the door halfway, leaning against the frame with a smile.

"Boss, here's the food you ordered."

Lisa handed him the large box, her expression slightly odd.

"Thanks, Lisa."

Adam took the food box, which was so large that he had to open the door a bit wider.

"Boss, do you need anything else?"

For a split second, Lisa caught a glimpse of the scene inside—

A girl was sitting at the desk, draped in Adam's jacket, furiously writing on a stack of papers. Her exposed side profile was so breathtaking that, even as a fellow woman, Lisa felt her heart skip a beat.

A beast!

This girl was clearly still a student, even rushing to finish homework for class tomorrow.

And Boss actually had the nerve...!

Could she be Dr. Peggy Adler's younger sister? Or her daughter?

"No, that's all. You can head back now."

Adam shook his head, gave her a quick dismissal, and shut the door.

Lisa, now overflowing with wild and unspeakable assumptions, went downstairs. Seeing Leonard still standing there, she filled in the blanks once more. Her gaze toward him turned sympathetic.

But she wasn't about to lose her cushy, well-paying job by gossiping about her boss's personal life.

Besides, with Adam's looks, status, and wealth—even his age—what he was doing wasn't all that shocking.

Maybe they were actually in love?

Perspective changes everything.

Lisa's initial discomfort faded as her mind twisted the situation into a romanticized version.

She still felt sympathy for Leonard, but now, it had a slightly different flavor.

Inside the Apartment

"Peggy, eat something?" This content belongs to novel-fire-net

Adam walked over with the food box, speaking gently.

Peggy remained focused, furiously writing, not reacting at all.

Mathematical formulas flowed effortlessly from her pen. The complex calculations didn't even seem to require thought—she was like a human calculator.

"Peggy!"

Adam called her again.

"Don't bother me!"

Peggy didn't even look up, her delicate forehead furrowing slightly in concentration.

Adam immediately felt a pang in his chest. He hated seeing Peggy frown...

Who would have thought he'd ever be like this?

Adam chuckled bitterly, his mind flashing back to earlier events.

Peggy's sudden, soul-piercing questions had left him speechless.

In truth, if he really didn't want it, with his reflexes, there was no way Peggy could have caught him off guard.

He had just... gotten lost in her features.

Against someone as naturally alluring as Peggy, Adam had little resistance.

So he stopped pretending.

After all, she was an adult.

They were both grown-ups. If they felt a spark, acting on it was perfectly reasonable.

And so, Adam went all in.

That's right—he was the Drift King of Mount Akina!

A few hours should've been enough to teach Peggy a lesson.

But then—something completely unexpected happened.

Two hours into the battle, Peggy suddenly shoved him away. Without even acknowledging his frustration, she stumbled to the desk, grabbed a pen, and immediately started scribbling calculations.

She ignored him entirely.

Adam, left speechless, simply got up, draped his coat over her, and went to take a cold shower.

And she had not stopped writing since.

"Did I... inspire her?"

As he called his assistant's assistant, Lisa, to order some iron-rich food, his thoughts spiraled.

Muses inspire artists... Does that make me Adam, the Muse of Genius?

Adam found himself in an unfamiliar, complicated state of emotion.

He knew he shouldn't be feeling this way—it went against his principles, and he was probably just overthinking things.

But still, he let the feeling linger.

Just for a moment.

Watching the scene before him, so picturesque and serene, Adam's lips curled into a faint smile.

Chapter 339: Wait for My Call

Peggy's Apartment.

Adam quietly admired the picturesque scene.

For a long while.

Then, suddenly, he felt like he had forgotten something.

He tried hard to recall, but for the moment, nothing came to mind.

"Forget it."

Shaking his head, Adam stopped thinking about it. He opened the lunchbox and started enjoying his meal while keeping an eye on Peggy.

He wanted to see if she could truly remain completely immersed in her scientific research despite the tempting aroma of food.

The result was reassuring.

Peggy didn't react at all.

"Guess my cooking skills haven't declined."

Adam compared himself to the delicious food and felt relieved.

"Peggy's mom and boyfriend are traveling abroad?"

As he ate, he thought, Seeing how she's completely engrossed in her research, it's really concerning that no one's taking care of her.

With that in mind, he scanned the apartment and quickly spotted several signs that screamed 'Mom's gone, and Peggy can't take care of herself.'

He shook his head.

"This won't do!"

Adam stroked his chin, thought for a moment, then called his assistant, Ida.

"Check if apartment 3B in this Princeton University building is for sale.

If it is, buy it immediately.

Higher price? No problem!

If it's not for sale, find the nearest available unit in this building and buy it.

Make it quick—preferably before nightfall!

Also, aside from cooking, is Lisa good at housework?

She is? Great.

Find me a new chef. I have other plans for Lisa.

That's all."

After hanging up on Ida, Adam immediately called Lisa, his assistant's assistant.

"Lisa, do you want a promotion?"

The result was obvious—Lisa eagerly accepted the new role, getting promoted from an assistant's assistant to a direct assistant reporting to Adam himself.

He chose Lisa because she was efficient, reliable, and capable.

Given Peggy's current state, Adam wasn't about to hire just any housekeeper for her.

Having Lisa live nearby to take care of her put his mind at ease.

"When Peggy is in her zone, don't disturb her inspiration. But make sure she stays healthy. Striking the right balance won't be easy..."

Adam rattled off everything he could think of, making sure Lisa understood.

"Don't worry, boss."

Lisa, thrilled about her promotion and pay raise, was now fully committed. She even imagined Boss must truly love this girl... Maybe she's the future Mrs. Boss!

She pounded her chest in determination. "I'll take good care of her!"

Then, something didn't seem right.

"Uh... Boss?"

"Hmm?"

"The girl I saw when I delivered the food earlier... Do you mean her, or do you mean Dr. Peggy Adler?"

Lisa hesitated before adding, "Or... both?"

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched. "What do you mean both? The girl you saw is Peggy Adler! What the hell is going on in your head?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

Lisa laughed it off, but inside, she was thinking, How was I supposed to know? Rich people like you always have wild lifestyles! Is it so weird that I thought there were two of them?

But wait, that young girl is actually Dr. Peggy Adler? Are PhDs that easy to get nowadays? A young, beautiful female doctor... Boss's taste is top-tier.

After ending the call, Adam stood up and walked around, considering how to improve Peggy's living environment.

As he passed a mirror, he glanced at his reflection and froze.

His expression turned odd.

Was this still him?

What happened to 'more than friends, less than lovers'?

"Damn my past life's Eastern traditions of emotional attachment!"

Adam reflected for a long time and finally realized the reason behind his behavior.

Yes, Peggy was indeed more beautiful, intelligent, and alluring than Heather, Max, or Bianca. But that alone wasn't enough to make him lose control like this.

The real reason lay elsewhere.

He had spent so much time in this American TV drama-like world that he had gradually been assimilated into its culture. He had grown accustomed to its norms.

But that didn't mean the values he developed in his past life had disappeared.

They had simply buried themselves deeper, dormant until the right trigger brought them back to the surface.

Once he understood this, Adam chuckled at himself and sat back down on the sofa.

This is just how things are.

Peggy was special, but in this free-spirited world, with her personality, even if Adam wanted to take things seriously early on, she wouldn't necessarily feel the same.

Her ruthless, trigger-happy attitude said it all.

This kind of relationship held no meaning for her.

The ultimate mysteries of the universe—that was what she truly cared about.

There was no point in overthinking. That would be foolish.

And Adam wasn't foolish.

So, as he watched Peggy work, he took the time to adjust his mindset.

He was good at that.

The afternoon passed quickly.

Nightfall.

The city lights flickered on.

Ida had been efficient. She personally delivered the keys to apartment 3B across the hall, with Lisa by her side.

"Nicely done," Adam praised.

"It's all thanks to your willingness to pay extra," Ida pointed out bluntly.

"Lisa, Peggy is in your hands now," Adam said with a smile before turning to her. "Call me if anything comes up."

"Got it, boss!" Lisa responded with enthusiasm.

"Peggy, this is Lisa. She's living next door now. If you need anything, just ask her."

After leaving those instructions, Adam walked up to Peggy and softly said, "I have to get up early for work tomorrow. I'm heading out."

Peggy remained silent, lost in thought.

Seeing this, Adam shook his head, gestured for Lisa to stay, and left with Ida.

Just as he was closing the door, Peggy's voice called out from behind him.

"Wait for my call."

Adam turned around, surprised to see that Peggy hadn't moved an inch. For a second, he thought he imagined it.

But Lisa's exaggerated thumbs-up and smug expression confirmed it—Peggy had actually spoken.

Adam couldn't help but smile.

Inside the elevator.

"Boss, Lisa said there's a guy downstairs who's been waiting for Peggy. Seems like he's really interested in her..."

Ida mentioned casually before Adam suddenly interrupted.

"Shit! Leonard!"

As soon as the elevator doors opened, Adam rushed out.

Sure enough, in the same spot, stood a lonely figure.

"Leonard, I'm sorry—I forgot."

Adam hurried over, apologizing profusely.

So that's what I was forgetting.

"Adam, what took you so long?"

Leonard complained, "How could you forget? What were you even doing up there?"

"Uh..."

Adam wasn't sure how to explain.

But as a friend, he didn't want to give Leonard the wrong impression.

So, he patted Leonard's shoulder and said seriously, "Didn't you say Dr. Elizabeth Princeton from the physics department is also really pretty? How about I introduce you two?"

Leonard: "..."

Chapter 340: Adam's Small Goal

"You and her?"

Leonard's expression was a mix of conflict and relief.

After such a long wait, especially as night fell, the crisp autumn breeze had turned into a full-fledged chill.

With his impressive 173 IQ, could Leonard really not guess what Adam had been doing upstairs?

He wasn't Sheldon, after all.

When it came to things like this, he was particularly sensitive.

His nerdy brain, naturally inclined to fill in the blanks with colorful imagination, combined with his genius-level intellect, had conjured up all sorts of possibilities—both reasonable and absurd—during the ten-hour wait.

Now, with Adam's subtle but unmistakable hint, an image of Adam and Peggy's "wedding photo" instantly popped into Leonard's mind.

One was his goddess.

The other was his best friend.

To his frustration, he had to admit—they actually made a perfect couple.

And now Adam was trying to use another woman to shake his admiration for his goddess, Peggy?

Even if that woman was only slightly less dazzling than Peggy—someone like Dr. Elizabeth Plimpton!

But was he the kind of man to be so easily swayed?

"You said it yourself!"

Leonard's conflicted and unhappy expression vanished in an instant, replaced by a grin that practically reached his ears.

That's right!

He was that kind of man!

He was a top student at Princeton's physics department, not some naïve kid. Both Dr. Peggy Adler and Dr. Elizabeth Plimpton were women he deeply admired.

And both were utterly out of his league.

There were plenty of goddesses like them.

Natalie Portman! (Queen Amidala from Star Wars!)

Sarah Michelle Gellar! (Buffy from Buffy the Vampire Slayer!)

And countless other beautiful female characters from movies and TV shows.

That's right!

He, Leonard Leakey Hofstadter, was a man of broad affections!

"Yes, I said it."

Adam wasn't surprised at all.

Because this was so Leonard.

"Are we going right now?"

Leonard's eyes lit up again.

This was Dr. Elizabeth Plimpton we were talking about.

A scientific beauty second only to Dr. Peggy Adler.

He didn't feel the least bit unworthy.

As Adam's good friend, he knew he couldn't compare to Adam.

So if Adam was destined to be with Peggy Adler...

Then wasn't he being with Elizabeth Plimpton simply divine will?

Praise be to God!

Praise be to Adam!

For a brief moment, Leonard naively believed that God had erased everyone else from the world, leaving only the four of them on Earth.

Thankfully, Adam had no idea what was going through Leonard's mind.

Otherwise, he'd probably just give another polite, apologetic smile...

"Tonight's too soon. Next time."

Adam put an arm around Leonard. "First, I need to contact her. Second, you should at least dress properly. You can't meet her looking like this, can you?"

Leonard glanced down at himself.

He had only been hanging around outside Peggy's apartment, hoping to "accidentally" run into her. So, he hadn't dressed up at all.

But now that he had the chance to meet his second goddess, he suddenly felt self-conscious about his outfit.

"Yeah..."

"Come on, you must be hungry. Let's go have a feast and plan out the details of your meeting with Dr. Plimpton."

Adam grinned.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Leonard had already forgotten all his previous frustration. He nodded repeatedly, grinning from ear to ear.

If a ten-hour wait could get him this kind of help from Adam, what was ten days?

That's right!

For love, he had infinite patience!

Otherwise, how else would he eventually win over Penny?

Howard and the others summed up Leonard's success in one word: Persistence!

It was his natural talent!

Adam took Leonard to a nearby upscale restaurant for a lavish meal.

Over dinner, Leonard excitedly and passionately recounted all sorts of legendary stories about Dr. Elizabeth Plimpton.

Hearing the level of detail, who could believe he hadn't thought about her before?

But that was fine.

Adam liked friends who were easily satisfied and didn't cause unnecessary drama.

After dinner, Adam drove Leonard back to his Princeton apartment before heading back to New York.

"What on earth were you doing today? You're way too fired up!"

Bianca looked at Adam, a little wary of his enthusiasm.

"Helping out a friend," Adam replied casually, multitasking as he spoke.

Bianca was too exhausted to continue the conversation. Just before she passed out, one final thought crossed her mind:

"I have to move out tomorrow. I can't live like this anymore."

Adam, feeling refreshed, got up and went to his study.

As his assets continued to grow rapidly, he had taken the time to renovate his study into a real library.

The room spanned over 1,000 square feet, with bookshelves lining the walls, filled with books—most of them massive medical textbooks.

These books alone were worth a fortune.

Tonight, however, Adam didn't immediately grab a medical book to "scan" as he usually did. Instead, he wandered through the study for a bit before picking up an advanced mathematics book and flipping through it.

In the past, he had been solely focused on earning his medical doctorate—becoming a great physician, saving lives, and pursuing longevity.

Now, with his grand goal progressing steadily, and with more and more surgeries under his belt, the urgency of increasing his lifespan had diminished.

And after everything that happened today, he suddenly had the urge to set a smaller goal.

With his IQ now at a staggering 177—and still rising—he was already qualified to aim for the peak of the scientific hierarchy: Mathematics!

Being a "genius of inspiration" was nothing special to Adam.

If he was going to do it, he'd do it right.

He'd be the one true genius!

The only one!

Why did Sheldon matter so much to Peggy?

Because their IQs were on par, and their shared mathematical talents gave them a deep intellectual connection.

But Sheldon, having chosen theoretical physics, and with an IQ slightly lower than Peggy's (Sheldon at 187, Peggy estimated at over 190), was destined to never surpass her in mathematics.

Adam, however, was different.

His IQ would continue to rise. Surpassing both Sheldon and Peggy was inevitable.

Plus, with his near-infinite stamina—steadily evolving beyond human limits—he could achieve groundbreaking work in mathematics even as a hobby.

At the very least, he could finally hold intellectual conversations with Peggy.

Moreover, mathematics was the foundation of all sciences.

If he could enhance his mathematical computation abilities to a level close to, or even beyond, Peggy's, it would directly benefit his medical career.

The high-resolution photographic memory and boundless imagination he had subtly acquired from Sheldon, combined with his vast medical knowledge, had already allowed him to construct a 3D dynamic model of human physiology inside his mind.

Even in its early stages, this model had already caused many to mistake him—an intern—for a seasoned attending physician in disguise.

If he could add Peggy-level mathematical skills on top of that, it would be like upgrading his CPU.

His 3D dynamic medical model would undergo an incredible evolution.

At that point, Adam's diagnostic skills would skyrocket.

His path to becoming a legendary physician would be smooth as silk.

Eternal life?

Not just a dream.