

TV Show 341

Chapter 341: The Shameless One

The Next Day

Medical Center

"Hi."

"Hi."

"Hi."

Greetings echoed throughout the hall.

Most people looked cheerful.

Of course.

After a full day of rest, not only had they recovered from exhaustion, but they had also released some much-needed hormones. It was impossible not to be in high spirits.

Doctors were human, not machines.

Even machines needed lubrication from time to time...

"Adam, Dr. Shephard has a patient today who will likely require surgery. You should go and join the rounds."

Shirley blinked. "Dr. Bailey will be bringing her interns as well. Whether you can get the surgical opportunity depends entirely on you."

"Got it."

Adam accepted the challenge with enthusiasm.

He thrived on open competition like this.

In the Ward

Dr. Shephard, a neurosurgeon, was examining a patient. A crowd of interns surrounded him—some under Dr. Bailey's supervision, others from different attending physicians.

Each one looked eager, eyes burning with competitive spirit.

Christina shot Adam a provocative look.

Adam responded with a composed smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Lavange. This is Dr. Bailey and her team of outstanding interns."

Dr. Shephard finished his examination, glanced at the group, and introduced them to the patient.

"Welcome to hell, kids."

The patient, Edward Lavange, trembled uncontrollably, his limbs spasming as he struggled to move with the support of his daughter.

Adam's eyes narrowed.

He recognized that face. If this man were a few years older, sitting in a wheelchair with a drooping mouth, an IV drip hanging by his side—he would be the spitting image of that relentless Mexican cartel boss from *Breaking Bad*, the one with cockroach-like resilience.

That realization made Adam uneasy.

Family-based crime syndicates were always bad news.

Once entangled with them, trouble was inevitable.

"Who wants to present the case?"

Dr. Bailey spoke up.

"Edward Lavange, 63 years old, admitted for movement disorder and pain management. His condition stabilized last night, and the medication has been effective post-injection."

Christina answered immediately.

After speaking, she cast Adam a smug glance.

Adam understood.

Despite the mandatory day off, Christina had stayed at the hospital to get firsthand information on the patient.

"Liz, explain the treatment approach."

Unfortunately for Christina, Dr. Bailey directed the next question to someone else.

"For Parkinson's treatment?"

Liz hesitated. "Deep brain stimulation—"

"Not for Parkinson's, for spinal pain," Adam interjected. "The procedure involves an intrathecal catheter implantation, allowing direct medication delivery for long-term pain relief."

Dr. Shephard, who had been making intense eye contact with Meredith Grey, hoping she would answer, was caught off guard.

"...Dr. Shephard?"

Adam pretended not to notice and prompted him again.

"Very well."

Dr. Shephard's lips twitched, resigned. "This is Dr. Duncan. He will assist you with the surgery preparation and any necessary treatment."

Despite being the attending physician, Dr. Shephard had to abide by the "best candidate wins" rule.

Liz and the others looked disappointed.

Christina was clearly frustrated.

Meredith, on the other hand, could only smile bitterly.

In open competition like this, no amount of preparation could help if Adam was involved.

Even if she had discussed the case with Dr. Shephard last night in bed and had been fully prepared...

Adam would still beat her to it.

No matter how complex the case, Adam could instantly provide the correct treatment plan.

Even if Meredith had just revealed the answer outright, admitting she had prior knowledge, she still wouldn't have been fast enough.

Adam's speed was unmatched.

She couldn't even win while cheating!

What could she do but smile helplessly?

If she had done this, people would have suspected cheating immediately.

But when Adam did it, no one doubted his ability.

They just grumbled that he wasn't a real intern.

The gap between people could sometimes be that infuriating.

With Adam officially assigned as Lavange's primary resident, the others left.

Adam meticulously followed protocol, careful with every step, speaking only when necessary, and avoiding unnecessary actions.

Whether or not this man was indeed the ruthless crime boss from his memory didn't matter.

As long as he maintained professionalism and avoided personal entanglements, even if complications arose during surgery, it was unlikely the patient—if truly a dangerous man—would come after him.

This surgery was interesting. Adam wasn't about to give it up easily.

Even though his primary goal was to specialize in cardiothoracic surgery, he believed in mastering multiple disciplines.

Take that one guy, for example—he was proficient in every medical field.

(No mistake—this was exactly the overpowered trope found in all the best stories!)

Even House, M.D. didn't have a system. Yet, Dr. House was a specialist in infectious diseases and nephrology, with theoretical mastery across all fields. Otherwise, how could he diagnose complex cases?

He even had a surgical license and occasionally performed operations.

Master of both internal and surgical medicine.

If House wasn't secretly the protagonist of his own fictional universe, Adam wouldn't believe it.

And Adam did have a system.

With so many legendary figures as inspiration, why should he settle for being just a cardiothoracic surgeon?

The heart and brain were the body's most vital organs.

So, naturally, neurosurgery was also a field Adam planned to conquer.

With a neurosurgical case now in his hands, there was no way he'd let it go.

Morning Passed in a Blur

Adam spent it preparing for Mr. Lavange's surgery.

Noon—Hospital Cafeteria

"You again!"

Christina scowled.

"Why is it always you?!"

Liz and the others chimed in, complaining.

"Come on, guys."

Adam chuckled. "It's not like this is the only surgery. I heard Dr. Burke took on a fascinating case. If it were me, I'd be more interested in assisting with that massive tumor removal."

"Don't mention it!"

At those words, Christina became even more frustrated. "Alex was shameless!"

"Absolutely shameless!"

"Despicable!"

"He flirted his way into that surgery! Only Alex could stoop that low!"

George and the others joined in condemning him.

"What happened?"

Adam had only heard about the tumor case in passing but wasn't aware of the details.

"The primary resident role was never meant for Alex."

Christina fumed. "But he got close to the patient early on, acting all friendly—'Annie, Alex'—like they were old friends.

Now imagine this: A forty-something-year-old single woman, self-conscious, afraid to face the world, isolating herself at home for over a year, letting a tumor grow to over 60 pounds (27 kg) before finally seeking medical attention.

Faced with Alex's sweet talk, how could she resist? She directly requested that he be assigned as her resident. What could we do?"

"He totally manipulated her emotions," George grumbled. "That tumor is horrifying just to look at, and he had the guts to flirt through it!"

"Hah."

Adam smirked. "That's the nature of competition. You can't call it shameless—just admit he played the game better than you did."

"..."

Silence.

Deep down, they knew.

If they had realized earlier that this approach would work, they would have done the same.

Especially Christina.

If necessary, she wouldn't have hesitated to pretend to be interested in women...

Chapter 342: I Heard You're Strong

"Dr. Duncan!"

After having lunch at noon, Adam returned to the ward to check on his patients. Before he could enter, he was stopped outside by a woman who appeared to be the daughter of Mr. Levange, a suspected Mexican cartel boss.

"How can I help you?"

Adam gave a professional smile.

"I was wondering if you could talk to him?"

The patient's daughter looked exhausted.

"Talk about what?"

Adam's smile remained unchanged.

"Brain surgery."

The patient's daughter explained, "The doctors mentioned it before, and I did some research online. If it's successful, it will not only ease his pain but also significantly reduce most of his symptoms."

"Does he want to undergo the surgery?"

Adam asked with a slight smile.

"He's scared."

The patient's daughter hesitated. "He's okay with the spinal surgery, but when it comes to brain surgery..."

"I'm sorry, but we have to respect the patient's wishes."

Adam understood and shook his head.

He also wanted to perform brain surgery on Mr. Levange, but if the patient was unwilling, he wouldn't try to persuade him.

So far, there were no signs of flashy gold-chain-wearing cartel members or stone-faced twin assassins visiting. This Mr. Levange, who looked and presented symptoms like the rumored cartel boss, was probably just an ordinary person. It was all just a coincidence.

Still, Adam remained cautious and followed protocol strictly.

"If he doesn't undergo brain surgery, his quality of life will be nonexistent, and his condition will only deteriorate."

The patient's daughter looked pained. "I'm getting married next month. I've already lost my mother, and I want him to walk me down the aisle."

"I understand."

Adam nodded. "But I can only explain the situation to him again. The decision to proceed with the surgery is entirely up to him. I think you should tell him this yourself—fathers often find the strength to overcome their fears for their daughters."

It was the truth.

Even though Adam had never been a father in either of his lifetimes, he had seen enough examples of paternal love.

For instance, in those joke stories where an adorable little girl asks her dad, 'If I were dying and the only way to save me was to eat poop, would you do it?'

And without hesitation, the father replies, 'I'd eat it!'

Then the little girl presses further, 'How much would you eat?'

And the father jokes, 'Enough to make you immortal!'

Of course, that example was extreme (and disgusting), but it still highlighted a father's love for his daughter.

"I already asked him."

The patient's daughter frowned. "But he said no. He said he would attend my wedding but wanted my uncle to walk me down the aisle. He said he'd sit in the back row because 'life isn't perfect.'"

"If he decides to undergo brain surgery, it has to be done while he's conscious."

Adam shook his head. "It's normal for Mr. Levange to have concerns. If you really want him to walk you down the aisle, you'll need to work harder to convince him. Otherwise, as doctors, we are powerless in this matter."

A conscious brain surgery—listening to drills and surgical instruments roaring behind your head—was terrifying for anyone.

And if the surgery failed, the patient would die instantly.

Choosing not to undergo such a high-risk surgery while still ensuring he could be present at his daughter's wedding was understandable.

In contrast, the daughter insisting on the surgery despite the risk of turning a joyful wedding into a funeral seemed selfish.

"You could consider having the spinal surgery first and then, after your wedding, proceed with the riskier brain surgery."

Adam suggested.

The patient's daughter lowered her head and fell silent.

Adam internally shook his head.

He understood her thoughts.

She was getting married next month. Right now, she should have been joyfully busy with wedding preparations.

But instead, she was exhausted from taking care of her father.

At such a happy moment, she wouldn't have her father's arm to hold, but instead, a trembling, sickly guest attracting everyone's attention.

Given that, she would rather have him undergo brain surgery now.

Either he would recover enough to walk her down the aisle,

Or, if the worst happened, she would wipe away her tears and move on with her life.

"A long illness tests filial piety."

Her decision was simply human nature.

But understanding her reasoning didn't mean Adam would help her. That was out of the question.

In the end, the patient's daughter failed to convince her father to undergo brain surgery.

Adam regretfully assisted Dr. Sheppard in performing a straightforward spinal surgery instead.

But, as the saying goes, misfortune and fortune are interwoven.

As soon as the surgery ended, Adam, like everyone else, rushed to the observation room.

A massive tumor, weighing over 27 kilograms, resembling the body of The Thing from Fantastic Four, was about to be removed—an unprecedented case that would definitely make it into medical textbooks.

"Dr. Duncan, are you interested in assisting with the giant tumor surgery?"

In the hallway, after reprimanding Alex, Dr. Burke suddenly turned to Adam with an invitation.

"Of course."

Adam was momentarily stunned but quickly nodded.

"Then prepare yourself with Cristina and follow me into the OR later."

Dr. Burke instructed before walking away.

"What's going on?"

Adam looked at Cristina, who was practically bouncing with joy, her fists clenched in excitement.

"That idiot Alex!"

Cristina sneered, nodding toward Alex, who was walking away with a sour expression. "He was pretending to be charming, making that poor woman believe there was a spark between them.

But once they went for the MRI scan, while the patient was inside the machine, Alex showed his true colors—gossiping with the technician.

The tech, being nosy, made a few comments about the patient's situation, but Alex went all out, calling her disgusting, saying she brought it on herself, and making other nasty remarks.

And guess what? He forgot to mute his microphone. The patient heard every single word.

So, once the scan was over, she made it clear: she would go through with the surgery, but under no circumstances would Alex be involved.

That idiot even tried to laugh it off and ask if he had done something to offend her.

Ha!"

"What a scumbag."

Adam said coldly. "In this situation, she could totally sue him—and given her condition, she'd have a solid case."

"When it comes to cases like this, people naturally sympathize with the victim."

"He's lucky."

Cristina shrugged. "The patient is too self-conscious to go to court. Otherwise, he'd be in serious trouble."

"But hey, at least it worked out for us. If Alex weren't such an idiot, we wouldn't have gotten the chance to assist in this groundbreaking surgery."

"That's true."

Hearing this, Adam pushed aside his disgust for Alex and started feeling excited instead.

"By the way, do you know why Dr. Burke chose me?"

"Why are you asking me?"

Cristina's reaction was oddly defensive.

Adam gave her a strange look.

"I don't know either."

Cristina looked away, avoiding eye contact. "But I'd guess it has something to do with your reputation for being ridiculously strong."

"You mean..."

Adam suddenly understood.

"Think about it—this surgery is incredibly complex and expected to last at least 14 hours."

Cristina confirmed his thoughts. "During the procedure, we'll need to hold up that massive tumor the entire time. Not everyone has the stamina for that. So... when the time comes, you'll help hold it up for as long as possible, okay?"

"No problem."

Adam smiled.

Getting such a close-up look at an ultra-rare tumor was an opportunity he wouldn't pass up.

And when it came to strength and endurance, he had plenty to spare.

Chapter 343: Only the Incompetent Escape Envy

Observation Room – Operating Theater

Neurosurgeon Dr. Shepherd and cardiothoracic surgeon Dr. Burke led the operation, accompanied by resident Dr. Bailey, anesthesiologist Dr. Taylor, and interns Adam and Cristina. Together, they were performing a complex, joint procedure to remove a massive tumor.

A group of doctors and nurses gathered under the surgical lights, making the room feel somewhat crowded.

Upstairs, the observation gallery was already filled with doctors watching the procedure.

Alex stood with his arms crossed, glaring unhappily at Adam and Cristina in the operating room below.

That surgery was supposed to be his.

Because of a microphone malfunction, he was excluded from the procedure and punished by Dr. Burke, who banned him from entering the OR for a week.

Why?

It was just an accident—he hadn't even spoken badly about the patient directly.

Exactly!

In Alex's mind, he hadn't done anything wrong. If anyone was to blame, it was the faulty mic.

Inside the OR:

Dr. Burke began the procedure, focusing on the patient's lungs first.

The tumor was so large that it had severely compressed the patient's lungs, making breathing difficult and putting them at constant risk of suffocation.

Once Dr. Burke finished with the lungs, Dr. Shepherd would handle the spinal surgery next.

Due to the dense concentration of nerves around the spine, the procedure had to be performed with extreme precision and was expected to take a very long time.

Cristina and Adam were both excited and confident, ready to assist.

Eight hours later:

"More suction."

"Get another bag of O-negative blood!"

"Cauterize those minor bleeds—I need a clear view."

Commands flowed steadily from Dr. Burke as the surgery dragged on.

"Dr. Duncan, are you holding up? You'll need to remain absolutely steady soon."

He looked over at Adam, who was still holding the massive tumor in place.

"No problem."

Adam replied confidently, steady as ever.

Dr. Burke nodded in approval, glancing briefly at Cristina, who had already become too exhausted to help and was now just standing by, doing nothing useful.

Cristina avoided meeting Dr. Burke's gaze.

She hadn't been chosen by Dr. Burke for this surgery—she had pushed herself into the opportunity.

Just like how Alex had faked enthusiasm to win over the patient and become the primary intern, Cristina had found her own way in—by getting very close to Dr. Burke.

Unlike Bailey, who was openly against Dr. Shepherd's favoritism toward Meredith, Bailey knew Cristina was highly skilled, so she didn't object. She had no idea, though, that Cristina had resorted to the same tactics Meredith had.

Initially, Cristina and Adam shared the responsibility of holding the tumor, giving them front-row seats to this groundbreaking operation.

But as time passed, even though Adam bore most of the weight, just maintaining the lifting posture for eight hours was too much for Cristina's body to handle.

She started shifting uncomfortably, accidentally moving the tumor at one point.

With no other choice, Adam reassured the team that he could handle it alone, letting Cristina step aside so she wouldn't make things worse.

"Great job, Dr. Duncan!"

Half an hour later, Dr. Burke completed the lung surgery and praised Adam for holding the tumor so steadily, as if it were resting on a platform.

"Your strength really lives up to your reputation! I think I'll be calling on you next time for something like this."

"Anytime, anywhere," Adam replied with a confident smile.

Though it sounded like a joke, Adam meant every word.

Getting this kind of recognition from Burke—who was known to be a rival of Dr. Leonard—was a huge endorsement. If Burke started giving Adam more opportunities, his career trajectory would only accelerate.

Laughter rippled through the OR.

When the lead surgeon jokes, everyone follows suit—it's basic etiquette, especially when the joke is genuinely funny.

"We've got five or six more hours to go."

Taking over as the lead surgeon, Dr. Shepherd was genuinely impressed with Adam's stamina. His earlier irritation from being interrupted by Adam that morning seemed forgotten.

"Dr. Duncan, you sure you're still good?"

"No problem," Adam assured him. "If I can't hold out, Dr. Yang can take over."

Cristina shot Adam a grateful glance.

"Alright, let's get started. The sooner we finish, the lower the patient's risk."

Dr. Shepherd officially began the spinal surgery.

"Look at this artery—my God, it's as thick as a thumb! Have any of you ever seen a vessel this large?"

Everyone shook their heads.

"This tumor requires a huge blood supply," Dr. Shepherd explained mid-surgery. "We're about to run out of ten units of blood. Contact the blood bank—we need more O-negative, fast!"

In the Observation Room:

"Damn Adam!"

Alex had returned after running some errands and now saw Dr. Burke praising Adam, the room filled with laughter. Compared to his own scolding and punishment, it was a bitter sight.

He had always noticed Adam's condescending attitude but dismissed it before.

You look down on me? Well, I don't think much of you either.

But now, the glaring contrast between them was like a slap in the face. Adam clearly had the right to look down on him, and all Alex could do was swallow his frustration.

It drove him crazy.

"How's it going?"

Meredith entered the observation room after finishing her own tasks.

"Same as before," Alex responded coldly.

"Are you really as shallow and indifferent as you seem?" Meredith asked, studying him.

"Why? Want to grab a drink tonight? Hear about my inner pain?"

Alex turned toward her, smirking.

"Does that pickup line ever work?" Meredith laughed.

"Sometimes." He shrugged.

"Probably just because of your looks."

Meredith averted her gaze.

"So... you're saying yes?" Alex grinned lazily.

"No, I have a boyfriend," she replied, though her hesitation hinted at something more.

If Adam had been there, he probably would've spared a moment of sympathy for Meredith's boyfriend—Dr. Shepherd himself.

Back in the OR:

Unaware of his girlfriend's flirty exchange upstairs, Dr. Shepherd stayed focused on the delicate surgery.

Just then, the OR door burst open.

Without time to put on a mask, Liz rushed in, holding it over her mouth as she entered.

"Our surgery isn't finished yet!" Dr. Burke snapped from his assisting position.

"Patient Harper in room 2114—I had to perform emergency open-heart surgery right in the room!" Liz spoke urgently through the mask.

"You did what?" New novel chapters are published on Novel-Fire.net

Everyone turned to look at her in shock.

In the observation room, Alex was completely stunned—he was supposed to be the primary doctor for room 2114.

It was bad enough that Adam had stolen his surgery, but now Liz was stealing his patient, too?

Unforgivable.

Chapter 344: True Heroism Shines in Times of Crisis

Inside the observation room of the operating theater—

"He's experiencing acute cardiac tamponade. His chest X-ray was still normal this morning, but everything happened so fast. He suddenly lost consciousness, and the situation is critical. I had no choice but to operate on him."

Liz spoke, her voice filled with both panic and anger.

The panic came from experiencing an emergency surgery for the first time.

The anger stemmed from the fact that this wasn't supposed to be her responsibility. She had been forced into this, and in her confusion and helplessness, she had nearly watched a patient die right in front of her.

"You go ahead. I can handle things here."

Dr. Shepherd signaled to Dr. Burke.

Hearing this, Dr. Burke immediately stepped out.

The cardiac patient was, in fact, one of his own—someone from his clinic's patient group. Now, an intern under his supervision had performed an emergency open-chest procedure on him. Who knew how bad things might get?

This could directly affect his reputation.

At that moment, Alex stormed in, fuming.

"You performed open-chest surgery in the ward without calling me? Were you just trying to show off?"

"I paged you 50 times!!!"

Liz was visibly emotional. "Do you even know what I just went through?"

"Oh... the battery died. I forgot to replace it."

Alex glanced at his pager, realizing it had run out of power. He let out a small, awkward laugh.

"You forgot?"

When Liz saw the reason for his absence—and his nonchalant reaction—she completely lost control.

"You actually forgot?!"

Her frustration boiled over. She snatched Alex's pager from his hand and threw it to the ground. Then, stomping on it repeatedly, she shouted, "You bastard! You lazy, arrogant, useless idiot!"

Spittle flew onto Alex's face, forcing him to raise his hand to shield his eyes.

After venting her anger, Liz turned on her heels and stormed off.

Just looking at Alex's face made her sick.

"This medical center never has a dull moment," Dr. Bailey muttered wearily.

"It seems like Dr. Clive is the one with the strongest connections among all of us," Adam couldn't help but remark sarcastically.

How long had they been interning?

Alex had already—

Ignored a nurse's warning and neglected a patient, worsening their condition. Made an outrageous, unethical comment: "Someone her age should've died long ago." Botched an acting drill and insulted a patient, calling them disgusting and deserving of their suffering. Neglected his duties, almost costing another patient their life.

On top of all that, his medical skills were clearly below the standard for an intern at this center.

Incident after incident, yet he showed no remorse.

If Alex didn't have powerful connections, Adam simply wouldn't believe it.

Even as the so-called overpowered protagonist, Adam wouldn't dare pull half the stunts Alex had.

Dr. Bailey shot Adam a look, instinctively wanting to shut him down.

Alex was her intern. She could criticize him, but others couldn't—especially not Adam, who also had a privileged background.

But then she reconsidered.

Adam had real talent. He never denied his own connections, but at least he was competent. And despite how bluntly he put it, he wasn't wrong.

So, she swallowed her words.

Did Alex have strong backing? Of course.

Dr. Bailey had heard that he got in through connections with Director Glassman.

She also knew that Alex hadn't even passed his medical licensing exam yet—he had failed. If he didn't pass his retake in time, he wouldn't even be qualified to be a doctor, let alone continue his residency.

"Damn nepotism," Dr. Bailey cursed internally.

She had climbed her way up entirely on her own, working over 110 hours a week, earning the respect of everyone in the hospital through sheer effort.

If she were the hospital director, she would never have let someone like Alex in.

If she were the head of surgery, she wouldn't have hesitated to fire him, no matter what the director thought.

If she were an attending physician, she wouldn't have let him anywhere near her operating room.

But unfortunately, she was none of those things.

She was just a resident, technically on the same level as Alex. Until she finished her training and got her attending license, she couldn't afford to offend the director's connections.

So, she had to turn a blind eye.

"Shit!"

Just then, chaos erupted.

No one cared about Alex anymore—everyone's attention snapped back to the surgery.

The patient was hemorrhaging.

"Control the bleeding!"

"Her body can't handle major blood loss. We need more blood bags!"

"Suction more! I can't see anything!"

"Clamps! Get me clamps—now!"

"Is there any blood left in the rapid infuser?"

"There are two more bags on the way."

"What do you mean, 'on the way'?"

"We didn't anticipate this much blood loss. We prepared twice the estimated amount, but we've already used it all."

The OR was in complete disarray.

Dr. Shepherd and the nurses were exchanging rapid-fire instructions.

"Where did you cut?" Dr. Shepherd asked Dr. Bailey.

"I didn't cut anything—it ruptured on its own," Dr. Bailey quickly explained. "Her condition was already poor when she was admitted. Her arterial walls are too fragile."

"We've already used ten units of blood!" a nurse reminded them.

"I can't see a thing."

Dr. Shepherd was drenched in blood, his vision blurred.

"Her blood pressure is dropping. If we don't stop the bleeding now, she won't make it," the monitoring nurse warned.

"Got it!"

Just then, Adam reached in and pressed down on the bleeding site.

"What?"

Dr. Shepherd was momentarily stunned.

In such a chaotic situation, there was no time to suction all the blood away. Finding the exact source of the hemorrhage amidst a sea of red was pure luck.

"The bleeding is slowing. Blood pressure is stabilizing."

The nurse's announcement confirmed Adam's words.

"Well done, Adam!"

Dr. Shepherd, overjoyed, dropped the usual formalities. "Hold it steady!"

Then he barked at the nurses, "Get those blood bags here—immediately!"

"Suction!"

"Clear my field of vision!"

Dr. Shepherd rattled off command after command.

At moments like this, if the lead surgeon panicked or froze, the patient was doomed.

But if the surgeon remained calm and knew exactly what to do, the patient's chances of survival skyrocketed.

A renowned surgeon like Dr. Shepherd wouldn't panic.

His earlier flustered state was due to not being able to locate the bleeding source. Without blood transfusions, even the best surgeon would be powerless.

But once Adam miraculously pinpointed the rupture and stopped the bleeding, Dr. Shepherd seized the opportunity without hesitation.

At that moment, he felt nothing but gratitude for Dr. Burke's decision to bring Adam into the OR.

Chapter 345: Sorry, I Forgot I'm the Only One Who Can

"Christina, hurry up and help Adam hold this."

After the immediate crisis passed, Dr. Sheppard noticed that Adam was holding up the massive tumor with one hand while pressing down on the bleeding site inside the patient's body with the other—like a pillar holding everything together.

Even Dr. Sheppard couldn't help but be impressed and, worried that Adam might not be able to hold on much longer, quickly called out to Christina, who was standing on the sidelines.

"Oh, oh!"

Christina rushed over and reached out to help.

Then her eyes went wide.

She realized that the full weight of the massive tumor was still entirely supported by Adam's single hand, just as steadily as when he had been using both.

Adam flashed her a smile.

Christina immediately understood. Grateful, she didn't say anything but pretended to help, keeping her hands close as if supporting the tumor—without actually touching it.

Dr. Sheppard's spinal surgery was clearly more demanding than Dr. Burke's previous lung operation.

The discomfort from holding a support position for eight hours earlier still hadn't worn off, and she didn't want to mess anything up now.

She was only pretending to help because she still needed to earn recognition from the senior doctors.

If you contribute nothing during such a rare surgery, who's going to want to work with you next time?

In the medical field, connections matter—but when it comes down to saving lives, professional skills are everything.

Even a world-renowned doctor can't carry dead weight.

Thanks to Adam's steady control of the bleeding, the patient managed to hold on until the blood bank delivered a new supply.

This time, it was Alex who brought the blood.

"Get out!"

Dr. Burke, who had rushed back after handling another emergency, saw Alex and immediately lost his temper, pointing at the door of the operating room.

"I'm here to deliver blood!"

Alex snapped back, clearly irritated.

When the OR urgently needed blood bags, Alex, feeling inspired after watching Adam steal the spotlight, had dashed out of the operating room. He hadn't gone far before running into a nurse bringing the blood.

Without thinking, he asked a question, then—under the nurse's confused gaze—snatched the blood bag and sprinted back to the OR.

(Nurse's inner monologue: "It wasn't even that far. I was already jogging over. I could've handled it...")

Feeling like he had done something heroic, Alex was almost moved by his own efforts—only to be met with this kind of reaction.

How could he not be frustrated?

"Delivering blood is the nurse's responsibility. There's no need for you to meddle!"

Dr. Burke said coldly. "Before the surgery, the patient explicitly requested that you not enter the operating room. I also clearly ordered you to stay away for a week. Did you not hear me?!"

"I..."

Alex's face fell. Being scolded in front of everyone was humiliating, even for someone as thick-skinned as him.

The OR and the observation deck above were packed with dozens of doctors and nurses—this was even more embarrassing than the last two times he had been reprimanded.

"What, you've got nothing to say now?"

Dr. Burke snapped. "Mr. Harper has been in critical condition for a long time now. As the attending doctor, have you even checked on him?"

You should be monitoring his condition, not blatantly disobeying orders! Now, get out of my OR!"

The room went dead silent.

Everyone could feel Dr. Burke's fury.

And they understood why.

In the medical field, following orders is non-negotiable.

Hesitation during surgery could mean the difference between life and death.

Alex had not only defied direct orders but had also nearly endangered Dr. Burke's patient. And yet, instead of monitoring the patient, he was still loitering in the operating room.

This kind of behavior was grounds for immediate dismissal.

However, Dr. Burke was clearly aware that Alex had connections—likely tied to the hospital director. So, despite his anger, all he did was kick Alex out.

Alex left the OR with a dark, angry expression.

"Dr. Bailey, Alex isn't allowed anywhere near the OR for two weeks—my orders!"

Dr. Burke said, still furious, glaring at Alex's supervisor.

"Understood."

Dr. Bailey replied coldly, silently deciding to assign Alex to two weeks of rectal exams.

What an embarrassment!

"Calm down, Dr. Burke."

Breaking the heavy silence, Dr. Sheppard, who was on equal footing with Burke in terms of status, spoke up. "Let's talk about something positive. Did you know how close we were to losing the patient just now? It was all thanks to Dr. Duncan's outstanding performance."

Now that the crisis had passed, the sense of relief faded, and Adam was back to being "Dr. Duncan."

That's just human nature.

"I heard."

Dr. Burke's expression softened slightly. "It's clear there are some truly exceptional interns among us."

"Well, credit goes to your sharp eye for talent."

Dr. Sheppard chuckled. "At that moment, my view was obscured by blood, and even I couldn't immediately locate the bleeding site. Yet Dr. Duncan found it right away—pure luck!"

(Author's Note: For the latest updates, check 69Shuba.com!)

"Actually, it wasn't luck."

Adam replied, modest in expression but blunt in his words—completely unapologetic.

This was America, after all, and during his residency, showing his full potential was the only way to secure victory in this competitive field.

So, he laid it all out.

Luck? Miracles?

Those didn't exist.

He was just that skilled.

"Not luck?"

Dr. Sheppard and Dr. Burke exchanged amused glances. "Are you saying that in such a high-pressure situation, you instantly spotted the bleeding point?"

"Yep."

Adam nodded earnestly. "I deduced it from the trajectory of the blood spurts. Honestly, it's pretty simple."

"..."

Everyone was speechless, staring at him like he was joking.

"Are you serious?"

Only Christina seemed to sense that Adam wasn't playing around.

Hadn't she just witnessed him holding a giant tumor with one hand for so long—so steadily?

Even a professional weightlifter probably couldn't pull that off.

And yet, Adam had done it effortlessly.

You had to respect that.

"Of course."

Adam said seriously. "It's basic math—when blood spurts out, the trajectories all converge at the source. That's your bleeding point."

"But wait, how did you remember all the trajectories in that instant?"

Christina asked the question everyone was thinking.

"Easy."

Adam replied matter-of-factly. "You guys couldn't?"

"..."

Everyone's jaws tightened.

Come on!

The bleeding was so sudden, so fast—how could anyone possibly track all the trajectories?

Even if they tried again, staring as hard as they could, the best they'd manage would be to vaguely spot the bleeding site—not analyze the precise spray pattern!

It's not like they had some built-in slow-motion superpower.

"Sorry."

Adam shrugged. "I have high-definition photographic memory. I forgot you guys don't."

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 346: Doctor's Bar

2:00 AM.

After a grueling fourteen-hour giant tumor removal surgery, the procedure was finally complete.

Aside from one life-threatening crisis in the middle, everything went relatively smoothly.

"Great job, everyone."

Dr. Sheptor gave his usual words of affirmation after the surgery: "We saved a life!"

The team was both exhausted and elated.

Saving lives was always a rewarding experience.

"You're a total freak."

Christina massaged her wrist and stretched her waist. Watching Adam effortlessly handle everyone's compliments without a trace of fatigue, she couldn't help but remark.

She knew better than anyone else about Adam's inhuman stamina.

Just thinking about how he had held up a massive tumor with both hands for eight to nine hours, then supported it with one hand for another four to five hours, all while looking completely at ease, sent chills down her spine.

"Heh."

Adam merely chuckled without responding.

At work, he had to be confident and assertive, but outside of work, modesty and humility were necessary for social interactions.

Otherwise, he'd end up like Sheldon.

That would make him an easy target for resentment.

Sheldon had survived purely because of his inexplicable luck.

Adam didn't want to rely on luck.

"Wanna grab a drink at the bar later?"

Christina invited, "Everyone's going."

"You mean Joe's Bar across from the Medical Center?"

Adam asked.

"Yeah."

Christina nodded, "That's our medical staff's go-to bar. A lot of colleagues like to stop by after work. The owner, Joe, is a great guy. You haven't been there yet, have you? Come with us tonight—Joe's been looking forward to meeting someone as famous as you."

"Alright."

Adam didn't refuse.

Places like that were great for networking.

Plus, skipping out would make him seem antisocial.

Changing Room.

Everyone took off their white coats and blue scrubs, changing into their casual clothes.

Since they were all doctors, there wasn't any special effort to separate the men and women.

Alex, who usually acted like a cheeky flirt, sneakily glancing around whenever he could, was unusually dejected. He sat slumped in an empty corner, changed his clothes in silence, and slipped away without saying a word.

It was obvious—he had probably just been assigned two straight weeks of rectal exams.

"Photographic memory? Are you serious?"

While chatting as they changed, Meredith and Liz were stunned when Christina mimicked Adam's sincere tone while recounting his words.

"That kind of ability actually exists?"

"Yeah."

Adam nodded, "It's not that rare. I have a friend who has it."

"What does your friend do?"

Meredith asked curiously.

Adam briefly described Sheldon's accomplishments.

"A freak's friend is also a freak."

Liz teased.

"Christina, don't you also have two PhDs?"

Meredith turned to Christina, "Can't you do it too?"

"..."

Christina didn't want to talk about it. She shoved her white coat and blue scrubs into her locker and slammed the door shut. "Let's go drink!"

Damn it!

Comparing yourself to others is just infuriating!

Across from the Medical Center.

Joe's Bar.

"Our superstar finally decided to show up."

As soon as they walked in, a tall, burly man came forward with a big smile. "I heard you saved a life tonight—that's exactly why I love hanging out with doctors. Being around you guys makes me appreciate the meaning of life. First round's on me!"

"Thanks."

Adam expressed his gratitude and found himself liking the bar owner.

Not because he was offering free drinks, but because his demeanor was genuinely welcoming and comforting.

It made sense.

The Medical Center was in a bustling area, and there was no shortage of bars nearby.

If the service wasn't great, this place wouldn't be so popular among doctors.

Adam and the others lined up at the bar.

Joe, who was both the owner and bartender, quickly served their drinks after they placed their orders.

They chatted casually.

But due to their professional habits, the conversation kept circling back to medical cases.

"Liz, you're not mad anymore?"

Christina took a big sip of beer and looked at Liz. "Performing open-heart surgery right there in the ward—that must have been incredible!"

"Of course, I'm still mad."

Liz rolled her eyes. "You guys can't imagine what I was feeling at that moment. Mr. Harper's chest cavity was filled with large blood clots, and he was on the brink of death. Aside from me, the nurses couldn't reach a single doctor.

I had never even seen that kind of surgery before, let alone performed it.

But the nurses told me that if I operated, the patient might die, but if I didn't, he'd definitely die sooner.

My mind went blank as the nurses dressed me in surgical gear. Under their guidance, I cut the stitches on Mr. Harper's chest and opened his ribcage."

"That's why it's important to have good relationships with nurses."

Adam smiled, "There's a saying—doctors diagnose, nurses treat. It's not a joke. Experienced nurses can be a huge help to rookie doctors."

"I know."

Liz sighed. "If it weren't for them, Mr. Harper would have died—maybe even by my own hands."

"Nurses aren't doctors, though."

Christina interjected, "In the end, you were the one who saved him. We didn't spend four years in medical school for nothing."

She had a strong admiration for skilled professionals and fully accepted the medical hierarchy where doctors outranked nurses.

It wasn't just nurses.

Back when they had a party at Meredith's house, Liz had invited pediatricians and psychiatrists. Christina's attitude toward them had been blatantly condescending.

If she didn't have such distinct South Asian features, Adam might've mistaken her for someone from Japan.

Before, Adam's performance gave her a sense of competition, but she was still confident.

However, during today's surgery, they had worked together from start to finish.

Adam's freakish physical endurance and unparalleled medical expertise had completely shocked her.

It felt like they weren't even on the same level.

Adam was undoubtedly a powerhouse.

Admiring and gravitating toward the strong was in her nature.

That's why she had suddenly invited him to the bar.

"At that moment, Mr. Harper had no pulse, his heart rate was erratic, and I had to remove the blood clot immediately."

Liz continued, "But I was too inexperienced to do it quickly.

Seeing that he was about to die, I gritted my teeth, put down the instruments, and reached into his chest cavity with my bare hands to remove the blood clot. Oh my god, you guys should have seen how massive it was. The feeling..."

As Liz recounted her harrowing experience, Adam was no longer listening.

Because in his mind, he heard the system's notification sound.

Ding!

+3 Intelligence Points!

Chapter 347: We've Seen It All as Doctors

Joe's Bar.

As the system notification rang in Adam's mind, his brain seemed to explode.

Bang!

Big Bang!

It was as if his brain had undergone a cosmic explosion.

Countless nebulas formed, stars appeared.

The photographic memory he previously had as a half-finished product had now transformed into a high-definition version.

The complex mathematical formulas he struggled with last night were now easier to understand, and inspiration kept flowing.

The world seemed to slow down at that moment, becoming clearer than ever.

"My IQ just broke through 180—I've officially stepped into the realm of super geniuses. I'm now in the same category as Peggy and Sheldon."

Adam was ecstatic.

Although he still couldn't engage in deep intellectual discussions with Peggy and Sheldon without prolonged study and contemplation, something that was once impossible had now become possible.

And with Adam's boundless energy, that possibility would soon become a reality.

Just imagining Peggy's shocked expression, her mouth hanging open in disbelief, filled Adam with motivation.

That final push from genius to super genius—it was Christina who gave it to him.

Though Christina was arrogant, competitive, and had the face of a middle-aged woman from the Southern Universe, she had provided him with those crucial three intelligence points. Looking at her now, Adam felt a newfound appreciation.

If they were just friends, her appearance didn't really matter.

Adam wasn't a racist or a member of the "looks matter" club... well, at least not when it came to ordinary friends.

After having a few drinks at the bar, the group returned to the hospital.

The hospital had an on-call room for resting.

It was a small, narrow space with two or three bunk beds arranged side by side, accommodating four to six people.

Like the locker rooms, there was no gender segregation.

If you were tired, you could just walk in, lie down, and sleep.

If someone needed privacy, they could lock the door from the inside, and everyone else would understand. People generally respected that unspoken rule.

Technically, with the hospital's mandatory 566-hour training regulation, it was already two or three in the morning. To maximize their chances of getting assigned to surgeries, they should have taken this as a rest day and come back at five in the morning to compete for cases.

But aside from Adam, Christina and the others didn't seem too concerned about strictly following that rule.

Despite having endless energy and theoretically being the one who should stay in the hospital the most, Adam had an obsessive-compulsive adherence to following procedures and regulations.

In this regard, he was even more rigid than Christina and the rest.

If they got caught, they would just admit fault and accept their punishment.

But Adam couldn't tolerate even the slightest risk in his path to growth.

That's why, even though he was an incredibly capable intern, he was also known for playing it overly safe.

Green Clinic

"That giant tumor removal surgery last night—beautifully done!"

Leonard was in high spirits. "I knew it! You have the same passion and talent I did back in the day. As long as no one takes your opportunities, people like us are destined to shine!"

"Heh."

Adam responded with a polite smile.

This was the third time Leonard had said something like that.

"I'm saving all the good surgeries for you here," Leonard continued excitedly. "I've already spoken to Sherry. Any time there's an opportunity, she'll send you over to other departments. Take as many surgeries as you can, show them why I trust an intern with this much autonomy!"

"Thank you, I definitely will."

Adam smiled.

After their conversation, Sherry sent him to the emergency room.

This special treatment made Bald Chris and Chubby Stu a little jealous.

Working in the ER, where you could interact directly with patients, was far better than doing endless rounds and writing up case notes.

If Adam got lucky, he could catch a case requiring surgery, and as the first doctor on the case, he would naturally become the primary in-charge and follow it into the operating room.

The most frustrating part?

Even though Chris and Stu were technically responsible for managing Green Clinic's patient beds, whenever a major surgery came up, Dr. Green would call Adam back without hesitation—not only to let him participate but to give him as much hands-on practice as possible.

Sometimes, Dr. Green would just supervise while Adam performed the entire procedure.

That was a privilege usually reserved for senior residents, if not beyond that.

Most residents could only perform minor procedures independently. When it came to major surgeries, attending physicians had to take over.

Even seasoned senior residents didn't get as much hands-on surgical time as Adam did.

It was only because Sherry had an exceptionally good personality and got along well with Adam that there wasn't any backlash.

If this had been Dr. Bailey, or any other ambitious resident, there would have been protests and resistance long ago.

"Your arms aren't sore, are they?"

As soon as Susan saw Adam, she playfully squeezed his arm. "You were up till dawn with that giant tumor case, and now you're back after just a few hours of rest? You really are an energy machine~"

"Not sore at all."

Adam chuckled helplessly.

Clearly, his feat of holding up the massive tumor had cemented his reputation for sheer physical endurance.

"Adam, there's a patient in Room 5. Let's go check it out."

Susan teased him briefly but then shifted back to business.

"Alright."

Adam had no objections.

Room 5

Following Susan inside, Adam saw a young white man sitting there, looking uneasy.

"I'm Dr. Lewis, and this is Dr. Duncan."

Susan introduced them briefly before asking, "Mr. Gale, what seems to be the problem?"

"...I..."

The young man hesitated.

"Mr. Gale, we're doctors. There's nothing you can't tell us."

Susan reassured him.

"Can... Can I speak to Dr. Duncan alone?"

The young man avoided eye contact with Susan.

"Of course."

Susan exchanged a glance with Adam and nodded.

"I'll leave this to you, Dr. Duncan."

"Got it."

Adam smiled.

As she left, Susan whispered teasingly, "I didn't know your charm worked on men too."

Adam's mouth twitched slightly.

Once the door closed, he turned to the young man. "Mr. Gale, you can tell me your symptoms now."

"I... I want to get a contraceptive injection."

The young man finally mustered the courage to say it.

"..."

Adam nearly pulled a muscle in his back from sheer surprise. His expression was a clear "That's it?", but he held back his sarcasm and asked seriously, "Can I ask why?"

Getting this injection wasn't just expensive—it was uncomfortable, both physically and mentally. Most young men wouldn't go out of their way to get it.

The usual approach would be the classic "I'll just be careful" mindset.

"It helps me stay calm."

The young man said anxiously, "I looked it up online... if I take enough doses—"

"You'll chemically castrate yourself."

Adam interrupted. "Did you read that part?"

"I know."

The young man nodded solemnly.

"So... you want to be chemically castrated?"

Adam was speechless. "Can I ask why?"

"No."

The young man snapped, "Can't you just give me the shot?"

"Absolutely not."

Adam shook his head. "I'm just an intern—I don't even have that authority. I should call Dr. Lewis—"

"No, don't!"

The young man stopped him.

"Mr. Gale, we're doctors. We've seen it all—nothing can shock us."

Adam reassured him. "And doctor-patient confidentiality is a thing. No matter how embarrassing your issue is, you can trust us. But we need to understand in order to help you."

"Alright..."

The young man stood up, pacing back and forth before finally making up his mind.

He looked Adam dead in the eye and, with complete seriousness, declared:

"I'm in love with a cow."

Adam: "..."

Chapter 348: Gale is Stunned

Medical Center.

Emergency Room.

After hearing what the young white man said, Adam's immediate thought was: I really am still too young.

"I pass by a farm on my way to school. They look so beautiful."

Seeing Adam frozen in place, the young man seemed to let loose, looking at Adam as he began to describe his feelings in detail.

"They're so magnificent. I even dream about them. But people turn them into leather shoes and hamburgers. How can they treat such beautiful cows this way?"

"Wait, something's not right!"

Adam was only shocked for a moment.

Then, from the young man's expression and description, he immediately sensed that something was off.

If this guy truly fell in love with a cow, as he claimed, he wouldn't refer to them as they.

After all, people who keep pets always give them names and refer to them like family members.

Not to mention, if this guy really had such an extreme attachment, he'd be far more specific.

Take Rajesh's "Little Gui" for example—that guy talked about his pet as if she were his girlfriend.

That's true love.

"So, you want a contraceptive injection... are you trying to prevent something, or are you over it?"

Adam regained his composure and examined the oddball in front of him.

"To prevent it," the young man replied awkwardly, forcing a smile. "I just have the impulse—it's purely physical—but I know it's wrong, so I haven't... you know..."

"Good."

Adam nodded. "Because that would be wrong."

"So... can you give me the shot?"

The young man looked at Adam expectantly.

"You're really willing to chemically castrate yourself just to suppress a momentary impulse?"

Adam scrutinized his microexpressions.

"I don't want to, but I don't have a choice."

The young man grimaced in pain. "I know it's wrong."

Yeah, talking big is definitely wrong.

Adam mentally rolled his eyes. But he also sensed that the guy wasn't faking it—he really seemed to be struggling.

That puzzled Adam.

Because it meant his earlier assumption was incorrect.

That's right.

As soon as he noticed the flaws in the young man's words, Adam formed a hypothesis.

His first thought? Some twisted fraternity initiation challenge.

During his time at Columbia University, Adam had received invites to join fraternities but declined.

Having seen American Pie in his previous life, he had a natural aversion to frat culture.

Besides, the tallest trees catch the most wind.

A lot of people didn't like him and were jealous of him.

And at elite universities, fraternities weren't just student organizations—they held real power.

Successful alumni funded them, allowing top fraternities to own private mansions on campus.

Parties, girls, wild nights—everything was on the table.

That's why so many freshmen, despite knowing how twisted some initiation challenges were, still eagerly signed up.

It wasn't the first time jealous fraternity members had targeted Adam with their freshman initiation dares.

And it wasn't just fraternities.

Columbia's sororities were just as bad.

At first, they had some sense of dignity. But one year, they straight-up made "sleeping with Adam" an initiation goal.

They had no shame, but Adam did.

No matter how they tempted him, no matter what seductive tricks they pulled, Adam saw right through them.

That year, the sorority nearly failed to induct any new members.

They had to change the "sleep with Adam" challenge into a test for the sorority president instead.

And when that president graduated, the next one faced the same problem. In the end, they just scrapped the challenge entirely.

Now, looking at this young man—who was about the right age for college, had a ridiculous impulse, and clearly struggled with it—Adam had to consider the possibility.

But Adam had graduated from Columbia four years ago. In that time, neither the frats nor the sororities had tried to involve him in their nonsense again.

And this guy did seem genuinely distressed.

Still, just to be safe...

Adam decided to probe further.

"You don't have to go to such extremes."

An idea formed in his mind. Keeping his expression neutral, he said, "You're not the only one who's ever felt this way."

The young man froze in shock, his mouth hanging open.

No way.

There are others like me?

No way.

Doctors have actually dealt with this before?

No way.

"Don't look so skeptical."

Adam kept a straight face. "Because of doctor-patient confidentiality, I won't name names. But let's just say, a certain fraternity president once took his initiation challenge way too seriously."

"Most guys just bring a sheep into a room, pretend to do something, and call it a day."

"But he? He was too committed."

"He wanted to prove himself so badly that he—"

Adam paused. "Well, let's just say the senior members watching from outside were horrified.

"After that, he could never hear a sheep's bleat the same way again."

The young man's jaw nearly hit the floor. Stammering, he asked, "So... what happened to him? Did he see a doctor?"

"Yep."

As Adam told the story, he watched the young man's reaction closely.

When he mentioned fraternities and initiation challenges, there was zero reaction.

The shock on the guy's face was real.

That ruled out the possibility that he was part of some frat prank targeting Adam.

"He truly loved that sheep. He wanted to let go, but instead of extreme measures like chemical or physical castration, he opted for psychological therapy."

Adam smiled. "That's why doctors really have seen it all. I'm not kidding. If there's anything you're not telling me, just be honest. The more details you share, the better we can help."

The young man was convinced—but still hesitated.

"Let's take this step by step."

Adam gave him a reassuring, professional smile. "Do you really love a cow? Or is this just a metaphor—does 'cow' actually refer to a woman?"

In the East, he'd be sure this was just a metaphor.

But in America?

Or rather, in the world of TV medical dramas?

Adam wasn't so sure.

Because the story he just told?

In this world, it wasn't something he made up...

The young man's eyes flickered. Avoiding Adam's gaze, he lowered his head. "It's a cow. She's beautiful. I'm in love. I just want to prevent anything from happening."

"And who is she?"

Adam sighed in relief. So it really is just a metaphor—thank God I'm not dealing with something worse.

"For you to come up with such an absurd and embarrassing metaphor, this must be about someone serious. Your friend's girlfriend?"

The young man's face contorted in shock.

Adam studied his expression and shook his head.

"Not that, huh? Well, the next few possibilities aren't much better."

The young man's face twisted in agony.

Chapter 349: A Good Deed a Day

"Mr. Gale, do you have anything you'd like to say?"

Adam looked at the distressed young white man and continued, "If not, then let's wrap up for today. I'll help you get in touch with the most compassionate therapist."

Although he was curious, he wouldn't pry if the other person didn't want to talk.

In reality, Adam had already figured out most of the young man's distress.

His past familiarity with Japanese adult films, anime, and similar content made it so that nothing in this situation could truly shock him anymore.

After all, every possible classic storyline had already been filmed in Japan.

In this regard, Adam was indeed qualified to tell the young man, "As doctors, we've seen everything..."

Seeing Adam stand up, the young man panicked. It was already embarrassing enough to come see a doctor—switching to another one would mean another person knowing his secret.

That would be even more humiliating!

Besides, though this Dr. Duncan was young, he seemed quite professional.

Clenching his teeth, the young man reached into his backpack, pulled out his wallet, and handed a photo to Adam.

"As expected," Adam thought, holding back a chuckle.

The photo showed a stunning woman in a bikini, leaning against the kitchen counter with a radiant smile.

Well, well—this plot was all too familiar.

"Your stepmother?"

Adam's professional smile shifted to a more serious, clinical expression.

"How did you know?"

The young man was shocked. "It's like you already knew everything!"

"Well," Adam said in a professional tone, "for you to make up such an outlandish story, this woman must be very close to you.

"She's not your brother's girlfriend, which means the situation must be even more serious—likely involving deeper ethical issues.

"She looks young, in her twenties or at most just under thirty, which means she's only a few years older than you. That rules out the possibility of her being your biological mother. And judging by your features, you two don't share any genetic similarities.

"So, she's not your sister either.

"What other possibility is left besides a young stepmother?"

"...Yes," the young man admitted, now that Adam had pieced it all together. He seemed relieved that Adam wasn't looking at him with judgment. "She likes to walk around the house in a bikini—or even less. I—I can't stop thinking about her, no matter how hard I try."

Tsk!

Adam silently clicked his tongue in amusement.

A bikini was already revealing enough. What was "even less" supposed to mean?

"Is your father not home?" Adam asked.

"He's on a business trip in Europe."

The young man's emotions started to spiral. "So, it's just the two of us at home. She does this every day—and she even gives me massages! Every time she finishes, I have to lie there for an hour before I can get up..."

"She's seducing you."

Adam carefully observed the young man's microexpressions. With his advanced perceptive abilities and psychological training, it was nearly impossible for someone to lie to him.

And yet—

Adam wasn't entirely convinced by the young man's story.

The same event, described by different people, could lead to completely opposite conclusions.

Just like how powerful individuals accused of misconduct often insist that their victims were "playing along."

But obvious lies couldn't fool Adam.

And this young man wasn't the type to fabricate a story just to undergo chemical castration.

That left another possibility:

A mental illness.

Maybe his stepmother's seduction didn't actually exist, but his perception made it real to him. Overwhelmed by his own extreme moral compass, he sought drastic measures to prevent himself from crossing a line.

If that were the case—if even he believed his own words with absolute sincerity—then even Adam might struggle to tell the truth from delusion.

At this point, the possibilities were:

He was telling the truth. He had a psychological disorder.

Because everything he said was, in his mind, true.

"Isn't it obvious?"

The young man grew more agitated. "But she's my mother! I can't do this! That's why I came to you—to get a contraceptive injection so I can stay calm until my dad gets back or until I leave for college. Can you help me?"

Since the young man didn't seem to exhibit any clear symptoms of a psychological disorder, Adam chose to assume his story was true for now.

Most men, in this kind of situation, would make choices more in line with... well, Japanese media.

But this young man was willing to risk permanent chemical castration just to avoid betraying his father or breaking moral boundaries.

In that sense, he really was a good son.

Adam nodded to himself.

This was someone worth helping.

With that in mind, he grabbed a pen and paper, scribbled down a few lines, and handed the note to the young man.

"What's this?" the young man asked, confused.

"It's a contact," Adam said with a smile. "I have a friend who runs a charity. They have an office in New York and are looking for volunteers. You can work there part-time—they'll even provide you with a dormitory."

Adam chuckled. "Isn't moving out a lot simpler than chemical castration?"

The young man blinked, then broke into a relieved smile.

"Thank you—thank you so much!"

Adam wasn't surprised that the young man hadn't thought of such an obvious solution.

He was clearly a quiet, introverted type. Otherwise, he wouldn't have come up with such an extreme plan.

And as a soon-to-be college student with limited financial means, moving out hadn't even seemed like an option.

Poverty had limited his imagination.

Overwhelmed by temptation, he had fixated on solving the problem at its root—himself.

"You're a good son," Adam said as he stood up. "Stay true to that. I believe you'll make a great impact in charity work, too."

Someone with such a strong moral compass would likely do well in philanthropy.

Caroline's Ellis Charity Foundation could always use more people like him.

Who knows—maybe, years down the line, another Caroline would rise from among their ranks.

That would be Adam's good deed for the day.

At the Nurse's Station

"What kind of case was that?"

Susan asked with a smile.

"A moment of poor judgment."

Adam laughed and gave her a brief summary.

Susan chuckled, unfazed.

After four or five years in the ER, she had seen and heard her fair share of bizarre cases.

This one wasn't even that unusual.

"You handled it well," she complimented. "Though, only you could've pulled that off. What other doctor just happens to have a part-time job with immediate housing lined up?"

"It was just a coincidence," Adam said with a modest smile. "A friend of mine happened to be looking for volunteers."

Given his billionaire status, he preferred to stay as low-key as possible in his medical practice.

If the young man's moral integrity hadn't impressed him, Adam wouldn't have gone out of his way to help.

Susan gave him a knowing look but didn't press the subject.

They chatted for a bit longer before she was called away.

Just then, Alex wheeled a laughing African American man into the hall.

Adam's eyes narrowed as he stepped forward.

Chapter 350: If It Doesn't Kill You, It Makes You Stronger

"Alright, Dr. Clive, I'll take it from here."

Adam stepped forward, smiling.

"What did you say?"

Alex froze for a moment before erupting in anger. "This is my patient!"

"No."

Adam shook his head. "Your patient is still waiting for a rectal exam. This patient has a gunshot wound—on his shoulder, not his rectum. So, he's not your patient."

"Hey! I like Dr. Clive. I want him as my doctor."

The African American man clearly felt a connection with Alex's rebellious nature. Seeing Adam push Alex aside, he immediately stood up for his friend.

"Sorry," Adam shook his head. "This is the emergency department. I'll contact Dr. Lewis right away."

"I'm not an emergency case!"

The man, full of loyalty, stood up while clutching his wound. "I have an appointment with Dr. Burke, and I want Alex to be my attending physician."

It was clear that he was a regular at the hospital. Not only had he scheduled an appointment with a specific attending physician, but he also understood the concept of an attending doctor.

"I'll contact Dr. Burke for you," Adam said with a smile. "But trust me, even if Dr. Burke comes, Dr. Clive still won't be your attending."

"Why not?"

The man was stunned and looked at Alex, whose face had now turned as dark as his own.

Alex was speechless.

What could he say?

That due to his negligence, one of Dr. Burke's patients nearly died, leading to Burke banning him from the operating room for two weeks? That Dr. Bailey had further punished him by assigning him two weeks of rectal exams?

How could he possibly admit something so humiliating to his "bro"?

"No matter what, I have the right to choose my attending physician."

The man grew more determined. "Alex, don't worry. I know Dr. Burke well—I'll make sure he assigns you as my attending."

Saying that, he extended his hand and made a shaking motion.

Alex reached out and did the same.

It looked very much like the fist-bump gesture popular among African Americans.

Alex's face brightened considerably, and he shot Adam a smug look, as if saying, "Just because you're skilled doesn't mean you can steal my patient."

Adam signaled for the nurse to call Dr. Burke.

"I was hoping to see you under different circumstances, Mr. Owens."

Dr. Burke extended a hand to shake the African American man's.

"Just call me Digby," the man grinned.

"What happened?" Dr. Burke asked Adam.

Adam quickly explained the situation. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY NOVEL-FIRE.NET

"Digby, Dr. Duncan is the best intern we have here."

Dr. Burke cast a cold glance at Alex before turning to Digby with a warm tone. "He will be your attending and oversee your treatment."

"No!"

Digby shook his head. "I only want Dr. Clive."

"Digby, Dr. Clive violated hospital regulations. He won't be able to serve as an attending physician for the time being," Dr. Burke explained. "I'm your doctor, and we've known each other for a long time. Don't you trust my judgment?"

"Come on!"

Digby dramatically exclaimed. "Who doesn't make mistakes when they're young? It's no big deal. Besides, I know my injury—it's just a simple wound closure. I might not even need to be admitted. Letting Alex handle it won't hurt anyone. I trust you, and I trust him."

Dr. Burke sighed and shook his head. In the end, he respected the patient's choice.

"Fine. Dr. Clive, suture the wound, then schedule a CT scan. You're responsible."

When he said this, Dr. Burke's gaze toward Alex was filled with disdain.

Alex, being a seasoned smooth-talker, ignored Dr. Burke completely and pushed Digby's wheelchair toward the patient ward. As he passed Adam, he shot him another provocative glance.

Clap! Clap!

The sound of Alex and Digby high-fiving reached Adam's ears as they walked away.

"Dr. Duncan, you handled that well," Dr. Burke praised Adam.

Adam simply smiled.

"Oh, by the way,"

Dr. Burke glanced in the direction Alex had gone, his expression full of contempt.

"Inform Dr. Bailey that Dr. Clive's rectal exam duty has been extended by another week."

"Got it."

Adam nodded.

Alex thought he could circumvent the punishment and fool everyone.

But was there a single doctor here who was actually stupid?

Especially a top physician like Dr. Burke?

Defying a senior doctor's order while acting like everyone else was a fool? Now that's real stupidity.

Lunch Hour – Hospital Cafeteria

"Did I hear you tried to steal Alex's patient but failed?"

Cristina plopped down with her tray, wasting no time in getting straight to the gossip.

"No choice," Adam shrugged. "Ran into a patient who's not afraid of dying."

"Tsk tsk, Alex really has a way with people."

Cristina clicked her tongue in amusement. "Yesterday, he nearly conned that woman with the giant tumor, and today he managed to trick a fearless, tattooed masochist right in front of you."

Saying he was fearless might be an exaggeration—more accurately, he was a thrill-seeker.

His shoulder wound? He had his friend aim and shoot him on purpose.

All for the sake of adding a new gunshot scar—an extreme version of tattooing.

And this wasn't even his first time.

Last time, the bullet grazed his armpit.

"This guy is from the Iowa wrestling team," George chimed in. "Apparently, Alex wrestles too. During his exam this morning, I heard them passionately discussing wrestling philosophy.

Stuff like:

'What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.'

'Unless you kill me, you can't defeat me.'

'Pain is a dividing line—it's all about how we handle it.'

Alex even borrowed a camera to take close-up shots of the gunshot wound. The two of them bonded like brothers."

"He's faking it."

Liz sneered. "Just like how he deceived that poor woman with the massive tumor. I'd love for this patient to hear his real thoughts."

"Let's just hope Alex doesn't get too carried away," Adam smirked.

"You know something?"

Cristina's eyes narrowed.

"His first gunshot wound? He kept the bullet inside as a keepsake. This time, the wound caused a rib fracture and a hemothorax."

Adam explained, "Dr. Burke inserted a chest tube to drain the blood and repaired his lung. But a gunshot wound can trigger the body's emergency response. Now imagine—what happens if he has any open wounds elsewhere on his body?"

"Infection!"

Cristina and the others said in unison.

"And what are the chances that a tattooed masochist who worships pain doesn't have other wounds?"

Adam said nonchalantly. "If I were his attending, I'd make sure to check thoroughly. But this is basic medical knowledge—Alex should know too..."

Liz suddenly stood up and ran off, leaving just one sentence behind:

"I don't trust Alex!"

Adam continued eating his meal at a leisurely pace.

Just like Digby had said, this was his choice. His belief.

"What doesn't kill me makes me stronger."

All Adam could do was respect it—and wish him luck.

After all, he wasn't about to lose sleep over 0.01% of someone else's life expectancy.