

TV Show 421

Chapter 421: Second Place is Also Legendary

Medical Center, Outside Alice Grey's Upgraded VIP Ward

"Holy shit!" Adam exclaimed, his eyes wide with disbelief.

Christina smirked. "Now you understand, right? Do you still need me to take care of her?"

"..." Adam's mouth twitched, and he found himself at a loss for words.

His gaze drifted back into the VIP ward. There, on the bed, Alice Grey rested her head against a man's chest, her hands draped across him in a cozy, affectionate pose—like an old married couple fast asleep. The man, dressed in a white coat with a round, moon-like face, was none other than the chubby little George O'Malley.

This is caregiving on a whole new level, Adam thought. Clearly, Christina didn't need to stick around anymore.

"What's going on here?" Adam finally asked, unable to hold back his curiosity.

Sure, he'd jokingly mentioned the story of Yin Liting and Yang Buhui to George before, and he was aware of wilder tales from Japan. He knew Alice Grey, with her Alzheimer's, had mistaken George for her husband—Meredith's father. And George did have some history with Meredith. But Adam had only been teasing, nothing more. He never imagined things would escalate like this.

George had checked into the hospital that afternoon, had surgery that evening, and now—just hours later—he was sharing a bed with Dr. Grey. What kind of magic does this guy have with women? Adam wondered. Some sort of charm aura? A best-friend-turned-backstabber move?

"I'm just as shocked as you are," Christina said, rolling her eyes. "I was taking good care of Dr. Grey, never leaving her side. But then George barged in, and when Dr. Grey scolded him again, he suddenly lost it."

"And then?" Adam asked, his brow furrowing.

He didn't like this vibe. Dr. Grey was a patient—her outbursts weren't intentional. George, as a doctor and a junior, shouldn't be picking fights with her. If you don't want to get yelled at, just stay away, Adam thought. Why provoke her? This was irresponsible, both to the medical community and to humanity's well-being. Silently, Adam resolved to give George a serious talking-to later.

"I tried to stop him," Christina said quickly, sensing Adam's disapproval. Their goals aligned perfectly, and she could read his displeasure instantly. "But he snapped too fast, too emotional. He wouldn't listen to me."

"Just tell me what happened," Adam interrupted, cutting to the chase.

Christina took a breath. "George said he didn't like how Dr. Grey treated Meredith and that he wouldn't let her keep doing it. I immediately tried to shove him out, but then Dr. Grey's attitude flipped. She stopped scolding him and gently agreed."

Adam's eyes narrowed. "And then?"

"Then George got cocky," Christina continued. "He said Dr. Grey shouldn't treat him like that either. She nodded, scooted over on the bed, patted the spot next to her, and told him to come sleep with her. And, well, here we are."

Adam glanced back at the bed, where George and Dr. Grey were snuggled up together. "So, her memory's gone back to when they were newlyweds?"

"Probably," Christina sighed. "The stimulation must've flipped her memory."

Adam's frown deepened. Alzheimer's patients didn't have static memories—they could shift to different life stages at any moment. Most of the time, their perception didn't match reality, hence the term "senile dementia." Occasionally, they might sync up with the present and seem lucid, but that was rare. Dr. Grey had only had Alzheimer's for a few years—her fifty-plus years of prior memories made up over ninety percent of her life.

Christina caught Adam's drift. For them, Dr. Grey's value lay in her decades of surgical expertise, honed day after day in the operating room. Ideally, her memory would stay as recent as possible—more years meant more refined skills and knowledge. But now, triggered by George, she'd reverted to her early married days with Meredith's father. According to Meredith, her dad left when she was five, and her mom raised her alone for the next twenty-plus years. That meant Dr. Grey might have lost over two decades of experience—the legendary era when she'd pushed herself to the limit, perfected her craft, and invented groundbreaking techniques.

If her medical knowledge had regressed along with her memory, the loss would be catastrophic.

"Damn George!" Christina muttered. At first, she'd been amused by his audacity, not thinking it through. But now, with Adam's nudge, the gravity hit her, and she couldn't laugh anymore. She cursed under her breath, genuinely upset.

"All we can do now is hope her medical knowledge and experience haven't shifted," Adam said, his voice heavy. "We'll check tomorrow. If it's unchanged, great. But if it has, we need to block George from ever getting near her again."

"Got it!" Christina said through gritted teeth. "Next time I see him anywhere close, I'll kick him out myself."

Adam nodded. He knew she wasn't joking. A legend like Dr. Grey meant different things to different people. For struggling students, shadowing her might teach them a little. But for ambitious, gifted prodigies like them, keeping up with her—learning directly from a living legend—was a once-in-a-lifetime chance that'd make any doctor green with envy.

"Adam, how are we going to confirm this tomorrow?" Christina asked, her voice tinged with worry.

Legends were legends because they were untouchable. Even if Dr. Grey's knowledge had rewound twenty years, she'd still been a rising star back then. Most people wouldn't be able to gauge her level.

"Don't worry," Adam said with a smile. "I've got this. Pinpointing the exact year of her memory might be tricky, but figuring out if she's stuck twenty-plus years in the past? That's a piece of cake."

"..." Christina froze for a second.

She'd almost forgotten—Adam's future potential was anyone's guess, but right now, in this era of medicine, you could count on one hand the people his age who outshone him. Dr. Grey was a legend, sure, but not the only one.

She nodded, trusting him completely. Then a thought struck her, and she looked at him, half-amazed, half-skeptical. "Wait—you can really figure out the specific year her memory's in?"

Adam had said it'd be "tricky," not impossible. That was like the difference between cooking stewed tofu and crafting delicate silken tofu—leagues apart in difficulty. If he could pull that off, it'd be mind-blowing.

"Heh," Adam chuckled, saying nothing more.

"Hiss," Christina gasped, sucking in a sharp breath. Any thought of outdoing Adam evaporated. But she wasn't discouraged. Standing in awe of a giant, aiming high and landing in the middle, was better than settling for less and getting nothing. Against someone as terrifyingly brilliant as Adam, first place was out of reach. Second wasn't bad, though. That could still be legendary.

Chapter 422: You've Got This!

At the medical center, Adam and Christina were outside the VIP ward, sneaking a peek at George and Alice Grey—Meredith's mom—sharing a bed. They swapped a quick look, no words needed, and instantly knew what they were gonna do next.

Inside the ward, George O'Malley had one foot on the bed and one on the floor, too nervous to fully climb in. He squirmed around, totally uncomfortable, his brain spiraling. Who am I? Where am I? What the heck am I doing? But the loudest thought bouncing around in his head was: What would Meredith think if she saw this?

"He looks super awkward," Christina whispered.

"Yeah, and he should," Adam said with a grin. "The guy's pale and chubby, like a big marshmallow, and he acts the part too. Everyone thinks he's gay, you all treat him like one of the girls, but people forget—he's still a dude."

"So?" Christina asked, tilting her head.

"So," Adam said, smirking, "in the right moment, he can still turn into a total wolf. How else do you think he had that little fling with Meredith? And now, here he is with her mom? Ha!"

"Oh, you mean..." Christina's eyes widened as it clicked. She glanced back at George with a grossed-out look. "Him? That's nasty! Do all guys have these weird, disgusting thoughts?"

"Nah, not me," Adam shot back, playing innocent. "I don't even know what you're talking about."

"Yeah, right," Christina snorted.

"Anyway," Adam laughed, "I'll leave this to you for a bit. I've gotta take my friend for a test. I'll swing back to take over later. Once the caregivers show up tomorrow, we won't have to deal with this anymore."

"Fine," Christina nodded, dropping the topic.

Adam headed off and realized Chandler still hadn't come out of the bathroom. He knocked on the door. "Chandler? You good?"

"Just a sec," Chandler mumbled, sounding embarrassed.

"Not bad," Adam teased, checking his watch. "Those morning runs must be paying off, huh?"

"It's not that," Chandler groaned.

"Take your time, call me when you're done," Adam said with a grin.

"Do I really have to do this?" Chandler's voice came out all whiny from inside.

"Yup," Adam replied, pausing for effect. "You'd better handle it yourself, or I'll have to get Monica or a nurse to help you out."

"There are nurses who do that?" Chandler asked, sounding shocked.

"Oh yeah," Adam said, barely holding back a laugh. "Some nurses are like that tailor Joey told you about—they love going the extra mile, totally free, totally voluntary. You'd be into him."

After that, the bathroom went dead quiet.

"Chandler?" Adam called out.

"Go away!" Chandler yelled. "I don't need him!"

"Haha, alright," Adam cracked up. "But if you don't hurry up and take care of it, I'm sending him in."

With that, he walked off, still laughing.

Ten minutes later, Chandler crept out and awkwardly handed Adam the sample—like it was some sacred relic.

"Let's hit the lab," Adam said, not taking it himself but making Chandler hold onto it as he dragged him along.

The results came back quick.

"A little low, but still normal," Adam said, relieved as he scanned the report.

"What's that mean?" Chandler asked, totally lost.

"Means you can have kids, but it's gonna take some effort," Adam said with a smile.

"Wait, what?" Chandler blinked. "I thought we were checking for STDs or something!"

"We did that too," Adam said, all serious. "You're clean there. Now we're just waiting on Monica."

Right then, Monica walked out. She's got a sixth sense for this stuff and could tell something was up. She looked nervous as hell.

An hour later, Adam had her results.

"So?" Monica asked, her voice shaking.

"Not great," Adam sighed. "No STDs, but your body's not exactly primed for pregnancy."

"Oh no!" Monica gasped, looking like her world just crashed.

"How?" Chandler asked, pulling her into a hug.

"Probably the weight loss," Adam explained. "You used to be pretty heavy, Monica, and dropping all that so fast to get this figure? That kind of extreme dieting messes with your body. Plus, there's your natural makeup too."

Think about how Monica handles cookies—she wouldn't touch them at first, but once she caved, she couldn't stop. That's a sign she's still hardcore dieting. She went from being a "two-in-one" big girl to slim in no time, basically shedding a whole person's worth of weight. For a woman, that's at least 100 pounds. Losing that much that fast? No surprise it threw her system off.

"I can't get pregnant?" Monica whispered, covering her mouth in panic.

"It's not impossible," Adam said, softening his tone. "Just trickier. Good thing Chandler's normal. If you two start trying now and keep at it for a few years, you've got a solid chance."

"Really?" Monica looked at him, desperate for hope.

"Really," Adam nodded. "And hey, there's a perk."

"What perk?" Monica perked up.

"You can skip the condoms now," Adam grinned. "Saves cash and spices things up."

"Chandler, we're heading home," Monica said, grabbing his arm. "Tonight, no sleeping. Actually, until I'm pregnant, you're not getting a full night's rest!"

"But we just got back from our honeymoon!" Chandler protested. "Can't we chill for a bit?"

"No way," Monica snapped. "Clock's ticking."

As she yanked him toward the door, Chandler glanced back at Adam with a glare that screamed betrayal.

"You've got this!" Adam called out, throwing him a fist pump for encouragement.

Chapter 423: I Consider You a Friend, But You're Acting Like My Dad?

The Next Day.

Medical Center.

"Phew."

After Adam finished examining Dr. Gray, Christina—standing by his side—read the answer in his eyes and let out a long sigh.

What a relief!

That little chubby George had only managed to drag Dr. Gray's emotions back over twenty years.

Dr. Gray's expertise and experience have always been top-notch.

Indeed.

George—who had been mistaken for Zack—never really measured up to Dr. Gray, and nothing could ever compare to her deep passion for medicine.

"Zack, don't interrupt Dr. Gray's work—come with me," Adam said with a smile.

"Right, don't disturb my work," Dr. Gray agreed with a nod.

"..."

Helpless, George had no choice but to follow Adam out.

When he turned back, intending to say something to Dr. Gray, he found Christina blocking his path, her little eyes practically screaming, "Hurry up and go—don't mess around, or I'll beat you up!"

Adam's gaze was full of mischief as he teased, "So, how'd you sleep last night? Looked like you slept like a baby, huh?"

The good news had erased most of his irritation with George. He had originally planned to punish him, but now it was just all playful teasing.

"Adam, it's not what you think..." George's chubby face instantly flushed.

"Don't bother explaining," Adam waved him off. He was an old hand at this routine—the whole "no need to explain; any explanation is just a cover-up for the truth" spiel.

"Hey, don't you guys tell Meredith, okay?" George pleaded.

"Of course I have no problem, but do you really think Christina would keep such explosive news from Meredith?" Adam shot back teasingly. "Besides, you two don't have any secrets between you. What's there not to say, Zack?"

George looked utterly mortified.

"Relax," Adam grinned. "Meredith won't mind at all."

"Really?" George's eyes lit up.

"Of course—she might even be dying for you to be Zack right now."

Adam said seriously, "That way, you get to take care of Dr. Gray, and she won't have to take care of you."

"Adam!" George exclaimed, a bit annoyed at being teased once again.

"Okay," Adam raised his hand. "But seriously, if I were you, I'd ask Dr. Gray which brand of cologne Zack uses."

"Why?" George asked, taken aback.

"Women who grow up without a father tend to develop a bit of a daddy complex," Adam explained with a laugh. "There's actual research showing that if you're dating a woman like that and you use the same cologne as her dad, your chances of getting her into bed go up tenfold."

With that, Adam left a pensive George behind and quickly walked away. Adam worried that if he stayed any longer, he'd burst out laughing.

That so-called scientific study was something Beverly had once passed on to her son Leonard. Leonard did end up in bed with Penny that very night, but whether he actually used the same cologne as Penny's dad is debatable. And besides, Meredith is different from Penny. For someone like her—who lost her father Zack when she was just five—a daddy complex might not mean she adores his scent; it could just as easily be rooted in disgust...

At Green Clinic:

"Adam, did Rachel come to the Medical Center for a check-up yesterday?"

Leonard complained, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Rachel told me over and over not to mention it," Adam replied with a laugh. "She's perfectly fine, so I didn't say anything—after all, finding you is just like finding me!"

Leonard paused in surprise, then nodded and laughed, "That's true."

He had gone through so much effort to accept Adam's closeness and do everything he could to help him grow—wasn't it all for this moment? After all, he was steadily getting older, and in the future, when a medical issue arises, people won't be turning to him but to Adam! Adam had already taken care of this and even pointed it out first, which truly filled Leonard with satisfaction.

"So, have you thought of a name for Rachel's baby yet?"

Leonard was in such high spirits he couldn't help but grin as he pulled Adam aside for a chat.

"If you ask me, if it's a boy, name him Adam Green! As long as my grandson is even half as awesome as you, I wouldn't even care if he were a love child!"

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"She did have that idea," Adam said, his lips twitching. "But Chandler and Monica already reserved it."

"That's not acceptable!" Leonard objected. "What gives them the right to reserve it first? Do they even have a kid yet?"

"Not yet," Adam replied with a shake of his head. "But they're working on it."

"Then that's that!" Leonard waved his hand. "They're your friends, and Rachel is your friend too. If Rachel ends up having my grandchild, then his name will be Adam Green! I said so!"

"..."

Adam's lips twitched, leaving him speechless. If this were in the East—with Rachel and Ross saying stuff like that—Adam would have beaten them up already.

I treat you as friends, yet you act like my parents?

You're taking advantage of me!

You're asking for trouble!

But this isn't the East—it's the USA! In America, it's traditional to name your child after a relative, friend, or someone you admire. This isn't an insult—it's recognition! It's legacy! It's honor!

For example, in *The Big Bang Theory*, Sheldon and Amy's son is named Leonard Cooper! Originally, Sheldon even planned to add a middle name—Nimoy! After all, it was taken from his favorite TV character, Leonard Nimoy (the actor who played Spock in *Star Trek*). But Amy vetoed it. According to her exact words, "If you're going to name him Leonard, just be content with that!"

Clearly, Amy didn't want their son named Leonard either. Since they were always together, you'd inevitably end up having to call them Big Leonard and Little Leonard. If clueless onlookers mistook Little Leonard for the son of Leonard and Amy, that would be downright awkward!

But there's nothing you can do about it. Sheldon insisted! And Leonard had sacrificed so much for Sheldon that, no matter how much Amy disliked it, she had no choice but to endure and accept that potentially awkward name. For Leonard, such an honor was almost as sweet as Sheldon thanking him during his Nobel Prize acceptance speech. At first, Leonard was genuinely happy—feeling that after nearly twenty years of being tormented by Sheldon, it was all worth it. But once Sheldon explained himself, Leonard's gratitude evaporated in an instant.

"Leonard, I know you'll never win a Nobel Prize in your life, but my son certainly will. That way, your name will be indirectly immortalized in Nobel Prize history," Sheldon declared bluntly. "So, don't thank me!"

"Thank you?"

All I want to do is strangle you—or blast your head off with the Force!

Luckily, Leonard was an old ninja; he only had to give Sheldon a meaningful look. And Sheldon took that as a sign of gratitude.

Perfect!

He really is such a great friend!

It's precisely because of this custom that Adam can only accept his friends' enthusiastic endorsements with a wry smile—while secretly hoping that one day there won't be a situation where everyone starts calling him "dad"!

Friends: "Adam!"

Kids: "Dad, Mom!"

Adam: "..."

Chapter 424: Who's the Hottest Doc at the Medical Center?

Medical Center

Adam had finally shaken off the shadow of his friends naming their kids after him and was on his way to the ward to check on a case he was really into. But then, he got hit with a curveball.

"Duncan, you're off this case. I'm handing it over to Grey," Dr. Bailey announced, her decision final.

"Alright," Adam replied with a wry smile, turning to leave.

"What's going on? Adam Duncan got booted from his own case again?" someone whispered.

"Unbelievable."

"Dr. Bailey's the real deal. When it comes to fairness, she doesn't mess around. She'll put you in your place no matter who you are!"

"I've even seen her go toe-to-toe with the chief once. He backed down!"

"She's the moral compass of this medical center, no joke."

"Yeah, if she ever becomes chief resident, I'm all in for her."

"..."

The second Adam walked away, the chatter spread like wildfire—mostly people gloating over his misfortune and singing Dr. Bailey's praises.

Noon – Cafeteria

"You seriously got kicked off by Dr. Bailey?" Liz asked, wide-eyed. "What was it this time?"

She wasn't shocked that Dr. Bailey had sidelined Adam; she was just curious why. That was the magic of Dr. Bailey. Love her or hate her, everyone respected her fairness and skill. The only reason she wasn't chief resident yet was because the spot wasn't open. Otherwise, she'd be the top pick hands down.

Chief resident isn't just a title—it's an administrative gig. You're in charge of all the residents, and you need the kind of charisma that makes everyone turn to you first when they're in a bind. If you can't handle that, you're sunk. But with the responsibility comes perks: scheduling OR time, assigning resident duties, sitting in on big hospital meetings. It's basically a mini-chief role—a key stepping stone to becoming an attending. Every ambitious senior resident with a few years under their belt fights tooth and nail for it. And being the frontrunner for that hot seat? That says it all.

"Dr. Bailey's got her reasons," George chimed in, barely hiding his glee. "And I'm sure they're solid. I trust her."

"Man, that's some strong cologne," Adam said, shooting George a look. "New brand today?"

"..." George's pale face turned red, then dark. Yep, busted.

George was a guy who believed in science. Adam had mentioned something to him once, and he'd taken it to heart. It was like those old folks—rational their whole lives, but past a certain age, they fall for every health supplement ad and wellness scam out there. It's a desperate need to cling to life. For George, it was his crush on Meredith. Adam had said it was backed by "science," but even if it'd been some old wives' tale, George would've tried it. Switching cologne? No big deal. He was going to wear some anyway, so why not try a new one?

He'd even slyly asked Alice Grey for advice and scored a tip. During a break, he'd dashed to the shop next to the hospital, grabbed the new stuff, and strutted past Meredith a few times. But instead of swooning, she'd wrinkled her nose and asked why he'd switched to that cologne. Cue George's heartbreak—his goddess thought it stank. That's why he was so openly smug about Adam's flop today. He didn't know if Adam had set him up, but he was happy to see him crash and burn. Misery loves company, right?

"I'll switch back tomorrow," George muttered, looking like he might cry as Meredith walked up with her tray, frowned at him, and paused mid-step.

"Sure, Meredith, you stole Adam's case," Liz teased with a grin as Meredith sat down.

"Stole? Hardly," Meredith said, shaking her head. "He just wasn't the right fit for it."

"What case?" Liz asked, leaning in.

"Kerry Lodge, 23, blushing syndrome and high fever," Cristina cut in. "She's got neurosurgery this afternoon with Dr. Shepherd. Super interesting case. If I were you, Adam, I'd have fought for it. It's not like you're the only one making her blush—Shepherd's her attending, and he does too!"

"What?" Liz nearly choking on her food. "She blushes at every hot guy she sees?"

"No," Meredith said with a sympathetic look. "She blushes whenever her heart rate spikes, and it's a dead giveaway of what she's feeling. That's why she's so determined to get this surgery, even with the risks."

"Her back, stomach, and thighs sweat to compensate. Eating can make her sweat too," Adam added. "Less than one percent of patients might end up with facial paralysis, spinal nerve damage, pneumothorax, or hemothorax. If any of that happens, it's bad—really bad."

"All just to stop blushing," Cristina said. "Me? No way I'd risk full-body paralysis for someone to mess with my brain. So what if my heart races? Who cares?"

"We haven't lived it," Meredith countered. "We can't really understand how desperate she feels."

"Cristina, you might not be so chill about it either," Adam pointed out. "Imagine you're into a case or surgery, your heart speeds up, and boom—you're blushing and sweating. It's not a big deal to hide, but it could tank your focus in the OR, right?"

"Oh," Cristina paused, then nodded. "Okay, yeah, that hits home. If it were me, I'd be torn."

Don't do the surgery, and it messes with your skills. Do it, and it might still mess with your skills. For someone like Cristina, dead-set on becoming a legendary surgeon, that's a brutal choice.

"So," George said, jaw practically on the table, "Adam got kicked off because the patient blushes when she sees him?"

"Yep," Meredith confirmed.

"She blushes at both Adam and Dr. Shepherd?" Liz asked, gossip mode activated. "So, who makes her blush more?"

"Now that's an interesting question," Cristina said with a smirk. "Who's the hottest doc at the medical center?"

"How do you even compare that?" Meredith snapped. "Everyone's got their own taste."

"Fair, my bad," Cristina shrugged. "New question then: In Kerry Lodge's eyes, who's the hottest? Miracle Doc or Dreamy McSteamy?"

Adam's mouth twitched. Why did that sound so awkward?

"No one knows?" Cristina teased. "The patient can handle Shepherd but nearly spiked a fever again with Adam. Dr. Bailey didn't pull any punches—she just kicked him out. Doesn't that say it all?"

Chapter 425: Director's Audio Track Version

Medical Center. Buffet Area.

"Is it really that over the top?"

Leeds couldn't believe it. "Flushed so red you'd think she had a fever?"

"Not even exaggerating," came the reply.

Christina teased, "When she saw Dr. Shepter, she only had to fan herself a little to cool down. But the moment she laid eyes on Adam, fanning didn't help at all. She turned so red it was like her face was practically bleeding, her breathing went rapid, and she nearly passed out from dizziness."

"Adam isn't Michael Jackson!"

George was at a loss for words. "Do people really faint just from looking at him?"

"You're okay with fans swooning over Michael Jackson's performances, but you can't accept a female patient getting all red, feverish, and dizzy because Adam is too handsome and utterly irresistible?"

Christina, still in disbelief, replied, "They're all a little crazy anyway."

"Watch it—or you'll get it," someone warned.

Adam interrupted, "Alright, enough of these pointless topics. Meredith, did you bring Dr. Grey's videotapes and medical notes?"

"I brought a few tapes."

Meredith frowned. "Are you sure this will work?"

"Worth a shot."

Adam's brow furrowed. "Only a few tapes? Just videotapes? No medical notes?"

"We'll start with a few tapes and see."

Meredith's eyes flickered. "Too many would be too much to lug around."

"Hmm?"

Adam raised an eyebrow. Something about Meredith just didn't sit right. Was she trying to hide these precious surgical tapes so as not to "aid the enemy"? And what about the medical notes? Adam couldn't believe that the legendary Dr. Alice Grey would have left behind not even a single note.

Not only did Meredith skirt around the issue of the notes, she wouldn't even bring them up. Clearly, something bigger was going on. But then again, Adam could understand. If Meredith really had any intention of "aiding the enemy," then the medical notes would be far more valuable than the tapes.

Why? Because the tapes are just curated copies of the surgeries Dr. Grey performed all over—the originals are safely stored in hospitals. With a little effort, anyone could get their hands on them. But the medical notes? Those were Dr. Grey's private summaries, filled with her insights on various procedures and her visionary ideas for groundbreaking surgeries.

If the right person—say, Adam—got hold of those notes, studied them inside and out, and built upon those pioneering ideas, he could very well create an entirely new series of procedures bearing his name, making headlines worldwide and forging his own legend. Knowing Adam, he'd probably keep that kind of treasure under lock and key.

Still, understanding doesn't change the fact that this trend can't be allowed to continue! Adam narrowed his eyes as a host of ideas for making Meredith willingly hand over those notes flashed through his mind. Meanwhile, a guilty Meredith lowered her gaze, unwilling to meet his eyes. She hadn't even anticipated this angle.

"Aiding the enemy?" she thought. She wasn't as fiercely ambitious as Christina—she'd never planned on competing with Adam. The reason she was so vague and reluctant was that last night, while rummaging through the stack of surgical tapes and medical notes her mom had piled up at home, she uncovered a shocking secret.

Her mother... had a lover.

Well, "had a lover" might be an understatement—she wasn't entirely sure why the word "also" would even apply. But that wasn't the main point. The real shock was that her dad's departure back then wasn't entirely his fault. And the so-called fourth party in their family drama turned out to be none other than Head of Surgery Richard!

Her mom's medical notes even casually detailed the intimate cigarette breaks between her and Richard—details so scandalous that even she, known for literally losing her pants when she got totally wasted, couldn't help but blush. And more often than not, it was her mom who made the first move. How could she possibly let such a family disgrace become public? If someone who knew her saw her mom's notes, what terrible assumptions might they make—like, "a dragon begets a dragon, a phoenix begets a phoenix..."?

But those unsettling thoughts were quickly pushed aside.

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"Director..." Meredith murmured, thinking of her once-respected uncle—now tarnished by this revelation—until she nearly felt sick.

"Adam, are you really planning to take these surgical tapes to consult with Dr. Grey?"

Leeds reminded him, "But she has Alzheimer's. Even if she remembers the medicine, one misstatement from her could lead you astray—and that's dangerous."

"Yeah," George agreed. "That would be irresponsible to the patients. How dare you!"

"It's fine," Adam said with a laugh. "I can figure things out on my own. But you do have a point—so for the sake of patient safety, you guys can just sit this one out. After all, how dare you!"

George and Leeds went silent for a moment before Christina burst into laughter. "These are the precious Director's Audio Track version surgical tapes! Are you sure you don't want to watch them together?"

Adam gave her an appreciative look. The analogy of a "Director's Audio Track version" was pretty clever. In American movies, the producer usually calls the shots—most directors don't even have the final say on the edit. And we all know how crucial editing is. The same film, with a different edit, can convey an entirely opposite message. The version shown in theaters reflects the producer's vision, which often leaves directors fuming because it doesn't capture the deep meaning they intended.

To make a buck, many companies, after the theatrical run, are willing to let the director release their own director's cut or even a director's audio commentary version—then hype it up and sell the tapes like crazy. After all, if it were identical to the theatrical version, why should anyone who's already seen it pay extra to buy it? And there are even those unscrupulous companies that tack on a few extra seconds, or even minutes, of previously cut scenes, boldly claiming that the viewing experience is entirely different—releasing it in theaters all over again just to make a quick buck.

Just like in *The Big Bang Theory*—whether it's the theatrical version with a few extra seconds or the director's cut, or even the director's audio commentary version—if the movie company dares to sell it, Sheldon and the gang wouldn't miss out for the world. They'd happily spend the money, watch or buy it, then write reviews online and discuss it with other fans. It's all part of the ritual. And why not? They're that passionate.

Now, back to the surgical tapes. These recordings are captured live, with no editing whatsoever. But different doctors watching them can come away with completely different interpretations—some deep,

some shallow. It's like having countless theatrical versions edited by producers of varying skill; the final result entirely depends on the editor's ability.

When the lead surgeon on these tapes is Dr. Alice Grey—and if she were there giving live commentary—it'd be nothing short of a director's audio commentary version. For doctors who are truly passionate about medicine, who have ambition and drive, such a version of these precious tapes would be absolutely priceless. It sets the benchmark: even the least skilled, if they earnestly follow along and learn, won't fall too far behind.

Chapter 426: Tough Talk, Honest Body

Medical Center. Afternoon.

"Duncan, come here."

Dr. Bailey called out.

"What's up, Dr. Bailey?"

Adam hurried over.

"Kerry Lodge's surgery is done," Dr. Bailey said. "She's about to wake up, and we need to check if the surgery worked. I can't think of anyone better for the job than you."

"Got it."

Adam didn't hesitate.

In the hospital room.

"Hi."

"Hi."

Kerry Lodge slowly came out of anesthesia and greeted Meredith with a groggy smile.

"Is it over?"

"Yep, surgery went great," Meredith said with a grin. "We're just keeping an eye on you now. Dr. Shepherd will be here soon to check on you."

"Say that again?"

Kerry's smile froze.

"What?"

Meredith blinked, confused.

"Say his name—Dr. Shepherd."

Kerry clarified, then noticed her face wasn't heating up like it used to. She lit up with excitement. "OMG! Look at my face!"

"Not even a little red. You're cured," Meredith laughed. "No more 'blushing like crazy thinking about your husband' from now on..."

Just then, Adam walked in.

"Dr. Duncan."

Kerry glanced at him, then something felt off. She touched her cheeks and gasped, "My face is red again! Did the surgery fail?"

Meredith's expression turned serious.

"Relax," Adam stepped forward, checked her over, and reassured her. "The surgery just dialed down the overactive sympathetic nerve response to the minimum—it didn't completely eliminate it. The blushing you're feeling now isn't the kind that used to cause fevers or dizziness. It's just normal blushing. The surgery worked."

"Really?"

Kerry looked skeptical.

"Really," Adam said with a smile. "It's not your fault—it's mine!"

"Heh."

Kerry kept touching her face. The wild heat she used to feel didn't show up, and that calmed her down. She couldn't help but laugh.

Meredith let out a relieved breath too.

"I'll go grab Dr. Shepherd to check you out."

Since it was her surgery, Dr. Shepherd arrived quickly. The results matched Adam's take—everything went perfectly, no issues at all.

Hearing the news, Cristina smirked. "The miracle doctor versus Mr. Dreamboat—who's got the most charm? You guys ready to admit defeat yet?"

George and Izzie rolled their eyes in unison, refusing to take the bait.

Nightfall.

Thanks to Adam's deep pockets, Dr. Grey's office was finished in record time. Six caregivers eagerly signed up to help care for the legendary Dr. Ellis Grey.

Ellis Grey was moved from the VIP ward to her new setup.

"Dr. Grey, these are some tapes of surgeries you performed," Adam said. "We were hoping you could walk us through your thought process back then and share some practical tips."

"We?"

Ellis Grey frowned. "I don't have time to teach a bunch of clueless interns. Just you, Adam. You've earned it."

"Thanks."

Adam's lips curled into a smile. He shot a look at Cristina, who was bristling with indignation, and smoothly added, "Dr. Grey, I misspoke earlier. I'm the only student here. They're just my interns, here to listen and help out. If they've got questions, I'll handle them. We won't waste your time."

"Okay."

Dr. Grey nodded coolly, then pointed at Meredith, who was leaning against the doorway, trying to blend into the background. "But she's not allowed in here."

"Mom?"

Meredith stared at her mother in disbelief.

At first, she'd been against Adam's whole plan. But now that it was happening, she couldn't pretend anymore. Deep down, she longed for what Adam had promised: a fresh start with her mom, having her there to support and witness her growth. That's why she was standing there, after hours, when no one could force her to be.

But she never expected this. She hadn't even brought up how her mom's affair with Chief Richard left her fatherless at five, stuck growing up with a single mom in a hospital. And now her mom was doubling down, saying something this hurtful.

Her eyes started to well up.

"She's a child. I don't work with kids," Ellis Grey said flatly, oblivious to the sting of her words.

In her mind, Meredith was still just a kid. And kids should be off playing, not bothering her while she worked.

"Dr. Grey, Meredith isn't a child anymore—I can vouch for that," Adam interjected.

He paused for a second. If any kid had her knack for getting plastered and dropping their pants 100% of the time, their parents would probably disown them faster than you can say 'Li Jing from Chentang Pass.' Of course, if they were up against someone who could catch a blade barehanded like Li Jing, that'd be a different story.

Shaking off the random thought, Adam continued, "She's finished med school and is a fully qualified intern. Test her if you don't believe me."

He gave Meredith a subtle nod.

Cristina quickly stepped over from Dr. Grey's side to Meredith's, whispering, "She's a patient. Humor her a little."

"Fine," Dr. Grey said, glancing at Adam. "I'll ask you..."

Meredith almost ignored her mom's question entirely. But with Cristina tugging at her arm and a flicker of wanting to prove her wrong, she swallowed her frustration and focused on answering.

Dr. Grey had never thought much of her daughter. But they were still mother and daughter—how could Ellis's insane medical talent not trickle down at least a little? Meredith might not be on her mom's level, but she was still top-tier.

That's how she'd managed to party hard and still graduate near the top of Harvard Med, becoming besties with overachiever Cristina.

But as Dr. Grey cranked the difficulty up to a near-vertical climb, even Cristina—silently answering in her head—started to falter. Meredith, naturally, hit a wall. Talent alone couldn't match Cristina's talent-plus-grind combo.

"That's it?" Dr. Grey said coldly.

"..."

Meredith's face flushed red.

Izzie shot her a sympathetic look. Having a mom like that? Total headache material.

George wanted to step in again, channeling Dr. Grey's husband Zack from last night to shut her down, but Adam's glare stopped him. Then Adam stepped forward, blocking his view entirely.

"Dr. Grey, that question's way beyond an intern's knowledge base. It's normal that Meredith couldn't answer," Adam said, smoothing things over. "As their mentor, that one's on me to tackle..."

And then he nailed the answer.

"Dr. Grey, they're with me. They won't disrupt your work," Adam said with a smile. "I promise."

"Alright," Dr. Grey nodded. "Your interns, your responsibility. Let's get started."

Meredith: "..."

Who's your real kid here? With her mom's attitude so drastically different, she'd almost rather be ignored completely.

"Hemipelvectomy..."

Adam hit play. The big-screen TV they'd set up flickered to life, showing a surgery led by a younger Dr. Grey. Her face was hidden behind a mask, but her steady, confident, almost icy eyes radiated charisma.

As the older Dr. Grey narrated, Adam and the others dove in, fully engrossed.

Even Meredith.

Chapter 427: When the Overachiever Meets the Genius

Medical Center

Night One

Adam, Christina, Meredith, George, and Liz all took part.

Night Two

Bianca (who was on duty last night), along with the ever-bold Bald Chris and Chubby Stu, joined in.

Night Three

"Hey, you got any connections?"

"What kind of connections?"

"You know... with Adam Duncan or Meredith Grey? Worst-case scenario, even Cristina Yang would do."

"Oh, you mean that 'watch surgery videos together' thing they're setting up? No thanks. We can't even sort out our own mess—why sign up to be the sucker in that ordeal?"

"You're right, but can you do me a favor?"

"What favor?"

"I was hoping we could swap shifts. What do you say?"

"Sorry, I can't do that."

"Why not? You won't even help with something this small. Are you even my friend?"

"We are friends, but I've already got plans during my off hours—I can't change my shift."

"What do you have scheduled at that exact time?"

"A date. I can't ditch my date just to watch some crappy surgery tapes with you—you're forcing me to be a lonely bachelor, aren't you?"

"Can't you just reschedule your date?"

"No way, it's been set in stone for ages."

"If not this time, how about next time? We could keep swapping shifts—just talk to your girlfriend about it, isn't that doable?"

"Still no. My girlfriend's work schedule fits my shift perfectly."

...

Outside Grey's Office

"WTF?!!!"

"Hey~"

"Weren't you supposed to be out on a date with your girlfriend?"

"Yeah, I'm on a date right now."

"...So your girlfriend is... your left hand?!!!"

"Cut the crap. As doctors, we barely have time for our two hands—juggling two girlfriends would be exhausting. You gotta pick one."

"Then why does your date have to be at THIS time? And why are you even here?!!!"

"No helping it. My 'girlfriend' is insanely curious about our field—she thinks watching surgeries and dissections is super thrilling. And since they're screening surgery footage here, she practically begged me to bring her along.

She promised that if I agreed, she'd hook me up with some perks when we got home—so I couldn't say no, you know?

Between you and me, I'm pretty frustrated about it. I suspect she's really just here to check out all the handsome doctors and gorgeous nurses. Sigh... but what choice do I have? I only have one girlfriend, and no matter what, I've got to put up with her. Don't you agree?"

...

What's gotten into this world? Where's the trust between people? That poor doctor, practically getting played by his friend, obviously knows he's been conned.

His buddy keeps griping that watching surgery videos together is total crap and is always coming up with excuses not to swap shifts—forcing him to sneak in during his break just to catch a glimpse.

But he was too naive; he forgot one thing.

His friend is, after all, a dog.

For him, dog crap doesn't stink at all—it even smells kind of sweet.

The real reason he won't swap shifts is because his schedule lines up exactly with Adam's. And without Adam, the whole "watch surgery tapes together" event just wouldn't happen. It can only take place once Adam's shift is over and he's off duty. That's why he was so eager to swap shifts in the first place.

Who would've thought... this world is brutal; there really are bad people out there.

Facing his grinning, cocky friend, he could only flash him a double middle finger before glancing into the office—where a dense crowd had gathered. Many didn't even have seats; they just grabbed any available spot and watched intently. Those who couldn't get in had no choice but to stand outside, slowly increasing in number as they waited for someone to leave and a seat to open up.

Beep... beep...

When the pager finally went off—and under the angry stares of everyone—he offered a sheepish smile and sulked away.

As doctors, none of them are fools; they all know how once-in-a-lifetime this opportunity is. So those who knew the right people and were on good terms with Adam's crew had already snuck in through the back door. Everyone else had to keep hanging outside, hoping that when someone's pager buzzed and they left, they could rush in and snag a spot.

In the early hours of the morning, the director's commentary finally wrapped up. People began chatting in small groups as they prepared to leave. One comment caught everyone's attention:

"Latest update: Xiao bragged that he was the first to post on 69Book Bar!"

"Adam..."

Steven Murphy emerged with a conflicted expression.

"Hope you didn't come to the wrong place?" he asked.

Alice fell into step beside him. Acting as if she hadn't heard the ramblings of the so-called "super backup," she smiled and said, "How rare is it to have a legendary female doctor personally walk you through each of her classic surgeries? Even you couldn't have imagined an opportunity like this, right?"

"Yeah," Steven nodded.

To have a mentor like Grey—a true legend—no amount of money could ever buy that chance. More precisely, no one is capable of or willing to pay an astronomical price just to follow a legendary doctor and learn how to be exceptional. Steven considered himself nearly there: his dad is the chairman of Murphy Pharmaceuticals, and though he's a super rich second-generation, he's determined to earn his stripes as a doctor. Yet even with his father's backing, nothing justifies the unimaginable cost of convincing a legend to become his teacher. This opportunity, it seems, is nothing short of miraculous.

Without a legendary doctor like her, without a rare case, without a genius-level breakthrough—and without Adam's money-powered execution—such an opportunity would simply never arise.

"By the way, with an opportunity this rare, how did you manage to get in—and even bring me along?" Steven suddenly asked, recalling the grumbles from other doctors who couldn't join in.

Alice's eyes twinkled as she smiled. "We're all med school classmates. Even if you and Adam had a few rough patches before, didn't you eventually make up? Adam's a big-hearted guy who always supports driven doctors. Isn't it only natural that we get in?"

"True," Steven replied with an awkward smile. "Adam really is a great guy. I guess I was off—I kept hearing how hard it was to snag a spot and that everyone was trying to pull strings, and I forgot we're all classmates."

Alice chuckled, though her smile seemed a little forced—a bit odd, really.

Inside Grey's Office

Everyone who was leaving had already gone; only Adam, Christina, and a few others remained.

"Adam, I've got a proposal," Christina said. "I'm thinking of buying a video camera so we can record the entire lecture. It'll help us review later—what do you think?"

"Really? Do we need that?" Adam asked, clearly surprised.

"Absolutely!" Meredith, Liz, and George all chimed in at once.

"Not everyone's as obsessed as you, with your high-def photographic memory!" someone teased.

"You and Dr. Grey dive so deep into things that the rest of us can't keep up!" another added.

"Yeah, not just us—Christina can't keep up either!" came a further jab.

The banter flew back and forth, leaving Christina looking rather embarrassed.

That's just the kind of moment you get when a top student meets a genius...

Chapter 428: Adam's Showcase

Medical Center.

Dr. Gray's Office.

"Christina?"

Adam shot her a glance, paused to think, and then realized, "That's right."

"It's not just that," Christina quickly added, clearly uneasy with his look. "Recording the director's commentary version would actually be a big plus for you."

Liz and the others stared at her in disbelief, while only Meredith wore an expression that said she'd expected nothing less from her overly competitive best friend. Originally, their idea was simply born out of not being able to keep up—but Christina insisted on spinning it as something that benefits everyone.

Sigh... isn't living like this exhausting?

"You mean...?"

Unlike the others, Adam immediately caught on to what Christina was implying.

"Exactly."

Christina nodded.

"What are you guys talking about?"

Liz snapped, "Just say it already—no riddles!"

Adam ignored her remark and smiled. "I'll handle buying the cameras and all that gear. I know the fastest and best options."

"That works," Christina shrugged. "After all, you're loaded."

It wasn't late, but after a while the conversation died down and everyone went their separate ways.

Apartment

"So, what extra benefit do you get out of this?" Bianca asked as she turned around.

"You sure know how to pick a time," Adam chuckled.

"Come on, spill it!"

Under Bianca's relentless prodding, Adam let out a long sigh. "Christina's meaning is pretty obvious. Look around—the number of doctors eager to join is only growing. This off-the-cuff idea is already gaining traction."

"Mmm."

Bianca nodded. "I've already had a bunch of people reach out to me to make connections so they can join."

"Exactly." Adam continued, "We all know this kind of opportunity doesn't come around often. But we still underestimated how valuable it is. For me, it's not just a chance to quickly learn from a legendary doctor—it's a stage to boost my own reputation."

"A stage?"

Bianca was taken aback.

"Exactly," Adam said with a grin. "It's basically the same as riding the wave of a hot trend. Dr. Gray is a huge name in medicine, right? Imagine—someone like her gets diagnosed with Alzheimer's. That's explosive news! Even when it gets so bad she can't recognize her own children or partner, she still clings passionately to the complexities of medicine. It's both heart-wrenching and inspiring. And now, by continuing to shine a light on the field in this way, doesn't it make her story even more moving?"

"Think about it: her influential colleagues, formidable rivals, adoring fans, and generations of doctors who've studied her techniques—wouldn't they all be intrigued by a tape of the director's commentary? The answer is a resounding yes. Soon enough, a whole bunch of our peers in the field will scramble to get their hands on these tapes. Isn't that the hottest topic in medicine? It might even cause a sensation beyond our circles."

It's just like how celebrity offspring have a much easier shot at stardom than ordinary people. Celebrities come with built-in attention—everyone's watching. As long as you've got decent credentials, your starting point is already high. And if you add a couple of extra talents, you're a guaranteed rising star. After a few high-profile events with all the big names, if you don't mess up, you could catapult straight into first-tier stardom.

Alice Gray is the supernova of the medical world, and Adam—the trend-hopping "star kid"—not only holds his own but shines brilliantly. Once these tapes get out, they'll work like an unstoppable promotional machine.

"I get it."

Bianca practically shouted, "With the way you interact with Dr. Gray, once these tapes start circulating, everyone in the medical community will see your talent—and you'll be recognized by all."

He chuckled happily. "Once this goes through, the benefits will be endless. In the US, reputation is everything."

After years of residency training, doctors have to take the board exam to become attending physicians. Once you clear all the hurdles, you end up flying around the country, trying to get hospitals to hire the new you. A rookie attending without a name can only keep traveling, always scrambling for interviews. Big hospitals rarely take on newcomers, and the small ones aren't even appealing—small hospitals just don't have the facilities for the surgeries you're eager to perform. They all get referred to the big hospitals. Imagine how brutal that reality is for an ambitious doctor. It's exhausting and painful, and in the end, you're likely to get a harsh reality check. Maybe you'll end up wasting your whole career in a small hospital.

(The hottest gossip originally broke on 69book!)

When the economy tanks, small hospitals struggle to stay afloat—and there's always the risk of layoffs. Even if you finally manage to jump to a big hospital, you have to start over: learning new protocols, getting used to the latest equipment and techniques. And when times are tough, big hospitals start cutting staff, and you're often one of the first to go. By then, most doctors are middle-aged, and to avoid unemployment they have to force a smile and beg the hospital for a lucky break—just to keep hustling. It's a miserable state.

But for someone like Adam, it's a completely different story. As the residency at the Medical Center winds down—even if he hasn't secured his attending license yet—major hospitals across the country will start reaching out months, even a year or two in advance. Expect holiday gifts you never miss, random bouquets sent your way, and even flights booked just to treat you to a fancy dinner. Hospital chiefs or dedicated recruiters will eagerly persuade you, heap praise on you, and promise you salary and benefits that would make other attendings green with envy. Often, there will even be overt power plays—honey traps, sowing discord, and every classic tactic in the book—all aimed at snagging you for their hospital. After all, landing a star like you boosts their rankings, and hospital rankings mean patient resources. The strong get stronger, and the weak get left behind. It's a brutal, endless cycle.

For Adam and his peers, being treated like royalty is such a thrill that even the calmest person can't help but secretly enjoy it. Not to mention, he actually gets to choose the hospital and position he really wants. Remember, every position in a hospital is like a reserved slot—if there isn't an opening, even if you get in, you might not immediately become a department head. Take Dr. Leonard and Dr. Burke, for instance. Both are attending physicians in cardiothoracic surgery, but Dr. Burke is the head of the cardiothoracic section—a small division under the main surgical department at the Medical Center—so he calls the shots there. Theoretically, unless Dr. Leonard's own patients specifically seek him out, Dr. Burke runs the show in that department. That's the kind of resource that comes with the title.

Big hospitals in major cities have a siphon effect. Their resources far outweigh the slow process of building up your own patient base through word-of-mouth. Adam knows this all too well. Back when he was an online writer—a nobody, really—he cared about editors a hundred times more than his girlfriend, simply because they controlled the power of recommendation. A heavyweight recommendation could launch your career in an instant. In that scenario, how could you not love your editors, even if they drive you crazy? In his past life, Adam had no choice. But in this life, he's determined not to go through that again.

So building his reputation and flipping the power dynamics is his only choice. After all, who wants to struggle and spout clichés like "the tides turn—don't look down on the young" when you can simply pave your own way from the start? Because those thirty years could either be a miserable slog or the most rewarding ride of your life...

Chapter 429: The Lecture Starts

Two days later, on a Saturday evening, in the ward.

"Mr. Jastun, we initially thought we could remove the tumor with a simple procedure, but it's turned out to be more complicated than we expected. The tumor has infiltrated the pericardium, causing tears

in the heart's external muscles," Dr. Burke explained to Mr. Jiastrun, who had just woken up from surgery.

"That's a lot of complicated medical jargon," Mr. Jiastrun said with a wry smile.

"It means your heart was damaged, but we managed to save you. You're going to be fine," Christina chimed in quickly.

"Dr. Burke, is that true?" Mr. Jiastrun asked, looking at Dr. Burke with a mix of surprise and hope.

Dr. Burke, hands on his hips, glanced at Christina before nodding at the patient with a smile. "Yes, it is. Rest up, and you'll be out of here soon."

Outside the ward.

"Dr. Yang, are you in a rush?" Dr. Burke asked, turning to Christina.

"Not at all," she replied without hesitation.

"Got plans tonight?" His tone carried a hint of curiosity, his eyes narrowing slightly. "A date, maybe?"

"A date?" Christina blinked, then burst out laughing. "You really don't know anything, do you, Preston Burke?"

"So, not a date," Dr. Burke said, his expression brightening.

Lately, Christina had been noticeably distant. Outside of work, their personal interactions had dwindled to almost nothing. The memory of stolen romantic moments in a locked on-call room felt like it belonged to another lifetime. As both a man and her superior, he had his pride and hadn't pressed her

about it. But tonight was Saturday, and he'd checked her schedule—she was off tomorrow. Seeing her eagerness to leave, he couldn't help but wonder, and finally, he'd asked.

Her answer relieved him. Of course, he thought. Christina, with her relentless ambition, wouldn't waste time on something as frivolous as a date. He'd overthought it.

"So, what's on your agenda tonight?" he pressed.

"You really don't know?" Christina said, genuinely surprised. "Tonight, Adam is hosting a lecture at the medical center's teaching room on Dr. Alice Grey's classic heart transplant surgery. It's open to anyone, and they're recording it live. I snagged a front-row seat."

She'd attended four of these sessions already and found them incredibly valuable. Beyond the technical insights, the idea to use them for a reputation boost had been hers. The format was straightforward: Alice Grey would narrate as they watched the video, with Adam chiming in with questions. The spotlight would stay on the two of them, but this time, Adam was opening the floor to audience questions—an opportunity to stand out.

Christina secretly hoped she could use her sharp mind to ask something brilliant, maybe even stump Adam, the so-called "teaching assistant," and steal the show. She didn't have high expectations—it was more of a private fantasy—but a girl could dream, right?

"Alice Grey?" Dr. Burke's face stiffened. "That's ridiculous! She's an Alzheimer's patient. How can she give a lecture? Who approved this nonsense at the medical center's teaching room?"

The medical center doubled as a teaching hospital, complete with a university-style lecture hall for large-scale educational events.

"Who else?" Christina shrugged. "Only the director has that kind of authority."

"Richard?" Dr. Burke's brow furrowed. "He's going along with this?"

He knew Richard, the surgical director, was an old colleague and close friend of Alice Grey. Still, he couldn't believe Richard would let personal ties override professional standards.

"You'd have to see it for yourself before calling it nonsense," Christina said, quickening her pace toward the teaching room. "I think Dr. Grey's explanations are spot-on—clear, logical, and deep."

Dr. Burke hesitated for a moment, then followed her. He had to see this for himself. What kind of miracle could a legendary cardiothoracic pioneer pull off with Alzheimer's?

In the teaching room.

Doctors trickled in, arriving in pairs and buzzing with excitement about the evening's lecture. By the time Dr. Burke and Christina got there, the place was packed.

"Damn it! Find your own seat," Christina snapped at Dr. Burke before darting to the front. Her reserved spot—the best in the front row—was under siege, with Meredith struggling to fend off seat-stealers.

Dr. Burke watched Christina's retreating figure and shook his head. Then his gaze shifted to the stage. Alice Grey sat there, her expression cold and composed, while Adam stood beside her, occasionally leaning in to exchange a few words.

In one corner, a high-end camera rig was being fine-tuned by a team of professionals. It looked like a Hollywood set—over-the-top and clearly backed by serious money. Quite a spectacle.

"Dr. Burke," a voice said quietly beside him.

"Dr. Shepherd," he replied, nodding as the neurosurgeon joined him at the back of the room, both taking in the scene.

"Have I missed anything?" Dr. Shepherd asked.

"You know about this too?" Dr. Burke said, surprised. "And you're fine with it?"

"You didn't hear about this big news?" Dr. Shepherd smiled. "I've always believed in miracles. Alice Grey is a legend in her own right. Even with Alzheimer's, I'm willing to bet her passion for medicine could break through the disease's grip and create a new medical miracle."

"If Alice Grey really does pull off a miracle and recovers, what do you think she'd say to you after hearing that?" Dr. Burke asked, glancing at him.

"Oh, I know," Dr. Shepherd chuckled. "She'd say, 'You're definitely not a cardiothoracic surgeon—probably a neurosurgeon. Top cardiothoracic surgeons are like God, while top neurosurgeons spend most of their time praying to Him and convincing patients to believe in miracles. That's why the best doctors pick cardiothoracic surgery.'"

Dr. Burke cracked a smile. He couldn't agree more. In the medical pecking order, cardiothoracic surgery reigned supreme over neurosurgery in their era. Dr. Shepherd had nailed it.

On stage.

Adam checked the time. The room was nearly full. After a quick nod to the camera crew, he announced the start of the lecture. They'd brought out a projector, and the plan was simple: play the surgery footage while Alice Grey explained, with Adam tossing in questions here and there.

At first, Dr. Burke stood with his arms crossed, a skeptical smirk on his face, convinced this was all a farce. But as Adam's questions grew sharper and more probing, the smirk vanished, replaced by a serious focus. Half an hour in, his expression shifted to one of sheer disbelief.

Chapter 430: Wowing the Crowd

At the Medical Center, in the Lecture Hall

Adam and Alice Grey were up on stage, going back and forth with questions and answers, totally calm and smooth, like they'd done it a million times.

The less experienced folks in the crowd got lost pretty fast, but they were still blown away—like, "I don't get it, but it's awesome!" Some people who love imagining themselves in the spotlight even started feeling pretty good about it, thinking, "Man, I'm amazing..."

The experts in the room could keep up, and they were seriously impressed by how easily Adam was chatting with Dr. Grey. It wasn't just Adam asking questions and Dr. Grey answering—it was a real two-way conversation. After Adam threw out a question, Dr. Grey would dig into the details, basically flipping it back and quizzing him.

A lot of those details? If the audience had to answer, they'd need a minute to think it over. But Adam? He was firing off answers without even blinking. People started wondering, "Did he rehearse this or what?"

"Unbelievable," Dr. Shepert blurted out from the back row. "For an intern to pull this off? That's insane."

"It's not that simple," Dr. Burke said, his eyes locked on the stage.

"Huh?" Dr. Shepert looked confused. "Of course it's not simple. The way they're talking now, it's way beyond just one classic surgery. Like, why do this step this way? Is there a better option? What if something weird happens—how do you handle it? And then, how does that change the rest of the surgery? It's this web of possibilities that covers almost every scenario for that type of operation. You've got to know how to deal with most cases to run a surgery solo and be a legit attending. That's what we spend years training interns and residents for. So, Duncan—an intern with less than three months under his belt—doing this five or seven years ahead of schedule? No way that's simple."

"That's not what I mean," Dr. Burke cut in, finally peeling his eyes off the stage to glance at Dr. Shepert. "The stuff he's bringing up—those expansions beyond this surgery, and the detailed answers he's giving? That's real data."

"Duncan's got a photographic memory," Dr. Shepert said with a casual smile. "If he puts in the work to prep ahead of time, of course the data's real. We all know he's not just gifted—he busts his ass."

"You're not a cardiothoracic surgeon, so you wouldn't catch it," Dr. Burke said, shaking his head. "One of the scenarios he mentioned? It's only happened once in medicine, and I'm the one who did that heart surgery."

"So what?" Dr. Shepert didn't follow. "That just means Duncan's research is rock-solid."

"Sure," Dr. Burke nodded. "But this kind of 'solid' is beyond normal thinking. That heart surgery was on a little girl. The one we're talking about now is a middle-aged man. Can you just take the details from a little girl's surgery and slap them onto a middle-aged guy?"

"No way," Dr. Shepert shook his head. "Gender, age, development, health—everything's different. The surgical details wouldn't match up. Take an easy example: why are top anesthesiologists so badass? Because they tweak the dose for every single patient, keeping them in the right state for the surgeon and avoiding disasters. Same deal for other docs—meds, surgeries, whatever—you've got to adjust for each person's body. A little girl and a middle-aged man? Totally different."

"Exactly," Dr. Burke sighed. "The data Duncan pulled from that little girl's heart surgery, when he applied it to this middle-aged guy? It's completely changed. And here's the wild part: when I think it over, those changes he made? They're probably dead-on. You get it?"

"Whoa," Dr. Shepert sucked in a breath. "No way. You sure?"

"Not 100%," Dr. Burke admitted, shaking his head. "If this guy doesn't get that surgery, who knows what'd happen? But with all my years of experience, my gut says Duncan's numbers are right."

"How's that even possible?" Dr. Shepert was floored. "You don't even know for sure, and there's no way Duncan could dig up that data just by studying. You positive there's only been that one case? Maybe he saw some new surgery record somewhere, with another middle-aged guy?"

"You questioning my skills?" Dr. Burke's face went cold. "If something big changed in neurosurgery, would you miss it?"

"No, no," Dr. Shepert backtracked, pausing. "I didn't mean it like that. It's just crazy. What if Duncan's just guessing?"

"Maybe," Dr. Burke said, his expression softening a bit. He muttered, "Guess or not, we'll find out if we ask him."

With that, he raised his hand and called out, "Hold on a sec."

Up on stage, Alice Grey shot an annoyed glance his way, but when she saw it was Dr. Burke, she eased up and cracked a small smile.

Down in the audience, George whispered something to Meredith, and she instantly thought, Oh crap. According to George, Dr. Grey had once mixed up Dr. Burke with Richard, the chief of surgery. And Meredith? She knew exactly what was up between Richard and her mom—she'd read those medical notes.

"Dr. Burke?" Adam looked over, cool as ever.

There were cameras rolling, by the way. If Adam wasn't so against it, he might've slapped on some blush like a TV star to look good on screen. He didn't go that far, but before stepping up, he'd had the camera crew's makeup artist fix him up a bit and drop some tips on how to look sharp for the lens.

Tonight was his shot to make waves in the medical world, and he had to nail his image. Most handsome, coolest, most professional—no question! He even daydreamed about adding some background music, turning it into a straight-up movie scene. Yup, he was dead serious about that. Not to release it or anything, but to show Peggy tomorrow with some tunes slapped on—proof he's no ordinary guy. Then he'd mail a copy to Juno and the crew, partly so they could learn, partly so they'd have ammo to tease him. No way he'd hide something this big from his best friends. It'd come up on their next call for sure—roasting each other's just how good friends roll.

"Dr. Duncan..." Dr. Burke finally asked his question.

The whole room jolted. Holy crap! There's more to this? Big shots really see things differently. Then every single person turned to Adam, waiting for his answer.