

TV Show 441

Chapter 441: Major Accident

In the early hours of the morning, Adam left the hospital and drove toward New Jersey.

Ten minutes later—

Beep beep.

Beep beep.

His pager went off.

With a swift maneuver, Adam executed a sharp turn and headed straight back to the medical center.

Code 911—absolute emergency.

For a hospital to page an off-duty intern at this hour, it could only mean one thing: a major accident. One that required all hands on deck.

Adam instinctively floored the gas pedal.

A disaster meant a flood of patients.

Lives were at stake.

Theirs—and his.

Six minutes later, Adam arrived at the medical center.

Christina and the others were already there.

Meredith, reeking of alcohol, leaned against the wall. Judging by her state, she had probably come straight from Joe's Bar across the street.

They were all in the middle of putting on surgical gowns.

"What's the situation?" Adam asked as he started suiting up as well.

"A drunk moron decided to drag race against a train in the middle of the night. He crashed head-on, died instantly, and caused the train to derail. There were over three hundred passengers onboard. It's reportedly a horrific scene."

As always, Christina had the scoop first.

"..."

Adam was speechless.

Not just because of the reckless drunk who sealed his own fate.

But also because of the excitement in Christina's voice.

Seriously, girl?!

Sure, a wave of patients was about to come in.

For once, interns wouldn't need to suck up to their attending doctors to get hands-on experience.

But at least pretend to have some empathy.

Otherwise, people might start thinking you're some kind of sociopath.

"Christina," Meredith slurred, still leaning against the wall, clearly not impressed by her friend's attitude.

"What?" Christina shrugged. "I'm a surgeon. I've been working non-stop for hours. The moment I heard the news, I wasn't tired anymore. That's good news for the patients. Don't tell me you guys don't feel the same way?"

George and the others stayed silent.

Because, truthfully, they did feel the same way.

Even though they sympathized with the victims, deep down, they were also eager for the opportunity to prove themselves.

Unlike Adam, they lacked his endurance.

Right now, exhaustion was weighing on them heavily.

But the anticipation of working on real cases suppressed their fatigue. In a way, that was beneficial for the patients.

Adam cleared his throat. "It's good that we're alert—it'll help the patients. But looking excited is a different story. Christina, tone it down. If a patient's family sees you grinning like that, you might not just lose the chance to operate—you might get shot. Don't push your luck."

Christina's excitement vanished instantly.

She had almost forgotten about that.

The sharp clatter of high heels echoed through the hallway, drawing everyone's attention.

"What are you looking at?"

Dr. Bailey appeared, dressed in a tight-fitting evening dress—an unusual look for her. She rolled her eyes at their surprised expressions.

"Out at this hour, Dr. Bailey? A date, maybe?" Adam teased.

"It's my tenth wedding anniversary," she replied while slipping into a surgical gown. "Got off work too late, so we had to celebrate at midnight. Any issues with that?"

"None at all." Adam grinned. "If every doctor had your level of discipline and dedication, we'd be in great shape."

Christina, George, and Liz: "..."

Suck-up!

"Exactly!" Christina immediately chimed in.

Meredith, still tipsy, suddenly lost her smile.

She felt personally attacked.

"Enough chit-chat," Dr. Bailey said, a flicker of amusement passing over her face. "Get ready. We're about to get very busy."

Then she noticed Meredith's drunken state and frowned. "Who else has been drinking?"

Everyone shook their heads.

"Good," Bailey muttered before turning back to Meredith. "Grey, stay put. You're not touching a patient."

"Then I might as well just go home," Meredith mumbled, swaying slightly, a smug smile on her lips.

"Oh, you wish." Bailey scoffed. "We're going to be working non-stop for the next few shifts. Unless you chugged an entire bottle, you're getting an IV with vitamins. In a few hours, you'll be sober, and then you're back to work. Home? Please."

Adam and the others chuckled.

"The rest of you, follow me. Get ready for patient assignments."

Bailey's gaze lingered on Adam. "You take the lead and handle as much as you can."

"Yes, Dr. Bailey."

Everyone followed her into the emergency room.

The ER was already chaotic—patients everywhere, doctors rushing in and out. More wounded were being wheeled in nonstop.

"I've got a pregnant woman with severe burns. I need help!" Dr. Montgomery called out.

Christina, George, and Liz all raised their hands at once.

Even though they were Meredith's friends and should be giving Montgomery the cold shoulder, the case was just too tempting.

Bailey scanned the group and chose Liz. "You're up."

Meanwhile, Adam had already jumped onto a gurney, performing life-saving procedures on a critical patient covered in blood. The medical staff wheeled them into a trauma room as he worked.

This was a patient who would die without immediate intervention.

After stabilizing them, he didn't even glance at the system notification flashing +0.01—he had long since muted those. He was already moving on to the next emergency.

Tonight was going to be a long one.

During the chaos, he spotted something rare—a man and a woman, sitting on separate gurneys, but both impaled by the same steel rod. They were chatting and laughing as they were wheeled in.

Adam was intrigued but was already handling another critical case. He could only watch as they were taken away.

Radiology Room

Dr. Burke and Dr. Shepherd had been called in by Dr. Bailey for a consult on the impaled couple.

"...If we remove the steel rod, both could die. We need to extract one patient first, saw off the rod, and carefully remove it while managing the injuries. We might save one."

"But who do we save? And who do we sacrifice?"

"She has a major arterial injury. Her chances of survival are slim. If we move her, she has a much better shot."

"But she's talking, making jokes," Meredith blurted out, unable to hold back.

Her eyes locked onto Dr. Shepherd.

Tonight, she had waited for him at Joe's Bar, expecting answers.

Was she really fighting to save the woman?

Or was she talking about herself?

Shepherd hesitated under her gaze. Then, his stance shifted. "Her injuries are more severe, but maybe we should try moving her first. See if we can save both."

"That's impossible," Burke countered. "If we do that, they'll both die."

"Not necessarily," Meredith interjected. "Adam might be able to do it!"

Everyone froze.

Chapter 442: The Flying Dragon's Cloud-Seeking Hand

Medical Center.

Imaging Room.

"Adam?"

Everyone was momentarily stunned when they heard Meredith call out that name.

"He's got a real talent for stopping bleeding," Dr. Shepherd said, his eyes lighting up as he recalled how Adam had pinpointed the source of arterial bleeding just by observing the blood spray pattern.

"But this is a major artery. The moment we pull Bonnie off the steel rod, she'll lose a massive amount of blood..." Dr. Burke countered, but after a brief hesitation, he nodded. "Still, it's worth a try. Page Duncan. No matter what, we have to act fast—both of their vitals are dropping, and they won't hold on much longer."

"I'll have a nurse page Duncan," Dr. Bailey said as she turned to leave.

"I'll go find him myself," Meredith said, pushing an IV stand as she hurried toward the ER.

Halfway there.

Adam, who had just received a page and was rushing toward the imaging room, nearly collided with Meredith.

"Adam!" she called out. "Bonnie needs you!"

"What?" Adam didn't slow down. "Meredith, I just got an emergency call—I don't have time."

"That emergency call is for Bonnie!" Meredith quickened her pace to keep up. "She's the girl impaled by the steel rod. Dr. Burke wants to prioritize saving Mr. Maynard, but Bonnie is kind, bright, and full of humor. She doesn't deserve to be left behind. You have to save her!"

"I'll do my best."

Adam nodded, picking up speed until he was running.

"You have to save her!" Meredith could no longer keep up, but she still shouted after him, her voice hoarse. "Promise me...!"

She couldn't shake the memory of when Bonnie and Maynard were first brought into the hospital.

"Doctor, have you ever seen anything crazier than this?"

Bonnie and Maynard had been impaled by the same steel rod, their bodies pressed together, their heads immobilized by medical staff to prevent further injury. When Meredith walked up to examine them, Bonnie smiled and asked her the question.

"Uh... no," Meredith had admitted, still a little dazed.

Dr. Bailey had shot her a sharp glare for that.

"Are you guys gonna get us off this thing soon?" Bonnie had asked.

When she learned it would take a while, she smiled again. "In that case, does anyone have a mint?"

Meredith remembered that moment vividly. The entire room had gone silent.

Maynard's face darkened.

In the U.S., it's common for couples to freshen their breath with mints or gum before an intimate moment—it's a sign of respect for their partner.

But in this situation, with their lives hanging in the balance, Bonnie asking for a mint... well...

Emmm.

Maynard, who was already dark-skinned, seemed to turn several shades darker.

Fortunately, Bonnie was quick to clarify with a nervous chuckle, "It's for me, not for you."

That made Maynard burst into laughter.

At that moment, Meredith had found Bonnie incredibly charming.

A girl this full of life couldn't just be left behind.

Imaging Room.

"...So that's the situation. We have to remove Bonnie first before we can operate," Dr. Shepherd explained, looking at Adam expectantly. "What do you think?"

"It's possible," Adam said as he studied the X-rays, mentally reconstructing Bonnie's internal anatomy. He zoomed in on the precise areas impaled by the steel rod, visualizing every detail.

"As long as I remove her smoothly and quickly, then immediately use my hands to replace the steel rod—keeping her organs in place and preventing an arterial rupture—she has a real chance of survival."

"You think you can pull that off?" Dr. Burke asked skeptically.

"I can."

Adam had already simulated the procedure in his mind, factoring in his speed and precision. With his heightened reaction time—almost like bullet time—the success rate was higher than most would expect.

"But I recommend calling in Dr. Greene. Once I stabilize her, we'll need an experienced cardiothoracic surgeon to take over. Dr. Burke, you'll need to focus on saving Mr. Maynard."

Dr. Shepherd could assist, but as a neurosurgeon, he wasn't as skilled in this type of surgery as someone from cardiothoracics.

"Agreed," Burke nodded.

"I'll call Dr. Greene right away!"

Meredith, who had just arrived, brightened with hope at the possibility of saving Bonnie.

"OR 1 is ready. I'll go prepare," Dr. Bailey added before heading off.

Senior residents were more than capable of handling things independently—there was no need for an attending to micromanage everything.

"Let's get to work," Dr. Burke said, nodding at Shepherd and Adam.

Operating Room 1.

"I still have a chance?" Bonnie asked, unable to hide the disbelief in her voice.

She had already accepted her fate.

She had seen the look in Dr. Burke's eyes—she knew.

When she had said, "Coming into the hospital like this, I wasn't expecting to walk out," she had meant it.

When Dr. Burke suggested removing her first to increase Maynard's chances of survival, she had agreed without hesitation.

And in her final moments, seeing Maynard insist on sacrificing himself to save her had been enough.

"Of course," Adam said, meeting her gaze. "I'll do everything I can."

"I believe you," Bonnie said, tears mixing with her smile. "They told me you're a miracle worker."

"Then let's make a miracle happen," Adam said, his voice steady.

The human will is a powerful thing.

Patients with strong survival instincts tend to beat the odds.

There have even been cases where people on placebos recovered better than those on actual medication—it's proof that belief can influence the body's response.

And a doctor who inspires trust, who creates miracles, can make all the difference.

"Duncan, are you sure you want to do this alone?" Dr. Burke asked.

"Yes," Adam said, scanning the team of doctors who had been preparing to assist. "I have the strength. Doing it alone will be more precise."

A typical doctor wouldn't be able to remove Bonnie without causing additional damage—teamwork would be needed to compensate.

But the more hands involved, the greater the risk of slight force misalignments.

In a moment like this, precision was everything.

"Alright, prep anesthesia," Dr. Burke ordered. "Greene, you lead Team One. We'll take Team Two. Everyone, get ready. Duncan, you call the count."

"Let's make a miracle happen!" Dr. Greene said, energized.

The anesthesiologist stepped forward, sedating both Bonnie and Maynard.

"All set."

"I'll count to three," Adam said, wasting no time. "One... two... three!"

All eyes were on his hands.

Adam gripped Bonnie's arms and, with one fluid motion, pulled her free.

The speed was astonishing—before anyone could even react, his hands had already replaced the steel rod, pressing into her chest to stop the bleeding.

Chapter 443: Full Power Surge

Medical Center.

Operating Room #1.

"Ah!"

In the observation room above, Meredith let out a startled cry.

Adam was moving way too fast, his actions were intense, almost violent.

How could Bonnie's fragile body possibly withstand such force?

And it wasn't just Meredith—

Even Leonard, who had absolute confidence in Adam, was momentarily stunned.

"Dr. Green!"

Time was critical. Adam immediately called out loudly.

Leonard snapped out of it and rushed forward to begin the surgery.

"Blood pressure is stable, heartbeat is normal!"

A surgical nurse exclaimed in surprise, "The bleeding has actually stopped!"

"Beautiful work!"

Leonard couldn't help but praise Adam as he watched his hand embedded in Bonnie's chest.

On the other side, Dr. Burke was using an electric saw to cut away the excess steel pipe so that Mr. Maynard could be laid down for surgery.

Meanwhile, the second surgical team—doctors and nurses alike—couldn't help but sneak glances at Adam's hand.

Just moments ago, they all thought they were seeing things.

Now, they were completely stunned.

Adam wasn't just blindly improvising—he had truly stopped the arterial hemorrhage.

It was absolutely unbelievable.

But no one dared to question it.

Because as soon as the steel pipe was cut away and Mr. Maynard was laid down, both emergency surgeries commenced simultaneously.

Everyone became fully engrossed in their work.

Originally, the priority had been to save Mr. Maynard because, compared to the seemingly lifeless Bonnie, his chances of survival were slightly higher. But that didn't mean he was guaranteed to survive.

And indeed, it was touch and go.

The second team, led by Dr. Burke and Dr. Shepherd, faced one life-threatening crisis after another.

Meanwhile, the first team had Leonard as the lead surgeon and Dr. Bailey assisting.

There were also complications, of course—

But surprisingly, fewer than those in the second team.

As the surgeries neared their final stages, a collective sigh of relief spread through the room. Yet, everyone found themselves repeatedly glancing at Adam's hand, which had remained in Bonnie's chest throughout the procedure.

"Adam, how did you do it?"

Leonard voiced the question that was on everyone's mind while continuing the operation.

"Nothing special."

Adam chuckled. "Just three simple words—speed, precision, and stability."

Everyone: "..."

"Come on... give us a real explanation."

Leonard sighed but still gave Adam the chance to bask in the moment.

After all, they were on the same team.

"There's really not much to explain."

Adam clarified, "First, I simulated Bonnie's injuries in my mind. Then, I assessed the angle of the steel pipe and extracted it in the most stable way possible to avoid unnecessary pressure.

Once it was removed, I immediately used my hand to replace the steel pipe, accurately blocking the artery. Of course, all of this had to be done extremely fast. Luckily, my speed is decent."

Everyone: "..."

That actually made perfect sense!

It really was just a matter of speed, precision, and stability.

But aside from Adam, who the hell could pull that off?

Lifting a person weighing over a hundred pounds with one hand and extracting a pipe at an exact angle without a millimeter of error?

What kind of doctor even has that kind of strength? If they did, wouldn't it make more sense to become a prizefighter and earn easy money?

And replacing the pipe with his hand, precisely blocking the artery, relying purely on his vision and speed?

If a doctor had that level of hand-eye coordination, wouldn't they be better off becoming a world-class magician like David Copperfield?

Not to mention... what the hell did he mean by "simulating the injuries in his mind"?

"Adam, I think your bare-hand hemorrhage control should become an official medical technique."

Leonard broke the silence with a completely serious expression.

Adam simply gave a modest smile.

This technique had the elegance of the "Flying Dragon Cloud Hand," the precision of "Dragon Claw Hand," and the effectiveness of "Acupuncture Point Sealing."

He was quite proud of it.

But this wasn't some Eastern martial arts novel, so he couldn't name it something profound.

"Hand of God" would be a decent alternative—

But in this country, naming something after God was a great way to attract extremist attention, so it was best to let it go.

The surgery lasted a long time—

But in the end, both patients survived.

Adam didn't stick around to enjoy the praise. The moment he left the operating room, he jumped right into the next emergency case.

There were over three hundred casualties from the derailed train.

Given the efficiency of the American rescue system, at this point, many victims were probably just now being discovered and loaded onto ambulances.

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Dr. Bailey wasn't joking when she refused to let Meredith sleep—

Every critical patient required multiple staff members.

For cases like Bonnie and Mr. Maynard, entire teams of doctors and nurses worked for hours to save just two people.

Meanwhile, those with milder injuries—

Might have already deteriorated into critical conditions while waiting.

The emergency room was in complete chaos, desperately needing more hands on deck.

As Adam approached, he witnessed a tragic case unfold right before his eyes.

A middle-aged African American woman, her hair styled in numerous small braids, was holding a constantly ringing phone but had stopped responding.

When her friend nudged her—

Thud.

She collapsed onto the floor.

"OMG!"

Her friend screamed. "Somebody help! Doctor! Help!"

Ironically, the friend who was now unconscious wasn't even the injured one—

She had been perfectly fine despite the disaster.

Moments earlier, she had been busy answering calls from concerned family members, laughing and mocking the whole situation.

She had even ridiculed the young doctors like George, calling them "kids" who had no business in medicine.

She had been talking nonstop for hours, annoying not just the medical staff but even the other patients.

Then, finally tired, she decided to rest her head on the bedside table—

Still holding her phone, ready to resume her chatter at any moment.

And just like that—

Without warning—

She never woke up.

"Code Blue! I need assistance!"

George, who was right beside her, immediately checked her condition and shouted.

Adam quickly walked over, examined her, and shook his head. "She lost too much blood. She's already gone. Call it."

"Blood loss?" George was in disbelief. "I didn't even see any external bleeding! She never mentioned anything. She wasn't even a patient!"

"Internal bleeding."

Adam gave him a reassuring look. "It's not your fault, George. Call it."

"Time of death—8:23 AM."

George checked the clock and made the announcement, his face blank.

As much as he had despised her constant insults—

At this moment, he wished she could wake up and keep complaining about how young he looked.

"Don't space out. Check on the others—make sure no one else is bleeding internally without realizing it."

Adam gave him a nudge.

"Oh—oh, right."

George quickly responded.

Adam, meanwhile, turned his full attention to the influx of new critical patients, his mind working at full speed as he scanned the emergency room for anyone else who might be at risk without knowing it.

Chapter 444: A Surprise Pair of Kids

Medical Center.

Emergency Room.

Adam scanned the area but didn't notice anything unusual.

After thinking about it, he realized—this was actually normal.

After such a major accident, anyone with common sense would be hyper-aware of their physical condition.

If they felt even the slightest discomfort, they'd immediately tell a doctor, afraid they might have some hidden injury.

Of course, there were always exceptions—like that middle-aged African-American woman who insisted she had been blessed by Lady Luck. She was too busy bragging about her miraculous survival to others to acknowledge her body's warning signs. But people like that were rare.

The entire day continued like this.

Injured people kept getting brought in, one after another.

There was no helping it—this was just the efficiency of emergency responders in America.

The Medical Center was the best teaching hospital in New York.

As long as it didn't tell the emergency dispatchers that it was full, paramedics would prioritize sending critical patients there.

Would a for-profit hospital turn these patients away?

What a joke.

America was a country built on survival of the fittest.

Hospitals were no exception.

Why did the head of surgery, Richard, insist on bringing in Dr. Shephard first, then, despite Shephard's objections, hire Dr. Montgomery as well?

Because even though the two had personal conflicts, one was a top-tier neurosurgeon, and the other was a leading pediatric specialist.

Recruiting them was a business move.

Their reputations would boost the hospital's overall ranking.

And those rankings directly influenced where ambulances took patients.

Some hospitals were drowning in resources, while others were starving for them.

If ambulances ever started prioritizing other hospitals over the Medical Center, the hospital's higher-ups—the director, the head of surgery—would probably lose their minds.

To protect their jobs and avoid getting fired by the board for declining performance, they might even be desperate enough to personally suit up, stand outside the ER in the freezing cold, and anxiously wait for an ambulance to arrive.

Night fell.

"Adam, come with me."

Liz suddenly appeared, grabbed Adam's hand, and pulled him toward the patient rooms.

"What's going on?"

Adam shook off her hand and smiled.

"Just follow me and you'll find out."

Liz was briefly stunned, then rolled her eyes. She stopped pulling him and simply gestured for him to come along, her face full of excitement.

"Your niece and nephew were just born."

"What?!"

Adam froze.

"You heard me. Come or don't, it's up to you."

Liz grinned and walked off.

"Niece and nephew?"

Adam's lips twitched as countless thoughts raced through his mind—but none of them made sense.

What was going on?

Room 6.

Liz stood outside the door and, when she saw Adam approaching, she nodded toward the inside before pushing it open.

Inside, two Caucasian women in their thirties were lying in separate hospital beds. They were turned slightly on their sides, gazing at the two bassinets between them with pure happiness.

Inside the bassinets—two newborns.

"Babies, your Uncle Adam Duncan is here!"

Liz burst out laughing and shoved Adam into the room.

The two new mothers immediately looked up, eyes bright with excitement.

"He's so handsome."

"And he's a doctor!"

"Why didn't the sperm bank have guys like him?"

"Someone like him probably got snatched up instantly. If we hadn't hesitated for so long, maybe we could've found someone just as amazing."

"No way. If the sperm bank had someone this outstanding, they would've been all over him—offering huge amounts of money for regular donations."

"You know, at this point, the sperm bank should just act as a matchmaking agency. Let women who want babies pick donors in person and skip all the extra hassle."

"A guy like him could make a fortune just from that alone!"

"..."

As they openly discussed him, Adam instinctively tuned out the nonsense and focused on the key details. He sighed, then pointed at them.

"Let me guess—Joey Tribbiani?"

If someone had been making serious money at a sperm bank, the only real candidates were Joey, Barney, or Leonard.

Leonard was still in school and not bold enough for that.

Barney didn't need the cash.

That left only Joey, who used to rely on Chandler's financial support.

"Yes!"

Liz clapped her hands, laughing. "I knew you'd figure it out!"

"You both picked Joey Tribbiani?"

Adam's expression turned a little strange. "So, are you two...?"

"No."

One of the mothers smiled and shook her head. "We're not a couple—we're lifelong best friends. We've lived together since third grade."

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"That's right."

The other mom added, "Men? Who needs them? When we wanted kids, we just bought some swimming little tadpoles."

"..."

Adam's lips twitched.

Well, she wasn't wrong.

"They wanted their kids to be related," Liz explained emotionally. "Now, their babies are real siblings."

"We're not just lifelong best friends anymore—we're family."

The two mothers exchanged a look and reached out, holding hands.

Their connection was so strong that Adam couldn't help but suspect their "just friends" claim was a cover story.

"How did you end up choosing Joey?" Adam asked, genuinely curious.

Joey had been doing well for himself for a few years now.

That kind of gig was something he'd only do when he was struggling financially, and that had been a while ago.

"There was a time gap," one of the moms explained. "Years ago, when we first started considering this, we saw Joey's profile. But aside from his looks and Italian heritage, there wasn't much else appealing about him, so we crossed him off the list."

"Then, last year, we finally made our decision," the other mom added. "When we checked the donor profiles again, we saw that Joey's information had been updated. He had gone from 'actor' to a real actor, even starring in *Our Days*. Since there weren't any better options, we went with him."

"Heh."

Adam couldn't help but chuckle.

So, Joey had been passed over at first, but once he became famous and updated his profile, he finally got picked.

Damn.

That's the real 'when you're poor, no one cares; when you're rich, suddenly you have long-lost relatives' situation.

Good thing this was just a transaction.

If Joey had actually gotten them pregnant himself, he'd be stuck paying child support—while the kids were raised solely by their moms.

Wait.

This was feeling familiar.

Oh.

It was just like Ross all over again!

"You two were on the train?" Adam asked.

"Yeah," Liz answered. "Brooke almost didn't make it—she was writing her will before surgery. Jenny didn't want to sign it at first, but when she realized that without a will, their parents would get custody of the kids, she immediately made Brooke sign it."

"They don't understand us," Jenny said coldly. "Even if we died, we would never let them raise our children."

Adam didn't touch that heavy topic.

He stepped closer to the bassinets, studying the little boy and girl carefully.

Now that he looked closer, they really did resemble Joey a bit.

Ross was about to have both a son and a daughter.

But who would've thought that Joey—the lifelong bachelor everyone joked about—would be the first to have a boy and a girl?

Adam's thoughts kept drifting.

Just a few sperm samples had created a set of twins.

How many of Joey's donations were out there in New York?

Considering the sheer volume involved...

"Looks like I need to have a serious talk with Joey," Adam muttered to himself.

If he didn't settle down soon, who knew what kind of ethical disasters might pop up in a decade or so...

Chapter 445: Shocked—Adam Can Speak These Languages?!

Medical Center.

In the hallway.

"...Yeah, that's how it is. Whether you want in or not is up to you."

Adam hung up the phone, a playful smile appearing on his face.

A prodigal son turning over a new leaf is priceless.

But in reality? Rare.

More often than not, a leopard can't change its spots.

But this is a TV drama world.

The more reality lacks something, the more this world overcompensates for it.

Will Joey become a good father when he gets older? Adam had no idea.

But in the original timeline, Barney really did turn his life around. Seeing him cradle that tiny newborn girl with a pacifier in her mouth—laughing, crying, overwhelmed with emotion—it was genuinely powerful.

"You are the love of my life, my everything, and from now on, all of me belongs to you—forever."

This was a line Barney used to pick up women—a total cliché, as fake as could be.

Barney had always believed he'd never love any woman more than he loved his own carefree lifestyle.

But karma's a funny thing.

In the end, he "fell" for a tiny girl.

From that moment on, whenever he saw young women dressed provocatively at bars, he didn't flirt—he lectured.

"You two, go home. Put on some decent clothes and seriously reflect on your life choices. Now, go! Call your parents. They're probably worried sick!"

What goes around, comes around.

As a father, Barney's biggest fear was that his beloved daughter would run into a player like he used to be.

"Daddy's home" was no longer just a flirty catchphrase—it actually meant something now.

Another similar case? Tony Stark, aka Iron Man.

His daughter Morgan saying "I love you 3000" every night melted the heart of a lifelong playboy, transforming him into a devoted dad.

Now that Joey had suddenly gained two children out of nowhere, Adam was really looking forward to seeing how he'd handle it.

Then another thought hit him.

If all the players in this world were destined to go through the same transformation...

Hmm.

No way.

Barney, Iron Man—they were just puppets in the hands of writers and directors. No matter how much they wanted to stay wild forever, they had no choice but to play the role of the good dad when the script demanded it.

Adam was different.

He had a real soul, a mind of his own—he saw through everything!

"I control my own fate, not the heavens."

Adam muttered to himself.

"What are you talking about?"

Cristina walked over, hearing him mumbling. She looked confused. "That sounded like East Asian. You speak East Asian?"

"Is that so surprising?"

Adam snapped out of his thoughts and smiled at Cristina. "I don't just speak East Asian—I also know Islander, South Universal, Russian, French, and even Klingon."

"No way!"

Cristina was stunned. "You know that many languages?!"

She was from South Universal herself but only spoke English.

Yet here was Adam, a born-and-raised American, speaking her native tongue.

It was bizarre.

"Languages are just tools for communication. If you want to learn one, just read the dictionary, listen, and speak more often—it's not that hard."

Adam chuckled.

He never even tried to learn them intentionally.

Ever since his intelligence skyrocketed into super-genius territory—and kept growing—old memories kept resurfacing.

In his past life, as a die-hard geek, he had watched tons of movies in Islander, South Universal, Russian, and French. He'd absorbed tons of context without realizing it.

In this life, whenever he chatted with his friends like Peggy, Bianca, or Heather, those memories would flash in his mind from time to time.

And when he didn't understand something? Well, with his photographic memory, he was curious enough to find out.

While his friends slept, wide-awake Adam would casually flip through entire dictionaries, memorizing every single word and phrase.

Sometimes, when the mood struck, he'd even speak in those languages.

Because honestly, some phrases just hit differently in their original language.

And just like that, Adam naturally picked up multiple languages.

Effortlessly.

"..."

Cristina regretted giving Adam another opportunity to show off. She should've known that, with his photographic memory, anything related to memorization was a piece of cake for him.

But something else caught her attention. "Wait—what's Klingon?"

"Klingon is the language of the Klingon species in the sci-fi series Star Trek."

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Adam explained, "Twenty years ago, Star Trek was a nationwide craze. Hardcore fans expanded Klingon into a real language, creating official textbooks and dictionaries. Some superfans even chat in Klingon."

"You're a Star Trek fan?"

Cristina asked, surprised.

"Not really."

Adam shook his head. "But a few of my good friends are. And since it was easy to pick up, I figured—why not? Can't have my friends chatting in Klingon while I just sit there, right?"

"You guys talk in Klingon? Why?"

Cristina was baffled by the ridiculousness of it.

Language was invented to break barriers, to help people communicate.

So why go out of your way to create a weird, obscure one?

Wasn't English good enough?

"It's fun."

Adam grinned. "In certain situations, a unique language makes things more immersive. Plus, knowing more languages is never a bad thing."

Imagine if you and Meredith both knew Klingon.

Whenever you were around Dr. Burke or Dr. Shepherd and wanted to talk privately, you wouldn't need to sneak off to the restroom—you could just chat in Klingon right in front of them!

They wouldn't understand a word. Wouldn't that be hilarious?"

"..."

Cristina's mouth twitched. After a long pause, she muttered, "Lame."

"Heh."

Adam chuckled. "You just don't get it."

Sheldon and Leonard speaking Klingon vs. Penny and Amy using their own secret language.

Everyone who saw it loved it.

"What are you doing?"

Adam looked at Cristina, puzzled.

"Just checking out what kind of hands these are."

Cristina held his hands, examining them closely.

"You heard about it?"

Adam realized what was going on and let her take a look.

"Of course!"

Cristina exclaimed. "Not only did I hear about it, but I also watched the surgery footage. I knew you were incredible—everyone does—but the way you performed in that OR? Insane!

A fatal injury, and you literally saved the guy with your hands alone. What are these—healing hands? Hands of God?"

"You're not so bad yourself."

Adam teased, "Didn't you pick up the 'Right Leg of God' from attending rounds today?"

"..."

Cristina rolled her eyes so hard they almost got stuck. She looked utterly offended.

Chapter 446: I Want It All

Medical Center.

Hallway.

"Are you serious?"

Christina rolled her eyes.

"My bad," Adam said with an apologetic smile.

Jokes were fun, but there had to be a limit.

"Speaking of that right leg, it still pisses me off!"

Christina was immediately reminded of an unpleasant memory and couldn't help but complain, "I thought assisting the Chief on a major thigh reconstruction would be a great opportunity, but who would've guessed I'd almost get fired for it? Seriously, what the hell!"

Earlier that night...

When the first wave of train accident victims arrived, even Richard, the Chief of Surgery—who wasn't on call—rushed in from home to take over a case where a patient had a severed right leg.

Christina managed to beat out George for the assistant spot and was thrilled to work under the Chief, a man who essentially held her career in his hands. It was a golden opportunity.

As the Chief and the team administered anesthesia to the patient, Christina meticulously cleaned the severed leg, ensuring every speck of dust and gravel was removed.

The wound was spotless.

Perfect pre-op prep!

But just as the Chief instructed her to deliver the severed leg for surgery, she noticed something horrifying—

The foot on the detached limb was facing the wrong way.

It was a left leg.

The patient on the table was missing his right leg.

Seconds later, she was being yelled at and kicked out of the OR to go find the correct leg.

She searched the ambulance, but it was nowhere to be found.

She called emergency responders on-site, only to be hung up on or ridiculed:

"The train derailed, slammed into a bridge, tore through the dining car, and embedded itself in another passenger car. People were literally decapitated. Your guy missing a right leg isn't our priority. So, move. You're in the way!"

Honestly, she couldn't even blame them for being so blunt.

She'd walked in acting like a superior surgeon when she should've been asking for help. Everyone knew about the hierarchy in medicine—

And paramedics, sitting at the bottom of that chain, were especially sensitive to it. Sometimes, a single condescending look was enough to set someone off.

Desperate, Christina even went to Burke for help, hoping her ex would cut her some slack.

He was busy too.

He shut her down. Hard.

Finally, she found a severed leg in a trash bin and rushed it back to the OR like she had discovered buried treasure.

Except...

It was the wrong gender this time.

Smoothly shaved, toenails painted—definitely not from her male patient.

She got screamed at again and was sent out to keep searching.

The Chief was an untouchable big shot, and crossing him could kill her career before it even started.

She was panicking.

In the end, Adam—watching this disaster unfold—made a single phone call.

Suddenly, the paramedics started caring. The real severed leg was found and delivered just in time.

Connections.

Officially? They didn't have to listen to her.

But off the record? A friend asking for a favor took priority.

And at the end of the day, bosses didn't care how you solved a problem.

They only cared that you got it done.

"So, did the Chief at least give you some credit in the end?" Adam asked.

"Yeah, he did." Christina smirked, her frustration fading. "Thanks, Adam."

"No problem." Adam chuckled.

They chatted about the day's cases for a bit before parting ways.

Christina wasn't like Adam. Once the adrenaline of surgery wore off, exhaustion hit her like a truck. She barely made it to the on-call room before passing out.

Adam, however, had another stop to make.

The Nursery.

Joey had been dragged from his date by Monica and the gang.

"OMG!"

"O~M~G!"

Through the nursery window, everyone stared in shock as Adam pointed out Joey's newborn twins.

"Two little Joeys!"

Monica and Rachel pressed against the glass, eyes filled with love.

"OMG..." Joey muttered, still processing.

Yeah.

He knew this could happen.

When he made his big donation at the sperm bank years ago, he'd been warned.

Back then, he didn't care. If women were choosing him, that was flattering!

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He even updated his file later, just to make sure everyone knew:

Joey Tribbiani—TV Star. Absolutely top-tier.

But now?

Actually standing in front of his two kids?

Completely different feeling.

Not caring?

Not his problem?

Yeah, right.

Those adorable little babies looked just like him! They were his kids!

Joey Tribbiani was a father.

"They're adorable," Phoebe gushed.

"Ross, getting déjà vu?" Chandler smirked. "You and Joey are the same now."

Ross shot his best friend a glare. "You should be more worried about yourself."

He motioned toward Monica, who was practically melting over the babies.

Chandler went pale. His eyes darted to Adam in silent desperation.

Adam patted Chandler on the shoulder, giving him a knowing good luck gesture.

Ever since Adam had pointed out that Monica and Chandler would struggle to conceive, Chandler's life had been... challenging.

Competitive, obsessive, and baby-crazy—Monica had not taken it well.

Adam had received multiple calls from Chandler, whispering in panic from the bathroom.

The moment he tried to rest?

Monica was banging on the door.

Adam had explained, medically, that Chandler needed breaks. It had helped—a little.

But after tonight?

Chandler was not sleeping.

Being a man was hard.

Being a married man pushing forty? Even harder.

"Joey, what are you gonna do?" Rachel finally asked.

Everyone turned to Joey.

"I... I don't know." Joey lifted his hands helplessly, his face a mix of confusion and dread.

"Well, first, you need to change your lifestyle." Adam grinned. "Who knows how many more kids are out there? Ten years from now, if you're still hitting on every woman in New York, you might wanna do a thorough family background check before making a move."

"Ew!"

The whole gang groaned.

"Do I even have a choice?" Joey asked, defeated.

"No!" everyone shouted.

"This isn't like jam and hot women, Joey. You can't have both." Ross smirked.

Adam blinked.

Oh.

He almost forgot.

Back when Monica lost her job, she went through a jam-making phase. Joey, being Joey, loved it.

Chandler had once asked him: "If you had to choose—hot women or a giant jar of jam?"

Joey had grinned and said, "Duh! Both."

Guess he really hadn't changed after all...

Chapter 447: Missy's Call

At the medical center.

Joey: slaps forehead Hey, maybe I should go after them!

Adam: claps hands Brilliant! You could start a whole family—wives, kids, the works! I'm totally behind you on this.

Joey: grinning Right? You get it! Whichever one says yes, I'm good.

Adam: holding back laughter Let's go, I'll take you to them.

Joey: excited Let's do it!

Monica and others: speechless Wait, are you guys for real?

Joey: waves hands dramatically Dead serious! Give me one good reason why I shouldn't.

Everyone stays silent.

Adam: smirking silently

Joey: triumphant See? Nothing!

Joey feels like he's glowing with paternal pride, a totally new vibe for him. He's on cloud nine.

Outside the ward, Joey peeks through the glass window. His "dad glow" vanishes, and he looks deflated, ready to bail.

Adam: blocks Joey Where do you think you're going?

Joey: bitter smile They're the real deal. I'm out.

Adam: serious But they're your kids' moms. What, you don't like them?

Joey: speechless

Thinks: Come on, man, don't call me out like that. Are we still buds?

Adam: chuckles and pats Joey's shoulder Alright, I'll stop messing with you.

Sometimes, looks matter, and you can't force love.

Later, after Christina and the others rest, Adam works until 9 p.m., then heads to New Jersey.

At Peggy's apartment, Adam walks in and sees Peggy on the phone, not calculating for once.

Peggy: annoyed ...Here, talk to Adam. hands phone to Adam

Adam: Who is it?

Peggy: Missy. goes back to her desk

Adam: Hey, Missy!

Silence on the line.

Adam: Missy?

He can hear faint breathing, so the call's still on.

After a pause, Missy speaks, sounding upset.

Missy: It's late. Why are you at Peggy's?

Adam: laughs Is there a problem?

Missy: I knew you were after Peggy! And now you've got her.

Missy remembers the good old days with Peggy, when they were like sisters. Those were the best times. Peggy, smart like Sheldon, actually hung out with her, making Missy feel special, unlike how Sheldon always made her feel dumb. To Missy, Peggy was more than a friend; she was like the sister she wished Sheldon could be. When Peggy started rebelling because of family issues, Missy was thrilled. Peggy was cooler and took her on adventures, even shoplifting, which was scary but exciting. At ten, ignored by everyone, Missy loved it. But then Adam came along, gave Peggy a big talk, and Peggy changed, becoming another Sheldon—distant and all about knowledge. Missy never got to hang out with her again. Deep down, she still loves Peggy and misses those sisterly days. She even hoped Peggy and Sheldon would end up together, so they could support each other in their quirky ways. But now, Adam's messed that up too!

As Missy fumes, she glances at her computer screen, where she's been reading stories on a creator who writes about complicated relationships. It's like her life right now.

Adam: defensive Hey, don't make it sound so bad. It was all a mix-up; I didn't plan this.

Truth is, he didn't see this coming. He always thought Peggy would be Amy's rival, not his... well, you know. But Peggy came after him, and honestly, she's stunning now. Who could say no? Except maybe Sheldon.

Missy: spits Pfft! George was right—you're a total player. He told me to steer clear of you.

Adam had helped George with his tire shop, and they were grateful, but George still warned Missy about Adam's ways, saying she should avoid him. He even handled all the communication with Adam to protect her. Back then, she didn't care, but now she sees George was spot on.

Adam: laughs That's just George being salty because I dated Veronica.

Missy: shocked Ah!!! You jerk! I always pictured Peggy as my future sister-in-law, and now you've not only been with Veronica but also taken Peggy. What's next?

Adam: clears throat You're reading too much into it. Sheldon won't be interested in that stuff for at least another decade, and do you really think George will stay with Veronica forever? Not my fault.

Missy's words make him feel a bit guilty. The Cooper siblings: George's wife had a fling with him, Sheldon's "future wife" is with him now, and Missy... well, she's safe for now. But if something happened, he'd feel bad. Plus, he's gained a lot from Sheldon's smarts—photographic memory, cosmic brain power. Maybe he's taken too much from the Coopers.

Adam: So, how's Sheldon doing these days?

Chapter 448: There's Always Someone Out to Get Me

At Peggy's apartment, Adam was on the phone with Missy.

"Not so great—did a train derail over there and kill a bunch of people?" Missy asked.

"Hmm." Adam replied with a nod. "You saw it on the news too?"

"I wasn't really watching. It was Sheldon," Missy scoffed. "Remember when he got choked on his food as a kid?"

"Of course I remember," Adam said, laughing. "In the end, it was the X-Men who saved him."

When Sheldon was nine, one morning at breakfast he choked and nearly suffocated. His dad rushed from behind, gave him a few solid slaps on the stomach, and finally dislodged the food from his throat. For weeks afterward, little Sheldon—more timid than a scaredy-cat—would just sit there, staring at his food, too afraid to eat.

His dad's booming shouts and his mom's soothing words did nothing. As Zhou Shuren once said, "When faced with fear, a person has two choices: fight or flee." Naturally, Sheldon always chose to run.

Eventually, his beloved grandma took matters into her own hands. Every meal, she'd blend his solid food into a mushy drink for him to sip through a straw. That's the only way he made it through that rough patch. But doing so made the food's flavor utterly indescribable—so much so that whenever Sheldon saw Adam and the gang snacking, he couldn't help but drool.

After discovering the X-Men comics, he felt he had a lot in common with these unconventional heroes. If they could overcome endless challenges, then so could he! Then, one day, he grabbed a spicy snack stick and started chewing it vigorously—as if Professor X were beaming telepathic signals, Magneto were unleashing his magnetic power, and Cyclops were firing laser beams from his eyes. From that moment on, he became Chew-Man!

Okay, maybe he was just really, really into food!

After conquering his fear of choking, Chew-Man's new list of fears became almost endless: dogs, birds, insects, bacteria, hugs, button-fly pants, rivers, ponds, lakes, oceans, fuzzy lamp cores, root vegetables, the squeaky sound of balloons, and even windows covered in heat-insulating film...

Emmm... I'll spare you a million more words!

Missy then brought up the train derailment story, and Adam immediately caught on. "So, Sheldon's too scared to ride trains now?"

"Exactly. Today he was supposed to take a train from Pasadena to the University of Chicago for an academic exchange. Then he saw the news about a train derailment in New York and got so scared he wouldn't even board his favorite train. The school called us, but no amount of persuasion worked—so I called Peggy, hoping she could talk some sense into him."

"If he's afraid of trains, why not just fly?" Adam joked.

"You really don't know him, do you?" Missy replied with a huff. "Sure, train derailments happen more often than plane crashes, but their death rate is much lower. The first time he flew, he literally shrank into the airplane bathroom and almost got kicked off!"

"That's not entirely wrong," Adam conceded with a smile. "Airplane accidents are indeed rare—but when they do happen, the fatality rate is nearly 100%. Honestly, if I weren't forced to, I'd almost never fly either. With my current physique, as long as I stick to ground transportation, I can dodge any mishap in time. Now, I wouldn't even consider flying without proper, professional parachute gear."

He added, "Back then, I wasn't so careful—first, I hadn't had any training, and even if I had, it wouldn't have mattered. And second, I wasn't a billionaire yet. Imagine a regular person carrying professional parachute gear on a plane—they'd be 100% flagged as a terrorist! But now that I'm one of the richest men in America, it's totally fine. Rich people can be scared of death too, you know. Plus, rich people really can do whatever they want."

Missy sighed, "I'd rather have him be the old Sheldon—the one who'd go on and on about trains at the mere mention of them. Remember when he even volunteered at a train museum and got kicked out by the curator?"

Adam couldn't help but laugh. "Haha."

That whole incident happened after Sheldon graduated high school at age eleven—yes, he was that precocious—and before he headed off to college. The local train museum was recruiting volunteer guides, and who could possibly love trains more or know them better than Sheldon? As soon as he saw the ad, he called up the museum and bombarded the curator with an hour-long monologue of his ridiculously detailed train knowledge. Despite being just an eleven-year-old kid, he convinced the curator to overlook that fact and accept his application.

Then the curator started to understand exactly what Sheldon's high school teachers had experienced. Sheldon was a true train aficionado—what the curator knew, Sheldon knew; and what the curator didn't know, Sheldon knew too! At first, it seemed fantastic—a free expert on trains! But then Sheldon's need to show off grew. Soon, he began testing the curator with tricky questions and traps—like the newest mini-speech that debuted in "69 Book" (yes, you read that right). When the curator managed to dodge Sheldon's traps and answer correctly, Sheldon lavished him with praise, making it seem as though the curator was the real expert and he was merely the interviewee.

Whenever visitors arrived, Sheldon would launch into endless lectures about trains—even when they were in the restroom, he'd explain things through the door. When the curator handed out self-written pamphlets on train trivia, Sheldon would call them out in public, pointing out errors. When the curator later asked him to stop, Sheldon took it as a chance to "privately instruct" the curator—just like he used to correct his high school teachers' mistakes (because, let's face it, teachers are all about saving face). After his teachers collectively complained to the principal countless times, Sheldon seized that little trivia point! But to the curator, this overly show-off kid was just too much. In the end, he was shown the door.

Sheldon later counted that fiasco as one of the top ten tragedies in his beloved train chronicles.

"Adam, is there anything you can do?" Missy asked.

"All I can do is let time dull the fear," Adam replied with a chuckle. "For now, just have someone drive him there."

Back when Sheldon's apartment had been burglarized, he was so shaken that he not only installed a load of security gadgets but also started imitating DC's Rorschach—hiding under his bed every night to record his impressions of the sinful city of Pasadena. At every little sound, he'd jump in terror. Eventually, he decided to move out of Pasadena in search of a safe haven. But even in a vast country like America, he couldn't find a truly safe spot. He once picked a "perfect" place only to have his luggage snatched right in broad daylight as soon as he got off the train—forcing him to return home in defeat. And yet, somehow, he ended up living contentedly afterward.

Time, after all, is the best healer—even for someone as quirky as Sheldon.

"We've thought of everything," Missy continued. "Little George is opening a store, I'm in college, my grandma is busy with her own love life, and my mom could help—but Chicago is so far away that she'd have to fly to Pasadena first and then drive him. There just isn't enough time."

"Then why not hire someone to drive him?" Adam suggested.

"Is this the first time you've met Sheldon?" Missy grumbled. "At times like these, to him, everyone except family and friends looks like a villain. According to him, on such a long journey, what if he gets murdered halfway? Or even kidnapped and sold into slavery?"

"Can't the school send someone?" Adam asked, half-amused, half-exasperated.

"Too late now," Missy sighed. "He didn't apply in advance."

Adam was left speechless. Sheldon's quirks truly knew no bounds.

Chapter 449: I Have a Deal with Channing

At Peggy's place.

"Don't worry, I've got this handled," Adam said with a grin.

You can't just keep milking the Coopers dry, right? Gotta toss something back their way now and then—it's only decent.

"You've got a plan?" Missy asked, her eyes popping wide in surprise.

"It's actually super simple," Adam explained. "I'll just hire someone to dress up as a cop and drop it off. Sheldon's terrified of strangers and sketchy folks—pretty much everything—but if they flash some official-looking ID, he'll be cool as a cucumber."

"Damn!" Missy smacked her forehead. "How did I not think of that? With Sheldon's robot brain, you could sell him to the highest bidder, and he'd still be chill as long as you handed him the right paperwork!"

Adam let out a laugh.

Sheldon was a stickler for rules. He'd sign a receipt for a random letter like it was a binding contract, closing the loop on the postal gods' sacred ritual. Buying a ticket from a scalper? He'd sweat bullets, paranoid it was an undercover cop sting. His wallet was stuffed with membership cards—Justice League, museums, you name it. When it got too full, most people would just chuck the extras. Not Sheldon. He'd painstakingly call each place to cancel them properly. If a card said "carry this with you," he'd haul it around forever like it was a holy commandment.

Back when Howard and the gang brought up the three laws of robotics, Sheldon got all dreamy, wondering what he'd be like as a robot. Howard and Rajesh didn't miss a beat: "Dude, you already are." They ran him through the laws, and he matched every single one. Raj even smirked, "I can smell the machine oil from here."

Handling a guy like Sheldon was a breeze if you didn't mind playing dirty. With a little setup, Adam could have him laughing or bawling on command, like clockwork.

Missy, with her sky-high emotional smarts, didn't miss the trick because she wasn't clever enough—she just couldn't afford to dream that big. Hiring an actor and faking documents on the fly? That's the kind of move you need deep pockets for. Only someone like Adam—a billionaire who still acted like your friendly next-door neighbor—could cook that up and pull it off without breaking a sweat.

"Thanks a million," Missy said, genuinely relieved.

"No sweat, we're pals," Adam replied with a smile. "So, how's life treating you? School's back in session, yeah?"

"Yup," Missy nodded. She owed it all to Adam—getting into Wharton, the numero uno business school in the States. Her SAT scores were a total dumpster fire, and she knew even a big-shot billionaire like Adam had to move mountains to get her in. She couldn't pay him back yet, but she tucked that gratitude deep in her heart, promising herself she'd make it up to him someday.

"Wharton's in Philly, not too far from New York or Jersey. You should swing by sometime," Adam tossed out casually.

"Oh yeah? To see who?" Missy shot back, rolling her eyes with a teasing smirk. "You or Peggy?"

"Uh..." Adam faltered, caught off guard. Missy had already thrown some shade about George Jr. earlier, and now this invite felt like it had strings attached. He glanced at Peggy, who was straight-up ignoring him, and shook his head.

"Hmph," Missy huffed. "I'm over here drowning in debt just to study, all so I can learn enough to work for you and pay it off someday. Fun's not even on the menu. You think I'm living it up like Caroline Channing?"

Adam chuckled. "You know Caroline Channing?"

Missy didn't hold back. "We're at Wharton, man—ground zero for money and power games. Who doesn't know the Channing heiress with her \$800 million trust fund? People swarm her like flies—looking for investments, sponsorships, whatever. Some want to weasel into her dad's foundation to rake in more cash. Others—get this—even try to date her to snag a spot as the Channing family's golden son-in-law. Way better ROI than any business deal. Even the young, hotshot professors are in on it. She's the brightest star at Wharton, zipping between New York and Philly like it's nothing, chartering planes for vacays with her crew. She's graduating next year, and half the alumni are gonna need tissues."

"You jealous?" Adam teased, leaning in.

"Who wouldn't be?" Missy said flat-out. "She's the ultimate life winner. Buy whatever, do whatever. If I had that kind of cash, I'd be living large too."

"You'll get there," Adam said, his tone upbeat. "George Jr.'s tire company's got legs—Doctor Tire, right? With my money behind it and his hustle, plus your management chops, you'll build something huge. (Oh, and if you're loving this story, why not toss some support to the creator at) Then you can live that high life on your own terms. Way more satisfying than inheriting it."

"More satisfying? Sure," Missy conceded, then jabbed right back. "More fun? Please. I'd have to grind my whole life just to sniff Caroline's starting line. Lying back and winning from birth—that's the real good stuff."

Adam's mouth twitched. Ouch. That hit way too close to home, stirring up memories from his past life. Some TV show laid it bare: the "struggling" hero only wins with a powerful adoptive dad and a surprise billionaire bio-dad pulling strings. Real strivers? They get their girl stolen, take society's punches, and limp away bruised. If you can kick back and coast to victory, who'd choose the grind? Struggling's only "fun" if you've never tasted the sweet life of winning without trying. Cashing in and chilling—that's the real joy.

"Wait a sec," Missy's eyes narrowed. "You know Caroline Channing?"

"Yeah," Adam admitted with a grin. "We've got a little agreement."

"Ew!" Missy groaned, wrinkling her nose.

Adam opened his mouth to explain, then stopped. What was there to say, really?

Chapter 450: Worrying Too Much

Peggy's Apartment

"You're such a player!" Missy exclaimed, rolling her eyes.

Missy didn't even know what to say anymore, and Adam was completely speechless. Sure, he'd been joking around with Max back then, and Max and Caroline had taken it as a laugh, but if he actually spelled it out loud, people would totally get the wrong idea about him.

Sigh.

Being a guy isn't easy—especially for a guy like Adam, who often feels like life's dragging him along for the ride.

Adam stared off into space, lost in his gloomy thoughts.

"Why'd you go quiet? Did I nail it or what?" Missy teased, jumping on his silence like a hawk.

Adam tilted his head back at a dramatic 45-degree angle, trying not to let the sadness get to him. But Missy, like any other girl, wasn't letting up—she kept pushing.

"So, how many girls have you messed up, huh?"

"Why do you even wanna know?" Adam shot back, glancing at Peggy. He was done with this topic and decided to flip the script. "What, you interested or something?"

"Hmph!" Missy let out a scornful snort and hung up the phone.

Beep beep. Beep beep.

Hearing the dial tone, Adam's lips curled into a slight smirk as he set the phone down. His mind drifted to Sheldon. He stepped out, crossed the hall, and knocked on the opposite door.

"Boss," Lisa, his assistant, said as she opened the door and waved him in.

"Those six female bodyguards—did you hire them yet?" Adam asked straight up.

"Yep, they're all set up in the apartment downstairs. Want to check it out, boss?" Lisa replied, all business.

"Yeah, but hold off for a sec," Adam said with a nod. "You and Ada handled the security company together?"

"Uh-huh," Lisa said. "Ada made the call, and I helped pick 'em out. They're the real deal—fighting skills as good as any guy, and they're all legally packing heat."

"Does the company have a branch in California?" Adam asked.

"Should do," Lisa said, caught off guard for a second. "They're one of the top outfits in the U.S. With all those Hollywood stars in LA needing protection, I'd bet they've got a spot there."

"Cool, then get on it," Adam said, filling her in on the plan to hire security to escort Sheldon to Chicago. "One male guard to keep things safe on the road."

It's over 2,000 kilometers from Pasadena to Chicago, cutting through a ton of states and counties. Who knows what could go down? In *The Big Bang Theory*, Sheldon's paranoia about horror movie tropes is just for laughs, but in this wild mashup of TV worlds, anything's possible.

"Oh, and this guy's gotta have a good vibe," Adam added. "Plus, he needs a happy family—wife, kids, the whole deal."

It's a long haul, and babysitting someone like Sheldon? If the guard's got a short fuse, Sheldon's weird demands might push him over the edge. Forget running into some deadly curve—he'd probably take Sheldon out himself, like Sun Wukong offing Tang Seng in *A Chinese Odyssey*. Even a chill dude might not cut it; he's gotta have a family to keep him grounded.

No kidding— not everyone's built like Leonard! Even Adam, who's gotten so much out of Sheldon, sometimes wants to deck him. Leonard's patience? That's years of training from his mom, Beverly, turning him into the ultimate Ninja Turtle. Given half a chance, even Leonard's got limits. Remember that time in *The Big Bang Theory* when they were waiting for the Nobel Prize call? Sheldon was dozing off, and with his okay, Leonard hauled off and slapped him silly. Everyone was jealous—they'd all dreamed of landing that hit.

Adam smirked to himself, recalling a story he'd read on about a guy with quirks just like Sheldon's. It was funny as hell and oddly spot-on.

"Also, throw in a female companion," Adam went on. "Doesn't need to be a pro guard, but she's gotta be super patient—like nanny or kindergarten teacher-level patient."

Even with all the rules for the guy, it's still dicey. A woman could keep Sheldon in check and buffer him from the guard, avoiding any... unspeakable drama. Women just handle Sheldon better. Think about it: aside from Leonard, the big players in his life—his mom, grandma, Penny, Amy—they're all ladies.

"Bonus points if she's into science, comics, movies, or games," Adam mused. "But if that's tough to find, just make sure she's got a saint-level temper. Oh, and no matter who you hire, they've gotta be really nice."

"..." Lisa just stared, dumbfounded. Who is this Sheldon guy? It's like the boss is terrified someone's gonna snap and take him out.

Still, she grabbed the phone and dialed up the security company's contact. "Got it, boss. I'm on it."

The second the call connected, Lisa's vibe shifted—total boss-lady mode. Working for a guy like Adam, who's got cash to burn and loves splashing it on stuff like this, toughens you up fast. 🦊

She rattled off Adam's laundry list of weird requests, and the company didn't blink—promised to nail it. For a price, of course.

"Get it done right; money's no object," Lisa said coolly. That's the kind of flex you get around here.

"All set, boss," she said, hanging up and switching back to regular mode.

"Nice work," Adam said, satisfied. "Come with me to check Peggy's security setup."

"Sure thing," Lisa agreed, leading him downstairs.

Thanks to some serious cash flow, the downstairs apartment was now a full-on security hub—close enough to protect Peggy without cramping her style.

"Six female guards total, two per shift, round-the-clock coverage," Lisa explained. "We've got micro cameras at the building's entrances and on Peggy's floor. If anyone sketchy gets close, they'll spot it and deal with it ASAP."

Adam eyed the two tough-as-nails women and didn't doubt their skills for a second. He told them to stay sharp, keep it tight, and tossed in a fat bonus for good measure. They lit up—money talks.

Later, back at Peggy's place, she griped, "Hey, what's this? I've still got calculations to run!"

"You can crunch numbers anytime, but sleep's non-negotiable," Adam shot back. "Bedtime's now—my call!"

Peggy tried to fight it, but she didn't stand a chance. He shut her down quick.

An hour later, while they were... let's say, deep in conversation, Adam's phone buzzed. He ignored it—too busy. But then the apartment door swung open, and unfamiliar voices hit his ears. Adam froze solid.