

TV Show 47

Chapter 47: Dancing with the Devil

****The Smith Household.****

"Hi, Karen."

As the door opened, a dazzling white light spilled in. For a moment, Adam forgot about Karen's eccentricities and greeted her warmly from the heart.

Karen, however, merely glanced at Adam with an indifferent expression, stepped aside to let him in, and headed upstairs.

"Wow, what a cold fish."

Adam frowned, feeling a bit annoyed at her attitude. But remembering that this was the first time Juno had earnestly asked him for a favor, he decided to endure it, muttering to himself, **"Definitely a nutcase. Maybe even a lesbian. Otherwise, why would she act like this toward me..."**

Karen was clearly still upstairs doing her makeup. Adam, feeling bored, wandered around downstairs.

It was evident that Karen's family was well-off. The furniture and décor were quite upscale, though the house lacked a lived-in vibe. Perhaps it was because her parents were often away for work, leaving Karen to live here alone most of the time.

When Juno first mentioned Karen, Adam's imagination had run wild. Karen's last name was Smith, and her parents' jobs were mysterious and unpredictable. Could they be ***Mr. and Mrs. Smith***?

Now, seeing the place for himself, it was clear that wasn't the case.

Adam had already spotted the family photo.

Karen's parents—her father, handsome; her mother, stunning—were nothing like the famous couple he had imagined.

"Let's go."

Karen came downstairs surprisingly quickly. She was dressed flamboyantly, looking nothing like the plain girl from before. She was indeed a hidden gem.

"We'll pick up Juno first," Karen reminded him as they got into the car.

"Are you sure?"

Adam raised an eyebrow, puzzled.

What was this?

Who picks up two dates at once?

"Do you want me to get out so you can go pick up Juno?"

Karen was decisive and firm in her tone, leaving Adam momentarily dazed.

The docile girl who followed Juno around seemed to be a figment of his imagination.

"Whatever you say."

Adam didn't bother overthinking it, slammed on the gas, and headed to Juno's house.

Who cares! Not my problem.

When they arrived at Juno's house and explained why they were there, Juno's father and stepmother were surprised but remarkably calm. It seemed like all the strange things that happened around Juno had some rational explanation—though they had no idea what that explanation might be.

They were used to it by now.

Juno's younger sister, on the other hand, was full of winks and exclamations of amazement, but Juno quickly put her in her place.

The three of them drove to the school together.

The Class of 1992 graduation dance had already started.

When they arrived, Adam noticed that Emmett's date was still the friend he always complained about—Teddy's bestie, Ivy. Seeing Emmett's "red-faced shame" of an expression, Adam smiled understandingly.

Better than showing up alone.

Ivy beats no one any day.

"The Candy Hearts band really broke up this time," Emmett lamented, full of sorrow.

"As long as you remember them, Candy Hearts will always exist," Adam reassured, patting Emmett's shoulder.

"You're right."

Emmett didn't want to dwell on his sadness. He perked up and elbowed Adam, his eyes darting between Juno and Karen, his face filled with jealousy and mischief. "What's the deal here?"

"To be honest, I have no idea."

Adam shrugged with a wry smile. "I'm just the chauffeur."

"Pfft!"

Emmett sneered in mock annoyance.

As the music started, Adam noticed Juno nudging Karen before signaling to him with her hands. He sighed in resignation and moved toward Karen, who reluctantly came his way.

Hand on her waist, his other hand on her shoulder—the basic steps for dancing.

Adam wasn't a beginner, but dancing with Karen made him feel uneasy. It was far from smooth or natural; he felt stiff, as if he were holding not a beautiful angel but a devil.

Dancing with the devil!

The phrase echoed in Adam's mind, growing more meaningful the more he thought about it. He silently gave himself a mental thumbs-up for his insight.

He suddenly remembered his past life, back when he was a struggling writer. For safety reasons, many of his jokes had been written so subtly that no one caught them. It left him feeling a little disappointed, wishing he could've highlighted them with bold text: ***"Think about it! Look closer!"***

"Stay away from Juno."

Lost in his thoughts, Adam was startled by a cold, threatening voice.

"What?"

Adam looked up at Karen, who was uncomfortably close.

"Stay away from Juno."

Karen's eyes glinted dangerously as she stared at him, sending a chill down his spine.

Yep, confirmed. She's a dangerous lunatic.

Better not mess with her!

"No problem at all."

Adam forced a laugh. "After tonight and this summer, I'm heading to Columbia, and Juno's going to Harvard. We'll be so far apart that we probably won't even see each other."

"I'll be watching you."

Karen stared him down for a long moment before shifting her gaze to Juno, who sat alone in a corner, watching them. A conflicted look crossed Karen's face.

"Go ask Juno for a dance," Karen suddenly said.

"What?"

Adam was dumbfounded. What kind of game was this? He couldn't make sense of it.

In his confusion, Karen dragged him over to Juno. By the time he regained his composure, Juno was already in front of him.

"This is insane!"

Facing Juno, Adam couldn't help but grumble. "Do you know what Karen just told me?"

"I do."

Juno smiled. "Ignore her."

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched. He felt utterly drained and didn't want to say anything more.

"When are you planning to head to New York?" Juno asked, steering the conversation.

"Depends," Adam said after a moment of thought.

"Then I'll wait for you," Juno said with a smile. "When the time comes, you can ride with me. We'll take turns driving. I'll drop you off at Columbia before heading to Harvard."

"Uh-huh... wait, *what*?!"

Adam, short on funds and careless, initially nodded. Then he realized something was off. "*We?*"

"Yes, Karen and me."

Juno smirked. "Didn't I tell you? Karen's going to Boston too."

"What for?"

Adam was stunned.

Karen was a textbook slacker. Forget Harvard; even getting into an average college was beyond her reach.

"She's going to college."

Juno answered matter-of-factly, "Roxbury Community College."

So, it was a community college. Adam nodded, then gave Juno a strange look and sighed, finally understanding.

Out of all places, Karen chose to go to Boston. She and Juno were truly inseparable—just like Hugh and Fors in **The Lord of the Mysteries**.

When the song ended, Juno pushed Adam back toward Karen.

The dance didn't last long. Since it was organized by the school, there were rules in place. Everyone was looking forward to the afterparty at Gretchen's mansion-like villa.

The biggest draw there? Unlimited booze.

That's right!

Even though the legal drinking age in the U.S. is 21, that only applies to public places. In private, anything goes. Otherwise, there wouldn't be classics like **American Pie**.

Naturally, Adam wasn't about to miss out.