

TV Show 49

Chapter 49: The Trembling Big Bad Wolf

The next day.

Pain!

Such pain!

His head hurt so much!

The vivid, fragmented dream full of strange whispers shattered rapidly. Adam, who had been sleeping soundly, woke up to a sharp headache, as if someone had smashed his head with a club. He reached out to touch it and, upon opening his eyes, saw a small, dark red scab of dried blood.

"Hiss—"

Adam sucked in a cold breath and tried to stand up abruptly. However, his body wouldn't cooperate, and he fell heavily to the ground from the couch.

"Damn!"

Luckily, his hands blocked his face in time, saving his handsome features from harm.

"What's going on?"

Leaning against the couch for support, Adam slowly got up, his heart filled with alarm. Ever since crossing over into this world, he had never experienced something like this, especially not with his boosted stats.

He glanced again at the scab in his hand, desperately trying to recall what had happened. But no matter how hard he racked his brain, his memory was like static on a broken TV—completely blank.

Where is this?

Oh, right. Karen's house!

Last night, he had driven them home. And then... nothing.

Did he spend the whole night at Little Red Riding Hood's house?

Calm down. Calm down. Calm down... After taking a few deep breaths, Adam mocked himself, "At least I'm still alive..."

As soon as he said this, something struck him. He hurriedly checked his entire body.

"Phew. Thank goodness. Everything's intact."

"But what exactly happened?"

Lost in thought, Adam's gaze swept across his surroundings. Suddenly, he noticed a faint red handprint on the edge of the couch.

"A bloody handprint?"

Instinctively, Adam looked at his hands. Other than a few red streaks from touching the scab on the back of his head earlier, there were no traces of blood.

It wasn't his hand.

Then whose was it?

"You're awake."

Just as Adam's mind was racing, Juno's lazy voice drifted over.

Adam turned around to see Juno in her pajamas, yawning at the staircase.

"What happened last night? Why can't I remember anything?" Adam asked urgently. "And why does my head hurt so much?"

"Hangover."

Juno chuckled. "You blacked out from drinking. You hit your head on the coffee table—of course, it hurts."

"Is that so?"

Seeing Juno's casual expression, Adam considered it plausible and tentatively asked, "Then what about this bloody handprint?"

"Oh, isn't it obvious?"

A strange glint flashed in Juno's eyes. "Your head bled a lot after you hit it. Karen and I pressed on your wound to stop the bleeding, and we accidentally left it there."

"I see. Thank you both, then."

Adam's heart tightened. He wasn't sure if Juno and Karen had noticed the abnormal speed of his wound's recovery. He decided not to dwell on it and changed the subject. "By the way, where's Karen?"

"She's still asleep."

Juno glanced upstairs and smiled dotingly.

"Then I'll head out first."

Adam prepared to leave.

"Alright. Drive safe."

Juno nodded.

After getting into his pickup truck, Adam nodded at Juno, who stood outside the house with her arms crossed, smiling at him. He stepped on the gas and drove away.

On the road.

Adam pondered his conversation with Juno. Something felt off, but he couldn't pinpoint what it was. Suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind, and he slammed on the brakes.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the magic items Bob had given him. Like a magician shuffling cards, he counted them—none were missing.

"Overthinking it."

Adam shook his head with a self-deprecating smile, stepped on the gas again, and resumed driving.

Forget it. Don't think about it.

He reminded himself of his earlier decision: never act like those reckless American teenagers in horror movies. Curiosity kills. Sometimes, ignorance really is bliss.

Back at the Duncan house, things were as lively as ever.

To his sister Teddy, he was a rogue—practically a big bad wolf. But in his parents' eyes, he was the pride of the Duncan family, as innocent as a bunny.

Adam, however, saw himself differently: a trembling big bad wolf.

After last night, his high school days were officially over. After summer break, Adam would begin his life at Columbia University. But for now, his priority remained: writing **Lord of the Mysteries**.

Reading. Writing.

Reading. Writing.

Reading. Writing.

Adam devoted himself entirely to these tasks. The two-month summer break flew by.

During this time, friends came to visit him.

Sheldon was still the same, just as annoying as ever.

Peggy didn't come, though. According to Sheldon, she had dived deep into the world of mathematics, standing at the top of the academic food chain. She had even taken an interest in the Millennium Prize Problems, especially the Navier–Stokes existence and smoothness problem.

Adam believed that with Peggy's exceptional intelligence, she might one day solve this long-standing challenge and claim the Fields Medal—the highest honor in mathematics.

The most frequent visitors, however, were Juno and Karen.

Karen had become much more cheerful and less hostile toward Adam, though she still didn't hold back her sharp tongue.

Juno remained calm and composed. After reading **Lord of the Mysteries**, she gave it high praise and became an avid fan, much to Adam's dismay.

Whenever Juno was unhappy with his writing speed, she and Karen would stand silently on either side of his desk, smiling as they watched him type.

Under the lamplight, two tall shadows flanked a small, helpless figure...

Compared to this, receiving threatening letters from readers urging updates seemed trivial.

Thus, Adam's plan to write half of the first volume during summer break changed entirely.

"They saw a clown, painted in red, yellow, and white, juggling tennis balls in the air. As the audience's attention was drawn skyward, the clown magically produced a bouquet of Sevilla chrysanthemums—golden flowers symbolizing joy.

The bouquet was handed to Melissa and Benson. The clown, with his brightly painted face, grinned with an exaggerated, comical smile.

Volume One: End."

Adam typed the final word and leaned back, exhausted. After two months of daily updates, he felt like crying but forced a clown-like smile for Juno and Karen.

It was a happy smile. An exaggerated smile. A comical smile.

Summer break was finally over.

The endless demands for updates were finally behind him.

A new chapter in life was about to begin.