

TV Show 62

Chapter 62: I've Only Seen This Kind of Scene in Novels

****Bar.****

After making a bet with the overly competitive Monica, Adam lingered for a bit before decisively leaving.

You can't gain weight from just one meal.

The scenes in movies and TV shows aren't continuous either—many take place over weeks, months, or even years.

Adam never expected to become friends with Monica and her group after just one meeting. Columbia University wasn't far from here, and he had plenty of time. Being too eager could sometimes backfire.

****Columbia University.****

****Student Dormitory.****

****Room 110.****

Ted and Matthew were each holding a game controller, button-mashing furiously while chatting.

Matthew leaned to one side, dragging out his words flirtatiously, "Dude, a hot little brunette passed by here this morning. You've got a pretty good chance with her~"

"Nice!"

Ted glanced at Matthew and nodded in admiration.

"Right?!"

Matthew grinned smugly.

"But not as impressive as Adam next door."

Ted casually added, "Did you see his date at the welcome party? Now that's a perfect woman! And you know what? Adam only got back this morning. That's the real deal! I wish I could learn a few tricks from him."

"Damn, now I'm tempted."

Matthew thought back to Nora from the night before. Suddenly, the brunette from this morning didn't seem as appealing.

"Come on, man, don't you already have the brunette?"

Ted laughed.

"Please."

Matthew scoffed. "That was just me testing the waters. You don't actually think I'm gonna fall for her and stick with just one girl forever, do you? It's just for fun!"

"True."

Ted thought about it and laughed as well.

Meeting your first girl in college, falling in love, and staying together for life? Yeah, right!

After playing for a while, Matthew checked the time, changed his clothes, fist-bumped Ted, and left excitedly to go see his brunette.

Ted played solo for a bit longer, but the aftermath of last night's partying was still lingering. Feeling drowsy, he turned off the console, climbed onto the top bunk, and decided to sleep early.

Near midnight, something startled him awake.

"Whoa, Matthew~!"

Ted peeked down from his bed and instantly understood everything, groaning in frustration.

Through the laughter, Matthew's head popped up. "Sorry, Ted, did we wake you?"

"Dude!"

Ted complained, clearly annoyed.

"Heh, my bad."

Matthew scratched his head, then suddenly remembered something. He ducked down, fumbled around, and came back up holding a Walkman. Under Ted's exasperated gaze, he handed it over. "Here, my Walkman. You can listen to whatever you want. Heh."

Before Ted could respond, Matthew disappeared again.

Ted's mouth twitched as he thought, *Damn it, why don't they just get a room?* But with no choice, he stuffed the earbuds in, cranked up the volume, and stared blankly at the ceiling.

They were all broke college students—who had money for a hotel?

Saving money wherever possible led to scenarios that only seemed to exist in Eastern web novels...

Of course, this wasn't the norm. No one could endure this regularly.

Usually, the roommate would just go out for a while. After having fun, the girl would leave—no overnight stays.

Clearly, Matthew and Ted were just inexperienced.

Lying in the top bunk, Ted couldn't defy the laws of physics. Even with music blasting in his ears, sleep refused to come.

Earlier, he had caught a glimpse of the girl Matthew had brought back. To his shock, she was the same unreasonable, sharp-tongued girl he had hooked up with at the welcome party. Realizing this, he cursed under his breath, "Holy shit!"

****The Next Morning.****

When Adam returned to grab his books before heading to class, Ted blocked him at the door.

"Damn, another night out?"

Ted, his eyes bloodshot, looked at Adam with envy, jealousy, and resentment.

"Heh."

Adam just smiled without saying anything.

"Dude, do me a favor?"

Ted suddenly remembered why he was there and pleaded, "Can I crash at your place tonight?"

"Why?"

Adam asked, curious.

Ted sighed and explained last night's bizarre situation. Then, after checking the hallway, he leaned in and whispered, "And you know what? The girl Matthew hooked up with last night... was the same girl I messed around with at the welcome party! But don't tell Matthew."

"Are you sure?"

Adam teased, "Didn't I tell you? The girl you hooked up with was actually a 300-pound Sailor Moon cosplayer."

"Cut the crap, I'm serious!"

Ted snapped.

Right now, he couldn't handle any jokes about 300-pound Sailor Moon or hairy guys.

"I'm not joking."

Adam said matter-of-factly. "What I mean is, you were probably just too drunk and imagined it."

"No way!"

Ted shook his head firmly. "I might've forgotten some parts, but I clearly remember that the girl I was with was the same one Matthew brought back last night!"

"Heh."

Adam smirked and suggested, "Let's consider another possibility. Maybe you did hook up with a girl that night, and maybe you did see Matthew's girl later. But what if they were two different people who just happened to be wearing the same outfit at the welcome party?"

And because you were out of it, you couldn't remember her face clearly. Then last night, when you saw Matthew and his girl in the middle of... well, that, the shock made your brain replace the vague memory of your hookup with her face. Sound plausible?"

"No way..."

Ted was dumbfounded. But the more he thought about it, the more possible it seemed.

"That proves one thing."

Adam patted Ted's shoulder and grinned. "Stop drinking so much. One day, you might wake up next to an actual 300-pound Sailor Moon or a hairy dude, and you won't even have the strength to escape."

Ted: "..."

That Afternoon.

After class, Adam took the revised contract to Random House.

That's right!

Jack Surf had claimed it was a standard contract, and while it did include everything they had agreed upon, Adam's lawyer still found several sneaky, nasty loopholes.

Adam cursed the dishonesty of business while also grumbling about how ridiculously expensive lawyers were.

Jack Surf, ever the businessman, barely reacted when he saw Adam's revised contract. He simply instructed his secretary to print out two fresh copies.

Adam triple-checked everything before finally signing his name.

"Pleasure doing business."

Jack extended his hand with a smile.

Adam shook it, grinning like an actor. "Pleasure doing business."

Acting? He could do that too.