

TV Show 671

Chapter 671: "Teacher Duncan, Don't Do This!"

One week later.

At the medical center.

"I like Martin Channing!" Cristina shouted energetically in the locker room. 😊

"Keep it down a bit," Adam warned her. "Don't keep saying that so loud, or the chief might overhear. He's already taken a big hit from this."

"The chief's not that petty," Cristina replied, brushing it off. "He was an intern like us once. If he were in my shoes back then, he'd feel the same way I do now. I'm his intern—he should be thrilled about that!"



Adam started changing, not saying much more. Honestly, though it wasn't exactly ideal, he'd been pretty happy this past week too. Thanks to the Channing scam, he'd been swamped every day—busy in a good way. At least five surgeries a day! In just one week, he'd earned nearly half a year's worth of lifespan. Even Dr. Burke and the others were giving him weird looks. 🤔

In most cardiothoracic surgeries, Adam wasn't just skilled—he was fast. Crazy fast. While Adam finished three surgeries, Dr. Burke could only manage two. Back in the day, Burke used to pride himself on his hard work. At Johns Hopkins, he wasn't the most naturally gifted, but his relentless effort always landed him at the top of the class. He graduated first, firmly believing that hard work trumped talent.

But now, watching Adam? He wasn't so sure anymore. Burke was at his peak, yet Adam had effortlessly left him in the dust. And as Adam kept growing, that gap was only going to widen. It left Burke muttering to himself, "Damn this ridiculous talent!" 🤯

Once Adam and Cristina finished getting ready, they hurried to the wards, hoping it'd be like yesterday—rooms packed with patients. But to their disappointment, after a week of chaos from the Channing scam, things had calmed down. The heart attack cases triggered by the scam? They'd already peaked—some people had multiple episodes by now. The storm had passed, though the ripples would linger for years.

Seeing this, Adam quickly shrugged it off and headed to the ER. "Dr. Montgomery," he greeted, spotting her standing outside.

"Adam," she replied, her tone flat. She'd lost some weight, and it was clear the Hell Town mess—cooked up single-handedly by Elliot Deacon—had hit her hard. Still, she didn't blame Adam. He'd uncovered that monster while saving a friend, indirectly sparing her too. After the initial shock, she'd pulled herself together. Her cold demeanor wasn't aimed at him—it was just her default now, for everyone.

Just then, an ambulance rolled up. "What's the situation?" Adam asked.

"Noelle Labatt, 28, 32 weeks pregnant with twins," the paramedic explained. "Transferred from another hospital. One's growing a lot slower than the other."

"Interesting," Adam said, his eyes lighting up. That was rare! 😊

"Let's go together," Dr. Montgomery said, knowing he'd be hooked.

"Cool," Adam nodded.

"Greeley Standen," a twenty-something African-American guy introduced himself, hovering near the stretcher. "This is my fiancée, the future Mrs. Standen."

"Greeley, you're the only one obsessed with whether we're married or not," Noelle teased, then looked at Dr. Montgomery. "Doctor, Dr. Tyson said my case is serious. I need a specialist."

Dr. Montgomery flipped through the chart and gasped, "You have two uteruses?"

"Uh, yeah," Noelle admitted, a little shy.

"Adam, do a full checkup on her first," Dr. Montgomery instructed.

"Got it," Adam said with a grin. Two uteruses? That's not something you see every day! 😬

Sure enough, it didn't take long for a crowd of staff to gather and peek in. Adam ran all the tests, then called Dr. Montgomery over. Outside the room, nurses and doctors lingered, sneaking glances inside.

"He pushes past the cornerback, he's at the 30-yard line, the 20, the 10—touchdown!" Inside, Greeley was rubbing Noelle's belly, giving the babies a football-style pep talk.

Emmm. Football prenatal education? In a drama world, that's peak African-American vibes. 🏈

"Greeley, Noelle, I've got good news," Dr. Montgomery said with a professional smile. "Both babies are healthy. But due to a very unique reason, they're different sizes. Tests show they've got different due dates."

"Here's the deal," Adam chimed in. "The bigger one's a boy, conceived about six weeks earlier than the girl."

"OMG!" Greeley froze. "Wait, that doesn't add up."

Adam was about to explain that it's totally possible, but then he noticed Noelle's face shift. And suddenly, it clicked.

"It's very likely," Dr. Montgomery said, still oblivious. "Our tests are spot-on."

"But we were broken up back then," Greeley cut in, dropping the bombshell. "She was pregnant, I wanted to marry her, but she didn't. I gave her an ultimatum, she said no, and she left. We didn't even talk for six weeks after that—let alone get her pregnant."

Dr. Montgomery went silent. This wasn't a medical issue anymore.

"I'm sorry, Greeley," Noelle sobbed.

It all made sense now.

"Oh, so I didn't get her pregnant," Greeley muttered, piecing it together.

"I'm so sorry," Noelle cried harder.

"I can't believe you did this to me," Greeley said, giving her one last look before walking out.

"Don't go!" Noelle screamed, wincing in pain. "Ahh!"

"She's hyperventilating, and the fetal heart rate's dropping," Adam warned. "Lie back, take deep breaths!"

"Noelle, any cramps, contractions, or pressure?" Dr. Montgomery asked, holding her steady.

"I can't do this without him," Noelle whimpered. She was clearly having contractions but didn't want to face it alone.

"Adam, go get him back," Dr. Montgomery ordered.

"On it," Adam said, sprinting after Greeley. But no matter how much he pleaded, the guy was done—stone-cold and set on leaving. Adam gave up on dragging him back by force.

"Where is he?" Dr. Montgomery asked, annoyed when Adam returned solo.

"He's not coming back," Adam said, stepping in to help calm Noelle. "Noelle, who's the girl's dad? Maybe we can call him to be here with you?"

Dr. Montgomery shot him a weird look. The daughter was obviously a one-night-stand surprise—good luck finding that dad!

"Ahh!" Noelle yelped in pain, then—to both Adam and Dr. Montgomery's shock—blurted out a name.

Dr. Montgomery was floored that Noelle actually remembered the guy and wanted him there. But Adam? He was stunned because the name she dropped was someone he knew.

It took him back to when Barney swore he and African-American James were brothers—Adam hadn't believed a word. But now, a famous scene from his past life flashed through his mind. Only this time, he was the clueless one in the spotlight.

"Teacher Duncan, don't do this, don't do this, Teacher Duncan..." 😬

Chapter 672: Happiness Will Surely Knock on Your Door

Medical Center

"Where's the phone?" Dr. Montgomery pressed.

How are we supposed to contact anyone without a phone?

"It's on my phone..." the pregnant woman, Noor, groaned through her pain.

"No need to look for it," Adam said with a wry smile, mentally kicking himself. "I know him. I'll call him."

"You know him?" Dr. Montgomery and Noor both turned to him at the same time.

"He's my friend," Adam said, flashing an awkward grin. He pulled out his phone, dialed Joey, explained the situation, and told him to haul ass over here ASAP.

Yep, you heard that right! The father of this baby girl—born six weeks apart from her sibling of a different skin tone—was none other than the infamous Joey Tribbiani! 😊

"Joey's on his way. Relax, just relax," Adam reassured.

"Damn it, she's going into premature labor," Dr. Montgomery said. "We need to do an emergency C-section right now and stop the other delivery."

"What?!" Noor cried out, her voice trembling with fear.

"Don't worry, everything's gonna be fine," Adam said, looking at her gently. "We need to operate now, though—we can't wait for Joey. But I promise, when you open your eyes, Joey will be right there."

"You promise?" Noor shouted, desperation in her voice.

"I promise!" Adam said firmly.

This whole mess was Joey's doing, so he'd better crawl over here if he had to.

"Okay," Noor nodded, wincing in pain.

"Get her to the OR immediately," Dr. Montgomery ordered.

This ultra-rare surgery drew a crowd of doctors to observe. As Adam and the team scrubbed in downstairs, the viewing gallery upstairs was already packed.

"Damn it!" Cristina muttered, glaring down at Adam with envy. "Gynecology, pediatrics—this kind of rare case just falls into Adam's lap. I should've gotten closer to Dr. Montgomery."

"No point," George said bluntly. "You're Meredith's bestie. She'd never warm up to you."

"This is all your fault," Cristina grumbled, nudging Meredith with her shoulder. "You owe me for this—several surgeries' worth!"

Meredith just rolled her eyes, not in the mood to talk. Ever since she'd painfully turned down sweet Finn and gone back to being single, Dr. Shepherd—who should've come after her—hadn't made a move. It felt like she'd lost billions, leaving her hollow and bitter.

Surgery in Progress

When they opened Noor's abdomen, revealing two connected uteruses, the doctors in the upstairs gallery couldn't help but lean forward in awe. Even the anesthesiologist and nurses in the OR mirrored the motion.

"This is incredible," Adam said, genuinely amazed.

"Yeah," Dr. Montgomery replied, having only seen this once before. "I'm going to cut now, Adam. Move the top uterus aside so I can reach the one below."

"Got it," Adam nodded.

"We all know you're good," Dr. Montgomery added, "but I've got to say it: when you're holding uterus number two, I'll have exactly 120 seconds to get baby number one out of uterus number one. If you so much as hiccup and move, it could tear the uterine wall and kill the kid."

"I know, don't worry," Adam said confidently.

"Okay, I trust you," Dr. Montgomery said, giving him a quick look.

The surgery continued. The premature boy was delivered smoothly.

"Adam, I'm going to make an incision in uterus number two. Make sure it doesn't move," Dr. Montgomery instructed.

"Alright... wait," Adam said, suddenly feeling the second uterus trembling in his hands. "It's shaking."

"I need it still," Dr. Montgomery shot him a glance.

"Hang on," Adam said. He didn't want to grip it too hard and risk hurting it, so he tried talking instead. "Hey, little one, I'm your Uncle Adam—your dad's best buddy. Crazy that we're meeting like this, huh? 😊 I know you're scared, but don't be. Uncle Adam's here with you, keeping you safe. No one's gonna hurt you. You can just relax and sleep..."

As Adam spoke, the trembling second uterus gradually calmed down. He gave Dr. Montgomery a nod.

"Nice work, Dr. Duncan," Dr. Montgomery said with a half-laugh, half-cry as she finished the final stitches.

"Pfft!" Up in the gallery, a bunch of people burst out laughing at the sight.

Weird stuff always seemed to happen around Dr. Duncan! 😊

Surgery Over

When Adam stepped out of the OR, there was Joey, standing there looking totally lost.

"How'd it go, Adam?" he asked.

"Went great," Adam said, his face darkening. "We not only delivered your son smoothly, but we also calmed down your terrified daughter who was trying to come out early."

"Son... daughter..." Joey mumbled, his face scrunching up. "What the hell's going on?"

Over the phone, Adam had kept it short and sweet, just telling Joey to get over here to see his kid.

"You don't know the mess you made?" Adam said with a cold laugh. "Chandler and Monica are about to have a baby, Ross and Rachel's kid is almost walking, Phoebe and Mike are getting married soon, and you're still the same old Joey?"

"It's not my fault!" Joey whined. "This was six months ago—I wasn't in the right headspace back then. Noor said she was pregnant and it was totally safe, no need for protection. How was I supposed to know this would happen? You sure there's no mistake?"

"You got lucky," Adam said, softening a bit. Joey had changed a lot in the last six months, so it didn't feel fair to keep harping on old mistakes. He chuckled. "You've got a daughter now. I was just talking to her in there."

"..." Joey blinked, confused. "My daughter hasn't been born yet, right?"

"Not yet," Adam grinned. "But she could feel what I was saying, and she listened. She's gonna be a sweet little angel, I bet. You really lucked out, man."

"Yeah?" Joey's face lit up with a goofy smile.

Last time he'd met those sisters who used his "gold," he'd felt a weird connection to their twins. If they hadn't been so far from his type, he might've pursued one of them just to give the kids a full family. Honestly, watching his friends settle down and have kids—plus that whole Barney poisoning scare—had him rethinking his player days as he neared forty. But finding "the one" wasn't exactly something you could just snap your fingers and do.

"I'm gonna propose to Noor," Joey suddenly declared.

"You sure about that?" Adam frowned. "Noor's not like Monica, Rachel, or Phoebe. Maybe think it over. Being a dad doesn't mean you have to marry her."

This Noor had rejected her boyfriend's proposal, then hooked up with Joey while pregnant—risking the baby—then went back to her ex and accepted his proposal. She didn't exactly scream "reliable."

"I'm sure," Joey said, caught up in his own sentimentality. "I want to give my daughter a real family!"

"Hold up, don't rush into it," Adam said, skeptical about him and Noor. "Talk it over with everyone first. Plus, what if Noor's fiancé comes around and wants her back? That boy's his, you know. You don't want happiness knocking on your door just to mess it up, right?"

Joey: "..."

Chapter 673: "Which One of Us Is the Real Family?"

At the medical center.

"Stop overthinking it. Come with me," Adam said, clapping Joey on the shoulder.

"Where to?" Joey asked.

"To meet your son," Adam replied with a playful grin. "If you end up proposing successfully, you won't just be your daughter's dad—you'll be this boy's dad too. It's a big deal, so you've gotta meet him before you make any serious decisions, right?" 😊

"Yeah, fair point," Joey nodded.

In the neonatal ICU.

"Which one? Which one?" Joey peered through the glass, buzzing with excitement. He pointed at the cutest baby he could spot. "Adam, is it him?"

"Nope," Adam said, holding back a laugh.

Joey clearly had no clue about Noelle's boyfriend situation. He pointed at a few more adorable babies, but Adam shot each guess down with a merciless shake of his head.

"I give up. Just tell me already," Joey said, losing the energy to keep guessing. With so many kids in there, how was he supposed to know which one it was? 😊

"Alright, brace yourself," Adam said, turning serious. "Follow my finger—that's your future baby boy!"

"..." Joey followed Adam's point, and his jaw dropped. He blinked, then turned back to Adam with that classic Joey sideways smirk. "You're messing with me, right?"

"I wish I was," Adam said with a shrug.

"But... how am I supposed to answer his questions later?" Joey whined, mimicking his future stepson. "Daddy, Daddy, why don't me and my sister look alike? One's Black, one's white!"

"Easy peasy," Adam waved it off. "If it comes to that, just tell him when his mom was pregnant with him and his sister, she ate too much ice cream. First chocolate, then vanilla. Problem solved!" 🍦

"Stop joking around," Joey groaned. "Would that even work?"

"It'll probably fool him until he's six," Adam said, deadpan. "After that, up to ten, you can say it's one of those mysteries kids don't get—like their homework. Keeps 'em guessing."

"And after ten?" Joey pressed.

"Even simpler," Adam laughed. "If he's still asking at that point, just shut it down. Say, 'Stop asking, kid, 'cause that question's tied to discrimination. Whoever asks it is a racist!' Boom—problem gone for good!" 🤖

"Huh... that's actually kinda smart," Joey said, eyes lighting up. "You think it'll stick?"

"Trust me," Adam grinned. "It's field-tested. You know Barney Stinson, right? Your arch-nemesis? He's got an African-American brother, James, and their mom fed them that line growing up. They still swear they're blood brothers—never doubted it once."

"What?!" Joey yelled, whipping his head back to stare at the African-American baby behind the glass. "No way! I am not raising a Barney Stinson! And my daughter's not having a brother like that!" 😬

"That's why I said think it over," Adam said, seizing the moment. "This proposal thing? I'm calling an intervention. We need to sit down and talk this out with everyone."

He wasn't sold on Noelle at all. The friend group had such a solid vibe—there was no way he'd let some random, scheming, cheating chick swoop in and mess it up. And honestly, this wasn't even his fault for ~~穿越~~-ing and causing a butterfly effect. This was fate (or the writers). This was life.

In his past life, the Friends writers had apologized—tears and all—for not including an African-American character in the main six, even a decade after the show ended. Then there were rumors of a reunion reboot. Put those two together, and you've got a clear red line: this time, they'd have to add a key Black character.

In the Friends crew: Monica and Chandler adopted two white kids and were living happily in the suburbs. Ross and Rachel had Emma and were finally back together—fan-favorite ending. Phoebe found Mike, making everyone who'd rooted for her sigh in relief. Those five? Not the best fit for a major Black character introduction.

That left Joey, the only one still single by the end.

So how do you bring it in? A love interest? They'd tried that with Joey and Ross's shared Black girlfriend—didn't exactly hit the mark. What's more "correct" than Joey accidentally becoming the dad to an African-American boy and pouring his heart into it? Add in the once-in-a-century twist of twins from two uteruses, some juicy drama, conflict, heartfelt resolution, and a warm, fuzzy payoff—talk about a gimmick with legs! 😊

If the writers had real-life inspiration and poured genuine emotion into it, it could touch a lot of hearts. Emmm. Maybe. Or it'd just get roasted to death. But that's comedy—making everyone crack up like crazy, right? 😊

So no, Adam couldn't take the blame for this butterfly effect turning Joey into the ultimate step-up legend. Joey was doomed to this plot twist either way. Single, no steady partner, never married—sorry, bud, this one's on you.

"Okay, enough about that for now," Adam said, patting a mopey Joey on the back with a smile. "Let's head to the ward. I promised Noelle you'd be there when she wakes up—I can't break my word."

After dropping Joey off at the ward and making sure he'd stay put, Adam stepped out.

"Chandler," Adam called, dialing him up and filling him in. "Monica's due for another checkup soon anyway. Bring her over—we'll do that first, then sit Joey down for a proper talk."

"Sounds good," Chandler agreed without hesitation. Joey's life choices mattered to him too.

Adam shot off calls to Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe next.

"What the heck?!" Monica exclaimed when she waddled in, belly out, with Chandler fussing over her like a nervous wreck. She spotted Adam and let out a shocked yelp. "I thought I was the second one in our group to get pregnant. How'd Joey zoom past me in the blink of an eye?!" 😳

"Nah, relax," Adam said, laughing. "Joey's daughter is only 26 weeks along, and you're at 30. You're still number two! No way a single guy like Joey's jumping the line over you."

"Phew, good," Monica said, rubbing her belly with a smug grin. "Hear that, son? You're gonna be the big brother of the crew—the first boy!"

"Monica!" Ross, who'd just rushed in, overheard and bugged out. "What do you mean 'first boy'? Did you forget Ben? Ben's the first, hello!" 😏

Monica froze.

"Don't jump on her!" Adam shot back at Ross. "She's pregnant—memory slips are normal. Plus, she's not wrong. Ben's your kid, sure, but you're barely around him. How often do you even see him? It's fair he doesn't count in our little circle."

Ross: "..."

So which one of us is the real brother here?

Chapter 674: The Family Values of a Top-Tier Player

Medical Center

"Adam, Ben calls you 'uncle' too," Ross said, clearly annoyed. "You can't play favorites like that."

"No way, no way," Adam said, waving it off with a grin.

Hmm... Everyone who calls him "uncle" gets the same treatment. But Chandler and Monica's son? That little guy calls him godfather. So, yeah, don't blame him for showing a little bias there! 😊

"How's that playing favorites?" Monica chimed in, catching on quick. She rubbed her belly with a smug smile. "My son's gonna be calling him Adam Bing! That's a whole different level, right?"

"..." Ross had no comeback for that.

Adam, meanwhile, twitched his lips. Here it comes. The moment I've been dreading.

That damn naming tradition was seriously getting under his skin.

Yep, you heard it right! Chandler and Monica's kid—a boy—was named Adam Bing the second they confirmed the gender. No hesitation from his proud parents.

As for the original timeline's adopted twins, Jack and Erica? Well, Chandler and Monica didn't need to adopt this time around, so they never met that ditzy pregnant girl named Erica. No need to thank her by naming a daughter after her. And Jack—named after Monica's dad—was now relegated to a middle name. So, the full name? Adam Jack Bing!

In a lot of American shows, parents usually don't want to know the baby's gender ahead of time. It's partly to show they're cool with either a boy or a girl, and partly to keep the surprise (gotta love a good cliffhanger). But there are always exceptions.

Take *The Big Bang Theory*—Rajesh, the overly eager third wheel, couldn't help himself when Bernadette was pregnant. He snuck into the doctor's office, peeked at her ultrasound results, and "casually" checked the gender. When the actual parents found out, they lost it. The idea that they didn't know but Rajesh did? Total buzzkill—no surprise left.

With Chandler and Monica's kid, though, Adam was there for every ultrasound, assisting Dr. Montgomery. There was no hiding the gender from him. And once Monica and Chandler realized Adam knew, they figured there was no point in playing the "let's not ask" game. Plus, they genuinely didn't care if it was a boy or a girl. This baby, tied to them by blood, was a hard-won miracle—like a gift from above. Gender? Who cares!

Besides, they figured if they had one, they could always have another. Monica was dead-set on "driving dangerously" while she was still young—popping out as many kids as she could. Even though Chandler was already swamped with work and taking care of her during the pregnancy, she still made him get up early to exercise. No good stamina, no speed, no "danger"—and that just wouldn't do! 😊

With little Adam growing in her belly, Monica had bumped Chandler down to second place in her heart. Ross's son Ben? He didn't even stand a chance. Sure, Aunt Monica adored her nephew Ben, but don't ask her to pick between him and little Adam. That's a no-contest!

VIP Ward

Adam brought Monica and the crew over, then started Monica's ultrasound checkup.

"The little guy's super healthy," Adam said with a smile. "But, Monica, you've gotta watch your diet. Stick to the plan we made—balanced nutrition, nothing overboard. If he gets too big, natural delivery could get risky."

"That's what I'm worried about," Chandler said, wrapping an arm around Monica's side. "Her appetite's through the roof lately, and it's tough to rein in. Adam, you know her track record."

"We've got to keep it under control," Adam insisted. "Monica, I get it—this is hard for you. But it's all for your safety and the baby's. You've gotta hold back."

"I'll try!" Monica said, her face twisting like she was already dreading the struggle.

She'd been super overweight before, and once she started eating, that greedy snake inside her took over—she couldn't stop. Not good for her or the baby.

"Moms are tough as nails. I know you've got this," Adam said encouragingly, shooting Chandler a sneaky wink. Keep an eye on her, man. If she slips, let me know ASAP—we'll handle it.

Chandler gave a subtle nod. Message received.

"You guys hang here for a sec. I'm gonna grab Dr. Montgomery," Adam said with a grin. "You know me—just an intern. Better let the top doc double-check."

Monica and Chandler chuckled. They trusted Adam completely—both their bond and his skills. They knew he cared about this baby as much as they did. Even though he was more than capable, he always insisted on getting Dr. Montgomery's confirmation after his assessments. Double insurance—classic Adam! 😊

As Adam headed off to find Dr. Montgomery, he spotted her from a distance, being pulled aside by a tall, elegant woman. He paused, figuring he'd wait till they were done. His sharper-than-average hearing picked up their not-so-hushed conversation.

"Addison, come back. You and Derek are the ones who belong together," the woman said.

"Nancy, you know that's not possible anymore," Dr. Montgomery replied.

"Come on! Sure, you cheated on Derek, but it was with Mark. What'd you expect from him? Who hasn't had a fling with Mark? It's no big deal—it's practically a rite of passage."

"Nancy, don't you dare say that to Derek. He'd blow a gasket and disown you as his sister."

"..."

Adam's lips twitched as he overheard this. He silently mourned for Dr. Shepherd for a solid three seconds. This sister of his, Nancy, was dropping bombs left and right! If he remembered right, Dr. Shepherd had four sisters and was the only boy in the family. That jogged a memory—Owen Lee, a guy from high school. Owen's first clash with a football player came when the guy's girlfriend dumped him after getting cozy with Owen, citing "it's not working, no sparks." Before the jock could even process it, his own sister clued him in with the brutal truth. Ouch.

Clearly, this Mark Sloan was cut from the same cloth as Owen Lee—a total player, leaving no one untouched. Adam couldn't help but wonder if Dr. Shepherd regretted not punching Mark harder that one time. Knowing this, it made sense why Mark could sleep with his best friend's wife and still have the gall to say, "Hey, you've vented, now forgive me—we're family!" Four sisters, all tangled up with Mark? That made him Dr. Shepherd's quadruple brother-in-law-by-convenience. In Mark's mind, they were inseparable family. Flawless logic, right? 😊

Chapter 675: A Call from MAX

At the medical center.

The conversation, dripping with subtext, was still going strong.

"Addison, you're not serious, are you?" Nancy Shepherd asked, giving Dr. Montgomery a weird look. "You don't actually think Mark came here just for you, right? He slept with his tennis partner's wife, and word is the guy went to buy a gun. Mark's only here to dodge the fallout." 🙄

"Is that so?" Dr. Montgomery replied coolly. "If that's his plan, then I can only feel sorry for him. In Boston, you sleep with someone's wife, they go buy a gun, and you still have time to run and hide. In New York? You sleep with someone's wife, and before you even realize you're busted, they're already at your door with a gun, ready to blast your troublemaker to bits. Nancy, you're a doctor too—don't tell me you've forgotten last year's disaster here at the center?" 😊

"..." Nancy had no comeback.

She was a seasoned player herself, so she didn't judge guys like Mark. They were all just tools to each other—who was really playing who? Still, she couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy. When the rabbit dies, the fox mourns, right? If a guy gets his junk shot off for cheating, what about a woman who does the same? Is it just because she's bold and charismatic, charming both the husband and the scorned wife? No chance she'd run into a ruthless, no-nonsense wife herself? Dream on—unless that wife's secretly into her too. 😊

"No need to say more. Derek's done. Mark's done. My love life? Officially dead," Dr. Montgomery said with a wistful sigh.

Nancy didn't push it further. They said their goodbyes.

Adam stepped up. "Dr. Montgomery."

"Adam, is something wrong with Noelle?" Her eyes sharpened.

"Nope," Adam said with a smile. "She's fine. My good friend Monica's here for a prenatal checkup, and I was hoping you could take a look, make sure the baby's all good."

"Sure," Dr. Montgomery nodded, smiling back. "Your friends are lucky to have you."

"That's what good friends are for," Adam grinned.

He led her over to Monica, who got checked out—everything was perfect, naturally. Everyone was thrilled. 😊

"Where's Joey?" Monica asked after the exam, finally remembering the day's main event.

"Follow me," Adam said, guiding them over.

In the ward, Joey sat by Noelle's bedside, gazing at her belly with a goofy, happy look. Adam popped in to check on things, then left Monica and the gang to chat with Joey and Noelle. They needed to meet her properly before the intervention tonight.


Night fell.

In Adam's hospital office, everyone gathered—minus Joey.

"Adam, is this really necessary?" Chandler hesitated. "Noelle didn't seem that bad to me."

"Don't judge a book by its cover—or a person by their face," Adam warned. "You think her actions are acceptable?"

"No way," Monica shook her head. "But she's pregnant with Joey's daughter. Are we really going to split them up and leave his kid without a full family from day one?"

"Does a 'full family' automatically mean a happy one?" Adam countered. "Not always—it depends. Noelle didn't want the kid after getting pregnant. She didn't just turn down the dad's proposal—she dumped him. Then, ignoring the baby in her belly, she hooked up with Joey right away, telling him not to worry and to just go for it. Does that sound like a solid mom to you?" 

"Maybe she'll change," Monica said, softer now. "Once she's actually a mother, it might be different. It's a physical thing—motherhood can kick in and take over."

"Maybe," Adam nodded. "But plenty of moms never develop that instinct. If Joey ends up with a mother like that, have you thought about what he's in for?"

"Little Adam, don't worry—Mommy loves you the most," Monica cooed, rubbing her belly before shrugging. "Whatever, I'm out. I can't hear this stuff—my little Adam's gotta grow up healthy and happy, no dark vibes allowed."

"Sorry, my bad," Adam chuckled. "Monica, I'll get someone to walk with you—take a stroll, get some air."

He called over a nurse to accompany Monica for a little exercise, while he stayed with Chandler, Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe to keep hashing it out.

"She's only 26 weeks along, right? That's about 16 weeks left—four months," Rachel pointed out. "Let them hang out for a bit. If it works, then they can get married."

"It's more than 16 weeks," Adam added. "Kids don't form lasting memories before three, so Joey's got plenty of time. If Noelle's got issues, they'll show up in day-to-day life over that stretch."

Not everyone's a Sheldon, remembering every detail. No lasting memories, no trauma from a "broken home" either.

"Right!" The group perked up. "Joey's got all the time in the world."

"So our job now is to keep Joey from rushing in," Adam summed up. "He doesn't need to feel like he has to step up just because she's pregnant with his daughter. He can wait it out."

In a pure sitcom world, Adam wouldn't bother with all this. Joey wants to marry her? Go for it—flash weddings and divorces are par for the course. But this was a mixed drama universe, full of twisted characters. What if Noelle turned out to be some psycho like Huan Huan? If Joey married her, he might not even make it to the divorce—he'd just be gone. No joke. Joey's a known soap star with a decent chunk of cash. Where there's money, there's motive. Adam wasn't about to let Joey get hurt.

Even without marriage, if Noelle was a real snake, Joey was still at risk. If he died, her daughter would inherit everything, and as the guardian, Noelle would get her hands on it too—just with extra paperwork. That's the curse of reckless sowing—you never know what kind of ruthless person you'll

tangle with. And once they've got your bloodline, good luck shaking them off. Claiming impotence won't even save you! 😊

After getting everyone on the same page, Joey walked in—to a wall of unified, cautionary stares. He'd already been waffling about how to deal with his future stepson situation, and now, with the whole crew piling on, his urge to propose vanished. They settled on "let's see how it goes."

Adam told Rachel and Phoebe to keep an eye on Noelle, quietly sizing her up. Later, when Juno swung by, he'd have her take a look too. If Juno gave the green light, cool. If not, they'd do their best to stop it. And if Joey wouldn't listen? Well, that'd be that. Joey wasn't Chandler—Adam could only do so much, not go all out.

As the intervention wrapped up, Adam's phone rang. He told Chandler and the others to keep talking, stepped outside with a mysterious smirk, took a deep breath, and answered. "MAX?" 😊

Chapter 676: MAX's Proposal

Medical Center

Adam picked up a call from MAX and instantly slipped into drama-queen mode. Why? No clue! Sometimes he just got inexplicably giddy and felt like flexing his acting chops. Maybe that's just life, huh? 😊

"Adam, you remember Caroline Channing?" MAX asked over the line.

"Caroline Channing?" Adam played dumb, pausing for a few seconds. "Ohhh, you mean that Channing family heiress?"

"..." MAX smirked on the other end. She knew Adam way too well—knew exactly what kind of vibe he was going for—so she didn't call him out just yet.

"Yeah, that's her."

"What's up with her?" Adam asked, still feigning total ignorance.

"Her dad scammed half of New York out of their money and just got locked up," MAX said, barely holding back an eye roll as she humored him. "Caroline's got nothing left now. She went to her boyfriend—well, ex-boyfriend now—and her five besties, but not a single one would give her the time of day. I found her crying in a corner, totally helpless."

"And then?" Adam gasped, all theatrical. "You didn't take her home with you, did you?" His tone shifted to a mock-resigned sigh. "Oh, wait, of course you did. You're such a big softie—can't resist helping a stray cat or dog, let alone a real live person."

MAX's lips twitched into a grin. Since Adam called her a "big softie," she decided to play along a little longer. "Yeah, I couldn't just let her crash and burn, right? Her dad's the crook—she didn't know anything about it. I can tell she's still a good person."

"So what's her plan now?" Adam asked.

"She says she can't get into any of her field's top jobs," MAX explained. "Everyone hates or fears the Channing name too much to hire her. After the whole ex-boyfriend and bestie mess, she's done dreaming. Doesn't want to humiliate herself anymore. So, she's looking for whatever work she can get. But she's been a princess her whole life—what else can she do? She ended up waiting tables. And even then, she couldn't go to fancy places—too scared of running into her old friends who'd mock her, or enemies of her family who might humiliate her or worse, flip out and retaliate. So she picked a random little diner. But get this—she couldn't let go of her old life. Showed up wearing a pearl necklace and a fancy outfit, fumbling around like a mess. The boss kicked her out fast. After that, she tried a few more spots—either the manager harassed her, or the chef did, or even the other waitresses. With her 'fallen princess still acting superior' vibe, plus her looks and figure, no wonder people couldn't keep their hands off her. Oh, and Adam—you'd get that part, right?"

"Oh, I get it," Adam said, his voice dripping with exaggerated pity. "Some creeps just love staging their little dramas. Good thing you took her in, MAX. Otherwise, homeless as she is, someone would've tossed a steel wool pad at her feet, knocked her out, and dragged her off. So, what's her next move?"

"That's where you come in," MAX said, biting back the urge to blurt, "You're the biggest drama-loving creep I know! She smirked instead."

"Me?" Adam said, sounding genuinely surprised. "What about me?"

"I've got an idea," MAX said. "Didn't you mention a while back that you wanted to start a Peppa Pig studio? Hire a few artists to lighten my load, boost efficiency, brainstorm better ideas, and keep the quality up for the long haul?"

"Yeah, totally," Adam nodded. "Peppa Pig's already out, selling like crazy, and all the copyright stuff's squared away. You don't need to slave away solo anymore. Bringing in a team would be awesome for creativity. I mean, with the publishing deal, there's a yearly quota now. If you hit a creative wall, you'd lose your mind! A studio with you as the boss, running the show, would make it so much easier."

"I can't be the boss," MAX laughed. "So I was thinking—let Caroline take the lead. She could set up the studio. She's a Wharton grad—organizing this would be a breeze for her, and she needs a job."

"Hmm..." Adam mused.

After the Channing scam blew up, their family's rep tanked into negative infinity. Tons of rich folks despised them now. Even with all her business talent, Caroline had no shot in her dream finance gigs. Helping her out might stir up some drama, sure, but for Adam? Not a huge deal. In the U.S., liability's limited anyway. If her dad hadn't gone so overboard this time, even if the family company went bust, Caroline could've lived off an \$800 million trust like a princess forever. Even now, with the scam imploding and enemies everywhere, her aunt was still running a big company, living the high life. Her grandma? Still kicking it aristocratic-style in England. Unless you were directly screwed over, most victims wouldn't bother targeting the family.

Plus, Adam was the youngest self-made billionaire around. Hmm... Even Caroline's grandma didn't go bankrupt until years later. Was it delayed revenge from the Channing haters? Or just an old lady—without the family's clout to back her up—getting quietly cleaned out by her butler and financial advisors? Adam leaned toward the latter.

So, lending Caroline a hand wouldn't be a big deal—as long as he didn't go overboard, like flipping her back to riches overnight just to impress her and slap everyone's faces. People would just chalk it up to the young billionaire Adam being a flirt. They'd envy his wealth at such an age, secretly hope he'd burn out from excess, and picture him crying over lost youth someday like they did—not start a feud over it.

Having Caroline help MAX build the studio made sense too—MAX handling the creative side, Caroline running the operations. Solid combo.

Still, Adam sighed dramatically. "No way! She's a Channing—reaped all the glory of that name, and now she's stuck with the baggage. It's her fate. I hate to say it, MAX, but you should steer clear. She's trouble—avoid her if you can..."

"Got it! I'll listen to you!" MAX cut him off, nodding enthusiastically before he could finish.

Adam: "..."

Chapter 677: Adam: "What Bet?"

At the medical center.

Adam had originally planned to play it slick—clear his name, project a noble vibe, and subtly hint to MAX that he didn't remember a thing. He knew exactly who MAX was, after all.

With Caroline in such a pitiful state, would MAX really just shoo her away if Adam asked? Come on, no way. The kind-hearted MAX couldn't pull that off. So Adam figured he'd flip the script: dodge suspicion and get what he wanted. Genius, right? 🤔

But then MAX didn't even let him finish—she just agreed outright.

Uh... awkward.

Clearly, MAX had seen right through his little game and flipped it back on him. You wanna play reverse psychology? Fine, I'll go along with it and see how you handle it.

And honestly, Adam had no one to blame but himself! Over the years, he'd pulled too many tricks with MAX. She'd gotten way too familiar with his sneaky moves. It's like those action movies—same old playbook, just different flavors.

Now, Adam had two options.

Option one: keep talking. MAX's kindness meant she wouldn't actually follow through on anything harsh, no matter how tough she sounded. She'd end up doing exactly what Adam had planned anyway. But here's the snag—MAX knew he was scheming, and she knew he knew she knew. If he pushed it now, it'd be like forcing her to bend, even if she didn't want to. Sure, their little improv skits had included that kind of dynamic before, but with new players in this big drama? That'd be straight-up disrespectful.

So, Adam went with option two.

"Heh," he chuckled nervously. "MAX, maybe I'm overthinking this. Blame my stupid capitalist brain— keeps me from seeing the human side of things..."

He threw in a classic move, channeling Wanyu from iPartment—that moment when she blurts out to Annie that Xiaobu's dumping her, only to realize Xiaobu's cheating fling doesn't even like guys, and he's not actually breaking up with Annie. Cue the sheepish grin.

"What I mean is, you've got your own mind—why listen to me? Forget it! I'm just a heartless capitalist— what do I know? Do what you want, don't mind me!" 😊

Emmm. Yup, Adam wisely chose to eat crow. When it's clear MAX knows he knows she knows he knows—fighting's a dead end. Win-win's the only way out.

And by win-win, he meant true win-win—everyone wins, sure, but Adam wins twice! Of course, that all depended on MAX's mood. Playing reverse psychology? Dumb. Acting all high and mighty? Hilarious—he didn't have a shred of that cred.

"Hmph!" MAX let out a smug, amused huff over the phone, clearly delighted by Adam's spineless groveling.

"So it's settled then—Caroline can start prepping the studio?"

"Wait, no!" Adam jumped in. "It's a good idea, but not yet! Let her flounder out there for a bit first."

"Why?" MAX asked, confused.

"Same reason as before," Adam said, turning serious. "The Channing family's pissed off too many people. If we help her now, we'll make enemies we don't need. Plus, she might be sweet, but she's still a pampered rich girl at heart. If she doesn't face some real struggles, see how tough the bottom can be, or understand where you came from—it's bad for her, bad for you, bad for everyone."

"I bet it's really about that wager," MAX snorted. "You're going all out just to make us sisters, huh?"

"What wager?" Adam almost slipped into acting mode but caught himself. "Oh, that wager? Nah, it's not about that—I mean it for real."

A Caroline who'd never scraped the bottom wouldn't have a thing in common with MAX. One clueless Versailles flex from her, and MAX would be left speechless. Or worse, MAX's savage tongue would hit Caroline with a reverse-Versailles jab so hard she might snap. Who knows if Caroline wouldn't turn dark-side in that mess?

Better to let society rough her up first. Then, under MAX's biting sarcasm, she'd naturally feel the warmth of humanity. Emmm. Adam knew that vibe all too well—he'd been there.

He'd bet anything that kind of grind would bond MAX and Caroline tight. One handling content, the other running ops—perfect partners in life and work. By then, Adam could kick back guilt-free. In the original timeline, they were the iconic 2 Broke Girls. He wasn't about to ruin that heartfelt connection. Emmm. That's it, nothing more.

"Fine, then the bet's off," MAX said with a laugh.

"Your call..." Adam forced a grin, quickly switching gears. "Anyway, MAX, you won't have to draw every line of Peppa Pig yourself anymore, but it's still your baby. You've gotta keep your heart in the creative side."

"Of course," MAX replied, baffled and a little annoyed. "Why would you even say that?"

Sure, Adam had pitched the outline for Peppa Pig, but she'd fleshed out every detail, every sketch. For creators, their work's like their kid—MAX was no different. Growing up starved for love, she cared about this stuff extra hard.

Back in the day, she'd aced high school, but on the day of her final exams, her flaky mom dragged her out to "have fun." She didn't graduate, couldn't go to college, and got stuck working—her shot at climbing out of hell, gone. And yet, she didn't hate her mom for it. Never regretted skipping the test. Said it was the happiest day of her life—her mom's first time taking her out.

How love-starved do you have to be for that? To MAX, Peppa Pig was her daughter. If Adam hadn't convinced her a studio would help it grow, she'd still be hand-drawing every frame, perfecting it solo. So him stating the obvious? Yeah, it rubbed her wrong.

"Ahem," Adam coughed. "What I mean is, in any field, to hit the top, you've gotta hold onto your original spark—your 'creative soul.' For kids' stuff, that's all about innocence and fun. As the lead, you've gotta keep that kid-like spirit to get what little ones are into. That means syncing up with their vibe—set a good example. Like, listen to grown-ups, be honest, keep your promises... all for Peppa Pig to shine, you know?" 😊

"Pfft!" MAX burst out laughing. "Hahaha!"

Any lingering irritation vanished. Adam was still the same old Adam—she'd overthought it.

"Heh heh heh," Adam chuckled along on his end.

What else could he do? As long as MAX was happy, that's what mattered.

Chapter 678: Caroline's Pink Diamond Adventure

After the Phone Call

Adam said goodbye to Joey and the gang, then headed over to MAX's apartment.

The night passed uneventfully.

No, there's no "million words omitted" here. This is a pure love story, after all! 😊 And Adam's not some impatient sleaze. Hmm... Mostly because he's tight with Sheldon and picked up a thing or two—like how without a signed, crystal-clear consent form, even a verbal "yes" doesn't cut it. Too many fairy-tale scams out there in the multiverse! Luckily, Adam's never had to deal with Sheldon's "Amy forcibly kissing him" dilemma. Not everyone's that bold, and MAX—despite her tendency to "drive full speed" at the drop of a hat—is a rare breed. Plus, no bet conditions were triggered here.

MAX genuinely felt bad for Caroline and, being the kind soul she is, wanted to help however she could. But that didn't mean she'd already accepted Caroline as a sister. And Adam? He's a gentleman—doesn't sweat the small stuff. So, he just chatted with MAX about some things better left off the phone. That's it.

The next morning, he said hi to a bleary-eyed Caroline—who'd been up all night and looked wrecked—then left MAX's place for work.

In the blink of an eye, a week flew by.

That Evening

"What's wrong with her?" Adam asked, noticing Caroline wiping tears as she slipped into the bedroom.

"She's upset," MAX said with a helpless shrug. "There was an auction today—all Channing family stuff. Seeing her old belongings sold off piece by piece? How could she not be crushed?"

"Heh," Adam chuckled. "Lose the cash, dodge the crash, right? Technically, most of that stuff wasn't even hers—her dad bought it with scammed money."

"Yeah," MAX nodded. "I knew the Channings were loaded, but watching that auction? Holy crap, that's next-level rich—like, dripping-in-oil rich. Insane!"

"Not surprising," Adam said with a shrug. "They're the real owners of this country, aren't they?"

"Here's some good news," MAX teased, glancing toward the bedroom. "Now's your chance to swoop in and play hero!"

"I'm not that guy," Adam said, unfazed.

"Do you like pink diamonds?" MAX asked, eyeing him.

"Nah, not really. Why?" Adam's curiosity perked up.

"Not really?!" MAX's eyes widened. "Pink diamonds are gorgeous! How can you not like them?"

"Diamonds don't have much value," Adam said with a grin. "Just carbon crystals formed under heat and pressure—same as coal, really. They're not even that rare. The high prices? All hype from diamond merchants. Could crash any day. No real collector's worth."

"Oh, got it," MAX laughed. "Guess I'll use that to cheer Caroline up later. At today's Channing auction, the thing that broke her heart most was her \$24 million pink diamond getting snatched up—by a rapper, no less!"

"Heh," Adam snorted. "What, is Caroline a racist or something?"

"Nah, not that," MAX clarified. "She said the rapper probably doesn't even get it. He might trash her precious diamond, and odds are high he will."

"You should tell her then," Adam said with a sly grin. "I know what's gonna happen to that pink diamond."

"You do? What's the deal?" MAX asked, intrigued.

"That rapper's gonna have it embedded right in the middle of his forehead—like Vision from the Marvel comics," Adam said, smirking. "He's already booked our hospital's top plastic surgeon, Dr. Mark Sloan, to do the job."

"Pfft!" MAX spat out her drink. "No way! That's a thing?!"

"Oh, it's totally a thing!" Adam said, marveling. "In two weeks, we're done with our intern year and taking the resident exam to become full-fledged residents. I've seen a lot this year—read tons of medical texts too—but I still can't stay chill about everything. This country's just too wild. Stuff happens here you couldn't dream up if you tried! Just these past few weeks, we've had two crazy cases: panda twins and now a real-life Vision. We're pros, sure, but it's hard not to crack up. And who'd have thought Caroline's tied to this weirdo story?"

"No way!" MAX still couldn't wrap her head around it. "He's not scared of getting robbed? His odds of dying unnaturally just shot up to 99.9999%, right?"

"You can't stop a heart that loves to play!" Adam quipped. "And don't rich Black folks do this kind of thing all the time?"

MAX fell silent. Fair point. With education gaps, a lot of wealthy Black people made it big through sports or music—overnight riches stuff. Money they didn't grind for? They didn't sweat spending it. Hence all the headlines about Black celebs flexing hard, followed by just as many about them going broke, turning a winning hand into a total bust. Most didn't think to use the cash to lift their families up long-term—just left behind a trail of wild riches-to-rags tales.

"But can you actually embed it?" MAX asked, still baffled.

"You can," Adam explained. "They attach a rod to the diamond as a base, then implant the rod into the forehead. Pain, bleeding, swelling—all the fun side effects come with it. But if he's into it, it's doable."

"He's really not worried about theft," MAX muttered. "If Caroline ran into him and saw her favorite diamond treated like that, she'd probably yank it right off his face!"

"No biggie," Adam laughed. "He says he bought the diamond to 'protect his wealth' by keeping it on him, but he's thought about the robbery risk too. Got it insured for a fortune."

"What's insurance gonna do?" MAX scoffed. "Chances are, he'll be long gone by then."

"No worries," Adam grinned. "Wealth redistribution, right? It'll stay in human society—won't fly off to Mars or anything."

"..." MAX shot him a look. "You're always calling me sharp-tongued, but you're the real savage here!"

"Nah, you're the queen of sass," Adam teased. "It's one of my favorite things about you."

MAX rolled her eyes hard.

Later That Night

Caroline, lying in bed heartbroken, got even sadder—and then just started bawling. Once the tears started, they wouldn't stop. She felt like life was just too damn hard.

Chapter 679: Conjoined Twins

The next day.

Medical Center.

Changing Room.

"Adam, hit me with some questions!"

As soon as Adam walked in, Cristina called out to him with a grin.

"Me too!"

Meredith and George chimed in eagerly.

"What are the symptoms of a central line infection?"

Adam smiled, slipping into his scrubs while tossing out a casual question.

With only two weeks left until the end of their intern year and the resident exam looming, all the interns were cramming hard. Whenever they had a spare moment, they'd quiz each other relentlessly.

Of course, when it came to Adam, he was the designated question-asker—and the one with all the right answers.

"Pus, redness, and a high fever!"

Cristina shot her hand up, practically shouting her answer.

"What's Conn's syndrome?"

Adam threw out another question, still smirking.

"Wait, I've got this!"

Meredith raised her hand, fumbling for the words, but someone beat her to it.

"Excess aldosterone secretion!"

Cristina jumped in again, then pumped her fist. "Come on, Adam, give me something harder! 🙄"

"The resident exam tests an intern's competence, not how tough they can make it," Adam said with a chuckle, shaking his head. "Besides, for you, it's the basics you need to brush up on most."

"Are you saying my foundation's weak?"

Cristina huffed, clearly annoyed.

"Is it rock-solid?"

Adam gave her a teasing, smug smile. "What are we doing right now, then?"

"..."

Cristina clammed up, speechless.

Compared to Adam, nobody's foundation felt solid—not even hers. If she were as confident as he was, she wouldn't still be here reviewing and begging for questions. The exam was just too important, and deep down, she wasn't 100% sure of herself.

"George, did you do what I asked?"

Cristina pivoted, changing the subject.

Meredith perked up, shooting a sneaky grin their way.

"Shut up, Cristina!"

George snapped, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"What's wrong?"

Cristina blinked, genuinely confused. "I just told you to ask Callie for her study cards. Isn't she your girlfriend now? What's the big deal?"

George's current girlfriend, Callie—an ortho resident—had aced the resident exam with the highest score. Rumor had it she owned some legendary study cards. Cristina, always thinking ahead, had nudged George to snag them so they could all take a peek.

Her wording, though? Not exactly tactful. It basically turned George into a tool to butter up Callie. Same task, totally different vibe. And while George might be the group's "guy bestie," he still had some pride.

"I'm not that kind of person!"

George fumed. "And even if I did get them, I wouldn't show you!"

"Wait a sec!"

Cristina narrowed her eyes at him. "You're planning to keep them to yourself?"

"I..."

George glanced at Meredith, who was still smiling mischievously, and swallowed his next words. "I just wouldn't show you."

"What about Meredith, then?"

Cristina pressed.

"Of course I'd show Meredith!"

George answered without hesitation.

Sure, he was dating Callie now, but Meredith would always be his unattainable dream girl.

"Then we're good."

Cristina waved it off like it was no big deal.

Meredith was her bestie—she told her everything. A little thing like study cards wasn't a boyfriend. If Meredith had them, Cristina basically did too.

Adam finished changing and headed out of the room.

"Adam, ask me a few more questions!"

Cristina chased after him, pestering him again.

Dr. Bailey led the group on rounds.

Outside a patient's room, she stopped and turned to face them. "You've got two weeks until the exam, so your top priority for the next two weeks is to study as much as you can.

No matter how great a surgery is, don't fight over it!

Don't get cocky!"

She shot a pointed look at Cristina, who was tilting her head to avoid eye contact. "Trust me, even if you pull off some incredible surgery in the next two weeks, it's nothing compared to failing the exam and losing at least a year.

And picture this: if you fail, you'll be stuck shadowing your old colleagues—maybe even the newbies—taking orders from them.

Unless, of course, you're absolutely certain you'll pass."

At that, Bailey glanced at Adam.

"We get it, Dr. Bailey," George and Meredith said, their faces turning serious.

The thought of trailing behind their former peers was bad enough—even if it was someone like Adam giving orders, it'd still sting. But the real nightmare? Taking orders from Cristina. She was famously brutal—any mistake, and she'd chew you out in front of everyone without a second thought.

If that happened, as the saying goes: This place would be unbearable, and life wouldn't be worth living!

"Good."

Bailey gave a knowing smile. "I hope you mean it. The test starts now—don't forget what I said!"

With that, she pushed open the door and stepped inside.

And then—

Everyone's eyes lit up.

Two identical white men, dressed in matching patient gowns, were leaning against each other.

Emmm.

Literally leaning.

The backs of their gowns revealed a seamless connection—no gap in sight.

"Dr. Duncan, you're in charge," Bailey said after a quick check and a few words with the conjoined twins. Her gaze swept over the wide-eyed interns before landing on Adam, assigning him as the primary doctor.

"Yes, Dr. Bailey."

Adam smiled calmly.

"Dr. Bailey!"

Cristina couldn't hold back anymore and threw her hand up. "These are two patients. I think Dr. Duncan could use some help. I'd be happy to assist!"

"I knew all my warnings were for nothing," Bailey muttered, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Dr. Duncan, what do you think? Need help?"

"I'm fine either way," Adam said with a laugh.

"Alright, then."

Bailey nodded. "Dr. Yang, you've got your wish. This surgery's going to need plenty of hands anyway."

"Dr. Bailey, I—"

George and Meredith started to pipe up, unable to resist.

"Both of you, out with me," Bailey snapped, cutting them off with a glare. "There are tons of patients who need doctors. You're not expecting me to handle every single bed myself, are you?"

Don't forget your place!

You're still interns!"

George and Meredith instantly backed down. They didn't have Adam's skills or Cristina's guts to push back.

That said, Bailey didn't actually bury them in work. She gave each of them one light patient assignment—something easy so they could focus on studying. Quietly, she took on the rest of the workload herself.

Back in the room, Adam and Cristina exchanged a look, both buzzing with excitement.

This was a rare adult conjoined twin separation surgery.

Chapter 680: The Bankrupt Version of Adam

Medical Center. In the Ward.

"Jack Weisman and Peter Weisman, 35 years old, conjoined at the back. They came to the hospital a year ago hoping for separation surgery, but after weighing the risks, they decided against it..."

Adam quickly briefed the patient's situation.

The room was packed with doctors.

Chief of Surgery Richard, Dr. Burke, Dr. Shepherd, and Dr. Sloan—they were all here.

"It was Peter who backed out!"

Jack, one of the twins, emphasized, "But I'm absolutely sure we can do it this time, right, Dr. Webber?"

"Forgive me for wanting to live a little longer, even if it's stuck with you," Peter, the other twin, said with a self-deprecating chuckle. 😊

"The risks haven't changed," Chief Richard said, making sure to distance himself from any blame first, as usual, before giving the patients a pep talk. "But unlike a year ago, our medical center now has two of the best doctors in the field.

One is a top neurosurgeon, Dr. Derek Shepherd!

And the other is a top plastic surgeon, Dr. Mark Sloan!

Jack, Peter, with both of them here, plus me and Dr. Burke, your chances of success are much higher.

You've come at the perfect time!"

"Thank God!" Jack exclaimed, overjoyed. "I believe this time it'll work. Everything, every little sign, is God telling me—it's time!"

"Huh?"

Everyone looked at him, confused. 🤔

But then, the door swung open, and a woman walked in. Suddenly, it all made sense.

Chief Richard's lips curled into an involuntary smile.

This meant the surgery was basically a done deal.

The media loves stories like this.

And he loves it when his surgical department gets the spotlight.

Love conquers all! 😊

"Oh, wow, so many doctors... I'll come back later..."

The woman who'd just entered froze, scanning the room full of people, clearly embarrassed, and turned to leave.

"No, Elena, come in," Jack called out, then turned to everyone. "You want to know why God's telling me it's now? This is why! God gave me my true love, Elena."

"Jack, stop!" Elena waved her hands awkwardly. "I told him not to do the surgery, especially not for me. That's just crazy..."

Adam flashed a mysterious smile.

Cristina was also holding back a laugh.

By now, the two of them had pieced together the whole story—especially the juicy drama. Oh, there was so much of it. 😊

"...Peter said the surgery could lead to paralysis, or they might die?" Elena asked, looking around at everyone.

"Death isn't the scary part," Jack interrupted. "You have no idea what it's like to be stuck to someone every single day. No personal space, no chance to own anything that's completely yours. That feeling—it's not much better than death."

"Stop it," Elena pleaded. "I think it's fine like this. Don't risk it."

"Fine?" Jack exploded. "We had an agreement! When one of us is on a date or eating, the other has to sit there quietly and not make a sound!"

"I tried," Peter shouted. "But the way you talk to her sometimes is just so half-hearted..."

"That's none of your business!" Jack snapped, annoyed.

"How is it not my business?" Peter shot back. "I was right there!"

"And that's your excuse for completely breaking all our agreements?!" Jack roared. "Then why even bother making them?! We said no looking, no talking, no touching! And you didn't stick to any of it!"

"It was an accident..." Peter mumbled, clearly guilty.

The doctors exchanged knowing glances.

Especially Mark Sloan, the resident flirt, who smirked with the same mischievous grin as Adam. 😊

"He was just looking out for me. I think it's fine," Elena tried to smooth things over.

"You can't talk to him anymore!" Jack yelled.

"What?" Elena couldn't believe it. "I don't even have the right to choose my own friends? Jack, I really don't mind."

"When you're undressed, and he touches you—how can you not mind?!" Jack was losing it.

"I really don't mind," Elena said, glancing at the doctors, who were trying their best to stay professional. She hesitated, embarrassed, but then decided to let her true feelings out. "It's not a big deal. Actually, I think it's kind of sweet..."

"Wait!" Jack stared at her, suddenly realizing she wasn't just saying this to smooth things over—she meant it. He froze. "You like that? You enjoy it?"

The room went from quiet to dead silent.

Everyone turned to Elena.

"I—I love you, Jack," Elena stammered, even after letting her guard down. Facing such a direct, soul-piercing question, with everyone's eyes on her, she struggled.

"You're an amazing man. When we're soaring in love, I've never felt anything like it before... It feels so good. And after you fall asleep, Peter talks to me—just talks. I really like that."

Everyone exchanged knowing looks.

Cristina's eyes were full of thought.

A lot of women complain that men are wild and passionate beforehand but turn into distant sages afterward.

But with Jack and Peter?

Elena didn't have to care about Jack being in his deepest, most zen-like state after. She could have Jack's wild passion and Peter's heart-to-heart talks at the same time.

Earlier, when Adam and the others ran into Meredith and shared this explosive gossip, she was so jealous.

Because her first thought was, if it were her, with a little gentle persuasion, she could win over both Jack and Peter. It'd be like having infinite energy—a "bankrupt version" of Adam.

No wonder Elena didn't mind... 😊

"No! No! No!" Jack shook his head, refusing to accept it. "Elena, you have to choose. Him or me?"

"What?" Elena was shocked.

This was the last thing she wanted to face.

The pain of being forced to choose as a kid came rushing back.

"We're doing this surgery. You can't have both of us!" Jack shouted.

Hmmm.

Even facing an Elena like this, Jack was only asking her to choose—not breaking up outright.

Was it true love? Or just path dependence?

Before, someone like him would've struggled to find a girlfriend. But meeting someone who didn't care about their situation? It was easy to fall head over heels.

But he forgot—if they did the surgery and he became "normal," he could have a completely normal relationship.

"Choose! Him or me?"

Facing a hesitant, pained Elena, Jack pressed harder. "You're supposed to say, 'You, Jack. I choose you!'"

"I'm sorry, Jack," Elena said, her eyes darting between the two of them, full of apology.

Adam shook his head.

Clearly, between mind and body, she chose the mind.

Maybe she thought she could have both.

Because Jack didn't have Peter's emotional connection, but a separated Peter could still have Jack's body.

But Adam wasn't optimistic about her choice.

Peter being emotionally supportive before didn't mean he'd be the same after.

If Adam had to guess, a separated Peter wouldn't necessarily do better than Jack.

Because Peter's emotional support before was built on the fact that he couldn't "let go and become a saint."

Back then, Peter was also in a wild state—just mentally. On the outside, it showed as extra gentleness and attentiveness, willing to talk to Elena until the end of time.

But...

A man's words are a liar's game!

Any man who can't "become a saint" acts like Peter, the perfect, attentive guy, don't they?