

TV Show 711

Chapter 711: Hurry to the Red Zone for Dr. Duncan

New York – Dockside

Cruise Ship Accident Rescue Scene

"Dr. Bailey, what do we do?" Meredith asked, staring at the chaotic mess in front of her, totally lost. "Where do we even start?"

Even Bailey was momentarily stunned, and that was saying something.

"I'm going to help Adam!" Christina, cool as ever, dropped the line with a gleam in her eye, ready to charge straight into the red zone—where the toughest, most technical emergency cases were waiting for her to assist Adam.

"Yang!" Bailey snapped back to reality, yelling at Christina, who'd already taken two steps. "Don't you dare go over there!"

"Why not?" Christina stopped, turning back with a scowl.

"Because they don't need you there," Bailey shot back, glaring. "Adam's got enough hands. We need to focus on the yellow zone—way more patients, way fewer staff!"

"But—" Christina tried to argue.

"No buts!" Bailey barked. "We're here to save people, not for you to practice your skills! The yellow zone needs us now. That's an order!"

"Fine," Christina grumbled, dragging her feet toward the yellow zone, glancing back at the red zone every three steps like a kid leaving a candy store.

"What about us, Dr. Bailey?" Meredith and George asked in unison.

"You too—go! Stick to the rules, triage properly, don't block the paramedics, and save as many as you can," Bailey said without even looking at them before rushing off to help someone.

Meredith and George exchanged a glance, grabbed their trauma kits, and split up. Soon, cops and firefighters were flagging them down to assist wherever they were needed.

A cruise ship like this could hold 3,000 people. Even if it didn't completely sink, the injured crowding the dock were just a fraction—maybe one or two out of every ten. Tons of passengers and casualties were still trapped, waiting for rescue.

With so many patients and so few medics, everyone—interns, nurses, whoever—had to step up and handle things solo. After shaking off the initial panic, four years of med school and a year of internship kicked in. Meredith and the others found their groove.

"Deep breaths," Meredith said, placing an oxygen mask on a patient's face, helping them breathe. "Your injuries aren't bad—you're gonna be okay," she repeated soothingly.

A scream caught her attention, and she grabbed her kit, rushing toward it.

Dock's Edge

A middle-aged Black man lay there, a jagged tear in his leg.

"What happened?" Meredith asked, checking him over.

"Something metal hit my foot. I pulled it out, and it fell into the water—God, it hurts!" he groaned, explaining through the pain. "I started swimming—I had to get out. I've got a meeting later..."

Hmmm...

This guy was probably some poor 007—a workaholic caught in the blast's aftermath. Why 007 and not your typical 9-9-6 worker or a boss? Simple: even in this state, he was obsessed with getting to work. Your average 9-9-6 drone wouldn't care this much. Only a high-achieving corporate warrior, brainwashed into chasing the dream, would have that kind of drive. A boss? Sure, they've got the energy, but they value their life more. One of life's saddest truths: dying before you can spend all that money you earned.

"Ahhh!!!" The guy curled up in agony as Meredith worked on his wound, howling like crazy. It hurt that much!

"Sorry... try not to move," she said gently.

After a quick bandage, she needed help moving him—leg injury or not, she wasn't strong enough to haul a grown man alone. But everyone was swamped. She was the only one with this patient, and no one even glanced her way.

The man started shivering from blood loss. Meredith yanked off her jacket, draped it over him, and urged, "Don't move, sir. Please, stay still."

"No, I've gotta get out of here!" he mumbled, his mind foggy, clinging to his original goal—get up, go to the meeting, keep working.

Meredith tried to hold him down, but this 007 wasn't having it. When he pushed back, her slight frame didn't stand a chance. One swing of his arm sent her stumbling. She'd been standing on the seaward side of the dock to treat him, and his shove tipped her backward—right off the edge.

He didn't even realize what he'd done. After knocking her off, he twitched a few times and passed out from the pain.

The rescue site buzzed with noise in the distance, but here? Dead quiet. Just the bandaged, unconscious man lying there.

Meredith plummeted from the height into the sea. No one saw. No one came.

The impact knocked her under, sinking fast. Her mind went blank.

Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing?

The icy water and struggling breaths snapped her survival instincts awake. She flailed, swimming upward until her head broke the surface. Gasping, she pieced it together: "I was helping someone, and they accidentally pushed me off."

Then a weird feeling crept in. If a person disappears, so does their pain—everything does. What would happen if she disappeared?

Would her cold, judgmental legend of a mom care? Would Dr. Shepherd, who hadn't chased her since she dumped Finn, feel anything?

Her swimming slowed. Her arms drifted out into a starfish shape, letting the water take over as buoyancy failed. She sank again.

In the clear sea, Meredith kept sinking. No one knew.

George and the others were tied up with their own rescues, too busy to think about anything else. If they did think of someone? Even George, who saw Meredith as a goddess, would only think of Adam. In a crisis like this, Adam was the one who could handle the sweaty, life-or-death cases.

Dockside Parking Lot

Christina had been dragged over by a frantic bald guy, thinking she'd get to save some critical patient. But when she saw the scene, her scalp tingled, and she yelled, "Go get Dr. Adam Duncan from the red zone—NOW!"

"Dr. Adam Duncan, right?" the bald guy asked, desperate.

"Yeah, the hottest young doctor out there!" Christina said, stepping up to check the injuries.

She knew this was beyond her. All she could do was triage and save Adam some time.

Chapter 712: Afraid Adam's Got That Texas Soul

The Docks. Red Zone.

Adam was in charge, running the show for the critical patients.

+0.01!

+0.01!

+0.01!

...

The system alerts kept ping-ponging in his head, like some heavenly tune.

If he kept racking up points at this rate, Adam figured he might as well name this little symphony "One Day, One Year".

Save lives for a day, add a year to your life!

How wild is that? Holy—🙄

"Dr. Adam Duncan?"

A middle-aged white guy—bald enough to basically be a cue ball—rushed into the red zone, scanned the chaos, and locked eyes on Adam, shouting loud.

"That's me," Adam said, glancing up. He recognized the guy—hit him like a ton of bricks—but his hands didn't stop working on the patient.

This bald dude? In Adam's memory, he was the DEA agent brother-in-law of that old guy, Walter White.

"Come with me quick—my friend needs you!" the bald guy begged, practically vibrating with panic.

"Who sent you to find me?" Adam asked, still mid-rescue.

Calling him by name like that? Someone had clearly pointed him this way.

"An Asian lady doctor," the guy said, pleading. "She took one look at my friend's injuries and told me to get you.

Rick's a good guy—none of this had anything to do with us. But when he saw the disaster hit, he said we had to help the injured. He ran in, and we followed, pulling out over a dozen trapped people.

Then, while he was still in there saving more, a car pinned him down—crushed him bad. You're the only one who can save him, please! He's got five kids!"

At first, he'd been skeptical when Cristina sent him to beg some young, good-looking doctor for help. But one look at Adam in action, and he got it—Adam's skills went way beyond looks or age.

In a crisis like this, you'd have to be blind not to see who was the real deal. And Adam? He was the standout on the docks—everyone orbiting around him, following his lead.

That realization brought mixed feelings.

Good news: With a doctor this badass on the team, Rick's odds just shot up.

Bad news: Adam was swamped. Even a guy with zero medical know-how could see Adam was stretched thin, juggling way too many rescues at once.

Over here, there were dozens of critical patients—and the number kept climbing. Over there, it was just Rick.

The bald guy was a proud Texan, always had been. But right now, he was terrified Adam might be one too.

Why? Because he was scared Adam would pull a classic Texas move—tell him to "handle it yourself" and wish him luck. 😊

"Easy, man," Adam said, still working but tossing him some calm vibes. "Let's figure this out. You got friends over there? Got a phone?"

"Yeah, yeah—here, got it!"

The bald guy, quick on the uptake, whipped out his phone, dialed his buddy on-site, and put it on speaker at Adam's nod.

"Cristina, what's going on over there?" Adam called out.

"Chest and leg injuries, broken arm, and unclear damage to his spine and pelvis..." Cristina rattled off Rick's condition fast, summing it up: "The big problem—he's pinned under a car. I can't move it, and I don't even know where to start. Hurry up—he's running out of time!"

"I can't get there," Adam said. "I'll get the rescue team over ASAP to pull him out. Until then, you've got to keep him stable."

Mid-sentence, another out-of-town doc yelled for help, and Adam darted over to take over their patient.

The bald guy, holding the phone to keep Adam connected, heard that and saw the scene—his face just crumpled with despair.

Any other day, he'd have dragged Adam over by force. But here, with critical patients dying left and right and Adam jumping in to save them, how could a guy with a conscience like his sacrifice others just for his one friend?

"I can't do this!" Cristina shouted.

She had zero confidence in a situation this messed up—no tools, barely able to see the wounds.

"Yes, you can!" Adam barked back. "You're the best intern at the medical center—cool-headed, killer hands, top-notch skills. I'll guide you over the phone. Tell me everything you see, step by step, and follow my instructions."

If Rick were right next to him, Adam wouldn't hesitate—he'd prioritize the hero in a heartbeat.

But the distance was too far, and the red zone was drowning in innocent critical cases. He couldn't leave.

It sucked, but he had to save the most people first and trust Cristina with the hero. With her talent and his guidance, it wouldn't be as good as him being there, but it was the best shot they had.

"Fine," Cristina said, taking a deep breath. "I'll try."

"Start by treating his wounds—stop the bleeding however you can!"

Using Cristina's observations, Adam pieced together the scene in his head. While saving his patient here, he coached her through saving Rick over the phone.

Super-genius brain in action—he could split his focus, micromanaging like a pro.

Cristina, steady as a rock once she had a lifeline, tapped into her ace surgical skills and got to work.

"Oh God, it hurts," Rick groaned. "Everything hurts."

"Cristina, set his bones first," Adam instructed. "Ease his pain—you remember how to do it, right?"

"Of course," she said. "Hands on both sides of the break, spread, widen, twist!"

"Yep!" Adam chimed in. "But do it all in one smooth go."

"Whew!"

Cristina ran through the steps in her head, took a big breath, and went for it—her first field bone-setting.

She'd rotated through ortho as an intern. Never took it too seriously, but she'd done the basics a few times.

Crunch!

The bone snapped into place, followed by Rick's scream.

"AHHH!!!"

"Done!" Cristina said, voice calm as ever.

"Nice work," Adam praised. "Now keep his condition steady. I'm calling the rescue team right now—they'll move the car, and you'll escort Rick to the hospital."

"Hurry up!" Cristina pressed. "I asked around—the rescue teams are slammed. There's 15 spots like this needing immediate help. I don't know if he'll last that long!"

"I've got it!" Adam nodded. "I'll make it happen. If it gets that bad, I'll run over there and lift the damn car myself—Rick's getting out!"

A hero's life matters!

A hero's life matters more!"

"Hold you to that!" Cristina's eyes lit up.

Most people would think Adam was just making a dramatic promise. But Cristina? She knew it was a real option on the table.

Chapter 713: Even the Five Lakes and Four Seas Can't Drown the Queen of the Sea

Dockside – Rescue Scene

Adam juggled saving lives while barking instructions over the phone to Christina, guiding her team to rescue a trapped hero. Mid-sentence, he shot Karen a quick look.

Karen nodded knowingly and slipped away from the scene.

Who to save first, who to save later—it's both a privilege and a burden. Adam couldn't afford to look like he was playing God with people's lives. In his mind, Rick—the hero who'd bravely saved over a dozen trapped passengers—was top priority. And yeah, he had the clout to sway the rescue team's choices. But saying it out loud? That'd stir up a mess he didn't need.

Here's the thing: aside from Rick, everyone thinks they're the top priority. If word got out later, some folks might conveniently forget who saved countless lives. All they'd remember is that Adam's one word might've delayed their loved one's rescue. And if Billionaire Adam didn't cough up enough "sincerity," they'd never forgive him on behalf of their dearly departed in heaven.

Karen's quiet nudge to the team would do the trick—no fuss, no fallout. As long as Adam didn't announce it publicly, there'd be no drama. After all, the rescue squad's pros at deciding who goes first.

Hmmm... Trust the science! Trust the system!

"Alright, that's it for now," Adam said, cutting off the call. Then he spotted a drenched figure and added, "Oh, Christina—watch yourself out there! Meredith just got shoved into the water by a patient in agony. She didn't even see it coming."

"Got it," Christina replied casually, brushing it off.

She didn't even ask if her bestie Meredith was okay. Why? One, if Adam mentioned it like that, Meredith was fine. Two, it was just a dip in the water—Meredith's a pro swimmer. No biggie, right?

Fresh from handing off a critical patient, Meredith—now in dry clothes but with soaking wet hair—caught the exchange. Her lips twitched as she met Adam's gaze, her face screaming awkwardness. 😬

Yup! She could swim. And not just swim—she was a freaking queen at it. You could tell from her usual vibe: beach bikinis, cutting through waves like a pro. Call her the Queen of the Sea, and it wouldn't be an overstatement. Unless she wanted to drown, no amount of water—five lakes, four seas, whatever—could take her down.

Okay, maybe that's a tad dramatic. But the dockside sea? Psh, no chance.

Rewind to when she fell: it was sudden, and yeah, she was dazed at first. Then, once she snapped out of it, her brain short-circuited. She stopped swimming, letting herself sink, lost in a wild daydream. She thought about her mom's harshness growing up and how Mr. Dreamy (Dr. Shepherd) had been distant lately. For a split second, she wondered what they'd feel if she just... vanished.

But she's no diver, and she didn't have weights strapped on. Even ditching her sea-queen skills and sinking motionless, her body's natural buoyancy kicked in. She hovered underwater, the chaos of the rescue scene muffled by the sea. It was oddly peaceful—she liked it. A faint smile crept onto her face as she imagined her mom and Mr. Dreamy wracked with regret over her "disappearance."

Then her lungs started burning. Breathing got tough. As a doctor, she knew all too well how brutal suffocation could be. With a jolt, she snapped out of it, flailed her arms, and shot upward. A few strokes later, her head broke the surface, and she sucked in air.

A little daydream was fun, but her life wasn't that bad. She wasn't about to trade it for the horror show of drowning.

Ever since Adam started hosting those legendary late-night sessions with Alice Grey, Meredith had tagged along often. Her rocky bond with her mom was actually improving. Made sense—her medical talent was legit. With a cheat-code colleague like Adam leading the way and a fierce bestie like Christina dragging her along, her skills were closing in on her mom's prime, even without Alice's obsessive drive.

Alice Grey only went full legend mode after her messy breakup with Chief Richard, diving headfirst into medicine. Meredith? Her mom still nitpicked, but the cold edge was gone—replaced by tough love and high hopes. It was obvious to everyone, including Meredith. This was one of the rosy futures Adam painted when he convinced her to let Alice stay at the medical center. And it was coming true, step by step.

Sure, she needed a hormonal reset every couple of days, but no one had to twist her arm—she never missed Alice's sessions.

As for Mr. Dreamy pulling away? Please. Aside from her mom's lingering childhood baggage, which could spark a rare bout of despair, no other relationship could shake her that hard. Dreamy was great, sure—a 100% drunken bar hookup that lost its pants. She'd miss him a bit, but despair? Nah. Her mom was irreplaceable. Dreamy? There was Finn, George, and a whole bar scene of possibilities.

So, after her little fantasy, Meredith surfaced effortlessly, swam to the dock ladder, and climbed up—wet hair flipping, strutting like a catwalk queen. Some random male rescuer caught a glimpse and nearly botched his job from the distraction.

Dr. Bailey saw it too and was pissed. "Meredith! This isn't a fashion show—change and get back to work!" she snapped.

Meredith snapped out of her vibe, back to reality, and sheepishly followed orders. She swapped clothes in the ambulance, wiped down her dripping hair, and dove back into saving lives.

All that inner drama? Pure self-indulgence—she couldn't tell a soul. And Christina's total non-reaction just confirmed it. She wasn't the star here. Adam was—the guy everyone rallied around, directing the team, pulling off miracle after miracle, shining bright.

She got it now. No amount of side-character overacting could outshine him. Time to stick to her day job and do it well.

Chapter 714: Duncan-Style Logic

The Docks. Rescue Scene.

Ring ring!

The phone went off again.

"Old White's brother-in-law," the tough-as-nails Texan still hanging around, picked it up fast, flipped it to speaker, and held it next to Adam.

"What's the situation?" Adam asked.

"Left pupil's dilated, right one's blown, he's seizing—lost consciousness," Cristina's voice crackled through.

"Could be a brain herniation," Adam diagnosed quick, then followed up: "Has the rescue team gotten there yet?"

"Nope," Cristina said, glancing around and shaking her head. "What now? You coming over?"

"Can't leave," Adam replied, still working on a critical patient. He shot a quick look at the bald guy staring at him all hopeful, then kept talking into the phone. "You're gonna have to do a burr hole on Rick right there—relieve the intracranial pressure and clear the blood."

"WHAT?!" Cristina's voice shot up an octave. "You're kidding, right? A burr hole here?"

"You got a better idea?" Adam fired back.

"..."

Cristina had nothing. She switched to practical objections: "There's nothing here—how am I supposed to drill into his skull?"

"I've got a power drill in my trunk," the bald guy—Vincent—piped up.

"Nah, we're good," Adam said, motioning to an out-of-town doc to grab a surgical drill from his custom emergency kit. "Taylor, take the drill and go with..."

"Vincent!" the bald guy cut in. "Call me Vincent!"

"Cool," Adam continued. "Vincent, hand the phone to Daisy, then take Taylor and hustle over to help Dr. Yang do the burr hole on Rick."

"Yes, sir."

"Got it."

Taylor, the out-of-town doc, and Vincent nodded sharp.

Nurse Daisy took the phone, holding it up so Adam could keep talking while he worked.

Vincent grabbed Taylor's kit and led the charge, running full tilt.

Texan grit wasn't just talk. If saving lives didn't take legit medical skills—if it was just about guts and muscle—he wouldn't have been begging anyone. This guy was a survivor, a real tough son of a gun.

"You carry a surgical drill?" Cristina grumbled over the phone while she waited. "What else you got in that kit—an entire OR?"

Most emergency kits were basic: gauze, bandages, chest seals, splints, scalpel blades, hemostats, gloves, alcohol wipes—portable stuff for quick fixes.

Who wasn't a neurosurgeon carried a surgical drill on the regular, ready to crack open skulls at a moment's notice?

"It's just a few extra tools—doesn't weigh much," Adam said with a modest grin. "Better safe than sorry, right? Look, it's coming in handy now!"

This wasn't just any kit—it was the Duncan All-Purpose Field Emergency Bag, custom-made by pros to match Adam's skills. The goal? Total versatility!

Aside from the giant gear you couldn't shrink down, if it could be made portable, it was in there. From basic first aid to general surgery, cardiothoracic, even neurosurgery—if things got dire and there was no time to hit the hospital, Adam could pull off emergency ops on the spot.

Weight told the story. Cristina and the crew's kits? Three kilos, five tops. Adam's monster bag, the one he hauled around like it was nothing? Eighty kilos! 😬

If Vincent hadn't been praying Adam wasn't a Texan—no "figure it out yourself" vibe—he'd have taken one look at that beast of a kit and lost all hope.

But nah, pulling out a surgical drill? Totally reasonable.

While they had a sec, Adam ran Cristina through some key points for the procedure, getting her as prepped as possible.

Right then, Vincent and Taylor finally made it over.

With Adam's guidance and Taylor's assist, Cristina got everything ready.

"Whew!" Cristina took a deep breath. "I'm good!"

"Let's do it," Adam said. "Find the entry point—three fingers above the ear, then two or three forward, next to the dilated pupil."

"Got it," Cristina said, measuring Rick's head with her fingers like Adam told her. "Scalpel!"

Taylor handed her a sterilized one quick.

"Now make a vertical incision," Adam coached. "It'll help with the drilling. Might get some surface bleeding—don't freak out."

"Done," Cristina said.

"Now drill right in the middle of the cut," Adam guided. "This is a surgical drill—it'll stop once it's through the temporal bone, but stay sharp. Bone's usually one to one-point-five centimeters thick, thinnest part's about point-two. Go slow, keep your eyes on it."

Fancy tools were great, but a good doc didn't just lean on them. Gear could fail. This drill's auto-stop was clutch for punching through the skull without nicking the brain, but if it glitched and the doc wasn't paying attention? Disaster city—medical emergency to horror movie real fast.

"Alright, I'm through," Cristina said, cool as ice, nailing it. "Dura looks okay."

"Gotta drill a second hole now," Adam said. "Behind the hairline, a few centimeters off the midline. It's thicker there—about five times the temporal bone."

Bzzzt!

The drill hummed!

Vincent and the others watching—even the Texan tough guy—couldn't handle it. They turned away, some swallowing hard, too squeamish to look.

Classic horror flick vibes—blood and gore. Surgeons were prime villain material. When they weren't saving lives but tormenting people? Nightmare fuel. Professional precision made it terrifying! 🤩

"Second hole's done," Cristina said. "I see some blood in there—keep drilling?"

"Yeah," Adam nodded. "Go slow along that hole, try to release the pressure."

"Alright, I've got blood clots showing," Cristina reported.

"Clear as much as you can," Adam instructed. "See any arteries? No? Awesome!

How's the dura now—swollen or relaxed? Pulsing with the heartbeat? Perfect!

That means blood and oxygen are hitting the brain. Wrap it with gauze to cut the bleeding."

"He's awake!" Vincent and his crew cheered, pumped.

"Great job," Adam said, glancing at Karen nodding to him from a distance. He grinned. "Rescue team should be on you soon—I'm sure of it."

Chapter 715

The Dock. Rescue Scene.

Click.

Click.

News reporters had already swarmed the place, snapping photos and recording videos nonstop. They were broadcasting the latest updates from the scene like wildfire.

Before long, all eyes—and lenses—locked onto Adam. He was weaving through the red zone, calm and in command, saving countless lives. He was the star of the show.

Disasters are terrifying, no doubt. But disaster relief? That's the stuff that lifts spirits. Especially when it's handled with jaw-dropping smoothness—like a work of art—and the guy at the center's got looks that could stop traffic. The media ate it up.

They were dying to interview Adam right then and there. But not a single one could get close.

The police had already set up barricades. After a few bold female reporters ignored the tense rescue efforts in the red zone and stubbornly tried to shove their mics in Adam's face—only to get escorted away—special officers were assigned to guard the area. No reporters were allowed to "assault" anyone with their cameras.

Even when the journalists pushed the limits, everyone stayed as restrained as possible. Including Adam, who owned stock in several major media conglomerates.

No choice, really.

In the U.S., the media's power is insane. Cross them, and they'd slap a filter on Adam faster than you can blink. All his good work? It'd turn sour in an instant. A little re-editing, some malicious spin—a one-two-three combo—and even God could look like the devil.

That's the might of American media for you!

So, living in this legendary, drama-filled world, even a billionaire like Adam had to watch his step. If he could avoid pissing off the press, he wouldn't dare risk it.

Otherwise, if they decided to tank his reputation, he'd be done. Billionaire or not, he probably couldn't keep practicing medicine.

At that point, to keep saving lives and stacking up his lifespan, he'd either have to ditch the U.S. and doctor somewhere else—or go full dark side and take an unconventional path.

As Tree Man Zhou once said: "Going dark makes you ten times stronger!"

If it came to that, Adam could probably rack up lifespan points way faster than he does now. But it'd mean kissing normal life goodbye forever.

Unless he had no other choice, he wasn't about to go there.

"Quick, dig up everything you can on this hotshot doctor—all of it!"

A stunning female reporter was barking orders into her phone.

Time ticked on. It was evening now, but the rescue operation at the dock showed no signs of slowing. Victims—people who'd fallen into the water or gotten trapped—kept pouring in. They were pulled out, rushed to the red zone, and given emergency care.

After all these hours, the reporters on-site had dug up plenty on Adam.

And as more details came to light, everyone's eyes started sparkling.

Self-made bestselling author.

Youngest billionaire ever.

Most gifted intern doctor around.

Almost every reporter was glued to Adam's dazzling list of titles.

But one gorgeous journalist stood out. She stared at Adam, lost in thought, muttering under her breath: "Lord of Mysteries, Tarot Club, billionaire, pro doctor... Could it be you...?"

"Sandra, what're you mumbling about?"

Her cameraman gave her a puzzled look. She'd just graduated and joined their paper, quickly earning the editor-in-chief's praise as a rising star.

"Nothing."

Sandra flashed a small smile.

Back in the day, she'd have shared her hunch with the cameraman right away. But she wasn't that naive NYU journalism undergrad anymore.

She'd learned to keep her real thoughts under wraps, holding onto leads that could skyrocket her career. She was confident she could chase this story solo.

No one could resist her charm. Especially men.

Medical Center.

The TVs in the hallways, offices, and break rooms were all tuned to the latest cruise ship accident coverage. Adam's life-saving moments were front and center.

After hours of buildup, the station had brought in a famous doctor to break down Adam's emergency techniques like a pro.

The praise was endless. Gasps of amazement filled the air.

For one, Adam's skills were straight-up incredible.

For two, his rep in the medical world was already solid. Anyone with half a brain wouldn't trash a billionaire on live TV out of jealousy.

And three, the station was pushing a positive vibe right now. The guest expert knew how to play along.

So, with the doctor's slick analysis and the host's over-the-top flattery, Adam was painted as a pillar of medicine and a beacon of hope for humanity.

Strength, looks, wealth—crowned with every halo imaginable—Adam was suddenly everywhere. He'd broken out big time. 🤩

"Adam's really blowing up now," Juno murmured. She and Heather were in Adam's office, watching it all unfold.

"63! Uncle Adam's the best!"

Tatiana cheered every time Adam saved another critical patient, syncing up with the host's energy. She shouted the bright red number flashing on the screen—the tally of people Adam had rescued, verified by the station in a hurry.

Everyone was dying to see how many lives he'd end up saving.

"This is what a real superhero looks like!"

Megan, the painless super-powered girl, beamed with starry eyes.

The little girl who'd lost her mom—the one Megan had dragged to the medical center and helped change into dry pants—stared at Adam on the TV. The panic in her eyes faded a little.

"Adam's like the sun, warming everyone up," Heather said, her gaze dripping with affection as she watched him hustle on-screen.

"You big goof..."

Juno's lips twitched into a helpless smile.

She'd always known Adam's light would shine bright someday. But unlike Heather, who was all lovey-dovey admiration, Juno saw the bigger picture.

She'd secretly hoped Adam could stay a bit more ordinary. Because light and dark go hand in hand. The brighter the glow, the deeper the shadows.

Her workload just got heavier, huh? 😊

But it was what it was. She'd have to step up.

"Magical Amy, what a pity..."

Juno couldn't help but think of Adam's ex-girlfriend.

If Amy'd had more time, she could've been a real asset. Then maybe Juno wouldn't be stressing so much today.

"Looks like Rachel's a must-keep now."

Her mind drifted to the girl in red, Rachel.

"Where you headed?"

Heather, who'd been glued to the TV with Tatiana and the others, cheering for Adam, noticed Juno stand up and asked curiously.

"To check on Rachel," Juno said with a sly grin. "Adam gave me this job, and I've gotta nail it to help him out. Otherwise, what kind of best friend am I?"

"Then I'll come too!"

Heather jumped up.

"Nah, you're good."

Juno pressed a hand on Heather's shoulder, smiling. "Stay with Tatiana and the crew. I've got this. We've got different roles—you do you, I'll do me. If I need you, I won't hold back, promise."

Heather blushed and nodded obediently.

Chapter 716

The Dock.

Rescue Scene.

Late at Night.

After nearly a full day of nonstop work, Adam watched the red numbers on the TV jump to 106. Amid the crowd's cheers, he finally paused his legendary rescue efforts. 😊

"Dr. Duncan, can you share how you're feeling right now?"

"Dr. Duncan, what made you give up the lavish life of a billionaire to choose the tough path of being a doctor?"

"Dr. Duncan..."

A swarm of reporters rushed toward him.

Adam had already gotten a call from Richard, the head of surgery, and even a call from Dr. Glassman, the dean of the medical center. Both congratulated him on his incredible achievement, expressing how proud they were to have him as part of the team. They also gently nudged him to hold a quick press conference after work to answer the reporters' questions and shine a spotlight on the medical center's greatness.

Hmm.

Their tones were so warm and kind it almost made Adam squirm a little. 😬 But with that kind of pressure—plus not wanting to tick off a bunch of media folks—he had to put aside his plan to rush back to the medical center for a second wave of merit points.

Yup!

Saving a critical patient earns him +0.01 years of life. Pretty sweet deal, right? But it doesn't mean those patients are fully healed after his emergency care. All Adam does is stabilize them, pulling them back from the brink of death and holding them on that thin line between life and death. Without him, they'd be gone. So, that +0.01 feels totally fair.

Whether they fully recover after that depends on follow-up surgeries. And since those surgeries are a golden chance to sharpen his skills and rack up more lifespan points, Adam wasn't about to let it slip by.

So, stepping out of the red zone, he flipped a switch into "actor mode." Keeping it cool and classy, he answered a few questions with poise before ducking out of the spotlight with the excuse of "saving more lives."

And just like that—

The audience got to witness this: a young, handsome doctor who'd spent all day saving over a hundred people hopped into a sleek supercar. With a roar of the engine, he sped off into the distance, ready to keep up his heroic mission.

This is life.

This is what it's all about!

No surprise here—tonight, plenty of people will be tossing and turning, unable to sleep. Some couples might even end up in fights, whispering, shouting, or screaming Adam Duncan's name before storming off in a breakup tantrum. 😊

This year's med school applications? They're about to explode like never before.

And the next time someone—like Rachel's little sister Amy—teases Ross about how he's a "doctor" but still broke compared to others, Ross won't be able to puff up his chest and say, "A PhD is just as good as an MD!" anymore. Nope, that ship's sailed.

In the future, guys like Leonard and Rajesh will probably love and hate Adam at the same time, grumbling that their buddy's making their one pickup line—"I've got a PhD"—lose all its charm.

Hmm.

Except for Howard Wolowitz. He's totally unfazed. 😊

Medical Center.

Adam's supercar roared back in no time.

"Heather and the others checked everything out—they're all good. They headed home with Karen and the kids," Juno said the moment she saw him, filling him in on what he'd been dying to know.

"The kids?" Adam asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Megan didn't go back. She's staying with that little girl who got separated from her mom," Juno explained.

"They still haven't found her mom?" Adam asked, setting down his Duncan-special emergency kit and starting to change.

"Nope," Juno shook her head. "The girl's still in shock and hasn't spoken a word, so we don't know anything about her. And it's not just her—the hospital's packed with families of victims, all waiting for news."

Adam let out a quiet sigh. ☹️

Besides those still missing after falling into the water or yet to be rescued, there were the ones he'd stabilized and sent off to hospitals across New York for surgery. Identifying them right away? Nearly impossible. Even the confirmed casualties—bodies piled up and waiting to be ID'd—would take time to sort through.

You can imagine the gut-wrenching anxiety those families at the hospital must be feeling. The sound of crying won't stop echoing through the medical center tonight.

"How are Rachel and Gilly doing?" Adam asked, suddenly feeling a strange sense of déjà vu as he remembered why Juno was here.

"Don't worry, I've got it under control," Juno grinned. "It's not a tough fix, really. The key's Gilly's dad—I think he's starting to soften up. I'll talk to him some more and convince Rachel to move near the Mennonite community. As long as Gilly's dad keeps turning a blind eye like before, Rachel can be there for Gilly's final days."

"Got it," Adam nodded.

If Gilly's last stretch was going to include both her parents and Rachel, they'd have to work around her family's situation. Living in that old-school farming faith community, her parents couldn't just up and leave for good—it's not who they are. But if they're willing to look the other way, even Gilly's super-strict dad wouldn't object.

Rachel moving nearby, with her parents' quiet approval, means Gilly could secretly see her in her final days. It's not perfect, but it's the best they could hope for.

"You've been at it all day too—go home and rest," Adam said, looking at Juno with concern. "I won't be back for a few days. Let Heather know, okay?"

"Sure thing. You go do your surgeries and save lives," Juno smiled. "Don't worry about us. Tomorrow, we'll help that little girl find her mom, sort things out with Rachel and Gilly, and then we'll head out."

"Sounds good," Adam said. No need to get all polite with Juno—he changed, gave her a quick hug, and left the office for the operating room.

A new journey was about to kick off.

"Adam, you sure you don't need a break?" Richard, the head of surgery, popped up out of nowhere, checking in. When Adam insisted he was fine and eager to jump into surgery, Richard nodded. "Alright, which one do you want to lead? I've already told the team—they'll back you up 100%."

Adam was all too happy to take the offer.

And just like that, he dove in for three straight days.

Twenty surgeries later, he'd racked up another +0.2 years of life. Not nearly as efficient as the dockside rescues, though—he couldn't help but feel a little unsatisfied. Such a shame, he thought.

But what can you do? Emergency rescues take minutes—sometimes just a few to save a life. Surgeries, though? Even with Adam's lightning-fast skills, they drag on for hours, sometimes half a day. Too slow for his taste.

Late at Night.

After his final surgery, Adam changed, and with Juno and Karen by his side, he stepped out of the medical center.

"Dr. Duncan!"

Just as he was about to hop into his car in the parking lot, a woman's voice stopped him.

Adam turned, his eyes narrowing, heart skipping a beat. Standing there, looking both familiar and strangely new, was a gorgeous blonde.

Chapter 717

Medical Center. Late Night. Parking Lot.

Out of nowhere, a blonde bombshell—both strange and familiar—popped up in front of Adam.

Strange, because he had no clue who she was.

Familiar, because that face was way too recognizable.

Even now, with glasses on and a slightly innocent vibe—lacking the sultry charm he remembered—yep, it was definitely her!

Adam couldn't help but glance at Juno beside him.

Back when he started learning to fight, Juno had used this very blonde's signature move on him: the killer scissor-leg takedown!

"Something up?"

Juno asked with her eyes.

Oh yeah!

Adam and Juno had long mastered the classic Matthew-and-Lily skill: speaking with a look.

"Not sure yet, but probably trouble," Adam replied with his own gaze.

He didn't know who this blonde was in this drama-world, but her iconic Black Widow vibe was setting off alarm bells.

He'd just blown up in fame, and now she shows up? Hard not to connect the dots.

As for her whole "shy schoolgirl" getup, Adam had a hunch it was a deliberate act.

His acting chops—honed under Magical Amy's pressure—were no match for the legendary Black Widow's skills.

And then, he felt a spark of anger.

Ugh.

Not a big deal, but super insulting!

What the heck was she playing at?

What did she take him for?

"What's got you worried?"

Juno picked up on his mood shift like a pro.

"She might be a walking headache," Adam groaned. "Good thing you and Karen came by today. Help me ditch her later, yeah?"

Two days ago, Heather had helped that scared little girl find her mom, then took Tatiana and left New York for their Texas ranch. She didn't want to get in Adam's way.

Juno and Karen had also stepped away for a couple days. Juno, being an intern doctor too, had her residency exam in two days—she couldn't stick around Adam forever.

Today, she'd swung by to help Rachel with some stuff.

Earlier at the hospital, Adam had teased, "What, you building a Little Red Riding Hood squad now?"

Juno grinned back, "What's wrong with that?"

They locked eyes for a sec, then dropped it.

Right now, Adam was so glad Juno was here.

With his current skills, even if this chick was Black Widow, he could flash her a cocky Hulk-level smirk like he owned the place. Especially since there was a 98% chance she wasn't Black Widow.

Scared? Nah, not happening.

He just didn't want to deal with a troublemaker like her.

And while he wasn't afraid of being investigated, the people around him were another story.

Juno? She could handle herself—he trusted her. But Heather? Big weak spot.

So, shaking off this shady blonde naturally was gonna take some finesse.

With Juno here, though, Adam felt way more confident.

"The best defense is a good offense!"

Juno didn't just agree like usual. Instead, she nudged him. "She's clearly gearing up to pull a femme fatale move on you. But that's your specialty too, right?"

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched. "My specialty... is being a charmer?"

"Yep, totally!"

Juno smirked playfully. "You're not the old you anymore. Definitely not the high school kid trembling in Magical Amy's shadow.

Things have changed.

You should strike first—nip any trouble in the bud.

At the very least, back me up and get the info we need.

In this situation, you've got the upper hand over me by a mile."

"Fine," Adam sighed, eyes full of reluctance.

He got what Juno meant.

Back when he was a nobody, Juno could quietly handle any mess for him without breaking a sweat. She'd always done it.

But now, with his fame exploding, even Juno's best efforts sometimes fell short.

Her Little Red Riding Hood crew wasn't gonna come together overnight.

So now, Adam had to step up and work with her more actively.

"Don't look so grumpy about it," Juno teased with a half-smile. "This girl's basically a goddess, okay? Using your charm to dig for info—is that really such a loss for you?"

"Heh."

Adam gave an awkward laugh. "You know me—I don't care about that stuff. I'm clueless about it too."

"You know what to do, right?"

Juno rolled her eyes. "Like we've talked about before—use your strengths. Break through her mental defenses, catch her off guard, and subtly pull out what she's really thinking."

"...Have you been planning for this day all along?"

Adam thought back to years ago when Juno had dragged him into talks about "preparing to trick and ambush." Her foresight was unreal.

"If we don't fully grasp our own advantages ahead of time, how do we deal with this crazy, complicated world?"

Juno shot back.

"You're the boss. The absolute boss!"

What else could Adam say?

But while he marveled at Juno's genius foresight, he couldn't shake a weird feeling.

Her spending all day analyzing his strengths—what was up with that...?

"Karen and I will head back first and stay in the bedroom," Juno said with her eyes again. "You take her to the apartment later. Once you've got the intel, we'll figure out what's next together.

Oh, and step it up—don't let her fool you.

You've said it yourself: the prettier the woman, the better the liar.

If this goddess is here with a plan, you'd better watch out."

"How about you stick around to watch?"

Adam quipped.

"Sure, why not?"

Juno actually considered it, nodding. "Then don't close the door when you get back."

"..."

Adam was speechless.

If this blonde was Black Widow, he might not even get reliable info out of her.

But with Juno's mind-reading vibes nearby, it'd be way more solid.

Still—doing it this way? No way he could pull that off! 😊

"Forget the open door," Adam grumbled. "I'll handle it. And didn't you say you can phase through walls? Why bother leaving a door open?"

"I'm not you—how am I phasing through anything?"

Juno teased with a sly grin.

Cough cough.

Adam couldn't take it anymore and cut off the eye-talk.

One, this convo was getting way off track.

Two, he felt two sharp stares drilling into him.

One was from Karen, who'd always hated how close he and Juno got.

The other was from the blonde, who'd just said hi to him.

Eye-talk was cool and all, but without his bullet-time powers, Juno couldn't keep up at super speed. So their little exchange had taken a solid minute.

The confident blonde had expected a deep, meaningful chat with Adam. But after one glance at her, he'd totally ignored her—chatting up some "plain" girl with lovey-dovey stares instead.

She was not happy.

If she wasn't convinced she'd stumbled onto a huge secret for a killer scoop, she'd have stormed off already.

Chapter 718

Medical Center.

Late at Night.

Parking Lot.

"We're heading out," Juno said with a grin, glancing at the blonde woman whose vibe seemed off. She shot Adam a knowing look before walking off with Karen.

Adam felt a wave of relief wash over him. Juno's look had basically said: "Really? You're not seriously pulling this card, are you? Trying to get me to cover for you with Heather over some chick throwing herself at you?"

Clearly, compared to Adam, Juno's gut reaction to the blonde was: freebie alert. And that eased Adam's mind. He trusted Juno's sharp instincts—especially since she didn't have any bias toward this woman.

"Hey there, and you are...?" Adam asked with a smile, turning to the blonde after watching Juno and Karen leave.

"Sandra Plensky," she replied, her tone carrying a hint of self-mocking frustration. "A third-rate reporter from the Horn Daily. I was wondering if the famous Dr. Duncan might spare me a chance for an exclusive interview? I've been waiting here for three days."

"The Horn Daily's a pretty big deal," Adam chuckled. "No such thing as a third-rate reporter there. Sorry for keeping you waiting so long, though. You probably heard—the surgeries for the cruise ship victims only wrapped up tonight. I haven't left the operating room in three days."

"How'd the surgeries go?" the young, rookie version of "Widow" asked, flipping open her notepad and slipping into work mode.

"We saved most of them," Adam said, shaking his head. "But some injuries were just too severe..."

"That's such a shame," Sandra replied. "Have they confirmed the final death toll yet?"

"As of now, 87," Adam answered.

She pressed for more details, then smoothly shifted from the cruise incident to a personal interview with Adam. Standing there by his car in the parking lot, it didn't exactly scream femme fatale trying to seduce him. For a moment, Adam even thought he'd overreacted.

Sure, this younger, greener Widow was pretty tempting, but caution won out. He decided to give her a few vague answers and bounce. After all, her reputation preceded her, and his supercar wasn't a bus—he wasn't looking to pick up unnecessary trouble. 😊

"Dr. Duncan, what made you abandon your early path as a writer to become a doctor?" Sandra asked.

"Writing was just a passing hobby," Adam said with a smile. "Being a doctor's been my dream since I was a kid."

"Oh, really?" Her tone sharpened, dripping with skepticism. "I thought maybe it was guilt eating at you. You know, after realizing your novel *Lord of Mysteries* had some pretty nasty ripple effects. Maybe you picked medicine to ease your conscience by saving lives."

"What are you talking about?" Adam's eyes narrowed.

"*Lord of Mysteries* is full of unspeakable evil gods," Sandra said, locking eyes with him. "And all those shadowy organizations—like the Tarot Club. That serial killer in England the past two years, the one with the tarot cards—you're telling me that's got nothing to do with your book?"

"Sandra Plensky... you're that reporter!" Adam suddenly pieced it together.

"That's right, it's me!" Sandra puffed up with pride, practically beaming now that he'd placed her. "Looks like you do care. Otherwise, you wouldn't have bothered digging into news from across the ocean—or remembered my name."

"If someone dragged your name through the mud for no reason, wouldn't you want to figure out what the hell was going on?" Adam shook his head.

"So you think you're innocent?" Sandra laughed, her voice thick with sarcasm.

"Of course," Adam said firmly. "First off, the unspeakable evil gods in *Lord of Mysteries* aren't even my invention—they're borrowed from the Cthulhu Mythos. Second, the Tarot Club in the book is a force for

justice, not evil. And tarot cards? They're just tools for fortune-tellers. If you can pin this on me, then should we suspect every street-corner psychic and ban them from using tarot decks too?

"Someone makes a kitchen knife so people can cook. If a guy uses it to stab someone, is it the knife-maker's fault for getting creative? Don't you think that's a stretch?"

Lord of Mysteries had blown up over the years, raking in billions for Adam. But in the freewheeling soil of this TV-drama world, as its influence grew, some weird stuff sprouted—stuff that didn't exist in the original timeline.

Take this "Tarot Card Serial Killer" from England two years back. The guy targeted prostitutes and their clients in the red-light district, but somehow twisted it to mimic the official Tarot Club members from Adam's book.

The first victim was a working girl. When they found her body, she was dressed in a black classical robe covered in symbolic patterns and magical markings—most notably, a mysterious eye with no eyelashes. She held the Hermit tarot card, posed with her arms around her knees, staring out into the distance (through a window). Scrawled in red on the glass: "God is the only deity, untouchable!"

Anyone who'd read Lord of Mysteries could instantly connect the dots: she'd been styled as Admiral of the Stars, Hermit Cattleya.

The second victim was a client. His hair dyed black and combed back, red contacts in his eyes, holding two little doll girls in his hands, his gaze lingering with longing. On the table where his eyes pointed, the same red message: "God is the only deity, untouchable!"

Over the next two years, the killer cosplayed them all with his victims: Star Leonard, Judgment Hugh Dilcha, Magician Forsi Wall, Sun Derrick Berg, Hanged Man Alger... the whole crew, courtesy of prostitutes and johns.

It caused a huge stir at first. But then it took a bizarre turn.

This Tarot Card Serial Killer—despite only targeting the red-light crowd—went out of his way to pick victims he thought matched the Lord of Mysteries vibe. The costumes were meticulous too. Some

twisted folks ignored the horror of serial murder and started raving about the "artistic beauty" of his work, even hyping up who'd be next—Justice Audrey being the fan favorite.

As the "author," Adam faced insane pressure back then. After publishing Volume 8, *The Fool*, he announced he was done with *Lord of Mysteries*. To the public, *The Fool*'s shorter word count compared to the other volumes was proof he'd buckled under the heat and rushed the ending. Cheers and disappointed sighs came in equal measure.

A few months ago, Justice Audrey finally got her cosplay moment. But the twisted fans weren't impressed—claiming the victim didn't have Audrey's "aura." They insisted it was a copycat.

And wouldn't you know it, they were right.

The one who cracked the case wide open? None other than the rookie reporter standing in front of him: Sandra Plensky!

Chapter 719

Medical Center. Late Night. Parking Lot.

Adam stared at this journalist, so proud of her accomplishments, and couldn't help but feel a mix of awe and amusement.

Her story was pretty straightforward—straight out of a classic American sweetheart movie playbook.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, she studied journalism at NYU. During a holiday, she tagged along with her rich bestie to vacation in England.

By sheer luck, she stumbled across a note left by a famous reporter who'd keeled over from a heart attack.

And the note? Total bombshell.

Turns out, this reporter had uncovered a massive story: the identity of the Tarot Card serial killer.

And it wasn't just anyone.

It was Peter Lehman—son of Baron Lehman, respected businessman, and a rising star in politics lately.

The contrast, the scandal—if this broke, it'd shake the world and shower the reporting journalist with glory.

A Pulitzer Prize? Practically hers for the taking.

Too bad that famous reporter had a coronary thrombosis. The excitement literally blew him up—dead on the spot.

As a journalism student, Sandra got her hands on that note and freaked out in the best way. Most people would either hand it to the cops or toss it, but this American sweetheart? Nope—she dove headfirst into tracking down this insanely dangerous suspect.

Because, as they say, it's not just nonsense—it's drama.

Without solid proof, you can't slander the son of a baron, a successful businessman, and a political hotshot. The fallout would be brutal.

Sandra, with her journalism smarts, knew this. So she kicked off her evidence-hunting adventure.

Normally, someone like Peter Lehman would be untouchable.

But thankfully, her handy-dandy rich bestie's family gave her the hookup she needed.

When she learned Peter swam every day at the fancy Governor's Club—a private, high-end spot—Sandra begged her bestie to get her in. She wanted to stage a "chance" meeting.

Her loyal bestie came through, no questions asked.

So Sandra waltzed into the Governor's Club, scoped out Peter Lehman mid-swim, and pulled off a hilariously bad "drowning damsel" act, followed by a heroic rescue.

Good thing she was drop-dead gorgeous with a killer figure.

Peter Lehman? Just your average guy. Her looks and curves hooked him instantly—his brain didn't stand a chance with all that blood rushing elsewhere.

He invited her to his massive estate right then and there—to "enjoy the charming English countryside and breathe the sweet, aristocratic air."

Peter was already a total hottie, plus that family background? And she needed to get close to the Lehman estate for her investigation.

Sandra said yes without a second thought.

Once she got there, the sprawling manor blew her away. Peter led her through a crowd of elegantly dressed elites, then into a stunning garden. After some deep talks about art and life, Sandra—born to a regular family—fell hard for this dreamlike vibe she'd always craved.

In that moment, she was sure she'd fallen for her Prince Charming, Peter Lehman.

And that famous reporter? Had to be wrong. How could this charming, handsome, loaded guy with a bright future be the Tarot Card killer? No way.

So, she jumped into dating him, bold as you please.

Those days?

Dating a noble? She was drunk on it.

But little details from their time together started nagging at her, reminding her of why she was there.

Like Zhou Shuren once said: "When you stare into the abyss, the abyss stares back."

Sandra was just an ordinary journalism student—not some razor-sharp Black Widow like her counterpart. It didn't take long for Peter to catch on to her snooping.

By now, Peter wasn't the same guy who'd been totally distracted by Sandra's red swimsuit.

His brain was back online, and he'd figured out her game.

So, one afternoon, he invited her to go boating on the lake.

Ugh.

Yeah, a noble estate so fancy it's got its own private lake.

Adam and his "new money" crew got sneered at by these "old money" types for a reason. When it came to family legacy and personal indulgence, there was no comparison.

Out in the middle of the lake, Sandra was still clueless—giggling and flirting with Peter, all smiles.

In her eyes, until he was proven guilty, Peter was still her Prince Charming. Suspicion? No biggie.

But then Peter dropped the act and laid it all out.

"Life's so ironic and tragic," he said, looking at her sweet smile with a sad expression. "I saved you from drowning in the pool, we had some great times together, and now here we are again—you're about to drown all over again."

"What?!"

Sandra's grin vanished.

"I know you're investigating me," Peter said, shrugging. "You probably figured out I killed Betty—you know, the one people say doesn't deserve to be cosplayed as Justice Audrey. I'm cornered now."

At first, I hid who I was. But she was too captivating. We met up tons over the years.

Then she found out who I really was.

And she wouldn't stop demanding stuff.

I'm the son of Baron Lehman, a successful businessman, a rising politician—I couldn't let some girl keep blackmailing me forever, right?

So I studied the Tarot Card murders, rehearsed a plan, copied the killer's style, and took out Betty.

Problem is, it was my first time. I left a unique cufflink at the scene.

My ex-private secretary found it.

She tried to blackmail me too, even threatened to call a lawyer. So I slipped poison in her coffee and took care of her.

And now, you're about to tragically drown in a boating accident.

I'm starting to get why serial killers can't stop once they start."

Ignoring Sandra's pleas and threats, he shoved her off the boat, watched her flail, and rowed away.

Back at the estate, he called the police, spinning it as an unfortunate accident—a girl who couldn't swim.

But then, like some freaking mermaid, a soaking-wet Sandra strolled out, grinning at a stunned Peter. "Surprise! I was faking it. I'm actually the captain of the Brooklyn Community Swim Team."

Ugh.

If she'd added a "Surprise, motherf—!" it'd have been comedy gold, but the effect was still decent.

The cops, guided by some mysterious force, fought the urge to just shoot Sandra on the spot and arrested Peter Lehman instead.

Thanks to that exclusive scoop, Sandra's name blew up. Back in New York, fresh out of college, she landed a gig at the famous Daily Bugle.

Classic happy ending, right? 🤔

Adam had read the story, sure, but he'd never connected the reporter's name to that Black Widow face.

So here's the million-dollar question:

What the heck did Sandra want with him now?

Chapter 720

Medical Center.

Late at Night.

Parking Lot.

Adam and Sandra went back and forth for a while, tangled up in whether he should be held accountable for the Tarot Card Killer mess.

No way around it.

A fixed worldview isn't the scary part. What's terrifying is a worldview that's been programmed. Like a scholar meeting a soldier—reason just doesn't cut through. As long as Sandra refused to buy Adam's explanation, he could've claimed it was a divine message from God Himself, and she'd still go, "You say your thing, I'll say mine."

As the wise Tree Man Zhou once said: Truth only exists within the range of a cannon. And tonight, Adam was seeing that firsthand. 😊

"If there's nothing else, I'll head out. You know I've been at it for three days straight—I need some rest," Adam said, too tired to keep up the verbal sparring.

People with locked-in perspectives are tough to sway. Especially someone like Sandra, who's convinced she's the heroine of the world—and has the receipts to prove it. If she wasn't, how else could she storm into the lion's den, armed with nothing but her not-so-slight frame, expose the baron's son—a successful businessman and rising political star—as a fraud, bring a murderer to justice, and clear the names of innocent victims?

I mean, the last woman who tried to take down the baron's son got poisoned! After realizing Sandra was that clueless reporter, Adam lost all interest in figuring out her real motives. No point.

A naïve sweetheart like her? Without some cosmic (scripted) destiny (cheat code) propping her up and dumbing down the male lead, how could she possibly flip the ending?

Their first meeting—the whole "drowning hero saves beauty" bit—was straight-up ridiculous. A gorgeous woman goes alone to a pool where only one guy's swimming and suddenly starts drowning?

Hmm.

After the baron's son pulled her out, she didn't dare admit she couldn't swim. Because, come on—a beauty who can't swim jumping solo into a pool? That's just begging for trouble. Even with her killer red swimsuit, it's too suspicious.

She just mumbled something about not swimming in ages and kept rubbing her long legs. The baron's son gave her a heads-up: "If you haven't swam in a while, always warm up first, or you'll cramp up and risk drowning." Fair enough.

But banking the whole plot twist on that? Total nonsense.

When the baron's son circled back to "finish the job" by drowning her again, he somehow forgot she could swim. And leg cramps from swimming don't always tie back to warming up. No warmup doesn't guarantee a cramp—Adam, as Dr. Duncan, could vouch for that. If your body's fit and adaptable, you can handle the shock without seizing up. Warmups just lower the odds, that's all.

Plus, when he pushed her in, she fought back for a bit—counts as a warmup, right? And he didn't even wait for her to stop struggling before strolling off to call the cops. Sloppy much?

At least sit in a little boat, gazing calmly at your flailing rival in the lake. Bonus points if you've got a wine glass handy—raise it toward her resentful glare, sip some fancy red with a mysterious smirk, then row back to the estate singing a tune. Take a bath, change, then call the cops with a perfectly panicked tone.

Nope. None of that.

Facing Sandra's blatant plot armor, Adam—having dealt with ex-girlfriend Magic Amy before—had already shattered any illusions about invincible cheat codes like hers. He'd stay cautious, sure, but he wasn't sweating it.

If she wouldn't listen, no point in dragging it out. Not everyone gets to hear the cry of truth.

"Rest?" Sandra smirked, her tone dripping with provocation. "You sure you'll sleep tonight? I heard you've spent most of this year holed up in the hospital, barely sleeping. Afraid to close your eyes and face those innocent victims?"

Adam's lip twitched.

All interns bust their butts learning medicine and saving lives—he just stood out more. But in her mouth, it twisted into guilt-ridden insomnia. That kind of mental gymnastics was downright terrifying.

A naïve sweetheart? No biggie. But one backed by a media machine, wielding some cosmic mandate, and gunning for him with malice? That demanded attention.

Adam decided he'd rewrite her script—make her genuinely see and embrace the truth. He'd been about to leave, but now he stopped, turned back to her taunting grin, and raised an eyebrow. "For you, I could skip a little sleep~"

Sandra blinked, then her smirk widened uncontrollably.

Heh. Men.

She knew it. No one could resist her charm forever.

"So this is the real you, huh?" she said, tilting her chin up with a smug laugh. "Plenty of guys have said that to me. Glad you're on the list too. But I'm definitely not going out with you!"

"Got it, loud and clear~" Adam grinned.

This was practically a textbook "prodigal son's redemption" moment—true love incoming. He knew the drill!

In *The Big Bang Theory*, when Rajesh got full of himself after landing on a "30 Under 30" list, Sheldon and the gang brainstormed replacing him with a new friend. Someone trustworthy, supportive, tech-savvy, rich, living in a cool beachside pad where they could host parties with tons of hot girls.

Hmm.

Leonard summed it up: Iron Man! In the original timeline, Sheldon and Leonard never stood a chance at befriending Tony Stark. But now? They could have an Iron Man-style buddy.

And Adam wasn't just Iron Man—he was Iron Man meets Doctor Strange. Because, you know, magic. If he had a superhero name, it'd be... Iron Doctor! Sounds way cooler than Iron Man, right? Fits him perfectly too—he's a legit doctor, after all.

So not only did Adam get the Iron Man treatment with the ladies ahead of schedule, but the lady in question was none other than the unattainable "Widow" herself. Fate's funny like that. 🤖

Duncan Apartment.

"They're here," Juno said from the guest room, catching the sound and smirking. "Wow, things are heating up. Adam's not holding back tonight, huh?"

Hmm.

No wonder Juno's his best friend. No words, no eye contact, not even a peek—just a faint noise, and she nailed Adam's vibe perfectly.

Two hours later:

"Good thing this one's got ulterior motives, or Heather might've met her match," Juno muttered to herself.

She knew Adam's rankings. Heather topped the list—looks, figure, and chemistry with Adam, a perfect score. But tonight, judging by the vibe, this reporter was going all out.

People are selfish creatures. Chemistry's great, but sometimes reckless abandon hits different. Like how a main course might be amazing, but a little salty side dish steals the show.

And this reporter's looks and figure? Juno only caught a quick glance—glasses and all—but she could tell Sandra outshone Heather in the face department. Body-wise, they were neck-and-neck, each with their own flair. Calling her a knockout wasn't an exaggeration.

And now, Juno was doubly sure of it.