

## TV Show 751

Chapter 751: Today's Your Lucky Day

Medical Center. Hospital Ward.

After some convincing from Adam, Phoebe finally agreed to push back her wedding—despite the risk of Monica taking over everything.

This way, her stepdad might get bail in time to attend, and she wouldn't have to rope Joey into playing her dad and walking her down the aisle. Ever since she'd asked Joey, he'd gotten way too into the role, constantly eyeballing her fiancé Mike with that stern father-in-law glare.

It was making Mike super uncomfortable.

Ermmm.

As long as her stepdad didn't stab anyone else in prison lately. Oh, and Adam had to pitch in too.

After chatting with the Friends gang for a bit, Adam headed out. It was work hours, and his team of rookies was in the final stretch of their first shift rotation. He needed to keep an eye on them and scout for new surgeries.

Phoebe's wedding was coming up, and he had to be there. That meant getting his "lifespan boost" task squared away early so he could enjoy the day stress-free.

First stop: the free clinic to check on George O'Malley.

Gotta hand it to Cristina—she's blunt, but she's not wrong. Surgeries popping up at the free clinic? Rare as hell.

George was bored out of his mind, dealing with random minor complaints. Like:

- Some guy brought in a baggie of his own vomit, insisting George inspect it—and smell it—to figure out what was wrong.

- Another patient came in with a stomachache, but the second he saw George, he suddenly decided his prostate was the issue and begged for a check.

The free clinic's whole deal was that it's free because docs volunteer, and the equipment's bare-bones. No fancy machines here—it's all about the doctor's skill.

If a case got too tricky and needed the hospital's gear, though? That's when the bills kicked in.

Under Dr. Bailey's hawk-like stare, George had no choice but to glove up, head to a private room, and give the guy a rectal exam. When he came out, the patient looked way too pleased, promising to come back if anything else popped up—and asking for George's schedule.

George's face in that moment...

Ermmm.

Maximum damage, maximum humiliation.

Even tough-as-nails Dr. Bailey had to duck her head and bite her lip to keep from laughing. She quickly switched to her serious doctor voice, barking at the patient until he shrank under her glare.

When she threatened a mandatory psych eval—possibly landing him in a mental ward or the police station—he shuffled off, glancing back at George with longing every few steps.

Adam watched quietly for a bit, then slipped away. With Bailey riding herd on George, he didn't need to worry. All good there.

But Carter, who was stuck with "West Poison" Ouyang Feng? Total letdown. No emergencies had popped up since.

Made sense, though. When Cristina was in charge, Ouyang Feng had just woken up to his situation—already amped up—and Cristina's sharp tongue pushed him into cardiac arrest twice in no time. Now that phase was over, and Carter was playing it safe, doting on the guy like a nervous babysitter. No way Ouyang Feng was crashing again soon.

What, was Adam supposed to tell Carter to trash-talk him into a relapse?

He checked his watch. Ouyang Feng's addiction was ticking down—next craving wasn't far off. If he couldn't get relief, the odds of a flare-up would skyrocket.

With that in mind, Adam left Carter alone and moved on.

Outside Brooke's room, the Sex and the City crew stood in the hallway, dead quiet.

Kelly, clearly antsy, yanked a pack of lady cigs from her bag and popped one in her mouth like a pro.

"Ma'am, no smoking here!" a nurse snapped, swooping in.

Kelly opened her mouth to argue, but the nurse's glare—plus the giant "No Smoking" sign she pointed to—shut her down. Grumbling, she stuffed the cigarette back in the pack.

"What's up?" Adam asked, strolling up to the scene. His gut twinged, and he gave Kelly a weird look.

Did she catch something?

"It's not me..." Kelly caught his stare and shook her head, nodding toward a silent Samantha instead.

"Of course it's not you," Adam said with a nod.

Forget the fact that Barney was mostly recovered, with almost no risk of spreading anything now. Kelly? She was a seasoned pro—self-protection was her middle name.

Cue the classic moment:

At some fancy party, a waiter bumped her, and her clutch hit the floor, spilling everywhere. Lipsticks rolled out, sure—but the real star? A stack of "magic items."

Ermmm.

The kind Rajesh and Howard carry like a badge of honor. The kind Adam's dad, Bob, slipped him before his high school grad party.

Think a deck of "magic connected cards"—except Kelly's were labeled in bold: Ultra-Thin!

The room lost it.

Some perv piped up, "Now I get why success isn't luck—Ms. Bradshaw's Sex and the City soul comes from hard work~!"

"Art imitates life, right~?"

"Ms. Bradshaw, I've got a story—interested~?"

"Hahaha!"

The flirty jabs and innuendos just kept coming.

Kelly wrote this stuff for a living and owned it. Sure, she was flustered at first, but once she scooped everything up, she jumped right back into the party like nothing happened.

That confidence won over a ton of the women there—they swarmed her, chatting up a storm. Naturally, a few pervs tried pitching her their "stories" too.

She broke it down for them:

1. In this lust-filled city, you've gotta protect yourself—don't give selfish jerks an opening.
2. For your own sake—if you meet a guy you're crazy about, you don't wanna miss out because you're unprepared.
3. Plus, bringing your own lets you pick what you like, with quality you can trust. No surprises.

Three wins, zero downsides.

So, Kelly catching something from a low-risk Barney? That'd be some next-level bad luck.

"Bad test results?" Adam asked, shifting his gaze from Kelly to a suddenly subdued Samantha.

"That Dr. Pierce said Samantha might have breast cancer," Kelly said, worry creasing her face.

"Dr. Pierce is a senior oncology resident," Adam replied. "Where's the scan? Let me take a look."

Kelly handed over the films quick. "They've done a physical exam and imaging already. She said they need a biopsy to confirm."

"Hmm." Adam studied the CT scan. "Yeah, for a solid diagnosis, a biopsy's the way to go."

"How's it look?" Kelly pressed.

"Even if it's breast cancer, it's early-stage—treatable," Adam said, reassuring her. "This is actually a good thing. If it snuck into mid- or late-stage unnoticed, that's when it'd get messy."

"So today's my lucky day, huh?" Samantha quipped, dripping with sarcasm.

"In a way, yeah," Adam nodded, dead serious.

The Sex and the City crew: "..."

Chapter 752: I Love You, But I Love Myself More

Medical Center. Outside the Hospital Room.

The four city gals stood there, speechless.

It's not that they didn't get what Adam was saying.

But when something like this hits you, even if it's the best-case scenario in a sea of bad luck, your sense of humor just... doesn't kick in.

Because, at the end of the day, it's still bad news.

Cancer. Breast cancer, no less.

"Adam, if it's confirmed... how do we treat it?"

Carrie glanced nervously at Samantha and asked, treading lightly.

"Didn't Dr. Pierce go over this with you?" Adam said, surprised. "If it's breast cancer, Samantha's young and her body can handle surgery. That's the go-to option."

If it's caught early, we can do a lumpectomy—just remove the tumor and about a half-inch to an inch of tissue around it.

The upside's obvious, right? Less invasive. The downside? No guarantee it won't come back. She'd need regular checkups after.

Then there's the radical mastectomy option.

Exactly what it sounds like—take out the whole breast, the pec muscles, all the lymph nodes in the armpit, the arteries and veins in the chest, and any tissue that might turn cancerous. It's a full wipeout of breast cancer risk..."

"Hiss."

Carrie, Miranda, and Charlotte sucked in a sharp breath.

"Would she even still be a woman after that?" Charlotte muttered, stunned.

"There's reconstructive surgery later..." Adam paused. "The radical approach works, but it's so extreme—cuts out too much and tanks quality of life. That's why it's rare these days.

Most go for a modified radical mastectomy now. Keeps the chest muscles, and with reconstruction afterward, it looks better and patients handle it easier."

"So the radical one's a total cure—no recurrence?" Miranda, the sharp lawyer, pressed.

"Sorry, it's not that simple," Adam shook his head. "Unless it's super early-stage, only about 60% to 70% of early breast cancer patients are fully cured. The other 30% to 40% could still see it come back.

Long-term monitoring, close follow-ups, regular checkups—that's standard for cancer patients.

Catching it early and treating it fast? That's a massive stroke of luck."

"What about chemo?" Miranda kept going. "Does she need it? I heard it makes your hair fall out."

"Yeah," Adam nodded. "Hair loss happens with chemo, but it's not a big deal—stops when the treatment does, and it grows back. The real kicker's that chemo trashes your immune system, so you're more prone to getting sick."

Usually, cancer surgery's followed by chemo to back it up.

But if breast cancer's caught early enough, you can skip chemo and go for lighter stuff like endocrine therapy or targeted treatments with fewer side effects.

Bottom line..."

"Bottom line," Carrie jumped in, forcing a cheery vibe, "finding out Samantha's got breast cancer today is actually super lucky!"

"Right! If it's early enough, breast cancer's no match for Samantha," Miranda and Charlotte chimed in, picking up Carrie's cue.

"Thanks," Samantha said, her mood lifting a bit. She dropped the self-mockery and meant it.

After hearing all that, she realized her best shot was what Adam kept hammering: early detection, early treatment.

The earlier, the better.

Like tons of early-stage patients, she hadn't noticed a thing—or if she did, she brushed it off.

If she hadn't flirted with Adam today and asked for a checkup—and if he hadn't ignored her teasing, gotten serious, and flagged the risk—she wouldn't have gotten tested.

Who knows how long it'd have been before it turned into life-or-death, or a fate worse than death? 😞

"I'm a doctor," Adam said with a small smile. "It's my job."

"I want you to be my doctor," Samantha said, taking a deep breath. "Can you?"

"Of course," Adam grinned. "If you're ready, I can set up a biopsy right now to confirm it ASAP."

Cancer's usually handled by oncologists.

But surgeons can do the operation.

Adam could perform Samantha's surgery, then hand her off to an oncologist for the long haul—follow-ups, monitoring, checkups—all that jazz.

Oncologists love that setup.

It's their bread and butter—steady patients mean steady cash for their mansions and sports cars.

Adam could do it all himself. Patients usually trust the surgeon who successfully operates on them.

Plenty of folks keep going back to "their" doctor for everything—even unrelated stuff—letting that doc decide whether to handle it or pass it on.

Fun fact: in American medical dramas, passing patients between doctors comes with a cut.

Healthcare's a business here. Referring a patient's a referral either way—unless it's a rare case only you can handle, why bother without a payout?

And if we're being shady about it: even if it's a case only you can fix, if I don't tell the patient, how would they know?

If they die, it's not my problem. The bills still get paid—might even rack up more if it drags on without a cure.

That's where a doctor's ethics come in.

It's why patients cling to a doctor they trust, running to them for every little thing.

Adam's worth that trust, but he's not chasing the cash—he's short on time. Follow-ups and checkups pile up fast and eat into his life-saving hours.

So he keeps tabs on the medical world—gossip included.

He doesn't just scope out his peers' skills; he digs into their ethics too, keeping score in his head.

Otherwise, if he hands a patient off to some shiny-on-the-outside, rotten-on-the-inside "famous" doc, he'd be betraying their faith in him.

No messing around!

Adam took Samantha for a biopsy. Guided by ultrasound, he did a needle poke on the suspicious lump, grabbed a tiny sample, and rushed it to the lab for pathology.

Confirmed: breast cancer, super early-stage.

He consulted an oncologist, got Samantha's okay, and admitted her. Pre-op tests were lined up—if all checked out, lumpectomy tomorrow.

Yup, Samantha picked the lumpectomy.

Unless it's dire, not many women have the guts of Dr. Montgomery's friend.

That lady? Went full throttle—double mastectomy, fake boobs, hysterectomy, both ovaries out—just because of genetics and a "maybe."

Her husband begged her not to, but she did it anyway. He left at first, then showed up during surgery, seeming to cave and support her wild choice.

No clue how they're doing now...

It's the ultimate, brutal test of true love.

They say opposite-sex love's just for making babies.

So this couple—Dr. Montgomery's friends—with no chance of kids anymore? They'd be the perfect case to prove if true love's real.

Adam's not holding his breath, though.

True love, like human nature, can't be tested.

Especially over the long haul.

Maybe everyone's secretly thinking: "I love you, but I love myself more..."

Chapter 753: Women Only Slow Down My Scalpel

Medical Center.

Time flies, huh?

In a blink, the first 36-hour shift for the new batch of interns was up.

"Alright, you're off the clock! Go rest up. Just make sure I see you back here at 5 a.m. tomorrow," Adam said with a grin, looking at the four interns standing in front of him.

George's face lit up like he'd won the lottery.

Carter let out a huge sigh of relief.

Lexie kept sneaking glances at Adam, like she wanted to say something but couldn't spit it out.

And then there was Shorty, raising his hand.

"What's up, Melendez?" Adam nodded at him.

"Dr. Duncan, I heard there's a study group tonight. Can I join?" Shorty asked, all business. "It's 11 hours 'til 5 a.m.—I don't need that much downtime."

"You don't need that long to rest, sure, but don't you have a personal life or something?" Adam teased, scanning the group with a playful smirk.

"Personal life? What's that?" Shorty shot back, cool as ever. "Studying medicine is my career. It is my life!"

"..."

George's mouth twitched.

Damn, that's some next-level flexing.

But then his jaw dropped.

"Me too, Dr. Duncan! Can I join?"

Carter and Lexie raised their hands too, jumping on the bandwagon.

"Oh, really now..." Adam pretended to mull it over. "You sure about this?"

"Absolutely!" x3

Shorty, Carter, and Lexie shouted in unison.

As Adam's eyes landed on George, the other three turned to stare him down too.

"I, uh..." George forced a weak smile. "I've got a date with Callie..."

"Fair enough, go enjoy," Adam chuckled. "Work's important, but so's your girlfriend, right?"

"Thanks!" George blurted, looking like he'd just been handed a lifeline.

But under Shorty's glare—and the others' too—he couldn't even move his feet. Especially Shorty's stare. It was screaming: "A girlfriend? That just slows down our scalpel speed! What's the point?!" 🤖

"Hold up, you guys aren't ready to join just yet," Adam said, letting George squirm awkwardly while he grinned at the other three. "But if you really think 11 hours is too much free time and you've got no hobbies, come with me."

With that, he led them toward his office.

Shorty, Carter, and Lexie trailed right behind, no hesitation.

George stood there, tangled up in his own head. Finally, he gritted his teeth and tagged along. In a moment like this, ditching the group just felt... wrong.

Inside the office:

"Here's every session of our study group on tape, plus a list of all the medical books referenced," Adam said, pointing at four neat stacks of tapes—clearly prepped in advance—with dense booklists perched on top. "Take 'em home, treat 'em like bedtime stories. And thank Dr. Cristina Yang—she busted her ass copying and organizing all this."

"..."

Shorty and the others practically pounced on the stacks, beaming. George, though? He nearly choked on his own spit.

Bedtime stories?!

With this pile, who'd have time to sleep?

Forget crashing with Callie—he wouldn't even get a solo nap. This was a death sentence!

Sure, he'd sat in on most of those sessions, so he didn't need to rewatch every tape. But that booklist Cristina put together? Pure nightmare fuel.

Adam and Ellis Grey's discussions were always deep dives—each tape's theories meant digging through mountains of medical texts to keep up. Cristina had been the nerd taking notes, hitting the books, or asking questions, soaking up every bit of Adam and Ellis's genius.

George and Meredith? They were just along for the ride. They caught what they could, tuned out what they couldn't. If they hadn't gone with the "chill and let it slide" vibe, they'd have bailed on that soul-crushing study group ages ago.

Now, asking him to follow Cristina's lead and wrestle with all that hardcore medical knowledge? Way too much, man.

What's that?

He could just keep coasting?

If he hadn't seen those four tidy stacks of tapes, he might've bought Adam's "go prioritize your girlfriend" line as legit and not a jab.

And then, just when George thought it couldn't get worse—

Shorty was over there petting the tape stacks like they were treasure, flipping through the booklist with glee, and raising his hand again.

"What now, Melendez?" Adam asked, smiling.

"Dr. Duncan, if we finish these tapes, can we join the study group?" Shorty said, still laser-focused on it.

"Just finishing them? Nah," Adam laughed. "But if you're dead-set on it, I'll quiz you later—see how much you've actually got down. Like I said, it's your call. No pressure."

"I'm in! And I'll do it faster than anyone!" Shorty declared, eyes blazing.

"Me too!" Carter shot back, not about to lose.

"Same here!" Lexie chimed in, running her fingers over the tapes and sneaking a look at Adam.

"I..." George didn't even know what to say.

He was already in the study group, chilling nice and easy. Now, thanks to Shorty, he felt like he didn't deserve to just coast anymore.

Damn it!

This stupid Shorty!

Did he have to be so fired up? No one's got more hustle than this guy!

George squinted at Adam, then at Shorty, wondering: "Are these two in cahoots or what?"

"Heh." Adam caught his vibe and flashed a look that said, "You're overthinking it, dude."

After locking eyes, Adam looked away, kindly sparing him the follow-up: "You think you're worth that much effort?"

Truth was, Adam had prepped all this stuff. But if Shorty and the others hadn't asked, he wouldn't have said a peep. Learning's on you—always has been, always will be.

Sure, Adam wanted to mold them into star doctors. It'd prove his teaching chops and build a killer network for the future. But that was just icing. Nice to have, not a must.

If he didn't mentor George and the crew, would it tank his status?

Get real!

Ellis Grey was a cold-as-ice legend—calling people idiots and kicking them out, even her own kid—and she still became a medical icon.

Being a doctor comes down to raw skill. And Adam? He's got it in spades.

"Alright, head out," Adam said with a smile. "No stress—these are extras. Do what you can, no biggie if you don't. The books are all in the hospital library anyway. Enjoy your downtime after that first shift. See you tomorrow!"

Once they left, Adam tidied up and got ready to bounce.

He had a date tonight.