

TV Show 99

Chapter 99: The Three Green Sisters

****520 Apartment.****

"How could she do this? Seven years... seven whole years of love!"

"A divorce? Fine! If she wants to leave, then leave! I signed it. I really signed it!"

"I'll never love again!"

"..."

For the next few days, similar waves of anger, complaints, sorrow, and all kinds of negative emotions continued to radiate from Ross, to the point where Adam started visiting less frequently.

Every time he came over, he had to console Ross, who practically camped out at Monica and Chandler's place.

Besides, Adam was quite busy himself.

This semester, as planned, he added psychology courses, significantly increasing his workload. While academics weren't particularly stressful for him, managing his time efficiently became a bit challenging.

In his free time, Adam hired professionals to teach him hand-to-hand combat, studied anatomy and surgical techniques in advance, and made time for writing to ensure he published one **Lord of the Mysteries** book per year.

He and Juno had been discussing where to buy a cabin in the woods.

Now, they had mostly settled on a location—somewhere between New York and Boston.

That way, whether Adam ended up at Harvard or returned to New York, the cabin would be just over 100 kilometers (about 60 miles) from either city. A two-hour drive meant he could visit not only during summer and winter breaks but even on weekends—very convenient.

These forest cabins were typically wooden structures, and in the U.S., where lumber was abundant, they were quite affordable. However, since they were deep in the wilderness, setting up electricity and other utilities was a bit tricky.

Adam planned to use the cabin for practicing surgical techniques on game, so it needed more than just the standard amenities of a hunting or vacation lodge. Power, lighting, and a proper "operating table" had to be installed.

For security, he also intended to set up an electrified fence powered by a diesel generator—otherwise, he wouldn't feel safe.

Luckily, a specialized real estate agent was handling everything—money could solve most problems.

Adam had also arranged for surgical instruments through a medical supply representative. As soon as the cabin was ready, he'd have them delivered there.

Now, he needed to pick out a car.

Since the cabin was between New York and Boston, he couldn't expect Juno or Karen to drive all the way to New York just to pick him up.

Driving himself was the more practical option.

A flashy sports car was out of the question—he was leaning toward an off-road vehicle.

He also needed to fill out the paperwork for FBI approval to purchase firearms and ammunition.

Thinking about guns reminded him of archery, so he planned to take up archery training and get a compound bow for hunting.

Since he wanted to refine his surgical skills, he figured he should practice treating both gunshot wounds and injuries caused by melee weapons.

And that was just the general outline—there were plenty of other details to sort out.

How busy was Adam?

At night, while Caroline was fast asleep, he burned the midnight oil, finishing assignments.

If not for his nearly superhuman stamina—clocking in at an impressive 480, almost reaching "Just Too Good" status—he probably wouldn't have been able to keep up.

Long Island, New York

Bordering Brooklyn, Long Island was part of the greater New York metropolitan area.

This was where the Green family resided.

The Greens were a family of five. Their mother was a traditional homemaker, having only ever been with her husband. She married right after graduation and had never worked a day in her life.

Among the three daughters:

- The eldest, Rachel, was following in her mother's footsteps, securing her own "doctor husband." Even though he wasn't a prestigious surgeon like her father but rather a lower-tier version—a dentist with a

receding hairline—at least she was transitioning smoothly from being supported by her surgeon dad to being supported by her dentist husband right after college.

- The youngest, Jill, was still at an age where she was spoiled and carefree, living off her dad's credit card, shopping, partying, and having no worries in the world.

- The middle child, Amy, wasn't the firstborn or the baby of the family. As was often the case in families worldwide, the "invisible" middle child role left her feeling resentful toward both Rachel and Jill. She often mocked Rachel's formerly large nose and even bit her once.

The family's high standard of living was entirely supported by their father, a surgeon.

He wasn't one of those legendary doctors whose hands were worth millions, but his salary alone sustained the entire family. He bought Rachel a horse, and when her horse got sick, he cheered her up by buying her a yacht.

In the future, his youngest daughter would even rack up credit card bills buying a yacht for a friend...

In traditional American fashion, the bride's parents usually covered wedding expenses. With a father like that, money wasn't an issue.

Tonight, the Greens were discussing Rachel and Barry's wedding with the groom-to-be, Barry, and the maid of honor, Mindy.

Rachel, however, seemed a little out of it.

She wasn't sure why, but as the wedding date approached, her excitement and happiness dwindled.

Strange thoughts kept creeping into her mind.

More than six months ago, during a night out in the city with her girlfriends, she had experienced what she could only describe as divine intervention.

In that bar, she had met *him.*

She had desperately wanted a wild, uninhibited night with that gorgeous man.

In the name of God!

Let God bear witness!

But unfortunately, those little bitches she called friends hadn't understood what it was like to stand at the threshold of marriage—where freedom would soon be lost. Not only did they fail to support her, but they actively sabotaged her.

Frustrated and resentful, she had driven home with her mind full of inappropriate fantasies about that mystery man—so distracted that she almost crashed her car.

When her friends asked what she was thinking about, what could she say?

Of course, she said she was thinking about her fiancé, Barry...

Those little bitches had gasped dramatically, praising her for being so romantic and devoted.

But deep down, she knew they were probably laughing at her—thinking, *"You have a dentist fiancé and still aren't satisfied? Well, if we can't have him, neither can you."*

That night, in her family's spacious Long Island villa, Barry and Mindy stayed over.

Unlike in some cultures, in America, it wasn't a big deal for an engaged couple to sleep together before the wedding.

Lying in bed, Rachel stared blankly at the ceiling.

Once again, the image of that untouchable man surfaced in her mind, replacing her fiancé.

The forbidden is always the most tempting—especially when the man in question was *that* attractive. And when God himself had pointed the way...

Her friends had promised her a bachelorette party.

If they were truly her best friends, they should have tracked that man down and given her one wild night before she said, "I do."

At the very least, he could have danced for her...

Not long after, Barry got up and brought her a glass of water.

"Here, Rachel. Have some water so you can sleep better," he said gently.

"Thanks."

Rachel took the glass absentmindedly and drank it.

Within moments, her eyelids grew heavy, and she drifted into a deep sleep.

Barry called her name a few times. Seeing that she was completely unresponsive, he nudged her toward the edge of the bed, then sprawled out in the middle with a mysterious, expectant smile on his face.

Creak.

At some point, the bedroom door quietly swung open.

In the dim light, a shadow slipped inside...