

## TV Show 109

Chapter 109: If You're Wrong, Admit It—Apologies Must Be Sincere \*\*

\*\*Palma Garden Restaurant.\*\*

"Adam!"

Chandler let out a breath of relief the moment he saw Adam arrive.

"Don't touch it."

Adam stopped Aurora from reaching out to touch the fork lodged in her neck and helped her up. "Touching or pulling it out now could cause more tissue damage. Just leave it as is. Get in my car—we'll deal with it when we get to the hospital."

As he spoke, he noticed Chandler's fly was somehow unzipped. Adam's mouth twitched slightly, and he had a rough idea of what might have happened. "Chandler, are you okay?"

"Me?"

Chandler, still shaken, suddenly became aware of his own discomfort. A dull pain spread through him, causing him to hunch over with a pained expression.

"I'm so sorry."

Aurora, with a fork still lodged in the right side of her neck, looked at him with an apologetic and sympathetic expression.

"Caroline, help her."

Startled, Adam checked on Chandler. Seeing him clutching his groin in agony, unable to stand properly, he didn't waste time. Without hesitation, he scooped Chandler up in a bridal carry and strode out of the restaurant.

Aurora's injury wasn't too serious, so she leaned on Caroline for support as they hurried after Adam.

Once in the car, Caroline floored the gas pedal, heading straight for NYU Medical Center.

**\*\*On the way.\*\***

"What the hell happened?" Adam asked, holding onto Chandler.

"This is all my fault," Aurora said apologetically.

"No."

Still curled up in pain, Chandler forced out, "It's my fault."

"It's my fault."

"No, it's my fault."

"..."

Hearing the nauseatingly dramatic back-and-forth, Adam couldn't take it anymore. "Alright, you're both at fault. Just tell me what happened! You'll have to explain it at the hospital anyway, so clear it up now and save us some time."

Between Chandler and Aurora's fragmented retelling, Adam pieced together the full story in his mind.

It all started when Adam told Chandler about Aurora's interest in group activities. Chandler had laughed it off, pretending he didn't care, but deep down, he was clearly unsettled.

Back at the table, after Caroline stepped away, Chandler sarcastically turned down Aurora's offer on Adam's behalf.

Aurora, a well-traveled seductress, firmly believed in the principle: \*If you're wrong, admit it—apologies must be sincere.\* So, under Chandler's bewildered gaze, she "accidentally" dropped her silverware.

Chandler glanced around nervously, worried that others might be watching. But instead of stopping Aurora outright or leaving his seat, he hesitated.

Compared to Aurora's extensive and thrilling experiences, the most exciting moment of Chandler's life was getting lost on the Brooklyn subway and somehow making it home in one piece.

Now, with a chance for a \*life-changing experience\*, he found himself paralyzed with indecision.

At first, everything seemed fine. Chandler, overwhelmed with emotion, was already ready to forgive Aurora.

But then, suddenly, Aurora had a moment of hesitation—a pang of doubt.

That fleeting moment of hesitation cost Chandler dearly.

Struck by a sharp, unexpected pain, Chandler panicked. In his agony, his hand instinctively grabbed a fork from the table—

and he \*stabbed\* it straight into Aurora's neck.

The moment Chandler saw the fork sticking out of her, his pain momentarily vanished, replaced by sheer terror. He screamed for help.

"You two are \*unbelievable\*."

Adam was speechless.

"Giggle."

Aurora suddenly laughed.

"Heh... ah, ow!"

Chandler laughed as well, only to immediately wince from the pain.

"You guys sure are optimistic."

Adam sighed.

If it were him, the psychological trauma alone would have been unbearable. He couldn't imagine still being able to laugh through it.

"This is nothing," Aurora said with a grin. "Once, Rick and I drove through an Israeli war zone. Bullets hit the car, but we made it out unscathed."

"This is \*our\* great adventure," Chandler added.

"Of course," Aurora responded smoothly, as if she had reassured countless men before.

Adam's mouth twitched. He seriously considered tossing Chandler out of the car. This was beyond embarrassing.

**\*\*At the hospital.\*\***

Their dramatic arrival at the ER instantly caught the attention of several medical interns, who eagerly gathered around.

A resident doctor quickly stepped in to restore order and assigned two interns to take Chandler and Aurora to separate rooms.

Aurora's injury *\*looked\** dramatic, but removing the fork was actually quite simple.

Chandler, however, was in a much trickier situation. His injury was in a... *\*delicate\** area. After some awkward back-and-forth, he had no choice but to endure the examination. Fortunately, while painful, his injury wasn't serious. He was advised to stay in the hospital temporarily for observation.

"Ma'am, we need to run an EKG, an echocardiogram, and check your cardiac enzymes," the resident doctor informed Aurora.

"Why?" Aurora blinked in surprise.

"You mentioned feeling a sudden chest pain and loss of control over your speech," the doctor explained. "Given those symptoms, it's best to conduct a full cardiac evaluation to ensure there's no underlying health issue."

"Is she okay?" Chandler, lying on the hospital bed, asked with concern.

"We won't know until we get the test results," the doctor replied professionally.

Aurora had no choice but to follow the procedure. But soon after, she saw the resident doctor return with a stern-looking physician in his fifties, short in stature with a cold demeanor.

"This is Dr. Leonard Green, our attending cardiothoracic surgeon. He'll be handling your case."

"Hello, Dr. Green. Is there something wrong with my heart?" Aurora asked nervously.

Dr. Green gestured for an intern to explain. This was a teaching hospital, after all, and interns needed hands-on experience.

The intern, holding up the EKG and ultrasound results, rattled off a series of complex medical terms, leaving Aurora utterly lost.

"Can you speak \*English\*?" Chandler groaned.

"Her heart is dying," Adam translated after recognizing the terminology from his medical readings.

"Correct."

Dr. Green shot Adam a surprised glance before nodding gravely. "The patient is experiencing heart failure. She needs a heart transplant. However, she must first be placed on the transplant registry and wait for a suitable donor organ."

"No, that's impossible! How could this happen?" Chandler's voice rose in disbelief.

"My heart... is failing? I'm dying?" Aurora murmured in shock.

Adam sighed as he watched.

Bad news, life-changing diagnoses, and painful goodbyes were an everyday occurrence in hospitals. During his time volunteering, he had seen many such cases.

But experiencing it so \*close\*—seeing Chandler's shock and pain firsthand—made it hit differently.

Not because of Aurora.

But because, as Chandler's friend, Adam could feel \*his\* anguish.

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