TV Show 119

Chapter 119: Ultimate Strike, Final Sound **

Apartment 520

"So, how are things with you and Caroline?"

Rachel had already demonstrated her ultimate strike. After sensing Adam's gaze and stepping out of the bathroom, she regained her fighting spirit. She, Rachel Green, would never lose.

"We're fine."

Adam had already guessed Rachel's intentions, but he had no plans to break his principles.

It would take another six or seven years before he became a resident doctor, and another six or seven years to become an attending physician. If he gave in now, he couldn't guarantee how things would unfold in the future.

He couldn't just repeat what he did when he first arrived in this world—like with the mysterious Amy—by deliberately making her lose interest and leave, right?

Back then, he was too weak. Facing a dangerous person, he had no choice but to act that way.

But now, he no longer needed to.

Besides, did he not have any pride?

As for remaining friends after a breakup?

In the original timeline, Rachel and Ross were entangled for so long. Given Adam's status—handsome doctor, famous writer, wealthy, and living a fulfilling life—Rachel, who had always dreamed of such a life, would hardly be willing to let go.

If she couldn't let go, the inevitable outcome would be emotional deterioration. Unlike Ross, who was Monica's brother and had an unbreakable bond, Adam and Rachel's relationship could deteriorate to a point where one of them would have to leave their friend group.

At that point, they wouldn't even be friends anymore.

And when that time came, how would Leonard Green react to Adam, the man who broke his beloved daughter's heart?

Not deliberately making things difficult for him would already be considered lenient. Hoping for his help to get into more surgeries?

Wishful thinking!

So, should Adam just give in, since Rachel completely fit his aesthetic?

That wouldn't work either!

One defining trait of characters in sitcom friend groups is their casual approach to relationships.

One moment of eye contact could ignite a spark, leading to an explosive reaction.

Not to mention countless casual moments—revenge by "looking back" after being seen naked, making out on special occasions when no one else is around, or even ending up in bed together.

Rachel was the most extreme case.

Among the six friends, Chandler had kissed everyone except Ross, Joey had kissed everyone except Monica, Ross had kissed everyone except Chandler, Monica had kissed everyone except Joey, and Phoebe had kissed everyone except Monica.

Rachel was the only one who had kissed all five.

When the moment felt right, she acted without hesitation—that was her style.

A woman as uninhibited as Rachel, like Caroline, might agree to a casual arrangement with Adam. But asking him to endure a ten-year-long marathon romance with her? That was too much.

Adam had no shortage of beautiful companions, so why bring trouble upon himself?

Of course, he couldn't say this out loud. Otherwise, as a "dream man," he'd be kicked out of every friend group.

"Just fine?"

Rachel took a sip of red wine and pressed further. "I haven't seen her these past few days. Did you two have a fight?"

She secretly regretted not asking this first. She should've gotten this information before making a move.

"No."

Adam smiled. "We're not a couple, so there's nothing to fight about. She found a new job and left New York."

"She left?"

Rachel's eyes lit up. "Where did she go?"

There it was—her opportunity! No way Adam would say he was happy about Caroline leaving, right?

"Tangipahoa Parish."

Adam's tone was slightly off.

"Tangipahoa Parish?"

Rachel was stunned. "Why would she go to that godforsaken place? It's backward and superstitious."

"To be a caregiver."

Adam sighed. "I tried to talk her out of it, but she insisted, saying the people there needed her."

He couldn't help but think of that night when the four of them went on a date. Caroline had been smoking and saying those things. He had a nagging feeling that his words had pushed her toward making this decision.

Damn it!

When he had said, "Do your best," he had meant it casually—just enough to ease his conscience.

Who would've thought Caroline would take it as encouragement to go all-in? Not only had she returned to being a caregiver, but she had also moved to such a remote place.

"She really is something else."

Rachel's expression was odd.

She had heard Monica mention how Caroline was extremely compassionate, treating every patient as if they were family. Now, it seemed that reputation was well deserved.

If it were her, she wouldn't go to a place like that even if her life depended on it.

After all, many American horror stories originated from such places.

In movies and TV shows, aliens and superheroes always appeared in big cities, while small towns were filled with monsters and supernatural horrors.

Legends don't come from nowhere.

If given a choice, she'd much rather stay in a big city like New York—safe and comfortable. Only a fool would willingly go suffer in a place like that.

"Yeah."

Adam took a sip of wine, lost in thought.

Caroline's departure didn't feel right to him. It wasn't that he missed his "mutual aid" friend—it was just a bad feeling.

Something told him something was going to happen to her.

But Caroline was determined, and he couldn't say much.

In a country that prided itself on freedom, everyone made their own choices. Not even a real boyfriend or husband could force her to change her mind, let alone Adam, who was merely "more than a friend but not quite a lover."

"You okay?"

Rachel's heart skipped a beat—excited both by Caroline's departure and Adam's distracted state.

Finally, her moment had arrived. She reached out, holding Adam's hand while gazing deeply into his eyes.

"Of course, I'm fine."

Adam suppressed his thoughts, subtly pulling his hand away. Raising his glass, he smiled. "We've eaten enough. It's about time to call it a night."

"Don't be like that."

Rachel pouted. "It's still early! How about this—I'll do a dance for you?"

Before Adam could refuse, she ran into the bedroom and returned with a pair of cheerleader pom-poms.

"Ready? Go! Give me a C!"

Rachel, dressed in a red cheerleading outfit, waved the pom-poms and struck a big "C" pose, shouting.

"C!"

Adam, helpless, played along.

"Give me an A!"

"A!"

"Give me an R!"

"R!"

"Give me an O!"

"O!"

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Rachel spelled out "Caroline" with her cheers, then tossed the pom-poms aside. She bounced and twirled before launching into a series of backflips.

Unfortunately, it had been years since she graduated, and her cheerleading skills were rusty. After a few flips, she lost control and started falling.

Adam reacted quickly, catching her just in time, preventing her from hitting the floor.

But in doing so, he found himself in another predicament.

Held securely in Adam's arms, Rachel gazed up at him, eyes locked.

Then, she unleashed her ultimate move—an almost imperceptible, seductive hum, like the battle cry of an ancient warrior, capable of capturing souls.