

## TV Show 151

Chapter 151: A Father's Smile\*\*

One month later.

Central Park Café.

"Adam, what have you been busy with lately? I feel like I hardly see you anymore," Monica asked with concern.

"I've been rushing to meet deadlines," Adam said with a wry smile. "The investors aren't happy with the progress, so I have no choice. Not just for this month—this is going to be the norm for the next two years."

"Two years?"

Monica gasped. "That long?"

"Time is relative. Once you get busy, two years go by in a flash," Adam replied with a smile.

In reality, it all came down to one thing.

Lately, the investors had been pushing hard for progress, even threatening to pay him a personal visit to 'discuss' the matter. Feeling the pressure, Adam decided to speed up his work, cutting back on his usual downtime with Monica and the others. No more taking things easy.

Monica and the rest had been slow to notice, which made sense. After all, they were just friends, each with their own lives to live. It only seemed like they were together all the time because they condensed their moments of bonding into short bursts.

In reality, meeting up every few days was the norm.

The one who felt the change most deeply was Heather.

She noticed the difference on the very first night. Watching Adam type away, she found she couldn't sleep—partly because she wasn't used to it, and partly because the rapid sound of his typing oddly kept her awake.

Fortunately, Adam had a solution.

If she wasn't tired, he'd make sure she was. Exhaustion eventually took over, and she fell asleep, leaving no room for discomfort.

Lu Xun once said, "There was no road at first, but as people walk on it, a road is made."

Adam wholeheartedly agreed.

The busier he became, the less his lazy tendencies took over. He realized that staying idle forever wasn't an option, so he decided to compress his four-year undergraduate program into three, shaving off a year wherever possible.

So, the next two years would be incredibly hectic.

"So, any news lately?"

Of course, Adam couldn't just say, "You guys aren't attractive enough to keep the investors interested." Instead, he quickly changed the subject.

Even though the next two years would be packed, that didn't mean he'd cut ties.

His friendships had grown beyond being just casual acquaintances. Chatting and joking with them had become a part of his daily life, something he wasn't willing to give up.

Plus, there was still Leonard's connection, which he needed Rachel's help to maintain and strengthen.

So while long hangouts would be less frequent—going from multiple times a week to maybe once a week or every other week—grabbing breakfast together or catching up over coffee wouldn't change.

Relationships are built through time spent together. In many American TV shows, friends are often portrayed as being even more important than family, and there's a good reason for that.

They're the people you spend every day with.

"Not much, really. Just that Chandler quit his job," Monica said with a grin.

"What?"

Adam was stunned. "Chandler quit his job?"

He turned to Chandler. "Why?"

"Because I don't like it," Chandler shrugged. "Ever since you mentioned that the third edition of \*Lord of the Mysteries\* was selling another 500,000 copies and you were making a fortune, I realized all of you have clear career paths except for me. I've been stuck in a job I don't even like for five years. What was supposed to be temporary is starting to feel permanent."

"You don't like data processing?"

Adam was speechless. "Then why did you major in it in college?"

"I have no idea," Chandler said, spreading his hands. After a pause, he added, "Maybe because it paid well?"

"So what job do you actually like?"

Adam pressed on, feeling like a father watching his son throw away a high-paying career just to say, "The world is so big—I want to see it."

"I don't know," Chandler admitted with a self-deprecating smile. "But I do know that when my boss told me I was getting promoted to supervisor, I just couldn't take it anymore. So I quit on the spot."

"..."

Adam rolled his eyes, exasperated. "They were giving you a promotion, and you couldn't handle it? Wasn't a raise appealing? Even if you don't like the job, you could've looked for another while keeping this one. Quitting outright was way too impulsive."

"I know, I know," Chandler said, clearly still conflicted.

"After he quit, he went to a career consultant to figure out what kind of job suits him," Monica added, barely holding back her laughter. "Guess what they told him?"

"It has to be data processing," Adam said without hesitation. "That's what you studied in college, and you've been doing it for five years. You're already qualified to be a supervisor. It's what you know best—what else would they suggest?"

"So what am I supposed to do now?"

Chandler sighed. "I can't just go back—it'd be humiliating."

"Of course, you can't go back, unless your boss begs you to return," Adam said thoughtfully. "But since you're already at this point, you should really think about what you actually want to do. Pick something you like and commit to it. Every career starts from scratch, and it takes time to grow."

If you keep being this impulsive, are you planning to switch careers again when you're middle-aged? Even if you're willing to compete with kids ten years younger than you, chances are you won't keep up.

They're young, with no financial burdens. But as a middle-aged man, you'll need a stable, high-paying job to support a family. At that point, you won't have much choice. Do you really think the 'midlife crisis' is just a joke?"

"You actually think I'll have a family?"

Chandler smirked, falling back on his usual sarcasm. "I'm pretty sure I'll be alone forever."

His parents had left a huge emotional scar, making him fearful of love and marriage.

"You absolutely will," Adam said, thinking of Nora. His expression softened as he spoke warmly. "And you'll be happy. Think about it—if you had a wonderful family but then decided to quit a well-established career after ten years just because you 'didn't like it,' imagine the impact it would have on them."

Chandler was silent for a long moment before speaking softly. "You really think I'll have a happy family?"

"Of course. I'm sure of it," Adam said firmly. "And it'll be even happier than most because you understand the damage a broken home can do to a child. I believe you'll be a great husband and father. Your family will be better because of you."

"Thanks."

For the first time in a while, Chandler's usual playful smirk faded. Instead, an honest, hopeful smile appeared.

"We're not just friends—we're family," Adam said, patting Chandler's shoulder and offering a fatherly smile. "Take your time figuring out what you love. Try different things and choose what suits you best."

I know you don't have a lot of savings, but don't worry about money—I've got your back. Right now, the most important thing is for you to find a career that you love and excel at."

"Aww~"

Monica, watching from the side, felt touched and deeply moved.

This was exactly why she cherished these friendships so much.

It was moments like these that made everything feel so right.