

TV Show 68

Chapter 68: Adam, the Strong**

Two days later.

Apartment 520.

"Hey, how did your talk with Carol go?"

Early in the morning, Adam had just woken up and was sitting at the dining table, waiting for Monica's breakfast. When he saw Ross walk in, he asked curiously.

"Uh... it was just okay."

Ross waved his hand awkwardly, clearly unwilling to go into details.

"What do you mean by 'just okay'?"

Monica, wearing an apron, also turned to look at him.

"I think our marriage is officially hopeless."

Ross rolled his eyes, thought for a moment, then shrugged.

"What?!"

Monica exclaimed, "She really gave up on your seven-year relationship to be a lesbian?"

"Calm down."

Adam glanced at Monica, who was waving a kitchen knife, and reminded her, "The outcome isn't great, but it's not terrible either. At least Ross has come to terms with it, right?"

"Is that so?"

Monica set the knife back on the cutting board and looked at Ross with confusion. "You're okay with this?"

"It's not really about being okay or not..."

Ross twitched his lips, sounding half-hearted, but in his mind, he recalled the moment his ridiculous suggestion had been shot down.

The moment he blurted out that suggestion, he regretted it instantly—it was absurd and slightly shameless, but there had been a part of him that held onto a sliver of hope.

Yet, after Carol and Susan rejected him and he walked out the door, most of the pain and frustration he'd been feeling inexplicably faded away.

As for confronting Carol and Susan about cheating on him?

That thought didn't even cross his mind.

After all, Susan had only cheated on him... but he had completely changed his perspective.

"You haven't eaten yet, right? Sit down, breakfast is almost ready."

Monica poured Ross a glass of water.

Since there weren't any cameras around, they didn't need to use bottled water like they would in a TV show. In real life, they just drank tap water instead of casually grabbing a drink from the fridge—way too expensive and unhealthy.

Adam handed Ross a coaster.

"Huh? You actually put up with this?"

Ross asked in surprise.

"You mean the coaster?"

Adam chuckled. "You get used to it."

Monica was a complex person—both a neat freak and messy at the same time. She couldn't stand having cups placed directly on the table without a coaster. If someone ignored this, she'd lose her mind.

"You're definitely Monica's perfect roommate."

Ross took a sip of water and teased, "Not many people could handle that."

"I think so too."

Monica plated a pancake and placed it in front of Adam, smiling happily.

"We're good friends, after all."

Adam smiled meaningfully, but in his mind, he was grumbling: ****Damn system, why haven't I earned any strength points yet? I'm practically part of the group already.****

Back when he visited Leonard, it took only half a day for their friendship to boost his intelligence and strength attributes.

Now, even after moving into Monica's apartment and becoming close with the group, the system still hadn't recognized their friendship.

Was society too complicated?

Or was Leonard just **that** desperate for friendship?

Well, the answer was obvious—Leonard was just **that** desperate.

Monica and the others were adults living in the real world. No matter how friendly they acted, there was always a certain distance between them. True friendship required time to build.

This was New York, after all. People came and went constantly, making emotional connections naturally more guarded.

"Hey, Ross, Adam! I've got two tickets to the Yankees game—wanna come?"

Chandler and Joey walked in, waving the tickets in their hands, inviting them excitedly.

"No thanks, not in the mood."

Ross declined lazily.

"I can't go either, I have something to do later."

Adam shook his head.

"It's Saturday. What could you possibly have to do?"

Joey asked, dissatisfied.

"I'm attending volunteer training at NYU Medical Center."

Adam explained with a smile. "I told you guys about it a few days ago. Remember?"

"You got accepted? Congrats!"

Joey's eyes widened, and out of habit, he gave Adam a big enthusiastic hug.

"Too many hugs, huh?"

Chandler smirked.

After being Joey's roommate for less than a month, he had already lost count of how many hugs he'd received.

It couldn't be helped—Joey was an actor, and soap operas were all about exaggerated emotions.

Adam could only force a smile.

He was still hoping Joey would help him earn strength points, so he didn't want to reject his affection.

"Volunteers need training?"

Joey let go of Adam and asked curiously.

Unless it was about food or dating, he was usually clueless.

"Of course."

Adam explained, "Hospitals deal with life and death, so there's a high level of professionalism required. Even volunteers need proper training before they can start."

"That's cool."

Joey nodded approvingly. "That's kinda like us actors, actually!"

"Oh, really?"

Chandler dragged out the words in a mocking tone.

"Of course!"

Joey, completely oblivious to Chandler's sarcasm, eagerly explained, "Actors play all sorts of roles. A lot of times, we have to go through quick training sessions to prepare. It's exactly like Adam's volunteer training!"

"It's not the same at all, okay?"

Ross couldn't help but argue, "Actors just need to learn enough to look convincing. Adam actually has to master what he's learning."

"Hey! I wasn't asking *you*!"

Joey pointed both hands at Ross, clearly annoyed.

"So what exactly will you be doing as a volunteer?"

Chandler asked.

"During training, I'll mostly be doing reception and guiding patients."

Adam thought for a moment. "It lasts about two months. After that, I'll be assigned a more specific role based on hospital needs and my own interests."

"Reception and guiding patients?"

Monica joked, "I bet your hospital is about to see a surge in female patients."

"Haha."

Adam chuckled but didn't say anything.

Good looks were an advantage—that was a universal truth, no matter where you were.

After enjoying Monica's breakfast and chatting with everyone for a while, Adam left the apartment and took the subway downtown.

****NYU Medical Center.****

A private hospital located in Manhattan, NYU Medical Center was one of the top hospitals in the city.

Volunteer culture was deeply ingrained in American society, and hospitals across the country relied on hundreds of thousands of volunteers each year. Some, like Adam, volunteered to strengthen their medical school applications, while others simply wanted to give back to the community.

Because of this, not just anyone could become a volunteer. Popular hospitals required formal applications, recommendation letters, written exams, interviews, and even health screenings.

Since Adam was going to be a hospital volunteer, he naturally aimed for the best.

And thanks to his completely average-looking face, getting accepted was easy.

As Adam put on his volunteer uniform and arrived at the front desk, the nurses all turned to look at him—

...Alright, that was just his imagination.

In reality, the nurses at the front desk, much like flight attendants in America, were mostly strong, tough-looking Black women.

****I absolutely cannot show even the slightest sign of exhaustion.****

****No way!****