

TV Show 69

Chapter 69: Gossip and Scandal

****New York University Medical Center****

"Adam, take them to the ICU!"

"Adam, escort them out."

"Adam, give us a hand!"

...

In this place where life and death played out every moment, Adam quickly immersed himself in his work. He was simply too noticeable to be left alone.

The senior nurses would always call out to him first whenever they needed help, happily ordering him around, leaving him barely a moment to rest.

Fortunately, Adam's endurance was now at an impressive 460, almost reaching the "You're the MVP" level. Otherwise, if anyone else were thrown into such a high-intensity workload right away, they'd surely struggle to keep up.

Since it was a day off with no classes, today was practically a full-time shift for him.

****Nightfall.****

****During shift handover.****

After signing the attendance sheet, Adam let out a heavy sigh, politely declined the enthusiastic invitation from the senior nurses, and headed toward the locker room.

"...I couldn't wait to tell my mother everything that had happened, to explain how we had been caught in such a predicament and had to quickly come up with a solution.

So we had no choice but to set out together for the neighboring village to seek help. We didn't even have time to put on hats as we rushed into the cold mist of the night.

Even though we couldn't see the village yet, a reassuring sight appeared before us—a blind man moving in the opposite direction..."

From a patient's room at the end of the hallway, the sound of someone reading aloud drifted out.

Adam paused at the doorway and glanced inside.

A blonde girl in a white orderly uniform sat by the bedside, holding a book in her hands. Her voice was soft and soothing, as if it had the power to calm the turbulence of the world.

Lying on the hospital bed was an elderly man, listening intently.

For a moment, Adam forgot to leave, standing quietly in the hallway, watching the scene unfold.

After a while, the blonde orderly closed the book and smiled warmly. "That's it for today, Mr. Tucker. Get some rest, and I'll see you tomorrow."

"Thank you, Caroline," the elderly man rasped.

"It's my pleasure."

Caroline gently patted his hand and added with a smile, "Just call a nurse if you need anything."

At that moment, Adam finally got a clear look at her face and was slightly taken aback. She was unexpectedly stunning. Then, he shook his head with a wry smile.

It reminded him of a famous saying: "A beautiful flower needs plain leaves to highlight its charm."

After spending the entire day surrounded by well-rounded senior nurses, his aesthetic standards had been drastically lowered. A girl who would normally be a solid seven out of ten had, at this moment, skyrocketed to a nine.

Caroline looked up and met Adam's gaze. Their eyes met, and they exchanged a brief smile.

Now that his sense of aesthetics had returned to normal, Adam withdrew his gaze and walked away.

Later, he took the subway back to his apartment and hung out at the bar downstairs with Chandler and the others. That's when he learned that the bar would officially close next week and be converted into a café.

As Chandler and the rest grumbled and complained, Adam just smiled without saying a word.

****The next day.****

It was Sunday, but Adam still went to the hospital.

"Look who it is! Our very own Casanova has arrived!"

A senior nurse, arms crossed, greeted Adam with a teasing grin, her voice carrying the signature rhythm of African American slang.

"Huh?" Adam looked utterly confused.

"Don't play dumb."

She smirked and said playfully, "Let me tell you something—nothing stays a secret in this hospital. You've got your eye on that new orderly, Caroline, don't you?"

"What? No way."

Adam shook his head.

"Don't even try to deny it. You can't fool me!"

The nurse gave him a knowing look. "Come on, just admit it. What's the big deal? If you tell me, I might even help you out."

"I swear, there's nothing going on."

Adam was speechless.

What frustrated him even more was that, for the rest of the day, every staff member he encountered either gave him curious glances or outright teased him.

Of course, he remembered seeing the blonde orderly, Caroline, last night. But all he had done was stand there for a moment without even saying a word to her—how had that tiny moment snowballed into this massive rumor spreading throughout the entire hospital overnight?

The speed of gossip here was truly astonishing, even outshining the recent scandal about two interns getting caught "applauding" in the break room.

But hey, not all gossip was equal—Adam's looks were just too "remarkably unremarkable" to go unnoticed.

As soon as his shift ended, Adam made a quick exit.

****Outside the hospital building.****

"Adam Duncan?"

A familiar female voice called his name.

Turning around, he found himself face to face with the other half of this gossip-fueled scandal—Caroline, the orderly.

"I'm Caroline Ellis."

"Nice to meet you, Caroline. Is something up?"

Adam smiled, slightly awkward but still polite.

"Are you the lead singer of 'Hard Candy'?"

To his surprise, she wasn't asking about the gossip at all.

"Yeah."

Adam raised an eyebrow. "You've heard of us?"

"Of course!"

Caroline laughed confidently. "I used to be a manager for a rock band. There's no way I wouldn't have heard of 'Hard Candy'—especially your cover of Guns N' Roses' *Don't Cry*. I actually wanted to come see you perform back then, but it was too far away. I never expected to run into you here! Why are you volunteering at the hospital?"

"Oh, that makes sense now."

Adam's awkwardness disappeared as he explained with a grin, "I'm studying at Columbia and planning to apply to med school, so I'm here to build my résumé."

"You're not doing rock anymore?"

Caroline looked disappointed. "With your talent, if you dedicated yourself to it, you'd definitely make it big in the rock world."

"Rock was just a hobby."

Adam smiled. "Didn't you also quit being a band manager to work as an orderly?"

"It's different for me."

Caroline shook her head, her expression darkening. "I used to be so focused on work that I neglected my father. By the time I realized it, he was gone, and I was filled with regret."

"I'm sorry."

Adam, in true American fashion, apologized first. "So you left your job as a manager to care for patients?"

"Yeah."

Caroline nodded. "What I regret most is not being there for my father in his final days. So many elderly patients are just like him—without family to care for them. Looking after them makes me feel like I'm making up for that lost time with my dad."

Adam nodded in understanding. No wonder she was so patient and gentle with the patients—it was her way of coping with her regrets.

"Wanna grab a coffee?"

"Sure!"

Caroline beamed. "By the way, is it true that the only reason *Don't Cry* got a cover version was because you made a bet with another band, and the loser had to streak around campus?"

"Haha!"

Adam immediately thought of Kash and his emo band streaking through campus at night.

With a shared interest in music and working at the same hospital, the two hit it off quickly.

They never made it to the café. Instead, Caroline, a former rock band manager, dragged Adam to a nightclub, where they danced the night away.

It turned out to be quite the educational experience for Adam.