

TV Show 71

Chapter 71: I Thought We Were Good Friends**

New York University Medical Center.

"What a tragedy... A perfectly healthy baby girl is gone just like that."

"That scumbag deserves to die!"

"Their marriage is definitely over."

"Not necessarily."

"Huh?"

"The guy is a famous designer, and he earns a lot. Plus, they already have a son and a daughter. As long as he's willing to admit his mistake, the chances of divorce aren't that high."

"Are you kidding? You're saying she should tolerate a cheating scumbag just because of that? I thought American women valued freedom the most?"

"Kid, you've watched too many TV dramas... Most American families still follow the traditional structure—men work outside while women stay home as full-time housewives. Without financial independence, how can they truly be free? You think **Desperate Housewives** was just for fun?"

"But this woman has a job. I heard she's a music teacher."

"How much can a teacher really earn? Especially in the arts—it's an expensive field. Without financial support for love, you either waste away or become a genius, but true geniuses are one in a million."

"If it were me, I would never compromise!"

"Yeah, same here..."

Gossip spread quickly through the hospital.

John Coleman's wife had just been saved, but she lost the baby girl she was carrying. A storm was brewing in their family, and the onlookers whispered their opinions in secret.

The younger, more idealistic ones believed the marriage was doomed, while the more experienced elders had a more pessimistic view.

Of course, after the young ones insisted on their stance, the elders all *"agreed"*—at least on the surface.

"Adam, what do you think?"

Caroline, who was standing outside the hospital room, turned to ask Adam, who was lost in thought beside her.

"Adam? Adam!"

Noticing that Adam was staring at her, Caroline's lips curled up slightly, but she still nudged him.

"Huh?"

Adam snapped out of it.

"What were you looking at?"

Caroline chuckled.

"I should be the one asking you that."

Adam pointed at the book Caroline was holding with an odd expression.

"*Behavioral Psychology.*"

Caroline lifted the psychology book in her hands. "Why?"

"Nothing," Adam forced a smile.

For some reason, seeing Caroline with a psychology book suddenly made him think of his ex-girlfriends, Amazing Amy and Juno. A sense of unease crept over him.

"Why did you decide to read that?"

"I'm a caregiver."

Caroline smiled. "Naturally, I want to understand patients' psychology better so I can take better care of them."

"How's it going? Is it hard?"

Adam pushed down his inexplicable discomfort and casually asked.

After partying all night with Caroline, he had gotten to know her a little better. He knew she had never gone to college—she had dropped out during her rebellious high school years, following a group of rock musicians before later becoming a manager.

"It's alright."

Caroline hesitated slightly, looking a bit embarrassed. "Honestly, it feels pretty easy."

"Gordon Commissioner, huh?"

Adam chuckled bitterly in his mind. *I must be overthinking things. There's no way she's a psycho. She just wants to understand her patients better—it's actually quite inspiring and reasonable.*

"You go ahead and study. I've got things to do. We'll talk later."

Adam bid farewell and walked past the emergency room, where he saw an older woman standing in front of John Coleman with two children.

The boy looked about eleven or twelve, his expression indifferent.

The girl, around eight or nine, was gesturing with her hands—she was deaf and mute.

John Coleman looked ashamed as he signed back, seemingly trying to comfort her.

Adam shook his head.

Cheating might feel good in the moment, but when you get caught, it's a disaster.

Even if this broken family stayed together for the sake of the children and their livelihood, it would never be the same. At best, it would serve as inspiration for another dramatic TV show.

Over the Next Few Days

John Coleman's wife was discharged from the hospital quickly. Rumors said she was in a daze, but she didn't cause much trouble. Losing her baby girl had probably hit her so hard that she didn't even have the strength to fight anymore.

The entire family left the hospital together.

Truly together.

John Coleman's wife had reclaimed the remains of the miscarried baby. Rumor had it she was planning an artistic funeral for her...

Tragic stories like these were routine in the hospital. Soon, no one paid attention to them anymore—including Adam.

Adam continued his usual routine—bouncing between his apartment, school, and the hospital. Occasionally, he'd be dragged out to party by Joey, Ted, or Caroline. Life was eventful and enjoyable.

The most surprising thing for him, however, was that after all this time, the system finally reacted.

****Ding!****

****Strength +20!****

****Ding!****

****Strength +20!****

****Ding!****

****Strength +20!****

That night, while out with Joey, Chandler, and Ross, Adam finally got the long-awaited strength upgrades.

Almost brought me to tears, seriously.

Without hesitation, he hugged each of them tightly.

"What's going on? Why do we have another Joey all of a sudden?"

Chandler spread his hands and quipped in his usual sarcastic tone.

"Hey! I think it's great."

Joey pointed at Chandler with both hands, then spread his arms dramatically, looking touched as if he was about to cry. "Come here, give me another hug!"

Adam, now calmer, twitched at the corner of his mouth but couldn't refuse Joey's affectionate embrace.

At Apartment 520

"What? Is there something on my face?"

As soon as Adam returned to the apartment, he stared at Monica so intensely that she started touching her face, feeling self-conscious.

"Monica, are we good friends?"

Adam was frustrated that his system panel wasn't responding. He looked at Monica with dissatisfaction.

"Of course!"

Monica was briefly stunned but quickly nodded.

"But it feels like you don't really see me as a close friend."

Adam sighed dramatically. "I can feel the friendship from Chandler, Joey, and Ross, but with you and Phoebe, there's still some kind of barrier. Why is that?"

"Ah!"

Monica gasped, her face instantly turning red. She stammered, "W-What are you talking about? Phoebe and I... we **do** see you as a friend..."

"Crap! I messed up!"

Adam's heart tensed. He regretted saying anything. He had been too excited by the triple stat boost and hadn't thought it through. Monica and Phoebe were obviously different from the guys.

It was obvious why.

Even after two months, Monica and Phoebe still hadn't reached that **purely platonic** level of friendship with him. Clearly, they still had **other** thoughts about him.

"Just kidding."

Adam grinned, putting on his best **performance mode.** "Did I get you?"

"Wow!"

Monica wiped her forehead and forced a nervous smile. "You totally got me."

"Haha."

"Haha."

Both of them laughed exaggeratedly.

"Oh, right, someone called for you earlier. I think his name was Jack Surf."

Monica twisted her hands together, glancing around until she suddenly spotted a note by the phone. She quickly picked it up and handed it to Adam. "He wants you to go to Random House tomorrow."

Adam's eyes instantly lit up.