

TV Show 97

Chapter 97: Ross's Triumphant Return

New Year's Day.

Morning.

Apartment 520.

"Morning~"

"Morning~"

Caroline, who had stayed over, bumped into Monica outside the bathroom. They exchanged an awkward yet polite smile.

"Someone's glowing with happiness today~"

Seeing Caroline's radiant face and remembering the noises from the early morning that led to her own dark circles, Monica couldn't help but tease.

"Sorry, did we wake you?"

Caroline, now well-versed in reading emotions, immediately guessed the reason and apologized.

"It's fine."

Monica waved it off.

Internally, she was full of regret. If she had known it would be like this, she would have invited her ex-boyfriend to stay over after the New Year's party last night. At least she wouldn't feel so miserable now.

Then again, on second thought, even if she had invited him, it probably wouldn't have made much of a difference...

"Hey~"

At that moment, Ross walked in.

"Wow! That 'hey' sounds unusually cheerful."

Monica was surprised. "What's going on?"

Ever since Ross found out his wife was cheating on him with another woman, his greetings had been so gloomy they could make anyone feel suicidal. But today, he seemed downright thrilled—almost giddy.

"Oh, nothing~"

Ross swaggered over, trying to play it cool, but his smug expression was blinding. It was clear he was bursting to spill the beans.

"Okay."

Monica knew her brother too well. She shrugged, giving up on asking.

No way was she going to indulge his smugness.

"It's Carol."

Ross couldn't hold it in anymore and bragged, "Clearly, that Susan was just a novelty. How could she ever compete with me? I'm her husband, after all!"

"What?!"

Monica exclaimed in delight, "You and Carol got back together?"

"Last night—no, early this morning, someone was very happy~"

Ross snapped his fingers and bobbed his head, grinning ear to ear.

"Uh, you heard that too? Sorry, I'll be more careful next time."

Hearing Caroline's warning, Adam walked out of the bedroom, embarrassed.

Ross's face twitched, and he glared at Adam, annoyed that his news was getting overshadowed.

"He wasn't talking about you and Caroline."

Monica quickly clarified, "He meant him and Carol—they got back together!"

"What?!"

Adam was stunned. "Seriously?"

Could this be the butterfly effect? Did it somehow make Carol straight again?

"Of course, it's true!"

Ross started bobbing his head again, grinning. "It felt like we were back in the honeymoon phase—the feelings, the expressions, the... experience~"

"You two talked it out?"

Adam asked.

"Talk about what?"

Ross looked confused. "Do we need to talk? Actions speak louder than words! Besides..."

He started bobbing his head again. "We didn't exactly have time to chat. Carol's still fast asleep. I came straight here to share the good news."

He was truly on cloud nine.

"I see."

Adam's expression grew complicated. He gently suggested, "You might want to have a serious conversation. Figure out if it was just a moment of passion or if she genuinely wants to get back together."

Suddenly, he had a bold idea...

Evening.

Adam and Caroline were having dinner together.

"I'm thinking of getting a new apartment."

Adam smiled. "Living alone would be more convenient."

"Yeah, you definitely need your own place."

Caroline smirked. "And make sure to buy a sturdy bed and some thick padding, or someone's bound to complain about the noise eventually."

"Haha."

Adam laughed and then changed the subject, "What have you been up to lately?"

"Me?"

Caroline's smile faded. "Still working as a caregiver. But... I don't think I can do it much longer. I might look for another job."

"You're too emotionally invested."

Adam sighed. "Maybe changing jobs would be good. You can't keep treating every patient like family. Watching them pass away one by one would be too much for anyone to bear."

"I don't want to feel this way."

Caroline's voice grew tense. "But look at them! Do you remember Mr. Tucker?"

He was my longest-term patient. He would often stare out the window with such a lonely look that it broke my heart. In the end, he passed away while I was reading to him.

After he died, the nurses sorted his belongings and notified his family to come pick them up.

But no one came!

His family didn't care about him at all!

That box with his family photos—his box—was just thrown away in the hospital's dumpster.

There are so many boxes like that piling up back there."

Adam fell silent.

Nursing homes are widespread in the U.S.

Many families never expect their children to take care of them in old age. They prioritize freedom—living life with their partners or lovers without being tied down by kids.

And when they grow old, they don't expect their kids to care for them either. They plan to use their own money to pay for a nursing home.

Both sides get to live freely.

On paper, it sounds great.

But all this beauty is built on shaky ground. A single wave can wash it all away.

Not to mention, very few caregivers are as dedicated as Caroline. Even if they were, they could never replace the longing for family in old age.

But since they never truly invested in their familial bonds, the loneliness becomes unbearable.

Their kids rarely visit, if at all.

"Have you thought about what kind of job you want next?"

Adam asked, changing the subject.

Caroline looked down, swirling her wine glass. "I have some ideas, but I haven't decided yet. I'll keep exploring..."

"Take your time. In the meantime, relax a little. You might find new inspiration that way."

Adam smiled.

"Relax?"

Caroline's eyes sparkled playfully. "You could help me with that... but only if you get that new apartment and some new furniture~"