

TV Show 100

Chapter 100: Six Become One Team**

Long Island, New York.

The Green Family Villa.

"Amy."

"Shh... Don't say a word..."

The wicked dentist revealed his true colors.

Before long, Amy glanced smugly at Rachel, who was sound asleep next to her. Without a word, she quietly slipped out.

Clearly, this wasn't the first time this had happened.

A little while later, just as the sinful dentist was drifting off to sleep, another figure skillfully snuck in.

"Mindy?"

"Shh... Don't say a word..."

"Hold on a second."

Yet another familiar face.

As a dentist, even though his hairline was receding and his looks were average, his high income more than compensated for any shortcomings, making him the target of many women's affections.

They say you should guard against fire, theft, and best friends. As Rachel's maid of honor, Mindy's methods were clearly far more cunning than Rachel's, whose charm mainly relied on her pretty face and a red cheerleading outfit. Mindy had secretly been flirting with the sinful dentist for some time.

For most men, this sort of temptation is hard to resist.

But this time, the dentist couldn't stay silent—not because of a guilty conscience but because he was physically exhausted.

Mindy's discontented look made it impossible for him to voice his refusal, so he excused himself to the bathroom, where he found his magic remedy—the little blue pill. With a determined look, he took it.

Being a man is tough. Being a scoundrel is even tougher!

Might as well be an animal...

The wicked dentist silently complained, though only in his moment of temporary regret. At other times, he fully embraced his wicked ways.

By the bed, Rachel smiled blissfully in her sleep, dreaming about who knows what...

****One Month Later.****

****Outside Adam's Apartment.****

A group of people gathered around Adam's newly purchased SUV, examining it curiously.

"Wow, what a muscular ride!"

"Adam, why didn't you get a sports car? Isn't the Porsche 930 appealing to you?"

"Yeah, Porsches are so flashy!"

"I think it's great!"

Among them, only Monica, known for her 'tomboyish' demeanor, genuinely liked Adam's new ride.

"Take us for a spin."

"Of course, no problem."

Adam had anticipated the request for a joyride. He skillfully invited everyone to hop in, and since Monica had spoken up for his car, she got the front passenger seat.

Chandler, Joey, and Phoebe took the back seats, while Ross was nowhere to be found.

Lately, he'd been busy finalizing his divorce with Carol.

Yes, despite his protests about signing the divorce papers or his pleas for Carol to reconsider, the outcome didn't change.

Carol was determined to end the marriage, and Ross had no choice but to sign with tears in his eyes.

The apartment was left to Ross, while Carol moved out.

It wasn't out of generosity; the apartment was rented, not owned.

With Ross's modest salary and limited work experience, buying a place in New York was out of the question.

Small cars are practical, but big cars have that commanding presence.

Adam drove the group out of the city for a spin before stopping by a café.

The café, named "Central Perk," was the same place that had once been their favorite bar, now renovated and open for a few weeks.

Chandler, who had sworn he'd never be one to hang out at a café, had become a regular.

Why? It was right under his apartment, served great coffee, had comfy sofas for chatting, and—most importantly—it was a public space with plenty of foot traffic, including beautiful women passing by.

If you were bold and charming enough, striking up a conversation wasn't impossible.

Joey, of course, was the prime example.

With food and women around, it was like paradise to him.

As they chatted, the conversation shifted to Monica's latest relationship. They teased her, urging her to spill details about her new guy and their dates.

"There's nothing to tell. He's just a coworker," Monica replied, staying guarded to avoid more gossip.

"Yeah, right," Joey teased. "If he's dating you, there's definitely something wrong with him."

"Is he hunchbacked or bald?" Chandler added, piling on.

"Wait, does he eat chalk?" Phoebe wondered aloud, recalling one of her strange past experiences. "I just don't want you to end up like me and Carl."

Monica rolled her eyes and motioned for them to stop. "Guys, calm down. It wasn't even a real date—just two people having dinner. Nothing... inappropriate happened."

"That sounds like my dates," Chandler quipped sarcastically.

As the conversation continued, Adam's expression grew curious when Chandler began describing some bizarre dreams he'd been having.

"Ahem, Chandler," Adam interrupted.

"What?"

"Some things are better kept to yourself."

Chandler looked around and noticed everyone—except Joey—was staring at him strangely. He spread his arms, baffled. "Seriously? None of you have had dreams like that?"

"I've dreamt of being naked, but getting a call from your mom pretending to be your brother? That's just creepy," Monica remarked.

"Right? It's weird, isn't it?" Chandler sighed, missing the point entirely. "I mean, she never calls me otherwise!"

"The deeper the love, the deeper the hurt," Phoebe mused.

"Stop changing the subject—I want to hear the rest!" Joey exclaimed.

While they were chatting, Ross walked in, greeting them in his usual downbeat tone.

"Hiii..."

"Again? What happened this time?" Joey asked, exasperated.

Monica explained, "Carol moved all her stuff out today."

"Oh."

Everyone nodded in understanding.

"You doing okay, sweetie?" Monica asked with concern.

"I feel like someone reached down my throat, grabbed my intestines, yanked them out of my mouth, and tied them around my neck," Ross dramatically lamented.

"I'll get you some coffee," Monica said, standing up.

Ross sank into a chair as Phoebe began her quirky attempts to clear his negative energy. He wasn't having any of it, though, waving her off while insisting, "I'm fine. Really. I'm over it. I wish them well..."

"No, you don't!" Monica shot back.

"You're right! I don't! Screw them! She's the one who dumped me!" Ross finally admitted.

"Alright, I know you're hurt and angry. But you know what you need to do now?" Joey asked.

"If you're about to suggest a strip club, just don't," Ross said, rolling his eyes.

"Of course not... Well, okay, I got nothing then," Joey conceded.

"I don't need much," Ross sighed. "I just don't want to be single. I just... I just want to get married again..."

Before he could finish, everyone's eyes turned to the door. Ross looked over and froze.

A stunning bride, dressed in a beautiful white wedding gown, had just walked in.