

TV Show 106

Chapter 106: She's Here, She's Here, She's Finally Here**

Apartment 520.

"OMG!"

"OMG!"

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Gasps echoed one after another.

You don't think about it, but once you do, it hits you like a ton of bricks.

Everyone was utterly stunned by Adam's analysis.

"O! M! G!"

Monica was the most emotional. At first, she was touched by the idea of becoming an aunt, but now, what she really wanted to know was whether Carol had actually schemed against her brother, just as Adam suggested.

"Ross, tell me you guys used protection. This was just an accident, right?"

"That time was an accident. I didn't use anything. If I had, there wouldn't have been an accident, would there?"

Ross threw up his hands in frustration.

"Protection isn't 100% effective."

Adam had to remind him.

"What?!"

Ross was dumbfounded. "They should print that on the packaging!"

Of course, his sex ed class was taught by his gym teacher.

"They do print it."

Joey casually pulled one out of his pocket and pointed at the label.

"Forget about that."

Monica shouted, "The real question is, did Carol ever ask you to use one?"

"No."

Ross thought back hard. "She said she was always on the pill. Even when we were together before, she always was... Wait, what?"

Seeing the knowing look on Adam's face, Ross was completely lost. He hadn't even noticed the glaring logic gap here. No wonder he only scored 1250 on the SAT but tried to claim he got a 1450.

"You were together for seven years, married for three, and never had a pregnancy."

Adam sighed as he broke it down. "Then, right after separating, you reconcile for a week, and suddenly—boom—she's pregnant. Plus, she's a lesbian now. Why would she still be on the pill? To prevent Susan from getting her pregnant?"

"Hahaha."

Joey burst out laughing. Seeing Ross and Monica glaring at him, he quickly covered his mouth and apologized. "Sorry."

"OMG!"

Monica exclaimed. "Carol is actually that kind of person?!"

"Why?"

Ross clutched his head in agony. "Why would she do this?"

"The reason isn't that hard to figure out..."

Adam instinctively started analyzing again, but Ross shot him a deadly glare, forcing him to shut up with an awkward chuckle.

"Ross, let Adam speak."

Unlike Ross, who wanted to bury his head in the sand, Monica was determined to get to the bottom of this.

"First, what are Carol and Susan's jobs and incomes like?"

Adam probed.

"Carol is just a regular office worker. Her salary is average."

Monica immediately answered. "As for Susan—Ross?"

"I don't know much about her. I think she's in the fashion industry or something."

Ross responded weakly.

"That explains it."

Adam analyzed, "The fashion industry is similar to the entertainment industry. Just look at Joey—income is unstable and fluctuates a lot. Add Carol's average salary to the mix, and they're not exactly financially suited to raise a child.

But with you in the picture, it's a different story. You're a Ph.D. working at the Prehistoric Biology Museum. You have a stable, decent income. The three of you together raising a child? That would be a breeze.

Plus, by choosing you, she avoids the hassle and expense of going to a sperm bank or finding another man, which might make Susan uncomfortable. After all, between you and Susan, Carol ultimately chose Susan.

You're a Columbia Ph.D., meaning you're above-average intelligence, in good health, and Carol knows your family medical history well. Given all these factors, you were the perfect choice."

Everyone listened in stunned silence. And the worst part? It all made way too much sense. No one could refute it.

If they put themselves in Carol and Susan's shoes... they might've done the same thing.

"Of course, this is just my theory. It might not be true."

Adam felt a little bad, worried the brutal truth might shatter everyone's worldview. He quickly added, "It could all be a coincidence. In that case—congrats, Ross! You're gonna be a dad!"

"I'm going to find Carol right now and get some answers."

Ross shot to his feet, shouting in frustration.

"Calm down, calm down. It's not all bad."

Adam reassured him. "No matter if my theory is right or wrong, their actions weren't exactly honorable. You can use this to demand naming rights for the baby. Otherwise, they'll probably name it themselves—and use their last name..."

"They wouldn't dare!"

Ross pointed furiously at himself, yelling, "That's my child! My child!"

With that, he stormed out.

"Wait for me!"

Monica ran after him.

"Crap!"

Joey suddenly exclaimed.

"What's wrong?"

Chandler teased, "Did someone take advantage of you too?"

"No."

Joey sighed. "I have a theater performance tonight. I was going to invite everyone, but this drama is even more intense than the play! I totally forgot. Ross and Monica are definitely out now."

"I can't go either."

Rachel had changed into denim overalls, slung a small purse over her shoulder, and checked herself in a compact mirror. She answered absentmindedly, mentally rehearsing how she'd act when she saw him.

In the end, only Adam, Chandler, and Phoebe were left to attend Joey's first theater performance.

Nightfall.

****A Small Theater.****

New York, alongside Hollywood in California, is one of America's two cultural and entertainment hubs. Broadway is located here, with countless small theaters providing aspiring actors opportunities to perform in front of live audiences.

Tonight, after more than five years in the industry, Joey finally got his chance.

Dressed as a bearded man, he sang and danced on stage...

Adam and the others endured the performance until the very end. As Joey left to remove his makeup, they all let out a sigh of relief.

Just then, Chandler nudged Adam. "Adam, look—ten o'clock direction."

"Wow. Not bad."

Adam looked over. After that painful performance, his mind was fried, but the sight before him instantly refreshed him.

"Chandler, go ask her out."

Phoebe, having overheard, grinned and encouraged him.

"Easy for you to say. Look at me, then look at her."

Chandler mumbled self-consciously.

"You should think of it this way—good girls love persistent guys. Every gorgeous woman is always surrounded by a few losers. Why not give it a shot?"

Phoebe's words strangely worked on Chandler.

"You have a point."

Chandler stood up and bravely walked toward the woman. But when he actually faced her, he was completely tongue-tied.

"Can I help you?"

The woman smiled, clearly used to situations like this.

"Hi, I... I..."

Chandler stammered, failing to string a coherent sentence together. In the end, he blurted out, "Would you go on a date with me? Thanks! Goodnight!"

Before she could even respond, he turned to leave.

But this time, the woman called after him.

She said yes.

Naturally, Adam and the others congratulated him.

However, after Chandler went on the date and shared some... unusual details about it, Adam suddenly realized who this woman actually was.

The ultimate dream.

A blessing for men.

That woman.

She's here, she's here, she's finally here...