

TV Show 117

Chapter 117: How Can I Conquer You?

****Apartment 520.****

"What?!"

While Rachel was lost in her own fantasy due to her extreme admiration for doctor-like men—imagining scenarios she probably shouldn't—Joey and the others came upstairs, snapping her back to reality with a shocking revelation.

"Adam also invited my dad?"

"Yes."

Ross, looking particularly smug, nodded and added, "In fact, he invited your dad first."

"Looks like we all misjudged Adam," Monica said with a smile.

"Yeah, Adam actually has principles," Phoebe nodded. "If he were like other playboys, he would've already had something going on with all of us."

"What?"

Rachel turned to look at her in shock.

"Impossible!"

Monica quickly denied it, looking a bit guilty. "I've always just seen Adam as a friend. And besides, I knew you liked him back then, Phoebe. How could I have made a move on him?"

"Oh, please," Phoebe scoffed. "Even if he was my ex, I don't believe you never snuck a taste."

"I... didn't..."

Monica's guilt was obvious as she instinctively glanced at Rachel.

Rachel happened to be looking at her, and their eyes met for a brief moment before both quickly looked away, equally flustered.

"Haha!"

Seeing their reactions, Phoebe clapped her hands and laughed. "I knew it! Well, since we're confessing, Monica, remember Jason Hurley?"

"What?!"

Monica was stunned. "You and Jason... did something? When?"

"A few hours after you two broke up," Phoebe said with a mischievous grin.

"Wow, Phoebe, you're something else," Rachel said in admiration.

"Alright, enough," Monica interrupted, waving her hands to stop them. "We're talking about Adam inviting Rachel's dad, not digging up old scandals."

"What's there to talk about?" Ross asked, confused. "Adam's invitation is simple—he wants to buy a sailboat, and Rachel and her dad have experience to help him pick one out."

"If only it were that simple," Monica rolled her eyes.

"Monica!" Rachel shot her a warning glance.

"Okay, okay."

Monica checked the time, then clapped her hands to usher the guys out. "It's late. Time for the boys to leave—girls-only bedtime! Go, go, go!"

Ross felt an ominous premonition as he was pushed toward the door. He clung to the frame and asked urgently, "Why isn't it simple?"

"It's nothing," Monica dismissed, unsure of Rachel's thoughts and unwilling to voice her own suspicions. She shut the door without another word.

***"Why? Why? Why?"**

As soon as the guys left, Rachel couldn't hold back any longer. She stood in front of the mirror, scrutinizing herself, mumbling, ***"Am I not beautiful enough?"**

"Of course, you are!"

Monica and Phoebe answered without hesitation.

At just 22 years old, Rachel was at the peak of her youth, radiantly beautiful. No wonder *People* magazine named her one of the most beautiful stars in the world, and she was half of a golden couple with you-know-who.

"Then does Adam just have bad taste?"

Rachel frowned. "Otherwise, why would he invite my dad?"

"Maybe Adam just likes those femme fatale types?" Phoebe speculated. "You haven't seen Karen—her body, tsk tsk!"

"Is it really that exaggerated?"

Rachel looked down at her own figure, feeling a bit dissatisfied.

"Let me put it this way," Phoebe grinned. "Look at Monica, then look at yourself. Even if you two combined, you'd barely match Karen's body."

"..."

Rachel glanced at Monica, noting her well-defined curves. In disbelief, she asked, "**"Are you sure?"**"

"Oh, I'm very sure," Phoebe nodded confidently. "Ask Monica if you don't believe me."

"That's why she's called *the devil's figure*," Monica said, crossing her arms awkwardly.

Even as best friends, being analyzed like this was a little uncomfortable.

"And she has an angel's face, too," Phoebe added. "Karen's looks are on par with yours, Rachel, and she's Adam's age."

Rachel groaned and flopped onto the couch, suddenly feeling deflated.

"Don't be like that," Monica comforted her. "This is just a fleeting impulse. Sleep on it, and by tomorrow, you won't even care anymore. After all, this is *Adam*! He's our good friend, but we all despise his views on relationships, remember?"

"I know, I know."

Rachel muttered the words, but her eyes and expression told a completely different story—full of frustration and unwillingness to let it go.

Monica sighed.

People always talk about men having a need to conquer, but as modern, independent women, they were no different in that regard.

And right now, Rachel was clearly feeling that urge.

****The Next Morning.****

As usual, Adam arrived just in time for breakfast.

When he saw Rachel walk out of her bedroom in black stockings and a short black skirt—clearly dressed to impress—he couldn't help but whistle and tease, ****"Wow, what's the occasion?"****

"OMG!"

Monica, who was cooking, turned around and immediately held her forehead.

She recognized Rachel's **lucky date outfit** instantly.

So, Rachel really wasn't giving up that easily.

"What do you mean, what occasion?"

Rachel walked up to Adam, subtly emphasizing her curves, while playing dumb.

"Dressed like that first thing in the morning—you have a date, don't you?" Adam joked.

Rachel's smile twitched, and she exchanged a glance with Monica.

Monica shrugged as if to say, *See? Now do you believe me? Adam clearly isn't thinking that way at all.*

"Hmph."

Rachel scoffed and waved her hand dismissively. "What date? This is just my usual outfit. So? Do you like it?"

"Of course," Adam responded casually, still unaware of what was really going on.

His stance on relationships had always been clear, and Rachel had even criticized him for it before. How could he have possibly guessed that overnight, she'd suddenly developed an interest in him?

"You invited my dad to the boat trip this Saturday?"

Rachel played with the hem of her skirt, smiling as if she was just casually bringing it up.

"Yeah," Adam nodded. "We talked about it at dinner last night. I want to buy a sailboat, and Leonard's an expert in the field. I figured he could give me some guidance."

"You could've just asked me," Rachel said. "I've been learning to sail from my dad since I was a kid. I could help you pick one out and even teach you how to sail. No need to bother him—he's actually really busy."

"I know," Adam said, shaking his head. "But I already asked Leonard, and he said he's free next Saturday. Besides, it'll be more fun with more people."

"What if my dad suddenly has surgery?" Rachel asked impatiently.

"Then we'll postpone it," Adam replied without hesitation. "I'm not in a rush."

"..."

Rachel suddenly didn't feel like talking anymore.

She couldn't understand how a man like Adam managed to date women at all.

Was he just relying on his face?

Her body language and words couldn't have been any more obvious.

And yet, this guy was completely oblivious.