

TV Show 118

Chapter 118: Everyone, Move Aside! Rachel Is Going All Out!

****520 Apartment****

After Adam finished breakfast and left, Rachel lay on the couch, lifting her legs and patting the cushions with both hands. She muttered anxiously, "Ah! What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?"

Just like how Adam had never actively pursued women, she had never chased after a man before either. Every time, all she had to do was put on a stunning dress, strike a pose, flash a flirtatious look, turn on the charm, and men would come running.

But now, she had encountered Adam—completely immune to her tactics.

"Just give up, Rachel," Monica advised. "It's obvious Adam isn't interested in you."

"I know, I know," Rachel responded in her usual way.

"But I just can't! I've never failed before!" she admitted honestly.

Since childhood, she had been spoiled and blessed with stunning looks. Whoever she wanted, she got—professors included.

How could she tolerate failure now?

That first time she ran into Adam at a bar, when she was looking to let loose, he appeared in front of her, and she had been fantasizing about him ever since.

Then, when they got to know each other, she learned about his playboy reputation, and her fascination faded.

But when Adam announced he was going to be a doctor—well, for a girl with a doctor complex, her interest was reignited.

If everything up until now had been a rational "just curious" phase, then the moment she put on her lucky dress and *still* failed—that made it *personal*!

She, Rachel Green, had *never* lost. And she *never* intended to!

"I'm such an idiot!"

Her mind was racing at full speed. She ignored Monica, staring blankly for a moment before suddenly slapping her forehead.

"What now?" Monica sighed, already dreading what was coming.

She wasn't a fan of dating within the friend group, especially when it involved Rachel and Adam. The way Adam was, she knew this relationship was doomed before it even started.

And when it inevitably fell apart, Rachel would be the one getting hurt. The fallout could tear their entire friend group apart—and Monica *really* didn't want to deal with that.

"It's the atmosphere!"

Rachel's eyes lit up. "I was so stupid! The atmosphere was all wrong! How could I wear that dress *at breakfast*? And with *you* sitting right there? I should've worn it at night, under candlelight, just the two of us!"

She smacked her forehead again. "Ugh, and now he's *already* seen that lucky dress, so its effect is basically ruined."

But then she grinned. "No worries, though. I have something even better! My *ultimate* outfit—one that has never failed, ever. No one can resist it!"

"Rachel!"

"Hm?"

"You're insane!" Monica pointed at her dramatically.

"I'm **not** insane," Rachel insisted, stepping forward to hug Monica. "Think about high school—when you had a crush on someone but they never noticed you. You **get** what I'm feeling, right?"

Monica's mouth twitched.

In high school, she had been the "big girl"—so big that people often joked she counted as **two** people. Meanwhile, Rachel had gone through boyfriend after boyfriend, while Monica could only watch from the sidelines.

Her parents had unknowingly reinforced her insecurities, boys ignored her, some were even cruel about it. And with no one to turn to, she had just kept eating.

Yeah. She **definitely** understood what Rachel was talking about.

"Fine," Monica said, giving in. "But are you **sure** you want to do this?"

"Of course!" Rachel declared. "This is my secret weapon! If **this** doesn't work, then I'll admit defeat. I'll give up on Adam for good!"

"You swear?" Monica raised a skeptical eyebrow. "If you fail this time, you'll **really** let it go?"

"I swear," Rachel promised, shaking Monica's hand with a smile. "But you have to help me."

"And *how* exactly am I supposed to help?" Monica groaned.

"Like this..."

Rachel leaned in and whispered her plan.

"Ugh, fine," Monica sighed, reluctantly agreeing.

The Next Evening

Using the excuse of supporting a senior citizen performing arts show, Monica made sure to get the entire group out of the apartment *before* Adam arrived, leaving Rachel there alone.

As a top-tier chef, Monica had prepared an extravagant dinner, complete with candlelight and wine. Meanwhile, Rachel put on her ultimate weapon—*the* outfit that had never failed her before.

When she heard the knock at the door, she quickly adjusted her outfit, tugging here and there to perfect the look. As she opened the door, she dramatically exclaimed, "Jack! You're finally here—"

"...What's going on?"

Adam looked bewildered. "Who's Jack? And didn't Monica say you were all going to some show?"

"They left early," Rachel said, feigning disappointment.

She sighed, looking heartbroken. "Jack is this guy I just met. We planned to have dinner here tonight, but... he still hasn't shown up. He totally stood me up. *Boohoo.*"

As she spoke, she casually made her way back to the dining table, sat down, and pretended to cry.

Adam, without thinking too much about it, closed the door and walked over. "Maybe something came up? I doubt any guy would stand *you* up—unless he isn't a real man."

"You *really* think so?" Rachel lifted her head, eyes shimmering with fake tears.

"Of course," Adam said, glancing at her outfit—a red cheerleading uniform with a giant *L* on the chest. He chuckled. "You wore *that* for your date? Is Jack on the football team or something?"

"Nope," Rachel said, pouting. "He just told me men love uniforms. This is the only one I had. Does it look bad?"

"It looks great," Adam said honestly. "Jack wasn't wrong about that."

"It's already this late... he's obviously not coming. Such a shame, though—Monica put so much effort into this dinner for *us*," Rachel said pointedly.

"No worries. When Monica and the others get back, we can have it as a midnight snack," Adam said with a smile.

"..."

Rachel froze. The bitter smile on her face was suddenly very, *very* real.

But she wasn't ready to give up. She still had to push forward.

"If it gets cold, it won't taste as good. Why don't you just eat with me?" she said, her voice soft and pleading. "Ever since Barry and I broke up, I haven't had a single romantic candlelit dinner..."

Her voice and gaze were so pitiful that no man could refuse.

And Adam, of course, could only agree.

At this point, he hadn't noticed anything strange—until Rachel rested her chin on one hand, gazed at him longingly, and started asking a series of personal questions.

"So, Adam, where did you grow up?"

"Texas."

"Are you close with your parents?"

"Very close. They're the best parents in the world."

"...That must be nice."

Rachel's smile twitched slightly when she heard that. She paused, then slowly placed her hand on top of Adam's, tracing little circles as she said enviously, "I wish I had that..."

At this moment, if Adam still didn't realize what was going on, he'd have to be **completely** oblivious. He smirked knowingly. "You're **not** close with your parents? But I heard they spoiled you."

"Of course," Rachel said with a forced laugh, internally screaming.

This was **not** how this was supposed to go.

He was supposed to open up about a tragic, broken home—so she could comfort him, get close, and then, well, **everything** would fall into place.

But Adam wasn't playing along.

Time for the ultimate move.

"Excuse me, I need to use the restroom," Rachel said, standing up.

With an exaggerated runway-model strut, she slowly sashayed away, making sure Adam had a perfect view the entire time.