

## TV Show 120

### Chapter 120: Mutual Affection

**\*\*Apartment 520\*\***

"Damn! What a formidable seductress!"

Adam screamed internally, realizing he was no match for this. Fortunately, he still had his wits about him and managed to suppress the urge to film a Chinese-American co-production of *\*The Three Battles with the White Bone Demon\**. Instead, he jokingly asked, "Is your nose feeling uncomfortable? Do you have a cold?"

"..."

Rachel instantly deflated.

Her ultimate battle-tested move—something she had created herself—had failed. If even her most powerful trick didn't work on Adam, she was at a complete loss.

Frustrated, Rachel pushed Adam away, stood up, and quickly walked into the bedroom.

**\*\*Bang!\*\***

She shut the door behind her.

"Rachel, are you okay?"

Adam chuckled, walking up to the bedroom door and asking in a deliberately concerned tone.

"I'm fine."

Lying on the bed, Rachel pounded her fists against the mattress, fuming.

This was infuriating!

Rachel Green had never suffered such a crushing defeat in her entire life. The worst part? She couldn't even figure out *\*why\** she had lost!

Was she not pretty enough?

Was her body not sexy enough?

Was her cheerleader outfit not enticing enough?

Was her sultry, nasal tone not seductive enough?

Or... was she just not being forward enough?

Hmm?

Could that be it?

Every other possibility was a definite no, which meant there was only one answer left—she wasn't being *\*proactive\** enough!

"You should get some rest and drink plenty of warm water. I'll be heading out now."

Adam didn't dare linger. He left behind a classic, noncommittal phrase and made his escape.

Rachel had too many tricks up her sleeve. If she tried again a few more times, he wasn't sure he'd be able to resist.

Even in \*The Three Battles with the White Bone Demon\*, there were only three fights—if there had been a fourth, who's to say the monk wouldn't have been eaten?

"You're leaving already? Can you—"

Rachel was ready to get back in the game. She was about to invite Adam into the bedroom, determined to reclaim victory in this battle of seduction.

But before she could finish her sentence—

**\*\*Bang!\*\***

"No way!"

Rachel realized what had happened. She shot up from the bed, yanked open the door, and—sure enough—Adam was already gone.

**\*\*Bang! Bang!\*\***

"Ow!"

Rachel furiously pounded on the door twice, only to wince in pain immediately after.

For the next few days, Adam didn't visit Apartment 520, giving Rachel some time to cool off.

After all, she was still a woman. She had her pride.

When Saturday finally arrived, Adam had no choice but to come over to invite Rachel to go boat shopping with him.

He could have gone with Leonard alone, sure. But two grown men shopping for a boat together? That was just *\*asking\** for misunderstandings.

If people started gossiping, things would get *\*real\** awkward.

But if Rachel went with them, things would be different.

She was the perfect social buffer.

**\*\*"Not going."\*\***

Rachel rejected him haughtily.

Ever since that night, when she had used every trick in the book and still failed, she had been in a terrible mood.

After days of overanalyzing—and several discussions with Monica and Phoebe—she had finally pieced together Adam's reasoning.

It *\*wasn't\** that she lacked charm.

It was that Adam lacked *\*guts\**!

He wanted to stay on her father's good side. Given Adam's flirtatious nature, if her father ever found out what had happened, there was no way he'd react kindly.

"What's wrong?"

Adam glanced at Monica and Phoebe, who were clearly enjoying the show, and sighed. "Didn't we already make plans?"

"I don't feel well."

Rachel pouted. "I need to rest and drink plenty of warm water. \*You\* were the one who told me that, remember?"

"All right then."

Adam thought it over quickly and nodded decisively. "Get some rest. Leonard and I will go by ourselves."

Sure, two men going boat shopping together was a little awkward, but with Rachel in this kind of mood, bringing her along probably wasn't the best idea either.

Weighing his options, Adam decided to ignore Rachel's obvious sarcasm. Instead of trying to persuade her, he simply agreed seriously and left.

"..."

Rachel, Monica, and Phoebe all stared, stunned.

"OMG."

"Is he \*serious\*?"

"Does he not understand what she meant?"

"Has he \*ever\* had a girlfriend before?"

A string of giant question marks hovered over their heads.

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Adam drove to the hospital to pick up Leonard. Following Leonard's directions, they arrived at the marina, where the salesman was already waiting.

The purchase went smoothly, and for \$30,000, Adam bought a pretty decent sailboat.

Leonard, an experienced sailor, immediately took Adam out on the water and gave him hands-on lessons.

Adam wasn't Joey—he had the intelligence, strength, and reflexes to master the simple mechanics of sailing in no time.

Leonard was impressed, showering him with praise. There was none of the frustration he had felt when trying to teach Rachel—or when Rachel had tried to teach Joey.

They spent the entire afternoon sailing before reluctantly heading back.

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When Rachel opened the door, she was shocked.

"Dad? What are you doing here?"

"I heard from Adam that you weren't feeling well, so of course I had to come check on you."

Leonard smiled. "What's wrong?"

"My \*heart\* hurts."

Rachel couldn't hold back anymore. She pouted, "Dad, did you \*know\*? Adam didn't \*really\* want to invite me—he was just using me to get on your good side!"

"I know."

Leonard nodded.

"You—huh? You \*knew\*?!"

Rachel had been preparing a whole argument to convince her father, but his casual response completely threw her off.

"Of course."

Leonard laughed. "I'm not an idiot. Adam's intentions were \*obvious\*—how could I \*not\* know?"

"Then why did you still—"

Rachel was baffled.

"Why did I go along with it?"

Leonard chuckled. "What's wrong with that? Adam isn't being malicious. He just wants to avoid unnecessary struggles in his medical career."

"Becoming a doctor is tough. He could have just stuck to writing novels—he's already successful enough to live comfortably as an author. But instead, he's bending over backward just to make his medical journey a little easier."

"I respect that."

"He genuinely wants to become a top-tier surgeon—just like I did when I was young. Except his potential is even greater than mine."

"A young man this talented is worth investing in."

Leonard gently patted Rachel's head. "I'm getting older, and I won't always be around to protect you three girls."

"None of you want to go into medicine, which means my connections in the medical world will be useless to you."

"So why waste them? Why not help Adam instead?"

"He's your good friend. I've watched him closely, and I can see that he's a decent guy. With my support, he'll grow faster and achieve even greater things. He could go beyond being a chief surgeon—he could even become a hospital director someday."

"If you have a friend like that, isn't that a *\*good\** thing?"

Leonard smiled warmly.

Rachel was speechless.

So they were *\*both\** on the same page—each benefiting from the other's intentions.

After a moment, she nodded firmly, then threw herself into her father's arms.

His love and care for her—she could \*feel\* it.