

## TV Show 142

Chapter 142: Looking Forward to Tomorrow

Nightfall.

Central Park Café.

Monica and Chandler sat on the couch, chatting.

Meanwhile, Rachel was idly making money while occasionally joining their conversation.

As the saying goes, "Working diligently is merely earning wages through labor, but making money is about capital exploitation. So slacking off at work is the real way to make money."

Rachel clearly understood this principle well and had been practicing it diligently.

"Adam, you're back?"

Rachel spotted Adam walking in through the door and immediately called out, "How's my mom doing lately?"

"Mrs. Green is in great spirits," Adam said as he sat down on the couch, nodding at Monica and Chandler. He smiled and added, "She even told me a lot of funny stories about you from when you were little."

"Oh, Mom!"

Rachel covered her face with her hands, looking embarrassed. "That's so unfair! Why would she start talking about that the first time she meets you?"

"That's totally normal," Monica laughed. "Did you not notice who she was talking to?"

"Yeah," Chandler added with his usual sarcasm. "Adam is basically a ladies' man."

"Heh."

Adam glanced at Chandler, relieved that there was no hidden meaning behind his words. He chuckled awkwardly. "It's not that dramatic—we just get along well."

Then, quickly changing the subject, he asked, "Monica, did you save some venison?"

"Yeah, I did," Monica replied with a sigh. "Do you even know how hard that was?"

"Hmm?"

Adam was momentarily confused, but then it clicked. "Joey couldn't get enough, huh?"

Joey had always been a foodie with a bottomless stomach—he could devour an entire oversized Thanksgiving turkey in one sitting.

If you put something as nutritious as venison in front of him, which also fueled his womanizing tendencies, he would never stop eating.

Eat first, flirt later—perfect balance.

"Not just Joey," Monica complained. "Phoebe, too."

"Phoebe?"

Adam was surprised.

"Yep," Monica said, laughing. "At first, she was totally against it—kept going on about how terrible you were for bringing it. But then, while we were eating, she accidentally had a bite..."

"And then she couldn't resist, right?"

Adam grinned knowingly.

"Exactly," Chandler confirmed. "By the end, she was eating even more enthusiastically than anyone else—except for Joey. Those two practically turned it into a competitive eating contest."

"If she likes it, I'll bring more next time," Adam said with a smile. "It's not exactly rare meat, just something different for a change."

Then he turned to Monica, "Monica, could you prepare the leftover venison for me tomorrow? I'd like to give some to Matthew and the others to try."

"No problem."

Monica agreed without hesitation.

Adam glanced at his watch—it was already 9 PM. He immediately stood up and said, "I have something to do. Gotta go."

"Something to do?"

Monica leaned over with a smirk. "You mean a date with that Heather girl?"

"When are you bringing her around to meet us?"

Rachel chimed in, sounding a little jealous. "I want to see what kind of stunning beauty she is."

Even though she had already come to terms with the fact that Adam and her father got along better than she and Adam ever did, and she had mentally reclassified Adam as just a good friend, there was still a lingering sense of competition.

Rachel Green, the ultimate beauty, had failed to win him over, and now he was suddenly dating someone else? That stung.

Adam glanced at Rachel, thought for a moment, then nodded. "Alright, I'll go pick her up and introduce her to you guys."

"Wow! You're really serious this time, huh?"

Monica exclaimed.

"What's real, what's fake?"

Adam replied matter-of-factly. "Real is real, fake is also real—I've always been serious."

Before they could roast him any further, he waved and left.

He hadn't originally planned to introduce Heather so soon, but after seeing Rachel's reaction, he figured it was necessary.

Bringing Heather over would make everything clear.

Rachel would get it instantly.

And sure enough...

When Adam walked in with Heather, Rachel glanced at her, looked down, and suddenly lost the will to speak.

After some brief conversation, Adam and Heather left.

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### Duncan's Apartment

The storm had passed.

Adam, ever full of energy, stayed up chatting with Heather, telling her all about Monica and the others—their personalities and funny stories.

Heather found it all very interesting and was especially happy that Adam stayed up to talk with her instead of sleeping.

As someone once said, men will go through great lengths to attend a theater performance, and they might laugh at the opening comedy act, but their real goal is the main event.

Once the main event is over, all they want to do is leave and go to sleep.

But for women, the opening jokes matter. The main event matters. And even after the main event, they might still want to reminisce about the opening jokes.

That was what men found hard to endure.

Reminisce about what? Sleep is way better!

"This looks like a pendant mark," Adam noted as he absentmindedly traced the mark on Heather's chest.

"Mhmm," Heather nodded. "I've had it since I was little. I asked my parents about it, and they told me I got burned by a pendant when I was a baby."

"This pendant seems unusual," Adam observed closely. "Look at the engravings—they resemble the kind of markings found on heirloom family crests. Does your family have any kind of emblem or seal?"

"No," Heather said, shaking her head. "I've never seen anything like that. And honestly, I never dared to ask too much. I asked once when I was little, and my dad got really angry. You know, he has a bad temper in general, but that time was different—it was terrifying. I still remember it vividly."

"Does your dad get violent?"

Adam asked with concern.

"Not exactly," Heather frowned. "He just has a bad temper and drinks a lot. But he's never actually hit me or my mom."

"And your mom?" Adam asked. "What's your relationship like?"

"It's... okay," Heather hesitated. "She treats me well, but there's always this feeling of distance. She always listens to my dad, always takes his side. And whenever he yells at me, it feels like... I'm not really his daughter."

"You sure they didn't pick you up from a dumpster?"

Adam joked, recalling an old saying.

"Heh," Heather chuckled. "Funny enough, my dad actually used to say that. Sometimes, I even wondered if it was true."

Her voice grew quieter.

"Don't overthink it. The past is behind us—what matters is the future," Adam said, rolling over with a smile. "Let's just look forward to tomorrow."

"Mm."

Heather's moment of sadness faded away, and she softly responded. Her beautiful blue eyes sparkled like gemstones—filled with fear, but also anticipation...