

TV Show 144

Chapter 144: And You Call Yourself an Educated Man

****The Next Day.****

"Adam, come here for a second."

Ross pushed the door open and waved at Adam.

"What's up? Why can't you say it here?"

Monica, who was making breakfast, said with dissatisfaction.

"It's a guy thing," Ross shrugged. "You wouldn't want to know."

"OMG!"

Monica rolled her eyes dramatically and complained, "Again? What's wrong with you guys? It's always something weird that makes me wish I were blind and deaf."

Yesterday, Joey borrowed her moisturizer—only to use it on his butt. Just thinking about it still made her feel grossed out.

And now her brother was up to something strange again. How was she supposed to live like this?

Adam got up and followed Ross across the hall.

Joey was there too.

"What's going on?" Adam asked curiously.

"Uh..."

Ross hesitated in classic Ross fashion, alternating between awkward chuckles and humming noises, but refusing to get to the point.

"He won't say it because it's dirty talk!"

Joey, unable to take it anymore, blurted it out. Then, still upset, he added, "I offered to help him, but he didn't believe me! He said you'd be more professional."

"I didn't say it like that!"

Ross defended himself, "I just figured you both have a lot of experience. My first date was a disaster, and I can't afford to mess up the second one. To be safe, I wanted advice from both of you, okay?"

"Alright."

Joey nodded, then pointed at himself with a flourish. "But I'm the real expert here!"

"Dirty talk?"

After hearing the full story, Adam couldn't help but laugh.

Turns out, Ross's date the night before had taken a disastrous turn when Marcel, the monkey, got involved. During the date, Marcel had grabbed Ross's date by the hair and screeched, nearly scaring her away.

Luckily, since Ross's date was a colleague from the Prehistoric Museum and had seen all kinds of things, she didn't make a big deal out of it. Once Marcel was gone, she put the incident behind her, and things got steamy between her and Ross on the couch.

Just as Ross was getting excited, thinking he was about to be a "lucky dog," his date made an unexpected request—she wanted him to talk dirty.

Ross had zero experience with this.

He completely froze. After stammering and hesitating for what felt like forever, the only thing he managed to say was some dry, clinical term for a body part—killing the mood instantly.

Thankfully, his date was understanding and reassured him. She even gave him a second chance, hoping he'd do better next time.

"Yeah..."

Ross groaned. "She insists on it, so I have to learn."

"What did Joey suggest?" Adam asked, amused.

"I told him to practice by saying it to me," Joey explained. "If he can say it to me, he can say it to her, no problem!"

He was always willing to go the extra mile for a friend's happiness.

"Are you serious?"

Adam burst out laughing. "Aren't you afraid that after all that practice, he'll lose interest in his date and fall for you instead?"

"OMG!"

Ross gasped. "I knew something felt off about Joey's idea! Good thing I asked you—if something went wrong, I wouldn't be able to live with myself!"

"Hey!"

Joey said in an exaggeratedly dramatic tone, "So what, am I not good enough for you? You'd rather die than accept me?"

His logic was baffling. He completely missed the main issue and instead took offense at Ross's reaction.

"..."

Ross's eyes nearly rolled back into his head. What kind of nonsense was this? He was now even more relieved that he hadn't taken Joey's advice.

"It's not that serious," Adam laughed. "As long as you don't have feelings for him, no one can force you to."

"So what do I do now?"

Ross set aside his frustration and looked at Adam hopefully.

"This is an easy fix," Adam said. "Read more books! You can find everything in books. Just grab a few romance novels with, you know, 'colorful' content, memorize a few lines, and improvise when the time comes. Problem solved."

There's a saying—people with more knowledge are better at this kind of thing. You're a PhD, and you didn't even think of that?"

"Oh, right!"

Ross smacked his forehead, frustrated with himself. "Why didn't I think of that? But, Adam, what kind of books do you read for this? Which ones have the best, um... dirty talk?"

"I don't read those kinds of books."

Adam replied with dignity. "Did you forget about my side job?"

"Side job?"

Ross was confused.

"You idiot!"

Joey finally lost patience. "Adam is a writer himself! He doesn't need to read other people's work—he can come up with dirty talk on the spot! However dirty you want it, he's got it covered!"

Ross felt like crying. Even Joey was looking down on his intelligence now.

"Nope, I'm going to the bookstore right now to buy some books and memorize them!"

With that, he hurried out the door, looking like a college student cramming for finals.

"Such a fool," Joey sighed. "Reading made him dumb—he has to rely on books for something this basic."

"Enough about Ross—what about you?"

Adam smirked. "Are you still planning to force your butt into the spotlight?"

"I really want to try," Joey admitted sheepishly. "I asked my agent, and apparently, when I go to film my scene, Al Pacino won't even be there. He's such a big star—I won't get to meet him anyway. So I figured, why not go all in? Maybe if the director notices how unique I am, he'll take a liking to me!"

"Hmm."

Adam nodded. "That's possible."

"Right?"

Joey perked up, encouraged.

"It's definitely possible," Adam added with a teasing smile. "But what if the director is gay and finds your 'uniqueness' very attractive? Then your chances will skyrocket!"

Joey's face immediately fell.

If the director were a woman, he might have gone along with it. But this director was a middle-aged man.

"Yeah, never mind," Joey said, grimacing. "I already told my family about this role—they're all looking forward to it. If they go to the theater and don't see me, they'll be really disappointed."

"Are you sure they'll actually see you?"

Adam chuckled.

"Maybe not everyone, but my mom will definitely recognize me," Joey said confidently.

"..."

Adam didn't know whether to laugh or cry. That statement was oddly heartwarming... but also kind of creepy.

"Not necessarily," Adam teased. "Did you forget you'll be wearing makeup?"

"It's just moisturizer!"

Joey shouted.

Adam teased him a little more before heading out.

If he stayed and talked to Joey any longer, he feared his IQ might drop. The thought was so terrifying that he quickly pulled up his system panel to check—thankfully, everything was still intact.

"OMG!"

Just as he was about to head back for breakfast, he heard an exclamation from inside.

"What happened?"

Adam rushed in to find Monica clutching a newspaper, shouting excitedly.

"Caroline! It's Caroline!"

Adam's heart skipped a beat. He quickly grabbed the paper and glanced at it—sure enough, there was a photo of Caroline on the front page.