

TV Show 163

Chapter 163: Filming a Private Video?

520 Apartment.

"I don't agree!"

Monica immediately exploded upon hearing this, pointing at Adam. "You're cheating!"

"Darling, calm down."

Monica's boyfriend, Dr. Richard, quickly tried to soothe her.

"Hey, Richard."

Adam greeted him with a smile.

"Hey, Adam."

Richard also smiled back, offering an apologetic look.

"Monica, don't get worked up."

Adam chuckled. "Rachel invited me on her own; I didn't plan any of this. How about this? Let's call off the bet and say it's a tie, alright?"

"No way!"

Monica shook her head. "Without you, I don't believe Rachel would actually dare to be a bridesmaid. That means I win the bet."

Two years ago, when Rachel showed up in Central Perk wearing a wedding dress, Monica lost a \$500 bet to Adam. Unwilling to admit defeat, she made another bet with him, claiming that Rachel and Barry would never appear in a church together again.

They started with a \$500 bet, then raised it to \$1,000. Monica wanted to go even higher, but Ross wisely stopped her. The final wager was \$1,000 with a two-year deadline.

Now, exactly two years later, time wasn't an issue.

With Mindy inviting Rachel to be a bridesmaid—an unexpected twist of fate—the bet's outcome depended on whether Rachel had the courage to go or not.

Monica knew Rachel planned to go, but she still decided to take a gamble.

If you're going to bet, you bet to win.

Besides, she truly didn't believe Rachel would go through with it.

Monica, ever the competitive gambler, refused to settle for a tie.

"Monica!"

Rachel looked at her in disbelief. "You actually bet on something like this?"

"Sorry."

Monica gave Rachel an apologetic glance but then stood tall and looked at Adam. "The bet is still on. As a participant, you can't interfere—unless you admit defeat."

"Alright."

Adam met Monica's determined gaze and nodded. "I admit defeat."

"You admit defeat? I won?"

Monica was stunned for a moment, then jumped up, laughing loudly. "Ha! I won! Hand over the money, loser!"

"This time, you win."

Adam pulled out his checkbook, wrote a check for \$1,000, and handed it to Monica with a smile. "But next time, you won't be so lucky."

"You're too much."

Rachel fumed. "Can't you see Adam let you win?"

"I know."

Monica kissed the check and smiled apologetically. "But he could've held out. So technically, I still won."

"Rachel, I'm sorry. I already lost to him once before—I couldn't afford to lose again, or I'd go crazy."

She waved the check excitedly. "Dinner's on me tomorrow night!"

"Yeah!"

Joey immediately cheered but, noticing everyone staring at him, awkwardly grinned. "I'm just helping Adam. I'll eat his money back for him."

"Thanks."

Adam laughed and patted Joey on the shoulder.

Monica was just that kind of person—extremely competitive. As a kid, she didn't hesitate to play dirty against her own brother, Ross, just to win. Letting Adam off the hook was out of the question.

"Where were you tonight, dressed so formally?"

Chandler asked curiously.

"There was a gathering."

Adam explained, "I'm applying to Columbia's medical school. Leonard took me there to meet some people."

"Leonard took you?"

Richard was surprised. "He must really like you. He used to hate these kinds of events."

That's right.

Richard knew Leonard too—he was a doctor and a close friend of Monica's parents. They used to live in the same neighborhood.

"Of course."

Monica snuggled up to Richard, who was old enough to be her dad, and teased, "Ross has been jealous of him more than once."

"Not just Ross."

Rachel chimed in. "Even I'm starting to wonder if Adam is actually my parents' real son."

"Wait, Richard, you're a doctor too. Why didn't you go to that event?"

Joey asked curiously.

Clears throat.

Chandler let out a heavy cough.

"What? Are you sick?"

Joey, missing Chandler's hint, looked at him with concern.

"I am a doctor, but I run my own clinic. I don't usually attend those gatherings."

Richard smiled.

"With so many doctors in New York, if they all showed up, it'd be chaos."

Monica shot Joey a glare, speaking up for her beloved boyfriend.

"Exactly."

Adam smoothed things over. "Besides, Richard would rather spend time with Monica than go to some boring event, right?"

"Of course."

Richard smiled indulgently as Monica gazed up at him.

Monica was completely smitten, her smile impossible to hide.

As a self-proclaimed "daddy issues" girl, she absolutely adored Richard—her parents' good friend and now her perfect boyfriend.

If not for Adam repeatedly warning her, she might have agreed to Richard's request to film some memorable home videos.

Doing anything with the person she loved felt like happiness. She was even thinking about marrying him—so what was the big deal about recording a private video?

But every time, Adam's repeated warnings echoed in her mind.

What if...?

Better safe than sorry.

What if she and Richard broke up, and later she fell for someone else? If that person saw the video, how would he react?

She figured the odds were slim and didn't dwell on it.

But what if, as Adam warned, the video got leaked—seen by her friends, even her parents? That would be utterly humiliating.

Her parents and Richard were good friends and saw each other often. The chances of them stumbling upon it weren't low.

She still vividly remembered what happened when Phoebe's twin sister was recognized from an adult film.

She had no intention of becoming that kind of "movie star."

Adam watched this scene unfold and shook his head internally.

Richard was already in his fifties, while Monica was in her twenties—their age gap was big enough for him to be her father, even in a late-marriage scenario.

In ten years, Monica would still be young and vibrant, while Richard would be an old man. In a country that valued certain aspects of a relationship highly, how could they have a future together?

And if Richard was truly exceptional, he was still just an ophthalmologist—far from the top of the medical hierarchy, nowhere near Leonard's level.

The only explanation for all of this was his personal charm.

Rachel and Phoebe thought so. Even Joey and Chandler did—Chandler even grew a mustache and mimicked Richard's cigar habit for a while.

Richard was that classic, financially independent, irresistibly charming older man.

Monica wasn't the only one to fall for someone like that.

At various events, Adam had met a female writer famous for analyzing relationships. She was like a certain future pop star—turning her exes into books and songs.

Despite her experience, she still couldn't resist the allure of a man nicknamed Big Shot—a wealthy and charming older gentleman. She repeatedly fell for him, only to end up heartbroken.

Of course, as someone trained in psychology, Adam suspected she did it on purpose—perhaps to experience passion and luxury, or maybe to cater to her audience.

Her readers—romantic dreamers yearning for wealth and love—saw him as the perfect leading man.

They were both playing the game.

Adam never gave her the chance to get close.

He had no interest in becoming the protagonist of her next book, where all his intimate secrets would be laid bare for the world to see.

Even if she called him the Greatest Man in History, he wanted no part of it.