

## TV Show 165

Chapter 165: The Troubles of Happiness\*\*

\*\*Apartment 520.\*\*

"Susie, it's me, Chandler. I want to talk to you... Hello? Hello?"

Chandler walked into the room, holding the phone, but before he could finish speaking, the call was abruptly hung up.

Clearly, after her failed attempt at revenge last time, she had simply given up.

The key to this kind of revenge is catching someone off guard. Once exposed, there's no point in continuing because no one would just sit there and take it. Especially since the kind of revenge she wanted was meant to be humiliating.

"She hung up."

Chandler sighed helplessly at the group. "She won't even give me a chance."

"That only proves even more why you need to apologize," Adam said with a smile. "If she won't answer your calls, then meet her in person. If you sincerely want to apologize, I don't believe you can't do it. Think of it as a test."

"A test?"

Chandler hesitated.

"Yes."

Adam reminded him, "You only have one goal: to get her to forgive you."

He didn't say the other part out loud: **\*\*Heal her, and heal yourself.\*\***

Adam had never believed in the idea that faith requires unconditional forgiveness. That kind of thinking goes completely against human nature.

For example, in the original timeline, when Sheldon's mother met Leonard's mother, Beverly, a strict scientist, Beverly immediately mocked Mary as soon as she mentioned God.

Leonard and the others separated them and tried to console them individually.

Mary, being a devout Christian, said, "As a believer, of course, I forgive Beverly."

Because a good Christian, when slapped on the left cheek, should turn the right cheek as well.

Otherwise, as a true Texan, she should just shoot Beverly.

Extreme approaches never work, and forgiveness is no exception.

The conflict between Chandler and Susie was something that **\*\*could\*\*** be forgiven. Adam believed that in seeking Susie's forgiveness, Chandler would also be able to let go of some of his own past burdens.

As the saying goes: **\*\*"A happy childhood heals for a lifetime, while an unhappy childhood takes a lifetime to heal."\*\***

Chandler had Monica in his life, a lifelong promise of healing.

Until then, Adam, as both a friend and a mentor in mental well-being, took it upon himself to help Chandler heal.

"Chandler, be a man!"

Monica chimed in, "People used to mistake you for being gay at first glance. Now's the time to prove them wrong!"

"What, by taking my pants off?"

Ross smirked. "That seems to be the only way~"

Everyone turned to stare at him.

"What?"

Ross looked uncomfortable and raised his hands in surrender. "I was joking."

"Now's not the time for jokes!"

Monica snapped.

Ever since Adam had pointed out why he treated Chandler and Ross differently, Monica had been reflecting on the years of unfair treatment she had received from their parents. The completely different attitudes toward their two children made her long to trade parents with Ross.

Now, as everyone was supporting Chandler, her **"prince"** of a brother was making jokes? Even though she knew it was just humor, it still stung.

"Okay, okay."

Ross raised his hands in surrender when he saw everyone staring at him.

"I know what I need to do."

Chandler's eyes grew determined, and he cast a grateful look at Adam.

He wasn't an idiot—he could sense the things Adam hadn't said outright.

He knew Adam treated him exceptionally well, but he never overanalyzed it.

Even among a group of friends, there are always varying levels of closeness. Theoretically, a person only has **one** BFF—the one who would be the **best man** or **maid of honor** at their wedding.

Thinking about that, Chandler found himself with a **happy** little dilemma.

Joey was his roommate—they lived together.

Ross was his college roommate—the longest-standing friendship.

Adam was his close friend—who treated him especially well.

So when he got married one day, who should he pick as his **best man**?

What a struggle~

Of course, Adam had no idea that Chandler, in just a few seconds, had gotten caught up in such a trivial but happy problem. Otherwise, he would have told him, **"Don't worry about it. I'm not competing. I'm good with whatever."**

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The next evening.

Adam had taken extra care in dressing up again as he arrived at Apartment 520 to pick up Rachel. They were attending the wedding of her ex-fiancé and former best friend.

"You okay?"

Noticing Ross watching him jealously, Adam patted his shoulder.

"Of course not."

Ross grumbled, "I'm Rachel's actual boyfriend. I should be the one going with her to this."

"Well... why don't you talk to Rachel about it again?"

Adam teased.

"..."

Ross froze.

As if he dared to bring it up again—Rachel was already on the verge of an **explosive meltdown**. If he pushed it, she might just **dump him on the spot**.

If it were anyone else, he wouldn't be able to tolerate it. But Adam? He trusted him.

Because if Adam had **actually** been interested in Rachel, Ross **never** would've stood a chance in the first place.

"How do I look?"

Rachel walked out of the bedroom in the red bridesmaid dress sent by the bride, Mindy. She nervously asked for their opinion.

"Stunning!"

Ross exaggeratedly shouted, then turned to the others and mouthed: **"Say something nice!"**

"Wow!"

"The most beautiful bridesmaid ever!"

"Are you sure this is a bridesmaid dress and not a wedding gown?"

"Mindy is in trouble. With you looking this good, she's going to be completely overshadowed."

Everyone chimed in.

Adam genuinely thought she looked beautiful.

After all, it's the person wearing the dress that matters. A stunning woman can make anything look like couture, while someone with less presence could wear a designer wedding gown and still look like a costumed waitress.

But to Ross and the rest of the true-blue Americans, Rachel's **red bridesmaid dress** looked completely **tacky**—a blatant act of **malicious intent** from the bride.

Chandler even whispered, **"We don't have sheep here."**

Since, in his mind, the dress looked like something a **shepherdess** would wear.

Adam just sighed. Even after living in America for six or seven years, he still struggled to understand their aesthetic sense.

"Monica, are you and Richard ready?"

Adam asked.

Since Barry and Mindy's wedding included Richard, the local optometrist, he was naturally invited. Monica was attending as his plus-one.

Unlike Rachel, she wasn't a bridesmaid, so her outfit was much more relaxed.

"Yep."

"All set."

Monica, holding onto Richard's arm, answered in unison.

"Alright, let's go."

Adam suggested.

The four of them headed downstairs together. Adam drove, with Richard in the front passenger seat, while Monica sat in the back with Rachel as they made their way to the wedding venue.

"Rachel, don't worry too much. With Adam as your 'boyfriend,' no one has the right to laugh at you."

Monica reassured her.

"I know. I'm not nervous."

Rachel said unconvincingly.

"Not nervous?"

"Not nervous."

"Then can you let go of my hand?"

Monica gritted her teeth.

"Oh! Sorry!"

Rachel finally realized that she had been **\*\*clutching Monica's hand in a death grip\*\***, squeezing it so hard that she'd hurt her.

Monica rolled her eyes and shook out her hand dramatically.