

## **TV Show 169**

Chapter 169: Cross-Dressing King

At the party.

Adam's casually mixed Pawnshop No. 8 cocktail was a huge hit.

After Monica had one drink, she kept going, one glass after another, quickly becoming the one who drank the most and the fastest.

She needed this feeling.

On the stage.

People took turns performing—singing, dancing—clearly all employees from the advertising company.

Compared to an IT company, Chandler's new colleagues definitely knew how to have fun.

"Why haven't we seen Chandler yet?"

After drinking cocktails for a while, everyone realized Chandler still hadn't shown up, and they couldn't help but feel curious.

"He's not planning to perform, is he?"

Ross joked.

"What would he even do?"

Monica doubted it.

Chandler was a total homebody—working a desk job, avoiding exercise, and gradually gaining weight over the years. Though the changes weren't drastic, they piled up to the point that even he couldn't ignore it anymore.

So, Monica dragged him out to run and lose weight.

But he couldn't keep up at all. After just a few runs, he was gasping for breath, calling Monica a demon, and even once hailed a cab mid-run to escape.

When she made him do sit-ups, he just collapsed on the ground, playing dead.

In the end, Monica had to bribe him by promising to show him "a big surprise" to get him to persist.

But that was as far as it went. Singing and dancing were completely out of the question for him.

His only real talent was cracking jokes effortlessly.

No way he was doing stand-up, right?

...Right?

"He's not actually going up there for stand-up, is he?"

Monica blurted out.

"That... actually makes sense."

Everyone thought about it and agreed—it seemed plausible. They eagerly looked forward to it.

Only Adam sensed that something was off.

It was obvious.

Sure, this party allowed guests, but at most one or two. Who brings six friends like Chandler did?

Even if the advertising company was loaded, this was excessive.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please enjoy our next performance—\*Hamlet\*!"

After the previous act, the emcee announced the next performance.

Everyone turned their attention to the stage.

And then—

Pfft!

"O~M~G~!"

"Holy shit!"

When the Queen made her entrance in an elegant gown, Adam and the others nearly spit out their cocktails in unison. Some gasped, some cursed, all were utterly shocked.

The rest of the audience wasn't much better. After a brief stunned silence, the room burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Because the Queen—was not a woman.

It was Chandler.

Cross-dressing.

Chandler's face was beet red, but he clenched his teeth and stuck to the script.

And honestly?

Given the influence of his father growing up, the way he had absorbed it over the years... his performance was surprisingly convincing.

Yeah. He really *\*had\** the vibe.

But Adam and the others were only just beginning to grasp what was happening.

Chandler's old elementary school classmate, Susie Moss, was dressed as a man, playing the role of the King's brother—the one who murders the King, usurps the throne, and now seeks to marry Queen Chandler.

At that moment, it all clicked for Adam.

He had *\*doomed\** Chandler.

If his guess was correct, back in elementary school, Chandler and Susie had performed *\*Hamlet\** together.

Only back then, Susie played the Queen... and Chandler played the King's brother.

This was a full-circle reenactment of that moment.

Which meant...

Adam cast a sympathetic glance at cross-dressing Chandler on stage, his eyes locked in, unwilling to miss a single second of what was about to unfold.

Sympathy aside, this was too good to miss.

Besides, if Chandler was willingly on stage, he had clearly made peace with it.

"OMG!"

"Why is he doing this?"

Monica and the others were still reeling.

"To apologize."

Adam, eyes fixed on the stage, answered casually.

"Ah!"

"That's why!"

"This is a *\*huge\** sacrifice."

"His coworkers are *\*definitely\** going to give him a nickname after this. Maybe... 'Queen Chandler'?"

Monica and the others covered their mouths in shock.

Meanwhile, the play continued.

Susie, playing the King's brother, approached the trembling Queen Chandler, scrutinizing \*her\* while delivering a string of flirtatious lines.

"It's coming, it's coming!"

Adam whispered, holding his breath, eyes locked on Susie's hands.

"What's coming?"

Monica and the others hadn't caught on yet.

Then—

"OMG!"

"OMG!"

"OMG!"

The synchronized gasps echoed across the room.

Followed by an explosion of laughter.

Susie, circling Chandler while delivering her lines, suddenly yanked up \*her\* dress.

Exposing Chandler's pink underwear for all to see.

The uproarious laughter filled the venue.

For Susie, it was déjà vu.

She was suddenly transported back twenty years, to that school auditorium.

To when Chandler had lifted \*her\* skirt, exposing her in front of everyone.

To the humiliating laughter that had haunted her ever since.

When she recently ran into Chandler again, she recognized him immediately—the source of her childhood nightmare.

She wanted revenge.

So she seduced him.

But when she tried to lure him into a trap in a restaurant restroom, Chandler—surprisingly—refused.

Out of options, she snapped at him and stormed off.

She thought she'd lost her chance to get back at him.

Until Chandler came to her, offering an apology.

Saying he'd do anything to make it right.

At first, she didn't believe him.

But he was serious.

So she devised a way to recreate that moment. To flip the script.

She even made Chandler promise not to tell anyone—just like back then, when no one saw it coming.

At first, Chandler refused. But after wrestling with his own guilt, remembering Adam's words, he finally agreed.

And he really hadn't told *\*anyone\**. Not even Adam.

Which led to *\*this\**.

"Susie, can you forgive me?"

By this point, no one cared about the actual plot of *\*Hamlet\**.

Queen Chandler, face burning with embarrassment, swallowed the shame and asked sincerely.

"Forgive you?"

Susie snapped out of her trance.

She looked at Chandler—humiliated, but standing firm.

And suddenly, all the resentment, the bitterness, the weight of that childhood trauma... melted away.

Because in that moment, it wasn't about *\*revenge\**.

It was about closure.

She stepped forward and kissed Chandler. Hard.

Clap, clap, clap!

Adam led the applause.

The audience followed, erupting into cheers.

After all, this was an advertising company party. A bit of avant-garde, performance art-style spectacle was right up their alley.

Feeling the energy, Queen Chandler suddenly flipped the script—pulling Susie into *\*his\** arms, taking charge, exuding pure masculinity.

The whistles and cheers reached a fever pitch.