

TV Show 183

Chapter 183: Discrimination? That's Impossible

Las Vegas.

Adam found himself lost in deep thought.

Meanwhile...

On a flight from New York to Las Vegas—

"What's wrong?"

The strikingly beautiful Susie noticed Chandler fidgeting in his seat and asked in surprise.

"Nothing," Chandler hesitated, as if wanting to say something but stopping himself.

"Darling, you know you can tell me anything."

Susie looked at him intently.

Thanks to Chandler's efforts, not only had Susie forgiven him, but she had also become his girlfriend. The future was uncertain, but at this moment, they were inseparable.

"Okay."

Chandler indeed felt the urge to talk. Meeting his girlfriend's concerned gaze, he turned slightly toward her and carefully said, *"Susie, do you remember why you were so mad at me back then?"*

" ... "

Susie huffed, *"Of course! You lifted my skirt in public."*

As she spoke, she leaned close to Chandler's ear, bit it playfully, and whispered seductively, *"Would you still dare to do that now?"*

"Of course not!"

Chandler shook his head frantically. *"I'm not making excuses, but back then, I did it as a way to protect myself—with humor."*

"I know."

Susie gently touched Chandler's face.

"And the reason I was like that..."

Chandler hesitated before finally saying, *"It's because of my parents. You know, my dad... well, he wanted to be my mom."*

"I know."

Susie looked at her boyfriend with a sympathetic expression. *"Everyone knows."*

"Oh."

Chandler scoffed at himself. *"Yeah, I guess it's hard to miss. Not every kid has a dad who dresses like a Hollywood star—correction, a Hollywood actress—and proudly shows up at parent-teacher meetings."*

"Don't overthink it. A person can't fight who they truly are."

Susie reassured him, *"Your dad was just being himself, doing what he felt was right."*

Chandler fell silent.

"Is that what's been bothering you?"

Susie kissed him lightly. *"Forget about all that sadness. We're on vacation! Las Vegas! A free luxury suite! Baby!"*

"Yeah... Las Vegas."

Chandler gave a wry smile. *"That's exactly what I'm worried about."*

"What do you mean?"

Susie was confused.

"Adam said Joey is doing... some kind of inappropriate performance."

Chandler hesitated. *"And my dad... he works in Las Vegas as a drag queen. I'm afraid I'll run into him."*

He sighed and decided to lay it all out. *"I haven't seen him in years. He calls me, writes me letters—I never answer. When he says he's coming to New York to visit me, I always tell him I'm too busy."*

"Do you hate him?"

Susie gently held Chandler's hand.

"I guess so."

Chandler scoffed at himself. *"If he hadn't decided he'd had enough of being a man, my childhood—my whole family—would have been completely different. At the very least, I probably wouldn't have lifted your skirt in fourth grade."*

"Ha!"

Susie playfully smacked him.

"Why?"

Chandler's voice was heavy with emotion. *"Why couldn't he just hold back? Just for my sake? God, I was just a kid back then."*

"Every day, I had to watch my parents fight, then watch them take revenge on each other by flirting with our male housekeepers. They had no idea how much it messed me up. And they didn't care."

"Poor thing."

Susie looked at him with pity.

"After my dad ran off with Mr. Garibaldi, my mom tried her best to be a 'cool single mom.' She even handed me condoms herself, but by then, it was too late."

Chandler chuckled bitterly. *"Because by then, my entire middle school and high school experience was spent listening to my classmates passionately discuss my mom's bestselling erotic novels—**Lover of a Whore** and **Midnight Desire**."*

"So when I grew up and went to college, I completely cut ties with them."

"All these years, I never went back home, never spent Christmas with them."

"But every holiday season, no matter where I was—alone in my dorm, hiding in my apartment—I could still hear echoes of their vicious arguments during Christmases past."

"That's heartbreaking."

Susie stroked his face. Then, her eyes sparkled with mischief as she leaned in and whispered, *"Let me make it up to you. I'll go to the bathroom first—you follow in ten seconds. Knock twice."*

"Are you serious?"

Chandler's sorrow instantly faded.

Susie didn't reply. She simply stood up, winked at him, bit her lip, tossed her hair, and walked toward the bathroom.

Chandler hesitated, glancing left and right in conflict—before finally getting up and following her.

**A few minutes later... **

"So, how do you feel now? Still sad?"

Back in their seats, Susie smirked at Chandler, who was now slumped in his seat, radiating pure contentment.

"Hold on a second."

Chandler put on a serious expression. *"I think I might get sad again in a little while~"*

Susie laughed and smacked him playfully.

"Just kidding."

Chandler chuckled. *"But seriously, thank you. You and Adam helped me realize something."*

"Wait, wait—so in the bathroom just now, you were thinking about me... and Adam?"

Susie gasped dramatically.

"Can't help it—I am my parents' son, after all."

Chandler quipped effortlessly, then shook his head. *"Okay, no more jokes. Adam has always been there for me, supporting me, helping me move past my childhood trauma. Without him, I wouldn't have had the courage to ask for your forgiveness. And look at us now—we're happy."*

"So... does that mean you're ready to forgive your dad?"

Susie finally understood.

"Yeah. Not just my dad—my mom, too."

Chandler squeezed her hand. *"I put you through years of psychological trauma, but you forgave me. Maybe it's time I give them a chance, too. Don't you think?"*

"You're a good man, Chandler Bing."

Susie's eyes softened.

"No."

Chandler turned his gaze to Monica, Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe, who were sitting nearby. He looked at them with deep emotion. **"I have good friends."**

Before Adam entered his life, it was Ross, Monica, and the others who had always been there, offering warmth and support.

If his heart had been frozen, they were the ones who thawed most of the ice—until Adam came along and shattered it completely.

****Las Vegas.****

****A small theater.****

As Helena stepped away to greet other guests, Adam finally snapped back to reality, feeling an ironic chuckle rising inside him.

It wasn't that he had anything against Helena.

In his past life, as a struggling online novelist, he had always admired the top-tier authors who hit incredible milestones and then, as a reward to their fans, dressed up in drag.

If he had reached that level of success, he wouldn't have minded doing it either.

So how could he possibly judge or mock Helena?

The real issue was...

His relationship with Helena was *complicated.*

If he wasn't mistaken, Helena was actually Chandler's father—Nora's ex-husband.

And Adam?

He was Chandler's best friend.

And also... Nora's *"friend."*

Now, here was Helena, throwing him flirtatious looks.

Honestly, if he weren't so mentally strong, he might have lost his composure right then and there.