TV Show 188

Chapter 188: Reckless as Hell

Las Vegas.

Caesars Palace.

After teasing Alice in a serious manner, Adam smiled and took his leave.

On one hand, he had to go pick up Chandler and the others.

On the other hand, his whole family was here, along with Heather, who had just been promoted to girlfriend status. She willingly sacrificed her entertainment time to accompany his family—if he turned around and betrayed her, that would be beyond unacceptable.

So, Adam had no choice but to play the role of a straight-laced guy for once and politely decline the White Jade Goddess's invitation to battle.

To be honest, at this age, Alice wasn't yet the "Sea King's" mother—she was more like a princess who had just escaped from the ocean. Adam technically had the chance to be the Sea King's father.

But as Rajesh once said, "Aquaman sucks."

So, Adam had no interest in being that kind of father.

Yep, really no interest…

Watching Adam's suave departure, Alice stood in a daze for a long time. Was he just too naive to understand, or did he actually reject her?

The answer was obvious.

Coffee is known for its stimulating effects. Drinking coffee late at night—just like lice on a bald man's head—is a blatant sign that someone doesn't want to sleep and is looking for something else to do.

As a classic Western saying goes: **Everybody knows.**

Okay, maybe a special case like Sheldon might genuinely not get the hint, but Adam? Definitely not that kind of person.

So how could he not know?

Alice's face instantly darkened.

The nearly $3,000 in tips she made tonight—far beyond her usual haul—suddenly didn't seem so sweet anymore.

Even though she prided herself on making a living through talent rather than just her looks, and she considered herself rational, being overlooked for her beauty still stung.

If he didn't appreciate her face, then she didn't want to share her talent with him either.

"Pfft! What kind of man is he?!"

Alice cursed under her breath and walked away in frustration.

Adam was oblivious to all of this—he had already met up with Joey and was heading to pick up Chandler and the others.

"Joey!"

"Chandler!"

Their eyes met.

One saw the apology in the other's eyes, while the other saw forgiveness.

They called out each other's names with deep emotion and then charged forward for an intense, bromantic embrace.

"..."

Susie couldn't help but roll her eyes.

She finally understood just how deeply Chandler had been traumatized in his childhood.

At this rate, if Chandler's dad hadn't run off with that Garibaldi guy and had stuck around for a few more years, Susie might not even be in the picture today.

But then, she found herself chuckling.

Things had actually worked out perfectly. Chandler still leaned toward the masculine side but had also picked up some skills that women found incredibly useful.

For example, his skills in applying nail polish, shaping eyebrows, and curling eyelashes were even better than hers.

And she was a **professional makeup artist**…

"Should I book you guys a room?"

Adam teased. "Oh, wait, I already did. Want me to take you there now?"

Only then did Chandler realize his moment of overexcitement. He quickly pushed Joey away, awkwardly twisting his body and turning his head to shake off the embarrassment. Then, with a bright smile, he spread his arms toward Adam.

"Adam~"

"Stop right there!"

Adam held up a hand to block Chandler's attempt at a cover-up hug. "Let's get settled first. This is Las Vegas—the night is just getting started."

"Whoo!"

"Yeah!"

Monica and Phoebe cheered, waving their hands in excitement.

"What's up with you two?"

Adam turned to Rachel and Ross. "Not feeling it?"

"Nothing."

Rachel and Ross responded in unison, then exchanged a glance before dramatically turning their heads away from each other.

"Alright, whatever makes you happy."

Adam couldn't be bothered with the whole **Ross and Rachel** drama.

Their relationship was just too theatrical and over-the-top—constantly arguing, misunderstanding each other, making up, and repeating the cycle.

Even with Adam's presence as a butterfly effect, he couldn't change their fate.

Poor Chandler had already been nudged onto a different path by Adam's influence.

But Ross and Rachel? **Absolutely hopeless.**

"I heard from Adam that you've been performing here?"

Chandler pulled Joey to the back and asked quietly, "What kind of performance?"

"Oh, you won't believe it! I'm a backup dancer for drag queens! Isn't that awesome?"

Joey boasted proudly.

"Hah! Ha!"

Chandler's last bit of optimism vanished. He forced out two hollow laughs.

Sure, he'd talked a big game on the plane with Susie, but that was only because she had put him in **Saint Mode** three times in a row. His forgiveness aura had maxed out, making him feel like pardoning everyone.

But now that he was off the plane and had time to cool down, his usual complicated feelings resurfaced.

And now, knowing for sure that Joey had likely met his "good old dad," Chandler couldn't help but feel conflicted.

"What's wrong?"

Joey noticed something was off.

"Nothing."

Chandler brushed him off, deciding he needed to talk to Adam first.

When they arrived at their luxury suite…

Monica and Phoebe were overjoyed, bouncing around with excitement. Even Rachel, despite her ongoing spat with Ross, was delighted as she explored the suite and started claiming the best rooms.

"There are four rooms."

Adam had made sure his friends were well taken care of by booking the biggest, nicest suite available. "Chandler and Susie share one, Monica and Phoebe another, Joey gets his own, and Rachel and Ross—"

"I want my own room!"

Rachel interrupted. "He can stay with Joey!"

"Fine! Whatever!"

Ross, clearly frustrated, yelled dramatically, "I love rooming with Joey! He never rejects me!"

Everyone: ...

Adam's eye twitched. **What kind of suggestive nonsense was that?**

"Ross."

Joey awkwardly nudged Ross.

"What?"

Ross still didn't realize how wild his words sounded.

"I actually *am* rejecting you."

Joey solemnly raised a hand. "It's nothing personal, no discrimination—I just prefer women. Beautiful women. Speaking of which, weren't you hopelessly in love with Rachel? When did your interests suddenly change?"

"That's because we were all deceived."

Rachel scoffed. "Honestly, it makes sense for him to like men—he's basically a woman. A **woman among women**. Always nitpicking, constantly overreacting to the tiniest things."

"I'm a woman among women?!"

Ross pointed at himself, then dramatically erupted, "Then that makes you a **man among men!** I just wanted to mix things up a little, but nooo, you're being all rigid about it! I poured my heart out, and you still refuse? Where's your womanly compassion?"

"Trying to play the sympathy card?"

Rachel sneered. "You must have forgotten who you're dealing with. That trick wouldn't even fool my little sister. She learned all her tactics from me."

"O~M~G~"

Chandler finally caught on.

And suddenly, he had a newfound admiration for Ross.

From the moment they got off the plane to arriving here, it had only been a short while—yet Ross had **already crashed and burned spectacularly**.

Truly, recklessly insane.