

## TV Show 190

Chapter 190: A Fateful Encounter\*\*

Las Vegas.

Outside Caesars Palace.

"What did you find out?"

Chandler looked at Adam with a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

"I know that your father loves you," Adam said, voicing the words Chandler had been secretly hoping to hear.

"That's a kind of love I can do without," Chandler scoffed instinctively.

"He didn't do a great job when you were growing up. He wasn't a good father, and that's undeniable," Adam said with a smile. "But you know that he was part of the 'lost generation.' When they were young, they only cared about themselves, acting on impulse without considering how others felt—family included. It was a common social phenomenon.

"But I believe he has changed. He has already gotten everything he wanted in life, and as he's grown older, he has come to understand the deep scars his selfishness left on you.

"That's why he has kept trying to reach out to you, hoping to be your father again—or, well, maybe your mother..."

"Two moms couldn't have made me. That's unscientific," Chandler quipped as usual. Then, he fell silent and looked at Adam, waiting patiently for him to continue.

"Your repeated rejections made him realize just how deeply he hurt you," Adam went on. "So, instead of forcing his way back into your life, he chose to watch over you from a distance. If I'm not mistaken, he must have visited New York—probably more than once—just to see you from afar."

Chandler flinched. "Why do you say that?"

"Because he knows Joey," Adam analyzed. "The first time Joey was looking for a job, he helped him without hesitation.

"Tonight, when I showed up at the small theater, he reacted strangely when he saw me. Then, he deliberately made me the first audience member he interacted with.

"Looking back, I think he must have recognized me.

"And why would he recognize Joey and me?"

"Because he's seen me with you. He knows you're my best friends," Chandler murmured.

"Exactly!" Adam confirmed. "And probably not just once, because we aren't always together."

Chandler fell into silence.

Adam didn't say anything else. He simply walked alongside him, giving him space.

This was Chandler's burden to carry. Outsiders could only offer guidance—the final decision had to be his alone.

After walking a long distance, Chandler suddenly spoke. "What should I do?"

"That's up to you," Adam replied with a smile. "But I think you already know the answer."

"Will you come with me tomorrow night?" Chandler took a deep breath.

"Of course."

Even if it would be awkward, Adam agreed without hesitation.

Nora was special to him. Unlike his past platonic female friends—Amazing Amy, Jennifer, Veronica, and the others—she had a different impact on his life.

Even though Adam insisted he didn't need Nora's help, her presence had made the early stages of publishing *\*Lord of the Mysteries\** incredibly smooth. Their collaboration had been seamless.

Nora had been reluctant to leave, but she had no choice—because she had fallen for him.

A beautiful woman who perfectly matched his aesthetic had developed genuine feelings for him. No man could remain completely unmoved by that.

Adam had certainly felt something. But, holding firm to his principles, he had chosen to ignore it.

Then he met Chandler and became close friends with him. Naturally, his ties with Nora faded away.

Beyond his previous-life fondness for Chandler's character and the system's requirement for gaining power points, Nora's existence played a crucial role in Adam's deep connection with Chandler.

Across both lifetimes, Adam had mentally aged enough to appreciate Chandler's journey over the past decade. In a way, he had watched Chandler grow up.

In a strange sense, Adam had unconsciously assumed a 'fatherly' role.

At this thought, Adam couldn't help but grin.

---

Meanwhile, at Caesars Palace.

With Joey leading the way, Monica and the others entered the casino, then split up to find their favorite games.

The principle of "too much of anything is bad" applies everywhere.

So, Adam had only arranged for their accommodations—he hadn't gone so far as to cover their gambling expenses.

Everyone had to exchange their own money for chips.

Among the group, Phoebe and Rachel had the tightest budgets. Instead of getting chips, they exchanged their money for coins, grabbed large paper cups designed for slot machines, and excitedly went off to play.

Monica and Ross, on the other hand, were financially better off—one a chef, the other a PhD—so they each exchanged \$500 in chips before scouting the casino.

Ross chose blackjack, believing it to be a game of skill. As a proud PhD, he felt he had an intellectual advantage.

Monica, however, was drawn to the liveliest craps table.

Craps is a classic gambling game, where players bet on dice rolls with different odds. Everyone can place bets, while the shooter (who rotates among players) rolls the dice, determining the payouts.

Since many people can participate and the stakes involve everyone at the table, the game is always lively, with cheers and shouts filling the air.

Even in \*Iron Man\*, Tony Stark was a fan—of course, his version was more glamorous, featuring beautiful women blowing on his dice as if they were bestowing him with good luck.

Monica loved the excitement, especially when it was her turn to roll the dice and everyone waited in anticipation for her lucky throw. The adrenaline rush was unparalleled.

She absolutely loved it.

She jumped, cheered, and pumped her fists whenever the dice landed on her desired numbers. She even pointed dramatically at the surrounding players, feeding off the energy.

Susie, having traveled extensively with film crews, had been to Vegas before and remained composed as she casually played roulette.

As for Joey, his top priorities were always food and... well, other pleasures.

"Hey, Alice. How you doin'?" Joey raised his eyebrows suggestively at Alice, who had changed clothes and was about to leave.

"Oh, Joey." Alice looked at him as if he were an idiot and shook her head. "Don't waste your time on me. You're not my type."

Joey had noticed Alice at Caesars Palace long ago and had repeatedly tried to hit on her. But despite his good looks, his Roman soldier costume—worn for photo ops—wasn't doing him any favors in her eyes.

Still, Joey maintained his signature smirk. Watching Alice walk away, he pursed his lips and nodded confidently. "Progress! At least she said a full sentence to me this time. Joey, you've got this."

Meanwhile, after encountering both Adam and Joey, Alice stormed out of Caesars Palace in a foul mood. Just as she was about to vent her frustration, she bumped into someone head-on. She looked up, ready to unleash her anger—only to freeze in surprise...

---