

## TV Show 191

### Chapter 191: The Intervention

**\*\*Las Vegas.\*\***

**\*\*In front of Caesars Palace.\*\***

"Hi."

"Hi."

Alice looked up and saw that the person who had bumped into her was a handsome young man. She glanced at him quickly and felt slightly disappointed.

Sure, he was good-looking, but he was too short—not even taller than her in high heels.

That wasn't even the worst part.

The key issue was his overall appearance. His outfit was plain, and he gave off an aura she didn't particularly like.

Combining these two major flaws, he was basically another Joey.

However, his eyes were particularly captivating, giving her an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

So, unlike how she coldly ignored Joey, she responded to this guy's greeting with a smile.

But that was all.

After smiling, Alice turned and walked away.

The handsome guy was left standing there, watching her disappear, stunned for a long time.

**\*\*What a beautiful and enchanting woman!\*\***

"William, darling, come here!"

A woman's voice suddenly interrupted William's daze.

"Coming!"

William glanced at the elegantly dressed, jewelry-clad middle-aged woman approaching him. The wonderful feeling he had just experienced instantly vanished, and he braced himself before walking toward her.

Feelings were just feelings. People still needed to eat.

After working tirelessly, he had finally secured his admission letter from Columbia Medical School. However, the hefty tuition fees remained a heavy burden.

There was no other choice—he still had to take on side jobs to earn money for school.

At this moment, he felt incredibly lucky that Alice, unlike other women, hadn't clung to him and had walked away so decisively.

Otherwise, if she saw this scene, what would she think?

His perfect image would be shattered.

While he was caught in his thoughts, the middle-aged woman—despite her average appearance—was tall and broad-boned. Seeing William, she excitedly clung to his arm like a teenage girl and, guided by a waiter, happily made her way toward the luxurious suite she had reserved.

After they disappeared into the hotel, Adam and Chandler entered, laughing and chatting.

"Let's check on them first," Adam said with a smile.

"Let's check on Monica first," Chandler said sarcastically. "I just hope she's still wearing pants by now."

"We should be thankful that casinos don't take pants as bets these days," Adam added, taking a jab.

The two of them headed straight for the craps table.

\*\*\*"Double eight, double eight! It has to be double eight this time!"\*\*

Before they even got close, Monica's familiar voice cut through the crowd's chatter. From the sharpness in her tone, Adam and Chandler immediately understood—Monica had probably lost a lot of money.

\*\*\*"Oh no!"\*\*

Then came Monica's anguished cry: \*\*\*"Damn it! Not double eight again!"\*\*

Adam and Chandler stood nearby, watching Monica wail and complain, visibly distraught. Not a single chip remained in front of her.

Seeing the game continue, Monica panicked, looking around desperately.

"Who can lend me some chips? I'll go get money to pay you back later!"

No one responded. Instead, they looked at her like she was crazy.

**\*\*In a casino, the least trustworthy words are 'I'll pay you back later.'\*\***

If you really had money, you'd exchange chips yourself. It's not like it takes that long.

Well, in Monica's case, she really **\*\*did\*\*** care about those few seconds—when her gambling fever took over, she didn't want to waste even a moment.

**\*\*"No!"\*\***

Seeing that no one would lend her money and that the game was continuing without her, she let out a desperate cry and ran out.

The moment she spotted Adam and Chandler, her eyes lit up.

Summoning the speed and skill of a "Geller Cup" football champion, she charged straight at Adam.

"Adam! Lend me some money!"

"How much did you lose?"

Adam looked helplessly at Monica, who was practically hanging off of him.

"\$1,500!"

Monica shouted. "I have to win it back!"

**\*\*"WHAT?!"\*\***

Chandler was in disbelief. "You lost \$1,500 in this short time? I thought you only exchanged \$500 worth of chips!"

"I did, I did!" Monica said urgently. "But I was winning at first! I was up \$1,000! And then... I lost it all, plus my original \$500! I have to win it back! I **have to**!"

She was shaking Adam so much that he was getting dizzy. He quickly pried her off and tried to reason with her.

"You only exchanged a certain amount of chips. Once it's gone, it's **over**. That was the deal, remember?"

"NO!" Monica shrieked. "I **can't** lose! I **can** win!"

"Chandler, what do you think?" Adam asked, amused.

"I think casinos **should** take pants as bets," Chandler deadpanned. "Then let's see if Monica still wants to keep gambling."

**"Oh, please!"** Monica waved a finger at them, looking completely unhinged. "You underestimate me!"

"Alright, fine. I'll lend you \$500, but **this is it**. If you lose it, you're done. Agreed?"

"Deal!"

Monica snatched the money and sprinted off to get more chips.

"You don't actually believe her, do you?" Chandler asked in disbelief.

"Of course not." Adam smirked. "I think we should call the gang and hold an intervention. By the time she loses this \$500, the timing will be **\*\*perfect.\*\***"

"Great idea." Chandler rubbed his hands together. "I'll get the others."

The two split up.

Sure enough, Monica lost **\*\*again\*\*** and was still **\*\*determined\*\*** to keep going.

Adam tricked her into thinking they needed to go get more money, leading her back to their luxurious suite.

"Wait... this is our hotel room... why are we here to get money—"

Monica started to realize something was wrong.

But before she could react, Adam **\*\*shoved her inside\*\*** and slammed the door shut. He leaned against it, smiling warmly.

Inside, Chandler, Ross, Rachel, and the others were all waiting.

Everyone looked at her with **\*\*gentle but firm expressions.\*\***

In front of them was a single chair.

Behind them hung a huge banner:

**\*\*"MONICA'S GAMBLING INTERVENTION!"\*\***

"Monica, please sit down."

\*\*\*"O... M... G..."\*\*\*

Monica covered her mouth in shock, letting out her signature exclamation.

Only now did she fully snap out of her gambling frenzy and realize she was in **\*\*big trouble.\*\***

They only staged something this serious when a friend made **\*\*a huge mistake\*\***—one that everyone agreed needed to be corrected.

Even when Chandler was struggling to quit smoking, they only gathered to talk to him. They **\*\*never\*\*** went as far as to hang a banner.

"Okay, fine! I was wrong!"

Monica quickly admitted defeat.

\*\*\*Sit down!\*\*\*

Ross finally dropped his "gentle" act and roared.

"Okay, okay!"

Monica flinched, raising her hands in surrender. She obediently sat in the chair, looking up at her friends like a **\*\*100-pound child\*\*** about to be scolded.

The intervention lasted a long time.

Monica repeated her apologies over and over until everyone was convinced she actually meant them and wasn't just saying it to get out of trouble.

Only then did they finally **call it a night.**

By then, it was already past midnight.

**(End of Chapter)**