

TV Show 271

Chapter 271: Quoting Yourself

MacLaren's Pub.

"Oh~"

Barney squinted. "Of course, I ran into him."

Without waiting for Lily to ask, he continued, "Since we're all friends, why not invite him over for a chat?"

"Well..."

Marshall hesitated. "He's really busy."

"That busy?"

Barney egged him on. "Too busy to meet up with friends?"

"I'll give him a call," Lily said enthusiastically as she stood up. "Barney's right. We haven't seen him in a while—it'd be nice to catch up."

"Nice~"

Barney grinned smugly.

He had been wondering how to crash Chandler's wedding.

At first, when he ran into Adam at the tailor shop, he was just looking for an opportunity to sneak into a bachelor party and wedding for some fun and to pick up women—something he could take or leave.

But after finding out the groom was the best friend and roommate of his archenemy, Joey, he was determined to get in.

The connection between Adam, Marshall, and the rest was an unexpected bonus.

Ten minutes later, Adam arrived at MaLaren's Pub.

They were all friends. Even though they didn't talk as often, there was no way he would refuse an invitation.

Marshall and Lily were also people Adam deeply appreciated.

"Adam, let me introduce you," Lily said warmly. "This is Barney Stinson, our friend. Barney, this is Adam Duncan."

"What a coincidence!" Barney grinned.

"Yeah," Adam said as he sat down, glancing around. Among the five from How I Met Your Mother, only Robin was missing now.

They chatted for a while, catching up on recent events.

Then Barney couldn't help but ask, "Since we're all good friends now, and friends of friends are also friends, Adam, why didn't you invite us to Chandler's wedding?"

"Heh."

Adam chuckled. "That's not how it works. By that logic, everyone in the world is friends, and Chandler would have to invite the entire planet to his wedding."

"Huh?"

Barney was momentarily confused.

"You've never heard of the Six Degrees of Separation theory?"

Adam explained, "In 1967, American social psychologist Stanley Milgram proposed this theory. Simply put, any two strangers can be connected through a chain of friends, and it takes at most five intermediaries to establish the link."

Lily proudly added, "Adam isn't just about to become a doctor—he also has dual bachelor's degrees in biology and psychology. Barney, you always have all these so-called scientific theories, but now you're facing real science. Stumped, aren't you?"

"...."

Barney's mouth twitched.

Although he technically graduated from MIT, his MIT was The Magician's Institute of Teaneck—a joke university, the sister school of Homeschool University, and definitely not The Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

All the "scientific" theories he spouted were just him quoting himself—like when people misattribute their own words to famous figures to sound credible.

Many people do it, including real scholars...

But Barney was a master of the craft.

When it came to actual science, though, he was completely out of his depth.

"Barney, I know you like to have fun," Adam said with a smile. "I do too. But there's a time and place. If having fun comes at the expense of a wedding, it's not fun anymore—it's just causing trouble."

"There's an old saying in the East: 'Better to destroy ten temples than ruin a single marriage.'

"So, Chandler's wedding and bachelor party? Don't even think about it. I won't allow anyone to mess with this perfect match."

"What?!"

Lily gasped and immediately smacked Barney several times. "You were planning to ruin their wedding?!"

"I wasn't!"

Barney raised his hands defensively, dodging Lily's attacks. "I just wanted to be part of it, get to know the bridesmaids better. I never planned to ruin the wedding."

"Really?"

Adam smirked.

Barney had been one of his favorite TV characters in his past life—essentially the original version of Lü Xiaobu from Love Apartment. Barney's ridiculous antics had been a source of endless entertainment for Adam back then.

In Love Apartment, Lü Xiaobu's crazy antics were a toned-down, censored version of Barney's. Lü Xiaobu's mysterious and powerful godfather, "Grandfather Dumas," was probably meant to represent the full, uncensored side of Barney.

Grandfather Dumas + Lü Xiaobu = Barney Stinson.

But after crossing into this world and meeting the real Barney, Adam could appreciate him, sure—but he also felt the need to be cautious.

Lü Xiaobu once dragged Zhang Wei into a bachelor party, causing Zhang Wei to miss his wedding. His fiancée ran off with another guy.

Later, Zhang Wei would often hide away, secretly crying over a photo of his ex-fiancée, Xiaoli, in his wallet.

It looked funny on the surface, but how many people truly understood the pain behind it?

If that bachelor party had never happened, Zhang Wei wouldn't have "tragically fallen down the stairs and ended up half-paralyzed," nor would he have "traveled back in time, revolutionized farming technology, exceeded production quotas, and received a commendation."

Instead, he would have just attended his wedding.

Without that long delay, his fiancée might not have had the courage to run away with her ex-boyfriend.

After all, it takes a lot of guts to flee a wedding in front of so many friends and family. That long wait probably gave her ex-boyfriend the courage to act, which in turn gave her the courage to follow.

If none of that had happened, Zhang Wei would be married by now.

Sure, maybe Xiaoli still had feelings for her ex, but Zhang Wei knew that. He didn't care—he just loved her. Who doesn't have a past?

And with Zhang Wei's personality, their marriage could have blossomed into something beautiful over time. Who knows? Maybe he would have become the ultimate stay-at-home husband, the Supreme Husband, or The Most Powerful Son-in-Law in some alternate storyline...

But all of that was ruined by one bachelor party.

Did Lü Xiaobu care?

Not at all!

From start to finish, he just thought it was funny. He even joked about it with Zhang Wei later.

If a censored and softened Lü Xiaobu could be so indifferent, what would the uncensored, American version—Barney—do?

Probably something even worse.

Maybe Barney would throw Zhang Wei a bachelor party, get his fiancée to run off with someone else, then immediately go after Zhang Wei's ex himself...

Yes!

Don't doubt it!

Barney would absolutely do that!

Knowing that, how could Adam not be wary, especially when Barney had his sights set on Chandler's wedding?

"I swear," Barney immediately raised his hand.

"Joking around is fine among friends," Adam said, staring at him seriously. "But some things should never be taken as a joke."

At first, Barney held his ground, meeting Adam's gaze.

But as Adam's sharp stare bore into him, Barney couldn't hold out. Eventually, he looked away.

"Okay, okay," Barney sighed in defeat, raising his hands. "I give up. I'll back off, alright?"

Chapter 272: The King of Schemes

MacLaren's Pub.

"Don't be so serious."

Ted tried to smooth things over. "We're all friends here."

"Even among friends, there have to be boundaries."

Adam said seriously, "If we don't set them beforehand and someone crosses the line, how can we stay friends?"

"Exactly!"

Lily was the first to agree. "Some things just shouldn't be done, whether you're friends or not!"

As a woman, she had strong feelings about weddings. She was completely immersed in the topic and couldn't stand the idea of someone ruining a wedding—especially if it was a friend doing the ruining.

"I agree too."

Marshall always had the most righteous moral compass. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to become the future "Marshmallow Supreme Court Justice."

That was one of the highest honors.

Of course, not all Supreme Court justices had perfect morals, but this was the world of a sitcom. If Marshall became a Supreme Court Justice, it was the ultimate recognition of his strong values.

After all, this is all just a show for others to watch...

"Alright then."

Seeing this, Ted could only shrug. "Barney, Adam is right. You really need to be careful. Otherwise, you might lose your friends."

"I know."

Barney pursed his lips.

The reason he surrendered wasn't just because Adam's gaze was sharp. The bigger reason was that he had keenly noticed Lily and Marshall were siding with Adam.

A well-established friend group isn't easy to break into. If he insisted on arguing, even if Ted backed him up, it would disrupt the group dynamic, and he'd probably end up being pushed out.

Because the foundation of this group had always been Ted, Marshall, and Lily.

Even though Barney always made Ted say that he was Ted's best friend, deep down, he knew the truth—Ted would never distance himself from his real best friends, Marshall and Lily, for Barney's sake.

Besides, Barney genuinely liked Marshall and Lily as a couple. For someone who had once been hurt in love, they were proof that true love still existed.

That's why he had never once made a move on Lily and had always been protective of their relationship.

Adam understood this perfectly.

Back in his past life, when he watched *How I Met Your Mother*, he always identified with Barney.

Now, after crossing into this world and becoming a womanizer like Barney, he understood him even more.

Just like how bad guys still enjoy being friends with good people, what player wouldn't want to befriend a couple like Marshall and Lily—people who embodied the phrase "one true love, together forever"?

"You're something else."

Barney squinted at Adam, his eyes narrowing out of habit. "Honestly, you and I are the same. I've always treated the Bro Code like a sacred text. In fact, I'll add what you just said to it."

"Heh."

Adam smirked. "I know all about the Bro Code. I'm glad you're willing to add 'never sabotage someone's marriage' to it. But I really hope that the last page of your Bro Code doesn't say, 'Final interpretation rights belong to Barney Stinson.' I'd hate for you to just turn around and say, 'The Bro Code is meant to be broken,' whenever it suits you."

"..."

Barney was absolutely stunned.

That was his deepest, most well-guarded secret, and Adam had just exposed it in one sentence.

To Barney, the Bro Code, all the so-called rules for interacting with bros—it was all just a front. A game.

His only real rule was: Do whatever you want.

"You tricked me!"

Ted suddenly realized what was happening and shouted angrily, "So the Bro Code actually has that kind of clause?!"

Barney had always preached to him about how sacred the Bro Code was. After hearing it so many times, Ted had unconsciously come to respect it. He never imagined it had a loophole like this.

"Okay, okay!"

Seeing that he had been exposed, Barney sighed in defeat. "Fine. I'll remove that rule, happy?"

Then he frowned, still confused. "But Adam, how did you know?"

"Heh."

Adam chuckled confidently. "Simple. I put myself in your shoes. Never underestimate the weaknesses of human nature..."

"You're good."

Barney gave him a thumbs-up.

Adam just smiled knowingly.

At this point, Lily turned her attention back to Chandler and Monica's wedding.

Adam answered all her gossip-filled questions.

Lily listened with great interest.

Marshall was just as engaged, occasionally exchanging glances with Ted.

Adam noticed and immediately guessed what Marshall was thinking. He had to hold back a laugh.

"As the best man, are you really not planning to get a stripper for the groom?"

Barney held back as long as he could before finally asking.

"Why would I?"

Adam countered.

"It's tradition!"

Barney suddenly became animated. "A bachelor party without a stripper is incomplete. Worse, it's doomed to be miserable! Most of the guys attending are expecting that part of the night. If you don't hire a stripper, what are they even supposed to watch?"

"And besides, I guarantee the bridesmaids are throwing Monica her own bachelorette party. Can you say for sure that they won't hire a stripper?"

Adam hesitated.

He didn't care about Barney's first few arguments. But that last point... he really couldn't be sure.

In fact, he vaguely remembered that Monica did have a stripper at her bachelorette party. She even had a blast.

Later, when Chandler found out after they got married, he got jealous. So much so that Monica had to dress up and dance for him to recreate the experience.

"Hah!"

Seeing Adam's hesitation, Barney lit up. "See? I told you! If the groom doesn't get a stripper but the bride does, then isn't he getting screwed over?"

"That's not the point."

Adam's lips twitched.

Honestly, strippers weren't a big deal. Back when Chandler had been crushing on Joey's girlfriend, Kathy, Adam had taken him out for several weeks just to get his mind off her.

But back then, Chandler wasn't dating Monica yet—he wasn't a groom.

Now that they were getting married, and Monica was likely to have a stripper at her party, Adam couldn't help but feel like Chandler was getting the short end of the stick.

"Exactly! It's not about fairness—it's about tradition."

Barney straightened his tie, puffed out his chest, and regained his usual nonsense-spouting confidence. "Do you know why both the bride and groom hire strippers for their pre-wedding parties?"

"For strip clubs to make more money?"

Adam joked.

"..."

Barney shot him an annoyed look for ruining his dramatic setup. Then he tilted his head, gazing at the ceiling at a poetic 45-degree angle.

"It's all about foreplay!"

"Foreplay?"

Lily, Ted, and Marshall looked confused.

"Yes! Foreplay!"

Barney launched into his theory. "Think about it. A couple about to get married has probably been engaged for a while. They've probably been living together. The excitement? Gone.

"So, on their wedding night, how much passion can they really expect?"

"Not much!"

"That's when some genius came up with the idea of bachelor and bachelorette parties—with strippers!"

"Imagine it! The bride and groom are teased, tempted, but can't touch. They hold back, the tension builds. Then, they experience a beautiful wedding, making that fire burn even hotter.

"And finally, on the wedding night, all that pent-up frustration explodes into a passionate volcanic eruption!"

"The wedding night would be unforgettable..."

Lily, completely caught up in the fantasy, bit her lip, her eyes dreamy.

"Exactly! It'd be like Yellowstone blowing sky-high!"

Barney snapped his fingers and grinned at Adam.

"So... are we getting the groom a stripper?"

Chapter 273: A Real Man's Choice

MacLaren's Pub.

"Nonsense!"

Facing Barney's relentless arguments, Adam said calmly, "If two people truly love each other and get married, but they need something like this on their wedding night to spice things up, then their relationship already has problems. Why even get married? Just call it off."

"Uh..."

Lily, who had been lost in her fantasies with a somewhat dazed look, suddenly felt like she had been doused with a bucket of cold water. She snapped out of it, looking both embarrassed and annoyed. Then she glared at Barney.

"Barney!"

"What?"

Barney looked completely innocent. "What does this have to do with the strength of their relationship? It's just something to add a little fun. Don't tell me you guys have never used anything like this before?"

"No."

Ted and Marshall shook their heads.

"No!"

Lily quickly denied it, but the flicker in her eyes betrayed her.

Back when she got married, her best friend Robin had given her a rather scandalous wedding gift. To make things worse, it happened in front of everyone—her mother, grandmother, aunts, sisters, and even her niece were all there. It was beyond embarrassing.

However, later on, when Robin tried to take back the awkward gift, at first, both of them made up excuses to keep it. Eventually, Lily just grabbed it outright.

So, saying she had never used something like that? Highly unlikely.

"Not necessary."

Adam spoke with confidence.

Though, to be fair, the thought of Heather wearing a Wonder Woman outfit briefly crossed his mind. But that was something entirely different from what Barney was talking about.

Did he, the ever-impressive Adam, need these gimmicks?

"Heh!"

Barney sneered, his face full of disbelief. "Come on~"

Adam ignored him, smoothly steering the conversation in another direction. Internally, though, he became even more wary of Barney's ability to twist logic.

In such a short time, Barney had already come up with an entire argument full of nonsense, yet it almost sounded reasonable.

Otherwise, Lily wouldn't have been so drawn into it, her expression turning so... mesmerized.

This kind of talent—if you weren't careful, you might just start believing him.

Marshall, Ted, and Lily were all smart people. Seeing this, they naturally played along with Adam, refusing to engage Barney in his absurd discussion. Instead, they chatted about funny past experiences.

Barney, after several failed attempts to steer the conversation back, eventually gave up with a sulky face and went off to flirt with women.

For someone who aspired to be the greatest player in the dating scene—unparalleled in history—going a day without hitting on someone was unbearable. A week without a new pick-up strategy? That was downright unacceptable.

One thing was for sure: the atmosphere at a bar was far better than at a coffee shop.

After all, one place wakes you up; the other gets you hyped.

Alcohol is the ultimate wingman.

In fact, Barney, Ted, and Marshall had tried hanging out at a coffee shop once. But with three grown men just sitting there, staring at each other, they all felt incredibly bored and left almost immediately.

Even Chandler and his friends had originally preferred the downstairs bar. When it was converted into a coffee shop, they swore they would never go there again. But in the end, they kept going—not because they loved it, but simply out of convenience.

The Next Day.

Adam sought out Rachel, the maid of honor, to secretly inquire about Monica's bachelorette party plans.

"Why are you asking?"

Rachel looked at Adam with suspicion. "Is this something you should even be asking about?"

"...?"

Adam twitched his mouth in frustration. "Why wouldn't I ask? As the best man and maid of honor, shouldn't we coordinate to make sure everything goes smoothly?"

"Is that really necessary?"

Rachel was puzzled.

She had been a bridesmaid before, but when she did it for Mindy's wedding, she was practically forced into it. She wasn't the maid of honor and wasn't even liked by the bride. So, in reality, she had little experience.

"Of course, it's necessary."

Seeing her reaction, Adam smiled knowingly. "Rachel, do you know what 'mutually assured destruction' is?"

"Huh?"

Rachel was even more confused.

She wasn't exactly known for her academic skills—after all, she once changed her major just because parking at the department's building was inconvenient. Expecting her to be interested in history was laughable.

Most Americans weren't that into history, especially when it came to foreign conflicts.

Rachel barely knew the difference between World War I and World War II.

"...It means both sides are capable of destroying each other, so neither dares to make the first move."

Adam simplified his explanation. "Just like us. As the best man and maid of honor, our job is to ensure the wedding goes smoothly, not to stir up trouble for the sake of fun. I'm not hiring a stripper for Chandler, so I hope you won't hire one for Monica either."

"Why not?"

Rachel frowned. "It's just a little harmless dancing to help them relax. What's the big deal?"

"What's there to 'relax' about?"

Adam scoffed. "Aren't they happy to be getting married? Would you want your future husband sitting there with someone grinding on his lap? And trust me, Chandler definitely doesn't want Monica using her teeth to take off some guy's pants."

"Okay, okay."

Rachel surrendered, raising her hands. She then gave Adam a surprised look.

"What?"

Adam was confused.

"If Ross had said this, I wouldn't be surprised. But hearing it from you?"

Rachel looked at him in shock. "A playboy like you actually has such a conservative mindset?"

"Is being a little conservative a bad thing?"

Adam chuckled. "This is Chandler and Monica's wedding. Why should it be wild?"

"Tch!"

Rachel suddenly realized something and scoffed. "I see what this is—you're just a hypocrite. You think it's fine for you to have fun outside, but your girlfriend or wife isn't allowed to. Am I right?"

"We're talking about Chandler and Monica's wedding. Why are you bringing this up?"

Adam dodged the accusation with a smirk. "So, we agree—no strippers, right?"

"Fine, I got it."

Rachel rolled her eyes at him but didn't press the issue further.

In her mind, rich guys were all the same. And with Adam being young and ridiculously good-looking, of course, he had the luxury of playing around. Holding others to stricter standards than himself? That was just standard procedure.

At that moment, Joey walked in, grinning from ear to ear, waving at everyone.

"What's up with you? Something good happen?"

Adam laughed.

"Check this out!"

Joey sat down, leaned back, and pulled up his shirt slightly—revealing a pair of red underwear. The problem? They were clearly women's.

Adam and Rachel were both stunned.

"Phoebe was right—only a real man dares to wear these!"

Joey grinned smugly. "Silk underwear feels amazing! So much more comfortable than regular men's boxers. And there are so many styles—bikinis, French cuts, thongs. Materials like cotton, silk, lace..."

"You sure know a lot."

Adam held back a laugh. "Looks like someone's been doing thorough research."

"Of course—"

Joey was about to continue when Rachel suddenly let out a furious scream.

"JOEY TRIBBIANI!"

"What?"

Joey looked at her, puzzled.

Rachel clenched her teeth in rage. "YOU'RE WEARING MY UNDERWEAR!"

Adam: "..."

Chapter 274: Bachelor Night—Stop the Car!

Central Perk Café.

"That's right," Joey said matter-of-factly. "I can't just go out and buy one, can I? Your laundry basket was right there, so I borrowed it."

Over the years, Rachel and Ross had gone through multiple breakups and reconciliations. Meanwhile, with Chandler and Monica dating and moving in together, Rachel had to find a new place to live.

Since Chandler's old room was now empty, and thanks to Joey's enthusiastic invitation, Rachel moved in across the hall, becoming his roommate.

Given Rachel's progressively bold fashion choices in later seasons, it wasn't surprising that she left her laundry basket in the living room instead of keeping it in her bedroom.

"This is exactly what I've been talking about—boundaries!"

Adam commented sarcastically. "I offered you my apartment back then, but you didn't want it. Regretting it now, aren't you?"

"It was too expensive for me to rent alone!"

Rachel looked both frustrated and regretful. "And Joey really wanted me to move in."

Even though she had become more open-minded over time, she still couldn't quite accept this. After all, Joey wasn't her boyfriend. No matter how close they were, there had to be limits. What he did was making her feel slightly grossed out.

"What's wrong?"

Joey, still relishing his newfound "manly" experience, hadn't yet realized he had crossed a line.

"You went too far," Adam pointed out. "Rachel isn't your girlfriend. You can't just take her underwear without asking—let alone wear it yourself."

If this weren't for comedic effect, it would definitely be considered creepy behavior anywhere else.

"Oh," Joey finally noticed Rachel's disgusted expression and awkwardly chuckled. "Rachel, I'm really sorry! I didn't mean anything by it. I was just trying to prove to Phoebe that I'm a real man."

"Fine," Rachel gave him a disgusted glance before warning, "This is the first and last time. Don't ever do it again."

"Got it," Joey nodded earnestly.

"What does this have to do with being a 'real man'?" Adam asked, intrigued.

"Well..." Joey began explaining.

Apparently, Joey had caught Phoebe's new boyfriend wearing women's underwear. At first, he thought it was weird, but when he asked Phoebe about it, she told him she had asked her boyfriend to do it—because, according to her, only real men had the courage to wear women's underwear.

This made Joey curious enough to give it a try himself.

"And you actually believed that?" Adam teased. "Dude, if that's your logic, you should head to a gay bar. It's full of 'real men' like that!"

"..."

Joey was stunned. That possibility hadn't even crossed his mind.

Being the simple-minded guy he was, the only defense he had for his masculinity was, "Of course I'm a real man! You guys have seen my collection of Playboy magazines, right?"

Time flew by in their busy schedules, and soon, four weeks had passed.

The night before the wedding.

Bachelor Night.

"Groom-to-be, are you ready to enjoy your last night of freedom?" Adam grinned.

"Absolutely!" Chandler rubbed his hands together, visibly excited.

Bachelor parties were always planned behind the groom's back to keep the surprise element intact. Even now, Chandler had no idea what Adam had arranged for him.

"Then let's go," Adam said with a snap of his fingers, throwing an arm around Chandler and leading him out.

"Where are we going?" Chandler asked eagerly. Then, with a smirk, he added, "Just so you know, we're not going to any unwholesome places. I don't want Monica's big brother hunting me down to beat me to a pulp."

"Hahaha!"

Adam and Joey burst into laughter.

Ross, however, crossed his arms and glared at them. "What's so funny?"

"We're laughing at Monica's big brother," Adam teased. "What does that have to do with you, best man?"

That's right.

Ross was also one of the groomsmen—but not the best man, just like Phoebe was a bridesmaid but not the maid of honor.

At the wedding, he'd be standing behind Adam.

Earlier that morning, when no one was around, Ross had pulled Chandler aside for a very serious conversation—as Monica's big brother.

"You're getting married tomorrow, and I'm really happy for you both," Ross had said, wearing his most intimidating expression. "But as Monica's older brother, I have to warn you—if you ever hurt my sister or make her unhappy, I will hunt you down, no matter where you go, and beat you up!"

His attempt at a threatening demeanor didn't scare Chandler at all. In fact, it made him burst out laughing.

And he wasn't the only one—everyone who overheard Ross's speech cracked up, including Monica herself.

Ross's face darkened, but no one bothered to explain why they were laughing.

Deep down, though, Ross had a vague idea. He just didn't want to admit it.

To everyone else, Ross was just a nerdy scientist—not quite on the level of Sheldon or Leonard, but still leaning in that direction.

He could talk endlessly about science, but when it came to physical confrontations, he was completely hopeless.

As a kid, he once got mugged by a girl—Phoebe, no less.

A few years ago, two bullies scared him so much that he was too afraid to go back to Central Perk.

And now, the same guy was trying to act all tough, vowing to be his sister's protector? Seriously?

Was he here for comedic relief?

To be fair, the only person Ross ever dared to fight was his sister, Monica. He had no problem wrestling her—but then again, most of the time, she was the one kicking his ass.

"Relax," Adam chuckled. "We're keeping it completely wholesome. No need for Monica's 'big brother' to get his fists ready."

The group stepped outside, where a luxurious stretch limousine was already waiting for them.

"Not fair!"

The moment Ross saw the limo, he started complaining. "Adam, you were my groomsman too, but why didn't I get something like this when I got married?"

"Which wedding are you talking about?" Adam asked playfully.

"Hahaha!"

Chandler and Joey burst into laughter again.

"I missed the first one," Adam smirked while signaling the driver to start moving. "The second one was in London—not exactly home turf. And the third? You and Rachel got married and divorced in Vegas overnight. Tell me, what was I supposed to do?"

"..."

Ross had no comeback for that.

"Don't be jealous," Joey patted Ross on the shoulder and said earnestly, "You'll get another chance. You've already divorced Rachel, so your fourth wedding could happen any day now! When that happens, Adam can make it up to you. We all believe in you!"

"Exactly," Adam grinned. "But only once. If you start getting married every year, not even a billionaire like me could afford to keep up!"

Ross crossed his arms and leaned back with an exaggerated eye roll, refusing to say another word.

Nowadays, the moment people heard he had been married and divorced three times at his age, they often ran the other way.

Dating a lot was fine, but in American culture, marriage still carried a certain sacredness.

Being called The Wedding Guy wasn't exactly a compliment.

"Wait a minute—something's off. Stop the car!"

In the middle of joking around, Adam suddenly shouted.

But the car didn't stop. Instead, it kept speeding down the road...

Chapter 275: The Divine Skills of a Great Doctor

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Seeing that the driver was ignoring him, Adam had already started to suspect something. He pounded forcefully on the sealed partition. The soundproof barrier couldn't withstand such a heavy beating from Adam.

The car slowly came to a stop.

The partition was retracted.

"Sir?"

The driver looked at Adam with an innocent expression.

"This isn't the way to the gym next to the kindergarten," Adam frowned.

"That's right," the driver replied with a smile. "Your good friend has planned a new route for you, hoping to give you a surprise."

"Good friend?"

Chandler and the others looked completely confused.

"We don't know any such 'good friend,'" Adam said coldly. "Now, take us to the gym immediately. We're going to watch a game, and I'll deal with your company later."

"Yes, sir."

The driver's smile stiffened. He didn't dare argue with Adam and simply obeyed, restarting the car.

Renting such a luxury vehicle was incredibly expensive—most people couldn't afford it. Even on a big occasion like a bachelor party, it was usually only middle-class or wealthier individuals who would spend that kind of money.

If they had just been regular middle-class customers, the driver might have pushed back. After all, most of them were one-time clients, so it wouldn't matter if he refused their request.

But Adam clearly looked like a wealthy man. And in this country, if there's one group of people you don't mess with, it's the rich.

Besides, he was already in the wrong.

That's right!

The driver knew something was off, but he had accepted the extra cash and had a reasonable excuse. He figured he could just pretend not to know anything.

It was a bachelor party—good friends planning surprises. The groom and his groomsmen would be in a great mood. If he played along, he could just laugh it off and pocket the extra money.

Who would have thought that after just two streets, Adam would catch on? And his reaction was so strong that pretending not to know was no longer an option.

"Adam, what's going on?"

Chandler was still confused. "Which 'good friend' of ours would pull a prank like this?"

"Who else could it be?"

Adam scoffed. "Only someone as unreliable as Barney Stinson would do something like this."

"Barney Stinson?!"

Chandler and Joey shouted in unison.

"Who's Barney Stinson?"

Ross looked completely lost.

"No doubt, he's trying to drag us to some bachelor party he arranged," Adam shook his head.

"He spent all this money just to bring strangers to watch strippers?"

Ross was dumbfounded. "That's so pointless!"

"That's exactly how pointless it is," Adam scoffed. "In fact, he's done far more ridiculous things. He once pretended to be an international businessman at an airport just to hit on women. If he found a promising target, he'd buy a plane ticket on the spot and fly to wherever she was going."

"Now I finally understand why I kept losing to him over the years."

Joey gritted his teeth. "This guy is just willing to spend way too much money!"

Plane tickets weren't cheap—long-distance flights were even more expensive. But Barney would spend without hesitation just for a shot at a woman. That level of extravagance was truly something.

"What does he do for a living to have that much money?"

Ross was envious. "Is he some ultra-rich heir?"

"Uh..."

Adam thought for a moment and shook his head. "I think he's a senior executive at a financial company. He's not an ultra-rich heir, but he does make a lot of money and can afford to play around."

Barney's job was always a mystery. Even Ted and the others had no idea what exactly he did. It was even more baffling than when Chandler worked in IT doing data processing—his friends were completely clueless.

No one could ever give a straight answer!

But one thing was for sure: he had a high income and plenty of free time. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the luxury to be this ridiculously bored.

"How did you figure it out?"

Chandler breathed a sigh of relief and asked curiously.

"Yeah," Joey and Ross also turned to Adam.

The backseat of this luxury stretch limo was practically a small karaoke lounge. With everyone chatting and laughing, it was impressive that Adam had detected something was off so quickly.

"I have a great sense of spatial awareness," Adam smiled. "I could tell that the route we were taking didn't match the one in my head."

"That's amazing!"

Everyone was astonished.

"It's nothing special," Adam laughed. "I have a friend who has a photographic memory—he remembers everything like a high-definition camera, never forgetting a single detail. He also has an incredibly vivid imagination, constantly simulating entire galaxies in his mind..."

He then briefly described Sheldon's extraordinary abilities to the group.

Everyone was left in shock, especially Ross. As a fake genius encountering a true prodigy, he felt both admiration and self-doubt. He remembered how he once exaggerated his SAT score from 1250 to 1450 just to brag, and now he felt deeply embarrassed.

Compared to a real genius with almost supernatural abilities, even his ability to lie wasn't good enough.

Adam listened to their astonishment with a reserved smile.

Over time, his intelligence had gotten closer and closer to Sheldon's. His ability to comprehend and memorize medical knowledge had already reached extraordinary levels.

At first, he thought that was the limit. But then, something exciting happened.

His memory gradually started to resemble Sheldon's photographic memory, and his ability to analyze and imagine things also took on that "simulating entire galaxies in his mind" quality.

This dramatically improved his medical skills, making professors and attending physicians take notice.

Adam no longer seemed like a fourth-year medical student. He was more like a seasoned, well-experienced resident doctor.

Even for interns or junior residents, diagnosing patients at a glance and coming up with ingenious treatment plans was rare.

The reason for his rapid improvement was the combination of these two abilities, which were strikingly similar to Sheldon's.

A photographic memory worked like a high-resolution CT scanner, capturing every detail about a patient.

Meanwhile, his imaginative ability functioned like a 3D modeling and animation software, reconstructing the patient's condition in a virtual space.

By cross-referencing this mental model with the vast medical knowledge he had absorbed, he could identify problems and determine optimal solutions.

Even with just a fraction of Sheldon's abilities, Adam's medical expertise had already improved drastically.

If he ever fully mastered these skills—surpassing even Sheldon—then, combined with his steady hands, godlike surgical precision, and endurance rivaling the best, becoming a legendary doctor would be inevitable.

Adam believed this transformation was a classic case of "proximity breeds influence."

By being around Sheldon, not only had his intelligence increased, but he had also gradually acquired two of Sheldon's superhuman talents.

Praise be to Sheldon!

"So, we're going to the gym?"

After their amazement subsided, the group finally remembered that Adam had mentioned the gym next to the kindergarten.

"Yes."

Adam grinned. "We're going to watch an ice hockey game—front-row seats. How about that?"

"Yeah!!"

Chandler, Joey, and Ross immediately cheered in excitement.

Chapter 276: The Ever-Charming Nora

Inside the Car

The cheers of Chandler and his friends filled Adam with satisfaction.

Although he wasn't a big fan of sports aside from synchronized swimming, diving, gymnastics, and volleyball, he understood that premium front-row seats for a major game were a huge treat for true fans.

This was the first event Adam had prepared for Chandler's bachelor party.

And as expected, Chandler and his friends were thrilled.

They loved hockey, and this was the closest they had ever been to the action. Their excitement was palpable.

Clearly, strippers weren't the only way to liven up a bachelor party...

At the Arena

While Chandler and his friends cheered along with thousands of other fans, Adam sat back, smiling, as he planned how to deal with Barney after the wedding.

That's right.

He was going to teach Barney a lesson.

For someone like Barney, words were meaningless.

Adam had already made his point crystal clear, yet Barney still went ahead with his ridiculous plans. That was way out of line.

Barney thought he was being funny.

But from Adam's perspective as Chandler's best man, it was anything but amusing.

Barney's bachelor party antics were essentially a carbon copy of Lu Xiaobu's "Ultimate Bachelor Night."

Lu Xiaobu's version involved a bizarre drinking game.

Barney's version featured strippers performing outrageous tricks, like opening bottles in unusual ways.

The common thread? Both parties never ended the way they were supposed to.

Lu Xiaobu drank too much and missed his own wedding.

Barney had a history of completely ruining parties—it was basically *The Hangover* all over again.

Considering that Barney was anti-marriage, Adam couldn't help but wonder if he was sabotaging things on purpose.

For all these reasons, Adam knew he couldn't let Barney off the hook.

Meanwhile...

In a small apartment, five chairs were arranged in a circle. A stripper stood in the middle, bored, glancing at her watch. She turned to Barney, who was sitting in one of the chairs.

"They're still not here?" she asked.

"They'll be here soon," Barney muttered, frowning as he got up and looked out the window.

Not a single car in sight.

Thirty minutes later, his phone rang.

It was the driver.

After hearing what happened, Barney hung up, adjusted his tie, narrowed his eyes, and chuckled to himself.

"Well played, Adam Duncan."

"Are we still doing this?" the stripper asked, clearly annoyed at being stood up. "Just so we're clear—you still have to pay me."

"Go ahead," Barney said with a grin.

He sat back down, lit a cigar, and watched the performance alone.

After the Hockey Game

Back in the car...

"How was that?" Adam asked with a smile.

"Amazing!"

"Front-row seats make such a difference!"

"Why haven't we done this before?"

Chandler and his friends were still buzzing with excitement.

"What's next?" Ross asked eagerly.

"How about a feast?" Adam suggested.

"Yeah!" Joey was the first to cheer.

"Adam, you're going all out," Chandler said, feeling a little guilty.

Between the custom suits, the luxury limo, and the front-row tickets, this night had already cost a fortune. Now, Adam was taking them to an extravagant dinner. It was far more than Chandler had ever expected.

Especially considering that his own parents hadn't contributed a dime to the wedding.

Yet here was Adam, spending all this money on him.

Money isn't everything, but more often than not, how much someone spends reflects how much they care.

Ross and Joey exchanged awkward glances.

Originally, the three of them—Adam, Ross, and Joey—were supposed to split the cost of the bachelor party.

But once they saw how Adam was handling things, they quickly realized it was way out of their budget.

So, they each just pitched in \$500 as a symbolic gesture.

And judging by the limo alone, \$1,500 wasn't even close to covering the cost.

"Don't overthink it," Adam waved him off. "Just enjoy the night. As friends, we shouldn't focus on the amount spent, but rather the proportion. Even if I spent a million dollars, it would be about the same as Ross and Joey each spending \$500."

"Exactly!" Joey's eyes lit up. "It's not about the total amount—it's about proportion!"

Ross shot him a look of disdain.

Yeah, right.

\$500 and a million bucks were not the same thing.

By that logic, Adam would never actually reach a million.

Did that mean Joey and he were putting in more effort than Adam?

Chandler understood the logic, but since Adam had framed it that way, he had no choice but to accept it.

Deep down, he made a silent promise—when Adam got married, he would make sure to throw him the most unforgettable bachelor party ever.

As expected, Adam's idea of a "feast" was truly a feast.

Even Joey, the bottomless pit, struggled to keep up.

Chandler and the others ate to their hearts' content, having the time of their lives.

No crazy antics.

No disasters.

Just a fun, wholesome bachelor party.

The Next Afternoon

Everyone gathered at the Plaza Hotel.

The wedding was set for 6 PM.

Originally, Monica had planned to book a different venue, but Adam had secured this place for them— with top-tier service. Monica was ecstatic.

After all, this was where Rachel had first run away from her wedding.

Back then, Leonard had pulled some serious strings to get them in.

In the medical field, Adam couldn't compare to Leonard in terms of connections.

But as a bestselling author and billionaire, Adam carried a lot more weight in other circles.

Booking a venue for Chandler and Monica?

Piece of cake.

As the guests arrived, Adam stood with Chandler and Monica, greeting them.

"Chandler."

"Mom."

Nora walked in—stunning as ever in a form-fitting gold dress.

"Thanks for remembering to wear something this time," Chandler quipped instinctively.

Nora chuckled.

But her eyes were already drawn to Adam.

"Hi, Adam."

"Hello, Mrs. Bing," Adam replied smoothly.

"Hi, Monica."

Nora finally turned to her soon-to-be daughter-in-law.

"You look absolutely gorgeous tonight."

"Thank you. So do you," Monica said sincerely, giving her a quick hug.

"Chandler is so lucky to have a wife—and friends—like you," Nora said, still holding Monica.

But her gaze was locked on Adam.

At that moment, Monica's parents approached.

"Mrs. Bing, this is my mom, Judy, and my dad, Jack," Monica introduced.

"Pleasure to meet you," Judy said warmly, shaking Nora's hand.

"So, are you Chandler's mom or his dad?" Jack asked, deadpan.

"Jack!" Judy scolded.

"What? I've never met a shapeshifter before," Jack said innocently.

Nora awkwardly let go of Judy's hand.

Adam sighed.

"Maybe let's not go there, for Monica and Ross's sake."

Jack's smile froze.

"..."

Chapter 277: I'll Leave My Mom in Your Hands

Plaza Hotel.

Wedding Venue.

"Dad, Ross is over there. You should go talk to him."

Monica, sensing the tense atmosphere, quickly urged her parents away.

"You talk too much!"

After Monica's parents left, her mother complained, "What, are you trying to play the man again? Or did you sense something was off with Ross and want to know more about him?"

"Of course not."

Monica's father sighed in frustration. "I'm just a normal person with normal curiosity. And besides, I didn't even get a chance to pretend I didn't care. Adam used to keep up with my humor. What's up with him this time?"

"You should know when to joke around!"

Monica's mother snapped, "Adam is Chandler's best man. Of course, he's going to take Chandler's side and stand up for his mother!"

"Also, this is your daughter's wedding! We never thought we'd see this day, and we even spent Monica's wedding fund. Someone is not only willing to marry your daughter but also covering the wedding costs. You should be secretly laughing with joy, not making Chandler's mom feel uncomfortable! What on earth were you thinking?"

"Uh..."

Monica's father was momentarily stunned. She had a point.

"Stop standing there like an idiot."

Seeing her husband still in a daze, Monica's mother became even more annoyed. "Go check on Ross. I hope this wedding hasn't hit him too hard. After all, he's been married and divorced three times."

"Come on!"

Monica's father rolled his eyes. "So what? He's not a woman—he's not that fragile—"

Before he could finish, he saw his wife staring daggers at him. Only then did he realize his joke was once again unappreciated. Awkwardly, he mimed zipping his lips.

"Thank you."

After Monica's parents left, Nora turned her gaze to Adam.

"You're welcome," Adam replied with a smile, resting his hand on Chandler's shoulder.

Nora looked at her son—his well-maintained physique, a face that hadn't aged but instead looked even more youthful and energetic, and a tailored suit that made him even more handsome. She sighed. "As Chandler's mother, I still want to thank you for everything you've done for him."

"I'm his best man," Adam said with a chuckle. "This is what I'm supposed to do."

"Hello, everyone!"

At that moment, a familiar voice rang out. Everyone turned to look and saw Chandler's father strutting over in a black silk dress—looking quite... flamboyant.

Nora's warm expression immediately turned ice cold.

"Hi, Dad..."

Chandler forced a smile.

Even though he had long since come to terms with his parents, introducing his rather "extravagant" father to 128 friends and family members at his wedding was still a complicated feeling.

"Hi, Mr. Bing..."

Monica almost said the wrong name and felt incredibly awkward.

Chandler's father, now going by Helena, didn't seem to mind. She smiled, then turned to her ex-wife. Eyeing Nora's tight golden dress, she sighed with a hint of jealousy. "Nora, don't you think you're a little too old to be dressing like that?"

"Don't you think having one extra thing makes your outfit inappropriate?"

Nora shot back, hands on her hips.

"I don't have that 'extra thing' anymore," Helena replied casually.

Having spent years performing as a drag queen in Las Vegas, she was used to comments like these and even made jokes about herself regularly. Nora's sarcasm was nothing new.

"Hi, Adam."

"Hi, Mr. Bing."

Adam greeted him with a polite smile.

"Just call me Helena."

Chandler's father gave Adam a playful wink.

"Oh no..."

Adam's smile twitched. He had a bad feeling about this.

"Charles Dilley Bing!"

As expected, Nora snapped. "Remember your place. Adam is Chandler's best man and his best friend. If you still care about your son at all, cut out this nonsense!"

In America, when someone is called by their full name—especially including their middle name—it means serious trouble.

For example, Sheldon Cooper's mother was usually very loving, but whenever she said, "Sheldon Lee Cooper!" he immediately responded with "Yes, ma'am!" like a disciplined child.

Back when Helena was still Charles—Nora's husband—he had seen this expression on her face many times. He should have been immune to it by now.

But that was over ten years ago.

Now, after all these years, seeing her this angry again—perhaps even angrier than before—made him feel oddly guilty. For once, he couldn't come up with a snappy comeback.

"Relax," Helena said awkwardly, glancing at the people around them. "Of course I love Chandler. I truly appreciate what Adam has done for him—there's nothing more to it."

"Monica!"

Chandler rubbed his forehead, feeling a headache coming on.

"Mr. Bing, please come this way. I'll introduce you to my parents."

Without missing a beat, Monica stepped in, gesturing for Helena to follow her.

Helena gladly took the opportunity to escape the awkward situation.

"Adam, I'm sorry," Chandler said, sighing. "My dad is just... like that."

"It's fine."

Adam patted Chandler on the shoulder but looked at Nora instead. "He's used to performing in Vegas. He probably got a little carried away. But I believe he didn't mean anything by it—he loves you. He wouldn't do anything to hurt you again."

"Mom," Chandler said, glancing at Nora.

"I'm fine," Nora said with a forced smile. "Today is your big day. We're all happy for you. Nothing can ruin that happiness—except you not being happy."

"I am happy," Chandler said wryly. "As long as you guys are happy, I'm even happier."

"Excuse me, I need to use the restroom."

Nora turned away.

"Mrs. Bing, let me take you."

Adam immediately offered.

"Yes, let Adam take you," Chandler agreed, then whispered to Adam, "I'll leave my mom in your hands. Take care of her."

"..."

Adam's smile twitched. He knew Chandler meant for him to make sure Nora was okay before the wedding—just like how Monica was looking after Helena—but the wording still felt oddly suggestive.

"Mrs. Bing, this way."

Adam led Nora out of the hall.

Once they were alone, Nora suddenly said, "Adam—"

"Mrs. Bing!"

Adam quickly cut her off. "The restroom is right here."

He gave her a knowing look.

Nora froze, her expression dimming. She gave Adam a long, searching look before reaching for the restroom door. Just as she was about to push it open, someone pulled it open from the inside.

"Amanda."

Adam greeted her with a smile before introducing the two women. "This is Chandler's mother, Nora. Nora, this is Monica's grandmother, Amanda."

"Hello, Nora."

"Hello, Amanda."

Nora forced a smile and shook hands with Amanda.

After Adam and Amanda left, Nora finally stepped into the restroom. She leaned against the wall, placed a hand over her chest, and tried to calm her racing heartbeat...

Chapter 278: Dad, You Look Beautiful Too

In the Bathroom

"That was close!"

Nora clutched her chest, her heart pounding.

If anyone had seen that, all her years of effort and perseverance would have been for nothing.

She didn't even need to think about it—if Chandler found out that she and Adam had been involved, even if it was before Adam met Chandler, it would still be a devastating blow.

And on Chandler's wedding day? She would have no face left to see her son again.

When Chandler reconciled with her, she had already spoken to Adam and agreed to cut ties completely.

It had been difficult, but she had done it—until...

"Damn Charles!"

Nora gritted her teeth and cursed.

If it weren't for Helena throwing flirtatious glances at Adam, she wouldn't have lost control.

Back then, their competition over the male servants as a way to spite each other had been unforgettable.

So, the moment she saw Helena's expression, even though she knew Adam would never get involved with Helena, she snapped. She couldn't hold back.

Because Adam was different...

If she hadn't lost control just now, she wouldn't have nearly exposed this secret.

Luckily, Adam seemed to have noticed and stopped her in time.

But how did he notice?

Or maybe he didn't notice at all—maybe he just didn't want to be involved with her anymore. Maybe he thought she was too old.

Nora's mind was in turmoil.

"Damn Charles!"

She cursed again.

Even if Adam did have that thought, she wouldn't blame him. After all, she was seven years older now, and Adam was so outstanding—he wasn't lacking in young and beautiful women.

So all of this was Helena's fault.

Meanwhile...

"What?"

Adam answered Joey's call. "You won't make it in time?"

"The guy I'm acting with just can't get into character. Right now, I almost wish he'd go back to the way he used to be—spitting in my face with enthusiasm."

Joey complained, "Because of him, I can't leave."

"The wedding is important, but so is your career. Don't stress—just go with the flow."

Adam reassured him.

"You're not yelling at me?"

Joey was stunned.

"Come on, I'm not Monica."

Adam chuckled.

"Oh, right—Monica!"

Joey groaned. "If she finds out I can't make it on time to officiate the wedding, she'll kill me!"

"She won't."

Adam smirked. "I guarantee it."

"How can you guarantee that?"

Joey still hadn't caught on.

"Because her favorite minister is already at the venue."

Adam grinned.

"What?!"

Joey shouted, "But I'm supposed to be the minister! Get them on the phone right now—I'll officiate over the call!"

"Don't be ridiculous."

Adam cut him off. "You know how much Monica cares about this wedding.

Would you really make them rush their vows over the phone just so you can officiate?

Or have them wait while you speed over, still in your costume?

That might satisfy you, but have you considered how Monica and Chandler would feel?"

"...But I really wanted to officiate..."

Joey whined. "You and Ross are the groomsmen, I'm the minister—we all agreed on it."

"Plans change."

Adam reasoned, "If you make it in time, dressed properly, I'll let you do it. But if you miss any part of that, sorry, you'll just be a guest."

"I'll make it!"

Joey hung up immediately.

"Problem solved."

Adam turned to Rachel, who had come to get him for the call.

"You had this all planned out."

Rachel stared at him in disbelief.

"Of course."

Adam shrugged. "You know Joey—how could I not prepare for this?"

Rachel's face darkened.

She suddenly remembered that Monica had been just as wary of her as Joey, constantly afraid she'd mess things up as the maid of honor.

Okay, sure, she had messed up a few things.

But they were minor things!

6:00 PM – The Wedding Begins

Chandler, linking arms with both Nora and Helena, walked into the chapel to the sound of music.

"Our son is getting married."

"Look at you—so handsome."

Despite their usual differences, both women couldn't help but sigh in admiration.

"Mom, you look beautiful today."

Chandler turned and complimented Nora.

Ahem.

Helena's coughing was impossible to ignore.

Chandler's mouth twitched. He turned his head, looked at her, and sighed helplessly.

"Dad, you look beautiful too."

Only then did Helena let go, allowing Chandler to walk up to the altar while she and Nora took their seats in the guest section.

The music continued playing.

Adam entered, escorting Rachel, followed by Ross with Phoebe.

"This feels good."

Ross muttered under his breath.

"What?"

Phoebe asked.

"This is the first time I've walked down the wedding aisle knowing for sure that I won't be the one getting divorced."

Ross joked.

Rachel, walking ahead, couldn't help but roll her eyes.

"You must be so proud."

The four of them reached the altar and split up—Adam stood behind Chandler, with Ross behind him.

Rachel and Phoebe moved to the other side, waiting for the bride.

"Where's Joey?"

Chandler whispered.

"He won't make it in time. Don't worry, this is Monica's favorite minister."

Adam leaned in and whispered, "I think she'd prefer him officiating."

"I think so too."

Chandler smiled.

Joey had insisted on officiating, and Monica and Chandler had only agreed because they didn't want to hurt his feelings.

But in reality, neither of them had wanted it.

Monica wanted a perfect wedding, and Chandler knew Joey was unreliable—what if he messed up the vows? Chandler didn't mind, but he had to think about the bride.

This wedding had cost him years of savings, all to give Monica the A-list ceremony of her dreams. It would be a shame if something went wrong at the most basic yet crucial moment.

This was better.

The music changed.

Monica, dressed in her wedding gown, holding a bouquet of flowers, walked in with her parents.

Everyone stood up.

Western weddings revolve around the bride, after all.

Just look at the treatment she was getting.

This was exactly why Barney loved crashing weddings—beautiful bridesmaids, plenty of gorgeous female guests, and the best trick ever:

"*The bride asked me to get your number.*"

At a wedding, most women wouldn't even question it before handing it over.

And with the romantic atmosphere lowering their defenses, their longing for love was at its peak.

The success rate of this trick was even higher than on Christmas Eve.

Chapter 279: One More Night Won't Matter

Plaza Hotel.

The wedding was in progress.

"Sigh, I really wish your grandmother were alive to see this moment."

Monica's mother sighed softly as she walked down the aisle.

"Grandma is right over there," Monica couldn't help but remind her.

"I meant my mother," her mom retorted sarcastically. "Not that old hag!"

Monica was speechless and instinctively looked toward her dad.

"That's just how it is with mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law," her father said with a wink.

"Congratulations, sweetheart."

Monica's mom kissed her on the cheek before stepping off the aisle and taking her seat among the guests.

"We love you," her dad said, kissing her cheek as well before following suit.

If this had been three years ago, her parents definitely wouldn't have acted like this. They would've been cracking jokes like a comedy duo.

For instance, her mom would probably have said, "I never imagined our little girl would actually get married one day."

And her dad would have chimed in, "Yeah, really didn't see that coming! I always thought she was fine on her own..."

Then, they'd go on and on, playfully roasting her with their so-called "humor."

Over the years, Monica had stood her ground a few times and finally changed the dynamic. She made them realize they couldn't keep belittling her the way they used to.

Of course, it also helped that her brother Ross's performance had been... less than stellar.

Once the pride of their parents, Ross had been underwhelming in recent years—getting married and divorced twice in quick succession, and even getting fired from the Prehistoric Creatures Museum.

Meanwhile, Monica had once run her own independent catering business for funeral receptions and made a great profit. Though she later moved on from that, she landed a position as the head chef at a high-end restaurant—earning a great salary, having a prestigious title, and not being overworked.

Then, she fell in love with Chandler and got married. Career and romance—both a resounding success. She was happier than ever.

In contrast, their parents could no longer keep praising Ross while putting her down.

"You look beautiful," Chandler said as he walked down from the altar to meet Monica.

Monica beamed and then turned toward the officiant. "Reverend John?"

"Adam arranged for him in advance. He knew Joey would mess something up," Chandler whispered in her ear. "Are you okay with that?"

"It's perfect!" Monica said, barely able to contain her excitement.

"Shall we begin?" Reverend John asked with a smile.

"Okay," Monica and Chandler said in unison, walking up to the altar and standing face to face.

"Dearly beloved..."

Reverend John began the ceremony.

"Hey! That's my line!"

Just then, Joey came rushing in—still dressed in a World War II soldier's uniform, fake blood splattered all over it.

"Sit down and behave," Adam quickly intercepted him before he could make a scene. Without giving him a chance to argue, he pushed Joey into a seat in the back row and whispered harshly, "Did you even change? Did you bring your speech? You came here completely unprepared! Just sit tight and watch. This is Monica and Chandler's wedding—not your stage!"

The firm grip on his shoulder made Joey snap out of it, and Adam's rapid-fire questioning left him speechless. Seeing Adam glare at him so intensely, Joey had no choice but to sit there, sulking.

"Please continue," Adam said to Reverend John with a smile.

Monica shot Adam a grateful look.

She understood Joey meant well, but him barging in dressed like that didn't exactly fit the romantic atmosphere of her wedding.

"Monica Geller, do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband? To love, honor, cherish, and remain faithful to him, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, until death do you part?"

"I do."

Monica gazed into Chandler's eyes and answered solemnly.

"Chandler Bing, do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife? To love, honor, cherish, and remain faithful to her, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, until death do you part?"

"I do," Chandler said, looking deeply into Monica's eyes.

"The bride may now recite her vows," Reverend John announced.

Rachel quickly handed Monica her vow card.

"Chandler, ever since I was a little girl, I've always wondered if I would find my Prince Charming, my soulmate. Two years ago, at another wedding, I turned to a friend for comfort... but instead, I found everything I had been searching for."

Monica read from her vow card while looking lovingly at Chandler. "And now, here we are, standing together at the beginning of our future. All I want is to be with you—my Prince Charming, my soulmate, my best friend."

Hearing those words, Adam couldn't help but be moved.

It was yet another reminder of how much value Western culture places on friendship—blending love and friendship together in such a beautiful way.

Isn't childhood friendship the same?

People who chase "pure" love and reject any other emotions—are they really any happier than this couple standing before him?

Adam didn't think so.

Like the saying goes: "Everything in moderation. Push things too far, and fate may slip away faster."

"Extreme love" isn't always the way to go.

"The groom may now recite his vows," Reverend John prompted.

Adam quickly handed Chandler his vow card.

Chandler's vows were taken from the heartfelt monologue in Spider-Man, and as expected, the effect was amazing—Monica practically melted with happiness.

This time, with Adam around, there was no runaway groom, no Joey insisting on officiating, and no slip-up revealing Chandler's cold feet.

So Monica didn't have to add a snarky "unless you don't want to" to her vows, like she had in another timeline.

Right now, she truly felt like this was the perfect moment.

This was the dream wedding she had always imagined.

Next came the ring exchange.

Rachel handed Monica the wedding ring, and she placed it on Chandler's finger.

Adam passed Chandler the ring, and he slid it onto Monica's left ring finger.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife."

Reverend John declared loudly, "You may now kiss the bride."

Chandler and Monica embraced and kissed passionately.

Applause!

Adam was the first to clap.

Everyone followed suit, clapping enthusiastically.

The band seamlessly transitioned to the next song.

The atmosphere was warm and celebratory.

As Adam scanned the crowd, he noticed Rachel and Phoebe watching Chandler and Monica with misty eyes, their gazes locked on the newlyweds.

Many of the other female guests had the same expression—clearly picturing themselves in Monica's place.

Barney's theory about wedding magic was spot on.

Adam quickly looked away. There were plenty of beautiful women here, and more than a few had given him flirtatious glances.

But with Nora around, he wasn't going to make a move.

Not because he wanted to rekindle things with her, but out of basic respect.

Besides, one more night wouldn't matter.

Chapter 280: Adam, You're in Trouble

The wedding ceremony had ended.

Everyone moved to the banquet hall, while Adam and the others stayed behind with the newlyweds to take wedding photos.

Chandler and Monica stood in the center. Adam stood on Chandler's other side, while Rachel was beside Monica. Phoebe stood next to Adam, and Ross stood next to Rachel.

As for Joey, who was dressed in a bloodstained World War II uniform, he crouched in front of Chandler, ignoring Monica's glare. With both thumbs up and his eyes wide open, he struck a pose as if he were the star of the photo.

Click!

Click!

Click!

The photographer took several shots before having the bride and groom take photos separately with their groomsmen and bridesmaids. After various group photos, everyone finally headed to the banquet hall.

A live band played on a small stage.

In front of the banquet tables, there was an open space reserved for dancing.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Bing!"

As Chandler and Monica walked in hand in hand, the band's lead singer announced their entrance with enthusiasm.

Applause erupted once again.

"Let's go to the dance floor. I have a surprise for you," Chandler said, smiling at Monica.

"A surprise? Just so you know, I am not reaching into your pocket in front of everyone," Monica teased. "The new Mrs. Bing is different from the old one. This is my first appearance, and I don't want to give people the wrong impression."

"..."

Chandler's mouth twitched. "No, I took six weeks of dance lessons. Adam found me the best instructor. I want this moment to be unforgettable for you."

"Oh, that's so sweet," Monica said, touched as she cupped Chandler's face.

"Would you do me the honor of dancing with me as my wife?" Chandler asked like a true gentleman.

"Of course." Monica grinned. "At this point, if you asked me to reach into your pocket, I wouldn't even hesitate."

"You're getting funnier by the day," Chandler said, amused.

"Well, look who I married," Monica replied, leading him to the dance floor with a smile.

Chandler tilted his head, remembering what Adam had said about couples growing to resemble each other. He chuckled—

Then immediately stopped laughing as he nearly slipped and fell.

"What happened?" Monica asked, surprised.

"My new shoes are too slippery," Chandler said, standing completely still.

"Does that mean you can't dance?" Monica asked, disappointed.

"Don't worry, we have Adam," Chandler said instinctively, unwilling to let his wife down. "He can fix anything."

"You're right!" Monica's eyes lit up.

"I'll go find him." Chandler carefully shuffled toward the edge of the dance floor.

"No need. I already know where he is."

Monica tilted her chin toward a group of women and called out, "Adam!"

Chandler followed her gaze and saw a group of women gathered together, with Ross and Joey standing outside the circle, looking annoyed. He immediately understood what was going on.

Sure enough, at the sound of Monica's voice, Adam's face emerged from the crowd.

"Excuse me, the bride needs me," Adam said quickly, making his escape.

The women had no choice but to let him go—after all, the bride had priority.

"What's up?" Adam asked as he hurried over, relieved to be out of the circle.

"Chandler's new shoes are too slippery. He can't dance," Monica said, frustrated.

"That's an easy fix."

Adam glanced at Chandler's shoes, thought for a moment, then said, "Let's swap. We wear the same size."

"What about you?" Chandler asked, feeling bad.

"No worries."

Adam took off his shoes and grinned. "I've danced on much slipperier surfaces than this. This is nothing."

After switching shoes, Adam did a few smooth slides and jumps across the floor, looking completely at ease—nothing like Chandler, who had barely been able to stand a moment ago.

"See?"

"Adam, you're amazing," Chandler and Monica said, impressed.

"Go dance. Chandler worked hard for this," Adam teased. "I guarantee you'll be impressed."

"I can't wait," Monica said, placing her hands on Chandler's shoulders as they began their first dance as husband and wife.

Now wearing Adam's shoes, Chandler no longer slipped. His confidence returned, and he spun Monica around with ease.

Dancing was perfect for couples—

In the dim lighting, with their bodies close, gazes locked, and breaths mingling, they swayed to the romantic music. Their bodies brushed together, creating an electric tension.

It was one of the best forms of foreplay.

But if the dance partners weren't a couple... well...

"Adam, would you dance with me?"

A soft voice interrupted his thoughts.

A delicate-looking young woman had stepped forward, beating all the other eager girls to the punch.

"Of course, Marlene," Adam said with a polite smile.

Marlene was Monica's cousin. As someone from the bride's side, he couldn't refuse her.

Marlene eagerly wrapped her arms around Adam and shot a triumphant look at the girls who had been too slow, making them grit their teeth in frustration.

Meanwhile, Ross turned to one of the girls and asked, "Would you like to dance?"

The girl barely glanced at him. "My feet hurt a little. Sorry."

"..."

Ross's face darkened. This wasn't the first time tonight.

And he didn't believe a word of it.

The way she had practically sprinted toward Adam earlier didn't look like someone with sore feet.

Before the wedding, his parents had given him a pep talk, reminding him that he was Dr. Ross Geller and should carry himself with pride.

He had even tried to intimidate Chandler as Monica's older brother—only to be met with ridicule.

Yet none of it mattered. The women here weren't impressed.

Every attractive girl was focused on Adam, so much so that they weren't even considering Ross as a backup option.

This was outrageous.

Nora watched from the side, feeling a little dejected, but she still smiled.

As Adam twirled his partner around, he caught a glimpse of Nora out of the corner of his eye. But he couldn't break away.

Every time a song ended, another girl would step up, and since they were all friends and family, he couldn't refuse.

After half an hour of dancing, Adam finally escaped, using exhaustion as an excuse.

Pretending to go to the restroom, he left the ballroom and quietly tracked down Nora's room.

Using his keen hearing and swift movements, Adam arrived at her door without making a sound.

He knocked.

Half an hour later.

Adam returned to the banquet hall—only to be immediately called over by Phoebe.

Chandler, Monica, Rachel, and Phoebe stood together, looking at him.

Phoebe suddenly declared, "Adam, you're in trouble!"