

TV Show 33

Chapter 33: I Really Didn't Mean to Reincarnate

At Karen's house:

"Hurry up! It's not even raining."

Jennifer, her long legs striding confidently, dragged Karen toward the door, a flicker of jealousy in her eyes.

"Jennifer, at least let me change my clothes first!" Karen pleaded.

"Fine."

Jennifer gave Karen a once-over, her disdain obvious. Letting go of Karen's hand, she sauntered over to the full-length mirror, striking a pose. With a nod, she said, "Alright, I'll go change too. This outfit won't cut it. You should wear something cuter, okay?"

"Okay, okay."

Karen nodded repeatedly, eager to agree.

Once Jennifer left, Karen rummaged through her closet, pulling out an outfit. After changing, she stood in front of the mirror, adjusting her appearance.

She knew exactly what Jennifer meant by "cuter."

On one hand, she couldn't dress too plainly—it would embarrass Jennifer.

On the other hand, she couldn't look too stunning—Jennifer wouldn't appreciate being overshadowed.

So while a crop top might be okay, anything overly revealing was strictly off-limits. Anything that exposed Karen's "dangerous" side—a trait Jennifer despised—was not an option.

The two had grown up as childhood friends. In their previous school, Karen was the nondescript nobody, while Jennifer was the dazzling cheerleader and school beauty.

Jennifer could have easily ignored Karen, like so many superficial friendships. But she hadn't. Jennifer had remained her best friend, despite the whispers, jealous rumors, and the cruel taunts branding Karen as Jennifer's shadow.

In truth, they just shared similar interests, making them inseparable.

Karen touched the heart-shaped pendant around her neck, engraved with the letters "BFF" (Best Friends Forever).

How could she let Jennifer down?

"She's here."

Karen startled, snapping out of her thoughts. She quickly ran downstairs.

Sure enough, Jennifer had returned, now dressed in an even more stunning outfit that highlighted her beauty as she stepped through the door.

It was another sign of their deep connection. Karen could sense Jennifer's arrival as though she possessed some mystical intuition—almost like a monkey king predicting the weather.

Jennifer often joked that Karen had a future as a world-famous weather forecaster.

"Not bad."

Jennifer scrutinized Karen's outfit and, satisfied that it met her standards, nodded. "Let's go."

"Okay."

Karen beamed and followed her out.

At the Cooper house:

"George, come here!"

"What is it?"

"Look at our little man—so dashing!"

Mary, Sheldon's mother, gushed dramatically.

"Now that's my son. Looks a lot like I did back in the day."

George Sr. admired young Sheldon, dressed in a sleek black suit, looking every bit the handsome gentleman. He expressed the universal pride of all fathers.

"Oh, give me a break."

Mary rolled her eyes at him. "My baby is way more handsome than you ever were."

Turning to young Sheldon, who was adjusting his bow tie in front of the mirror, she added, "You look amazing, sweetheart."

"I know."

Young Sheldon nodded matter-of-factly, brimming with confidence.

And he had every reason to be confident.

Were it not for his charming looks, his blunt personality might not have carried him through childhood—or even high school.

Looks mattered, and Sheldon's quirky brilliance was tempered by his appeal.

"Missy, are you ready yet?" Mary called out.

"Do I really have to go?" Missy asked, her tone pleading.

"Yes, you do," Mary replied firmly. "Sheldon is your twin brother. You need to support him."

"Fine."

Reluctantly, Missy stepped out of her room.

"Wow! Who's this little angel?"

Mary's eyes lit up with exaggerated delight.

"A child picked from the trash," Missy quipped, despite looking adorable in her princess dress.

The Cooper twins' shared sharp wit was undeniable, as was their shared good looks.

Years later, when Missy visited Sheldon at college, Leonard, Howard, and Raj would all fall for her at first sight, competing for her affection.

Even Sheldon, indifferent to romance, admitted that Missy possessed a beauty and figure that aligned with Western ideals of attractiveness.

His explanation? They were twins, sharing the same genetics. Missy was essentially a "Sheldon 2.0" — just as perfect in her own way.

"This is an important moment in your life, sweetheart," Mary said, crouching down to address Sheldon. "Now, when someone asks if you've been to a prom, you can say yes—and that you even danced with a date."

"That's a slightly disturbing ethical perspective I'd rather not have," Sheldon deadpanned.

"Alright, time to head out," George Sr. interjected, ending the conversation.

They piled into two cars, heading for the school.

At the County High School:

The 1991 Senior Prom was in full swing.

"Hi, may we come in?"

"Of course, no problem."

Jennifer flashed a flirtatious smile at the party attendant, easily gaining entry for herself and Karen.

"Look! That's Adam Duncan, the lead singer of the Hard Candy band!"

Jennifer grabbed Karen's arm, her eyes lighting up as she spotted Adam preparing on stage. "Isn't he dreamy?"

"He's... alright," Karen replied nonchalantly.

In Jennifer's vocabulary, "dreamy" meant "handsome."

"What about the drummer?" Jennifer nudged Karen, gesturing toward Emmett. "He's a perfect match for you. Nonchalant and smooth, you know?"

"No thanks."

Karen forced an awkward smile, her gaze drifting to Juno, who stood confidently with his guitar. Her heart skipped a beat.

"They need partners. Let's go say hi."

Jennifer's eyes sparkled as she stared at Adam, pulling Karen toward the stage.

"Wait..."

Karen hesitated, but she couldn't resist Jennifer's enthusiasm. She stumbled forward, head lowered.

"They're just boys. If we want them, they're ours," Jennifer declared confidently.

"Hi, I'm Jennifer, and this is Karen. Mind if we get to know each other?"

"Uh..."

Adam, adjusting his guitar, looked up and froze for a moment.

Life was full of surprises.

What now? Treasure girl Karen or Jennifer, the radiant goddess?

Who should he choose?