

## TV Show 60

Chapter 60: Six People Not Yet Departed

Night falls.

**\*\*West District.\*\***

A bar.

"Hey, Monica."

A young man with a scruffy beard pushed open the door and walked in, nodding in greeting to a woman in a red dress sitting at the bar.

"Chandler, I have some bad news for you," Monica warned.

"Have you ever seen me react to bad news?" Chandler quipped in his usual self-deprecating manner.

He had encountered so many unfortunate events throughout his life that nothing could really faze him anymore.

Monica gave a helpless smile. "The bar is closing. I heard it's going to be turned into a café."

"Just a café?"

Chandler frowned. "Then where are we supposed to hang out? We can't just sit in a café every day, drinking coffee and chatting. That would be so lame."

"Exactly."

Monica agreed. "A café doesn't have the same atmosphere as a bar. Plus, this place is right downstairs from us—so convenient."

"Let's go complain right now. If they really turn it into a café, we're never coming back."

Chandler waved his hand dramatically.

Monica just rolled her eyes and didn't chime in because she knew Chandler was all talk—he didn't have the guts to lead any kind of protest.

Sure enough, Chandler was only bluffing. Seeing that Monica ignored him, he chuckled awkwardly.

"How's the roommate search going?"

Monica generously changed the subject.

"Almost done."

Chandler grinned in satisfaction.

"Is it that handsome Italian guy?"

Monica's eyes lit up.

"Nope."

Chandler shook his head. "It's a photography instructor."

"Ohhh—"

Monica groaned. "Why not the Italian guy? He was so stylish!"

"The photography instructor often brings models over."

Chandler smirked. "And his sister is an adult film actress."

"But the Italian guy was really hot!"

Monica protested.

"But the photography instructor's sister is an adult film actress."

Chandler emphasized.

"But the Italian guy had such an intense gaze—especially when he said 'Hello there~' in that sexy accent. OMG!"

Monica closed her eyes, clenched her fists, and reminisced about the moment she first met the Italian guy during the apartment viewing.

"But the photography instructor's sister is an adult film actress!"

Chandler repeated the same line, convinced that his reasoning was absolutely flawless.

"..."

Monica was speechless. She noticed the pool table was free, and with a wicked grin, she said, "I'm going to the bathroom first. Get ready—I'm going to kick your ass!"

"Sure, but we're playing pool afterward."

Chandler taunted as usual.

Monica headed to the restroom while Chandler began setting up the pool balls.

Not far from the pool table, three stylish and attractive women were chatting and laughing freely, catching Chandler's attention.

"I'd like to make a toast," one of the women said, raising her glass. "To our dear friend—one year from today, this lady will officially become Mrs. Barry Farber, DDS!"

The woman being toasted put on a coy expression. "I guess this is the perfect time to show off my ring again."

She extended her left hand, revealing a large diamond ring on her ring finger.

"Ahhh~!"

The three women burst into exaggerated laughter, their high-pitched squeals almost as unbearable as nails on a chalkboard.

"That's amazing," another woman admired. "It's like having a lifelong boyfriend!"

The newly engaged woman's expression stiffened slightly.

"Yeah, I know."

She was only 22, still in her prime party years. She had been thrilled about marrying a doctor, but she hadn't considered the downside—she might never be able to party like she did in high school and college again.

Sensing her hesitation, the woman who made the toast frowned. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know."

The engaged woman hesitated. "Maybe it's just the realization that I'll be with Barry for the rest of my life. I don't know... I feel like I need one last wild night to say goodbye to my past."

Chandler, who had been chalking his pool cue while eavesdropping, suddenly started rubbing the tip much faster. His eyes were glued to the engaged woman's back.

"Rachel, stop it."

"Rachel, you're so bad!"

Her two friends assumed she was joking and laughed heartily.

"I'm serious."

Rachel, the engaged woman, didn't smile. She spoke earnestly: "I think I really need a night of meaningless, no-strings-attached fun. Like, with the next guy I lay eyes on..."

Before she could finish her sentence, there was a loud \*thud\*, interrupting her.

Chandler, who had been secretly listening, couldn't contain himself any longer—he had dropped his pool ball.

As he strutted toward Rachel and her friends with an air of self-importance, someone suddenly stepped in front of him, bending down to pick up the pool ball.

"WTF?!"

Chandler flailed his arms and dramatically jumped back.

"Wow, he's handsome."

Rachel turned around and found herself staring at an unremarkable-looking man holding a pool ball. Her breath hitched as she remembered what she had just said. Her heart raced, and her breathing became rapid. *\*Is this a sign from above? Should I go with it or not?\**

The other two single women were also staring at the man, their eyes locked onto him.

"Dude, here's your ball."

The newcomer—Adam—smiled at Rachel, then turned and handed the ball back to a stunned Chandler.

"Thanks for returning my ball. Otherwise, I'd really be short one," Chandler said sarcastically, glaring at Adam as he took the ball.

"No problem."

Adam acted clueless, flashing a friendly grin. "You're playing pool? Mind if I join?"

"Sure."

Chandler figured that since Adam *\*clearly didn't know\** about Rachel's shocking statement and *\*obviously hadn't ruined his chances on purpose\**, his irritation subsided a bit. After all, he was a nice guy at heart. He joked, "But if you also want to kick my ass, you'll have to get in line."

"Ugh~"

Rachel and her friends all wrinkled their noses.

"..."

Adam was speechless. \*No wonder everyone's first impression of Chandler is that he might be secretly gay—he says the weirdest things.\*

The two men approached the pool table, set up the balls, and prepared to start their game, though part of their attention remained on Rachel and her friends.

"Did you see that? Wow!"

Rachel whispered excitedly to her friends.

"Yeah, he's really handsome."

The two women nodded repeatedly.

The woman who made the toast narrowed her eyes and asked cautiously, "Rachel, you're not seriously thinking about it, are you?"

"I don't know."

Rachel felt tempted but wasn't bold enough to admit it. She hesitated and said, "I don't want to betray Barry... but I literally just said those words, and then a ridiculously good-looking guy shows up. Don't you think this is \*a sign\* from God?"

"Rachel."

"Hmm?"

"Do you even believe in God?"

Her friend looked at her with disdain.

Rachel: "..."