

TV Show 61

Chapter 61: Fake Besties

****Bar.****

"Hey."

Monica returned from the restroom, looked up, and saw that Chandler now had a handsome guy sitting beside him. Her lips curled into a smile as she instinctively greeted him.

"Hey," Adam responded with a friendly smile.

"Hey," Chandler chimed in out of habit, still lining up his shot with the pool cue. His tone was laced with sarcasm, and as he took his shot, the ball nearly flew off the table.

"My turn."

Adam nodded at Monica, picked up his cue, and walked over.

Monica moved closer to Chandler, giving him a playful smack on the arm before whispering, "Wow, this guy is really handsome. Thanks!"

"Thanks for what? I was keeping him for myself."

Chandler's self-deprecating humor was unstoppable.

"Wait, are you serious?"

Monica tensed up instantly.

"What do you think?!"

Chandler shot her a look.

"Haha, you're hilarious."

Monica laughed awkwardly before turning away, secretly rolling her eyes and muttering to herself, *That was close. I almost slipped up. Chandler probably doesn't want anyone to know...*

When Chandler's turn came around again, Monica stepped forward with a bright smile and held out her hand. "Hi, I'm Monica, Chandler's friend."

"I'm Adam."

Adam shook her hand.

"So, Adam, I don't think I've seen you here before?"

Monica asked curiously.

"Yeah, I'm a freshman at Columbia. Just happened to stumble in here tonight."

Adam subtly hinted at his age, making it clear he wasn't interested in Monica.

"What? A Columbia freshman?!"

Monica's expression changed as she scrutinized Adam's face, inwardly wailing, *Oh, come on, God, why do you have to be so cruel? Why is such a handsome guy younger than me?!*

Westerners mature early, and it's often hard to tell high schoolers, college students, and adults apart just by their looks. For people like Monica, who were already working, dating someone significantly younger wasn't exactly common—especially a student.

Of course, if the attraction was strong enough, all bets were off.

"You're at Columbia?"

Chandler straightened up in surprise. "That means... I'm your senior!"

"Really?"

Adam looked genuinely pleased and immediately latched onto the alumni connection. "Which year?"

"Class of '89, Computer Science."

Chandler grinned. "Monica's brother, my best friend Ross, also went to Columbia. He was my college roommate. Studied archaeology—he just got his PhD in it."

"PhD in archaeology? Then he must really love dinosaurs."

Adam said with a straight face.

"You have no idea."

Monica rolled her eyes. "He even has dinosaurs printed on his checkbook."

With Adam subtly steering the conversation, the three of them fell into an easy chat—mostly Monica and Chandler roasting Ross for his dinosaur obsession.

****Meanwhile...****

After a long internal debate, Rachel finally decided to back off.

Back in the day, she wouldn't have hesitated.

She'd been completely infatuated with one of their college professors before. What did she do about it?

Threw on her "battle dress"—aka her red cheerleading uniform—and had that professor wrapped around her finger in no time.

No one could resist Rachel Green's charm!

But now? She was **engaged**. And her friends were all around her, watching her like hawks. Even the "miracle sign from God" couldn't justify making a move.

Still... **ugh!**

And to top it off, some scantily clad little hussy was flirting with that gorgeous guy.

Get lost, you little tramp!

Wait...

Why does she look so familiar?

Rachel and her friends were staring so intensely that Monica felt a chill down her spine. She turned her head, blinked, and gasped, "Oh my God, that's my high school classmate—Rachel?!"

"Monica!"

Rachel recognized her immediately, leaping up dramatically and throwing herself into Monica's arms for a big, enthusiastic hug. Then, as if on cue, she casually stretched out her left hand, flashing a massive diamond ring right in front of Monica's eyes.

"Oh my God, that thing is so big the Titanic could've crashed into it."

Monica eyed the ring, part admiring, part joking.

"Haha!"

Rachel basked in the compliment, twirling her ring with a mix of grace and blatant smugness. "Thanks! His name is Barry—he's a doctor."

"Wow."

Monica smirked. "Looks like your dream really came true—first a doctor dad, now a doctor fiancé. Maybe someday you'll even have a doctor son?"

"From your lips to God's ears!"

Rachel beamed, but she wanted even more praise. She gave Monica a once-over and asked, "So, what about you? Seeing anyone?"

"Not at the moment."

Monica answered honestly.

"Oh."

Rachel tried to suppress her overwhelming sense of superiority, barely managing to keep a straight face. "Well... that's okay!"

"..."

Monica twitched. "Yeah, I know."

An awkward silence settled between them as they sized each other up, both struggling for something else to say.

"So... I should get back to my friends."

"So... that's your friend?"

Rachel glanced over at Adam.

The glow of her engagement ring, the thrill of a doctor fiancé, the sense of triumph—it all faded. She suddenly remembered that earlier "sign from God."

"Yeah."

Monica's lips curled mischievously. "Want me to introduce you?"

"No, no, that's fine..."

Rachel waved her hand dismissively, trying to seem indifferent.

"Yeah, you're right."

Monica immediately dropped it, giving an exaggerated nod as if she'd just realized something. "You're engaged now. That wouldn't be appropriate."

Rachel's expression stiffened. She shot Monica a sideways glance, inwardly seething, *This sneaky little brat—how did I never notice she was this bad back in high school?!*

"Haha, listen, next time I'm in town, let's grab lunch!"

"Sounds great!"

Monica nodded, looking genuinely excited.

"Alright then, see you!"

Rachel plastered on the same fake enthusiasm, clasped Monica's hand, then threw one last wistful glance at Adam before heading back to her friends. The three of them paid their bill and left the bar together.

"I'll bet you anything..."

Monica rejoined Adam and Chandler, nodding toward Rachel's retreating figure. "I'll *never* see her again."

"How much?"

Adam smirked.

"Ten bucks."

Monica's eyes lit up. "No, wait—one hundred. Deal?"

"Deal."

Adam shook her hand, grinning. "And let's make it interesting—if you don't see her again *within two years*, you win."

"Done!"

Monica high-fived him, gloating, "You clearly don't know that woman. We were *best friends* in high school, but the moment we got to college, she vanished from my life—even though she lived just a few blocks from me. And now she's engaged, and she *still* didn't tell me? There's no way she's inviting me to her wedding."

"We'll see."

Adam gave her a knowing smile. "Wanna raise the stakes?"

Monica's eyes gleamed. "Hell yes—five hundred bucks!"

(End of Chapter)