

TV Show 66

Chapter 66: Love Is a Light**

The next night.

A bar.

"Ughhh~"

Ross pushed the door open and walked in, looking lost. He glanced around the empty bar before turning to Phoebe, who was drinking at the counter. He let out his classic *depressed Ross sigh* and asked, "Where is everyone?"

"Oh, the bar is already closed. Chris (the bartender) told me to lock up after I finished my drink," Phoebe explained before looking at Ross, who was obviously troubled. "What happened? Was last night's surprise not exciting enough?"

"Not exciting enough?" Ross let out a bitter laugh. "It was *too* exciting!"

"Then why the long face?" Phoebe chuckled.

"Because compared to last night's excitement, my marriage means nothing," Ross said angrily.

"Huh?" Phoebe was confused.

"Carol is a lesbian," Ross said in frustration. "Our marriage is over."

"Why?" Phoebe asked instinctively.

"..."

Ross rolled his eyes and said sarcastically, "Because I'm not!"

"Oh my God," Phoebe said apologetically. "I can't believe it. Oh, you poor thing."

"I'm such an idiot," Ross muttered as he walked behind the bar, poured himself a drink, and took a sip. "I should've seen this coming. What kind of *cool wife* drags her husband around to check out other women?"

"Could it be that Susan?" Phoebe asked.

Ross froze before replying bitterly, "It *has* to be her. I *knew* something was off when Carol started going to the gym with her all the time but never showed any results. What were they even working out?!"

"Well, I guess that's kind of a silver lining," Phoebe said thoughtfully.

"What?!" Ross threw up his hands in disbelief.

"Well..." Phoebe wanted to explain that *certain* kinds of "workouts" could be quite intense, but since Carol's body hadn't changed, it probably hadn't gone *that* far yet—or at least, not too many times. But when she saw Ross's wide, angry eyes, she swallowed her words.

"Seven years," Ross continued, his voice filled with pain. "We've been together for seven years. She's the only woman I've ever loved."

Even though Phoebe's earlier comment annoyed him, his urge to vent was stronger. "She's also the only woman I've ever been with..."

At that moment, Ross hesitated. He couldn't bring himself to say it—because he had a secret. Back in high school, a kind and patient librarian had... *helped* him out.

But he didn't need to say anything. Phoebe already understood. She stepped forward and hugged him.

Some people might mock a man for having little experience, but loyalty and devotion can be moving.

"Oh, Ross~"

Seeing Ross so heartbroken, Phoebe tried to comfort him. "You don't deserve this pain. You're such a great guy, so caring..."

Phoebe was a natural at comforting people—probably from her rough life on the streets.

As Ross listened to her exaggerated praise and felt her soft kisses on his cheek, his sadness and frustration started to fade, replaced by something else.

They locked eyes.

A moment of realization—

BANG!

The bar door swung open.

"Wow, so Carol is actually Phoebe's twin sister? Why didn't you guys ever mention that?"

Adam walked in, grinning as he teased the startled pair.

"It's not what it looks like, Adam! Let us explain!" Ross panicked, rubbing the back of his head where he'd hit the hanging lamp.

"Okay," Adam said, sitting at the bar and watching them with a smirk.

Ross opened his mouth but had no idea where to start.

"Carol is a lesbian, and Ross's marriage is over. I was just comforting him," Phoebe explained smoothly as she adjusted her clothes.

"Yeah, exactly!" Ross nodded eagerly. Then, he pleaded, "Adam, please don't tell anyone about this."

"No problem," Adam said with a nod before asking curiously, "But have you actually *gotten* a divorce?"

"No," Ross admitted. "But it's happening soon."

"What do you mean?" Adam asked, amused.

"Huh?" Ross looked at Adam, confused. "What do you mean *what do I mean*?"

"I mean, why do you say you're *about* to get divorced?" Adam pressed. "Did Carol officially break up with you? Did you catch her in the act and decide to file for divorce?"

"...Neither," Ross admitted, looking lost. Then, as if it were obvious, he shouted, "But my wife is a lesbian!"

"And?" Adam raised an eyebrow. "If she hasn't *told* you she wants a divorce, and you haven't *caught* anything happening, then what's the rush? You've been together for over seven years—was that all fake? She's an adult; maybe she's just confused. Maybe she wants both."

Ross froze.

"If you guys *haven't* broken up yet, then you have two choices: fix it or end it," Adam continued. "But right now, it looks like you're not doing either. Instead, you hear some news, freak out, and run straight to find comfort? What is this? The Hulk meets The Flash? *Green Lightning*?"

"Hey, don't blame Ross. *I* was the one comforting him," Phoebe said, feeling a little embarrassed now.

After hearing Adam's words, she realized that maybe she'd overstepped.

"So what am I supposed to do?" Ross muttered, completely lost.

"Anything—*as long as you actually think it through first*," Adam said bluntly. "Even if you decide to divorce her because she's a lesbian, at least *finalize* it first. Then go looking for comfort and hugs. But don't just freak out and immediately look for a way to vent your feelings. You're not a kid anymore. What's wrong with letting your emotions settle first?"

This was something Adam had always hated about American sitcoms—how fragile relationships were.

In *Friends*, Ross and Rachel had a fight about their busy schedules, and right after, Rachel didn't hesitate to let her attractive coworker come over to "comfort" her. Meanwhile, Ross, overhearing something suspicious over the phone, immediately stormed out and hooked up with a random woman at a bar.

All of this... in under three hours.

And then, suddenly, neither of them wanted to break up anymore.

For years after, Ross kept insisting they were "on a break" and hadn't done anything wrong.

But if your love can't even survive three hours without collapsing, *is it really love*?

In Eastern countries, couples argue and break up all the time, but they also make up. It's a normal part of relationships.

If everyone acted like *Green Lightning Ross*, the world would need a *hard reset* every other day.

And it wasn't just Ross.

Chandler was once deeply infatuated with Joey's girlfriend. But when he finally dated her, they had one fight—and the very next morning, Chandler went to apologize, only to find out he'd **already** been cheated on.

That was a **home run**!

And there were countless **first base, second base, and third base** situations—Ross with Phoebe, Phoebe with Joey, Joey with Rachel, Rachel with Chandler, Chandler with Monica...

So what, as long as it's not a home run, it doesn't count?

That kind of logic only works in American TV shows.