

## TV Show 89

Chapter 89: Ding Ding!\*\*

\*\*Apartment 520.\*\*

\*\*Knock, knock!\*\*

"I'm coming, I'm coming."

Monica quickly adjusted her carefully chosen outfit, while Phoebe shifted her sitting posture. On the couch, Joey and Ross turned their heads toward the door, and Chandler made a flying leap to join them.

"Are you guys ready or not?"

Adam teased.

"We're ready."

Joey, Ross, and Chandler nodded eagerly.

Monica rubbed her palms together, tilted her head slightly, and gave a reserved smile.

"Come on, let's see what this female classmate looks like!"

Phoebe called out excitedly.

Adam shook his head in exasperation and opened the door—only to be momentarily stunned.

Two stylish women stood side by side at the entrance—it was Juno and Karen.

Compared to their high school days, their outfits, makeup, and overall style had undergone a complete transformation, accentuating their best features.

Juno had a playful androgynous charm.

Karen, on the other hand, remained as fiercely stunning and cold as ever.

College really was like a miniature society. The moment you stepped into university, you left behind your youthful awkwardness and embarked on the path to maturity.

"Hi, Adam!"

Juno greeted him cheerfully.

"Hey, Juno, Karen, come on in."

Adam stepped aside to let them in, just as he was about to introduce them to the group—only to see Chandler and the others craning their necks.

Joey and Ross were blatantly staring at Karen.

Ross had his classic "Ross lovestruck" expression.

Joey, though slightly more composed, was already preparing his signature smirk, waiting for Adam to make introductions so he could deliver his famous line:

\*"How you doin'~"\*

Monica, meanwhile, seemed momentarily dazed. Phoebe, understanding the situation, took Monica's hand and subtly withdrew her puffed-out chest stance.

**\*\*Ding!\*\***

**\*\*+20 Strength!\*\***

**\*\*Ding!\*\***

**\*\*+20 Strength!\*\***

The system notification left Adam momentarily puzzled. He glanced at Monica and Phoebe, then at the coldly stunning blonde, Karen, and suddenly understood.

The gap was too big—there was simply no comparison.

Forget it. Forget it. Better to just stay friends—less pressure that way.

Adam was quite pleased. Monica and Phoebe had finally stopped thirsting after him.

This was good.

His mindset was still primarily shaped by his past life as a young man from the East, and his values naturally followed suit—he didn't like the idea of shipping friends together in different pairings.

Since he had decided to maintain long-term friendships, whether it was with the *\*Friends\** group of six, the *\*How I Met Your Mother\** group of five, or the *\*Big Bang Theory\** group of seven, he was sticking to his principles.

It wasn't that these three groups lacked beautiful women.

In *\*Friends\**, Rachel was absolutely stunning.

Monica was also attractive—and had the useful ability to provide the perfect tool to unlock a car from the outside when it was locked.

Phoebe, despite her quirky nature, had a unique charm that was easy on the eyes.

In *\*How I Met Your Mother\**, Robin—aka Deputy Director Hill of S.H.I.E.L.D.—was dazzlingly gorgeous.

Lily, while not traditionally stunning, had an irresistible mischievous look, an overactive imagination, and an unparalleled willingness to assist, replace, or scheme in any situation.

In *\*The Big Bang Theory\**, Amy was out of the question—she was a custom-built online-exclusive model for Sheldon.

Penny was alright in the early seasons, with a classic girl-next-door appeal.

Bernadette, on the other hand, was like a ferocious porcelain doll—so fierce that she could even rival the legendary MAX. Just look at the name—she was literally called *\*MAX\**!

Adam's style was somewhat similar to Barney Stinson, Joey Tribbiani, and Schmidt from *\*New Girl\**, but he was far more principled.

If it were them, they'd definitely leave no opportunity unchecked.

But Adam had made up his mind from the start—he wasn't going to pursue any of them. That way, things would never get awkward in their friendships.

So, now that Monica and Phoebe had finally moved past their infatuation and settled into a true friendship with him, Adam was naturally quite pleased. However, "Lovestruck Ross" and "Side-Eye Joey" were beginning to annoy him.

**\*\*"Ahem."\*\***

Adam cleared his throat loudly before introducing everyone.

"Guys, this is Juno, and this is Karen. Juno, Karen—this is Monica, Phoebe, Chandler, Ross, and Joey."

Chandler, ever worthy of his *"fake gay"* title, composed himself the fastest. Noticing Adam's cough, he immediately reached out to push Ross and Joey, reminding them,

"Come on, guys, say hi to Adam's *friends*"

"Hi~"

Everyone waved their hands in greeting.

Thanks to Chandler's reminder, Joey snapped out of it and refrained from using his classic "Joey greeting."

Of the three, he was the most considerate. Even if he wanted to pursue a friend's love interest, he would at least ask for permission first. If his friend disapproved, he'd immediately back off.

Ross, however, was in bad shape—still lost in his daze. It seemed months of being single had really taken a toll...

That is, until Juno took Karen's hand and led her to the couch.

Karen sat down with a sweet, obedient demeanor, which instantly shattered Ross's illusion, reminding him of some... *less than appropriate* thoughts. His face turned sour, and he quickly averted his gaze.

Juno exchanged a knowing glance with Adam, her eyes filled with amusement.

Adam just shrugged.

"So, Juno, you're studying at Harvard?"

By now, Monica had collected herself. As the hostess, she smiled and struck up a conversation.

"That's impressive!"

Harvard's reputation was prestigious —everyone knew about it.

"Yeah."

Juno chuckled.

"Harvard has a great reputation, but the pressure is intense."

"Pressure is a good thing."

Ross, still salty about earlier, jumped into the conversation with an air of superiority.

"If you feel pressure, it means you're learning. And honestly, undergrad studies are easy. Just wait until grad school and your Ph.D.—that's when you'll experience *\*real\** pressure. Trust me!"

As he spoke, he subtly nudged Chandler beside him, signaling with his eyes.

"Allow me to introduce—Dr. Ross Geller!"

Chandler, rolling his eyes, exaggeratedly spread his arms and gestured toward Ross.

"Trust him. He's very experienced!"

"Oh, Dr. Ross Geller!"

Juno said seriously.

"Are you a Doctor of Science or a Doctor of Medicine?"

"Uh..."

Ross froze.

The hierarchy of academic disciplines was brutally simple.

In the sciences, mathematics and physics sat at the pinnacle, looking down on all others.

To the general public, medical doctors trumped all Ph.D.s.

And Ross? He was neither.

He was just an archaeology Ph.D.

His work involved arranging prehistoric artifacts in museums, analyzing whether ancient humans were angry because male cavemen knocked out female cavemen with clubs, while female cavemen struggled to remove mammoth stench from their rugs...

Adam had told Juno about his friends over the phone before. She *\*knew\** Ross was an archaeology Ph.D.

And Juno, being Juno, completely shut him down with a single sentence.

"Adam, guess who we ran into at Harvard?"

Seeing Ross at a loss for words, Juno turned to Adam with a playful smile.

"Who?"

Monica, Phoebe, and Joey asked in unison.

"No way..."

Adam's eye twitched, suddenly feeling an ominous premonition.