

TV Show 18

Chapter 18: Do We Get Paid? **

County High School.

"We're famous now! Completely famous!"

Emmett appeared out of nowhere, bursting with excitement.

"Really?"

Adam smiled faintly, seeming indifferent.

"Why aren't you excited?"

Emmett waved his hands dramatically, displeased by Adam's nonchalant attitude. "You're acting like you don't care—are you trying to make me look ignorant?"

"What's there to be excited about?"

Adam chuckled as he walked toward the classroom. "Other than venting some frustration yesterday, what's worth celebrating?"

"Are you kidding me?"

Emmett's signature chatty tone emerged again. "Have you seen how popular we are today? Those girls are going wild for us! If we just lift a finger, they'll—"

He paused as Adam stopped, smiling at him knowingly. Realizing what he was implying, Emmett's expression darkened. "Don't act all cool! I know you've never had trouble attracting girls before, but now it's on another level. Are you seriously denying it?"

"I'm not denying it," Adam admitted with a smile. "But I have a mild case of face blindness. To me, most girls look the same. I've never really cared about appearances."

Emmett couldn't take it anymore and flipped him off.

"What a shame. If this song were completely original, it would've been perfect."

After some playful banter, Emmett smacked his lips. "With a song like this, you could release a single, get rich and famous, and never have to worry about money again."

"Yeah," Adam sighed.

In his previous life, he wasn't much of a music enthusiast. Even racking his brain, he could only recall this song, which turned out to be an adaptation of someone else's work. He wasn't the original creator, so he didn't own the copyright.

In the U.S., copyright laws are extremely strict, which greatly benefits original creators. Many small artists earn enough from one or two hits to achieve financial freedom.

For someone like Adam, who modified someone else's song without permission, it was fine for casual use. But any attempt to commercialize it would surely lead to a lawsuit.

Besides, his main focus wasn't on music. So, he decided to let it go.

Maybe one day, when his intelligence points increased significantly, he could recall every detail of his past life like the protagonist in **Limitless**. But by then, he wouldn't need to make money through music.

"Hey, Adam."

Another voice suddenly interrupted, startling Adam.

"Hey."

Adam was about to lose his temper but softened his expression when he saw the speaker was a righteous-looking girl. He smiled brightly.

"My name is Gretchen."

The girl appeared to be a Latina mixed-race beauty, with striking features, a curvaceous figure, and stylish curly hair. Her bold, fiery gaze was fixed on Adam.

"Are you free tonight?"

"Huh?"

Adam was stunned.

It wasn't the first time a girl had asked him out, but never this directly.

"Today's my birthday. My family is throwing me a party," Gretchen said, staring intently at Adam. "I'd like to invite you..."

"Ahem."

Emmett couldn't help but cough.

"...and your band to perform at the party. What do you think?"

Gretchen quickly rephrased, much to Emmett's satisfaction. "Of course, we'd love to," he replied eagerly.

"Will we get paid?"

Adam blurted out instinctively.

Emmett's eyes widened in disbelief. He seemed to be saying, "A beauty of this caliber is inviting you to a party—most people would jump at the chance. And you're asking for money? How did a blunt steel-hearted guy like you ever manage to date anyone?"

But what happened next left Emmett utterly shocked.

"Of course!"

Gretchen seemed momentarily stunned but then smiled even more brightly. "You'll be satisfied, I promise."

As the only daughter of one of the wealthiest families in the area, money was the least of her concerns. Anything that could be solved with money wasn't a problem.

"I'll need to discuss it with my bandmates," Adam said, tempted but cautious.

"Sure."

Gretchen gave him a flirtatious smile. "Even if you come alone, you don't need to perform."

With that, she sashayed away, leaving Emmett staring after her, practically drooling.

"I'm definitely going!"

Emmett exclaimed.

"Okay," Adam nodded.

Once Emmett calmed down, he looked at Adam with envy. "What were you thinking, asking for money? Are you serious?"

"You don't care about money?"

Adam looked at Emmett in surprise, as if doubting his humanity. "If that's the case, I won't split the earnings with you."

"No way!"

Emmett protested immediately. "We're a team! Everything should be shared!"

"Then what's your problem?"

Adam teased. "Money isn't appealing to you?"

The Duncan family, by income standards, barely qualified as middle class. But as a "one-family-four-kids warrior clan," their average lifestyle was far from middle-class standards.

Following the original trajectory, the Duncan family's income and expenses were balanced. But with Adam striving to get into an Ivy League school—top private institutions—they'd face immense financial pressure.

Private schools were excellent but shared one significant drawback: they were ridiculously expensive!

Not to mention medical school after college—truly "where money talks, and talent without cash doesn't walk." Many graduates worked for a few years before applying to med school because of its daunting costs.

The Duncan family couldn't possibly afford it.

Adam wasn't going to put that burden entirely on them. He'd already started planning ways to earn money, even though he still had four years before college.

So, when an opportunity to make money arose, he wouldn't pass it up—even if it was just pocket change. He could start saving for gas money once he got his driver's license next year.

No money, no gas, no driving—simple as that.

As for worrying about what a girl might think?

Please. He wasn't interested in her for that.

Who cares?

Later, when Juno and Sheldon arrived, Adam explained the situation.

"Gretchen Venus?"

Juno smirked. "Sounds fun!"

Adam frowned slightly, sensing something odd about Juno's expression, but he couldn't pinpoint why.

"Sheldon, what about you?"

"A party? No, thank you!"

Young Sheldon shook his head vigorously.

He avoided shaking hands without gloves; attending a crowded, sweaty party was out of the question.

"Fair enough."

Adam didn't push him, as long as it didn't affect Sheldon's daily contribution of 0.005 intelligence points.

Sheldon's personality never changed throughout his life. Adam didn't expect to be the one to change him. Besides, would Sheldon even be Sheldon if he changed?