

TV Show 180

Chapter 180: On-Site Spectating

Las Vegas.

Caesars Palace.

"Hmm."

Joey nodded. "They're filming a new movie here and thought they could include me as a Roman warrior. Of course, just like last time, it's a minor role—just to set the atmosphere."

"You agreed to it?"

Adam asked, holding back a laugh.

"Not yet."

Joey hesitated. "I'm about to star in a real movie, as the actual lead. How could I take on a small role like this, even if it doesn't involve action scenes? But I do need money to support myself until that day, and cosplaying as a Roman warrior doesn't pay much."

"Why don't you borrow some money from Chandler?"

Adam asked curiously.

Joey and Chandler were really close. Chandler had a stable and decent income, and he'd been helping Joey financially for years—this wouldn't be any different.

"I'm mad at him!"

Joey pouted. "We were supposed to come here together, but he doesn't believe I can make it big with this movie. Can you believe that? He's supposed to be my best friend!"

"Uh..."

Adam smirked and reminded him, "Shouldn't you forgive him by now?"

"Why?"

Joey was confused for a moment, then his eyes widened. He pointed at Adam and shouted, "You don't believe in me either?"

"Of course I do."

Adam put an arm around Joey's shoulder and grinned. "I definitely believe in you. The real question is—do you believe in yourself?"

"What?"

Joey looked puzzled.

Seeing that Joey was still convinced of his success, Adam knew he hadn't given up yet. So he changed his approach. "If you truly believe in yourself, and you're about to make it big, then why would you take a small-time gig for a little cash? That could turn into a scandal. If it's really about money, you'd be better off borrowing from Chandler!"

"I'm not borrowing from him! He doesn't believe in me!"

Joey said stubbornly.

"Okay."

Adam chuckled. "Since you've run into me, how about I lend you some money instead?"

"Great!"

Joey's expression shifted instantly. He grinned and said, "I'll go turn them down right now."

"I'll come with you."

Adam said eagerly, "Where are they?"

Following Joey's lead, Adam arrived at a mysterious room.

"Joey!"

A chubby middle-aged white man greeted Joey enthusiastically. But when he saw Adam, his eyes lit up even more. "Is this your friend? Does he want to be in a movie? I think he's got potential—this film is sure to be a hit!"

"Thanks, but no thanks."

Adam's lips twitched.

"Don't be so quick to refuse."

The middle-aged man gave a sly smile, stepped aside, and gestured for Adam and Joey to enter. "Take a look at the leading lady first—then tell me your decision."

"Holy—!"

Joey gasped, eyes widening in shock.

Adam was also momentarily stunned.

The woman before them was an absolutely stunning young white woman. She had an innocent look, porcelain-white skin, a tall, slender frame, and long legs. Her figure was just slightly less impressive than Heather's—she was likely from Eastern Europe.

Under the beacon of America's "freedom," many people had—freely—entered the adult film industry.

Over there, many beautiful young women followed the same path. It wasn't just a handful of individuals; it was an entire industry, much like what had happened in Japan years ago.

"This is such a shame," Adam thought to himself with a sigh.

"So? We're shooting an artistic, romantic film this time,"

the middle-aged man said proudly. "Your friend and Natasha would make a great pair. If he's interested, I'll pay him \$50,000."

"\$50,000?"

Joey's eyes widened even further. Then, suddenly, he looked indignant. "Why is he worth so much more? Are you saying I'm not good enough?"

"... "

Adam shot him a look.

Seriously? He's actually jealous about this?

"Joey, it's not that I don't think you're attractive,"

the middle-aged man chuckled. "You're very handsome. But Natasha is taller than you, which doesn't quite fit the aesthetic for this kind of film."

Joey was speechless.

On his résumé, he could claim he was six feet tall, but standing next to Natasha, the truth was painfully obvious.

"So, what do you think?"

The middle-aged man turned to Adam.

"No thanks. I don't need the money."

Adam raised his wrist, revealing his \$50,000 Patek Philippe watch, then checked the time. "Joey, it's getting late—we should go."

The thought of how these women ended up here drained any curiosity he had for staying to watch.

As for the classic trope of "saving the stunning beauty"?

Yeah, right.

Adam took one look at Natasha's movements and immediately recognized her as a seasoned pro.

She kept throwing flirtatious glances his way. And when she saw his Patek Philippe, her eyes gleamed even more. How could he possibly "save" someone like that?

Maybe, at first, she was reluctant. But after getting used to it and realizing how easy it was to make money, why would she bother with a normal job?

"Even if you don't need the money,"

the middle-aged man smirked suggestively, "I can leave the cameras and equipment for you. Natasha too. You can film your own private collection—these are top-of-the-line cameras, the kind used in professional films. The price is negotiable."

"... "

Adam's lips twitched.

This guy really embodied the "money is everything" mindset. When the movie deal failed, he instantly switched to playing pimp.

"Joey!"

Adam ignored the man and turned to Joey. "Didn't you come here to say you're not doing it? Have you told him yet? We're leaving."

"Oh, oh."

Joey hesitated and said reluctantly, "I have other projects lined up, so I won't be taking this one..."

Adam grabbed Joey and pulled him out.

Any longer, and Adam was seriously worried Joey might give in and sign up.

Joey was clearly struggling.

Both options were technically "movies." In one, he'd be the lead, but it was an indie film with zero upfront pay—he had to cover his own expenses and wait for production to start.

In this one, the lead actress was gorgeous, the pay was great, and filming would be over in no time.

The more he compared them, the more torn he felt.

And besides, just because he did this now, didn't mean he couldn't do mainstream films later.

Independent films often included "explicit content" to grab attention—sometimes no less than adult films. Plenty of big stars had done it "for the sake of art."

If they could do it, why couldn't he?

"Hey! Snap out of it!"

Outside, Adam snapped his fingers in front of Joey's face, shaking his head. "Don't tell me you're actually considering it?"

"Uh... well..."

Joey mumbled, not outright denying it. Seeing Adam's look of disdain, he huffed, "This is your fault! Why did you have to follow me in there? Now I know they're offering \$50,000!"

Alright, it wasn't that Joey lacked self-control—the director just offered too much.

"Oh, so it's my fault?"

Adam smirked. "You're only thinking about the benefits, but have you considered the consequences? Imagine if you did it, and later, your sisters saw it—what then? You have seven sisters, meaning the chances of getting caught are seven times higher than normal..."

"Stop!"

Joey yelled. "Fine! I won't do it!"

The horrifying image of his sisters finding out instantly made that \$50,000 seem much less appealing.