

TV Show 182

Chapter 182: Well, This is Awkward

Las Vegas.

At night, after enjoying a big dinner with the family, Adam and the other three followed the address Joey had given them and arrived at a small theater nearby.

"O~M~G~!"

Seeing the flamboyantly dressed staff around him, Adam's heart skipped a beat, and he couldn't help but blurt out the classic catchphrase.

"What's wrong?"

Juno chuckled, "Are you discriminating against gay people?"

"Of course not."

Adam denied it immediately.

Come on, this was America—where all kinds of subcultures were taken to the extreme.

Any little thing could get you labeled as discriminatory.

Ross's sexism, Chandler's childhood experiences of rejecting anything gay, and Monica's taboo romance with Richard (who was her father's friend and had once held her as a baby) were only acceptable in the pre-millennium era. If those storylines happened in the future, they'd be bombarded with criticism.

Even if they cried their hearts out and apologized, it might not be enough. People could latch onto those "scandals," ruining their entire lives.

Because chances were, their own children would be the "righteous" type—who, after hearing about their parents' so-called past "ugly behavior," might even post tearful videos online, publicly severing ties with them.

And that would only spark more backlash.

Kids throwing their parents under the bus? That didn't just happen in the East.

America had plenty of it too.

The difference was that in the East, it was often unintentional. In America, though, many did it on purpose, in the name of freedom and equality.

The consequences were totally different.

And way more destructive.

***"See? Even your own kid condemns you. You must be truly awful. You deserve public outrage!"**

In the East, this kind of thing was called ***"sacrificing family for justice."**

In America, after decades—maybe even centuries—of brainwashing others and self-brainwashing, they finally started producing people who embraced this mindset, aligning with values from ancient China.

How delightful.

At this rate, maybe in a few decades or centuries, America might really achieve the kind of moralistic golden age where propriety and virtue reign supreme.

Sacrificing family for justice? Sure. Adam believed his own friends and family wouldn't do such a thing. But the one asking was Juno...

****Scalpel alert!****

****"Has anyone taken your order yet?"****

A drag queen server carrying a pink drink sashayed over and asked in a sweet, high-pitched voice.

****"Thanks, we've already ordered."****

Adam forcefully suppressed his discomfort, turned slightly, and replied with a polite smile.

****"Okay~"****

The drag queen's eyes lit up and enthusiastically said, ****"If you need anything, just let me know~"****

Adam could only manage a stiff smile and nod, watching as the server swayed away. Then he shrugged at Juno, who was staring at him.

****"See?"****

****"Heh."****

Juno shot him a playful look but didn't press further.

Another drag queen server arrived with their drinks.

****"Uh, I ordered the beer."****

Adam reminded Juno when she took the beer placed in front of him.

The drag queen server, who hadn't walked away yet, shot Adam a side glance. After leaving, they leaned toward the previous server, who had been watching their table, and whispered, **"He's straight."**

"Oh~"

The first drag queen groaned in disappointment.

"Didn't you say you don't discriminate against gay people? Try their cocktail—it's really good."

Juno teased, pushing her pink cocktail toward Adam.

"..."

Adam's mouth twitched.

He wasn't Rajesh from *The Big Bang Theory* or Matthew from *How I Met Your Mother*. This kind of thing did nothing for him.

Besides, in a place like this, drinking such an iconic cocktail would easily get him mistaken for being gay—drastically increasing his chances of getting hit on.

Watching the numerous "dazzling" drag queens strut past him was already making his scalp tingle. If they all started flirting with him, he wouldn't be able to handle it and would have to make a quick exit.

As he hesitated, an incredibly familiar, intimidating presence enveloped him.

Adam turned his head and saw Heather silently pressing close to him, flashing him a sweet smile.

****A silent gesture speaks louder than words.****

Adam shot Heather a grateful look, promising with his eyes: ****"I will repay this favor tonight with utmost devotion."****

Then, he smugly glanced at Juno.

Juno rolled her eyes at both Adam and Heather but wisely dropped the subject.

Only then did Adam finally have the mental space to observe his surroundings.

It was a small theater with a stage in the center. Around the stage, tables were arranged in a staggered pattern, each with a lit blue table lamp.

The purpose? Obviously, when the main lights were turned off for the show, these small lamps would let the audience see their companions and avoid knocking over their drinks.

****"Damn you, Joey!"****

Adam was now certain of his suspicions and cursed silently.

****"You should've warned me beforehand! If I had known, I wouldn't have come!"****

Suddenly, the lights dimmed.

A piano melody played.

****"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the one and only Helena Handbasket!"****

A drag queen server-turned-host introduced in an exaggeratedly high-pitched voice.

As soon as the words fell, a spotlight illuminated the stage, revealing a tall figure in a sheer dress, turning dramatically to reveal a face of ambiguous gender. Holding a microphone, they spoke in a deep voice:

"Hi, my little darlings~"

"O~M~G~!"

Adam almost misheard it as **"my little money~"** and once again blurted out the classic phrase.

His doubts were gone.

It was him. It was him. It was absolutely him!

"I feel beautiful, so beautiful. I feel like a gorgeous and intelligent..."

On stage, Helena sang and then held the microphone toward the audience.

"Gay~!"

Many in the audience shouted in unison.

Helena beamed with joy.

Adam felt a headache coming on.

Meanwhile, Juno and the other two were fully enjoying the show.

After the opening number, Helena scanned the audience.

"Hello! Welcome to the show. I see some familiar faces among the crowd," he said.

Then his gaze landed on Adam.

He paused slightly, raised an eyebrow, and said, **"And some new ones too."**

With that, he stepped off the stage and walked toward Adam, holding out the microphone.

"Where are you from?"

"Texas."

Adam forced himself to answer.

"Ah, the Lone Star State. That must mean you're very lonely~"

Helena said in an exaggerated tone.

"This is definitely not flirting. This is definitely not flirting. No—this is absolutely NOT flirting!"

Adam screamed internally while forcing an awkward smile.

"I have a girlfriend. How could I be lonely?"

"Some loneliness exists only in the heart, hidden from others."

Helena teased with a smirk.

Adam's smile froze.

Especially when Helena threw him a flirtatious wink.

And when Adam remembered Helena's *real* identity...

His whole world collapsed.

****Who am I?***

****Where am I?***

****What am I doing here?***