

TV Show 184

Chapter 184: The Smile Becomes Increasingly Distorted

****Las Vegas.****

****Small Theater.****

"The sky is raining men, Hallelujah."

"The sky is raining men, Amen."

Helena returned to the stage, dancing and singing, her lyrics as refreshing and unconventional as ever.

However, Adam's attention was focused on the backup dancers behind her.

Four men, wearing only yellow tape wrapped into shorts, yellow tape hats, and yellow tape boots, with bare upper bodies.

The one on the far left danced particularly enthusiastically, winking and making faces at Adam and the others from time to time. And that guy... wasn't he Joey?

Finally, the performance ended.

Adam dragged Joey out of the small theater and questioned him, "Why the hell are you here as a backup dancer?"

"Looking for work."

Joey grinned. "During the day, I work as a Roman warrior at Caesars Palace, and at night, I come here to dance. Compared to the completely unchallenging role of a Roman warrior, being a backup dancer is at least real stage performance—it helps improve my acting skills. How did I do?"

"Amazing."

"Absolutely fantastic!"

Juno and Heather giggled.

Joey pursed his lips, tilted his head smugly, and basked in the praise.

"That scene was too beautiful—I almost couldn't bear to look."

Adam quipped before getting to the point. "Did you come here on your own?"

"Yep."

Joey nodded. "When the director left, I needed a job, so I started looking around. But finding the right job wasn't easy. Then I happened to run into Helena. She knew I was job-hunting, so she got me this backup dancer gig."

"She saw you once and immediately hired you as a backup dancer?"

Adam squinted thoughtfully.

"Joey, are you sure she didn't just... take a liking to you?"

Juno teased.

"No way!"

Joey quickly explained, "Helena is with Mr. Garibaldi, the pianist. They're madly in love—don't get the wrong idea."

"What are you thinking about?"

Juno glanced at Adam.

"Nothing."

Adam shook his head. "Joey, I booked a luxury suite for you. You can move in."

"Seriously?"

Joey's eyes widened, then his mouth stretched into a huge grin. He spread his arms and gave Adam a big bear hug. "Adam, I knew you were the best! A luxury suite? My God, this must be a sign that I'm about to land a lead role in a movie!"

Right... he was still holding onto that dream.

In a normal situation, a lead actor in a movie would have a luxury suite as part of the standard perks.

"You're not the only one."

Adam pushed Joey away and smirked. "Chandler and the others are coming too."

"What?!"

Joey exclaimed, "You told them?!"

"I didn't have to."

Adam scoffed. "Susie works in the industry—she hears things fast. By the time I called, they already knew. Chandler was really worried about you and insisted on flying over."

Joey pursed his lips and smiled unconsciously.

Just like that, with a single sentence, Adam had completely dissolved Joey's anger toward Chandler.

In Adam's past life, many people shipped Joey and Chandler as a couple—and honestly, it wasn't without reason.

The bromance between them was **thick**.

Meanwhile...

Chandler and the gang had finally landed in Las Vegas.

As soon as they got off the plane, Ross pulled Chandler aside, lowered his voice, and said, "Man, I gotta hand it to you. How did you pull that off?"

"Pull **what** off?"

Chandler was confused.

"Come on, don't play dumb."

Ross gave him a suggestive look. "On the plane, you and Susie went to the bathroom together **three times**, huh?"

"Heh, you *noticed* that, huh?"

Chandler rubbed his hands together and smirked.

Ever since reconciling with Susie and becoming a couple, the psychological trauma from that *incident* with Aurora in public had mostly faded.

Besides, Susie—having spent years in the film industry—seemed to have a particular fondness for this kind of... adventure.

And as for Chandler, well... he was a man. A man who would never turn down an exciting opportunity.

Now that Ross had brought it up, Chandler couldn't help but feel proud.

"Of course I noticed! I'm not blind."

Ross rolled his eyes. "And every time you walked past me, *that smell* got stronger."

Chandler's grin froze.

Wait... what?

Something about the way Ross said that just felt *wrong*.

Instinctively, Chandler sniffed himself, lifting his arms a little.

He didn't smell anything.

What the hell was Ross talking about?

"Come on, dude. You've been marinating in it—you wouldn't notice the smell yourself."

Ross waved his hand impatiently. "Anyway, tell me—how did you get Susie to be **that** into it?"

Because **obviously**, every guy dreams of trying something this thrilling.

But convincing your girlfriend to go along with it? Now **that** took skill.

At least... Ross had never been able to persuade Rachel.

That's right!

The **moment** Ross first noticed Chandler and Susie's little secret, he had turned to Rachel and tried to suggest they do the same.

But Rachel had firmly refused, using the excuse that "someone might see us."

Lame.

"It was **her** idea, actually."

Chandler answered with a smug smile.

"Oh, come **on**!"

Ross rolled his eyes dramatically. "Even if she suggested it, **why** would she? There has to be a reason, right? She didn't just randomly decide to get all... spontaneous?"

"Uh..."

Chandler hesitated, then thought about it. "Maybe because I told her some sad stories from my past? She felt bad and wanted to comfort me?"

"Wait... that *works*?"

Ross's eyes widened as he muttered to himself, "That actually makes sense..."

The classic "pity-me" play.

Not a new trick—guys had been using it forever to get sympathy from random women.

But using it on your *own girlfriend*?

That was next-level. A total game-changer.

Think about it—how much emotional attachment does a *random* woman really have for you?

Even if you spin the saddest sob story ever, the impact would be limited.

Hell, if you weren't good-looking enough, she might even *laugh* at your misery.

But if you use this trick on your *girlfriend*, it's a whole different story.

She already *cares* about you.

If you act miserable and heartbroken enough, she'll feel terrible for you.

Then, if you **casually** suggest something a little... out of the ordinary, how could she **possibly** refuse?

And if she **doesn't** refuse...

Heh heh heh...

Ross stroked his chin, grinning like a man who had just discovered fire.

He had unlocked a whole **new** level of possibilities.

But then, a problem hit him.

His life had been **too** smooth.

Loving parents, good friends, a successful career.

The only two major setbacks in his life were **both** relationship-related:

One, his wife left him because she realized she was a lesbian.

Two, he had spent years crushing on Rachel.

But now, Rachel was **his** girlfriend, and his ex-wife's story had been told so many times that people were sick of hearing it.

What else could he possibly say to make himself sound pitiful?

Damn it!

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't think of a *single* genuinely tragic story.

Unless... he just *recycled* an old one?

Maybe he could talk about how *deeply* he had loved Rachel back in the day?

Determined to test this newfound strategy, Ross slapped his face a few times to get into the right emotional state.

Then, he turned to Rachel with an expression that gradually morphed into something... unsettling.

All or nothing.

Go big or go home.

And so, his smile became increasingly distorted.