TV Show 185

Chapter 185: Unexpected Female Gambling Companion**

Las Vegas.

Caesars Palace.

"Want to try your luck at the casino?"

After Joey left, Adam pushed down the urge to comment on everything that had just happened and smiled at Juno and the others.

"Sure!"

Juno was eager. "I've never gambled before!"

"Aren't we inviting Amy, Teddy, and the others?"

Heather reminded them, "They'd probably love to come along."

"Uh…"

Adam immediately felt a headache coming on. Inviting them would mean bringing along a whole crowd, especially with Gabby, the little troublemaker, and Charlie, the walking disaster.

He had been looking forward to this casino experience.

In his past life, family gatherings during holidays, accompanied by the sound of mahjong tiles clacking, were some of his fondest memories.

Unlike true gambling addicts, Adam and his family only played among themselves, never betting with outsiders. The stakes were always small—just enough to make the game enjoyable without any serious risks.

This lifelong exposure had given Adam a natural curiosity about famous casinos.

In his past life, he never had the chance to visit one of the world's top gambling destinations. He had heard of online gambling platforms, but their repetitive, robotic sound effects annoyed him. He always clicked away as soon as they popped up.

Now, after six or seven years of hard work in this world, he finally had the resources to enjoy himself properly. He was in the largest gambling city on the planet—how could he not take the opportunity to indulge?

He had even prepared a black overcoat, sunglasses, and a matching outfit for Heather. He was ready for a grand entrance. But if he ended up surrounded by family members of all ages—including little Toby, who might randomly decide to go to the bathroom right then and there—it would completely ruin the atmosphere.

"Is it really that serious?"

Juno rolled her eyes. "How about this? We'll go with Amy and Teddy, and you can play by yourself."

"Really?"

Adam was delighted. "That would be great! But can Heather come with me?"

Having Heather by his side in a place like this would be a waste if he didn't show her off.

"Of course… not!"

Juno wrapped her arm around Heather's and teased, "This was actually Heather's idea. Of course, she's coming with us."

"Adam, you can have fun tonight. We'll keep Amy and Teddy company."

Heather smiled. "It's not like we're leaving tomorrow. Summer vacation is still long."

"That's true."

Adam sighed. "Then I'll just go with you guys. My parents aren't staying long anyway—they have to get back to work."

"Forget it."

Juno laughed. "Look at how eager you are. Just go enjoy yourself! I never took you for a gambler."

"Heh."

Adam chuckled awkwardly.

A habit formed over more than a decade in his past life wasn't something he could shake off so easily.

After finalizing their plans, they all returned to their rooms.

Amid Juno's teasing, Adam **suited up**.

Since he was going alone—without Heather to accompany him and without music to set the mood—he opted for a simple suit instead of the black overcoat he had specially bought.

Leaving the suite, Adam headed straight to the casino's exchange counter, exchanging $10,000 for chips—nine $1,000 chips and ten $100 chips—before wandering around the casino.

Slot machines, roulette, baccarat, blackjack—every classic gambling game was available.

Adam tried them one by one.

The slot machine area was packed with people.

Many of them were elderly.

Seeing them, Adam couldn't help but smile.

Because Sheldon's grandmother was just like them.

She often went to casinos, and her gambling addiction wasn't minor. Sheldon's mother frequently worried that one day she'd be taken away by casino security.

This wasn't just an exaggerated joke—it was based on reality.

Most Americans didn't have savings, and Sheldon's grandmother was no exception. However, since she was retired, she received a pension every month.

But gambling addiction didn't wait for pension day.

And casinos didn't offer credit.

So loan sharks thrived inside casinos.

Sheldon's grandmother was an experienced gambler. Naturally, she had encountered situations where she wanted to play but was out of money. She was well acquainted with those loan sharks.

The debt collectors sighed helplessly whenever they saw her—getting money from a seasoned veteran like her was no easy task.

Of course, Sheldon's grandmother didn't just gamble in casinos—she also placed bets on televised sports.

When young Sheldon demonstrated extraordinary calculation skills, helping his dad create winning football strategies, his grandmother took notice.

She secretly asked him to calculate betting odds so she could place bigger bets.

But the extra effort drained young Sheldon's energy, and he got so exhausted that he made a careless mistake on an exam, receiving a **B+** instead of his usual perfect score.

He was furious and immediately complained to his mother.

Everyone involved got a harsh scolding from Sheldon's mom.

Even Adam, who had nothing to do with it, got caught in the crossfire.

But since Sheldon's grandmother was *her* mother, she wasn't afraid of the scolding. She kept sneaking back to Sheldon for help.

Annoyed, young Sheldon—being the little genius he was—deliberately gave her the wrong calculations.

After losing a big bet, she never asked for his help again.

She probably thought his calculations were useless.

Back at the casino, some elderly gamblers were actively playing, while others stood nearby, holding large paper cups filled with coins. (Winning slot machines dispensed coins, so people used big cups to collect them.)

They watched the seated players like hawks.

As soon as someone ran out of coins or decided to leave, an elderly gambler would swoop in and take their seat.

Their speed and agility were nothing like that of old people.

Some even argued over seats.

Adam chuckled again.

He knew exactly what they were doing.

This was called **shadow betting**.

The idea was that if someone played a slot machine for a long time without winning, then left, the next person to play had a much higher chance of hitting the jackpot.

Ross's grandmother used to do this all the time.

After watching for a while, Adam shook his head and moved on.

These elderly gamblers were true addicts. Even with this *shadow betting* trick, they spent all their time here and still lost most of the time.

For all he knew, casinos might have deliberately spread this rumor to lure people into playing longer.

After exploring the main hall, Adam entered the VIP section.

The atmosphere here was noticeably more upscale.

He took a seat at a baccarat table, placed his chips down, and casually joined the game.

When the dealer dealt his cards, he decided to imitate the dramatic card-peeking moves he had seen in classic gambling movies like *God of Gamblers*, *The Saint of Gamblers*, *The Gambling King*, and *The King of Gamblers*.

Just as he was slowly revealing his cards, a **fragrant breeze** drifted past him.

Then, a sweet and melodic female voice came from behind.

"Three-side, three-side, top, top!"