

## **TV Show 186**

Chapter 186: The Legend of the Chicken Dinner

Las Vegas.

Caesars Palace.

"Three sides, three sides, top, top!"

It was the classic call.

"We won!"

Adam flipped his cards and, sure enough, the call from behind had secured his win.

The scene felt strangely familiar, like something he had seen before.

Curious, he turned around.

A flicker of surprise flashed across his eyes.

Standing behind him was a stunning woman—wearing a tight-fitting blazer and a short red skirt—exuding an irresistible charm.

After spending thousands of days and nights in this world, Adam had seen plenty. He had long trained himself to stay calm in any situation, so he certainly wouldn't lose his composure just because of a beautiful and well-dressed woman.

No, the reason for his surprise was that he recognized her face.

Why was she here?

His mind raced, but he maintained a neutral expression. When the dealer pushed his winnings toward him, he casually picked up a \$100 chip and handed it to the woman.

She accepted it naturally, her movements fluid and practiced, smiling without a word.

Adam understood immediately.

She was probably a casino hostess—or, as they were called in his past life's college slang, a "gambling companion."

Her job was to accompany guests, cheer them on, and earn tips.

For gamblers, having a gorgeous woman by their side—shouting for them, engaging in subtle physical contact, and maybe even hinting at further activities after the game—was far more thrilling than gambling alone.

For the casino, a guest with a gambling companion was far more likely to bet big. Someone who usually played with \$10,000 might suddenly up the stakes to \$100,000.

The bigger the bets, the greater the casino's earnings.

After all, the house always wins.

And what if a guest got lucky and won big?

It didn't really matter.

For one, such cases were rare. And even if they did win, their companion would collect a hefty tip, keeping them motivated to stay in the business.

After all, not just anyone could be a gambling companion. Beauty was only the baseline requirement. The real skill lay in understanding the game, reading gamblers' psychology, encouraging risk-taking, and soothing their emotions when they lost.

Then, if a guest won big, wouldn't the companion urge them to keep playing?

Of course.

And as long as they kept playing, losing was inevitable.

But what about the exceptionally rational ones—the rare few who cashed out and walked away after a big win?

That was fine too.

Casinos were filled with luxury services. A guest who had just won a fortune, with a beautiful woman by his side, would surely be tempted to indulge in high-end entertainment.

And once they started spending impulsively, the casino would still make money.

Even if a guest resisted all temptation, that was fine too.

Because someone had to win big once in a while—it was great advertising.

A few lucky winners were necessary to lure more people into the casino.

In short, whether a guest won or lost, the casino never truly lost.

Adam played for a while longer, and the hostess remained by his side, enthusiastically calling out every time he checked his cards.

His luck was particularly good today. In no time, his \$10,000 in chips had doubled—this was after tipping away a few smaller amounts.

He had already earned over \$1,000 in profit.

Of course, luck was temporary.

Knowing when to stop, Adam cashed out and left the table.

The hostess followed him.

"Want to formally introduce ourselves?"

Adam smiled and extended his hand. "I'm Adam."

"I'm Nicole."

The woman shook his hand with a smile.

"Your real name?"

Adam was genuinely surprised.

He hadn't expected her to reveal her real name so easily. Then he quickly realized—it might not actually be her real name. After all, this was a world blending American TV shows and movies.

"Alice."

The hostess gave him another look before offering a second name with a playful smile.

Their eyes met, and Adam understood—this was probably her real name.

"Do you know Tom Cruise?"

Adam couldn't help but ask as he looked at her familiar face.

"Nope."

Alice shook her head.

"What about William Haver?"

Adam pressed further.

"Not ringing any bells."

Alice chuckled. "Are they your friends? Or do I look like one of their ex-girlfriends?"

"Heh."

Adam just smiled knowingly.

She might not know them now, but that didn't mean she wouldn't in the future.

He glanced at her again. She was probably in her early twenties—still young. It made sense that she wasn't familiar with those names yet.

"Are you working part-time here?"

"Yeah."

Alice smiled. "My dad took me away from Hawaii when I was a kid, and we moved to Vegas. I've lived here ever since.

I started working part-time in middle school. Then I got into college and left for school, but every break, I come back to work and save up for tuition. It's just way too expensive."

Adam nodded in understanding.

"You think so too?"

Alice teased, "Tuition is only expensive for people like us. For people like you, even if they doubled the cost, it'd just mean buying one less car, right?"

"Even the landlord's running out of food these days."

Adam laughed it off.

"Still up for more games?"

Alice's eyes sparkled.

"Got any recommendations?"

Adam gave her a playful look.

"Blackjack."

Alice confidently replied, "It's my specialty. I might even be able to give you a little help."

"You're good at blackjack?"

Adam raised an eyebrow.

"So, you've heard of the 'Chicken Dinner Legend'?"

Alice grinned. "I'm pretty good at math."

"What's the 'Chicken Dinner Legend'?"

Adam asked, intrigued.

"You don't know?"

Alice looked surprised. "A while ago, a group of MIT students came to Vegas and used card counting to beat the casinos at blackjack. They won a huge amount of money before casino surveillance caught on. They were banned from all the casinos and put on the blacklist."

Adam vaguely remembered hearing about something like this—it sounded a lot like a movie he had seen in his past life. He chuckled. "If casinos don't allow card counting, why would you still do it?"

"It's different."

Alice smirked. "They had a team and even invented a secret sign language to communicate. Their efficiency was incredibly high, and their win rate was through the roof."

Casinos are now cracking down on team card counters.

But I'm just one person, and I'm nowhere near as skilled as they were. Even if I count cards, it only slightly improves my odds—it's not a big deal."

She didn't say the last part out loud: she worked for the casino. As long as she brought in gamblers and didn't push things too far, the casino wouldn't care.

After all, no matter how much a gambler won at first, once she had made enough in tips, all she had to do was subtly nudge them in the wrong direction. They could lose everything in a single hand.

"What if someone was so good at counting cards that they could do it alone—better than an entire team?"

Adam asked, curious.

"Impossible."

Alice shook her head. "An individual will never match the efficiency of a coordinated team."

"Heh."

Adam chuckled.

Sheldon came to mind.

If he brought Sheldon to Vegas—with his insane math skills and photographic memory—could he single-handedly outplay the casinos?