

TV Show 187

Chapter 187: Late-Night Coffee

Las Vegas.

Caesars Palace.

"Do you know a genius like that?"

Alice keenly picked up on the meaning behind Adam's laughter.

"Yes," Adam replied with a smile. "More than one, actually."

Sheldon definitely possessed such abilities.

In the future, when his research hit a bottleneck and required \$500 million to build equipment for experimentation, he first sought funding from his university and then tried fundraising himself—both attempts failed.

At Rajesh's suggestion, Sheldon came to Las Vegas to try card counting. Unfortunately, just as he finished calculating, security escorted him out—even though his calculations were entirely correct.

As for Peggy, she was even stronger than Sheldon in mathematics.

Both of them were super-geniuses who could take on challenges alone.

To them, those so-called top students from MIT were no different from Howard—just "engineers," not even real scientists.

"It won't work," Alice said with a smile. "It used to be possible, but not anymore. Even if your friends are really that skilled, they still wouldn't be able to win big in a casino now."

"Not even one person?" Adam asked in surprise.

"See those cameras?" Alice pointed to the surveillance cameras mounted on the walls. "In the past, casinos hired specialized personnel to monitor for card counting or cheating. As long as you were careful, you could pull it off—just like those MIT students did before.

But now, casinos have invested heavily in a system where computers analyze facial expressions and table transaction anomalies to automatically identify cheaters and card counters."

"That's really advanced," Adam remarked.

Such technology was considered cutting-edge in his past life, yet it was already being used here.

"Casinos have plenty of money," Alice said with a smile. "As long as it works, they can get their hands on the latest lab-developed technology, no matter how new it is."

Adam nodded in agreement.

There was a vast difference between lab-developed technology and mass-produced tech. The time gap could be five, ten, or even more years.

In a lab, as long as cost isn't a factor, development is relatively easy.

But for large-scale production, costs become a major consideration. If the cost is too high, companies won't bother with mass production, meaning the public won't even see the latest technology.

Moreover, technological advancements happen incredibly fast.

To maximize profits, high-tech companies never release their newest technologies all at once. They typically launch products that are a few generations old. In some cases, they make minor design changes and market them as new products.

Take smartphones, for example.

Major smartphone manufacturers release new models every year—sometimes even two per year.

Most people use their phones for only a year or two before noticing a drop in performance—either their phone slows down, or the battery starts draining abnormally fast, forcing them to buy a new one.

Do you think that's just a coincidence?

Of course not!

If the quality were too good, who would spend money on a new phone?

Ordinary people, due to financial constraints, might try to get their phones repaired or endure the inconveniences.

But for the wealthy, it's a different story.

They pursue the latest technology and the best services. If a cutting-edge lab-developed product is available for a premium price, what's the harm in paying extra?

Las Vegas, being the world's largest gambling hub, certainly has no shortage of funds.

As Adam was lost in thought, Alice was quietly observing him.

Having grown up around casinos and being a highly intelligent woman, she had a natural talent for reading men.

Walking through a casino, she could quickly identify who was a tourist, who was a casual gambler, who was a hardcore gambler, who was a high roller, and most importantly, who was a potential target.

From the moment she saw Adam—his expensive clothes, refined demeanor, and confident presence—he practically glowed in her eyes. More importantly, he was young and handsome, making him her ideal target.

So, she approached him right away.

The only thing that surprised her was that Adam's gaze wasn't filled with the usual amazement or infatuation that most men had when looking at her.

But after a brief moment of thought, she wasn't too surprised.

After all, a man this young, this handsome, and this wealthy had likely seen his fair share of beautiful women.

Although she was attractive, she wasn't arrogant enough to believe that her looks alone could enchant every man she met.

From a young age, what she had been most proud of wasn't her looks or her figure—it was her intelligence.

Her father was a gambling addict who not only failed to take care of her but also dragged her down.

She had to rely entirely on herself. In such an environment, she fought her way out through sheer intelligence and hard work, eventually getting accepted into a decent university.

Now, she had graduated and even secured an acceptance letter from Columbia University's medical school.

In the future, she could become a proud surgeon, leaving her past behind and stepping into the upper class.

However, Columbia's medical school tuition was outrageously expensive. Over four years, the cost would be an enormous burden.

After finishing medical school, she wanted to enjoy the high life—not struggle under the weight of student debt.

So, she chose to return to Las Vegas and work part-time at the casino, hoping to earn her tuition as quickly as possible while she was still young. Once she got through med school, she could live freely.

Of course, there was an even easier shortcut—

She could marry a wealthy man.

But as smart as she was, she didn't believe in fairy-tale marriages into wealth.

If she ever got such an opportunity, she wouldn't give up on becoming a surgeon. Instead, she would use the man's resources to accelerate her success.

After all, no one is more reliable than yourself.

"Want to play?"

Seeing Adam snap out of his thoughts, Alice immediately asked.

"Sure."

Adam nodded.

With Alice's guidance, he sat down at a blackjack table and started playing.

To Adam's surprise, Alice was indeed skilled at math. She leaned in close and constantly whispered calculations in his ear. Following her advice, he won more than he lost.

Naturally, tips flowed generously.

After checking the time and realizing that Chandler and the others were probably arriving soon, Adam decided to call it a night. By then, his initial bankroll had doubled.

An ordinary person might have been tempted to keep going, betting bigger while their luck was hot.

But Adam knew when to quit.

Starting with \$10,000 and doubling it twice to win \$30,000—it was just pocket change to him, nothing he cared too much about.

Without real stakes, there was no real thrill.

If he were gambling millions, that would be a completely different story.

"Want to come over for a cup of coffee?"

Alice invited him with a smile.

"Coffee?"

Adam glanced at Alice—her flawless complexion, stunning features, and perfect figure—and silently sighed at the missed opportunity. However, he kept a straight face and replied seriously,

"Drinking coffee this late? How would I sleep?"

Alice: ...