

## TV Show 192

Chapter 192: Grand Ambitions, Gone in a Flash

**\*\*Las Vegas.\*\***

**\*\*Late at night.\*\***

After finishing the admonition and criticism meeting, Adam returned to his suite.

Despite the late hour, he was still full of energy.

In fact, he was practically bursting with it.

So, he stealthily crept back to his room, planning a little late-night rendezvous.

But to his surprise, the bedroom was empty.

Adam froze.

What was going on?

It was already past midnight—where else could Heather be?

He immediately had a guess and walked out of his bedroom, heading to Juno's room. Pressing his ear against the door, he listened carefully.

Sure enough, the sound of laughter drifted from inside. And among the voices, Heather's was unmistakable.

Adam's mouth twitched. He knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

Juno's voice carried a tone of 'panic'—as if she had just been caught doing something illicit. But her over-the-top reaction made it clear she wasn't actually worried.

"Who else would it be?"

Adam rolled his eyes. "This isn't New York. You can't just come and go without a key."

In New York, Monica and Chandler's apartments were never locked. You could just push the door open and walk in.

A lot of things happened because of that.

Like how Joey would constantly come over to raid their fridge.

The most ridiculous example was back in the original timeline when Monica and Chandler were trying to have a baby. One time, while babysitting Rachel and Ross's daughter, Emma, they left her in the living room and went into the bedroom to... get busy.

Joey walked in, heard the noises, and decided it wasn't appropriate for a child to be around—so he just picked up Emma and left.

When Monica and Chandler came out afterward, they were completely dumbfounded.

Fortunately, nothing bad happened.

But imagine if it hadn't been Joey. What if it was a delivery guy who walked in and took Emma? That would've been a nightmare.

Adam wasn't about to make that kind of mistake.

"Do you need something?"

The door cracked open slightly. Juno leaned against the doorframe, dressed in a thin nightgown, her cheeks flushed.

"What do you think?"

Adam saw right through her and gave her an exasperated look.

"Oh, I don't know..."

Juno grinned mischievously. "I'd say it's late, we're going to bed. If it's important, talk to us in the morning."

With that, she tried to shut the door.

Adam blocked it with his hand. "You two can sleep all you want, but I need Heather back. We have our own bed, you know."

"She's already asleep," Juno said with a sly smile. "And besides, aren't you exhausted? You've been out playing all night. Go get some rest... or do you want to come in and sleep with us?"

"..."

Adam paused. He knew Juno was teasing him.

Thinking back, while the three of them had been stuck babysitting his parents and the troublemakers all night, he had been off having fun. Sure, he had been dealing with Chandler and Monica's situation, but still—it was a bit unfair.

"Alright, Juno, we'll talk tomorrow."

Heather suddenly appeared behind Juno and pulled the door open.

"You traitor."

Juno shot Heather a glare, then shut the door behind her, ignoring Adam.

So much for sisterhood.

"Thanks," Adam said sincerely, appreciating both her willingness to spend time with his family and her support for him.

"Ah!"

Before Heather could reply, Adam scooped her up in his arms, spinning as he carried her back to their bedroom.

"Alright, spill—what were you all up to just now?"

Back in their room, Adam playfully tossed Heather onto the bed. She bounced a little, and he looked at her with bright, mischievous eyes, pretending to interrogate her.

Heather just laughed.

But when Adam lunged toward her, she suddenly pushed him away and dashed into the next room.

Adam could tell she had a plan, so he didn't stop her. Instead, he exaggerated his reaction, pretending to chase after her slowly.

By the time he reached the next room, she was gone.

Instead, standing before him was a majestic-looking Madam.

Adam sucked in a sharp breath.

The walk-in closet behind her was lined with a variety of costumes—classic maid outfits, office lady attire, and sailor uniforms were just the beginning. There were also full sets of Wonder Woman, Catwoman, and Marvel's Black Widow costumes hanging neatly in a row.

"I love America," Adam muttered, mimicking Raj's iconic accent when he met a U.S. Air Force officer.

**\*\*Meanwhile, in the Next Suite...\*\***

William Harper lay in bed, his arm draped over a tall, middle-aged woman. He stared at the ceiling, lost in thought.

Images of Alice kept flashing through his mind.

He was convinced—he had found true love.

And this time, it felt more real than ever before.

A crazy idea took root in his heart.

He wanted to find her, drop everything, propose to her on the spot, and start a happy life together.

But as he tried to move, he realized he couldn't.

The 'delicate' middle-aged woman was sprawled across his chest, pinning him down. He let out a helpless sigh, his pale face tinged with exhaustion.

To make matters worse, from the suite next door, a familiar melody suddenly began playing.

The woman on top of him jolted awake, her eyes lighting up with a disturbing intensity.

"William~~~"

"...Haha."

With money on the line, William had no choice but to force a smile and go along with it.

**\*\*Half an hour later.\*\***

The music next door was still playing.

William, barely conscious, was led to the bathroom. The woman opened the cabinet, took out a small blue bottle, and handed him a pill.

Looking at his pale reflection in the mirror, he clenched his jaw and swallowed the pill with a gulp of tap water.

**\*\*One hour later.\*\***

Both of them were finally exhausted and drifted off to sleep.

For a moment, all was quiet.

Then, after a brief pause, the music from next door started up again.

"William~~~"

The woman stirred, irritated at first. But then, as if inspired, her eyes gleamed with excitement.

She shook William awake and called out to him again in the same sing-song voice.

William's body stiffened.

He didn't move.

He pretended to be dead.

Inside, he cursed the couple next door.

He was genuinely terrified now.

That little blue pill could only do so much—he was at his limit.

Was it really worth it?

What was the point of all this ambition?

Why strive to be a millionaire? A billionaire?

Wouldn't it be better to just be a carefree bartender, living a simple, easy life?

Or even just resign himself to his massive student loan debt—what was so bad about that?

Plenty of people spent their entire lives paying off their loans. Why couldn't he?

For a moment, William seriously considered it.

He wanted to shove the woman off him, walk out the door, and never look back.

But he lacked the courage.

And more importantly—he had no strength left.

So, he continued pretending to be dead, lying motionless.

His fingers clutched the sheets tightly, as if holding onto his last hope.

A single, cold tear slid from the corner of his eye.

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