

## TV Show 145

Chapter 145: Caroline's Discovery

**\*\*Two Weeks Ago\*\***

**\*\*West Virginia\*\***

**\*\*Terreb Parish\*\***

Caroline drove all the way from New York to this desolate place, clutching a newspaper with a circled job advertisement.

Someone was hiring a caregiver, and the weekly pay was quite generous. Otherwise, no one would willingly come to such a notoriously haunted place.

The employer was clearly wealthy, residing in a sprawling estate.

As she turned off the main road, she spotted a sign overhead:

**\*\*"Devereaux Estate – Private Property. No Trespassing."\*\***

A narrow path led directly to the mansion, flanked by towering ancient trees that gave the place an eerie, aged feel.

Typically, estates like this would have dedicated staff to maintain the grounds, but Caroline could see it had been neglected.

The massive iron gate at the entrance was half-open, with overgrown tree branches stretching into its frame. Her car barely fit through without brushing against them. To make things even more unsettling, the weather had turned overcast by the time she arrived, casting a grim, desolate aura over the already eerie scene.

But Caroline had mentally prepared herself for this. After surveying the estate, she walked up and knocked on the door.

No response.

She glanced at the rocking chair on the porch, still swaying slightly in the wind. Hesitating for only a moment, she reached for the door, found it unlocked, and stepped inside.

The dimly lit room greeted her with a statue of the Virgin Mary positioned near the entrance. Instead of evoking a sense of holiness, the oppressive atmosphere made it feel even more sinister.

Religious paintings adorned the walls of the living room.

Caroline tied her hair into a ponytail and called out as she ventured deeper into the house.

Finally, in the back garden, she spotted an elderly couple.

A plump woman was trimming the hair of her husband, who sat motionless in a wheelchair.

"Now that's true love," a refined-looking man in a suit remarked, stepping into the scene with a box in his arms. He smiled and said, "Just like something out of a classic storybook. You must be Caroline?"

"Sorry, the door was open, so I just came in," Caroline replied, meeting his gaze apologetically.

"That's alright," the man assured her. "This house is huge; it's easy not to hear someone knocking. I'm Luke Coleman, a real estate lawyer. We spoke on the phone."

"Oh, right." Caroline nodded in recognition.

As they chatted, the plump woman kept glancing at Caroline with an expression of scrutiny and cold detachment.

\*"The doctors say he has about a month left,"\* Luke said, nodding toward the elderly man in the wheelchair. \*"**He won't last much longer.**"\*

\*"I know,"\* Caroline responded.

She had already been given this information during their phone call.

Luke turned toward the woman and called out, \*"**Viola, she's here.**"\*

\*"Caroline Ellis, formerly a caregiver at New York University Medical Center,"\* Luke introduced.

\*"Caroline, this is Viola Devereaux."\*

\*"Your home is beautiful,"\* Caroline complimented.

Viola's eyes flickered toward Luke before she turned away without acknowledging Caroline's greeting, walking straight into the house.

\*"Sorry about that,"\* Luke said with a chuckle. \*"**She's in a bad mood. Also, she's quite traditional—she prefers women to dress more conservatively.**"\*

Caroline, dressed in a tank top, smiled but said nothing. She then turned to the elderly man and asked, \*"**So, he can't speak at all?**"\*

\*"No,"\* Luke confirmed. \*"**The stroke left him completely paralyzed.**"\*

At that moment, Viola reappeared, muttering under her breath, \*"**She's from out of town. She won't understand the rules here. And what's with her accent?**"\*

Luke placed a reassuring hand on Viola's shoulder. \*"**I know you wanted someone with a Southern accent, but we couldn't find anyone else.**"\*

Viola shot him a sharp look before giving Caroline a slow, measuring gaze. Finally, she sighed and relented, *"Fine. But she won't understand the rules here."*

*"Couldn't find anyone else, huh?"* Caroline muttered, unimpressed, and turned to leave.

But with Luke's persuasion, she decided to stay and give it a try.

From the window of a nearby room, Viola watched everything unfold. When she saw Caroline agree to stay, a cold smile crept onto her lips.

Caroline was the fifth woman to apply for this job. Viola had rejected the other four. Truthfully, she wasn't satisfied with Caroline either—she would've preferred a "black pearl," but time had run out.

And besides, Luke seemed to like this caregiver. The thought made Viola glare daggers at his back.

Eventually, Caroline accepted the job, moving into the estate and receiving a master key.

The mansion had countless rooms, each with its own lock, but the master key granted her access to them all.

Surprisingly, after her initial reluctance, Viola willingly handed over this key.

With it in hand, Caroline began caring for Ben Devereaux, the paralyzed old man. But soon, she noticed something unsettling.

Ben's eyes weren't vacant like one would expect from someone in his condition. Instead, they were filled with terror and desperation, as if silently pleading for help—or warning her.

Meanwhile, Viola scrutinized Caroline like she was an object, even rudely asking if she had any tattoos.

Caroline retorted that it wasn't something outsiders needed to see.

Viola frowned and walked away, displeased but unable to argue.

That night, as Caroline showered, she had the distinct feeling someone was watching her.

The vast mansion was filled with rooms, yet she didn't find a single mirror. Where mirrors should have hung, there were only marks left behind, as if someone had deliberately removed them all.

Later, Viola warned her not to wander around, claiming some rooms contained valuable antiques. Yet, she suspiciously kept finding excuses to send Caroline to retrieve things.

As an American, curiosity about the unknown was practically in Caroline's DNA.

Viola's cryptic words only fueled Caroline's intrigue. Secretly, she used the master key to explore one room after another, uncovering dusty, bizarre artifacts hidden away for years.

Shaken by what she found, Caroline threatened to leave unless Viola told her the truth about the estate.

Viola finally revealed the mansion's dark history.

Decades ago, two enslaved Black voodoo practitioners, a husband and wife, lived on the estate. They secretly taught the landowner's children their craft. When the landowner discovered this, he had them both burned alive, hanging from the large tree at the front gates.

Yet, legend had it that their spirits never left. Viola suggested that her husband, Ben, had likely suffered his stroke after encountering their vengeful ghosts.

Those strange ritualistic objects in the attic? They had belonged to the voodoo couple.

Caroline didn't believe in ghosts. But after Viola's eerie storytelling, she subconsciously went to a shop specializing in mystical items and bought protective charms—just in case.

She began to suspect that the true evil in the house wasn't the spirits, but Viola herself.

Then, on a stormy night, Caroline sensed imminent danger. She attempted to escape with Ben, but Viola pursued them.

Panicked, Caroline was forced to leave Ben behind and fled to seek help from Luke.

But when she arrived, she found Luke reading an introductory real estate law book—something a man of his profession should already know.

The sight triggered a chilling realization. Viola had mentioned something about spirits taking over bodies.

The pieces clicked together in Caroline's mind.

Just as she turned to run, Luke struck her unconscious.

When she awoke, Viola and Luke were both standing over her, smiling coldly.