

TV Show 148

Chapter 148: Goodbye **

Saturday.

Adam drove to the Terrib Parish in West Virginia.

The large iron gate outside the estate was wide open, and a few workers were trimming the lawn.

In front of the estate, several cleaning ladies were busy tidying up.

Caroline stood at the entrance, speaking with a renovation worker holding blueprints. She gestured towards the estate from time to time.

"Adam, you're here!"

Hearing the sound of the car, Caroline turned around and, upon seeing Adam, ran up to him excitedly.

"Caroline."

Adam got out of the car and was immediately greeted with a warm hug.

"Are you okay?"

Hearing this, Caroline didn't respond right away. Instead, she hugged him even tighter, as if trying to melt into his body.

Adam sighed and patted her back.

He could sense Caroline's lingering fear, which only reinforced his suspicions.

"I'm doing great."

After a long moment, Caroline finally calmed down, let go of Adam, and flashed a bright smile. "Mrs. Davo left me her entire estate. Now, I have the money to do what I want. I'm planning to convert this estate into a rehabilitation center."

"Congratulations."

Adam studied Caroline's expression. Seeing the genuine joy in her eyes, he knew that despite the risks and twists along the way, she had succeeded and achieved what she wanted. He couldn't help but feel happy for her.

"What about Mr. and Mrs. Davo?"

"Mr. Davo passed away."

A strange look flashed across Caroline's eyes. "You know, I took this job as a caregiver because Mr. Davo had suffered a stroke, was paralyzed, and wasn't expected to live much longer. Then, Mrs. Davo, devastated by grief, also suffered a stroke and became paralyzed. I'm taking care of her now."

"That's really unfortunate."

Adam's expression turned somewhat complicated.

"Yeah."

Caroline nodded, her tone carrying a deeper meaning. "I'll take good care of her."

"She really left you her entire estate?"

Adam asked curiously, "Was it legally certified?"

"As unbelievable as it sounds, yes."

Caroline sighed. "The signing and certification happened just a week after I moved into the estate. I think she loved her husband too much. When she saw how well I cared for him, she began to see me differently.

Plus, they had no children, not even servants, so she probably wanted to leave everything to me. If anything, this makes my dream of opening a rehabilitation center to help lonely seniors even more necessary. They truly lacked companionship."

"It must be fate."

Adam chuckled wryly.

Things like this weren't unheard of.

In his past life, he had heard of a billionaire woman leaving her entire fortune to her male servant while her relatives received nothing.

But gaining something always came at a price.

That male servant had reportedly worked like a slave for her for over a decade, enduring all sorts of humiliation, almost quitting several times before finally inheriting the fortune.

Even then, the woman's relatives repeatedly sued him, claiming he had manipulated and deceived her into handing over her wealth.

Unfortunately for them, since the inheritance was legally established and notarized in advance, proving the woman's voluntary decision, their lawsuits were futile.

Whether or not the servant had used deceitful means, Adam didn't know. However, there were countless cases of people committing murder for financial gain.

For instance, in American TV shows, there were often cases of spouses murdering each other after taking out massive life insurance policies, listing themselves as the beneficiaries, and then staging an accident to cash in on the policy.

Adam's ex-girlfriend, the infamous "Amazing Amy," had planned something similar in his original timeline. Amidst their conflicts, she plotted to frame her husband for her murder, with one key step being tricking him into buying a huge life insurance policy in her name.

Once she disappeared, that insurance policy would serve as damning evidence, making it nearly impossible for her husband to defend himself.

That's why, in America, taking out a life insurance policy with your spouse as the beneficiary—or vice versa—was something to be done with extreme caution.

It was an easy motive for crime.

After all, in America, money was king.

"Caroline, I have to go. Contact me if you need anything."

At that moment, a middle-aged man in a suit, Luke, walked out of the estate. He hugged Caroline briefly, nodded at Adam, then drove away.

Adam glanced at Caroline.

He had seen Luke before at the hospital, and he doubted that Luke had forgotten him. After all, Caroline had even tried to use Luke to intimidate him back then.

Caroline shrugged, offering no explanation as to why Luke Coleman was here.

Adam decided to play along and act as if he didn't know either.

Luke's presence made everything clear to him.

"Let me show you around."

Caroline took Adam on a tour of the estate. Inside, hired cleaners were removing religious paintings one by one, making the rooms feel brighter and more spacious.

"People around here are mostly devout believers, obsessed with religious and mystical elements,"

Caroline said casually. "The Davos were prime examples, but I don't really like that stuff, so I'm getting rid of it all."

"Phoebe calls you an angel,"

Adam chuckled. "With you here, who needs religious mysticism?"

"Haha."

Caroline laughed. "Phoebe is the real angel. She's absolutely adorable."

As Adam followed her around the estate, piecing together the hints in her words with his own suspicions, he reconstructed what had happened.

Simply put—

After the "brutal genius girl" incident at NYU Medical Center, Caroline met Luke Coleman. Luke took an interest in her and made her his partner. Together, they orchestrated a scheme to take over the estate of the Davos, who had originally planned to harm others.

In the backyard—

A plump woman sat motionless in a wheelchair, her eyes vacant as she stared at the blooming flowers.

"This is Mrs. Davo,"

Caroline introduced with a smile. "All of this is thanks to her generosity."

Adam looked at the woman. Her eyes widened—whether in fear or desperation, it was hard to tell. When she got no response, her expression twisted into hatred and despair.

Caroline simply smiled, her mind flashing back to that fateful night when the woman had cackled wildly.

"You still don't understand, do you, Caroline? You were chosen by us. We've been waiting for you for a long time. From the moment you stepped into this estate, everything was designed to make you believe. Because only when you truly believe can the sacrificial ritual succeed."

Mrs. Davo sneered, shoving a mirror toward Caroline. "Your body is mine now! Hahaha!"

Unexpectedly, Caroline glanced at Luke, who stood quietly at the door watching. Seeing him nod, she remained steady, effortlessly catching the mirror instead of being knocked down.

"How... how is this possible?"

Mrs. Davo immediately sensed something was wrong. "You're unharmed?"

"You still don't understand?"

Caroline wiped away her tear-streaked makeup and chuckled softly. "Mrs. Davo, you were the one chosen. We've been waiting for you for a long time. From the moment I stepped into this estate, everything was designed to make *you* believe. Because only when you truly believe can the sacrificial ritual succeed."

Mrs. Davo's body trembled.

When she had said those words, they had felt powerful.

But hearing them said *to her*—that was a completely different experience...