

TV Show 201

Chapter 201: The Letter**

Studying medicine is incredibly busy.

And busy days always seem to pass by quickly.

Central Park.

"Whoo..."

Chandler was drenched in sweat, panting heavily.

Adam and Monica walked side by side. When they turned around, they saw Chandler standing there, waving his hand to signal that he was done.

"Let's take a break," Monica suggested.

She wiped her sweat and looked at Adam, whose expression remained unchanged. She couldn't help but exclaim, "You're a monster."

"That's what a lot of people say," Adam teased.

"Did Heather say that too?" Monica asked curiously. "By the way, I haven't seen her lately. Where is she?"

"She went to Texas," Adam replied with a smile. "Her grandmother passed away and left her an inheritance, so she went back."

"That's terrible," Monica said, expressing sympathy as expected. Then, her tone shifted. "Wait, an inheritance? Was her grandmother wealthy?"

"I'm not sure," Adam shrugged. "I heard there's an estate and a large farm."

"Wow!" Monica exclaimed enviously. "Another estate? First Caroline, now Heather. Adam, is owning an estate your minimum requirement for dating?"

Adam twitched at her comment. "That's purely a coincidence."

She made it sound like he was some kind of gold digger. Estates weren't a big deal—if he wanted one, he could buy one himself.

Of course, estates varied in size and value. He wasn't sure about Heather's inheritance, but Caroline's estate had been relatively cheap—just a few million dollars.

Those ultra-luxurious estates worth hundreds of millions, though? Adam wasn't at that level yet.

Even if he had that kind of money, he probably wouldn't spend it on an estate.

Adam was already a millionaire, and his assets were growing rapidly. But he had no plans to buy property.

There was no need.

Property taxes in the U.S. were a nightmare—paid annually. Owning a mansion meant paying an enormous amount in taxes every year. That money would be better invested in stocks with the potential to multiply exponentially.

Besides, what was the point of living in such a place? It would just be lonely.

A home didn't need to be huge or luxurious—just comfortable.

And what made a place truly comfortable?

Having loved ones nearby. Friends right across the hall.

If Adam bought a mansion, he'd have to move away. The distance would make it harder to meet up, and over time, those friendships would fade.

Even if he bought a place nearby and stayed in touch, the moment Monica and the others saw his mansion, it would create a psychological gap between them.

A million dollars on paper and a million dollars in physical assets were two very different things.

Adam would be placed firmly in the "rich people" category.

And could rich people still be close friends with regular folks?

That was just a nice thought.

Among their six-person group, the real core was Monica, Ross, Rachel, and Chandler. Phoebe and Joey were more on the periphery, easily replaceable.

Why?

Because Monica and Chandler were the ones renting the two apartments across the hall.

Ross was Monica's brother and Chandler's college roommate and best friend.

Rachel was Monica's high school best friend and Ross's longtime crush.

Their relationships were tightly interwoven.

But Phoebe and Joey?

Aside from being Monica and Chandler's roommates at different points, what real connection did they have to the group?

None.

In fact, if it weren't for the eccentric old man downstairs, Joey wouldn't have even become Chandler's roommate. And after Phoebe moved out, she became what Rachel once called "someone who could disappear at any time."

Among the six of them, Monica, Ross, Rachel, and Chandler were clearly the closest.

Phoebe often had a "tragic" angle to her stories.

Joey, on the other hand, had a subtly deferential attitude toward Ross.

Even though Rachel and Ross had been broken up for years, Joey had strong feelings for her, yet he always prioritized Ross's feelings, even suppressing his own emotions for the sake of their friendship.

Meanwhile, Ross had no such reservations when it came to Joey's girlfriends.

The devil is in the details. Why did these small tensions exist?

Because of class differences.

Monica and Ross came from a family that could afford a Porsche. She was a chef, and he was a PhD—both firmly in the middle class.

Chandler's mother was a bestselling author, and he grew up with a butler. His own income was high enough that he had substantial savings, enough to shock Monica and Rachel. He was also middle class.

Rachel didn't have a job at first, but her father was a high-income professional. She owned 4,000 pairs of shoes, had a boat, and even horses—clearly upper-middle-class.

And Joey and Phoebe?

One had an unstable income and often needed financial help. The other grew up on the streets, bouncing between odd jobs, once so broke that she drank leftover coffee from customers.

They didn't fit in with the rest of the group.

If this were real life, they would belong to completely different social circles and wouldn't have been so close—if they even met at all.

Even if they had met, their friendships would have faded over time.

It's like in **The Big Bang Theory**. The moment everyone found out Rajesh's family was as rich as Bruce Wayne's, their attitudes shifted.

Leonard suddenly wanted to date Rajesh's sister because he was "madly in love with her."

Penny immediately found Rajesh more attractive and regretted not going further with him before.

Howard accused Rajesh of mooching off him, considering how rich he was.

After eating at the Cheesecake Factory, Leonard, Howard, and Sheldon just walked out, saying, "Rajesh is loaded. He can cover it."

Penny even insisted on giving the server an extra-large tip—because that's what suited Rajesh's status.

It was funny, but in reality, would they still have remained friends after that?

"When is she coming back?" Monica asked.

"Not sure," Adam shook his head. "I wanted to go with her, but the timing didn't work out. I still have classes."

"Speaking of which, how's med school?" Monica asked, curious.

"It's great—really fulfilling," Adam said after a moment of thought. Then, with a grin, he added, "Also pretty interesting. The first time we went into the cadaver lab, one guy threw up immediately."

"Ugh!" Monica scrunched her nose. "That sounds disgusting."

"It's not that bad," Adam said playfully. "He just had a weak stomach. You get used to it. Eventually, you can even eat lunch while standing next to a cadaver."

"Ugh!" Monica covered her mouth, gagging. After a moment, she looked at him in shock. "You're serious?"

"Just kidding," Adam laughed. "Food isn't allowed in the lab."

"Good," Monica exhaled in relief—then paused. "Wait. *If* food were allowed...?"

Adam just chuckled.

It's like watching zombie movies—gross at first, but eventually, you can eat while watching them.

Besides, after three years as a hunter and butcher, this was nothing.

If you couldn't handle it, you had no business being a doctor.

Chapter 202: Adam is the Sun

Hartford.

The Heather Residence.

"I just wanted a child, one child!"

A middle-aged woman, dressed in a tank top and smoking a cigarette, shouted emotionally, "But I can't have one! What am I supposed to do?"

"That's enough."

On the nearby sofa, a middle-aged man slouched with his feet propped up on the coffee table. He held a can of beer and growled at the woman.

Opposite them, Heather watched calmly.

Ever since receiving the letter from her grandmother—the grandmother she never knew existed—informing her that she had passed away three weeks prior and had left her an estate and farm to inherit, Heather had immediately flown back to confront her parents.

To her surprise, but also with a sense of inevitability, she learned she wasn't their biological daughter. She was adopted.

Her biological parents were someone else, and the woman in the letter was her real grandmother.

This explained the distant feeling she always had with her parents.

It wasn't just her imagination.

Memories from her childhood resurfaced, clearly showing her that it wasn't just in her head—her adoptive parents had always maintained a certain distance from her.

Whenever she was mischievous and punished to stand in the corner, they would argue heatedly in the distance, especially her adoptive father, whose occasional glances at her were cold and terrifying.

Although her adoptive mother often shielded her, there was always a hint of detachment, conflict, and even fear in her eyes.

"Can you tell me anything about my grandmother or my family?"

Heather looked calmly at her adoptive parents.

After spending several years with Adam and Juno, her personality had become more composed, and she instinctively sensed that there was a hidden secret here.

The reason was simple.

Her adoptive parents were struggling financially, both heavy smokers and drinkers. Much of the money she earned from part-time jobs was taken by them.

Yet, when she mentioned the inheritance from her grandmother, their first reaction wasn't joy but anxiety and agitation.

It didn't make sense.

Coupled with their distant and fearful attitude toward her growing up, it was clear this wasn't just about her being adopted.

Who would fear their adopted child?

Unless they knew something!

And it must be related to her biological family.

After all, back then, she had nothing but her bloodline.

She had her suspicions.

Her biological grandmother owned an estate and a farm, indicating that her family was well-off.

But she was adopted by parents who were struggling financially and had even moved far away from Texas to Hartford. Clearly, they didn't want her to have any connection with her blood relatives.

Their attitude toward her was more fear and irritation than love, suggesting that her adoption wasn't the result of a friendly agreement.

And after hearing her adoptive mother admit that she was infertile but desperately wanted a child...

The conclusion was obvious—she was likely abducted.

Although she wasn't entirely certain, Heather was inclined to believe her theory.

What is it like to be kidnapped and raised as someone's daughter?

Heather decided she wanted no part of it.

If her adoptive parents had truly loved her like their own, she might have been able to forgive them.

But growing up, she had felt more fear and distance than love.

And when it came to caregiving, she had taken on all the housework from a young age because her parents were frequently drunk.

During her teenage years, she worked part-time to help support the household.

Even then, most of her earnings were taken by her adoptive parents for cigarettes and alcohol.

If she hadn't worked hard enough, she would never have made it to college in New York. She would have been stuck there, likely ending up in a loveless marriage and repeating her parents' lives.

But her life wasn't supposed to be like this.

"You don't want to know," her adoptive mother said hysterically. "We raised you. If you ask me, you're lucky. Those people... I can't even bring myself to say it..."

"Shut up!" her adoptive father shouted.

After his wife went silent and took another drag from her cigarette, he turned to Heather and sneered, "We picked you up out of the trash, and now you know? Happy now? I should have left you there."

"Maybe you really should have."

Heather stood up, looking coldly at her adoptive parents.

Her father was stunned.

Her mother forgot to take another drag from her cigarette.

As Heather turned and walked out the door, silence filled the room.

After a long pause, her father shouted, "See? That's the daughter you raised! After everything we did for her, this is how she repays us?"

Just like those Sawyer bastards—cold and heartless! We should have left her to die like her mother. That would've been the end of it."

"That's not true... it's not like that..."

Her adoptive mother's words were a weak protest, but her hands trembled as Heather's cold gaze lingered in her mind.

Outside the door, Heather leaned against the wall, listening quietly. When she heard, "We should have left her to die like her mother," she froze.

Not only did they kidnap her, but they also let her birth mother die!

She covered her mouth, forcing herself to stay calm. She needed more information.

Any remaining affection she had for them vanished, leaving her heart cold and hollow.

Inside, her adoptive parents continued to argue, completely unaware that Heather was still outside, eavesdropping.

Her father cursed Heather and her biological family, blaming his wife for insisting on adopting her.

Her mother sobbed quietly but didn't defend Heather this time.

Heather remained outside, listening intently.

Half an hour later, having learned all she could, she slipped away without a sound.

Back at her hotel, she slammed the door shut and collapsed onto the bed, burying her face in the pillow as she sobbed uncontrollably.

In one day, she had lost four family members.

Her grandmother, her mother, and her adoptive parents.

And in the most cruel and twisted way imaginable. Anyone would be devastated.

She pulled the pillow away, her face streaked with tears. She picked up the phone, wanting to call Adam.

But just as she dialed a few numbers, she stopped.

After a long pause, she put the phone down and wiped away her tears, a determined look in her eyes.

This was her battle. She needed to face it alone.

And she didn't want to drag Adam into it.

He was her sunshine, and she wouldn't let the darkness touch him.

Resolving herself, she picked up the phone again and spoke calmly.

"Book me a ticket to Dallas."

Chapter 203: Dialing the Phone

****New York.****

****Duncan's Apartment.****

Late at night.

Adam had just returned from the Columbia University library, carrying borrowed medical books and videotapes, ready for an all-nighter.

He had previously purchased many medical books and even obtained some videotapes from Leonard to study diligently.

But those resources were not systematic.

Nor were they as extensive and comprehensive as the books and videotapes in the Columbia University library.

As a result, Adam spent nearly all his available time in the library, systematically reading medical literature and watching various medical training videos. He was far more diligent than others.

Today's accumulation of knowledge might one day save an extra life.

If he continued like this every day, how many more lives could he save in the future? And how much could he extend his own lifespan?

Thinking of this, he pushed himself even harder.

His endurance had reached an extraordinary level, and his energy seemed limitless. Pulling all-nighters like this hardly burdened him.

But even the effort he showed publicly was enough to make people regard him as an absolute workaholic.

This also changed the perception of his classmates, who had once mocked him as the "F5 King" (likely referring to someone who constantly refreshes or grinds tirelessly).

At some point, relentless hard work had become admirable.

If they knew that after returning home, Adam still stayed up until two or three in the morning every day, they would probably go crazy.

Upon arriving at his apartment, Adam placed the books and videotapes in his study (he had converted one of the two bedrooms into a study). Then, he casually picked up the phone to check for any messages.

Especially from Heather.

Before leaving, he had specifically told Heather to call him at night to check in.

Glancing at the machine, he noticed a message from an unfamiliar number. Pressing play, he wasn't surprised to hear Heather's voice.

Following that number, Adam dialed back.

The phone rang a few times before it was answered.

"Hey, Heather."

"Adam."

Heather's voice sounded slightly off.

"What's wrong?"

Adam was too familiar with Heather, and he instantly picked up on the unusual tone in her voice. Concerned, he asked, "Did something go wrong?"

"No."

Heather chuckled. "Everything went smoothly. My parents are indeed only my adoptive parents. The letter came from my biological grandmother. I've already booked a plane ticket and will be heading to the airport soon. By tomorrow, I should be able to figure out what's really going on. But I think I'll need to stay there for a few extra days to sort everything out before coming back. I... kind of miss you..."

"Heh."

Hearing this, Adam sighed in relief and couldn't help teasing, "Oh? You miss me? Where do you miss me? How much do you miss me?"

On the other end, Heather couldn't help but giggle. Whatever she said next made Adam feel a little flustered as well.

After some playful banter, they got back to the main topic.

"If your grandmother is around, why did she let you be adopted?"

Adam asked in confusion.

He remembered Heather mentioning that her adoptive parents hadn't treated her well.

"I'm not entirely sure."

At a hotel in Hartford, Heather still had a faint blush on her face, but her smile had faded. She suppressed the urge to pour out her feelings and half-truthfully replied, "They won't tell me. I can only find out the truth once I go back to my hometown."

"I guess that's the only way."

Adam had a bad feeling about this but didn't mention it to Heather.

Whatever she was concerned about, he had considered as well.

However, he never expected the full extent of the situation. He only speculated that Heather's adoptive parents might have abducted her or obtained her through unofficial channels.

"If you need money to take over the estate and farm, make sure you call me."

Adam suddenly remembered something and quickly reminded her.

In the U.S., the idea that property and land can be passed down indefinitely from generation to generation is mostly a myth.

Every property in the U.S. is subject to annual property taxes, which vary depending on location.

In impoverished, remote areas, property tax rates are very low—perhaps just a fraction of a percent.

But in prime locations, property taxes can go as high as 2% of the property's value.

And since property values fluctuate with the market, if home prices rise, the corresponding property tax increases as well.

This creates a problem.

If you inherit a property and the surrounding area experiences a surge in value, your property taxes also skyrocket. The only thing this "appreciation" brings you is a financial burden—unless you sell the property.

And once you sell and repurchase, how can a so-called ancestral home be passed down forever?

Some say, "Well, if you can afford a property like that, you can certainly afford the taxes."

That's just wishful thinking.

Take a billionaire who owns a \$10 million mansion. Their annual property tax might be around \$200,000.

Now, does a billionaire lack \$200,000?

Surprisingly, sometimes they do.

Because wealth and cash flow are two entirely different things. In times of financial strain, unless they liquidate assets, they might not even have \$200,000 on hand.

And if they fail to pay property taxes, the "forever yours" property gets seized and auctioned off.

Then there's the issue of inheritance taxes.

The U.S. inheritance system is also quite ruthless.

Before heirs can receive an estate, they must first pay the inheritance tax, which can be as high as 50%.

This exorbitant tax rate forces many wealthy individuals into philanthropy, with some even pledging to donate their entire fortune.

Are there truly saints in the world who would give away all their wealth?

Perhaps one or two. But for most people, that's unrealistic.

So why are so many billionaires so eager to do it?

Because charitable foundations allow them to avoid taxes while keeping control of their wealth.

These foundations are required to allocate a small portion of their earnings to charity each year, but the rest remains under the control of the founder's family.

Compared to the massive inheritance tax, this minor expenditure is negligible.

That's why most wealthy families have numerous charitable foundations, funneling their wealth into them to avoid taxes while ensuring their heirs retain control.

Of course, setting up these tax-avoidance foundations is, at its core, tax evasion. It's not something just anyone can do—it's a privilege of the ultra-wealthy.

If someone with only moderate wealth wanted to donate everything to charity?

Too bad. They wouldn't even qualify.

Heather's grandmother's estate and farm likely fell into this category, meaning the inheritance tax would be a major hurdle.

If she hadn't left Heather a substantial amount of liquid cash to cover those taxes, inheriting the estate would be a nightmare.

If Heather couldn't come up with the money within a few years, she might be forced to forfeit the inheritance to the government.

But with Adam around, he wouldn't let that happen.

"Okay, I will."

Heather's smile returned, and she sweetly agreed.

Chapter 204: Almost Died**

On the phone...

The two of them chatted and eventually got flirtatious again, experiencing a unique and thrilling feeling.

But Heather had a flight to catch.

Adam reluctantly hung up the phone.

"Wow."

He let out a long breath, then went to the bathroom to take a cold shower.

Afterward, he grabbed an anatomy videotape and started watching it.

It took a while before he could fully suppress the intense energy surging through his body.

Just as he was getting absorbed in the video, the phone rang again.

"Adam, are you at your apartment?"

On the other end of the line, Chandler's voice sounded anxious.

"Yeah, what's up?"

Adam quickly responded.

"Joey's in the hospital. Can you drive us there?"

Chandler explained.

"Sure, let's meet downstairs."

Adam agreed without hesitation, grabbed his car keys, and headed downstairs.

When he arrived, Chandler was already waiting by his car.

"Let's go."

Adam signaled for Chandler to get in. As he started the car, he asked, "Which hospital is Joey at?"

"Mount Sinai West, just nearby."

Chandler tapped his forehead.

"Got it."

As a student at Columbia University's medical school, Adam planned to build his career in New York's medical field. Being well-prepared, he was naturally familiar with the city's hospitals and expertly drove toward Mount Sinai West.

It was one of the well-known community hospitals in the area.

"What happened to Joey?"

On the way, Adam finally had a chance to ask.

"You won't believe it," Chandler sighed. "He overate."

"Pfft!"

Adam burst out laughing. "What? Overate? Joey Tribbiani overate?"

"You heard me right."

Chandler threw up his hands. "That was my exact reaction when I heard it, too."

"Did he join another eating contest?"

Adam joked.

Joey had a massive appetite and loved food.

His life revolved around two things: eating and... other pleasures, both equally important to him.

But eating a lot was expensive, and his income couldn't support his voracious habits.

So, he loved entering eating competitions and visiting places like Tony's Diner nearby, where finishing a one-kilogram steak meant eating for free.

"I don't know."

Chandler shrugged. "I just got the call saying he overate and ended up in the hospital. I couldn't believe it. For a moment, I thought it was April Fools' Day."

Joey's appetite was legendary.

If it was food, he'd eat it—and keep eating it.

Chandler and the others hadn't truly witnessed Joey's full potential, but Adam vividly remembered Joey once devoured an entire Thanksgiving turkey and still had room for pizza afterward.

To put it in perspective, there was a dinner once where everyone ordered food but had to leave suddenly, leaving Joey alone. He finished six full meals, including appetizers, entrees, desserts, and even a huge cake. He was sweating like crazy but still cleaned every plate.

If this were the future, Joey could easily become a viral competitive eater online. With his good looks and bottomless stomach, he'd be an internet sensation.

No editing tricks or fake chewing—Joey's talent was 100% real.

Who would've thought someone like him could end up in the hospital from overeating?

"Honestly, that's pretty normal," Adam laughed. "Otherwise, I'd really want to open up Joey's stomach and see if there's a portal in there. Where does all that food go? And he never gains weight!"

"It must all burn off... somehow," Chandler said, smirking. "There were nights when he was, uh, pretty busy. Don't ask how I know."

"I know," Adam chuckled. "That's why I moved out and got my own place—less chance of interrupting a roommate."

"..."

Chandler suddenly didn't feel like talking anymore.

"Work out more, and you could do it too."

Adam encouraged him.

"Yeah, right."

Chandler scoffed. "If running could make that happen, sneakers would be sold out everywhere, and no one would need those little blue pills."

They continued chatting until they reached the hospital.

Inside the ER...

Joey lay on the hospital bed, looking pale.

Adam quickly found out that Joey had acute gastric distension from overeating and had just gotten his stomach pumped.

"Chandler, Adam... I almost died," Joey said, his eyes brimming with tears.

"That's what you get for stuffing yourself like that," Chandler scolded. "Scared now, huh?"

"Ugh..."

Joey looked pitiful, pretending to cry. "I'm like this, and you're still yelling at me?"

"Okay, okay."

Chandler sighed and held Joey's hand. "It's alright. You're okay now."

"Aww, how sweet," a nurse said as she walked in, smiling. "Don't worry. Your boyfriend will be fine."

"No, we're not—"

Chandler tried to pull his hand away, but Joey clung on tightly, making it impossible to break free.

"No need to explain," the nurse grinned. "I support you two."

"Thanks."

Adam couldn't resist and chimed in, "These two are just a little shy about it. Even though I'm not part of that, all of us friends fully support them."

"Good luck!"

The nurse gave them a thumbs-up before leaving the room.

"Oh, come on!"

Chandler shot Adam a furious look.

"Joey, how did you end up overeating? Another eating contest?"

Adam asked, still laughing.

"Yeah..."

Joey looked defeated. "I thought I could eat a lot, but this time, I met someone even better. I tried to keep up, kept stuffing food in... then my stomach started hurting, and I felt nauseous. It was so painful."

"You're actually lucky," Adam said. "If your stomach had ruptured or you'd had severe internal bleeding, you would've needed surgery. In extreme cases, people can go into shock, and if they don't get treatment quickly, the fatality rate is as high as 60%. So yeah, Joey, you really did almost die."

"What?!"

Joey went pale with shock. "I was just exaggerating! Are you saying I could've actually died... just from eating?"

"Yep," Adam nodded seriously. "People do die from overeating every year. You really need to control your binge eating, and definitely stay away from those eating competitions—they can be deadly."

"Oh, no..."

Joey moaned in despair.

To him, food was just as important as his other favorite activity. Imagine suddenly being told you couldn't indulge in your favorite pleasure anymore—that's exactly how Joey felt.

Luckily, Joey's stomach seemed to have some kind of mysterious protagonist power. After getting his stomach pumped and resting for a while, he recovered quickly. With Adam and Chandler's help, he was discharged.

Adam drove while Joey leaned against Chandler in the back seat. As they passed a burger joint...

"Chandler."

"What?"

"I'm kinda hungry again."

"..."

Chapter 205: The Evil Force**

Chandler's Apartment

"Oh, Joey, are you okay?"

At that moment, Monica had just found out and rushed over to check on him.

"Monica, I almost died."

Joey looked as if he was about to cry.

"OMG!"

Monica covered her mouth. "That serious? Didn't they already pump your stomach?"

"He's not talking about that."

Adam exposed the truth. "On the way back, he started craving a burger again. He's crying because he realizes he won't be able to eat like he used to anymore."

"..."

Monica dropped her hand and rolled her eyes at Joey.

"What?"

Joey protested. "You guys know me! Not being able to eat freely—how is that any different from being dead?"

"I'm really curious."

Adam asked with a puzzled expression, "Joey, how did you develop such an eating habit?"

"Hey! I didn't develop it—our Tribbiani family has always had huge appetites."

Joey felt offended, pointing at himself. "It's in my blood!"

"I don't buy it."

Adam chuckled. "I don't think it's genetic at all. It's a habit you picked up. If I remember correctly, you have seven sisters. Growing up, you guys probably had to fight for food, right?"

"Uh..."

Joey froze, then nodded. "Yeah."

"That explains it."

Adam snapped his fingers. "With so many siblings, you had to fight for your food as a kid, afraid there wouldn't be enough. The more you fought for it, the better it tasted. That's why the Tribbiani family ended up with such big appetites."

Joey tilted his head, thought about it, and found it surprisingly reasonable. He had no argument.

"And do you know why Americans are getting fatter and fatter?"

Adam paused before glancing at Monica. "No offense."

"No worries."

Monica's mouth twitched. "It's past Monica you'd be offending. Present Monica is not fat at all, so I don't care."

You say you don't care, but could your expression be any less convincing?

"Glad to hear that."

Adam pretended to take her words at face value and continued with a smile. "The reason Americans are getting fatter is because of unhealthy eating habits. Joey, I've been meaning to say this—you're not just unbothered by your binge eating, you actually take pride in it. You probably haven't realized the sinister force behind it."

"Sinister force?"

Joey, Monica, and Chandler spoke in unison.

Monica scoffed. "How does eating relate to some sinister force?"

"Just look at the food you love."

Adam explained, "Soda, burgers, sandwiches, fried chicken, ice cream, chips, hot dogs, pizza, donuts—all of them are high in sugar and calories. Eating fast food like this just once can make you gain weight. If you eat it every day, how could you not get fat?"

And haven't you noticed? The portion sizes at fast food restaurants keep getting bigger. And sodas? You can get unlimited refills for just a dollar.

Joey, your biggest pet peeve is leaving a sandwich unfinished, right?"

"Of course!"

Joey immediately shouted, "If today I only eat half a sandwich, and tomorrow it's half again—this is not the Tribbiani way!"

"Sandwiches and burgers keep getting bigger, and like you, most people instinctively finish the whole thing."

Adam pointed out, "The more oversized meals you eat, the more your stomach stretches. Before you know it, you're hungrier more often and eating even more. Then your stomach stretches further, and the cycle continues."

Americans love sweets—so much so that even the concept of a sugar daddy exists. Chips, pizza, and sandwiches are already calorie bombs, but Americans love eating them with extra butter and jam.

The calorie count is absolutely terrifying—it's off the charts.

If we were being realistic, Joey wouldn't just be someone who eats a lot without gaining weight. In reality, he'd be a massive guy, needing help just to push his chair close to the table, which would be covered in high-calorie food—just for him.

Similarly, if not for Sheldon, Leonard and Rajesh living together would've turned them into huge couch potatoes, too.

Why do people always imagine the worst-case scenario as becoming morbidly obese?

Because when people face setbacks, they often resort to comfort eating, and once you start down that path, it's almost impossible to stop. And let's be honest—life is full of setbacks.

"That's exactly it."

Monica had a haunted look, recalling her past struggles.

"The more you eat, the fatter you get, and losing weight is much harder than gaining it."

Adam smirked. "People either drive or take the subway—forget exercise, most don't even walk much. And the heavier they get, the less they want to move. So they stay home, order more takeout, and eat even more."

Now, the question is—who benefits the most from all of this?"

Joey looked completely lost.

Chandler and Monica exchanged a glance and said in unison, "The food industry."

"Exactly."

Adam grinned. "Overweight people eat two, even ten times as much as the average person. If the whole world became overweight, can you imagine how much money these food corporations would make? The profit margins are insane."

"They're treating us like livestock."

Chandler muttered in disbelief.

"Pretty much."

Adam sighed. "Poor people eat cheap, hormone-laden meat that makes them gain weight fast. The heavier they get, the more they eat, and obesity rates skyrocket.

Meanwhile, the wealthy avoid sugary, high-calorie junk food. They opt for premium meats, fresh vegetables, and salads. They exercise and stay fit.

Because they know fast food is garbage—it's meant to feed the poor."

Even Iron Man had a thing for burgers and donuts. The first thing he did after escaping captivity was eat a burger. And when he was dying from palladium poisoning, he landed on a giant donut to snack on.

But that doesn't mean he actually liked that stuff—he was just getting paid to promote it.

If a billionaire like him could be bought, imagine how powerful this industry must be...

"Why has no one told me this before?!"

Joey's eyes widened in shock.

"You really didn't know?"

Adam was equally surprised.

This is something everyone understands.

They've just accepted it.

If you can't afford high-quality food, what else are you supposed to eat besides fast food?

If you don't have time or energy to exercise, well, getting fat is just inevitable.

Even Thor, after spending too much time on Earth, turned into a beer-and-fried-chicken-loving couch potato.

And if obesity becomes universal?

Look at *WALL-E*—in that version of the future, everyone is so fat they can't even stand up.

Fiction always has its roots in reality.

This is common knowledge. Everyone knows it. But people choose to ignore it—because they can't fight it. So why struggle? Why not just lie down and enjoy being a happy couch potato?

At least there are still millions of people in the world who are starving.

Happiness is all about perspective.

Well, everyone knew it—except Joey.

Maybe he really didn't know...

Chapter 206: The Iron Triangle and Wings

Chandler's Apartment

Upon learning about the forces of evil, Joey became extremely excited, even declaring that he wanted to run for President one day to change everything.

Everyone laughed at him.

Except for Adam.

After all, actors had become Presidents before.

Besides, in America, practically anyone could become President.

After teasing Joey for a while, everyone eventually went their separate ways.

By then, it was already past midnight.

Adam returned to his studies, pushing himself to the limit.

The Next Morning

As always, he woke up early and dragged Chandler and Monica out for a morning run.

Then, he headed to class.

The Anatomy Lab

Rows of cadavers lay on tables. Students were grouped in teams of five, each gathered around a single cadaver, observing and discussing, while the professor moved between groups to provide explanations.

"I can't wait until we get to perform real dissections," Iliad muttered beside Adam.

The cadavers in the lab had all been pre-dissected and treated beforehand, allowing students to clearly observe the structures of human tissues and organs.

"Have you never been hunting?" Adam asked absentmindedly while examining a human heart in his hands. "Plenty of animals out there—you can dissect them however you want."

"Hunting animals isn't the same as dissecting humans," Iliad scoffed. "We're training to be doctors, not veterinarians."

"There's not much difference," Adam said with a grin. "If you dissect enough animals, cadavers won't seem so lifeless to you. Eventually, you'll be able to see a beating heart, even when it's still."

"Seriously?" Iliad looked skeptical.

"Absolutely." Adam nodded confidently.

Iliad rolled her eyes and fell silent. Dissecting a bunch of animals? That sounded like too much trouble—completely impractical.

Adam ignored her. After examining the heart for a while, he handed it to Bianca, the girl beside him, and took a kidney in exchange. As he worked, his gaze occasionally drifted toward the covered eyes of the cadaver on the table, filling him with deep respect.

Modern medicine was built on dissection. In the past, doctors had to take enormous risks to study human anatomy, often resorting to stealing freshly buried corpses.

Now, however, many volunteers selflessly donated their bodies to medical schools for the education of future doctors. That kind of courage was truly admirable.

At the very least, Adam knew he'd feel incredibly uneasy if he were the one lying on the table.

Interestingly, while every part of the cadavers had been fully exposed for study, their eyes remained covered.

The eyes, after all, are the windows to the soul.

Covering them was both a sign of respect and a way to ease the discomfort of students who might be unnerved by the thought of meeting a dead person's gaze.

Adam, Iliad, Bianca Samson, and two other students formed a group.

Through conversation, Adam learned that Bianca was from Chicago. Her father was a dentist, but she had no interest in following in his footsteps—she wanted to be a **real** doctor.

Her father had always joked that dentists weren't considered "real" doctors. And while he enjoyed his job, appreciating the flexible hours and high income, he often lamented the fact that dentists sat at the bottom of the medical hierarchy.

There was even a saying: "A dentist isn't a real doctor."

Still, her father had hoped she'd become one.

Being a doctor was grueling. The road to becoming one was long and exhausting. Doctors had notoriously high divorce rates—many went through second, third, even fourth marriages. Even the strongest relationships couldn't survive the lack of quality time together.

And time was exactly what doctors didn't have, especially during their intern and residency years.

By the time they graduated from medical school and earned their M.D., they were already at the age when most people got married. But then came residency—years of grueling shifts, sometimes staying in the hospital for days without rest.

A year of that, and marriages started to crumble.

A new couple could hardly survive under such conditions.

Even after residency, attending physicians remained incredibly busy. Those who endured it never wanted to go through it again.

Bianca's father couldn't bear the thought of his beloved daughter choosing such a punishing career.

Why not just be a dentist?

But Bianca was both obedient and strong-willed. Having grown up listening to her father's complaints, she became even more determined to prove herself as a real doctor—someone her father could be truly proud of.

Adam found her quite likable. Not only did she seem familiar, but she also had a quiet elegance about her—something reminiscent of East Asian female doctors in TV dramas.

So, whenever there was an opportunity, he included her in study sessions and group activities.

Along with Iliad, the three of them became a tight-knit group—an iron triangle.

Meanwhile, the F5 Squad had their own trio: Steven Murphy, William Haver, and Alice Kidman, with Alice as the center.

William Haver's infatuation with Alice was obvious and understandable.

But Steven Murphy?

What was *his* deal?

A rich kid, practically orbiting around Alice, even engaging in a subtle rivalry with William Haver—competing for her attention while *also* being part of her support system.

Adam found the whole dynamic fascinating.

What a brilliant maneuver on Alice's part.

After weeks of study, certain patterns became apparent.

Strangely enough, a student's talent for medicine seemed to correlate with their attractiveness.

The F5 Squad clearly outperformed everyone else.

Bianca was close behind.

Of course, hard work played a role too.

Adam's work ethic was unmatched, but Iliad and Bianca weren't far behind—they latched onto him and pushed themselves just as hard.

Alice was just as diligent.

And because of her, her "wings"—Steven and William—worked just as hard.

Good looks *and* relentless effort? How was the average student supposed to compete?

But that was just the way things were in this TV-drama-like world.

In the end, **looks were everything.**

****Meanwhile... in Texas****

**** Outskirts of Dallas – Newt Town****

As Adam examined a heart in the anatomy lab, Heather arrived in a small town that could be considered her true hometown.

After renting a car, she drove to the address written in the letter she had received.

She soon arrived at the gates of a grand estate.

The entrance featured a modern electronic keypad lock. Beyond the towering iron gates, a long road lined with massive trees stretched into the distance, creating an air of serenity and seclusion.

The entire property was surrounded by a tall fence, obscuring the mansion inside. But judging from the sophisticated entrance alone, the estate was undoubtedly luxurious.

Heather's emotions were mixed.

The beauty of the place made her happy, yet she couldn't stop thinking about her biological mother—who had met a tragic end at the hands of her adoptive parents. The thought filled her with sorrow.

Then, she noticed something unsettling.

On the estate's outer wall, someone had spray-painted a large, bold word:

****"Bitch."****

Clearly, someone **really** hated the owner of this estate.

As she stood there, taking it all in, a white sedan slowly approached from the distance...

Chapter 207: This Is Texas

Texas.

Newt Town.

Outside the Sawyer Estate.

A white sedan slowly approached. Under Heather's watchful gaze, an elderly man with a white beard and a suit stepped out.

"Mr. Flanworth?"

"That's me. And you must be Heather?"

The old man looked at Heather kindly.

"Yes, that's me."

Heather nodded. "Thank you for coming all the way from Dallas."

"It was my duty."

Flanworth extended his hand for a handshake. "Everything is for Rayla. She was a good person, the finest woman I've known."

He glanced at the graffiti scrawled on the estate's front wall and sighed. "But she wasn't exactly welcomed around here."

"Can you tell me what's going on?"

Heather looked at him curiously. "A few days ago, I didn't even know I had a grandmother."

"Of course."

Flanworth handed her a manila envelope. "The inheritance documents are all in here. The process is divided into three steps. But I should tell you, Rayla didn't want you to sell this estate, so she put some restrictions in her will."

"That can wait."

Heather took the envelope but kept her eyes on him. "I want to know the story behind all of this."

"Well..."

Flanworth hesitated. Then, as if remembering something, he patted his head and pulled a letter from his pocket, handing it to Heather. "I almost forgot the most important thing. Rayla left this for you. It should explain everything you want to know."

Before Heather could respond, he handed her a long keychain and explained, "These are all the keys to the estate. Rayla was very particular about privacy and security. The electronic passcode is 0819."

After Heather took the keys, still staring at him, Flanworth averted his eyes awkwardly and pulled out a business card. "This is my card. Call me if you need anything. An accountant will help you sort through the assets later. But remember, read Rayla's letter."

"I actually need something right now."

Seeing his evasiveness, Heather became more convinced there was something wrong. She invited him, "Why don't you come inside with me? We can talk more comfortably."

"No!"

Flanworth glanced at the estate, a flash of fear crossing his eyes before he instinctively refused.

Realizing his reaction was too harsh, he awkwardly added, "I have other matters to attend to... I already made an appointment."

"Mr. Flanworth, you were close friends with my grandmother, right?"

Heather's expression softened, her voice tinged with sadness.

"Uh, yes."

Flanworth reluctantly nodded.

"My grandmother has passed away."

Heather's emotions were genuine, not just for the grandmother she never met but for the brutal reality of her own mother's tragic death at the hands of her adoptive parents. Tears welled up as she looked at Flanworth.

"I have no one here. You're the only one who can help me."

Heather's beauty was striking, and with tears in her eyes, few men could resist. Flanworth, who knew the truth and had been Rayla's lawyer and friend for years, was no exception.

"Sigh..."

Flanworth sighed heavily. "You're not alone..."

"What?"

Heather was stunned.

She had been fishing for information but didn't expect to get such a shocking revelation. Did she have other living relatives?

"But maybe you'd rather be alone."

Flanworth looked at the estate. "Sometimes ignorance is bliss."

"The truth is the truth. It can't be ignored."

Heather was firm. "I want to know everything. Please, tell me. I can handle it."

"Alright."

Flanworth looked at Heather for a moment, seeing her determination. He finally relented. "If you insist, then I'll tell you everything. It all started over twenty years ago..."

The Sawyer family had lived here for generations. Over twenty years ago, Heather's cousin, who was mentally challenged but incredibly strong, had a twisted obsession with using a chainsaw to kill. People went missing in town regularly.

The townspeople suspected the Sawyers but couldn't find any evidence. They were powerless.

One day, a young woman, covered in blood, escaped from the Sawyer house. She revealed that her friends had all been brutally murdered.

Outraged, the townspeople quickly gathered a mob and surrounded the Sawyer house. Despite the sheriff's efforts to negotiate a peaceful surrender, they ignored him, throwing flaming bottles into the house and setting it ablaze.

They then mercilessly gunned down every member of the Sawyer family.

Heather's mother managed to escape, carrying baby Heather in her arms. She collapsed by the roadside, barely alive, pleading for help from Heather's adoptive mother.

Unable to have children of her own, Heather's adoptive mother was overjoyed to find the baby. She called her husband, who was searching for survivors nearby.

He understood immediately, pretending to agree as he picked up baby Heather. But then, he mercilessly kicked Heather's mother to death.

They hid baby Heather in their car before joining the others in celebrating their so-called victory.

They paraded around like conquering heroes, some waving chainsaws, others posing with severed limbs from the Sawyer family, taking triumphant photos.

The Sawyer house burned to the ground, but the true cause of it all—Heather's chainsaw-wielding cousin—survived in the basement.

Rayla, who had been out of town, was spared. When she returned, she rebuilt the Sawyer Estate on the ruins.

Over twenty years passed, and just a few weeks ago, she passed away from illness.

"When she returned, Rayla uncovered the whole truth. She found you immediately but kept her distance to keep you safe. She watched over you from afar, never disturbing your life."

Flanworth sighed. "If she could, she wouldn't have wanted you to return. But she had no choice. She died, and your cousin in the basement needs someone to care for him."

Seeing Heather's silence, Flanworth assumed she was scared. He tried to comfort her, "Your cousin knows who you are, so don't be afraid. When Rayla took me to see him, he was even scared of me. His mind is like an eight-year-old's. He needs someone to look after him."

"This was a massacre!"

After a long silence, Heather growled, anger barely contained. "Why did no one seek justice?! If my grandmother had the resources to rebuild this place and hire a lawyer like you, why didn't she sue them?!"

"Sigh..."

Flanworth gave a bitter smile. "Child, this is Texas..."

Chapter 208: I'm a Good Texan Too

Texas.

Outside the Sawyer Estate.

Old lawyer Farnsworth's words, "This is Texas," left Heather stunned.

What's so special about Texas?

Aren't they part of the United States?

Does that mean they don't have to follow the law?

Farnsworth quickly gave his answer.

They really don't.

"Heather, this is Texas," Farnsworth sighed. "Here, where the 'people are simple and honest.' Those thugs from back then? Not only are they all doing just fine, but their leader, Burt, is now the mayor. His son, along with many others who were involved in the massacre, are part of the police force today.

Back then, the local newspapers covered the incident, but everyone sided with them. They believed what they did was right—they saw them as heroes. Verna couldn't do anything about it, and she didn't want you to get involved with them. So, child, let the past go."

"I bet when they told the story, they made it sound like my family fired the first shot, didn't they?"

Heather scoffed.

"Of course," Farnsworth shook his head. "Everyone says so, which makes it the 'truth.' But behind closed doors, they bragged about how they slaughtered the Sawyer family.

And that policeman who wanted to stop it but couldn't? He's the town's sheriff now. He once privately apologized to your grandmother, Verna. So, no, the truth wasn't covered up.

But knowing the truth and pursuing legal justice are two different things. No one's going to help the Sawyer family. After all, many people in this town lost loved ones to your cousin..."

"I know."

Heather's face was emotionless. "There's no right or wrong in this."

A chill ran down Farnsworth's spine.

How could there be no right or wrong?

Her cousin killed many people in the town—of course, that was wrong.

Heather's relatives didn't stop him and even participated. That was wrong, too.

The townspeople, without caring about the truth, slaughtered the Sawyer family even though they were willing to turn in the killer and go through legal channels. Innocent people, like Heather's mother and other family members who didn't take part, were killed. And afterward, they posed for photos laughing with severed limbs. That was the worst of all.

Both sides were wrong, and the lines were clear. How could there be no right or wrong?

It was clear Heather left one thing unsaid: *There's no right or wrong, only a blood feud.*

Farnsworth, who dealt with people daily, understood this all too well.

"Heather..."

Farnsworth swallowed his unease and tried to reason with her. "Let the past stay in the past. Your grandmother, Verna, moved on. You should too. Otherwise, you'll be in great danger... This is Texas, after all..."

It was the second time he'd said it, revealing just how deeply Texas's "simple and honest" way of life had impacted him.

He had no doubt that if Verna had tried to pursue legal action, they'd have been silenced before they even got to court.

In a town like this, where the mayor, the police, and the townspeople were all on the same side, people disappearing was just too easy.

In many remote places in America, even more terrifying things have happened, later becoming horror stories or legends, with no one ever investigating or seeking justice.

And this was Texas.

Even if it made national news and drew federal attention, these rednecks would probably just push back.

Worst case, they'd threaten to secede.

After all, most Texas households proudly fly the state flag, not the U.S. flag. The nickname "Lone Star Republic" isn't just for show.

So unless someone with immense power—like the President or a superhero or supervillain—stepped in to help Heather, this was a dead end.

"I understand," Heather smiled. "Is there anything else I should know?"

Farnsworth froze, shaken by her smile. *Truly a Sawyer,* he thought. *Even raised by someone else, faced with this situation, she shows a glimpse of that madness... terrifying.*

He forced a smile. "That's all I know. The rest is in the letter your grandmother Verna left you."

"Alright. Thank you."

Heather's gratitude was sincere.

"No need to thank me. It's my duty."

Farnsworth forced another smile. "I'll be leaving now. If you need anything, feel free to contact me."

"I will," Heather nodded.

Farnsworth got into his car and slowly drove away from the Sawyer Estate. In his rearview mirror, he saw Heather standing there, reading Verna's letter with a blank expression.

He sighed deeply, then pressed the gas, speeding away.

He was just a lawyer, handling legal matters. He couldn't and didn't want to get involved in anything else.

Just as when Verna told him that Heather's cousin, a deranged killer, was living in the estate's basement, he didn't call the police. He treated it as client confidentiality and kept his mouth shut.

"I hope I'll get to see her again someday..."

After Farnsworth left, Heather opened the envelope. Inside was a letter and a pendant necklace. The pendant matched the scar on her chest perfectly.

At that moment, Heather no longer had any doubts—she truly was a Sawyer.

"My dearest granddaughter, this estate and everything in it are yours. But with these gifts come burdens. Your real name is Edith Rose Sawyer."

Heather read on: *"The largest key I had Farnsworth give you is for the basement wine cellar. There, you will find an iron door. Behind it lives your cousin, Jed Sawyer—your only remaining blood relative. He is family and will protect you.

But you must also care for him and provide for his basic needs.

Edith, you are the last of the Sawyer bloodline—my bloodline. Whether you stay or not is up to you, but remember, this is your home."*

After reading, Heather let out a long breath. She replayed everything in her mind over and over, standing there for over ten minutes. Finally, she picked up the family heirloom necklace and put it around her neck.

The pendant seemed to vanish the moment she put it on.

Startled, Heather quickly pulled it out, adjusting it to make sure it was visible. Then she entered the code—0819—and as the gate slowly opened, she drove inside.

Clearly, she had made her decision.

There was no right or wrong, only vengeance.

If the law couldn't bring justice, then debts would be paid in blood.

Even God said: *An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.*

Besides, she was a good Texan too.

And everyone knows what that means.

Chapter 209: Three Types of People You Should Never Cross

Sawyer Estate.

Heather unlocked the large iron gate, drove along the winding road, and stopped in front of a beautiful house. She took a moment to examine it before pulling out a keyring and unlocking the front door.

Inside, the house was exquisitely decorated.

Under different circumstances, Heather might have been thrilled.

But right now, she had no time to admire the place. She walked straight to the basement wine cellar door.

Instead of immediately using the largest key to unlock it, she grabbed a baseball bat and pounded on the heavy iron door.

****Bang! Bang! Bang!****

"Jeb, it's me, your cousin."

****Bang! Bang! Bang!****

"Jeb, it's me, your cousin."

****Bang! Bang! Bang!****

"Jeb, it's me, your cousin."

She knocked and called out repeatedly.

The old lawyer had told her that her cousin Jeb had the mental capacity of an eight-year-old. He knew of her existence but had never seen her before. She worried that if he didn't recognize her, he might react violently.

Adam had shown her plenty of horror movies, and one in particular came to mind—it featured a chainsaw-wielding killer who would appear out of nowhere and attack without a word.

That kind of silent, merciless assault was truly terrifying.

So, for safety's sake, she used Adam's trick of knocking in a repetitive pattern to announce her identity, giving her cousin time to react and hopefully preventing any tragic misunderstandings.

She knocked and called for a long time before finally hearing movement from inside.

****Bang! Bang! Bang!****

"Hah!"

A thud sounded from the other side of the door, accompanied by heavy breathing.

"Jeb, it's me, your cousin. Do you hear me?"

Heather tried to confirm.

****Thump!****

A dull knock came in response.

"I'm going to open the door now."

Heather took out the key, turned it in the lock, and immediately stepped back to the top of the stairs. Keeping a safe distance, she called out, "Jeb, the door is open. You can come out now."

****Creak.****

The basement door swung open, and a massive figure emerged, clutching a huge chainsaw.

Heather's striking blue eyes narrowed. The figure's face was not normal—it was rough, stitched together from human skin, with only the eyes, nose, and mouth exposed. A grotesque sight.

"Jeb, I'm your cousin, Edith."

Heather stared at the masked figure, her heart pounding. Slowly, she reached for the family pendant her grandmother had left her and held it up.

Jeb's gaze locked onto the pendant. He looked at it, then at Heather, before lowering the chainsaw and silently turning back toward the basement.

"Whew."

Heather exhaled heavily.

She understood now—her terrifying cousin had acknowledged her.

Oddly enough, the moment carried a hint of warmth.

Heather stood still for a while, making sure Jeb wasn't about to turn violent, then cautiously followed him down.

Inside, dim lighting revealed crates of liquor stacked haphazardly. She noticed a heavy iron door with an empty food tray nearby—this must have been Jeb's living quarters.

A hallway stretched further inside.

Heather continued forward and stepped into a large room filled with butchering tools. It was clearly a small slaughterhouse. A massive chainsaw rested on a table, with several spares nearby.

Jeb stood there, glancing at her before turning away indifferently.

"Jeb, did you know Grandma passed away?"

Heather asked cautiously.

Jeb lifted his eyes to her again, then took slow, heavy steps toward her.

Heather's heart pounded violently.

This time, she didn't back away. She held her ground and met his gaze.

He was her only blood relative. Given their earlier peaceful interaction, she was willing to take a risk.

It seemed Jeb had no intention of playing mind games with her—he simply walked past her and headed upstairs.

Heather hesitated, then quickly followed.

The Master Bedroom

An elegantly dressed elderly woman lay lifeless on the sofa.

She had been dead for some time.

Heather covered her mouth with her hand.

"Jeb, we should give Grandma a proper burial."

Jeb stood silently for a moment, then stepped forward and carefully lifted his grandmother's body in his arms. Without hesitation, he carried her outside.

"Wait! We're not ready yet—"

Heather tried to stop him, but he ignored her, continuing toward the family cemetery.

When she arrived, she saw that a new grave had already been dug, with a coffin inside.

Nearby stood a long row of tombstones, each marked with the same date—August 19th.

Heather's expression darkened as she stared at them.

These were her relatives. Some of them may have been guilty, even heinous criminals, but she couldn't accept the idea of wiping out an entire bloodline in the name of revenge.

She wiped away a tear and stepped forward to help Jeb bury their grandmother.

Ideally, they would have hired a mortician and held a funeral. But given the circumstances of the Sawyer family, keeping things simple seemed like the best option.

Grandma must have known this would happen—why else would she have prepared a coffin in advance?

Jeb did most of the heavy lifting. He was enormous and immensely strong.

When the burial was complete, he gave Heather a glance, then turned and walked away.

"Jeb, wait."

Heather called out, "Now that Grandma is gone, I'm your only family. I'll take care of you, just like she did."

Jeb lowered his head slightly and stood still.

Heather's heart stirred. She stepped past him and headed toward the house.

Jeb followed, trailing closely behind.

Back inside the estate, Heather took her time exploring the grand house.

The place was beautifully decorated.

"Jeb, do you know who our family's enemies are?"

After wandering through the house, she turned to Jeb.

Jeb nodded and headed toward the basement.

Heather quickly followed.

When he opened the heavy iron door, she stepped inside and saw a wall covered in photographs.

In the images, a group of people stood atop a pile of rubble. Some perched on cars, holding chainsaws. Others waved guns and laughed maniacally. One man clutched a severed leg, grinning smugly.

Most of them held liquor bottles, treating the massacre like a celebration.

Heather's face darkened.

In the corner of the photo, her adoptive parents stood among them.

After locking Jeb back in the wine cellar, Heather returned upstairs. While sorting through her grandmother's belongings, she discovered a hidden room. Inside, she found more detailed records—along with an arsenal of firearms.

Shotguns, handguns, rifles—every kind of weapon imaginable.

Of course. This was Texas.

It made sense. A lone elderly woman, living in such a vast and secluded estate, needed protection.

After all, Texas was like the Wild West. There were three types of people you should never mess with—old folks, women, and children.

That's why the estate had only been vandalized with graffiti. If they had truly been defenseless, thieves or even worse criminals would have long since barged in.

There was a joke about a notorious criminal who fled to Texas. Before he could even lay a hand on a local woman, she pulled out a massive gun from who-knows-where and shot him dead on the spot.

The case was never solved. Other states remained on edge, waiting for the criminal's next move. But he had simply vanished—because in Texas, justice was swift and absolute.

That was the charm of Texas.

Chapter 210: Forgiveness is God's Business

****Sawyer Estate****

Night had fallen.

After preparing dinner for Leatherface, Heather sat down at the large dining table to eat by herself.

Once she finished, she went to the room next to her grandmother's bedroom, sat on the bed, and picked up the phone to call Adam.

The phone rang for a while before it was finally answered.

"Heather, how's everything going?"

Adam's voice came through the receiver.

"Not bad," Heather replied with a smile, casually playing with a handgun in her hand. "I've moved in already. The estate is huge and beautiful."

"Is that so?" Adam chuckled. "Maybe I should fly over to see you this weekend?"

"No, don't," Heather quickly responded. "I'm still busy with the paperwork... and with my grandmother's funeral..."

Realizing that her excuse sounded too forced, she sighed and added, "I just need some time alone."

"Alone? Who's that?" Adam pretended to sound angry.

"Heh." Heather giggled, her voice turning playful. "You know exactly who."

"Oh, I do, but her name shouldn't be 'Alone.'"

"What should it be, then?" Heather played along.

The advantage of talking to someone familiar was that even a slight change in tone was enough for them to understand the game.

"Satan," Adam said seriously. "Haven't you ever heard the story of the Garden of Eden?"

Heather burst out laughing.

Everyone knew the story of the Garden of Eden. God created Adam and then made Eve from one of Adam's ribs. The two of them lived happily in the Garden.

Until one day, Satan, in the form of a cunning serpent, tempted Eve and Adam into eating the forbidden fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. They became aware of their nakedness and, for the first time, understood the differences between men and women, thus becoming true husband and wife.

God, who was forever alone, couldn't stand their affection right in front of Him. So, He cast them out of Eden to avoid the constant reminder of their love.

"You don't like Satan?" Adam asked, feigning confusion.

"No, I like Satan very much," Heather said, her voice sultry as she ran her hand over the guns laid out on her bed. "In fact, I like Satan a lot."

"Then why won't you let me visit?" Adam teased. "You know, Satan and I are practically inseparable."

"It's better this way," Heather replied with a laugh. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder. By the time I see Satan again, I'm sure he'll like me even more. Don't you think so?"

"You're the boss... the big boss. Whatever you say goes."

After some playful flirting, they finally ended the call.

Over the next few days, Heather completed the inheritance process. To her surprise, her grandmother had everything meticulously prepared in advance, including the inheritance tax.

According to the old lawyer, Farnsworth, Heather's grandmother had always been keeping an eye on her. Naturally, she also knew how poor Heather was.

So, it wasn't that surprising that everything was set up.

"Heather, are you doing okay?"

After finishing the final procedures, Farnsworth showed concern before leaving.

"I'm fine," Heather replied with a smile.

The old lawyer sighed and walked away.

Once everyone was gone, Heather dialed her adoptive parents' number.

"Hi, Dad, Mom! I got the inheritance! The estate is gorgeous, and the farm is huge!"

Her voice was filled with excitement, as if all past conflicts were forgotten, and she was now just a girl eager to share her good fortune with her family.

"Grandma? I've already had her buried. I'm all alone here now."

"You want to come over? Sure!"

After hanging up, Heather's cheerful expression instantly vanished.

When she overheard that her adoptive father was the one who kicked her mother to death, she didn't react because she wanted to uncover the full truth first.

Now, everything was crystal clear.

Her adoptive parents weren't just kidnappers; they were also participants in the massacre of her family, including the ones who cruelly kicked her biological mother to death.

All those years living with them, she never felt any real affection from them.

Most people might choose to forget, to leave the past behind, and to let go of all the hatred.

After all, how deep could familial bonds run if they never truly lived as a family?

But Heather was a Sawyer. There was a touch of madness in her blood.

Just like Leatherface—who, despite being a merciless killer unable to distinguish humans from animals, saw family as family. The moment Heather wore the family pendant, he accepted her.

To him, family was everything. To enemies, only vengeance awaited.

Even though Heather grew up unaware of her Sawyer heritage, her habit of collecting bones to make art hinted at her unique nature.

She once thought of herself as strange, but now it all made sense.

It was in her blood.

After learning the truth, forgiveness was never an option.

Forgiveness was God's business. Her job was to send them to meet Him.

As for whether going to heaven was too merciful?

Well, borrowing Adam's earlier story—before God, they'd all be single and lonely for eternity. That was punishment enough.

During these days, Heather wasn't just dealing with inheritance procedures; she was also gathering information and meticulously planning her revenge.

To her bitter amusement, the town was about to hold a festival—a Chainsaw Massacre-themed carnival.

Yes, the very man who led the massacre against the Sawyer family, now the town's mayor, had turned the tragic event into a tourist attraction, hosting the carnival every year to draw in crowds.

Participants would wear masks and carry fake chainsaws, pretending to "hunt" festival-goers.

The irony wasn't lost on Heather.

This wasn't just feeding on her family's blood and pain—it was draining every last drop.

Her hatred only grew deeper.

She didn't plan on seeking revenge on everyone involved; after all, there were too many, and the situation was complicated.

Many were likely following the crowd, influenced by mob mentality, or seeking vengeance for their own lost loved ones.

But the ringleader, Mayor Porter, the man who laughed while holding her relative's severed leg, and the adoptive parents who killed her mother—they were on her kill list.

And she would exact her revenge on the night of the Chainsaw Carnival.

If they wanted to feast on Sawyer blood, she'd make sure they choked on it.