

TV Show 80

Chapter 80: Let Go of That Boy!

****New York University Medical Center****

As soon as the doctor came out, John Coleman's family rushed toward him.

"The abdominal bleeding has been stopped, but his neck injury is severe. His condition is stable for now—you're very lucky," the doctor said.

"Can we see him?" John asked.

"You'll have to wait a little while," the doctor replied. "He's still in the ICU."

"Thank God," John's wife sighed in relief, then anxiously asked, "Will he be able to tell us what happened?"

At that moment, the only one sitting quietly, without moving, was the newly adopted girl of the Coleman family—Esther. She had locked eyes with Adam earlier, making him instinctively back off. Now, she suddenly looked up.

"It's possible," the doctor nodded. "But we'll have to wait until he wakes up to know for sure."

Esther lowered her gaze, twisting her thumbs together as if deep in thought.

"John, come with me—I need to talk to you," Kate said, glancing at Esther before pulling John aside to a corner. She whispered her suspicions to her husband.

"I know you're exhausted—I am too—but there must be another explanation. How could Esther possibly have come from a psychiatric hospital? And how could she have done those horrible things?" John frowned.

"How do you know that?" Kate challenged. "Even the orphanage doesn't know her background. Sister Abigail noticed something was wrong and came to ask questions—and then she was murdered.

I barely tugged her arm, and it broke?

I'm absolutely sure I set the parking brake when I parked the car. That was a steep hill, John! If I hadn't set the brake, how did the car stay in place?

And now, the treehouse suddenly caught fire, trapping Danny inside. The flames spread in an instant, forcing him to jump. The only people there were Danny, Max, and Esther. If it wasn't her, then are you saying it was Max?"

John scoffed and shook his head. "Kate, why don't you consider your own issues? Drinking, depression, mood swings—God! You can't just blame everything on Esther. She's just a child!"

Kate looked at her husband in despair. Even after listing so many suspicious details, he dismissed her without a second thought. He wouldn't even give her the smallest bit of trust. What was the point of this marriage anymore?

"I can leave if that's what you want," she said. "But I have one condition—Esther has to go too. I need to protect my children."

Esther watched silently as this unfolded. When Kate, overwhelmed with emotion, pointed at her, a glint of malice flashed in her eyes—only to disappear in an instant. She then turned sweetly to the grandmother beside her.

"Can I have a dollar to buy a soda?" she asked.

"Your mother told you to stay here," the grandmother refused.

Esther lowered her head, looking disappointed.

"Alright, but don't take too long," the grandmother relented, handing her some money.

Esther took the money, flashed a sweet smile, and got up to leave.

On the other side of the grandmother, Max—the deaf and mute little girl—watched Esther go, looking torn, as if she understood something.

Once outside, Esther's expression turned cold. She strode toward the hospital rooms with a determined look. Along the way, she bumped into a dazed-looking teenage boy. In a hurry, she shot him a vicious glare, startling him before quickly moving on.

That dazed-looking boy was Leonard.

At first, he instinctively followed Esther, but after just a few steps, his 173 IQ kicked in. He immediately realized something was wrong.

He had encountered plenty of aggressive and ruthless little girls before (having personally suffered from a few—cue the tears), but none of them had the same chilling presence as Esther.

That wasn't the gaze of a typical tough kid—it was the kind of stare a cold-blooded butcher gives his prey.

"What should I do?"

Watching Esther scan her surroundings before slipping into the ICU, Leonard's gut feeling of dread intensified. But being his usual "cautious" self, he simply stood there, frozen in place, watching from a distance.

"Leonard, you're here? My shift just ended—let's head to my apartment. I'll show you around this afternoon," a voice called.

Adam had arrived.

"Adam, you're finally here!" Leonard was beyond relieved. Pushing down his fear, he trembled as he relayed his suspicions. "What do we do now?"

Adam frowned and glanced toward the ICU.

He was tempted to ignore it—because the moment Leonard described Esther, he immediately thought of his ex-girlfriend, the infamous "Amazing Amy."

And that was a big red flag.

This wasn't someone like Juno, whose background he was familiar with. If he had learned anything from watching TV dramas, the smartest move here was to grab Leonard and walk away.

But when he looked into Leonard's hopeful, wide eyes, he just couldn't bring himself to say something so cold and logical.

"Dammit! Why do your eyes have to be so big and expressive?!" Adam mentally cursed. "Penny was right—it's hard to say no to Leonard when he looks at you like that."

He sighed. "Come with me."

Leading the way, Adam strode toward the ICU.

This was a hospital, in broad daylight, with people everywhere. He was strong—260 in strength, 480 in endurance. The opponent was just a little girl. There was a 99% chance this was safe.

...Well, better play it safe—let's say 98%.

Leonard followed, trembling with excitement and nervousness, gripping his hands like someone holding an ice pick, like Tang Xiaoyou.

As he watched Adam's determined stride, countless images flashed through Leonard's mind.

In one, Adam donned the Bat-Suit, becoming Batman, while he was Robin.

In another, Adam wore the Iron Man suit, while he played the role of Happy Hogan, the loyal bodyguard.

In all of them, Adam was the superhero, and Leonard was his trusted sidekick.

It wasn't exactly his childhood dream—but hey, saving the world was still part of the job! Just different roles. How thrilling was this?!

****Inside the ICU****

A boy lay unconscious on a hospital bed.

Esther stepped inside, closed the door, pulled the curtain shut, and smirked coldly.

She yanked off the pulse monitor from his finger, removed his oxygen mask, and just as he started to wake up—she grabbed a pillow and smothered his face.

The boy's eyes widened in terror as he struggled for air.

"What are you doing?!"

"Let go of that boy!"

Adam and Leonard burst through the door. Through the curtain, they could vaguely see the struggle inside.

With a loud shout, they yanked open the curtain—just in time to see everything.

Esther didn't stop. She merely turned her head and coldly stared at them.

She might have looked like a little girl, but she was older than both Adam and Leonard combined. She had taken more lives than anyone could count. Her composure was terrifyingly unshaken.

Adam wasted no time—he rushed forward and pulled Esther off the boy.

Esther shoved Leonard out of the way and bolted from the room.

Adam let her go—he had more important matters to handle. The boy had gone into cardiac arrest.
