

TV Show 83

Chapter 83: If You Don't Seek Death, You Won't Die

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

"Security, this is the suspect involved in the recent attack on the ICU. Please detain them for now—we've already called the police, and they'll be here soon."

Before Esther could scream for help, Adam immediately spoke up to explain the situation.

If he didn't clarify things first, who knew how the security guards would react?

His plan was simple: hand Esther over to security right away, and let them transfer her to the police when they arrived.

American TV shows are full of overly righteous characters who believe in dispensing "justice" through the barrel of a gun. Adam, despite being a seasoned professional, wasn't about to take any unnecessary risks.

The security guards exchanged uncertain glances as they looked at Esther's petite frame.

"Help me!"

Realizing she couldn't break free, Esther finally reacted. She looked at the guards pitifully, crying out for help.

Her appearance was extremely deceptive. If Adam didn't radiate an aura of righteousness, the guards might have rushed in to rescue her on the spot.

Sensing this, Adam immediately emphasized the key point:

"Be very careful—this suspect is extremely dangerous!"

"Watch out!"

At his words, the guards' expressions changed instantly. At their captain's command, two of them cautiously approached from both sides, each grabbing one of Esther's arms to restrain her.

In America, everything is a business.

Whether it's security or the police, it's just a job to make a living—completely different from some other countries.

Their first priority is ensuring their own safety, then rescuing hostages and catching criminals.

There's even a dark joke that goes: if criminals take hostages, the police—prioritizing their own safety—might just eliminate the hostages first.

Of course, that's an extreme scenario, but it reflects a troubling reality.

Adam's warning made the guards forget about Esther's frail appearance or any suspicions that Adam might be bullying a little girl.

Their own safety came first.

Restrain her first—ask questions later.

"Daddy!"

Esther cried out to John, who had been released by Adam and was now standing in silence.

"Don't worry."

John's expression was complicated. "The police will sort everything out when they arrive. After that, I'll be suing them. Esther, just stay calm for now."

The police arrived quickly—shockingly efficient.

This was the best private hospital in New York, with ample tax contributions funding police salaries and benefits. As a result, a significant police presence was always patrolling the area.

Other areas, like Brooklyn's predominantly Black neighborhoods, didn't generate as much tax revenue, which meant fewer officers were stationed there. The majority were assigned to wealthier districts.

Fewer police meant worse security, which led to more affluent residents leaving, further reducing tax income, and making it even harder to fund law enforcement. This vicious cycle only worsened crime rates.

This is why, despite New York being the heart of so many "diverse" TV universes, there were still areas where crime ran rampant, making it dangerous to go out at night.

Remember how Phoebe from **Friends** used to run with street gangs? She even robbed Ross once—can you believe it?

****Inside the Hospital Security Office****

"...And that's how it happened."

Adam and Leonard recounted everything they knew and suggested that Esther be detained until the boy, Danny, regained consciousness to identify her.

The police behaved exactly as a certain news network's survey described—70% of people felt that officers were diligent and polite.

Adam was part of that 70%.

"Mr. Coleman?"

The officers turned to John.

"Daddy!"

Esther cried out again, perfectly timing her plea.

"I reserve the right to press charges later."

Feeling safe again, John's heart softened. He was also still angry about Adam's earlier attitude.

"Suit yourself," Adam shrugged.

On one side, there was John Coleman—a man caught in constant trouble, whose own wife didn't even share his stance.

On the other, there was Leonard—who had a clean record—and Adam, an unremarkable yet well-known and accomplished Columbia University student.

If this went to court, it was obvious who the judge and jury would believe.

In the end, the police followed Adam's suggestion. They detained Esther in the security office—for now—with the ever-softhearted John accompanying her.

Since Esther outwardly appeared to be just a little girl, it wouldn't be appropriate to take her straight to the precinct without solid evidence.

Meanwhile, John's mother, who had been silently watching from the sidelines, took the deaf girl Max—who was once again too afraid to tell the truth—home to rest.

"Wait, you're not leaving?"

A female detective looked surprised as she saw Adam and Leonard sitting nearby, staring at the security office.

"I'm not too comfortable leaving just yet," Adam replied with a smile. "This little girl is terrifyingly cunning. I have good stamina, so I'll stay and keep an eye on her to make sure she doesn't escape—or sneak into the ICU to silence Danny."

Though his tone was lighthearted, he meant every word.

If Esther escaped, Adam wouldn't be able to sleep at night.

She was deceptive, experienced, ruthless, and had an extreme thirst for revenge. Even if Adam could handle it, his friends certainly couldn't.

He couldn't let that nightmare happen.

"Good stamina, huh?"

The female detective smirked playfully, clearly latching onto the wrong part of his statement. Instead of leaving, she decided to stay, replacing one of her colleagues on watch duty to chat with Adam.

Adam was used to this kind of situation. He smoothly engaged in conversation with her, his charm making the whole exchange effortless.

Meanwhile, Leonard, who had been completely ignored, looked on with admiration, clearly thinking, *Now that's what a real man should be like.*

****Inside the Security Office****

Esther curled up into a ball, sobbing.

John stood at a distance, his expression complicated.

As he watched, his initial doubts and suspicions faded. He couldn't help but walk over and sit next to Esther, pulling her into his arms.

"Daddy, I'm so scared," Esther whispered. "Can we just go home?"

"Don't be afraid," John reassured her. "Everything will be fine."

"Ba-ba, I love you," Esther looked up at John, her tear-filled eyes shimmering.

"I love you too," John replied. But then, his eyes suddenly widened in shock.

"Esther, what are you doing?!"

It was only then that he realized—Esther hadn't been calling him "Daddy" at all. She had been saying "Ba-ba," like she was addressing *Thanos*.

And in that case, she must have seen herself as his beloved *Goddess of Death*.

John, oblivious as he was—so much so that Adam wanted to call Juno for a psychological evaluation—was definitely not thinking what Esther was thinking.

So naturally, he was horrified.

"Ugh..."

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Esther immediately buried her face in her hands, pretending to sob. But under her arms, her eyes gleamed with deadly malice.

As John leaned in to comfort her again, she swiftly pulled out a pen she had hidden in her shoe and stabbed it into his chest.

"AHHHH!!"

John screamed in agony.

But Esther didn't stop. She shoved him to the floor and repeatedly plunged the pen into his chest, her movements precise and ruthless.

By the time Adam and the female detective heard the commotion and burst in, Esther was already crouched over John, wailing,

"Daddy! Daddy—help my daddy!"

John's chest was soaked in blood. He was barely alive, his eyes filled with terror and regret—yet he couldn't utter a single word...