

TV Show 84

Chapter 84: No Matter How Skilled in Martial Art, One Shot Can Take You Down

New York University Medical Center.

****Security Room.****

"Damn it!"

The female detective cursed in frustration as she prepared to rush forward to help.

"Holy shit! What are you doing?!"

Adam moved even faster than her, but the scene that followed made her eyes widen in shock.

Adam lunged straight at Esther, grabbed her by the back of her neck, lifted her off the ground, and slammed her against the wall.

"There are only the two of them here! You don't really think John killed himself, do you? Watch out—she might grab your gun!"

Adam pressed Esther firmly against the wall and shouted a warning.

He wasn't a detective, so he didn't care whether John lived or died. His goal was clear—to ensure his own safety and prevent Esther from escaping.

The moment he stepped into the room and saw the scene, he instantly "figured out" what Esther was planning.

With Adam present, there was no way her small frame could outrun him. Her best option would be to pretend to be helpless and snatch the female detective's gun. That way, not only could she escape easily, but she could also take revenge if she wanted.

"Damn, she's ruthless. She actually killed John just to turn the situation around."

Adam didn't know the real reason—John had refused the twisted soul before him and paid the price. He simply assumed Esther had committed murder to create chaos.

In reality, Esther—who wasn't particularly intelligent and was consumed by rage—was merely lashing out uncontrollably. She hadn't even thought about grabbing the gun.

But now, with Adam's warning, the idea struck her, and she struggled even harder. She suddenly pulled out a hidden pen and viciously stabbed it into Adam's arm.

"Shit!"

A sharp pain shot through him, forcing him to loosen his grip.

The moment Esther hit the ground, she clutched the pen tightly and charged straight at the female detective, who was bent over John's body, trying to stop the bleeding.

"Watch out!"

Adam shouted.

The female detective had already been on high alert ever since Adam's earlier warning. Even while tending to John's wound, she kept a close eye on Esther from the corner of her vision.

Now, hearing Adam's shout and seeing Esther rushing at her with a murderous glare, her well-honed instincts kicked in.

****Bang!****

A gunshot rang out.

A moment ago, Esther had been vicious and merciless—now, she collapsed to the ground.

****Outside the Security Room.****

Hearing the gunshot, people started screaming and running in all directions.

****In John's Wife Kate's Hospital Room.****

****Ring, ring!****

The phone on the bedside table rang.

Kate, who was slowly waking up from the effects of the sedative, groggily picked up the phone and answered.

"Hello?"

"Is this Kate Coleman?"

"Yes, this is she."

"This is Dr. Värava from the Saarne Institute. I just reviewed the photo you faxed me."

"Did you recognize her?"

Kate immediately became alert. Ever since Esther started behaving strangely, she had begun investigating her.

Esther wasn't some criminal mastermind—she had left behind plenty of clues. Even someone like Kate, who wasn't a professional, could uncover the truth as long as she was determined.

Eventually, her investigation led her to a psychiatric hospital named Saarne.

Just as she had faxed Esther's photo over, a series of events unfolded—her son Danny was seriously injured and hospitalized.

"Where is she now? Can she hear you talking?"

Dr. Värava sounded nervous.

"She's not here with me. Why?"

Kate shook her head.

After she had slapped Esther in a fit of rage, she had been sedated and unconscious until now. She had no idea what had happened afterward.

"You need to move your family away from her immediately, then call the police," Dr. Värava warned. "The girl in that photo... she's not really a little girl."

After hearing this, Kate was momentarily stunned. Then, the first thought that came to her mind was to find Esther, rip off the accessories covering the scars on her neck and wrists—scars left from wearing a restraining jacket—and throw them right in the face of her idiot husband, who had refused to trust her even a little.

****"Oh my God! Danny! Max!"****

After a fleeting moment of satisfaction, sheer terror took over. She thought of her two children and immediately hung up the phone, struggling to get up.

****ICU.****

"Danny? Danny?!"

Kate stumbled her way to the ICU, only to be stopped by a police officer guarding the entrance. After questioning him, she was given an update on the situation.

"You're saying my daughter, Max, was taken home by her grandmother, Esther is being held in the security room, and John is with her?"

Kate pressed for confirmation.

"Yes," the officer nodded. "Now we're just waiting for your son to wake up."

****"Hahaha..."****

Kate let out a deep sigh of relief and collapsed against the wall, laughing uncontrollably.

Anyone would have doubts if their own husband and a psychologist repeatedly questioned them. After all, she had indeed struggled with alcoholism, depression, and mood swings. Sometimes, even she wasn't sure what she had done.

But now, everything was clear.

She wasn't wrong!

Esther really was a ****bitch****!

She had truly been protecting her children!

****Suddenly—****

****Bang!**** Another gunshot rang out.

The entire hospital fell into chaos.

Hearing the update over the police radio, Kate learned what had happened in the security room. But she had no intention of checking.

She simply stood firmly outside the ICU, guarding her son.

As for her husband John and that adopted ****bitch**** Esther?

She didn't care if they lived or died!

In fact, she smiled again.

****Serves you right, you piece of shit! Always trusting that little bitch's lies!****

Her mother had been right: ****"A man who cheats once will cheat for a lifetime."****

Just a few cries of "Daddy" from that ****bitch****, and he had completely forgotten who his wife and real children were!

****If you weren't the one to die, then who should?*****

****You deserved it!****

****Outside the Security Room.****

Leonard took one quick look inside, bent over, and started vomiting.

Even Sheldon—who was scared enough to climb a tree when chased by a chicken—had once exclaimed, "Thank God, chickens can't climb trees!"

And yet, when Leonard went looking for backup, he had asked Sheldon to be his "muscle." That should tell you just how cautious Leonard was.

He had never witnessed anything this horrifying before.

****"Phew..."****

Adam carefully approached Esther and checked her pulse. Then, he nodded at the female detective. Both of them let out a deep sigh of relief.

There was something far more terrifying about raw brutality coming from such a small body than from a hulking brute.

****"Ugh..."****

On the other side of the room, John, barely clinging to life, let out a final whimper. A tear of regret slipped from the corner of his eye. His mouth quivered, his eyes remained wide open, and with one last shudder, his head tilted to the side. He was gone.