

Chapter 59

Mr. Jared and Mr. Philip burst out of the event hall, having heard the commotion, but they arrived pretty too late. Their eyes widened when they saw Claudia on the ground, trembling, her gown stained with dust.

"Miss Duval!" Philip rushed forward, helping her to her feet. "What happened?!"

"Ryan...he's...he's gone!" she gasped, clutching his arms. "They took him! They took Ryan!"

"What?! Who?!"

"Three men. In a black van. They attacked him, beat him down. I screamed, I screamed so loud but... he tried to fight. He tried..." Her voice cracked.

Philip's expression darkened. Mr. Jared knelt near the bloodstain, and his brows furrowed. "This was planned," he muttered. "It was a perfect timing. Whoever did this knew exactly when he would leave the party and timed it right to know no one else would be out here."

"You don't think..." Philip began cautiously, as if suspicious of something from what just happened.

Jared nodded grimly as he picked up from what Philip was suspecting. "The麦Carthys or someone tied to them, It's too convenient. I mean, they laid several open threats to Mr. Walker."

"But how do we prove it?" Claudia asked, tears streaming down her face. "They'll deny everything, and we have no evidence..."

"Then we must gather evidence," Jared said firmly. "We will not let this go, something tells me that they are very much responsible for this

devilish act."

Meanwhile...

Ryan slowly regained consciousness in the van.

His vision swam in and out of focus as he blinked against the darkness. He was lying on his side, inside a moving vehicle.

As his senses returned, so did the pain from the various places he was hit by the masked men. His head throbbed violently from where he'd been struck, but his instincts remained sharp.

After looking around in the dark, he noticed He wasn't alone.

Two masked men sat opposite him, watching intently.

Ryan shifted slightly on the floor of the van. "Who... are you?" he asked, his voice was bold, despite the fact that he was stuck in such a situation. "Why did you take me? Who sent you?"

The men didn't answer.

Ryan narrowed his eyes. "You picked the wrong person, and you are going to regret making that decision of ever crossing paths with me."

One of the men lunged forward, grabbing at him. Ryan struck back, elbowing him in the face and rolling into a crouch. The second man joined the attack, but Ryan spun, driving a knee into his gut, then slammed the first man's head against the wall of the van, and then he suddenly felt the van stop moving.

Both fell back, groaning in pain, clutching their wounds.

Ryan scrambled to his feet and lunged for the door. He gripped the latch



and yanked it open, wind slapping his face as the door flew wide.

He braced himself and leapt out of the van quickly, thinking he could escape as fast as possible, but all of a sudden, a white-hot, piercing pain exploded through his stomach.

Zapp!

"ARGH!" Ryan screamed as he convulsed. His body went rigid, and his arms flailing as the electricity moved into his body.

He collapsed face-first onto the rough pavement, twitching violently.

A fourth man stood just outside the van, tall and broad-shouldered, dressed in black like the others. His face was hidden, but in his gloved hands, he held a stun baton still crackling with electric energy.

The man didn't say a word.

Ryan writhed on the ground, every nerve in his body screaming. His vision blurred and darkened as his limbs refused to obey him. Gasping, his eyes locked onto a silver emblem sewn onto the man's chest, it was in shape of a python.

Ryan's heart stopped for a split second.

That symbol...He knew it.

"Python..." he whispered but before he could say a word or understand fully, darkness swallowed him whole.