

Chapter 559 Desperate Mother

Lindsey's voice trembled with desperation as she shouted, "Help! Help! Someone, please help us! We need help!"

The kidnapper, visibly irritated, snarled, "Quiet down! One more scream, and I'll kill you!"

But his threat fell on deaf ears. Lindsey continued to wail, pleading for a savior to rescue them.

"Unhand my children!"

Melissa's voice rang out as she brandished a nearby badminton racket. With a determined swing, she aimed it at the man.

Lindsey's and Merrick's emotions churned—a mix of excitement and panic—seeing Melissa as their potential liberator.

A sneer curled the kidnapper's lips. "Ah, so you're Melissa? Fancy yourself a hero?"

That was when Melissa realized the unnerving truth. Despite Lindsey's incessant cries, no one had come. It was as if the school's security personnel had vanished.

"My men have already taken care of the pathetic security team. You're on your own."

His voice dripped with malice, and his sinister demeanor sent shivers down their spines.

"Even without help, I will save my children!" Melissa declared, her voice filled with conviction. "Release them! If you have the guts, face me one-on-one."

The kidnapper's laughter echoed mockingly. "Even if I let them go, you stand no chance against me."

"How would you know, if you don't try?"

Amused by her overconfidence, he released the children and stretched his limbs.

"Keep your racket. It'll hardly make a difference."

"Okay!"

Melissa gripped the racket tightly and charged, but as she neared, he backhanded her across the face.

Blood streamed from her nose, and she staggered.

Lindsey and Merrick watched, anguish twisting their faces. Tears threatened to spill from Lindsey's eyes.

Melissa winked at the siblings. The children got the hint, but Lindsey couldn't bear to abandon her.

They understood that their mother sought to distract the kidnapper, giving them a chance to flee.

But leaving her would place her in peril!

"What's the matter? Can't handle one blow? Better give up now," the kidnapper taunted.

Melissa countered, "That didn't count! You caught me off guard."

"Off guard? I fought fairly. How can you claim it was a surprise attack?"

She wiped the blood from her mouth and retorted, "Well, I didn't expect a slap."

"You're a woman, so I went easy. But you're ungrateful. Care to feel my fist?"

Interest flickered in the kidnapper's eyes as he spat on the ground and clenched his fist.

"Prepare for the full force of my punches."

"Bring it." Melissa feigned courage, but sweat beaded her brow, and her

legs wobbled.

She couldn't afford reckless actions this time.

The kidnapper's martial prowess was clear, and he'd likely seen through her moves. That was why he'd struck with swiftness, ruthlessness, and precision.

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