

## Chapter 562 The Lunatic On The Street

The memories of his sad past sent tremors coursing through the kidnapper's palms.

Melissa's gaze sharpened as she seized the opportunity presented by his distraction. Like a falcon diving for its prey, she swooped in, wresting the knife from his grip.

A sudden vacancy in his hand sparked an instinctive reaction in the kidnapper. His body lunged toward Melissa, as if tethered to the stolen weapon.

The knife's threatening tip glinted dangerously close to his own eyes.

"Please, my children need me."

"Think you can brave the world out there alone? I didn't come here by myself. You noticed that fake cop, right? We have a meticulously orchestrated scheme at play. Our single-minded objective was to abduct your precious little ones."

"Over my dead body!"

Melissa's voice was adamant, laced with maternal ferocity. Her children had always been her world, her compass guiding her every decision. She would protect them, come what may.

The kidnapper cast his gaze downward, his voice a quiet growl. "A hefty sum was paid for this... endeavor. Your kids are about to be escorted out the side door. If you're quick, you might catch a glimpse."

Without a second's hesitation, Melissa bolted in the direction he indicated, clutching the knife.

By the time she skidded to a halt at the side door, the getaway car had evaporated. A security guard shuffled out of the security room moments

later.

"Did you see them? The ones who took my children?" Her voice was taut with urgency.

"I did," he confirmed. "They had us all corralled in the security room. They just left with your kids."

Her heart plummeted at his words, hope ebbing away. She struggled to keep her voice steady. "Which way did they go?"

Despite her best efforts, her voice quavered, echoing her fear.

The safety of her children was at stake, yet she was in the dark about their whereabouts and the mastermind behind the abduction.

"Over there!" He gestured.

Melissa looked in the indicated direction pointed by the guard. She realized that she could not outrun the vehicle.

Her next strategy? Hail a taxi.

"Miss, where to?" The taxi driver's voice was casual.

"I..." She stumbled over her words, her mind a whirlwind of worry for her children.

"Did you see a van speed past here? I need to follow it."

"Uh..." He hesitated, casting her a suspicious glance. "Vans are a dime a dozen on this street. How am I supposed to know which one you're referring to?"

"They... they took my children."

"I..." He stared at her, his expression shifting from suspicion to alarm. "I just remembered. I have something urgent to attend to. Sorry, Miss."

And with that abrupt farewell, he sped off, leaving Melissa stranded.

Lost in a haze of despair, she stood at the intersection, clutching her phone, unsure of her next move.

As she teetered on the precipice of panic, a familiar vehicle pulled up—Everett's car.

"Melissa, what's happening? Where are the kids? Why are you here alone?"

The sight of Everett unraveled her, shattering the fragile facade of bravery she had mustered.

Tears flowed freely, her sobs resonating with raw vulnerability.

"What's wrong?" Everett got out of the car and pulled her into his arms.

"Everett, you must act now! Save our children!" Melissa pleaded, her hands convulsively clutching his shoulders.