

## Chapter 565 The Client's Information

In the midst of their heated exchange, Everett began to close the distance between himself and the kidnapper, each step measured and deliberate.

Sensing the imminent danger, the kidnapper stumbled backward, until his retreat was cut short. A feral roar tore from his throat. "Bring it on."

No sooner had the words left his mouth than he lunged at Everett, who nimbly seized his wrist, twisted him around, and slammed him to the ground.

"Ah!"

A gut-wrenching cry of pain filled the air. "Please, mercy! My arm... It's going to snap."

Everett's response was a chilling chuckle. He lifted his foot off the kidnapper's arm only to bring it down with crushing force onto his leg.

With a scream of agony, the kidnapper's world faded to black.

When he finally regained consciousness, he was jolted awake by a basin of cold water.

"Ah!"

His eyes fluttered open to find Melissa and Everett staring down at him. His instincts kicked in, and he immediately dropped to his knees, pleading for mercy.

"Please, no more! My limbs are in agony. If you continue, I'll be crippled."

Everett's reply was a swift kick to the chest.

"You should count yourself lucky I did not kill you. I did not want to



traumatize the kids. Otherwise, your life would've been forfeit."

Choking on his fear, the kidnapper fell prostrate, begging for forgiveness.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have harmed your children!"

Melissa's voice cut through his pleas. "Who put you up to this? Tell us, and we won't hurt you anymore."

The kidnapper shook his head, an obstinate look in his eyes. "No, we can't reveal our clients. That's our code."

"Code? Don't worry, you won't be in any position to follow your precious code."

The man flinched at Everett's mocking tone, his voice barely a whimper. "What are you going to do?"

Everett shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm not a criminal. I don't murder people. I believe in the law. But I can ensure you spend the rest of your life behind bars. How does that sound?"

The kidnapper crumpled at his words, his future painted in stark, grim hues.

He was barely in his twenties, and a life sentence would mean wasting away in a cell.

A wave of terror washed over him.

In a desperate bid for mercy, he started to kowtow. "I'll tell you everything! Just keep me out of prison."

"Out with it!"

Everett's patience had worn thin, his voice a chilling command.

The kidnapper shivered, the fear evident in his eyes.

"We are an organized group. Our leader was the one in contact with the client. But he... he fell into the river with the driver."

His response didn't reveal any useful information at all.



Everett's face darkened at the response.

"Is that all?" His voice was a low growl.

"I... I..." the kidnapper stuttered, his gaze falling upon the bulging veins on Everett's arms, a silent threat. In a sudden burst of fear, he blurted out, "But I remember that woman's Facebook Messenger. I can give you her contact information."

Without a second's delay, he relayed the woman's account to Everett.