

Chapter 566 Hand Him Over To The Police

"I've given you her account. We're even now, right?"

The kidnapper's gaze darted toward Everett, who returned a frosty stare.

"Well, why don't you hang tight for the police?"

"What?"

Shock etched on the kidnapper's face. Was he still headed for a cell?

His criminal earnings over the years were far from petty change!

Fear gnawing at him, he stammered, "You gave your word. How can you hand me over to the cops?"

Everett arched a brow, a smile playing on his lips. "Given your rap sheet, I'm merely doing what's right."

A bitter taste filled the kidnapper's mouth. After a lifetime of deception, he'd been duped this time.

"I've delivered on my end! Please, let me go!"

Everett regarded him with a sneer. "Let you go? That won't be possible. And risk you giving a false account? I'd rather leave you for the authorities."

"You!"

The kidnapper's protest fell on deaf ears. Everett had bound him to a nearby post and gagged him with a cloth. He could shout his lungs out, and no one would hear.

"Isn't this a bit too much?"

Melissa had just settled the children in the car when she took in the

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◀ Chapter 566 Hand Him Over To The Poli...
scene.

 +120 Points at most

The kidnapper struggled against his bindings, but to no avail. His only recourse was to glare at Everett.

"Too much? If not for the kids, he'd be a goner."

Everett's words carried a murderous undertone that sent chills down the spine.

Fear clung to the kidnapper, instilled by Everett's menacing words and icy glare. He anticipated a swift end at Everett's hand, stifling any further resistance.

His eyes flitted toward Everett sporadically, a silent plea for mercy etched in his gaze.

"Let's leave him for the police. Time we got going," Melissa said.

The kidnapper had hoped Melissa would intercede, but she didn't.

With that, Melissa and Everett walked away, leaving him behind.

His pitiful state drew curious stares from bystanders, but no one dared to intervene.

The police arrived shortly after.

At first glance, they mistook him for a victim, tied to a post. A closer look revealed he was the perpetrator.

They had never encountered such a peculiar case.

The kidnapper had never felt more humiliated.

As Everett drove Melissa and the children home, exhaustion claimed the kids.

As they journeyed home, Melissa clung fiercely to the two children. They were just kids, their innocence prematurely stripped away by the tumultuous events they'd endured. She hoped sleep would grant them some respite.