

Chapter 577 Looking For Her

Peter was blindsided by the revelation, his teeth involuntarily gritting together.

Keira, his own flesh and blood, had become a thorn in his side rather than a beacon of joy.

Before him now stood a group of people from the gangland. They were known to be ruthless. To be their target was to court misery.

Peter's mind swirled with confusion, unable to fathom Keira's intentions.

As he pondered, his fists clenched, knuckles pale and trembling.

His heart was a battlefield of despair, yet he was compelled to act as a beacon of solace for the hostile crowd.

"You've got it all wrong," Peter implored, a tight smile masking his disappointment. "My daughter isn't capable of such deeds. Kidnapping? You must be confusing her with someone else. Perhaps another Keira?"

But the men's investigations had been thorough. No other Keira shared her unique identity information.

Peter's defense of his daughter was transparent, nothing more than a father's desperate plea.

The men's patience was a frayed rope, finally snapping. "Enough with your excuses," the leader of the group snarled. "Hand over your daughter or witness your office reduced to rubble!"

Action followed threat as they began their destructive spree.

A precious vase, worth a small fortune, shattered before Peter's eyes.

His mouth opened in a silent scream of horror as he stared at the fragments of his lost treasure.

The sound of destruction echoed throughout the room.

They moved like a storm, smashing one valuable item after another, each one a piece of Peter's carefully curated collection.

His heart clenched at the sight of his prized possessions tossed carelessly on the floor.

As he gripped his desk, tears welled up in his eyes. "I... I don't know where she is," he begged. "Please, stop destroying my things."

His cries fell on deaf ears.

"Oh, your precious valuables," the leader mocked, a sneer on his face. "Ever think about how many treasures Everett stole from us? We've amassed all these treasures over the years, only to have them taken before we could sell them. All our years of effort have been wasted. Who should we seek retribution from?"

Peter held onto his desk, his knuckles turning white. Hidden in one of the drawers was a priceless artifact, destined to multiply in value. It couldn't fall victim to their rampage.

"Take your grievances to those who wronged you. I'm not the one you're after. I can't fix this," he implored, his voice trembling.

The leader spat disdainfully. "If we could've handled Everett, we wouldn't be here."

"If you can't handle him, then leave me out of it. Just go," Peter insisted, trying to bluff his way out. "I'll let this go. But if you persist, I'll take you to court!"

At his words, their expressions twisted. These were men who lived on the edge, unafraid of threats.

Peter's words were nothing more than empty air to them.

"Oh, a threat? Go ahead, see if we care!"

Their brazenness took Peter aback.

Adjusting his glasses with a shaky hand, Peter tried to maintain his facade of calm. "We live under the rule of law. I'd advise you to behave accordingly."