

## Chapter 578 Everett's Arrival

"Enough of your prattling!" the leader of the gang barked, venom in his voice. "Surrender Keira or watch your world crumble. Your office today, your home tomorrow!"

With a forceful shove, they sent Peter careening into the cabinet. His lean frame crashed into the piece, the sound echoing ominously in the room.

Hiding within the cabinet, Keira trembled with fear. She knew these men were ruthless, quick to assign blame and shift responsibility. They'd failed in their task and now sought to vent their anger on their client.

There was no reasoning with such lawless brutes.

All she could do was lie low, bide her time, and hope for rescue.

The men laid waste to everything in sight, their gaze finally landing on the untouched cabinet.

"Those are real human bone specimens. If you want, I can part with a few," Peter offered, plucking a few from the side of the cabinet and presenting them to the leader.

The leader scowled. "Human bones? Is your hospital in the business of murder?"

"No, these are donated. They're invaluable to me," Peter assured.

A hint of unease crossed the leader's face. Despite his sordid past, he was no ghoul collecting human remains.

His life had been steeped in bloodshed and sin, which made him superstitious. The remains of the dead elicited a sense of foreboding.

Peter exhaled quietly, a glimmer of hope flickering in his eyes.

He had used this macabre collection to unsettle them, and it seemed to

be working

As the leader stood pale-faced, Peter offered a bone to another man, who recoiled instantly. A third, a fourth, a fifth—each reacted the same.

As he moved to replace the bones, the sound of approaching footsteps froze him in place.

"I'll take one," a deep voice announced, sending shivers down the spines of the room's occupants.

Everett had arrived. The men transformed at his presence, their earlier bravado wilting into meek submission.

Yet Everett paid them no heed, his focus solely on Peter.

"I want that bone," he demanded.

"Uh.."

Caught off guard, Peter fumbled with the bone in his hand.

"Are you going to give me the bone or not?"

Refusing to wait, Everett strode to the cabinet and flung it open.

Inside it, lay a sprawl of bones, skulls, and a skeleton.

The sight of the human remains within left the men visibly shaken.

"All of these are quite interesting. May I choose a few?"

Peter could only gape, a cold dread seeping into his bones. Was this man truly interested in his grim collection, or had he unearthed a secret?

Unable to discern Everett's motive, he stood aside, the room heavy with a stifling tension.

Everett sifted through the collection of skulls, his interest piqued. He examined one, and then cast it aside in dissatisfaction, his quest continuing. His slender fingers against the pale bones painted a stark, chilling contrast.

Finally, his eyes lit up. He'd found something his finger pointed toward

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