

## Chapter 579 A Specimen

"This foot, I think I'll make it a new addition to my collection. Your thoughts, Mr. Cooper?" Everett's words hung in the air ominously.

Peter's complexion paled as he recognized the foot as Keira's.

"Well... That's a... a fine foot indeed."

"Yes, it certainly is," Everett concurred, a chilling calm about him.

He took a saw from his subordinate. "This should make the extraction process much quicker."

Peter went deathly white. He knew Everett had recognized the foot as Keira's. The fact that he was preparing to saw it off could only mean he was playing a cruel game.

Severing Keira's foot could be fatal. Even if she managed to survive, she'd be left crippled.

Peter was horrified at the thought. Keira, his only child, was the apple of his eye. He had dreams for her, dreams that didn't involve harm befalling her.

Summoning all his courage, he stepped in front of Everett. "I'm sorry, but I cannot allow you to take this foot!"

Everett simply shrugged his voice flat. "No? Alright then. I suppose I'll just send a specimen over to your hospital as a token of goodwill."

Peter's brows furrowed in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Everett smirked. "You'll understand soon enough"

With a subtle nod to his subordinate, Keira was hauled out of the cabinet.

The sight of Keira left the gangsters stunned. None had anticipated her hiding in such a location.

They couldn't help but admire Peter's cunning. He'd used the human bone specimens to deter them from searching the cabinet, a ruse most of them fell for, except Everett.

"How was your stay in the cabinet?" Everett asked Keira, his voice laced with sarcasm and contempt.

The stench of formalin permeated the cabinet, a clear indication of Keira's suffering inside the cabinet.

Despite feeling nauseous, she managed to mumble, "It was okay."

"Well, if you're fond of it, I could make this your permanent residence," Everett proposed, his words dripping with menace.

Keira's eyes widened in horror. She recalled the specimen Everett had mentioned gifting to her father.

Her. He meant her.

Fear snaked through her body, rendering her speechless.

"You can't do that! It's illegal," she finally managed to stammer out.

"So, kidnapping Melissa's children wasn't a crime?" Everett retorted, his voice a whip of ice, his gaze relentless.

Keira was rooted in fear, her gaze darting toward Peter.

"Dad! I don't want to be a specimen! Please, help me!"

Peter was at a loss. He blamed Keira. Her reckless actions had put them in this predicament.

"Everett, there must be some misunderstanding. My daughter is a timid soul. She couldn't possibly have done anything like this. You must've been misinformed. My daughter is innocent!"

"Timid? That's hardly the impression I've got," Everett scoffed.

"If she's guilty, why don't we let the police handle it? You don't have the right to take the law into your own hands."

Peter knew that while he could outwit the gangsters, Everett was a

different breed.

His only hope now was for Everett to involve the police. At least then, Keira would have a fighting chance.

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