

Chapter 580 Teaching Him A Lesson

Keira, however, didn't grasp the full implications of Peter's statement. Tearfully, she pleaded, "Dad, please help me. Please convince Everett to release me. I admit, I made mistakes. I'll change, I promise!"

"Change?" Everett's expression hardened at her words, "Change? If you continue changing, my two children might be dead!"

His face grew sterner, and he commanded his men, "Take her away, now! She's going to become a specimen!"

"Yes, sir."

Peter watched in helpless despair as Keira was taken away. He was left with a dreadful sense of finality. He tried to follow, but Everett's men blocked his path.

Everett advised in a tone of cool indifference, "You'd better stay here and handle these criminals."

With that, he strode off.

Overwhelmed, Peter found himself unable to deal with the remaining gangsters.

He gazed at the door, contemplating escape, only to be surrounded.

Peter's heart pounded. He then backed away. "What are you doing?"

The gang leader responded with a jeering smile, "Your daughter messed up. Why should she pay the price alone? If you care about her, you should share in her punishment!"

"No, no, no. I'm old enough. Leave me be. Stay away from me!"

In a desperate attempt to defend himself, Peter grabbed a mop and

brandished it at them.

For a moment, they were kept at bay. Seizing the opportunity, Peter twisted the doorknob, but was once again blocked by Everett's bodyguards.

"Mr. Cooper, Mr. Mayfield has expressly instructed us to prevent you from leaving. It would be best if you remained at the hospital for a couple of days."

"No, I don't want to escape. They..."

Peter glanced back in terror. The gangsters' faces had twisted into cruel sneers. He was prey, and he could see his impending doom mirrored in their expressions.

"Please, let me go. They're going to kill me. They won't show any mercy. You don't want to see me die here, do you?"

The bodyguards offered indifferent nods but remained unmoved.

A wave of despair washed over Peter. It dawned on him that this gang must have been arranged by Everett as punishment.

He looked back at the crowd. They were eagerly anticipating the violence to come.

Half an hour later, the bodyguards opened the door and found Peter on the floor, barely clinging to life.

They regarded him with cold indifference.

"Look at our work. Are you satisfied?" the leader of the hooligans asked, bowing respectfully to the bodyguards.

"Good. As long as you taught him a lesson without killing him, that's what Mr. Mayfield wanted."

The hooligans nodded knowingly, wicked smiles spread across their faces.

Keira, meanwhile, had been taken to a car. The confident girl she once was had vanished, replaced by a trembling figure who dared not utter a word. She didn't dare to move until the car started.

Leaning against the car door, Keira contemplated escape.

"Stop struggling. You'll die if you jump out of the car," the driver warned coldly.

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