

The Protector Chapter 623

The reason behind that was simple. The box contained ten fingers that had been chopped off, and they were still oozing blood at the time.

If Zoey wasn't mentally strong, she would've passed out right then and there.

Sylas, on the other hand, remained calm.

"I'll go deal with this. Don't worry," promised Sylas before she took the box away and took the secretary to the infirmary.

"Ms. Lopez, this is obviously their doing!" claimed Sylas with a grim expression on.

She had thought that her job as a security guard would be simple, never would she expected to encounter something that serious on her first day.

That was fine for her, though, because it would've been too boring otherwise.

"Ms. Lopez, should I go deal with the perpetrator?" asked Sylas.

Sylas was a warrior, so she was fearless.

"No, you can't go!"

The phone in the office rang at that moment, and Zoey went to pick it up.

The unfamiliar voice of a man came through, "Is this Ms. Zoey Lopez?"

"Yes, and who are you?" asked Zoey.

“Ms. Lopez is so forgetful. I sent an invitation twice yesterday, and you’ve already forgotten about me. I am Jacky Lawson. Remember that.”

“You!” growled Zoey as an icy expression settled on her face.

“By the way, Ms. Lopez, have you received my gift? Do you like it?” asked Jacky before he chuckled aloud.

“Are you threatening me? Well, too bad, because I am not afraid!” replied Zoey coolly.

“Ms. Lopez is so imposing. You are the first person who ever dared reject my request, and I admire that. However, I will be giving you a gift every day from now on. Please look forward to it.”

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Jacky hung up immediately after.

Zoey sighed a long breath of relief.

She was eerily pale at the time, and she’d be lying if she said that she wasn’t afraid.

A gift every day? I got bloody fingers today, so what’s next? An arm? A leg? Or maybe even a human head?

When Zoey thought about that, her breathing became uneven, and she was so terrified that all the color drained from her face.

It seemed that she had gotten herself into a heap of trouble.

“Sylas, should I just go to him? We can’t let this go on.”

Zoey was already starting to raise her white flag.

She was worried about making a bigger mess if she persisted.

“Ms. Lopez, something terrible happened,” said an employee suddenly as he rushed in nervously.

“What’s wrong?” asked Zoey.

“Someone just discovered Barry from the sanitization department on the washroom floor. All ten of his fingers were chopped off...”

“What?”

Boom!

Zoey’s mind went blank, and even Sylas looked affected.

So the “gift” I just received...

Seems like they had already looked into everyone close to me, and they might target anyone.

Barry of the sanitization department is the victim of the day. My secretary might be the next victim, and members of the Black family might be targeted as well.

Zoey was devastated when she thought about that possibility.

She felt out of breath.

That was when Meredith called her suddenly.

“Zoey, did you not go to the Davies family residence yesterday?” asked Meredith anxiously.

“No, I didn’t, grandma,” replied Zoey honestly.

“Ah, you’ve made a huge mess this time, young lady. A handful of the Black family’s maids went missing today, and we still can’t reach them,” informed Meredith, who sounded worried.

“You know what? Find a way and go clean up the mess you’ve made, or we might be the ones who go missing next!” urged Meredith.

Boom!

Zoey was on the verge of breaking down.

That was just the first day, and her family might be the ones getting hurt in the following days.

What do I do?

Two streams of tears rolled down Zoey’s cheeks silently.