

Girl Boss 621

Chapter 621

Kayson chuckled at what he heard. "Who's the one doing whatever he wants now?"

He did not have the patience to keep talking and sprang up with a stomp, going past the group of people and landing in front of Josiah.

Josiah widened his eyes, unable to react to Kayson's approach.

Kayson kicked Josiah right away, the force ripping the couch's cover and sending the springs inside flying

Josiah coughed blood on the spot, looking furious and begrudging.

"How dare you attack me!?"

Kayson ignored him and fought back against Josiah's underlings, who wanted to make a move on him.

"Who's behind him?" Kayson turned to ask Bob, who was already baffled and broke out of his trance at his question.

"It's H-Heathein!"

"What's Heathein?" Kayson asked with a frown.

"I-

It's an organization with many experts and has four chiefs in charge of Ether Hall, Ground Hall, Stygian Hall, and Ochre Hall, respectively. Josiah's father, Hank Veal, is the chief of Stygian Hall..."

Bob wiped the cold sweat on his forehead as he bemoaned his

fate inwardly. Would Heathein's members let him go when he disclosed so much information? He did not expect Kayson to be so aggressive and attack Josiah straightaway.

Kayson nodded and told him, "You and your men stay here and keep an eye on him. Make him get his father here."

"Got it..." Bob dared not resist.

Kayson went upstairs to the room Noella was in. She had already passed out. He could only use his needles to dissolve the drug's potency.

A while later, Noella slowly regained consciousness and groaned groggily. "I feel so dizzy..."

Kayson said dryly, "Ms. Whitman, hurry and sober up."

When Noella heard Kayson's voice, she opened her eyes abruptly and blushed upon seeing that she was in a hotel-like environment.

"You... How are we here?" She was a little scared, but there was also an indescribable sense of anticipation.

Kayson felt a headache. This rich heiress probably still had no idea what she had been through, huh? He could only briefly explain the situation, and Noella paled in horror after listening to

She cried on the spot. "Will I always be this unlucky? Why do I always run into something like this?"

Kayson did not think she was pitiful when she cried. Instead, he found her rather adorable.

"Well, why do you have to be so pretty?"

Noella sobbed. "Are you comforting or complimenting me?"

"Both," answered Kayson.

It pulled a pout from Noella. "That's half-assed!"

Kayson chortled and took her downstairs.

Josiah was still on the floor and was looking at Kayson with a vicious gaze.

Noella gnashed her teeth. "It's him? He looks despicable!"

"B*tch, how dare you insult me!?" Josiah was enraged. He was charming and handsome, yet the girl humiliated him.

Kayson sent a burst of energy out, and Josiah's face swelled with a slap. He told the latter indifferently, "I can wreck your mouth for you if you don't want it anymore."

Josiah's gaze dripped with viciousness and grudge. He looked like he wanted to rip Kayson apart. Kayson ignored him and looked at Bob, who seemed in despair, "Has he made the call?"

"Yes," Bob replied with a wince. He hesitated before clenching his jaw and going up to Kayson to suggest in a bare whisper, "Mr. Yarde... Heathein isn't a pushover. It houses a lot of martial experts."

"You don't have to worry about this." Kayson smiled.

Bob felt like cursing aloud. He did not have to worry about this? He should be the most worried one! He was just a small fry trying to survive in this cold, harsh world—the more serious the

conflict was, the more unlikely Eden Joy would step up to protect him.

Chapter 622

Despite that, if he dared disagree with anything now, he would probably die sooner. Bob felt really wronged! He honestly did not want to be involved with people like this who were rather capable but had no understanding of local influences. They were stubborn to take advice and dragged others into the mess with them.

About half an hour later,

Kayson sensed a strong aura. It was a master, one who was only a step away from being a grandmaster too.

A sonorous voice came from the outside. "Who hurt my son? Show yourself!"

A middle-

aged man with a crew cut walked in aggressively with a composed gait that hinted at his immense strength. A cutting steel gale blew away the dust and whatnot by his feet.

Noella's eyes bulged as she found the sight amazing, like they were filming a movie. She could not help asking in worry, "Kayson, will you be able to fight him?"

Kayson wanted to tease her, so he asked helplessly, "I don't think so. What should we do?"

"Huh?" Noella got nervous but gnashed her teeth. She was scared, but she told him shakily, "I'll die with you... My dad will take revenge for us, anyway..."

Kayson could not help chuckling and said nonchalantly, "Don't worry, I can win easily."

Noella huffed. "You were just teasing me?"

She trusted Kayson, so she did not doubt him at all.

"Dad! It's him!" Josiah shouted, pointing at Kayson. The resentment dripped thickly off his tone.

Hank's gaze was dark as he asked Kayson threateningly, "Are you ready to die?"

"Kill me? You aren't capable of that yet," Kayson replied with nonchalance.

Hank scoffed. "How audacious. Let's see if you can handle my Titanium Leo-roar then!"

'Titanium Leo-roar?' Kayson arched his brow. That was a skill from the Sydartha Society!

A resonating, thunderous roar broke out. The soundwave and steel gale combined and broke the surrounding porcelain and glassware. Even the wall cracked!

Kayson covered the area with energy vibration instantly and protected everyone's ears.

"Ho!" Kayson growled in a low tone, sending his darksoul out and shaking the man's mental awareness.

Hank immediately broke out of his practice, and his Titanium Leo-roar halted abruptly. Everything returned to the initial calmness.

His overwhelming power rampaged in his throat because of his sudden pause, breaking most of his vocal chords and blood

vessels. Blood kept pouring out of Hank's mouth for the time being.

"You..." He collapsed on the floor weakly, and even his voice changed.

Kayson looked rather serious. The man's Titanium Leo-roar was so good that it had actually damaged Kayson's darksoul. If he had not coincidentally completed his darksoul, he could only interrupt Hank from a close distance.

"Dad!" Josiah looked both shocked and terrorized.

Hank's voice was hoarse, and his tone was indignant as he asked, "Who are you?"

"Kayson Yarde," answered Kayson.

Hank looked like he recalled something before he widened his eyes. "The Kayson Yarde who defeated Steelification Doyen?"

Kayson nodded.

It seemed like the lights went out on Hank as he muttered bitterly, "My defeat is justified then..."

"Since you know me, how do you plan to resolve this?" asked Kayson.

Hank replied, "My son is in the wrong for offending you, but his mistake doesn't warrant a death sentence. Please, spare his life, Mr. Yarde. You can name any condition!"

Chapter 623

Everyone was baffled when they saw how Hank admitted defeat so easily. They then looked at Kayson in horror, wondering who he was.

"You're pretty fast in surrendering." Kayson smiled. Hank was sharp, begging for mercy when he saw that he was no rival to his opponent.

Hank chuckled bitterly. "I'm wise enough to recognize the best course of action. Why would I insist on getting myself killed?"

Kayson talked about what Josiah did briefly and asked, "What price do you think you should pay so your son's allowed to leave?"

Hank sighed. "I wasn't expecting this awful one to do something so despicable.

"Mr. Yarde, I'm the chief of Stygian Hall, but I'm not considered wealthy. Can \$150,000,000 buy my son's life?"

Kayson thought about it and answered, "\$150,000,000 isn't enough. But if you could pass me the Titanium Leo-roar's manual, I'll let your son go."

Hank was appalled. "Mr. Yarde, Titanium Leo-roar is a skill that isn't passed to outsiders..."

"And you're a member of the Sydartha Society?" Kayson deadpanned.

"No..."

That rendered Kayson speechless. "Then how does this rule apply to *you*?"

"..."

Kayson scrunched up his brows in an impatient expression and walked over to the pale Josiah. The latter cried anxiously, "Dad, save me!"

Hank scowled, a flash of resentment gleaming across his eyes.

"I'll do it!"

Kayson halted his steps and said, "Leave \$150,000,000 and the skill manual here. You can then leave with your son."

He then warned him, "Restrict your son properly, or I'll ask Admiralporium to capture him if there's a next time."

Hank was enraged but dared not defy the instruction. "I'll keep an eye on him!"

He left a bank card with its password as well as the Titanium Leo-roar's manual.

Kayson tossed the bank card to Noella before picking up the manual and going through it in glee.

Noella held the bank card with a blush. It was just a thin card, but it felt heavy to her. There was \$150,000,000 in there—she had never held so much money before.

'How silly! \$150,000,000 is so much better than some manual!' Noella grumbled in her mind as she looked at Kayson, who was happy like a child receiving candy.

"Mr. Yarde..."

When a cautious voice rang, Kayson looked at Bob,

"What's the matter?"

Bob felt like his emotions had just been on a rollercoaster ride tonight. He had been thinking of fleeing and leaving Skyriv right away. Otherwise, he might just get himself killed. However, when he saw how easily Kayson had defeated the Stygian Hall's chief, Hank Veal, he suddenly had another idea.

He quickly spoke up. "Mr. Yarde, I've definitely offended Heathein tonight, and Mr. Josiah Veal might get even with me in the future..."

Kayson understood what he meant and replied nonchalantly. "Come to me if there's a problem you can't take care of."

It was thanks to Bob that he could find Noella in the shortest time possible tonight.

Bob was delighted. Kayson's words relieved him, and he offered in excitement, "Mr. Yarde, I can send you and sis-in-law back."

"Oh, sure. We'll trouble you with it then."

"No trouble at all. It's my lifetime honor to be able to serve you!"

Noella glanced at Bob but did not correct his term of address for her.

Bob

then drove them back to Serene Cove. Once they arrived home, Noella passed the bank card to Kayson.

"Here you go!"

Chapter 624

Kayson was surprised before he shook his head. "It's yours. Consider an apology from Josiah."

Noella widened her eyes. "Do you know how much money is in here? Mine? Are you sure?"

"I'm not in need of this petty amount." Kayson nodded.

He had billions of dollars and would be receiving \$1,200,000,000 from Zeke and Arno tomorrow.

"Did you just call \$150,000,000 a petty amount!?" Noella was speechless, thinking Kayson might not understand how much it was.

"It's not a lot, but it's not a little either." Kayson smiled and went back to his room to go through the Titanium Leo-roar manual.

Noella quickly asked, "Are you hungry? I can cook something up for you!"

She still wanted to thank Kayson properly.

"No. Eat something yourself if you're hungry," Kayson told her and eagerly closed the door to his room.

It made Noella gnash her teeth in anger. "Tactless dude!"

As Kayson read the manual, he tried directing his inner energy to his throat and felt a burning sensation there, as if a ball of fire was trying to blow its way out.

"I see..."

About half an hour later, he could forcefully execute Titanium Leo-roar.

"Titanium Leo-roar is a skill that's brimming with energy that one's voice can subdue evil energy and negatively-charged creatures or items.

"It also pressures the mind, so it's no wonder my darksoul was affected!"

Kayson spent the night studying Titanium Leo-roar and was very much accomplished by the break of dawn.

Noella had a good night's sleep—probably because Kayson was around.

Kayson let her know before he went out. He had asked Shyla to tell Jeremy the previous night that they would be going to the crime department today.

Upon arriving at the Tinsleys', the four of them, including Tyrone, went straight to the crime department.

At the Skyspring Crime Department...

Their way in was smooth, with Tyrone leading the way.

Chase had been waiting at the morgue when he heard that Kayson was coming. It was not just him. The chief of the crime department, Wallace Turnbull, was there as well.

Chase greeted Kayson the moment he saw him. "Mr. Yarde!"

When the head of the police station and Chief Turnbull saw how polite Chase was to Kayson—being the first to greet him too

they were taken aback.

After the group introduced each other, Tyrone went for coffee with the head of the police station.

Wallace took Kayson and the others to the morgue.

Jeremy asked, “Chief Turnbull, has the driver’s cause of death been confirmed?”

“The fatal blow is the steel rod that pierced through his chest, and the cause of death is excessive blood loss. There’s no trace of intentional harm,” replied Wallace.

“The deceased jumped off from the 10th floor of a construction site. We can only determine that it’s a suicide case according to the clues we have currently.”

Kayson took a glance and said, “It’s not a suicide. It’s a homicide.”

Wallace raised a brow. “Mr. Yarde, you can’t make careless claims like this. It needs to be backed by evidence.”

It was then a forensic doctor who had just gotten changed walked in. She was tall and well put together.

“May I ask on what grounds is your judgment of a homicide made? I’ve been doing autopsies for years too, but there’s no

evidence thus far that points to this being a homicide case.”

Wallace introduced the woman. “This is our forensic doctor, Mia Jamison.”

“Have you guys encountered hypnosis cases?” asked Kayson.

Wallace nodded with a frown. “We have, but we’ve already looked into the possibilities. The deceased hasn’t come into contact with anyone suspicious.”

Mia said, looking at Kayson, “According to what you say, the deceased was probably hypnotized completely. This can’t be achieved through items as the medium.

“And it requires a direct contact between the hypnotist and the deceased, or it’s impossible for it to be done.”

Chapter 625

Kayson nodded. “You’re right, Dr. Jamison. But what caused this driver’s death is only a tactic similar to hypnosis.

“It’s not actual hypnosis per se. This sort of tactic could make the police helpless.”

“I’d like to hear more about it,” Mia replied with a slight frown.

Kayson shook his head with a smile. "This isn't under the police's authority."

Wallace asked, peeved, "Mr. Yarde, what's the meaning of this?"

Chase spoke up from the side. "What he means is that Admiralporium should handle this case because it's gone past the scope of your duty."

"Mr. Yarde, you mean to say that a martial practitioner killed the deceased?" asked Mia.

"Not killed, controlled," Kayson corrected.

Chase widened his eyes as he asked, "Psychological manipulation? This could only be done by pre-celestial fighters!"

Wallace was taken aback. A pre-celestial fighter? That was a different story then!

Mia was a little skeptical and voiced her doubts. "I've done the autopsy. The deceased is only a regular person without any hint that he's practiced martial arts. Would killing someone like this require a pre-celestial fighter?"

Kayson answered, "This person's the one who ran into Uncle

Jeremy's car. Their target's Uncle Jeremy.

"If it is to kill

Uncle Jeremy with the intention of leaving no trace behind, it isn't an exaggeration to get a pre-celestial fighter to do it."

Mia was confused. "In that case, isn't it more convenient to just hypnotize and control Mr. Tinsley directly?"

Before Kayson could explain, Chase answered, "Mr. Tinsey isn't a regular person. He can't just die suddenly unless they kill Mr. Tinsley Sr. as well.

"Otherwise, either of their deaths will definitely attract Admiralporium's attention. Once Admiralporium gets involved, the nature of the case changes.

"On the other hand, the case will be closed when it's just a regular person without any background as long as the evidence for suicide suffices."

Like this driver who caused the accident, he had no relation to a practitioner, and the police would never ask Admiralporium to aid in the investigation in this case.

Mia stopped arguing but asked, "Then what are you planning to do asking us to keep the body?"

"Of course, I'm going to ask him who instructed him to kill Uncle Jeremy."

Everyone stared at Kayson in shock except Chase. He asked in disbelief, "Mr. Yarde, you wouldn't know how to communicate with the spirits too, would you?"

He had heard that some people were born psychic and could see what others could not see. They could even communicate with ghosts and spirits if they mastered such magic. It was just that he had never seen one.

Kayson shook his head. "I don't know how to do that, but I have a Soul-guiding Charm that can summon his spirit."

Before Chase could ask more, Kayson drove all of them out.

Shyla still seemed to be angry about what Kayson said the previous night as she sneered. "He might just be afraid that he'll fail and doesn't dare let us watch."

"You had a fight with Kayson?" Jeremy asked, seeing that she sounded sour.

Shyla remained impassive. "A fight? With him? He doesn't deserve it."

Jeremy nodded. "Look at you, behaving carelessly and ignoring people once you're mad. It's too obvious."

Shyla scowled and grumbled, "Dad, you're supposed to be on my side!"

Jeremy chuckled. "Alright, I'll keep quiet. You young people sort it out yourselves."

Mia frowned. "Chief Turnbull, don't you think what Mr. Yarde said is too unbelievable?"

Wallace shook his head. "I'm not sure, but I don't buy it."

The man had been dead for over 48 hours!

At the morgue...

Chapter 626

Kayson placed a spirit charm on the deceased's forehead and sat down cross-legged.

Cool wind started blowing, causing the already chilly morgue to feel even colder.

The deceased's spirit appeared by the operation theater, but his gaze was empty without any focus.

Kayson's darksoul asked, "Who instructed you to cause the accident?"

"I don't know..." the spirit answered blankly.

It did not exactly come as a surprise to Kayson. It seemed that the driver was also mentally controlled to have driven into Jeremy.

"What did you see after running into Jeremy Tinsley?"

"A man. Crew cut. Blue tank top. Very muscular. I was too panicky..."

Kayson made him say what he saw as much as he could and sighed ten minutes later. "You're innocent. Rest in peace. I'll take revenge for you."

His darksoul returned to his body, and the spirit charm burned up on its own.

When Kayson walked out of the morgue, the rest looked at him in unison. He asked, "Chief Turnbull, do you have a police sketch artist here?"

"We do!" Wallace answered after a pause.

"Please get them here to sketch someone for me."

"Sure!" Wallace went off to the side to make a call.

A while later, the sketch artist came and drew a middle-aged man according to the description Kayson had gotten from the spirit.

Kayson then told Wallace, "Please look into this person for me, Chief Wallace."

"Sure!"

Wallace was about to leave when Chase took a glance at the sketch with a grim expression and said, "No need to look it up. I know this person!

"It's 'Flash', Ryker Swift, a fearsome pre-celestial criminal.

"Admiralporium's been looking for him for years, but we haven't had a clue. He's too fast.

"There are rumors saying that he's the top in terms of speed among all the pre-celestial fighters in the Nation of Dragons."

Kayson asked, "Who's he working for?"

Chase still looked serious when he answered, "From the information I have, he's indeed working for someone, but I'm not sure which family or organization in particular.

"Mr. Yarde, Ryker Swift isn't easy to handle. The few times we discovered him, he had intentionally exposed himself.

"He's incredibly audacious and has provoked Admiralporium plenty of times because of his speed."

Kayson perked up. "He'd challenge Admiralporium?"

"That's right." Chase nodded.

Kayson grinned. "In this case, Ryker Swift is probably an arrogant person?"

Chase sounded frustrated when he sighed. "Could he not be? Three vice captains have gone after him, but no one was able to capture him. They got played instead.

"Ryker Swift's embarrassed Admiralporium several times, and everyone in Admiralporium wants nothing more than to catch him and beat him up individually."

Kayson glanced at Chase in sympathy. He could feel the brimming grudge and fury from the latter.

Shyla was worried. "You mean he hasn't been caught all this while? Will he come for my dad again?"

"It's possible..." Kayson frowned and asked Chase, after pondering, "Chief Rivera, could we force Ryker S wift to show himself instead?"

"It's possible, but there's no way of making him stay," Chase replied in surprise.

Kayson smiled confidently. "Leave it to me. I have ways to detain him so that he won't run away." Chase was shocked. Kayson could do that?

Chapter 627

Since Kayson said that he could detain Ryker, who could come and go as he pleased, Chase left to make the arrangements immediately. There was no point in him lingering here as the driver's case was already cleared.

Shyla's brows were scrunched up with a worried gaze. "But we still don't know who's trying to harm my dad..."

Jeremy smiled. "They'll attack again since I'm not dead. The more they try, the bigger the risk of exposing themselves."

He looked at Kayson. "Can I trouble you to stay and protect me for the time being, Kayson?"

"Not exactly. I can't stay here for long," said Kayson.

"I'd be in danger then?" Jeremy sighed.

While they spoke, Kayson's phone rang. It was Hugh.

Hugh asked, "Kayson, why aren't you back yet?"

It was only then that Kayson remembered he had told Hugh that he was going to Easttriv and would return the next day. It had now been four or five days, and he had yet to make it back to the Wolfendens.

"I'm in Skyspring, Grandpa Hugh. Got delayed by something."

Hugh was surprised before he said, "That's a coincidence. Dickinson International's tender is about to start. Sadie's planning to go there. Wait for her in Skyspring then."

'Dickinson International?'

Daniel Chappell had been transferred, but Kayson had asked Waylon Pattingson to keep an eye on it personally, so there should not be any problem with the project. It was an open tender project, after all. The procedure could not be avoided even if Waylon made a personal request.

"Okay, I'll wait for her in Skyspring. When will she be here?"

"Probably tomorrow or the day after. Also, if we do get Dickinson International, Sadie possibly won't return to Clouspring," said Hugh.

Kayson was startled. "Sadie's not going back to Clouspring?"

“That’ll be the case if we do get the project,” Hugh said with a smile.

He actually thought they would undoubtedly get the project since Daniel had promised them.

“So I’d like to ask you for help. If Sadie’s staying in Skyspring, can I hold you responsible for her safety?”

Kayson could not reject Hugh’s request, so he could only agree.” Alright.”

“Spend a few days in Skyspring for now then. I’ll transfer you some money. Pick a good hotel to stay!”

Kayson quickly rejected him. “It’s fine, Grandpa Hugh. I have money.”

“What money could you have, kid? You haven’t even been paid

yet! Besides, there’s no way I’d let you pay when I’m the one asking you to stay there and wait,” replied Hugh.

Kayson was unable to fight the old man and could only accept the money the latter sent his way. It was a whopping \$300,000, and Kayson felt speechless about it.

He then looked at Jeremy. “Uncle Jeremy, I think I can do what you’ve asked just now.”

He did not have to rush back now, so he could protect Jeremy and others for the time being.

Delight flooded Jeremy. “Hahaha, I’m completely relieved with you protecting me!”

Wallace asked with a smile, “Mr. Tinsley, Mr. Yarde, should we have a seat at the guest lounge?”

Jeremy nodded, and Wallace led them there.

It was then they bumped into a few police officers taking a young man reeking of alcohol to the interrogation room. The young man looked brazen and full of himself, like he was coming home since there was no regard for the police in his gaze.

His eyes brightened up when he saw Shyla. He did not care that Wallace was there as he declared pompously, “Beautiful, I have my eyes on you!”

Shyla was not one to argue, but she ignored the guy with an annoyed expression.

Chapter 628

Kayson had not minded it, but he frowned when he saw the same jade pendant Brandon Jaycox had around the young man’s neck.

“Chief Turnbull, what did this guy do?” asked Kayson.

Wallace was quick to answer, “The kid assaulted a girl who’s not even 20 years old yet. The girl didn’t consent to it and reported it to the police right after sobering up.”

Shyla frowned. "Scums like this should be penalized with the heaviest punishment available."

"He's a brazen one. What's his background?" asked Kayson.

Wallace started with a loud sigh before answering, "His father's the chairman of a big company, and he does everything he wants just because he's rich."

"It's not his first time here, and the girls would come and claim that it's a misunderstanding not too long later while we're still interrogating him."

"The girls usually have the same explanation, claiming that they're fighting as a couple and they're simply accusing him out of impulse."

Shyla retorted, "And you all buy unbelievable reasons like this?"

Wallace sounded helpless. "What else can we do? Any effort from our side is futile once the girls change their statements."

"You seem to resent him, Chief Turnbull?" asked Kayson.

"I want nothing more than to shoot him dead!" Wallace scoffed.

Kayson smiled. "Can I ask for you to keep this girl who made the report safe? Best if you can bring her here."

Wallace chuckled wryly. "It's useless, Mr. Yarde. We've done everything we can... His father will figure out a way to make the girl change her statement."

Mia glanced at Kayson. "You're still too naïve. Unless his support goes down, anything you do will be a waste of energy."

"Who's his father?" asked Kayson.

"The chairman of Orientus Corp., Leonard Kowalski," replied Wallace.

Jeremy spoke up seriously. "It's his son? Kayson, Eden Joy's the force behind Orientus Corp."

Jeremy had investigated Eden Joy and was shocked once he found out about the places web of connections.

"Eden Joy?" Kayson smiled. "Chief Turnbull, please protect the victim."

"Mr. Yarde..."

Jeremy advised, "Chief Turnbull, just ask your men to do it. Kayson won't let you down."

Even though Kayson seemed unusually capable, what Jeremy said seemed to be more effective to Wallace.

Mia frowned. "Don't cause trouble for Chief Turnbull. This is a tricky one to handle."

“Don’t worry.” Kayson smiled confidently. He then went off to the side to make a call before going to Tyrone and the head of the police station with the group.

Wallace came over swiftly, scowling.

“Mr. Yarde, if you really make Easton Kowalski be penalized by law, consider it a favor I owe you!”

Kayson could not help asking when he took in Wallace’s expression, “What made you so angry, Chief Turnbull?”

“The girl’s injured everywhere. There are marks of being tied on her limbs, and she’s covered in knife and burn wounds.”

Kayson’s gaze took on an icy edge. “Don’t worry about this, Chief Turnbull.”

He then asked Wallace to retrieve a strand of Easton’s hair.

With the Soul-guiding Curse activated, Kayson told him, “Chief Turnbull, you can start the interrogation now. He’ll honestly spill all the crimes he committed.”

Wallace was startled but chose to believe Kayson despite the confusion, leaving immediately to question Easton.