

The Legendary Man Chapter 717 -

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It turned out that Ernest had peed his pants out of fear.

“Mr. Goldstein, I’m telling the truth. I don’t know anything!” Ernest insisted as he struggled in anguish. “Those loan sharks demanded to see you, then they took Lynn with them. The next thing we heard was a call from town the day before yesterday asking us to identify and claim her corpse.”

“They demanded to see me?” Jonathan narrowed his gaze. “Give me the number that informed you about her death the other day!”

“My pocket.. Ernest choked out as he struggled in vain. He was about to suffocate to his death under Jonathan’s grip.

A thought surfaced in Jonathan’s mind, and Ernest’s phone floated out of his Lynn’s body was all puffed up, but she wasn’t a balloon and couldn’t withstand the suffering.

Beside the coffin, Jonathan gripped

Ernest’s throat menacingly. If Ernest dared to talk nonsense, Jonathan would take his life immediately and find another target.

“Oh my gosh! He’s going to kill him!” the others screamed in fear and ran away from the house.

Nevertheless, Jonathan wasn’t about to let them leave easily.

“Stop!”

He expanded his force field, causing those within a fifty-meter radius to abruptly stop in their tracks.

“I’ll only give you one chance. Who killed Lynn?” Jonathan managed between gritted teeth as his arm trembled profusely. If he wasn’t doing his best to hold back his power, Ernest would be dead by now.

“I-I don’t know! I really don’t! Mr. Goldstein, I don’t know who killed her. A while ago, those loan sharks that you drove away

returned. We tried to help Lynn, but those people were brutal. We failed to stop them

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A thought surfaced in Jonathan's mind, and Ernest's phone floated out of his pocket and landed on Jonathan's palm.

"The password is six, seven, eight, nine!"

Ernest revealed just in time.

Jonathan unlocked the phone and scrolled to the unknown number.

"Hello, this is Serious Crime Unit's 101

Missing Persons Registry."

"Serious Crime Unit?" Jonathan asked coldly.

The person on the other end of the line was surprised at Jonathan's question.

"Who are—"

Before he could finish, the call was ended.

The man stared at the phone in his hand, feeling puzzled.

Behind him, a short-haired lady clad in denim walked past him.

"Arwin, why are you in a daze? Did someone call to identify a corpse?"

"Oh? Captain Hart!" Arwin placed the

phone down and got up to face the woman behind him.

"It wasn't a victim's family. A man called to ask whether this was the Serious Crime Unit and then hung up. Perhaps he called the wrong number," Arwin explained nervously.

The short-haired lady patted his shoulder encouragingly. "Hang in there. We have over forty unclaimed bodies. If no one comes to claim them, we'll have to cremate them and bury them in the public cemetery.

"Got it!" Arwin bobbed his head. "Have there been any new developments regarding the murderer, Captain Hart?"

"Nope." Leslie sighed. "He was last spotted at Summerbank Mountain. How did he vanish into thin air after that?"

Leslie paused all of a sudden. If that man is here, he should be able to find a clue.

Back at Xenhall, Jonathan would never have guessed that his phone call reminded someone of him.

Ernest had already been thrown aside, and the other individuals wearing black who had been vying for Lynn's possessions were now sprawled on the floor.

Jonathan's voice was cold and icy like it had come from the depths of hell. "When Mr. Chancer died, none of you lifted a finger to help Lynn. Now that she's gone, you show no genuine sorrow for her passing. All you care about is getting your hands on her possessions. Well, I won't let any of you have it."

The surrounding spiritual energy suddenly contracted. It initially targeted those in a fifty-meter radius, but now, it was suppressing Lynn's supposed relatives.

Cracking sounds reverberated in the air as Ernest and the like screamed in pain.

"Each of you will lose one arm as a reminder not to take anything that doesn't belong to you. Scram!"

Once Jonathan said that, the spiritual energy pinning these people down vanished into

thin air.

When the invisible shackle that kept them unmoving disappeared, they burst into tears and immediately fled the scene.

Jonathan faced the corpse in the coffin and waved his hand. Miraculously, the lid of the coffin began to levitate.

Using his spiritual energy, Jonathan placed the bloodstained jade pendant onto Lynn's chest before closing the lid.

"Lynn, I shall see you off for one last time!"

Jonathan retrieved Lynn's black and white portrait. A black cloth lying on the ground automatically floated up and wrapped itself around Jonathan's waist.

"Give way for the dead!" Jonathan hollered. His voice echoed throughout the mountains surrounding Xenhall.

It was as if the sky and the ground were bidding Lynn farewell as well.

The coffin containing Lynn was gently lifted into the air when a light breeze blew through the courtyard.

As the flowers scattered around, Jonathan walked ahead alone.

Behind the coffin, a blazing staff pierced through the walls of Lynn's house, sending a wave of fierce heat throughout the room.

The roaring flame escalated ferociously when aided by the wind. Soon, the house was swallowed by the fire.

"They will stop fighting over the house when it's gone. Lynn, goodbye!"

With that, Jonathan walked out of the village and headed to the mountains with the coffin behind him.

This peculiar occurrence led to a decrease in the number of people in Xenhall.

The villagers weren't cultivators, so they had no idea that spiritual energy could lift things up.

They assumed it was an invisible existence that helped lift the coffin to bring Lynn to the cemetery.

Because of that, no one dared to take Lynn's house. In fact, a few years later, the villagers raised funds to build a temple in Lynn's name, which they named Lady Lynn Temple.

Even Jonathan was amused when he learned about their actions.

Halfway up the mountain, Jonathan reached out to press a palm on the ground.

A strong burst of spiritual energy was channeled into the ground, and inch by inch, the soil flew aside to reveal a tomb.

"Lynn, rest in peace. I will definitely avenge you and Sabino. I promised to be a witness at your wedding, but that didn't happen when you were both alive. To commemorate your union, I will leave the jade pendant, which had been passed down in Sabino's family for generations, with you. I shall now stand as a witness to your union in death. May you be reunited in the afterlife and love each other for eternity.

May you be reunited in the afterlife and love each other for eternity.

Drawing the Heaven Sword, Jonathan strode to a nearby boulder and carved out a square stone to inscribe their names upon it.

"Goodbye, Lynn and Sabino."

After sticking the stone tablet into the

ground before the coffin, he spun on his heels and left. The freshly-turned earth slowly seeped together behind him. A tiny tree swayed in the breeze as if speaking a silent goodbye.

The Legendary Man Chapter 718 -

718

It doesn't matter how glorious one's life is.

We all get reduced to dust in the end.

Although Jonathan felt sorrowful, he knew what he had to do.

With the wind howling loudly in his ears, Jonathan jumped onto the main road at the bottom of the mountain.

A car that was heading down that road came to a screeching halt a few centimeters away from Jonathan, leaving marks that were at least ten meters long on the road.

Seconds later, a bespectacled man who looked quite gentlemanly stuck his head out the car window and yelled angrily at him, "Hey! What are you doing jumping onto the middle of a road? Are you trying to get yourself killed or something?"

As he prepared to drive off, however, he realized that the gas pedal was jammed tight.

The bespectacled man began to panic when he saw Jonathan making his way toward his car. He stomped on the gas pedal with all of his might, but the pedal

refused to budge.

Clack!

All of a sudden, the car doors were automatically unlocked without warning.

"Get in the back seat. I need to borrow your car to head back to Summerbank, Jonathan said.

To the bespectacled man's surprise, his seat belt unbuckled itself following Jonathan's words, and he mechanically made his way to the back seat as though his body was being controlled by countless invisible hands.

"G-Ghost!" the bespectacled man screamed before fainting in terror.

Jonathan then floored the accelerator and drove straight to Summerbank.

Meanwhile, the Serious Crime Unit was having a meeting at Summerbank's police station.

A chubby middle-aged man was reading through a bunch of reports page after page with a deep frown on his face while

sitting in the main seat.

The other members of the Serious Crime Unit, on the other hand, looked really sleepy as they waited.

The 101 missing persons case was a really huge one.

A total of one hundred and fifty young individuals had gone missing, all of which were fairly well-known in Summerbank's criminal underworld.

At first, everyone assumed it was due to conflicts between the rival gangs.

However, as the number of missing people continued to increase rapidly, Summerbank's authorities had no choice but to get involved.

After setting up a task force, they began their investigation under the assumption that it was the doing of an organ trade syndicate.

However, they were unable to find any information to support that theory.

It wasn't until Leslie was transferred over to the Serious Crime Unit that she

discovered Mirage Plaza and confirmed that Ryan was the mastermind behind it all. With Blackey Carlson arrested, everyone finally learned the shocking truth behind the disappearances. As it turned out, they all had their life energy drained by a cultivator. Naturally, the police couldn't possibly reveal such a crazy-sounding discovery to the public. Leslie and a select few were the only ones who knew the truth about the victims. Everyone else was told that a murderous psychopath who loved air-drying his victims had appeared in Summerbank.

Although they had confirmed that Ryan was the mastermind behind the murders and released that information to the press, Ryan miraculously disappeared within the ranges of Summerbank Mountain while they were pursuing him.

The police deployed drones and dispatched a large number of police officers to hunt Ryan down, but they were unable to find him no matter how hard they tried.

As if that wasn't bad enough, after having Carmelo's mansion surrounded, the police were shocked to learn that he had died in his own home.

However, the most shocking part was their findings after performing an autopsy on his corpse.

Apparently, his corpse was highly decomposed, which indicated that he had been dead for over a month.

According to the others, however, Carmelo had been interacting with them as usual just a day ago.

"There are still forty-eight bodies that haven't been identified. I need you and Arwin to contact our guys in the other districts to direct all missing persons cases to the Serious Crime Unit. This is going to be a lot of work, but I want you two to run DNA tests on all of the victims' personal belongings. We need to solve this case as soon as possible."

Arwin and the others stood up and replied in unison, "Understood, Mr. Hoffman."

The middle-aged man motioned them to

sit down.

"Now, now... There's no need to stand up.

You're all exhausted as it is just by working on this case. You can just talk to me while seated. By the way, Holden, how are things over at Summerbank Mountain? Did our guys manage to find anything?"

Holden Wainwright, who was a fit middle-aged man, shook his head resignedly.

"Our men have been getting less than five hours of sleep every day, Mr. Hoffman. We even deployed thermal imaging drones, but we still can't find him at all. It's possible that they've entered Summerbank Abyss, which is covered in a dense fog."

Everyone in the Serious Crime Unit tensed up when they heard that. A few seconds later, they began whispering among themselves

"You've got to be kidding me! I heard that place is cursed! Those who entered have never returned!"

"I know, right? Even the drones lose signal upon entering that area!"

"They say a research team that went in there was never seen again! That's why people label it as a forbidden area!"

"That's enough!" Jasper yelled coldly after hearing their discussion.

He then glared at them as he continued in a stern voice,

"Cursed? Forbidden? You are

all police officers, so you should only believe in scientific evidence! Stop listening to these baseless rumors!"

As Jasper was usually a calm person, the entire room fell silent after they witnessed his sudden outburst.

About thirty seconds later, Jasper let out a sigh and said, "Keep in mind that you have all signed a non-disclosure agreement for this case, so do not reveal any information to those who are not involved in the investigation. All right, you're all dismissed. Get back to your stations and do your jobs properly. Leslie, Holden, stay here. There's something I need to discuss with you two.

Everyone then tactfully left the conference room, leaving only the three of them inside.

Jasper waited until the door was fully closed before revealing the exhaustion on his face.

"Have the cultivators from Triplex

Manifesta agreed to our request for help?" he asked, propping his hands on the table.

"No. I've had my men reach out to them multiple times, but they are all adamant about waiting for their master's return.

Until then, they will continue to train while keeping themselves isolated from the world,"

Holden replied with a helpless sigh.

Leslie frowned when she heard that.

"That's not what they said back then! Is this about the money? If the appropriation isn't enough, I could try to ask my father for help."

Jasper shook his head. "Don't bother

Governor Hart. He has already cut ties with me for not making you leave the Serious Crime Unit. He'd probably finish me off if I were to ask him for money. By the way, Leslie, the guy who helped you capture Blackey Carlson is a cultivator too, right? Has he not contacted you even once lately?"

"No, he hasn't."

Leslie slumped weakly against her chair like a deflated balloon as Jonathan's face popped up in her head.

Although she never cared much about appearances, she did have a high level of confidence in her own image.

Over the years, hundreds of men have tried to court her, including Holden. He had been trying to court her since he met her three years ago.

Jonathan, however, had never even attempted to ask her out on a date.

Leslie couldn't help but wonder if her physical charms had no effect on cultivators like him.

It was common for women to get offended when they did not receive the attention they were expecting even though they weren't interested in that person.

Unbeknownst to them, the person they were talking about was speeding through the city, making his way toward the police station.

Jonathan was determined to avenge Lynn no matter what

The Legendary Man Chapter 719 -

719

In the evening, a red Volkswagen darted through the busy street, streaking past numerous vehicles amidst noisy honks before coming to a screeching halt outside the police station.

As it was time for the police officers to get off work, most of the people lingering outside the building were police officers who had just changed out of their uniforms.

If pulling up in front of the police station in a red Volkswagen wasn't high profile enough to draw attention, then the police sirens in the distance definitely did.

All of the police officers quickly dropped what they were doing and surrounded the red Volkswagen.

They were curious as to who would be crazy enough to show up at a police station while being pursued by the police.

Jonathan then tossed a bank card at the bespectacled man, who was in the back seat. "Feel free to tell the truth if anyone asks you about me. The PIN to this card is six

zeroes. There's five hundred thousand in it, so it's enough for you to buy a new car," he said before getting out of the car and walking toward the police station.

The police officers were immediately on guard when they saw Jonathan get off the car.

A slightly older police officer stood in his way and yelled, "Hey! Who do you think you are? Do you even know what this place is? You've got some nerve driving recklessly right in front of this building!

Now, show me your ID!"

Jonathan looked at the police officer and replied calmly, "I'm here to see Leslie. There's something I need to tell her. Have her come out and meet me."

Everyone froze upon hearing that, only to breathe sighs of relief a few seconds later.

"Oh, he's here to see Leslie! Come on, break it up, people! She must've stolen the heart of another rich kid or something. He must really like her if he's going this far for her!"

Everyone burst out laughing when they

heard that, but Jonathan ignored them and continued making his way toward the police station.

The police officer from earlier quickly stood in his way and said, "Hey, kid! This is no way to court a woman! You need to be rational about your approach!"

"First of all, I'm not here to court her.

Second of all, I'm telling you this politely because I respect your position as a police officer. However, if you insist on stopping me, then I will use force against you"

Jonathan replied while charging up his spiritual energy.

A gentle wave of spiritual energy flowed out of his body and pushed the other police

officers back by a few steps.

However, that mere action caught the older police officer by surprise, causing him to lose his balance and fall backward.

Nobody saw Jonathan move his arm, but before they knew it, the police officer had fallen down on the floor.

“What the... Mr. Lamberson was just giving you some advice! How could you hit him

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like that?”

“Speeding in front of a police station and assaulting a police officer? You’ve got some guts, punk!”

“Get him!”

A majority of the police officers were young and hot-blooded men, so they were easily riled up after witnessing that. In just a few seconds, the elite officers all rolled up their sleeves and charged at Jonathan, ready to teach him a lesson.

Jonathan frowned when he saw what they were doing.

These young men may be a little impulsive and trigger-happy, but they’re not bad people. Fighting them is bound to result in unnecessary casualties..

With that in mind, he had no choice but to channel his technique and quickly slip through the crowd.

In just the blink of an eye, Jonathan was able to get behind them and enter the police station.

The police officers’ confused exclamations rang out behind him.

“Hey! That punk went that way!”

“He sure moves fast! I didn’t even see how he got there so quickly! Get him!”

“How did he slip past all of us? Am I hallucinating or something?”

“Who cares how he did it? All we have to do is catch him!”

The dozens of police officers then lunged at Jonathan once again.

Even the traffic police, who had just arrived at the scene after pursuing him, were utterly confused by the sight before them.

Since when did the citizens of Summerbank develop such great teamwork? I’ve never seen that many citizens working together to catch a criminal!

Right as the police officers were about to barge into the lobby, a man in a suit stepped forward and shouted sternly,

“What are you all doing? You may be off duty, but that doesn’t give you the right to

ignore protocol! Leave now, or stay here and spend the rest of the night working overtime!”

In response, the police officers stopped right outside the lobby, but they still appeared pretty riled up.

One of the police officers who was close with Holden stepped forward and whispered, “Captain Wainwright, this man is here to seek revenge on Captain Hart!”

“Seek revenge?”

Holden handed the police officer his coat and turned around to approach Jonathan.

“Hey, you! Are you here to see Leslie?”

“Yes, I am. Do you happen to know her?”

Jonathan asked with a frown.

Although that was his first encounter with Holden, Jonathan could clearly sense the former's hostility toward him.

"What business do you have with Leslie?"

My name is Holden Wainwright. You can let me know if there's anything you need help with.'

"You can't help me with this," Jonathan said as he took a step forward, attempting to walk past Holden.

Holden reached out to try and grab his shoulder, but Jonathan was quicker and turned his body sideways, narrowly dodging Holden's action.

Failing to grab hold of Jonathan, he lost his balance and stumbled forward.

Fortunately, Jonathan broke Holden's fall by reaching out to tug at the back of his shirt collar.

"I won't hold back if you attack me again,"

Jonathan said calmly before letting him go.

However, Holden struck at him again the moment he turned around. This time, Holden was actually going for a vital artery on the side of Jonathan's neck.

"What did I tell you?" Jonathan shouted coldly, causing Holden to stop in his tracks like a string puppet.

Walking toward Holden, Jonathan moved his fingers and said, "If you insist on doing

this the hard way, then so be it."

Before Holden even realized what was going on, his fist had opened up, and all five of his fingers snapped backward simultaneously.

Following Holden's screams of agony, a familiar voice traveled from the elevator's direction.

"Stop it, Jonathan!"

That's Leslie's voice!

Jonathan turned around and saw Leslie standing there with a slightly plump middle-aged man right next to her. It was none other than Jasper.

Upon running up to the two of them and seeing that Holden's right arm was completely twisted, Leslie turned toward Jonathan and exclaimed anxiously, "Let go of him, Jonathan! He's the captain of our police force! You'll end up ruining his arm if you keep this up!"

"I don't mind letting him go, but you need to tell me how Lynn died, Jonathan replied as he waved his hand and deactivated the

spiritual energy binding Holden's arm.

Holden then collapsed to the floor and panted heavily with his teeth clenched.

Jasper had a hostile look on his face as he walked up to Jonathan and said, "Young man, as powerful as you may be, you should not get too arrogant. Acting too recklessly will only bring you trouble."

Upon hearing Jasper's words, Leslie anxiously explained,

"Jonathan, this is our police chief-

"I don't care who he is. I only came here to see you. If anyone attacks me again, I will not hesitate to kill every single one of you," Jonathan cut her off as he eyed Jasper calmly and expressionlessly.

Jasper froze in shock when he heard that.

He could tell that Jonathan was clearly a cultivator, but he wasn't used to communicating with cultivators, nor did he know how to carry himself around a cultivator.

After all, cultivators couldn't care less about things like social statuses and ranks.

The only way to get cultivators to submit was to overpower them and defeat them in battle.

One could be the wealthiest and most influential person in the world, and it still wouldn't mean a thing to cultivators.

Jonathan stared Leslie in the eye as he asked, "Lynn was killed by a cultivator, and her body was collected the day before yesterday. Do you still remember her?"

Leslie frowned. "Lynn? As in, Lynn Chancer of Xenhall?"

"Correct. She's my sister. I would like to know who killed her," Jonathan replied.

The Legendary Man Chapter 720 -

720

There were nearly two hundred victims involved in the 101 missing persons case, and Leslie had memorized all of their names.

As such, she knew trouble was coming when she heard Jonathan say that Lynn was his sister.

Everyone present at the scene assumed

Jonathan was merely talking big when he threatened to kill everyone earlier.

However, Leslie had witnessed Jonathan's power first-hand, so she knew he meant every word he said.

Jonathan could easily slaughter everyone at the police station if he wanted to.

"I'll take you to the evidence room," Leslie said and made her way toward the elevator without any hesitation whatsoever.

Jasper quickly stepped forward to stop her.

"What are you doing? You can't just let anybody into the evidence room-"

Bam!

Jasper was sent flying by an invisible force and crashed into the wall on the side.

Jonathan then casually walked right past him while everyone watched on in fear.

No one saw what Jonathan did or how he did it, but they knew he was the one who injured Holden and Jasper.

That was their first time seeing an actual cultivator in action.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hoffman. I'll explain everything to you afterward," Leslie hastily apologized before entering the elevator.

Being the head of the Serious Crime Unit, Leslie was able to easily bring Jonathan into the evidence room. She then retrieved the files related to the 101 missing person case, including the ones regarding Lynn's whereabouts.

"We found Ms. Chancer's body in

Carmelo's mansion. He's the wealthiest man in this city. There are about one hundred and sixty more victims just like her. As of now, over forty of the bodies have yet to be claimed, Leslie explained while placing the photographs on the table

in front of him.

"Oh, by the way, take a look at this. This is the state of Carmelo's body when we found him. It's really strange.

"

"His corpse was just controlled by a cultivator like a puppet, Jonathan said calmly. He then shot Leslie an icy-cold gaze as he continued, "I came here to look for the person who killed Lynn, not to help you solve this case.

For some reason, his icy-cold gaze reminded Leslie of the horrific and brutal moment when Blackey Carlson was arrested.

"U-Understood. After conducting a series of investigations, we have confirmed that Ryan Leiter is the mastermind behind all of this."

"Ryan Leiter?" Jonathan asked, knitting his brows.

I've heard of that name when I helped Leslie capture Blackey Carlson. I can't believe they haven't caught him...

"Yes, that's right. This is the one, Leslie said. She then flipped through the folder and placed a photo on the table.

Jonathan froze when he saw the person in the photograph.

The next thing Leslie knew, the photograph had levitated into the air and was floating between them.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked with a solemn tone.

"I" Leslie felt her mind go blank from the sudden, inexplicable pressure around her.

She had always been careful around

Jonathan, meticulously paying attention to his reactions.

I don't get it... Jonathan didn't react at all when he heard Ryan's name before this, so why is he reacting so strongly now? Lynn must hold a really special place in his heart, huh..

"His name is Ryan Leiter-"

"F*ck! How could it be him?"

The veins on Jonathan's forehead were

bulging beneath his skin.

While Jonathan didn't have perfect memory, he was able to remember the names and faces of those who attacked him no matter how many years had passed.

That was why he managed to recognize the person in the photograph almost instantly.

That man was none other than Quinton of the Gomez family in Lumonburg, whom he had killed by severely injuring him.

Jonathan started having flashbacks of the incident in Lumonburg after seeing the

photograph

Zane plunged into despair after seeing me kill Philip, so he took his own life by detonating the explosives. As for Quinton, however, I didn't bother to confirm his death after severely wounding him. By the time I returned to the Gomez residence, they were already holding a funeral for the three of them. So, Quinton Gomez is Ryan Leiter, huh? "Ryan Leiter... Who would've thought he'd

change his name, eh?" Jonathan muttered under his breath with his fists tightly clenched.

I can't believe it... Ryan is actually Quinton, whom Philip and Zane had sacrificed their lives to protect! As a person who has been through countless life-threatening situations, I am well aware of the dangers of leaving loose ends. What I don't understand is why Quinton would go to Xenhall, kidnap Lynn, and then kill her in Summerbank. Shouldn't he come after me in Edenic Heights instead? Could this really just be a coincidence? With that in mind, Jonathan turned toward Leslie and said, "I want all of the information you have on Ryan, including where he was last seen."

"We last saw him at Summerbank

Mountain. Due to the huge number of victims involved in this missing persons case, we deployed all of our high-tech equipment and tracked Ryan down to Summerbank Mountain, where he seemingly disappeared," Leslie replied without any hesitation. Jonathan froze when he heard that.

Xenhall, Summerbank, Summerbank Mountain... Why do I feel like Ryan and I are going around in circles? He's going through the exact same locations as I did when I first arrived in Summerbank!

"When did he disappear in Summerbank Mountain?"

"On the day you descended Summerbank Mountain. Have you forgotten, Mr.

Goldstein? My men surrounded you when you arrived at the bottom of the mountain. We were actually there to catch Ryan at the time," Leslie explained.

Jonathan felt as though all of his strength was drained from his body in an instant. I carjacked a police car and rushed to the airport that day! If that was when Ryan disappeared in Summerbank Mountain, then that means we passed by each other! I would've been able to catch him if I had left Summerbank Abyss sooner! To think that I passed him by right after he killed Lynn...

Jonathan clenched his fists tightly as his spiritual energy levels continued to rise. If I passed Ryan by in Summerbank

Mountain, then what about Summerbank and Xenhall? Was it the same as well? Would things have been different if I never went looking for Lynn? I can't believe I'm the one who caused her tragedy!

"Leslie, you said Ryan disappeared in Summerbank Mountain, right?"

"Yes, that's right. It's as though he had vanished into thin air. We have the mountain heavily surrounded, but we haven't been able to find him at all," Leslie replied cautiously.

Jonathan gently swiped his finger across
Ryan's photograph, slicing it cleanly in half as he said, "I think I know where he is."