

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1639 [Eleven Jewell]

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Marshall came here by bus, but Stella did not even have her ID with her. She could only come by a private car, where each passenger would get off at different places. In that way, the car would have to make a few different stops, which would cause her to arrive slower than taking a direct bus.

So, he decided to stay after thinking about that.

Arthur did not know what had happened, but he was delighted to have a guest over. He had provided Marshall with a place to stay and also cooked various delicacies for him.

Marshall was still worried about Stella, so he did not really enjoy any of the food.

He stayed at Arthur's place for two days, yet Stella did not show up. On the third morning, he suddenly woke up from a nightmare.

There was always an endless fire in his previous dreams. However, this time, he dreamed of Stella jumping off the bridge with Keegan.

He was drenched in cold sweat as he abruptly opened his eyes. He stared at the old ceiling above him. It took him some time to finally get over the nightmare.

It had been three days, and she should have arrived regardless of the type of transportation she took.

Perhaps she had never intended to come here in the first place.

Marshall dared not to waste any more time, so he quickly packed up and wanted to bid Arthur farewell.

Arthur had gone out for a walk very early in the morning because he could not sleep for long after getting older.

Although Marshall was not very used to staying there, he was polite. Plus, his good looks made a favorable impression on the neighbors within just a few days.

So, when they heard that he was looking for Arthur, they immediately told him where he was. Very soon, Marshall found Arthur exercising in the park.

As he was approaching Arthur, he overheard some elderly ladies who had just finished exercising having a chat.

“I went up the hill a few days ago and saw someone hiking up the rock again.

Sigh, the path is so secluded and scary. How could anyone ever have the guts to go there?”

“That person is probably just another outsider who the slaphead had fooled. He has come up with so many different stories about the rock, yet I’ve not heard of any of them even though I’ve lived in this town all my life.”

“There are always a few people falling for it every year. I’m so old, and even I don’t believe in any of those things. I can’t believe how superstitious the younger generation has become.”

“Sigh. People would believe in all sorts of things to seek comfort for themselves.

I heard that the woman who went there lost her husband. How pitiful. However, the slaphead is simply despicable. My son-in-law said that when he was coming back from the town, he saw the slaphead hugging and messing around with another woman-“

Someone pulled the elderly woman away before she could finish talking.

“Madam, where is the wishing well that you mentioned earlier?”

The woman was startled. She turned around and saw a strange but gentle young man. She thought that Marshall had come to make a wish in the wishing well, too, so she told him where it was.

Then, she added, “Young man, just toss a coin in the wishing well if you’re there to make a wish. If someone insists on telling your fortune, please don’t believe them. It’s nothing but a scam.”

Marshall then thanked the woman, said goodbye to Arthur, and went right to the wishing well.

He met a lot of other people on his way there. He asked for directions as he walked and quickly located where the wishing well was.

The wishing well was not huge. There was a small hut next to it where the keeper would rest.

There was a long line of people waiting to make a wish there, and it kept getting longer.

As soon as Marshall arrived at the wishing well, he saw a bald man sitting next to the wishing well, offering spiritual guidance.

Marshall approached him with a stern face. The bald man had noticed Marshall since he arrived and thought that Marshall would be his next money tree.

However, Marshall approached him, grabbed his collar, and pulled him up from his seat. "Where's the woman you tricked into coming up the mountain a few days ago?" he asked with a cold face.

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The bald man was startled and tried to deny it, "I—I don't know what you're talking about-Ah—"

Before he could finish talking, Marshall twisted his wrist, causing a sharp pain that made him cry out.

"I'm not going to repeat myself!"

His tone was icy and emotionless, sending a shiver down the bald man's spine.

The bald man was nothing but a swindler and quickly confessed everything after Marshall threatened him.

Indeed, a woman came to the wishing well three days ago.

She was heavily dressed in casual clothes, but she was exceptionally generous with her money. She had donated several thousand dollars to make a wish.

People would usually leave after making a wish, but she knelt in front of the wishing for a long time. It was apparent that she was desperate, making her an easy target to be scammed.

So, the bald man initiated a conversation with her, but she kept quiet until he mentioned a stone on the mountaintop called the "Reincarnation Stone". He told her that if she wrote her lover's name on it, her wishes would come true.

The woman suddenly became interested and asked him about the stone. He had encountered too many couples in love like her and did not hesitate to take advantage of her.

Stella not only gave him all the cash she had but even her necklace.

He had originally wanted to take the diamond ring she had on her hand, but Stella just would not give it up.

Marshall clenched his fists tight, and the man shivered upon staring at the intimidating look on his face.

"S-She gave it to me voluntarily. I didn't steal or rob anything from her. She was very stubborn and insisted I tell her how to get up there. I told her it was very dangerous, but she didn't listen..."

"Then what?"

"Huh? I don't know. I don't think... she's come back down..."

"Lead the way."

Marshall spoke coldly with a stern expression.

"What?" The bald man was taken aback. Marshall shot him a cold glance, and he immediately lowered his head, "I—I'll take you there."

The path to the mountaintop was very steep, and no one would dare to go up other than the rangers. One would have to walk on a narrow path in the middle of a precipice and a steep cliff. It had a width of no more than two feet, just enough for one person to pass through.

At the entrance of the narrow path, there was a fallen sign that read, "Closed. No passing through".

Marshall bent down to pick it up. When he was not looking, the bald man ran away.

Marshall ignored him, hung the sign back on the stone wall, and proceeded with his journey. After he walked past the narrow path and a short distance up the mountain, he reached the peak.

He stood up there and, at a glance, saw a huge boulder perched on the cliffs edge. There was a familiar bag placed on the withered patch of yellow grass beside the stone, yet Stella was nowhere to be seen.

Marshall's heart sank a little. Then, he held his breath and slowly approached the stone.

That stone was about thirteen feet wide, a little over six feet high, and had a weird shape.

The side of the stone exposed to the sun was covered with some scribbles.

When Marshall walked closer to it, he realized they were all Keegan's name written all over the stone.

Marshall felt a lump in his throat as he walked around the stone. He saw someone sitting behind it.

Stella had her back against the stone. She was hugging her knees with one hand and buried her head within them. On the other hand, she held a pen. 4 □

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