

Chapter 65

Ryan's eyes opened up the moment he heard his phone ringing. It took him a little time to find where his phone was and he found it under the pillow.

The screen lit up with a familiar name that made his open wider instantly, it was Detective Mark.

His heart thudded heavily in his chest as he thought about what Mark could have called for this early. He sat up abruptly, brushing away the sleep from his eyes and swiping to answer the call. He pressed the phone to his ear, his breath held tight in his throat.

"Hello?" His voice was low and a bit cautious.

"Mr. Walker," Detective Mark's tense voice came through the phone immediately. "There's been a development. Smith finally gave us a name, and I think we now know who took your mother."

Ryan's pulse quickened instantly as he sat up even straighter on the bed. "A name? You mean... the person who took my mother has finally been revealed?"

There was silence for a while and then Ryan spoke again to bring him to talk.

"Detective, please! Who is it? Tell me right now..."

"Calm down," Mark interrupted gently finally saying his next words. "I need you to come to the station, honestly, we really need to discuss this in person."

Ryan shot to his feet, getting up from the bed. "Why? Why can't you just tell me on the phone? You need to know that I can't afford to waste more

time, my mother has been missing for days now."

"Why can't we talk over the phone so I get to quickly know who is responsible for all this?" he said, and Mark cleared his throat.

Mark's voice dropped to a whisper. "Because this man... is extremely dangerous, the kind of person you don't talk about lightly, he is.... I'm not even comfortable saying his name over the phone in case this call is being tracked, this man can make anything possible around here."

Ryan's brows furrowed in disbelief. "In case the call is being tracked? Are you serious, what does that even mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Walker. You don't know how deep this goes, this might be bigger than any of us combined together. This isn't someone like the McCarthys, he isn't some common enemy. This man operates on a level far beyond anything you've encountered, Mr. Walker. Smith described him as a 'Level 3 Boss.' I didn't know what that meant at first, but when he said the name, everything clicked, I got to understand the depth of this. Please... just come."

Ryan clenched his jaw, his knuckles whitening around the phone from how tight it held the phone, he could hear his own heartbeat. "I'll be there in 30 minutes, please stay right."

"Good," Mark replied. "Come alone please, this is a very delicate matter, I must say."

The line went dead immediately after that.

Ryan stared at the screen for a few seconds, feeling a wave of anxiety crash through him. Whoever this person was, even the police were hesitant to say his name. That was enough to tell Ryan this wouldn't be an ordinary enemy.

As he moved toward the door, he heard footsteps rushing behind him. Claudia appeared, her robe loosely tied, she seemed like she was worried and it was written all over her face.

"Ryan? Where are you going?"

He paused, he didn't want to worry her. "I have to go to the station. Detective Mark called and it's about my mother."

Her face fell, but she nodded quickly. "Then I'm coming with you. I have a business trip today and would spend a few days away, I feel maybe I should at least assist you with this before I go on the trip."

Ryan placed a hand on her shoulder, offering a small, tired smile. "No, I need to do this alone. I'll be fine, I promise."

Claudia hesitated, confused a little on what to do. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'll call you the moment I know anything. I have to go now, he is in a hurry to tell me what he found out."

She reached out, squeezed his hand, and whispered, "Be careful."

"I will."

He turned and walked out quickly...

After Ryan arrived at the police station with his cab, he went straight to Mark's office. Ryan stepped in and was immediately greeted by Detective Kevin, who nodded silently and led him into a closed office. Inside, Detective Mark stood by the window with his arms crossed.

Ryan entered slowly. "What's going on?"