

After Death 111

Chapter 111

Steven was the type who preferred action over words. When we finally managed to stop him, I saw Yasmin being carried out by someone. Her dress was stained with blood.

Michael looked irritated. He carried Yasmin over and left with a grim expression.

I observed the intriguing subtle dynamics between Michael and Yasmin with great interest. It appeared that Michael was getting fed up—quite typical of a player.

Knowing Michael well, I predicted that if Yasmin kept bothering him, she would soon experience the kind of torment he once put me through.

“Steven, let’s go,” I said, taking Steven’s hand and leading him away.

As we walked outside the hotel, I observed Michael handing Yasmin over to his friend. He didn’t accompany them to the hospital.

I held onto Steven’s arm. There was a sarcastic smile on my face. “Steven... You see, people change, and that fickleness is disgusting.”

“No...” Steven rejected my statement.

I looked up at him.

“I won’t change,” he said. Avoiding eye contact, his fair cheeks turned slightly red.

Hearing that, I was stunned for a moment. Then, the mockery in my smile intensified.

What was it that he was claiming he wouldn’t change? The fact that he was taking me as a substitute for someone else?

“If you won’t change, why are you so kind to me? We’ve only known each other for a few days, right? I questioned.

Steven and Stephany hadn’t known each other for long either.

“Because you’re Stephanie,” Steven suddenly said seriously.

Hearing him say my name in such a way made my chest tighten. It was clear he was still treating Stephany as a substitute.

“Stephanie...” I murmured. I always knew Steven was calling for Stephanie instead of Stephany.

“What if you’ve mistaken me for someone else?” I cautiously probed, fearing he might react aggressively like last time.

“I know you’re Stephanie.” He reached for my fingers and stated firmly, “No matter how you change, I will always recognize you.”

He looked too serious, and his intensity was making me a bit uneasy.

No one would believe me even if I admitted that myself. Even Rachel couldn't recognize the

Everyone was a skeptic nowadays. There was no belief in ghosts or spirits. I died, but somehow, I was reincarnated in someone else's body. If I were to say this, people would probably think I was mentally ill and send me to a psychiatric hospital.

But Steven, the widely-proclaimed lunatic, firmly believed that I was Stephanie. Was he deluding himself, or had he genuinely discovered something?

"How... How did you find out it's me?" I asked in a low voice.

Steven held my fingers tightly and said softly, "The moment you opened your eyes, I knew you were Stephanie,"

It was clear his words were just a delusion of a lunatic rather than a true discovery.

"I just know... you are," he said, insisting. His voice was slightly trembling

I didn't dare to provoke him further. If he wanted to consider me as someone else, I'd let him. I just wanted to know the truth.

"It's okay if you don't remember me..." Steven hugged me. "I'll stay with you."

As if he was forgiving me for something, he softly said he would be with me.

My heart was beating at a strange pace. It was a feeling I had never experienced before.

He was saying I didn't remember him. Did I forget him? Did he play a role in my life? Why couldn't I remember at all?

The driver came to pick up Steven and me. Coincidentally, we witnessed Michael leaving Yasmin alone to head to the hospital. He drove away with an uneasy expression.

Leaning on my chin, I stared out the window and kept an eye on Michael.

"You want to know where he's going, don't you?" Steven asked. He then instructed the driver, "

Follow him."

I looked at Steven in surprise. This guy was indeed something else... Could he read minds or something?

I didn't say anything and quickly averted my gaze. I was too afraid to look into Steven's eyes.

He really seemed like one of those shamans from the 19th century. Just a glance could make one feel uneasy and frightened. Those eyes of his seemed capable of drowning a person.

The driver discreetly followed Michael as he drove toward the outskirts.

Chapter 112

Michael's car pulled up at Sacred Hills Cemetery. I couldn't help but stare in surprise as Michael parked the car and walked into the graveyard.

I mean, seriously, after leaving Yasmin, he ended up here? It was just ridiculous...

"Wait, so my... body is buried here?" I asked in a hushed tone.

Steven gripped my hand tightly. "After they found your body, everyone thought Michael went crazy. He fought with the police to take your body and was detained for a whole day.

"Later, after the autopsy, Michael's mother came to claim your body for cremation. To punish him, she didn't tell him where your ashes were buried. I heard he knelt in the yard pleading with his mother all night before she finally told him."

Steven said that after my death, Michael went mad.

During this period, no one informed me about what happened after my death.

Michael went mad? If what Steven said was true, then Michael had truly lost his sanity.

Steven and I huddled in the car, quietly observing as Michael approached a tombstone. His figure was cloaked in loneliness and sorrow. He just stood there, looking like he might fall apart at any moment.

Holding a bunch of roses, he gently placed them in front of the tombstone. But it left me feeling disgusted. It felt like he had desecrated my resting place.

"It must be because of him. Him losing his sanity marred my journey to the afterlife..." I muttered under my breath. I was genuinely tempted to unleash curses upon Michael.

Was it because of him that I couldn't smoothly transition to the afterlife and had to be reborn in this way?

"Why hasn't he left yet?" I grumbled impatiently, wondering why Michael was still lingering at my grave.

Michael just stood there, and Steven remained silent.

After a while, Steven finally said, "He often stands here for an entire day."

I frowned. It seemed Michael had indeed lost his sanity.

Luckily, he didn't actually stand there for the entire day. At some point, he answered a phone call, and his expression visibly changed. In a hurry, he turned and walked away.

Once he had driven off into the distance, I got out of the car and walked toward my tombstone, curious.

I had often wondered what life would be like after death. As it turned out, this was what it felt like. Looking at my own tombstone was quite a peculiar experience.

“What the heck?” The moment I approached the tombstone, all my composure just went out the

window.

On the tombstone, it actually said, “Stephanie, Beloved Wife of Michael Ford”?

“Beloved wife? Is he fucking crazy?” I was so mad that my fingers were shaking.

Steven reached out to console me, pointing to the three small words on the tombstone. “The Ford family...”

At that moment, my stomach felt like it was doing somersaults.

Beloved wife of Michael Ford?

Tsk...

Just why did he have to disgust me even after my death? How could someone be so disgusting!

He was the one who told me to die. Now, he was continuing to disgust me after my death? Couldn't I just rest in peace?

I completely lost it. I kicked away the flowers on the tombstone and tossed aside everything Michael left there. I tried to erase the words on the tombstone with a stone.

It was truly disgusting.

Steven held me back, not letting me continue to smash the words on the tombstone. “Let him write whatever he wants... I won't let him have you, Stephie... You're mine.”

The churning feeling in my stomach was almost too much. It was triggered by those two words—beloved wife.

Beloved wife? How ironic.

Chapter 113

After my breakdown, I oddly started feeling more at ease. Honestly, the old me, Stephanie, was long gone.

I wasn't Stephanie anymore. Michael wouldn't have a say in my life any longer.

I had already dealt with the nightmares he caused and squared things away from past favors.

I was free from owing him anything. If anything, he owed me a life—the life of the child who used to grow inside me.

As I was leaving, my phone started ringing. It was Rachel calling.

“Stephany, the police have managed to restore Stephie's phone. We've retrieved the last recorded call from her.”

Before heading to Sunset Alley, I took the precaution of recording all my conversations with Yasmin. It turned out to be a rather clever move.

I didn't trust Yasmin. Ever since she falsely accused me of pushing her down the stairs, trust was out the window. Fortunately, I had those recordings.

"I've already informed Michael. Do you want to come over and listen?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah, I'll be on my way. I want to see the look on Michael's face." I practically gritted my teeth, showing just how much I loathed him.

I used to be crazy about him, thinking he could be my savior in death. Now, I couldn't stand him just as much.

"Too bad Yasmin said she has a stomach ache and has gone to the hospital. It would've been quite a show if she could come," Rachel remarked with a low voice.

Apart from me, Rachel probably had the biggest grudge against Michael and Yasmin.

I chuckled, my voice tinged with sarcasm. "Her? Who knows whether she really has a stomach ache or if she's just trying to avoid the matter?"

But it didn't matter anymore. It wasn't important. Just watching Michael's expression would be interesting enough.

"Let's go and catch some drama." I grinned at Steven after ending the call.

He hesitated for a moment and awkwardly asked, "Do you... still hate him?"

I knew he was talking about Michael. How could I possibly not hate him?

"I do," I answered honestly.

For some reason, Steven seemed a bit displeased. He slowly let go of my hand and looked out the car window.

I couldn't quite figure out the reason behind his reaction.

But how could I not hate Michael?

After an awkward pause, Steven stared out of the car window and said, "He's not a good guy... He doesn't deserve you."

I gave Steven a puzzled look. Was he deceiving himself into thinking I was Stephanie?

"Okay."

I wasn't convinced Steven had figured out who I was. At most, he might have mistaken me for Stephanie based on my appearance.

Seeing my dismissive response, he appeared irritated.

He turned to me, looking somewhat disgruntled. He was like a big dog that had been provoked. "I'm clearly... more obedient."

I paused, looking at Steven. He claimed to be the more obedient one.

I couldn't help but laugh at his comment, especially since he had put in the effort to dress up today. It enhanced his already refined and elegant appearance.

Nowadays, the name Steven would suit him best. Even calling him Steve didn't quite do justice to that face.

Indeed, being good-looking had its advantages.

A person so refined was staring at me so seriously and claiming to be the more obedient one...

Regrettably, trust had become a luxury I couldn't afford. Michael treated Stephanie like a possession.

Steven's actions also mirrored Michael's. He insisted on branding Stephany as his own, forcing me to live as Stephanie.

Hence, I refrained from letting myself be drawn to anyone. I admitted that I had been traumatized.

"Why are you suddenly dressed like this today?" I deflected, changing the topic.

Steven appeared a bit disheartened. He knew I was avoiding the topic.

"I was concerned that those people might give you a hard time. You're not Stephany. If they had tried anything, I'd get angry," he whispered, no longer meeting my gaze.

Chapter 114

I sat quietly, looking out the window without saying much.

He said he was concerned others might give me a hard time....

The car arrived at the police station. Not a word passed between Steven and me until the car came to a stop.

He just quietly followed behind me.

Right as we were about to step into the police station, I abruptly halted, my heart racing. Anxiously, my eyes darted toward a corner.

Someone was there. Even with just a brief glance, it was unmistakably the murderer living in my house.

I didn't know if Rachel had informed Zion about the murderer or if Zion had locked down on him.... Terrified, I instinctively clung to Steven's arm. Feeling his warmth, I slowly eased my nerves.

Steven paused, likely sensing my fear. He gently wrapped his arm around my shoulder. "Don't be scared. I've got you."

Steven and I walked into the interview room together. On the way t officer. She looked at Steven in surprise, her cheeks and ears turning red.

"Well, look who finally decided to dress properly."

Before, she had only seen Steven in ill-fitting attire.

we bumped into a female

I wondered why Steven always opted for that worn-out hoodie and too-short pants despite the Lincolns having provided him with various clothes.

That outfit appeared to be from years ago, perhaps something he wore before he grew this tall.

The female officer added with a sweet smile, saying, "You look so good, in that.

Caught off guard, Steven shot a quick glance my way and lowered his head.

The female officer finally noticed me and asked, "And you are?"

"I'm his guardian," I responded, feeling a bit irritated about it.

It felt like someone had set their sights on what belonged to me, but I shouldn't be developing feelings for anyone.

All of a sudden, I started to understand why Michael used to dislike people coveting his belongings. It genuinely felt uncomfortable.

Steven looked at me, proudly introducing, "This is my wife."

The female officer paused, looking surprised. "You're actually..." Her words trailed off.

"Married? But he was living as a homeless man not too long ago," the female officer couldn't help but

wonder.

"Over here," Rachel called out to me. She was standing in the corridor.

I took Steven's hand and headed to the interview room.

Zion's expression turned serious as he looked at Michael sitting across from him.

Michael seemed impatient. "What are we waiting for?"

"We're waiting until everyone involved is here," Zion replied with a serious tone.

Once Steven showed up, Zion took out a recorder and played the backup copy of the phone recording

from that moment.

“Yasmin is supposed to be here,” Rachel mentioned as she sat beside Zion. “It’s too bad.

“I really wanted to see how she’d try to talk her way out of this,” Rachel added in a low voice.

Michael frowned but stayed silent. He seemed to be having second thoughts.

“Why are they even here?” Michael questioned. Noticing Steven and me sitting on the side, he was clearly irritated.

“He’s also one of the parties involved,” Zion clarified. He was referring to Steven, who had turned himself in initially.

However, due to insufficient evidence and the Lincolns’ bail, Steven was released.

“Stephie, Mike wants you to wear that red dress tonight, but we’re not going to Serenity Lane. We’re heading to Sunset Alley.” Yasmin’s voice echoed through the recording.

“I... Can I not go?” That timid voice was me in the past.

Listening to my own voice now, it found it rather ironic.

“Stephie, Mike said tonight is the last time. As long as you go, we’ll be even, and you won’t have to go again. After all, Mike’s still mad about you pushing me down the stairs.”

“I never pushed you. Why are you trying to accuse me?” My voice was shaking

On the other end of the call, Yasmin chuckled. “But he’d rather believe me.”

Chapter 115

I was leaning back in the chair, just casually watching Michael as if I were engrossed in some TV show.

I mean, hadn’t he always believed Yasmin and not trusted me? Now, the evidence was right there in his face. I really wanted to see if he could come up with any more excuses.

Once the recording was over, everyone’s expressions darkened.

Zion leaned back in his chair. He was constantly fidgeting with a lighter even though smoking wasn’t permitted in the interview room.

“This involves someone’s life,” Zion uttered in a low, deep voice.

Michael remained silent throughout. His face showed no emotion, but the atmosphere slowly became

more tense.

I could tell he was pissed off, and I meant utterly pissed.

“Michael, you and Yasmin are the ones responsible for her death. You’re both murderers.” Rachel’s voice sounded exhausted, as if she couldn’t muster the strength to argue anymore.

Michael’s demeanor remained subdued as he stared at Zion coldly. “So, what’s the point of bringing this lunatic here? Isn’t he the one who committed the murder?”

Michael turned his accusation toward Steven.

I felt a sudden urge to laugh, yet my chest still ached.

I stood up abruptly, locking eyes with Michael. “You’re truly disgusting.”

“The murderer may not necessarily be him,” Zion said in a deep voice, evidently discounting Steven’s

involvement to some extent.

Steven remained seated in silence.

Lost in my focus on Michael’s mood, I hadn’t noticed Steven beside me. His demeanor had turned intense. He was seemingly on the verge of losing control.

With an icy glare at Michael, he suddenly stood up and went for him. Punch after punch landed on Michael’s face. It was as if he intended to kill Michael.

I stood there in shock for a while before rushing over quickly to grab Steven. “Stop it...”

“Why should I? I’m going to kill him!” Steven turned to me. Michael’s blood was smeared on his face.

My eyes welled up as I reluctantly released my grip on Steven. “Even if you kill him... can Stephanie come back to life?”

Michael’s face was a bloody mess as he leaned against the wall, laughing maniacally... He made no attempt to defend himself.

It felt like he had completely lost his mind. He genuinely appeared insane. Sure, Steven might be labeled a lunatic, but Michael appeared even more unhinged than him.

“Go ahead, hit me! Come on, do it!” Michael taunted Steven.

He probably felt like he deserved a good beating.

Steven, breathing heavily, threw another punch.

Zion, standing nearby, watched with indifference. As he checked the time, he said, “Alright, that’s enough.”

He could have stopped it from the beginning, but he didn't. Beyond rules, there was still a sense of humanity.

Somehow, Zion also believed that Michael deserved to be punched.

I wondered if a couple of punches might jolt him back to reality and make him regret what he did to
1. me.

'Michael, you're just despicable...' Rachel's voice trembled. "Both you and Yasmin deserve to die."

After saying that, Rachel turned to run away.

I stood there, holding onto Steven.

Other officers rushed in. They were kind of confused about who to nab. "Officer Landon... he assaulted

someone..."

"He's mentally ill," Zion said in a deep voice before turning and walking away.

I gripped Steven's hand tightly, whispering, "Steven, let's go home."

My words seemed to shap Steven back to reality. He looked at me, stood up with those teary eyes, and

mumbled, "I'm sorry."

He was apologizing to me. Dropping his head and cupping my face, he went on and on with the apologies.

But what was he apologizing for? I had no clue.

"It's okay, let's go home," I reassured him.

Chapter 116

Michael's gaze bore an intense vulnerability as it locked onto me.

Anxious about the revelation of my true identity, 1 was eager to distance myself from him.

"Stephanie," he called out unexpectedly.

He called me Stephanie. The use of that name brought me to a halt. Gathering my composure, I took a deep breath and chose not to look back.

Zion's brows furrowed, observing Michael as he called me Stephanie. He must be thinking Michael had lost his mind.

"Stephanie..." Michael's voice carried a mix of urgency and confusion as he exclaimed. Rising to his feet, he grasped my wrist tightly, seeking answers.

"Stephie? Is that you, Stephie?"

A frown marred my expression. With disdain, I pushed his hand away. "Mr. Ford, have you lost your mind?"

Silence lingered as he stood there, bewildered.

Steven shot Michael a stern warning look. He kept a firm grip on my arm as he led me away.

My legs felt weak from the moment I stepped out of the interview room. I was scared Michael would recognize me. I was afraid he would find out I was actually Stephanie.

“Steven, go to the car.” My voice faltered as I looked at him. “Just head straight to the car.”

I needed to talk to Zion. The real murderer was still out there, claiming lives. We couldn’t afford to delay any longer. Even without solid evidence, we could at least put him under surveillance to prevent

further harm.

I had already told Rachel to update Zion on the situation. I was unsure if Zion had uncovered any substantial evidence in these past few days.

With concern in his eyes, Steven delicately held my face. “Stephie... try not to be too upset.”

I nodded, gently pushing him. “Hurry up. Go to the car.”

A subtle disappointment lingered in Steven’s demeanor as he lowered his head and walked away.

I cast a brief glance at him before looking away.

In the corridor, I saw Michael emerging with blood staining both his face and body.

As he walked past me, he abruptly halted in his tracks. In an effort to maintain my composure, I did my best to appear unfazed.

Silence lingered between us, and without uttering a word, he stared at me. Abruptly, he lifted his

hand as if to touch my face.

Instinctively, I pushed his hand away, casting a glare filled with profound disgust. My action left him momentarily frozen.

Suddenly, I flinched. My reflex mirrored the resistance I once displayed when he used to touch me.

These involuntary movements, the expressions, and the nuanced details spoke volumes.

Michael lingered there, scrutinizing me for what felt like an eternity. It was as if he was attempting to see through me.

Frowning, I clutched my hands tightly. “Have you lost your sanity?”

Michael didn’t say a word. Once Zion came out, he quickly walked away.

Breathing a sigh of relief, I reassured myself that my true identity as Stephanie remained concealed. Even Steven, it appeared, hadn’t entirely pieced together that I was Stephanie.

“Were you waiting for me?” Zion approached, asking.

He scrutinized me, his gaze tinged with skepticism.

“I...” I faltered, the impulse to disclose my identity as Stephanie almost slipping out.

However, admitting it might lead him to associate me with Steven and as someone grappling with mental health issues.

“Officer Landon, I’m Steven’s wife and his legal guardian. I previously had Miss Rachel update you about the murderer... Did you I asked in a hushed tone, feeling a bit jittery.

look into in

Zion regarded me with caution. “What’s your connection to this case?”

After a moment’s hesitation, I took a deep breath. “Steven is my husband. I can’t stand by while he faces false accusations. I’m determined to find the real culprit and clear his name.”

After all, Steven was still a suspect. He was currently out on bail.

Zion reluctantly accepted my explanation. “Rachel didn’t mention the murderer to me. What’s going on?”

I paused. Did Rachel not inform Zion? Did she still lack trust in me?

Chapter 117

“I suspect the killer may be secretly staying in Stephanie’s house, though I lack evidence. If you trust me, we could arrange for someone to keep an eye on him,” I said nervously.

Even Rachel seemed unconvinced, and I could imagine Zion’s skepticism.

Without their trust, the murderer might persist, posing a continued threat to potential victims.

“I’ve got this feeling that the murderer’s victims are connected to the people from that orphanage, not just those women in red dresses from the photos. Perhaps... it’s just the beginning.” I nervously glanced at Zion. I held off on bringing up the class monitor, Howard, for now.

I needed to find out more.

Zion gave me a skeptical look. “Are you saying the murderer might be staying in Stephanie’s house?”

I nodded firmly, anxiously looking at Zion.

Zion furrowed his brows. “How do you know?”

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“L... Well, I did some digging.” I hesitated.

“And where’s the evidence?” Zion demanded.

“If you trust me, just keep an eye on him. He’s bound to strike again,” I said urgently.

“Why are you still fixated on someone living in Stephanie’s house?” Rachel emerged from the office, giving me a glance.

“Stephany, after

after you

told me, I went to her house. Everything was normal. There were no signs of anyone there. I checked the surveillance from the past few months too, and the only frequent visitor was you. Before Stephie passed away, you were always sneaking into her house!”

Rachel’s stare turned icy. “I’m curious. How did you obtain Stephanie’s house keys? How did you unlock the door, and what exactly were you doing there? Stephie never mentioned you to me.”

“L...” I tried to explain, but it was surprising that Stephany used to come to my place often. What was she doing there?

I wasn’t living there anymore. Yet, Rachel’s and Zion’s intense stares made it feel suffocating.

Despite knowing the truth, voicing it out loud seemed futile.

“And I searched through Stephie’s belongings. Her diaries were all kept in that house. But now they’re all gone. You took them, didn’t you?” Rachel was furious.

“Rachel, you’ve got to believe me. Trust me, I really want to help Stephanie catch the killer,” I said, feeling a bit anxious.

Did Stephany take my diaries?

How many secrets did she hold?

Rachel eyed me with suspicion and then exchanged a glance with Zion. “I’m suspicious of her. She knows too much about Stephie, and in too much detail... It seems like she’s intentionally imitating Stephie to mislead us.”

Zion also gave me a skeptical look. That look wasn’t just showing mistrust but also carried a sense of suspicion.

“If you don’t believe me, I’ll just go,” I stated briefly. Too much talk would only deepen their suspicions.

Since trust seemed elusive, my only option was to gather evidence.

“She’s definitely fishy,” Rachel remarked, furrowing her brows and exchanging a glance with Zion.

Zion didn't say a word, but his gaze held a depth of contemplation.

In the car, my mind wandered as I stared outside. I watched the drizzly, overcast sky.

It hit me all of a sudden—the serial murderer always seemed to pick days like this.

The rain provided a perfect cover. With people wearing raincoats, even if he was captured on camera, nothing would be clear. It was easy for the killer to strike and dispose of the body.

“Steven... head to my place!” I said, trying to keep my emotions in check. I was desperate to find evidence to make them believe me.

That feeling of not being trusted, especially by my best friend, was overwhelmingly crushing.

“Driver, take us to Harmony Road.”

Steven knew I meant Stephanie's house.

The car pulled into a cozy alley off Harmony Road, slipping in seamlessly among other parked vehicles. It was a perfect hideaway.

I anxiously peered out of the car window, my gaze fixed on the direction of my house.

The advantage of these vintage buildings was the open corridors on each floor, offering a clear view of any doors opening or closing.

I told Steven to stay in the car and slipped out, finding a hiding spot in a corner. I kept a vigilant watch on the entrance. After a while, I finally spotted a figure in a raincoat coming out of my house and descending the stairs.

I quietly followed.

“Zion... I saw the murderer. He's about to strike again,” I sent a voice message to Zion, urging him to

come over.

If we got to catch this person in the act, that would be the evidence.

Once that happened, Zion and Rachel would have no choice but to believe me. The rain poured down, intensifying. The sky gradually darkened.

Chapter 118

I followed that guy for what felt like ages. He was super paranoid as he checked over his shoulder multiple times. But luckily, I managed to stay hidden.

Finally, he stopped in front of an apartment. Holding a photo, he started looking around.

I could tell he had a new target, a fresh victim. No doubt, his target was inside that apartment.

Just as expected, a fancy car pulled up. A woman in a red dress with an umbrella stepped out, heading into the apartment.

The hallway was oddly quiet, with only the woman's high heels making a clickety-clack sound.

Anxiously, I held onto my phone and captured the entire scene.

The woman entered her place, leaving the door slightly ajar. Seizing the opportunity, the killer in the raincoat sneaked in after her, using his hand to block the door.

In a panic, I sent it to Zion. Would this count as evidence?

woman,

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Fearing that the police might not arrive in time and the assailant could enter and harm the hurriedly approached. I started banging on the door. "I'm from the building's management. You need to pay your fees for this month."

Inside, it was dead silent.

Could the murderer really be about to commit murder?

"Open the door, I'm from the building's management.

As I shouted for the third time, Zion and his team stormed in, smashing down the door. They quickly took down the person in the raincoat.

The woman screamed "uhod

you people! Are you crazy?"

Zion furrowed his brows, and the other officers looked confused.

I stood right at the door, watching as the raincoat slipped off...

No way! It was not the murderer.

I got played. The murderer intentionally sent someone out of my house. It was all planned.

Did he somehow know I was going to call the police on him?

"Why the hell are you attacking my husband?" the woman in red snapped.

The man glared at Zion. "Are you out of your mind, breaking into someone's house like this!" "Stephany, what the hell are you doing?" Zion was getting frustrated. "Don't you know we're busy?"

I stood there, feeling numb. I did not know how to explain. "It's not... It's not....

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1 pointed at the man in the raincoat. "He came out of my house. Why did you come out of Stephanie's house?"

The man furrowed his brows. "Your house? I don't know what you're talking about."

Zion was getting impatient. "Stephany, making false reports is also against the law!"

I stood frozen, my fists clenched. Zion didn't believe me. He clearly had a strong bias against me.

"Zion..." I wanted to say something, but what could I really say?

"Officer Landon! Something's wrong! We found a body at the South Bay docks... It's a guy! It looks like he was recently killed. He just lost his vital signs," an officer rushed in, updating Zion.

I looked up, meeting Zion's furious gaze.

"If I find out you're intentionally messing with

pointed at me before quickly leaving.

Tanxiously followed.

A man's body?

Was the killer targeting men now?

us, I'll definitely arrest you," Zion warned as he

"Zion... That person is the killer. Why won't you believe me?" I shouted, feeling frustrated.

Downstairs, Steven stood in the rain, quietly watching me. Once I came down, he came over with an

umbrella

Chapter 119

"I just heard them say there's a male victim now," I told Steven.

This meant the serial killer was still out there. And he wasn't just stopping at women. He had plans to continue with male victims.

It seemed linked to that orphanage. This was a direct challenge to the police, who were struggling to catch him.

"Who is he, and why haven't the police found any clues so far?" My voice quivered.

Certainly, that person had to be suspecting me.

Steven held an umbrella for me, his body tense.

I nervously looked at Steven as raindrops dripped down my hair. "You know, right? You know who he is, don't you?"

"We can't let him keep killing people." I clutched Steven's clothes tightly.

He knew who the murderer was, so why wouldn't he say anything?

"They... deserve to die," Steven's voice was hoarse, his body slightly trembling.

I looked up at Steven.

They deserved to die? Was he referring to the victims?

“What about Stephanie? What did she do wrong?” I pushed Steven away and turned to run outside.

“Stephie...” Steven nervously called my name.

I didn’t stop but kept running in the rain toward the crime scene.

Who was the victim this time?

As I rushed to the South Bay docks, the relentless rain made me drenched. The biting cold caused me to shiver uncontrollably, and my face turned a ghostly white.

Standing at the roadside, I joined the onlookers to observe the scene.

the

“The deceased is a male. He was also an orphan from that orphanage. After the fire years ago, government relocated the children from the orphanage. Most found adoptive families, but it seems... the murderer still has a connection to the orphanage..

“Investigate everyone from the orphanage! Bring them all in for questioning!” Zion was furious.

Indeed, in recent years, this was the biggest serial murder case in Huma to remain unsolved. Until now, the police had no leads, no clues, and hadn’t caught the killer. There wasn’t even a trace left behind.

“The murderer is too vigilant. He left no hair, no nails, not even fingerprints. How does he manage that?” a young officer asked in terror.

“It’s as if there’s no murderer... just like those online rumors. It’s as if everything was done by a vengeful ghost.”

Zion’s face turned grim. “Cut the crap! There are no ghosts in this world.”

I stood frozen in place, watching the body being carried away by the police.

If the murderer was indeed human, how could they not leave any evidence?

Rachel said she went to my house, but there were no signs of anyone living there.

But clearly, I saw that person in that house...

Zion was an atheist. He didn’t believe in ghosts and gods, but I... I was someone who had died before.

I knew even if one became a ghost, it was impossible to commit murder because one couldn't physically touch anything.

The dead were more like souls trapped in a four-dimensional world. They were unable to interact with the three-dimensional world.

"Stephany, who are you, really?" Rachel was there too. Holding an umbrella, she scrutinized me. What do you really want?"

I breathed heavily as I looked at Rachel. "Why won't you believe me..."

She furrowed her brows and looked at me, warning me, "Don't give me a reason to catch you."

Flashes of memories that didn't belong to me flickered in my mind.

It was Stephany... and that murderer.

"I can help you get rid of the people you want to eliminate, but you have to listen to me and marry

Steven.

I crouched on the ground with a sudden headache, looking at the ground with a terrified expression.

Stephany... and that murderer were indeed connected.

"How did she come here? This woman is definitely suspicious. Should we bring her in for questioning?"

Jeffers asked Zion.

Chapter 120

Zion's face was grim as he looked at me. "Ms. Larson, you shouldn't be here."

I stayed quiet. After the police cleared the scene, I got up to find Steven,

I wondered if he had followed me here.

Frantically, I searched for Steven. When I finally spotted him across the street, still standing in the rain, relief flooded through me.

He was still here.

"Steven..." I wanted to run to him, but the road was too crowded with cars.

"Stephie, don't move," he called out. Rushing over, he draped his jacket over my shoulders protectively.

"Should we go home?" His gentle voice calmed my nerves.

I nodded, taking one last look at the crime scene.

"That madman won't cease his onslaught," I murmured.

The murderer would continue his spree until he felt satisfied.

“I’m looking for him too,” Steven said.

I looked at him. “Why won’t you say his name?”

Steven shook his head. “Because I’m not sure either.”

I frowned, feeling unsure if I could trust Steven.

Back at the old Lincoln residence, I took a hot shower and then curled up in bed with a warm drink.

Steven came out of the bathroom in a bathrobe and squatted beside me. “Feeling better?”

I nodded, feeling somewhat calmer. “Can I ask you a question?”

Steven nodded.

“Why did you say those people who died deserved to die?”

I wanted to know what those people had done.

Steven lowered his gaze, clenching his hands into fists.

Despite bearing scars from past burns, his fingers were exceptionally attractive.

If he had never been injured, he would have been God’s perfect masterpiece.

“They started the fire,” he said. Recalling those painful memories, he trembled.

I held Steven’s hand and instinctively pulled him into a hug. “It’s okay... It’s all in the past now.”

I took out my phone and messaged Zion, “Steven mentioned that the deaths are linked to the orphanage fire.”

Shortly after, Zion replied, “You don’t need to worry about it.”

I sighed heavily and leaned back on the bed.

It dawned on me that Stephany was unreliable.

Rachel must have noticed something off about Stephany, or else she wouldn’t have suddenly become so cold and distrustful toward me.

However, I wondered what she had discovered.

“Stephie, promise me... Don’t get involved in this matter anymore, okay?”

Steven said anxiously, hoping I wouldn’t get dragged into it again.

“Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln Senior is back.” The butler, Austin, knocked on the door.

Ignatius had returned from his trip, but now he was bedridden and would require constant care.

Taking a deep breath to calm my nerves, I ruffled Steven’s hair. “Let’s go downstairs and see Grandpa,

won

The troubles of the Lincoln family were enough to weigh heavily on anyone’s mind.

With Ignatius paralyzed and unable to speak or make decisions, it seemed likely that the other Lincolns would take advantage of him.