

After Death 121

Chapter 121

After Ignatius was brought back, he lay on the bed, looking unwell.

Martin and Dax arrived with sinister intentions.

Most of the Lincoln family's distant relatives were present, each with their own motives.

They still believed I was the weak and easily manipulated Stephany who was brought in to secure the Lincoln family's inheritance.

Unbeknownst to them, I wasn't the same old Stephany anymore.

"Ignatius is sick, and the Lincoln family can't go without a leader for too long. I don't see anyone competent enough here. One's a fool, and the other's an outsider," Martin remarked disdainfully as he cast a glance at Steven.

That outsider he referred to was me.

Smirking, Martin approached the bedside. "Ignatius, if you agree to let me take control, just nod. I'll ensure Lincoln Group prospers under my leadership."

Despite his anger, Ignatius was unable to utter a word. He gripped the covers tightly, shooting a fierce glare at Martin.

"Mr. Lincoln Senior mustn't be agitated," Ewan interjected solemnly.

"I believe Ignatius has agreed," Martin declared.

"Who says Grandpa agreed?" I entered the room, standing firmly by Ignatius' side. "

Everything that belongs to the Lincoln family, including the shares of the Lincoln Group, is for my unborn child who's the rightful heir of the Lincolns. Am I right, Grandpa?"

Ignatius stared at me as I spoke. Though taken aback by my statement, he reluctantly nodded in agreement.

Martin's expression darkened.

Dax sneered, "Mind your place, woman, or your child may never see daylight."

Ignatius shot Dax a furious glare, his lips slightly parted as if on the verge of cursing.

I suddenly felt a pang of pity for Ignatius. Despite his life of prominence and influence, he now lay confined to his bed. Even his wealth and power left him powerless.

"You find pleasure in intimidating a mere woman, don't you? Is that the best you can do?" I countered, meeting his gaze without flinching.

For all their intimidation, could these people be any more fearsome than a serial killer?

Taken aback by my defiance, Dax sneered and walked forward.

With Ignatius incapacitated on the bed, he certainly felt emboldened.

As I began to step back, Steven stood before me.

His tall and imposing figure gave me an inexplicable sense of security.

Dax frowned and looked at Steven. “You’re nothing but a fool, yet you have the audacity to defend her?”

Steven stared at Dax and remained silent.

He was used to the rough and tumble of the underworld, but now he seemed intimidated by the fool, Steven.

Steven rarely spoke, maybe because of an old injury that left his voice raspy. Yet, when he got serious, he was truly intimidating.

“The Lincoln Group can’t stay without a leader. Are you letting this idiot take over, or will it be her?” Martin’s voice broke the tension.

“I’ll take over the company,” Steven spoke up.

I had intended to offer to temporarily assume control, but Steven beat me to it.

His words stunned everyone, including myself.

Even Ignatius stared at Steven in disbelief. His expression was complex as he struggled to articulate his thoughts.

A glimmer of fear reflected in his gaze.

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I began to wonder if Ignatius was afraid of Steven.

“It seems like even Ignatius doesn’t find it easy to hand over the company to a fool.” Martin chuckled.

I frowned, leaning in to whisper to Ignatius, “Grandpa, you don’t want your hard-earned empire to be snatched away by someone with wolfish ambitions, do you?”

Ignatius’s gaze stiffened, and he slowly nodded in Ewan’s direction.

Ignatius finally agreed to let Steven lead the company.

Martin cast a furious glare at Dax and muttered, “He’s just a fool. Let’s see how long he can last in the company.”

“Do you mean Ignatius would rather hand the company to that fool rather than give us even a small share?” Outside the door, other relatives still clung to hope for a share of the inheritance.

I glanced at Steven, signaling him to relax. “I’ll help you.”

Steven didn’t say anything. He held my hand, wanting me to stay with him.

“How could Ignatius leave such a huge family business to a fool? Can a fool even manage the company? It’s ridiculous. I think he’s gone senile,” someone remarked outside.

“Is he even thinking clearly?”

Outside, there was a commotion.

Steven and I walked out, looking at those people.

“Grandpa’s just sick, not gone. He’ll get better with treatment. The Lincoln family is just facing a small problem. Are you all that eager to divide the inheritance?” I asked coldly. “If you upset Grandpa, you won’t get a single share.”

They looked over, seemingly stunned by my words.

They didn’t seem to expect Stephany, who was rumored to be timid and obedient, to suddenly become assertive.

“I always thought you were timid, but now things seem more complex,” Dax sneered, glancing

at me.

The others fell silent and followed Martin out.

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They hadn’t given up, nor were they scared off by me. It was simply because Ignatius was still alive.

After everyone left, I breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Steven. “You’re too impulsive. Why did you say you want to take over the company? Can you handle it? They’ll definitely make things difficult for you, and you won’t even last a day.”

I was certain that the company had undergone a significant internal restructuring, with most of the employees likely Martin’s men..

Steven looked at me and fell silent.

I felt a headache coming on. I hadn’t even sorted out the matter of the murderer yet, and now I was getting dragged into the power struggle of the Lincoln family.

“Mrs. Lincoln, although Mr. Lincoln has agreed to join the company, I still have to remind you that this isn’t a simple matter,” Ewan came out after putting Ignatius to bed.

He adjusted his glasses and looked at me. “The Lincoln Group is working with the Ford Group. Tomorrow’s meeting is with Michael Ford, the president. If it goes well, it’ll help the young sir assert himself in the company.”

I was taken aback for a moment and instinctively looked up at Steven.

It was quite coincidental that we had to collaborate with that lunatic again.

Steven's expression darkened, and he glared angrily at Ewan. "Enough!"

Clearly, he didn't want me to have any contact with Michael.

But Ewan seemed oblivious. "If you can't secure this collaboration, it'll be difficult to gain credibility within the company."

This marked the most critical initial step for Steven in taking charge of the company.

"I'll accompany you to the company tomorrow." After a moment of silence, I made up my mind to help Steven in this matter.

"You don't need to," Steven whispered before heading upstairs. He was clearly upset.

Chapter 123

"Please don't fall for him anymore..."

As I stepped into Steven's room, he suddenly pressed me against the wall.

He pleaded with me not to fall for Michael anymore.

"I don't like him anymore," I muttered.

"Lies..." He accused me of lying.

"I..." I tried to explain, but he silenced me with a kiss.

My breaths were hot, and the room seemed to heat up.

I was still afraid of him. When he became serious, he was terrifying.

When I called him by his nickname, he seemed to regain some composure.

Indeed, his icy gaze softened momentarily when I called him Steve. He took a deep breath and let go of me, likely concerned about hurting the baby I was carrying.

"Stephie, please don't leave me again. Don't lie to me," he kept repeating.

It seemed like Stephanie had deceived him many times before.

But I couldn't remember.

That night, Steven stubbornly clung to me and refused to release his grip. Perhaps I had caught a cold in the rain, but I felt feverish and my head throbbed relentlessly.

Memories that didn't belong to me slowly invaded my mind.

"To control Steven, you must be like Stephanie..."

"You need to mimic everything about her. Even the simplest gestures and words should be just like Stephanie's..

“Only then can you make sure Steven keeps you close. Then, you’ll gradually gain shares in the Lincoln Group.

“No... I’m Stephanie...”

I struggled with those memories in my dream.

Who was the person speaking?

Was it the murderer? No, the voice wasn’t right.

“No, I’m Stephanie.”

I woke up suddenly, breathing heavily as I sat up.

Steven was sitting beside me, holding a towel and looking at me with concern.

“Steve...” I suddenly felt scared and instinctively clung to Steven.

He tensed for a moment before softly reassuring me. “Did you have a nightmare?”

I nodded. My thoughts were in a jumble.

Stephany had too many secrets.

“It’s okay, I’m here.” Steven’s voice was hoarse but comforting.

“Go back to sleep. You have a fever. You’ll feel better after some rest.”

I drifted off into a heavy sleep. Unaware of how long I had been asleep, I woke up to find it was already noon the next day.

“Steve...”

“Where’s Steven?” I asked as I stepped out.

“Mr. Lincoln is at the office,” the new maid informed me. I hadn’t realized the change in

household staff until now.

All the helpers were new faces.

When did this turnover occur?

“What about the previous housekeeper, Alex?” I inquired tentatively...

The maid lowered her head and apologized, “I’m sorry, Mrs. Lincoln. I don’t know Alex. My name is Suzanne.”

I didn’t say anything. I noticed that these new helpers seemed to show me more respect than before.

“Please inform the butler that I’ll be going to the company,” I instructed.

“Of course.” The new maid nodded and turned to find the butler.

“Mrs. Lincoln, I’ve arranged the car,” the butler stated upon entering. I was taken aback, realizing that even the butler had been replaced. The previous butler had been serving Ignatius for years, so this change was unexpected.

“What about the previous butler?” I asked.

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Was

Since Ignatius incapable of moving and now with no one in charge of the Lincoln family, I couldn’t help but wonder who would have completely changed the household staff.

“The previous butler fell ill and retired. I’m the new butler. Please feel free to let me know if you need anything, Mrs. Lincoln,” the new butler informed me.

I found it puzzling and wondered if Steven was behind the complete overhaul of the helpers. However, upon reflection, he likely didn’t have the authority to do so, considering how everyone in the Lincoln family regarded him as a fool.

It didn’t seem plausible that he possessed such power.

I absentmindedly entered the car and massaged my temples.

Lately, I had a sense of foreboding, though I couldn’t quite pinpoint its source.

My phone buzzed, and to my surprise, it was Rachel.

Since my demise, Rachel’s demeanor had grown colder. She had nearly sacrificed everything in her relentless pursuit of solving the case and apprehending the murderer.

I felt sorry for her, but I didn’t know how to help her.

She remained skeptical of my words.

“Yasmin’s child didn’t make it. The lunatic is still after her. Thankfully, the police intervened just in time, but she lost the baby,” she said.

My heart tightened as I realized that the murderer remained determined to kill Yasmin.

“Why are you sharing this with me? Don’t you doubt me?” I inquired softly.

I didn’t understand why Rachel was suddenly telling me these things.

“Yasmin wants to meet with you,” Rachel said flatly.

“She wants to meet with me?” I was surprised that Yasmin would want to meet with me. After

all, I was now Stephany.

“Yes, you, Stephany.” Rachel’s voice was chilly.

I felt a bit flustered. “When?” I asked.

“I’ll be waiting for you outside Huma Hospital at 6:00 pm,” she replied.

“Okay.” After hanging up, I stared blankly out of the car window.

It was strange that Yasmin specifically requested to meet with me. Did Yasmin also know Stephany?

“Are the Lincoln Group and the Ford Group currently discussing cooperation?” I asked casually as the butler chauffeured me. I wasn’t certain if he was well-informed about the company’s affairs.

“Indeed,” he affirmed. Surprisingly, he appeared knowledgeable about the company’s dealings.

“Is Michael personally in attendance?” I queried.

“Yes, Mrs. Lincoln,” he replied...

I frowned, considering that Yasmin’s heartbreaking loss should have caught Michael’s attention. However, he seemed unperturbed and still attended the collaboration discussion. His apparent indifference perplexed me.

He was once deeply devoted to Yasmin. He would be profoundly affected by even the slightest harm to her. Yet, he appeared unaffected in the aftermath of the loss of their child.

“We’re here,” the butler announced.

Upon a

at the company, I stepped out of the car.

Looking up at the towering office building of the Lincoln Group, I couldn’t help but marvel. It was indeed the flagship enterprise of the Huma business district, and the entire building belonged to the Lincoln family.

“Mr. Ford, this way, please,” a voice called out.

It seemed fate had brought us together. Just as I entered the company, I saw Michael Ford walking in as well.

He clearly noticed me too, and his gaze momentarily froze.

The oblivious assistant ushered us into the same elevator.

Although there were only a few of us in the elevator, the atmosphere felt heavy.

Upon reaching the second-floor lounge, a crowd of employees suddenly surged in. I found myself being pushed backward, but someone reached out and gently pulled me into a corner.

Instinctively, I looked up and met Michael's gaze. I instantly felt a surge of discomfort in my stomach.

I felt physically uneasy whenever I saw him.

His gaze seemed complicated, as if he were trying to see through me.

"Mr. Ford, how leisurely of you. I heard your wife lost her child, yet you still have the capacity to discuss collaboration," I remarked sarcastically.

Michael's body stiffened for a moment before he said, "She's not my wife."

"Oh? Weren't you head over heels in love with her before?" I found him disgusting. Was he already tired of her?

"My wife's name is Stephanie Carlson, and she passed away." He suddenly revealed, stating that Stephanie was his wife.

I felt as though I had heard something filthy and glared at Michael. I scolded him, "You have no shame. When did she become your wife? Stop tarnishing her name!"

Michael's gaze toward me became even more complex. After a moment, he called out, Stephe..."

Chapter 125

My expression darkened as I looked at Michael warily. What was he up to now?

"Who are you calling? Don't disgust me!" I pushed Michael away and tried to exit the elevator.

Michael suddenly grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. "You're Stephe, aren't you?

However,

His hoarse voice was tinged with excitement.

Feeling uneasy, I forcefully pulled my hand away from Michael's firm grip. "Stop acting crazy here. This is the Lincoln Group, not your home."

As the elevator doors opened, the employees exited on the working floor. Only Michael, the assistant, and I were in the elevator.

Michael remained silent. He stared at me, sending shivers down my spine.

"Mr. Ford, please follow me," the assistant said as the elevator doors opened. Ewan was standing there.

Seeing me,

he didn't seem surprised at all.

Michael looked at me with a complex expression and walked straight out of the elevator.

I followed behind, still feeling shaken that Michael might have recognized me.

I reassured myself that he was deluding himself.

As my clenched hands slowly relaxed, I wiped the sweat from my palms and followed behind Ewan. "Has Steven arrived at the company? Are they giving him a hard time?"

Ewan calmly looked back at me. "Mr. Martin's businesses are facing problems and are under police investigation. He can't come over right now. It seems like nobody else in the company dares to cause trouble for Mr. Lincoln at the moment."

I was surprised. If Martin's businesses were also facing problems, was it just luck that Steven had avoided trouble, or was there something more to it all?

It all seemed too coincidental.

"Most of those who dare to oppose Mr. Lincoln are mainly aligned with Mr. Martin. With him currently absent, they likely won't dare to make significant moves," Ewan explained. I nodded in agreement.

Ignatius' prestige in the company wouldn't disappear just because he was sick for a few days. Most people in the company still feared him.

It would take some time for Martin to completely overhaul the Lincoln Group.

"Mr. Martin's side won't be delayed indefinitely. He'll come back sooner or later to deal with Mr. Lincoln. So, the collaboration with the Ford Group must go through," Ewan said.

"I've checked into this collaboration. Mr. Ford himself visited the Lincoln Group, so it seems they're keen on collaborating," I murmured.

After a brief pause, I added, "Considering how strong the Lincoln Group is in Huma, there shouldn't be any issues unless Mr. Martin and Mr. Ford have struck a deal and are planning something together."

However, it appeared to me that Michael hadn't struck a deal with Martin yet.

Before entering the office, Ewan added, "Actually, it's Mr. Lincoln who opposes collaborating with the Ford Group."

Steven was the one who declined cooperation with the Ford Group. He was the one behind all of this.

“I’ve heard from the news that several projects of the Ford Group have encountered issues...” I murmured softly before looking up at Ewan. “Steven shouldn’t have the capability to handle this... no?”

He was just a fool. In the past, he was abandoned and even lived in an orphanage.

It was unbelievable that he had only recently returned to the Lincoln family and now had the authority to confront Michael.

Ewan remained silent. He opened the door and gestured for me to enter.

I stood at the doorway, hesitating for a while before stepping inside.

Chapter 126

Steven sat beside the floor-to-ceiling window in his office, exuding an air of solitude and aloofness. However, given his past and his lack of experience running the company, it would take time for him to fully take charge.

I used to admire Michael’s demeanor, which seemed fitting for a businessman.

Yet now, in Steven’s presence, Michael appeared completely subdued.

The silence was shattered with Michael’s voice. “I must admit, I’m surprised by the Lincoln Group’s sincerity. It seems they don’t take this collaboration seriously since they’ve sent a fool to greet us.”

“Indeed, there’s no need for the collaboration,” Steven retorted coldly.

Steven appeared even more menacing in Michael’s presence.

Michael frowned. If there was no need for further discussion, why had Steven personally summoned him here?

In the past, the Ford family may not have posed a challenge to the Lincolns. However, with Ignatius gone, relying solely on a fool like Steven would inevitably lead to their downfall.

“The absence of a leader in the Lincoln family has placed the burden on your shoulders. However, with your sole leadership, the Lincoln Group is destined to collapse,” Michael remarked calmly as he stood up, showing no desire to prolong the conversation.

“Mr. Ford, sincerity is key in business relationships. While the Ford Group stands to benefit from this collaboration, your lack of sincerity is clear. Despite your disrespect, my husband has chosen not to have security escort you out. If you wish to collaborate, please show more sincerity,” I emphasized.

Then, I walked to Steven and nudged him.

If this collaboration were to fall apart, Martin would certainly criticize Steven upon his return.

It was best not to act stubbornly when establishing authority within the company.

Steven's stare on Michael was icy, but he quickly shifted to a pitiful, puppy-eyed expression when he looked at me. I couldn't help but wonder if he had a split personality to switch expressions so effortlessly.

Feeling uneasy, I cleared my throat. "Mr. Ford, Mr. Lincoln Senior is unwell, and Steven is the sole heir of the Lincoln Group. So, learn to show respect. Then, we can discuss further collaboration."

This was the first time I had spoken so assertively to Michael.

Despite Michael's harsh treatment in the past, I never dared to resist as I feared it might upset

But now, I was no longer Stephanie, so I didn't have to worry anymore.

"If you're here to help Steven establish his authority in the Lincoln Group, then our partnership is essential," Michael noted, clearly aware of the current dynamics of the Lincoln family. "Looks like you need my support now."

Michael's true colors were showing once again. He couldn't seem to shake off his habit of threatening others.

This project isn't exclusive to the Ford Group," Steven asserted as he held me close. "It seems like it's anyone's game now."

His hoarse voice carried an unexpected air of authority.

Michael stayed composed as his gaze landed on our intertwined hands. "Alright, let's wait and see," he replied calmly.

He was eager to see who would come out on top.

Michael didn't take Steven seriously, considering him a fool amidst the various threats within the Lincoln Group..

"Mr. Ford, this way, please," Michael's assistant urged, opening the door for Michael to leave.

Michael walked to the door and glanced back at me.

"Check on Stephany's details," he instructed his assistant.

After Michael and his assistant left, I turned to Steven. "Why did you refuse to cooperate with the Ford Group?"

Steven huffed and ignored me.

Confused, I wondered if I had done something to upset him.

Chapter 127

"Did anyone give you a hard time in the office today?" I asked tentatively.

Steven seemed like a completely different person in public and in private.

When Michael was around, he seemed tough and aggressive. Now, he appeared vulnerable and intimidated.

Steven glanced up at me and asked softly, "Do you want me to collaborate with him?"

you

do collaborate with him, remember that it's for the benefit of the Lincoln Group. Personal grievances should be set aside," I replied, sitting on the desk and looking out the window. "Only by sealing the deal can you shut them up."

Steven reached out and pulled me into his arms.

I stumbled onto his lap in an awkward position.

Luckily, his long legs saved me from ending up on the floor.

"You..." I was about to scold him when he suddenly wrapped his arms tightly around me. Stephie, they all gave me a tough time."

My heart ached at his words, and it was hard not to feel sorry for him.

Patting Steven's back, I tried to comfort him as best as I could although I couldn't even protect myself. "Don't worry, I'll protect you."

"Stephie," he muttered.

"If both Michael and I were drowning, who would you save?" He suddenly looked up at me

with an intense gaze.

I paused for a moment, struck by how those eyes always had a way of making my heart skip a beat.

"What a childish question..." I couldn't help but chuckle.

But he seemed to take it seriously and eagerly awaited my response.

"He has nothing to do with me. Of course, I'd save you," I said earnestly.

A hint of a smile finally appeared on Steven's otherwise gloomy face as he buried his head in my chest again. "Stephie, please don't lie to me anymore."

I felt inexplicably anxious.

Could this hypothetical situation actually materialize one day? The prospect of choosing

between Steven and Michael weighed heavily on my mind.

"I need to go out for a while. Stay in the office, and if anything happens, Ewan will help you," I gently reassured him.

"Where are you going?" Steven grabbed my wrist and asked nervously.

“I’m going to meet someone,” I told him.

I was Stephany Larson now. There was no way Yasmin would recognize me as Stephanie.

If even Rachel didn’t believe me, how could Yasmin easily believe that I was Stephanie?

So, I was curious why Yasmin suddenly wanted to see me.

“Take me with you,” Steven pleaded. He seemed quite attached to me, as if he were afraid I would disappear again.

“How can you skip work on the first day?” I scolded him with a glance and then checked the time. “I’m heading out to meet Rachel. I’ll bring back something delicious for you when I return.”

Steven seemed reluctant, but he eventually let go of my hand.

“Hey, Stephany, what a coincidence,” Ann said as I stepped out of the office.

Carrying her ID badge and files, she elegantly walked toward me.

I squinted at her. Ann surely had some skills to be able to join the Lincoln Group.

“Are you a full-time employee?” I asked, reaching for her ID badge.

I was astonished to find out that she was the president’s secretary. She didn’t undergo an internship either.

Ann looked at me and smirked disdainfully. “Even without you, I could still get into the Lincoln Group,” she boasted before striding confidently into the president’s office.

Concerned about Steven, I hid behind the door and peeked through the gap.

Ann’s sharp and cunning demeanor left me concerned that Steven’s innocence might not match her wit. I feared Ann might take advantage of him.

“Mr. Lincoln,” Ann said, placing the documents near Steven. Leaning over the desk, she displayed her curves. “Please review these documents. They’re ready for your signature.”

Chapter 128

Steven frowned, distancing himself from Ann.

Yet, Ann leaned closer again.

“Your scent is unpleasant,” Steven remarked.

Ann stayed quiet, but I couldn’t miss the subtle tension in her petite frame.

I breathed a sigh of relief, feeling grateful that Steven didn’t fall for her act.

“Mr. Lincoln, please review and sign if everything looks good,” Ann rolled her eyes and remarked, probably thinking Steven was a turnoff.

Steven glanced over the contract, and his expression darkened. “Who reviewed this?”

His commanding presence rendered Ann momentarily speechless. "It was reviewed by the Project Department under the supervision of Mr. Adam Cyden."

"Ewan!" Steven's voice boomed.

Turning around, I saw Ewan enter the office with a grave expression.

Honestly, I had never seen Steven so serious before.

"These few can be dismissed," Steven said as he tossed the contract onto the table.

It was evident that there were issues with it.

After a thorough review, Ewan confirmed, "How dare they make such subtle changes in the contract? These are typically hard to detect. Indeed, these individuals can't stay."

I stood outside the door, astonished. I almost forgot that Steven wasn't a fool, he was a genius.

He could easily spot the flaws in such a contract with just one glance. Perhaps he could even remember it all with a photographic memory.

"Ewan," I called after him as he emerged from the office. "Who gave permission for Ann to join the company? She's the president's secretary."

Ewan nodded politely. "She claimed to be your sister, so Mr. Lincoln made an exception."

I felt a twinge of anger. Steven was still naive. I had praised him for nothing earlier.

"Ann has always been unscrupulous, and I'm worried about her being so close to Steven. Considering her inability to handle even basic contract reviews properly, it's best to transfer her elsewhere," I whispered.

I had never considered sabotaging Ann, but she brought it upon herself with her ulterior motives.

Ewan glanced at me meaningfully before nodding. "Of course, Mrs. Lincoln."

As I left the building, I spotted Michael leaning against the car door.

I ignored him and walked toward the road.

"Are you going to the hospital? I can take you," he offered.

"Yasmin lost her child, and instead of being at the hospital to console her, you're waiting here for me?" I sneered, wondering if Yasmin had told him she wanted to

"That child isn't mine," Michael stated.

His denial disgusted me.

“I never touched her,” he explained frantically.

p me.

I found him laughable and somewhat disgusting. He was lying even when everyone knew the truth. They lived together under the same roof, and he had the audacity to claim he never touched Yasmin. Besides, whether he touched Yasmin or not was none of my business.

“Don’t disgust me,” I shot him a glare and turned to leave.

Michael seemed persistent. “You’re Stephie, right?”

It seemed he was eager to confirm whether I was Stephanie.

He had his suspicions, but he wasn’t certain.

“If I were Stephanie Carlson, I’d have simply taken you out instead of letting you disgust me, I remarked. I hailed a taxi by the roadside and cast a quick glance at the Lincoln Group’s office building.

I couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was watching me, and I wondered if it was Steven.

Chapter 129

I couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was watching me from behind, but whenever I turned around, there was nothing there.

As I got into the car, Michael’s assistant whispered something in his ear. “These are all of Stephany Larson’s documents.”

I was aware that Michael was probing into my background.

While he suspected me of being Stephanie Carlson, it was merely conjecture.

Michael was arrogant. Instead of owning up to his part in Stephanie’s death, he sought out a look-alike to bolster his ego.

“Stephany was quite submissive before, but now she’s become much stronger. I wonder if it’s because she married into the Lincoln family and gained support,” Michael’s assistant murmured.

Michael silently stared at me as I departed.

“Sir, please bring me to Huma Hospital,” I directed the driver.

I had arranged to meet Rachel at the hospital entrance.

Upon arrival, she was already waiting for me.

“Apologies for the delay,” I said with a smile.

“You’re still not quite convincing. Stephie wouldn’t address me so formally,” Rachel remarked coldly as she led me into the ward. “She’d just say-”

“Sorry for being late. Let me treat you to a buffet,” Rachel and I echoed simultaneously.

Rachel paused for a moment, looking at me with a complex expression. I just smiled and said nothing.

“Even if you try to mimic her, you’re nothing but a poor imitation,” Rachel sneered.

Yasmin was currently under heavy police surveillance, so I was escorted to her.

While I wasn’t sure of her intentions for wanting to see me, I was certain it wasn’t for anything positive.

“Stephany.” Yasmin was sitting on the hospital bed while wearing a patient’s gown. She looked as pale as a fragile porcelain doll.

The last time I encountered her at the hospital, she accused me of pushing her down the stairs.

It felt ironic how everything had changed.

“What do you want from me?” I asked firmly.

Yasmin glanced at Rachel and fell silent.

Rachel nodded. “I’ll give you two some privacy.”

Puzzled, I wondered why Yasmin wanted everyone out of the room.

Once the ward was empty, Yasmin frantically said, “I’ve done everything you asked. You asked me to lure Stephanie Carlson out that day, and I did. What should I do now that Michael already knows everything?”

My expression darkened as I looked at Yasmin warily.

Was she trying to frame me?

“Are you attempting to pin the blame for Stephanie’s death on me? I won’t fall for this dirty trick,” I warned Yasmin. “I thought you had more guts than to play these framing games with me.”

Yasmin frowned, surprised by my words. “What do you mean? Are you saying you have nothing to do with all this?”

She then exclaimed, “You’re the one who told me to lure Stephanie out and demanded updates. on her. And you even asked for recordings of her conversations. Haven’t you been pretending to be Stephanie all along? Have you started to believe you’re her after imitating her for so long?”

I looked at Yasmin skeptically, trying to discern if there was any connection between Stephany and Yasmin.

“I told you everything Stephanie did, recorded it all, and sent it to you. You promised to get rid of Stephanie, and I have proof. Are you going to deny it now?”

Yasmin shook her phone. “If Michael causes trouble for me, I won’t let you off. I’ll tell the police you’re behind it all.”

I stood rooted to the spot, feeling a sense of panic creeping in.

It was shocking to learn that Stephany had been attempting to imitate me all this time, and I began to wonder why she would do that.

If Yasmin’s words were true and she had evidence implicating me in these crimes, then I would be in serious trouble.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. You seem to be delusional. I don’t know you at all,” I said, still refusing to admit to such a thing.

Chapter 130

With so many police officers stationed here, I couldn’t believe there wasn’t a listening device in Yasmin’s hospital ward.

“You’re in cahoots with the murderer, and you’re his accomplice,” Yasmin suddenly accused.,

She suddenly smirked as she added, “I knew it, so you’re his wife...”

I warned her, “You need evidence to back up your claims, or I’ll sue you for defamation.”

“Defamation?” Yasmin pulled out her phone and opened her email. “These are all the emails I sent to you. Want to take a look? It’ll be easy for the police to verify if you’re the recipient, won’t it?”

I tried to grab Yasmin’s phone, but the door was suddenly pushed open.

Zion and Rachel entered with several police officers. Their expressions were a mix of disappointment, curiosity, and indifference.

“She’s lying. I don’t know what she’s talking about. She’s just trying to smear my name, attempted to explain.

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“Whether it’s slander or not, everything will become clear once we confirm the recipient,” Zion stated, gesturing toward one of the officers. “Take her into custody.”

“Without evidence, you have no right to take me
backed away.

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away,” I felt a sudden panic and instinctively

If this was really Stephany’s doing, how would I clear my name?

I suddenly felt incredibly unlucky. Why did I have to be reincarnated into Stephany’s body? Couldn’t I have been reborn as someone unrelated?

There were too many secrets surrounding Stephany.

“Why pretend to be Stephanie?” Michael’s voice cut through the ward as he joined Zion and Rachel. His expression, more complex than theirs, held a blend of coldness and a hint of anger. It was as if he felt betrayed by my deception.

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I chuckled. “Why would I pretend to be Stephanie Carlson? When have I pretended to be her?”

It was he who insisted I was Stephanie and stubbornly called me Stephe.

“Even if you resemble her, you’ll never be her!” Michael said angrily.

“Michael, maybe you should take a good look at yourself in the mirror and see how disgusting

you are,” I retorted.

A gleam of triumph flashed in Yasmin’s eyes.

At that moment, I felt a sense of relief in my heart.

I wasn’t worried about her attempts to frame me.

My real concern was whether Stephany had actually committed these crimes.

“I’m pregnant, and I have the right to contact my lawyer,” I told Zion.

“No need, I’ve already informed your husband,” Zion replied firmly.

It was clear he no longer trusted me.

“How can you just take her word for it without even confirming if those emails were for me? If there was any

truth to her claims, Stephanie Carlson wouldn’t have been killed,” I said, glaring at Yasmin.

Yasmin maintained her pitiful facade. “I was just forced into this. You left me no choice.”

I scoffed, then turned to Zion and Rachel. “Do you really believe her?”

Neither Rachel nor Zion responded, but their silence spoke volumes.

Michael seemed to have fully bought into Yasmin’s lies.

I suddenly felt a sense of despair and powerlessness. It was as if everyone was willing to believe what Yasmin said.

“Stephie.” Just as I resigned myself to go with Zion, a hoarse and urgent voice came from the

corridor.

I was taken aback to see Steven rushing toward us.

He finally came.

Would he firmly believe that I was a fraud like the others as well?