

Revenge After Death

Chapter 17

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“Forget it. You’re not fit to have it anyway.” Michael pushed my arm aside and turned to leave.

I ignored him. He was just acting up as usual. I walked into my bedroom and started packing what I needed for going abroad.

There were only two months left. Time would pass by in a blink of an eye. I’d be free before I even

knew it.

Back then, I’d been so gullible to believe everything would be over once I left the country in two months. Never had it occurred to me that Michael would be the reason I died.

As fate would have it, Michael was the one who saved my life, and he also turned out to be the reason. it ended.

In the end, we were even.

The rumbling of thunder brought me back to the present. I gave myself a hard slap, but I felt no pain.

It was only then that I came to terms with the fact that I was already dead. I no longer had to live in pain and suffering anymore.

A police car came and took Steve away, who was out cold. The ambulance had also taken Benson away.

“Mr. Ford, do you have any news of your sister?” Zion had exited the police car to ask Michael.

Michael frowned. “She can’t hide for much longer.”

Zion kept quiet and bent down to pick a photo off the ground, which was the photo Michael had shown to Steve. It was an ID photo I had taken in preparation for my documents to study abroad.

Zion was stunned when he saw my photo. His brows were furrowed as though contemplating something. Perhaps he remembers me. He'd seen me before, after all.

"Was your sister sexually harassed at the Nocturnal two months ago?" As he was a police officer, Zion had an excellent memory for such matters.

Michael paused for a moment like he was recalling the incident. "Yes. Something of the sort happened."

Zion raised his head and looked at him. "The Ford family is considered pretty prestigious in Huma. Your sister had no need to sell her body, did she?"

Michael seemed displeased by the question. "Officer Landon, Stephanie isn't that kind of person."

A derisive laugh escaped me. Michael didn't say that to defend my reputation. He was simply doing it for the Ford family's reputation.

"My apologies. I must have gotten the wrong idea."

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Zion waved the photo before Michael, saying, "This photo is clearer than the other photos you provided before. I'll take this for now, and you'll be informed once we have any news about your sister."

Michael then got into his car and left.

Zion ordered his men, "Go look into the sexual assault case at the Nocturnal two months ago. See if it is somehow related to this case in any way."

"

"Officer Landon, are you suspecting that Stephanie's been targeted way earlier?"

"Every victim of the assailant frequented the Nocturnal. They were all women who led extravagant yet messy private lives." Zion nodded.

I followed silently beside him. He couldn't hear what I said anyway. I could only pray that he would uncover the truth and make the murderer pay for his crimes.

"Officer Landon!" Outside the abandoned orphanage, one of his colleagues hopped out of a car and hurried to him.

"You got me to look into Stephanie Carlson and Michael Ford's relationship, and I really found something! They aren't siblings related by blood.

“The Fords adopted Stephanie, so she isn’t biologically related to Michael. In fact, they had a marriage arrangement between them!”

Zion frowned. He clearly never expected things to be so complicated between me and Michael.

“Michael Ford’s official girlfriend is Yasmin Bailey. He insisted on breaking off the marriage arrangement with Stephanie to marry Yasmin.”

I had to admit that the police were really efficient in their investigation. They managed to find out so much in such a short time.

I had been standing beside Zion as I listened to the conversation. Yet, I wasn’t very much affected by their discovery.

“Michael’s buddies claimed that before Stephanie disappeared, Yasmin had been targeted by the murderer on her way home from the Nocturnal before. As Yasmin was afraid that the murderer might take revenge on her, she did not dare make a police report.

“Instead, they got Stephanie to pretend to be her and appear in the alley.” The police officer’s expression darkened in anger.

Even someone who didn’t know me knew how ridiculous that sounded, but that was exactly what Michael had forced me into. He even promised to protect me.

I let out a mirthless laugh. Now that I was listening to others analyze my death as an onlooker, everything sounded that much more laughable.

Zion’s face fell as he took a quick glance at the time. “Stephanie Carlson’s disappearance has long

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exceeded 48 hours! Set up a special task force immediately and apply for a warrant!

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“I want Michael Ford and his group of imbecile friends taken away immediately! Not a single one of them is to get out of this!”

My head whipped up at once as I stared at Zion in astonishment. Why did he want Michael to be taken away? Did he suspect him of being my murderer?

“It’s not Michael! It’s Steve!” I shouted desperately at the police officers.

I wasn't trying to defend Michael, but I simply didn't want the murderer to walk away scot-free and

continue his evil deeds.