

Revenge After Death

Chapter 18

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Zion couldn't hear me. But I knew he wanted to solve the case to prevent more women from being harmed.

Perhaps it was due to his instinct as a police officer that led him to believe that I had run into danger. That would make him the only person who thought so.

grave

"You police officers have so many cases to deal with and so many people to investigate each day. It must be exhausting for you, isn't it?" I muttered to myself in despair.

"Officer Landon, here is all the information I have on Stephanie. As her phone was badly damaged, it's been sent to the Inspection Department for restoration and further examination. It'll take some

time."

Zion had ordered his men to dig up everything they could find about me. Honestly speaking, I was pretty curious about what sort of a person I appeared to be in their investigation.

"All the information in her phone will also be exported after they've been restored."

Now, t

that was awkward. Wouldn't that mean the police would have access to all my search histories and the diary I kept on my phone?

Zion took the material handed to him and skimmed through it.

"Both parents died when she was 15, and she watched them die before her very eyes." The very attachment on the document was a photo of the scene of the car crash back then.

first

I reflexively closed my eyes, unwilling to relive the memory.

“The Fords adopted Stephanie. Logically speaking, they should have quite a great relationship. But from what we can see, Michael seems to treat her like an enemy,” one of the police officers murmured.

Zion said nothing and focused on the information he had of me. They found out that I liked peaceful environments, enjoyed painting, and even found some of my paintings.

They also had information about how well I did in school, my photos in the school forum, all the awards I'd received, and my application to pursue my education abroad.

“Had nothing happened to her, she'd be on the plane to Montavia right about now,” Zion said thoughtfully as he checked the time.

That caught me off guard for a while as my heart clenched in pain. He was right. Had I not died, I'd have escaped Huma by now.

“We got something Dave Lawson went and had a little chat with one of the waiters working in the Nocturnal Club. He said that he remembered Stephanie.

“Apparently, she's got quite a good figure, so she left an impression on him. He says that Michael and Stephanie did the deed at the Nocturnal about two months back.”

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One of the officers ran over and told Zion what he found. I covered my ears numbly. But I still could not block out their discussion about my private matters.

“There were a lot of people in their private room that night. But Michael's friends all left at one point, leaving only the two of them in the room. We can't know for sure if Stephanie consented to it.”

Bastard!” Zion cursed under his breath. “What a bunch of scumbags!”

I appreciated that he was inclined to trust me. Who would have thought that a stranger who only met me once would be willing to trust me?

I could sense Zion's rage. He seemed to empathize with me.

I followed him to the police station, where the police quickly retrieved the warrant. After all, the serial killing in Huma had brought a bad reputation to the city.

It didn't take too long for Michael and his friends to be summoned to the police station. Even Benson was brought over, his face all bruised up.

“Are you guys out of your mind? Can’t you see that I’m the victim? Why are you interrogating me, not that madman?” Benson yelled.

“If he’s a madman, he’d be able to walk away with killing you,” Zion warned coldly. “You’re suspected of sexual assault, so shut the hell up.”

Benson was startled. “What? And who the hell did I sexually assault?”

“Stephanie Carlson!” Zion pulled Benson by the collar and dragged him into the interrogation room.

Zion had my di

in his hands. I have a habit of jotting things down in my diary. I was afraid that I’d forget all the pain these people inflicted on me, so I noted them all down.

“That bitch should take a good look at herself in the mirror. I was doing her a favor by laying my

hands on her.”

Benson wasn’t the brightest crayon in the box. He was used to being arrogant, under the delusion that his family was so rich that they could cover up all his tracks.

But Zion wasn’t accepting any of that. Without any hesitation, he noted on the interrogation record that the suspect had confessed to sexually assaulting the victim..

Standing behind Zion, I felt secretly overjoyed seeing what he recorded. Benson would be getting the punishment he deserved.

“On the night of the 13th, the few of you forced Stephanie to lure the murderer out of hiding. Is that true?” Zion questioned frostily.

“We were just trying our luck,” Benson replied nonchalantly as if everything was just a game.

What they didn’t know was that this game of theirs had cost me my life. My eyes reddened in fury upon seeing his flippant attitude.

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I rushed up to Benson and screamed at him at the top of my lungs. Like a lunatic, I was about to pick up a chair in the corner of the room to bash him up with.

But I wasn't able to carry anything at all. I could only watch helplessly at how haughty he was behaving.

"Do you know that your ignorance and foolishness could have gotten Stephanie killed?" Zion's grip on the pen was tight, showing just how vexed he was.

"That's impossible. The murderer wasn't even interested in her!" Benson retorted offhandedly.

"On the 13th, 14th, and 15th, you sent Stephanie to bait the murderer three days in a row. On the 15th, the night that she disappeared, why did you not file a police report right away? You delayed the police investigation!"

Zion slammed his hands on the table. He was so enraged that he had an urge to go over and beat

Benson up.

But he was a police officer, so he suppressed the urge.

"No..." Benson seemed to notice something amiss.

"We sent her there on the 13th and 14th, but the murderer didn't take an interest in her, so we gave up. I didn't make her go there on the 15th, so don't blame that on me."

"

I smiled wryly. So they didn't know that Yasmin had tricked me into going to Sunset Alley on the 15th.

Did Michael not know too?