

Revenge After Death

Chapter 19

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“Here’s surveillance footage from the area near Sunset Alley. Stephanie was last spotted heading toward Sunset Alley.” That was Zion’s way of warning Benson to tell the truth.

Flustered, Benson blurted, “She has the freedom to go wherever she wants! We never made her go there on the 15th!”

“You’re lying!” Zion banged his palm on the table.

As a hot-headed person, Benson replied impatiently, “Michael’s the one behind everything. He’s the one who got us involved in this. If you’ve got questions, ask him.

“I don’t know if he made Stephanie go there on the 15th, but I’ve got alibis to prove that I wasn’t there with them that night. I was out drinking at the Nocturnal and had one too many drinks. I’m sure some of the hostesses there remember.”

Zion glanced at the clock and signaled his colleagues to take Benson away.

“Officer Landon, could Michael have sexually assaulted Stephanie, and then because he was afraid that he’d be exposed, pretended to be the serial killer and killed her...?”

Zion kept mum. He too, had his suspicions about Michael now.

I sighed and continued listening in silence, wondering what cruel words Michael would say during his interrogation.

Not long after, Michael came in. He sat by the table, looking displeased.

“Mr. Ford, you should come clean to us about what you know. I hope you’ll cooperate,” the police officer in charge of recording the interrogation statement reminded.

Michael’s patience seemed to be running thin today. “I have the right to remain silent before my lawyer arrives.”

“If you hope to see Stephanie dead, you can remain silent forever,” Zion said gruffly.

Michael’s brows furrowed. But still, he said nothing.

I chuckled dryly. It was ironic seeing him like this. He couldn't wait for me to be dead sooner.

"For three consecutive days, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th, you made Stephanie Carlson wear Yasmin Bailey's clothes and walk alone in Serenity Lane and Sunset Alley to bait the murderer. Is that correct?" Zion asked stiffly.

Even the police officers dared not carry out such a risky operation. But with no relevant skills or experience, Michael had sent Stephanie there to fend for herself.

Michael looked up at Zion, still refusing to utter a single word. He clearly wasn't about to cooperate

with them.

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Zion seemed like a cop who empathized often with victims and the deceased. Slamming his hands on the table, he shouted, "Have you any idea how much despair Stephanie would have been in her final moments had she really been targeted and murdered because of your arrogance?"

I shook all over as I sat in silence in the interrogation room. Zion was right. I had been in utter despair.

The person whom I loved and cared for the most, the man who had saved me, had been the one who pushed me into the depths of hell with his own hands.

"Officer Landon, provocation won't work on me. You don't know Stephanie. I'm the person who

knows her best. She won't die. She can't.

"Before I actually see her body. I won't believe and news about her death," Michael answered calm

He truly didn't believe that I was dead.

"On the 15th, Stephanie entered Sunset Alley and disappeared. According to surveillance footage, she

never came out again."

Zion felt helpless. Michael seemed adamant about being uncooperative, and Zion couldn't help but take pity on Stephanie.

"There's an error in the timing. I don't know if you gave me the wrong date on purpose. While it is true that I sent Stephanie to lure the murderer out on the nights of the 13th and 14th, I never sent her there on the 15th," Michael said in all earnestness.

"Besides, I sent her to Serenity Lane, not Sunset Alley."

Zion scrutinized Michael in silence as though trying to see through him, to inspect if he was lying. I stood behind Zion and studied Michael quietly too.

"Tell me about Stephanie. What kind of a person is Stephanie to you?"

Zion did not show Michael the evidence and footage. Instead, he wanted him to talk about me.

What kind of a person was I to him?

"Her?" Michael smirked. "She looks all pure and innocent on the outside, but she's really a treacherous and conniving one on the inside."

Zion leaned back on the chair and stared at Michael in silence.

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"My family adopted her, and she's harbored feelings for me for many years. She used all sorts of underhanded tactics just to marry me. She even tried to murder my fiancée," Michael spat

hatred.

I felt numb standing in front of him. If I could do so, I would have slapped him across the face. But again, I felt there was no point anymore.

"Yasmin?"

Zion seemed to have caught on to something. "Mind talking about the matters between Stephanie