

Revenge After Death

#Chapter 21 - Read Revenge After Death Chapter 21 Chapter 21

Chapter 21

I sat on the interrogation chair and stared at Zion in despair, who was arranging his notes. "It wasn't like that," I said in a hoarse voice, feeling I was about to lose my last and only hope.

I desperately hoped that the police would find out the truth about Yasmin and clear my name so I could... rest in peace.

Yet, based on the current situation, not only would the truth never be known, but my body would never be found.

"Officer Landon, she's lying. She's a liar," I whispered in a hoarse voice.

Why didn't you believe me?

Why wouldn't anyone believe in me?

Why did everyone believe in Yasmin?

"Officer Landon, we've spoken to the people who knew Stephanie Carlson. None of them had good comments on her. Sounds like Stephanie had a terrible personality," said Phil Jeffers as he walked into the interrogation room.

"On the other hand, Yasmin Bailey seems like a kind person. She almost got killed when Stephanie pushed her off the stairs. But she chose not to report it to the police and forgave Stephanie instead."

Phil was obviously siding with Yasmin.

Zion stopped writing his notes and said, "What you have heard or seen may not be the truth."

"What is the truth then?" Phil was puzzled.

"Evidence." Zion pointed at his notes. "I only believe in evidence."

Humans might be complicated and unpredictable, but evidence would never lie.

I stared helplessly at Zion, not putting much hope on him anymore.

No one would believe me, not until my body was found.

A female officer, Lily Reyes, suddenly entered the room. She said solemnly, "Office Landon, Steve's examination report's out. There are some old electrocuted burns on his body. Apparently, he had suffered long-term abuse when he was a child."

Zion frowned and took the report from her. I managed to take a peek at the photos from where I was sitting.

There were old burns caused by electrocution and cigarettes, as well as hideous scars caused by repetitive whipping on Steve's body.

"Steve might have a pretty face, but his body is fully covered with scars. Some sick psycho in the

2/15

orphanage might have taken advantage of him since he's got the looks and was mentally ill. Those sick bastards!" Lily couldn't help but sympathize with

Zion read through the examination report in silence, and then he said, "He has nothing to do with this case. Besides, his mental illness history could pardon him from legal responsibility. And he has no guardians whom we could talk to/

Lily understood what Zion was getting to. He wanted them to release Steve

"But Officer Landon, this grry's crazy and aggressive. He might hurt ordinary civilians if we release him..." Phil was concerned

"He's a murderer! A murderer!" I shouted at Zion.

Why was he letting Steve go?

He was mentally ill. So what?

Didn't he need to pay for what he had done? He's a murderer!

No matter how unfortunate his life was, that didn't change the fact that he was a murderer!

He had killed so many innocent women.

"Has he ever attacked anyone else besides Benson Lopez?" Zion asked.

"Not that we know of." Phil shook his head.

“Then those people asked for it. No one asked them to go to that abandoned orphanage to find Steve.” Zion was defending Steve.

Apparently, he didn’t think Steve was guilty.

I was done explaining, so I angrily left the interrogation room.

Zion was such an idiot! The murderer was right in front of him, yet he let him go again and again.

More innocent women might die because of his stupid kindness.

I stood at the front of the police station. For some reason, I could feel the bone–chilling wind, cold and desperate.

Steve had been released. He couldn’t help but lift his shoulders as he felt cold in the wind.

As winter drew near, there was a notable difference in the day and night temperatures. Yet, Steve only had a ragged sweatshirt, ill–fitting pants, and tattered shoes on him.

“Someone bailed you out, Steve. So wait here.” Zion came out for a cigarette.

He seemed to be surprised that someone actually bailed a psycho from an orphanage out.

Thid at the entrance and stared at Steve, feeling a little scared.

Steve, who had been keeping his head low, suddenly raised his head and glanced in my direction in

Chester 21

disbelief.

313

I was so shocked that I quickly hid behind the door. For an instant, I forgot that no one could see me since I was dead.

Nevertheless, Steve stared at me as if he could see me.

Soon, he turned away and lowered his eyes in disappointment.

A black Maybach stopped before the police station. A middle–aged man got out of the car and stared at Steve gently.

“Mr. Lincoln, it’s time to go home. No more hide-and–seek. You’re the scion of the Lincoln family,

after all.”

t to go with him.

Steve glanced at the man alertly, reluctant to

Two bodyguards came out of the car and shoved Steve into the car, regardless of how he had struggled. After they entered the car from both sides, they drove off.

The cigarette in Zion’s hand flickered. I couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

Perhaps he was as dumbfounded as I was.

A scion?

How was it possible that a mentally ill homeless man who had grown up in the orphanage turned out

to be a scion?