

## After Death 211

### Chapter 211

“I bet you’ve found out something, haven’t you?” I smiled.

I also needed this connection just as much as Yasmin did. Instead of staying passive and being attacked, I needed to take the initiative. Despite Michael’s serious injury, it was my responsibility to assist Steven in maintaining his position within Lincoln Group.

Otherwise, we would become too passive. Despite feeling as though someone was protecting me from behind, I was always on edge in the Lincoln family, constantly fearing Martin and Dax’s. potential attacks.

Yasmin seemed reluctant, so I opened the door and prepared to leave. “If you’re not comfortable sharing, forget it.”

Yasmin firmly grasped my wrist. “The president of Crowdstar Group will attend the Chamber of Commerce’s charity dinner in Huma on the 1st of next month. It’ll focus on raising funds for welfare homes. Stephany, that’s all I know.

“He’s highly respected and holds an untouchable position in the business world. No one dares to challenge him. We each have our own skills to accomplish our goals. Please don’t hinder me.”

Yasmin’s voice trembled with fear as she worried that I might stop her from attending.

I pushed Yasmin’s arm away. “Whether you’ll make it to the first of next month is still uncertain. Are you that confident in your appearance? Do you think everyone else is just as stupid as Michael? He’s the president of Crowdstar Group.

“A man in such a high position not only has a high status, but he might also be older. I heard he’s an old man in his 60s or 70s. You sure are open-minded and can appreciate men of all ages.”

Apart from the honey trap, she seemed to have no other strategy. Back then, her appointment as Michael’s secretary at the Ford Group was certainly not based on her qualifications.

Could the president of Crowdstar Group, a legendary figure, be captivated by Yasmin? He wouldn’t be as easily deceived as Michael, right?

Yasmin nervously grabbed my wrist and refused to let me go. “Stephany! Help me. If I can get in touch with the president of Crowdstar Group, I believe I can assist you as well. But you have to protect me first.”

I inquired in a solemn tone, “Michael is still alive. Will he be sad if he realizes that you’re already looking for a new partner when he’s not even dead yet?”

Yasmin firmly stated, “Don’t defame me. I’m doing this for Mike... Contacting the president of

Crowdstar Group will also benefit Mike.”

I didn’t feel like listening to her nonsense anymore. “I told you to kneel down if you want me to protect you.”

I walked out of the door. Yasmin wanted to kneel down before me in a secluded place, which could be seen as enduring humiliation.

“Don’t kneel here. When you requested Stephanie to kneel down before you, many people were in the ward.” With a sneer, I approached Steven and took a seat. “If you’re going to kneel, do it in this spot.”

Yasmin glared at me with intensity, clearly seething. She knew I was humiliating her.

Steven was sitting obediently on the chair. He felt relieved when he saw me returning and reached out to hold my hand. “Stephie, she’s not worthy of kneeling before you.”

I smiled at Steven. “She won’t kneel down. Let’s go home.”

As Steven and I were about to leave, Yasmin suddenly called my name. Her eyes turned red, and she knelt on the ground in humiliation. “Stephany! I’m begging you. Mike is seriously injured, and you’re the only one who can help us.”

She shamelessly attempted to emotionally manipulate me. Many people were observing and pointing at us in the hospital.

“Yasmin, did you ever anticipate that this day would come when you slandered Stephanie and compelled her to kneel before everyone? I looked down at Yasmin who was kneeling in front of everyone, and I couldn’t help but sense a hint of irony.

Yasmin clenched her hands tightly, showing her unwillingness to give in.

She was extremely intimidating. She was flexible and resilient. She endured any humiliation I subjected her to because she was confident that she would rise to a powerful position in the future and repay me with even more humiliation.

Her determination fueled a powerful ambition to surpass Michael and establish a direct connection with the president of Crowdstar Group.

## Chapter 212

She believed the president of Crowdstar Group was the only person capable of defeating the Lincoln family.

After all, I was now Steven’s wife. Despite not yet having real influence, I held the title of the president of Lincoln Group’s wife.

But what did she own? Michael adamantly refused to marry her. If she did not work hard to reach the president of Crowdstar Group, how would she defend herself? How would she overshadow

me? How would she compete with me?

“Stephany, I’ve already knelt before you in front of everyone. What else do you want?”  
Yasmin said pitifully, struggling to keep herself composed.

and The crowd also couldn’t help but start talking about it. Yasmin seized the moment to cry a  
speak. ‘Stephany, you asked me to kneel before you. Here I am, already on my knees. Please help  
1. me. Only you can save me...”

Yasmin feared Steven and thought he was a killer. However, she understood she could rely on the  
Lincoln family’s influence for her safety.

“Steven, I know you hate those people from the orphanage, but at the end of the day,  
we all grew up together. We were all young and bound to make mistakes. Let’s move i  
it, okay?” Yasmin’s gaze shifted to Steven.

Steven frowned and hugged me with one hand. “Don’t try to guilt-trip me. It won’t work.”

Yasmin was angry and asked, “Steven, do you have to argue over every little thing with us?”

“That’s right. What’s going on? Why do you have to force her to kneel?”

“You’re being overly aggressive. What harm could she possibly do?” Meanwhile, a  
group of “warm-

hearted” ladies started to preach beside us.

I stared at the lady who spoke earlier. “She, along with a group of criminals, trapped my husband in  
a small room with barred windows and started a fire. Ultimately, it caused the deaths of over 20  
people and serious injuries to more than ten others.”

After I finished speaking, everyone was  
monster.

shocked. They all looked at Yasmin as if she were a

Yasmin’s eyes widened in shock as she desperately tried to explain herself, “Stephany, I had  
nothing to do with the fire at the orphanage that year-”

I approached Yasmin with a condescending gaze and interrupted her, “You know deep down  
whether you participated in it or not. That murderer wouldn’t kill innocent people, and it appears

that you’re not innocent.

“Yasmin, at that time, those who were burned alive by the fire and those who were  
struggling in the flames saw you through the barred window. The murderer saw you  
clearly.”

Yasmin’s fear overwhelmed her, causing her to crumble to the ground and instinctively recoil in  
sheer terror. “What you’re saying is utter nonsense... It’s complete nonsense...”

I scoffed at Yasmin. There was no doubt that she was involved.

“Stephany! Steven is a lunatic. He has been a lunatic since he was a child! Stephanie Carlson is the one he has feelings for! Stephanie was his girlfriend, and she was also a lunatic!” Yasmin appeared to be suddenly frightened.

She had a terrified look in her eyes, as if she was seeing Steven through me. “Stephanie was the one he truly loved. She has passed away, so you’re just a replacement, a puppet, and an item.

“Do you believe he truly loves you? When he’s done with you, he’ll kill you mercilessly and trap your

in a glass cabinet! You’re going to die! You’re going to die!” she screamed at me.

I turned to Steven, astonishment flashing in my eyes. I couldn’t seem to recall, but it appeared I had a past relationship with Steven. Did I forget him because of amnesia?

Steven just gazed at me aggrievedly, his eyes tinged with red. Then, he smiled at me. “Stephie, it’s not your fault.”

He never blamed me for forgetting about him. He always reassured me of that. Despite his understanding, my anxiety only continued to grow.

Steven didn’t argue against Yasmin’s statement, indirectly confirming that what she said was true.

I forgot about Steven, my lover. After losing my memory, I fell in love with Michael during the years. when Steven was trapped in hell. When Steven finally escaped and came to find me, he discovered

that I had forgotten about him and fallen in love with someone else.

Why was I having a heartache? Could this possibly be true? If so, then I owed Steven too much.

Chapter 213

“Stephany, you’re not Stephanie! You’re not!” Yasmin continued to scream.

As soon as the nurse noticed this, she hurried over to comfort her. Recognizing that something was amiss, she promptly alerted the doctor.

\*Stephany, I’m aware of Stephanie’s secret. You don’t believe me, right? I really do know her secret...” She suddenly grabbed my arm, her voice hoarse and low. “Be wary of Steven. Be wary of that lunatic.

I stepped back and stared at Yasmin, her eyes filled with despair. “The Lincoln family won’t protect you, and I don’t need to learn Stephanie’s secret from you. Yasmin, this is your own doing. and no one can help you.”

Yasmin lay on the ground shaking. “Stephany! You’ll regret this!”

She resented me for making her kneel today without offering her any protection. However, I ignored her. Despite her continued hysterical shouting, Steven took my hand and guided me away. I did not turn back. I was not a saint. The more she suffered, the more joy I felt

As I gazed at Steven's back, my vision slightly blurred. Yasmin's words about me and Steven being lovers resurfaced in my mind. I had feelings for Steven, and Steven felt the same way about me. How could I have let such a momentous memory slip my mind? How?

"Stephanie! Why are you still fighting with me about Michael? Why do you still hold a place in hu heart even after you're gone? You're a lunatic and an evil ghost! You nearly caused Michael's death once. It's your fault! It's your fault that he hates you!" Yasmin continued to shout.

Steven seemed to walk faster. He looked at Yasmin with a sinister expression, took me into the elevator, and covered my ears. "Don't trust anything she says."

I couldn't look away as Yasmin wept until the elevator door shut.

Rachel, who had been outside on the phone, eagerly approached me as soon as she saw me coming out. "Stephany... Zion... The incident unexpectedly went viral online. The overwhelming public backlash compelled the authorities to impose sanctions on Zion."

I was stunned and checked my phone. Police brutality had become a popular search topic. Someone was intentionally influencing public opinion.

"At first, I thought the murderer behind was just one person, a lunatic. It seems that we all underestimated..." My voice was strained.

The individual responsible was not just one person. They also possessed significant power and financial resources. It took extraordinary influence and resources to shape public opinion and control traffic flow. Who could this murderer be?

Rachel looked down, her voice trembling with tears. "Zion was transferred to the traffic police team 3. He has been involved in this case since the beginning. But now, he has been demoted to a traffic policeman, making the closure of this case even more unlikely."

"Zion must have been devastated." I found myself at a loss for words.

"Shall we go and support him?" Rachel whispered, seeking my opinion.

She now seemed to trust me, which surprised me a little.

Steven held my hand. "Let's go."

I was pleasantly astonished by Steven's initiative to show care for others. "Sure."

We all stood outside Zion's residence together. Despite Rachel's persistent knocking, Zion refused to open the door. Rachel forcefully kicked the door. "Zion, I know you're in there. If your don't open the door, I'll make sure the police know all about you!"

I was aware that Rachel was concerned about what would transpire with Zion. However, Zion continued to refrain from opening the door.

“Zion, get out here! You bastard! How could you leave me? I’m carrying your baby, and your dumped me!” Rachel’s tears were streaming down her face as she put on a convincing performance.

They were in the dorm room of the police station. Zion’s father served as a dedicated police officer and tragically lost his life in the line of duty while pursuing a dangerous criminal.

Inspired by his father’s unwavering commitment and fueled by passion, Zion believed he had the potential to become an exceptional police officer. However, reality had made him feel defeated many times.

Rachel’s outburst was so intense that it left Steven and me stunned. We exchanged a glance and silently stepped back in agreement.

## Chapter 214

Steven was clearly shocked by Rachel’s acting skills and commented in a hushed tone, “Stephie, your friend is so aggressive.”

I raised my hand to cover my forehead, thinking she was indeed quite aggressive.

Soon, Zion opened the door and put his hand over Rachel’s mouth. His countenance was somber, and he wore a stubbly beard. All the neighbors in this neighborhood were his father’s colleagues, and Rachel’s actions would cause him great embarrassment.

“What nonsense are you yelling?” Zion dragged her into his house. Then, he glanced at me and Steven and hastily fixed his disheveled hair. “My house... is a little messy

Steven and I walked into the house filled with beer bottles and cigarette butts scattered on the floor. The place was more than a little messy.

“Are you willing to give up on this case just like this?” asked Rachel.

Zion had just ignited a cigarette, but as soon as he noticed my presence as a pregnant woman, he promptly extinguished it.

With a frown, Steven firmly raised his hand and gently pressed my head against his chest. ”

Secondhand smoke is harmful.”

Upon hearing that, Zion rolled his eyes.

“You don’t need to be too sad. You have some intelligence, but it’s limited. It makes sense that

you couldn’t deal with him. It’s a matter of talent,” Steven consoled him.

I felt my face flush with embarrassment, but no words escaped my lips. The statement was so straightforward. Was it intended to offer solace to others?

As I observed the slight twitching of Zion’s lips, I couldn’t help but sense his desire to chase Steven out. However, his upbringing restrained him from acting on his impulses.

“Although I left, there is some good news. My superiors sent an expert over. He’s a genius in criminal investigation. I heard he’s also in the advanced class. He should be a classmate of

Steven.

Zion glanced at me and added, “His name is Eason Grant, reputedly a genius known for his exceptional memory. I heard that his observational skills are unmatched and that he never misses any clues once he has seen the scene.”

I glanced at Steven, my astonishment evident. Could this person truly possess such incredible abilities?

Steven sneered and quietly muttered, “He’s just trash

I was perplexed. Even though Zion didn’t hear Steven’s muttering, I was able to discern it. He and Eason seemed to be at odds with each other.

“Out of hundreds of millions of people, only one person can make it into the advanced class. He must possess unique qualities, unlike the average person I hope he can swiftly resolve the case,” Rachel quietly whispered her heartfelt plea.

“There are many types of geniuses,” Steven disputed Rachel’s statement.

“A genius is considered a genius if he scores above 60 points, but there’s a significant distinction between 61 points and a thousand points. There’s no limit to this disparity. Moreover, this person is as annoying as Michael. Steven had serious doubts about Eason

I was speechless. Steven now saw Michael as the embodiment of annoyance

Rachel glanced at Steven in astonishment “You’re quite talkative today.”

Indeed, Steven really despised Eason.

“He’s not as good as you. Steven shot a resentful look at Zion. He was trying to persuade Zion not to give up indirectly. Zion said nothing and poured himself a glass of beer.

“Is the beer still okay to drink? When was it opened?” Rachel reached out to snatch the bottle.

Zion dodged, “Last night. I don’t wanna waste it.”

Shortly after Zion had a drink, he began to experience a stomach ache and rushed to the toilet. Rachel assisted him with cleaning up the house, feeling helpless.

“Yasmin became frantic in the hospital today. She knows that after Michael’s accident, no one can shield her,” I informed Rachel before I left Zion’s house. I wished to cheer her up. The destiny that Yasmin experienced today was seen as a form of retribution.

Rachel paused while tidying up the mess and looked at me. “What’s wrong with this? She should be feeling more despair.”

I left with a smile on my face, holding Stever’s hand

“Steven, have you and Stephanie ever been in a relationship?” I asked, raising my head to look at

him intently.

Was he truly able to identify me as Stephanie, or did he simply view me as a mere replacement for her, as others thought? I was afraid that one day, he would wake up, lose all self-control, and eventually kill me.

Steven stood before me, his gaze intense and unwavering “Partner You’re my partner.”

Steven said it with a stern expression. My heart hurt when he said I was his partner.

“Stephiel Rachel and Zion ran out upstairs. “We received a call from the hospital saying that Yasmin attempted suicide next to Michael’s bed, and Michael is now conscious!”

## Chapter 215

I glanced at Rachel helplessly. “A bad thing never dies. Is Yasmin finally gone? If she passes away, I’ll celebrate with fireworks.”

Rachel stood upstairs, letting out a sigh. “Besides acting, what other skills does she possess? She’s exceptionally intelligent. She desires to consistently keep Michael indebted to her.”

Sure enough, even Rachel could see through Yasmin.

Zion and Rachel descended the stairs, and we proceeded to the hospital together. Zion appeared with an unshaven face, giving off an air of slight disarray

Rachel complained softly, I think you look more like a homeless man than Steven does, but you’re not as good-looking as Steven.”

Zion glared at Rachel. ‘How rude!’

With a smile on her face, Rachel hopped into Zion’s car.

Michael was finally conscious, and his words were crucial for advancing this case. They had to uncover the events leading to his stabbing, determine what transpired, and establish if Simon was the perpetrator. Obtaining his testimony was of utmost importance.

A few of us hurried upstairs, but we were prevented from entering the ward. Phil raised the cordon and looked at Zion in embarrassment. “Officer Landon, the new officer is here. He’s instructed us to prevent anyone else from accessing the area.

It was clear that the new officer had anticipated Zion’s arrival, with the rest of us merely being the anyone else he referred to.

“Eason?” Zion frowned and stormed in with frustration. “I want to find out what happened that night.”

In the ward, a man in a black suit was standing with his back to the door. When Zion entered, he didn’t even look back. In a stern tone, he stated, “Officer Landon, due to your unprofessional behavior, you are no longer in charge of this case.”

Zion’s face contorted into a deep frown as he tightly clenched his fists.

Although the man didn’t look back, I could already sense his profound arrogance, as if he held himself above everyone else.

While traveling here, I looked up Eason on Google, who was previously known as Hudson but later changed his name to Eason. He achieved third place in the exam for the advanced class. He joined the advanced class at the age of 15, which was one year older than Steven and Simeon.

score of 700

Steven discovered the errors and inaccuracies of the question maker in the mathematics

competition questions. He went above and beyond by providing answers from both approaches, resulting in him receiving an extra six points.

On the other hand, if Simeon had presented his answers with more elegant handwriting, he would have achieved the same score as Steven. Unfortunately, due to his extremely messy handwriting, six points were deducted from Simeon’s final score.

As for Eason, he scored 367 points. This should be the difference that Steven mentioned.

The entrance exam for the advanced class was quite challenging, with a total of 700 points. Despite the challenging nature of the test, a minimum score of 300 points was all that was required to qualify.

Nevertheless, given the vast number of children participating nationwide, only 14 managed to surpass the 300–point threshold.

Furthermore, it was even more astounding to discover the significant disparity between the scores of third place and those of first and second place. That was also why Double Stars Welfare Home gained nationwide recognition, as it had nurtured two extraordinary geniuses.

The presence of Steven and Simeon made the other 12 Individuals in the advanced class appear as foils.

“Michael, what happened that day?” Zion had been heavily drinking these days as his mental state

was truly shattered.

Despite Simeon’s deliberate attempts to provoke Zion into seeking death, Zion remained determined to uncover the truth.

"The victim has just woken up. He can't provide many details at the moment. You should be able to see that, Officer Landon. After all, you're a top graduate from the police academy," Eason said coldly, his words dripping with disdain.

I stood at the door, feeling that he was very unapproachable just by looking at his back.

"I'm deeply concerned about your low IQ, Officer Landon. You attacked the criminal suspect and killed the only clue just because you were provoked." Eason was irritating Zion.

Zion tightly gripped his hands, ready to spring into action.

Chapter 216

"Do you have a high IQ? Are you deliberately trying to give the impression that you're intelligent by dressing as if you are attending a funeral?" Steven asked at the door.

Rachel and I were left speechless with astonishment. Steven was so composed and confident while criticizing others.

Eason's body momentarily tensed, but then he turned to face Steven and broke into a sudden smile. "Oh? Aren't you... my old classmate? Have you finally been released from the asylum? It seems you still lack basic manners.

"It appears your parents' negligence in not keeping you on a leash continues to endanger others."

Eason and Steven were extremely hostile toward each other.

He mentioned Steven's parents intentionally to provoke Steven. It was common knowledge that Steven's father passed away in a car accident, and his mother's fate remained a mystery. She abandoned him at the orphanage's doorstep when he was just a child.

"Sir, you speak eloquently. Did you grow up independently?" I furrowed my brows, observing his discourteous behavior. Had he not been raised with any guidance on proper etiquette?

Eason's eyes grew darker as he fixed a penetrating gaze upon me. After a considerable amount of time, a burst of laughter came from him. "Steven, you haven't changed a bit. You still have that obsession with collecting..."

He was likely mocking me for resembling Stephanie.

"Get out..." Lying on the hospital bed, Michael's complexion was ashen as he requested for everyone to leave the ward.

Eason turned to Michael, saying, "Mr. Ford, rest well. I'll return when your injury has improved."

As Eason exited the ward, he purposefully halted right in front of me. "You know, you and Stephanie do look very similar."

He believed that this sentence would provoke me and was clearly doing so intentionally. What he didn't realize was that I was Stephanie.

I frowned. "Do you know Stephanie?"

Eason was a classmate of Steven in the advanced class. I had completely forgotten... By now, I had realized that the memories I lost revolved around Steven. I had completely forgotten about Steven and his group of friends.

"Of course... Everyone in our dormitory knows Stephanie. After all, he was always hugging the photo of Stephanie while sleeping." Eason's gaze settled on Steven.

"Regrettably, they tore the photo into pieces, which was really unfortunate. It's considered bad luck to do that, isn't it? I heard that Stephanie passed away..."

Once again, Eason reminded me, "Avoid repeating the same mistake she made."

Eason's behavior had finally triggered Steven, who had been bottling up his anger. He stormed up and pushed Eason against the wall. He glared at Eason. "You're going to die."

Eason sneered. "Am I also a target for revenge in the serial murder case? Okay... Then I'll wait. Let me see if you, an absolute genius who entered the advanced class with the perfect score, can kill me."

With a firm push, Steven brushed off any wrinkles from his clothes and confidently strode away.

I stared in disbelief at the note crumpled in my hand. Eason had secretly slipped it to me after intentionally provoking Steven. What could be the hidden message he was trying to convey?

"That night, I was hiding in the dark, trying to see if Yasmin could lure out the murderer. Out of nowhere, Simmie appeared and wanted to kill Yasmin. I stepped forward to stop him and was stabbed by him," Michael eventually replied so that Zion would know. He believed more in Zion than the unfamiliar officer.

"Mike..." Just as Zion was about to say something, he heard Yasmin crying. Her wrist was bandaged in gauze, and with Lois' support, she entered the ward.

"Mike, Yasmin's a good woman. She attempted suicide for you. Thankfully, I discovered it on time." Lois sighed and continued, "Now that Stephie is gone, we have to find a way to move forward. I won't force you anymore. If you want to take care of Yasmin, just marry her."

Yasmin was very smart. She took her own life to gain Lois' acceptance. Michael glanced at me, his eyes betraying a hint of panic. "Stephie..."

## Chapter 217

I ignored Michael and urged Steven to come home with me.

"Stephanie Carlson..." Michael called my name in a slightly anxious tone.

"Mike, don't scare me... She's not Stephie. She just bears a slight resemblance to her." Lois' face

paled with fear as she swiftly restrained Michael, preventing him from getting up. "Your wound is severe. Stop moving around."

Yasmin glanced at me with red, provocative eyes. She was clearly conveying that she had once again won the bet. Luck was on her side, and Michael regained consciousness. If Michael agreed to marry her, she wouldn't have to try so hard to contact the mysterious man from Crowdstar

Group.

"Mike... I'm glad you're conscious now. I thought you... lost hope, thinking it was the end, but thankfully, Mrs. Ford found me in time." Yasmin cried.

Michael's gaze was fixed on me, brimming with unspoken words.

Yasmin's eyes grew even redder as she noticed Michael's lack of response to her words.

"Mike, it's good that you're finally awake. Take good care of your injuries and treat Yasmin well in

the future." Lois sighed.

I made my way to the door, casting a glance back at Michael, whose eyes were fixed on me. With a sneer, I proceeded to lead Steven away.

"Stop staring at him," Steven said unhappily, gripping my hand tighter.

He then cursed Michael softly, "He's blind."

I nodded and smiled at Steven. "You're right."

Rachel noticed that Zion was in a bad mood and not paying attention. It was probably because of something Eason, the genius, said today.

"Are you that fragile?" Rachel asked quietly.

Zion did not respond..

"More fragile than glass." Rachel sighed and continued talking to Zion, "Zion, ignore the nonsense of that supposed genius. There must be something-off about that person. I think he seems more

like a gangster."

I glanced at Rachel, who was comforting Zion. I couldn't help but smile.

I only met Rachel after my parents passed away and when I transferred to Michael's high school.

We decided to attend the same university. While she was keen on medicine, I leaned toward mathematics.

Unfortunately, I didn't possess Steven's inherent talent and intelligence, so I opted for a more conventional major.

Rachel was an incredibly kind person. She and I both had a small circle of friends, so we relied on each other a lot. Because of family circumstances, she often felt isolated and lost. The two of us shared a deep, unspoken understanding and harmony.

Sometimes, I felt that friendship was the most genuine relationship. Unlike family, friends were not bound by blood. They simply chose to be with each other.

During my most vulnerable moments, Rachel was constantly by my side, offering me unwavering support and assistance. She shared in my tears and laughter without reservation. Even after my death, she continued to search for the real culprit.

“Take good care of Officer Landon.” I waved my hand at Rachel.

As Ewan approached, Rachel greeted him with a nod before hopping into Zion’s car. She stepped on the accelerator and reversed the car, immediately driving Zion away from the scene. Even from the roadside, I could clearly see the panic in Zion’s face.

I always remembered the moment when Rachel and I got our driver’s licenses after high school. We used to joke that if we ever hit the road, we’d be a threat to everyone!

“Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln.” Ewan held the car door open and gestured for us to get in.

“Have the police completed taking down your statement?” I asked.

Ewan acknowledged. “We supported Sammie, but we were unaware of his involvement in the killing.”

I didn’t ask any more questions and got into the car.

Along the way, I kept thinking about the note Eason handed me. He wanted to meet me tomorrow at noon. He also said not to tell Steven.

Eason was a policeman, so there should be no danger in meeting him. However, the secret nature of our meeting left me wondering about his intentions. He mentioned wanting to take me somewhere. Where could he be leading me?

## Chapter 218

“Stephie...” Steven called out. He noticed how distracted I was and tugged on my hand cautiously.

“Mr. Lincoln, you’ll need to attend a charity gala next month,” Ewan said as he glanced at Steven

through the rearview mirror.

“I’m not going,” Steven replied unhappily.

He was socially anxious, so he hated attending social events as such.

“You’ve just taken over the Lincoln Group, so you’ll need to take part in social events like these.” Ewan persuaded helplessly.

“How annoying...” Steven said with petulance. He was getting a little angry.

I propped my head up and looked at Steven. I was suddenly amused by him.

His

angry expression made him look like a child who was being forced by his parents to visit distant relatives he didn't like.

"Steve, we have to attend the charity gala. Mr. Martin has been released on bail and claims that

others have taken the blame for his illegal actions. Dax believes that we're somehow involved. Mr. Martin is less likely to let us off the hook now that he's been released," I sighed.

I continued, "I heard that a big shot from Crowdstar Group will be attending the charity gala too.

He's been rumored to be quite extraordinary in recent years."

Steven was taken aback to hear that. He cast a sidelong glance at me and asked, "Stephie, do you want to go?"

I nodded in response. Even though our main objective was to figure out who the main culprit was, we had to prioritize staying alive over anything else.

"It was clear that Martin didn't want Steven and I to live.

If we could meet the mysterious president of Crowdstar Group this time, it might help boost our status in the Lincoln family.

"Yeah, I've heard that Crowdstar Group's president is very capable. He can help us out of our

current predicament and further cement your position in the Lincoln Group," I whispered.

Ewan must have hit the brakes a bit too hard at that moment. I almost fell out of my seat, but Steven managed to catch me.

Steven frowned at Ewan.

"Sorry, I got a bit distracted for a moment," Ewan apologized.

"Do you know anything about Crowdstar Group's president, Mr. Bart? You've been part of this industry for a while now, haven't you?" I asked Ewan if he had any knowledge of the president of

Crowdstar Group.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lincoln. All I know is that Crowdstar Group has become rather popular in recent years, but its founder is very elusive. No one has ever seen him, and there are very few reports in the media about him. It almost feels like he's hiding from everyone," Ewan said, shaking his head.

Even though Ewan was assistant to the Lincoln Group's chairman, he had never met the president of Crowdstar Group.

This person was indeed rather elusive.

"I've looked him up. Some people on the internet claim to have seen him before, apparently. They say that he's an old, ugly man with a limp. That's why he's rarely seen in public. Hardly anyone has

seen him," I said. I was unsure if the online rumors were reliable.

Steven was in the middle of drinking some water when he suddenly stiffened. Then, he coughed, seemingly having choked on it.

I instinctively grabbed a tissue to wipe the water that had dribbled out of his mouth and flowed down to his neck.

I couldn't help but notice how good Steven's Adam's apple looked. Its shape was so distinct. When he swallowed, it rolled.

I blushed slightly at the sight and unconsciously withdrew my fingers. I had heard one shouldn't touch a man's Adam's apple carelessly.

Sure enough, Steven ended up reaching out to pull me into his arms. Then, he lowered his head to kiss me.

Ewan then helplessly raised the partition and continued to drive steadily as if he were driving an army tank.

"You..." I tried to push Steven away.

"You started it first," Steven said, looking aggrieved.

He implied that I had seduced him.

"I was just wiping the water off you," I muttered softly.

"I don't care," Steven said. He held my cheeks stubbornly and leaned down to kiss me again. You're mine."

I had no choice but to surrender and let him kiss me.

"Steven..." I whispered his name, feeling my breath heating up.

Why did I have to forget everything related to him?

"Mr. Martin has encouraged some high-ranking employees to go on a strike. You'll need to head to the company tomorrow morning," Ewan said. He seemed reluctant to interrupt us, but he ended up speaking up after answering a phone call.

I breathed a sigh of relief. If Steven would be at the Lincoln Group, it meant that I could sneak out to meet Eason in secret at noon tomorrow.

I wanted to know what he wanted to show me.

## Chapter 219

Once we got back home, I managed to coax Steven to go to bed first.

It seemed that after experiencing being well taken care of, Steven wanted to experience it again. He kept pretending to feel ill and said that he had a fever, sore hands, and sore feet. He even asked that I bathe him.

I hoped he could just be honest. Bathing Steven was really troublesome, especially since he took advantage of the situation.

Steven had stripped himself naked earlier and ended up soaking me as well,

“Steven Lincoln!” I gritted my teeth after yelling. I was soaked from head to toe.

“Stephie, your clothes are all wet. Come on, let’s just bathe together,” Steven said, looking innocent. He was seriously trying to unbutton my shirt.

I slapped his hand away and took a deep breath.

I tried to console myself. I kept telling myself that there was no way around this. Steven was my husband, after all. I repeated this mantra in my head. It was my fault for spoiling him so

“Stephie...”

My phone rang at that moment. To avoid getting it wet, I placed it in a small crook on the inside of the bathtub.

Steven reached out to help me grab the phone. But when he saw that it was Michael calling, his face darkened and his grip loosened as well.

I watched helplessly as my phone fell into the bathtub. It seemed to struggle to stay on for a few seconds before shutting off completely.

I took a deep breath and felt anger rise within me.

Previously, Michael’s number in my phone had been blocked. I was certain that Steven had been the one who did it.

“Stephie... I got water on my wound. It hurts so much. You’re not going to get mad at me for not holding your phone firmly enough, are you?” Steven said, looking at me with a pitiful expression on

his face.

His gaze was not as dark as before he dumped my phone into the water.

At this moment, he looked more like a naughty child seeking forgiveness for his mistakes.

The raging fire inside of me was instantly put out by his expression. I had to admit that I was weak.

“Steven Lincoln, this is the third phone you’ve ruined. Don’t touch my phone next time,” I said through clenched teeth and suppressed anger.

Steven’s eyes turned red-rimmed. “Is your phone that much more interesting than I am?”

I didn’t know what led him to that conclusion.

I reached out to fish out my phone from the bathtub. However, he grabbed my wrist and suddenly pulled me in. I fell on top of him as a result.

The anger within me erupted in that instant. But the raging flame was swiftly extinguished by Steven’s body and looks.

He had flawless skin and well-defined muscles. There were water droplets all over his perfect body, which made him resemble a merman that had just surfaced from the depths of the sea, untouched by worldly matters.

“Oh, dear. Guess we’ll have to take a bath together now,” Steven said innocently. His lips curled

into a smirk as he held me in his arms.

I wanted to push him away out of anger, but the water made everything too slippery. In an instant, the atmosphere in the bathroom changed.

Unable to bear the tension any longer, I could only bite down on Steven’s collarbone.

put

Steven’s body stiffened for a moment. He did not move to push me away, nor did he try to up a fight.

“You like biting people when you’re mad, huh?” he said softly. Suddenly, he flipped over to pin me

down in the bathtub.

My head was instantly submerged in water. I held my breath instinctively as Steven pressed me deeper into the water and kissed me.

I suddenly realized that this guy was definitely not as clueless as he appeared. Someone had definitely taught him these moves.

Steven

is seemed innocent and clueless, yet he would always manage to make others blush.

“Steven Lincoln, if you end up drowning me, you’re done for!” I pushed him away forcefully. I

gasped for air and shook my head vigorously to get the water out of my ears.

I glared at Steven but could not bring myself to vent my anger on him.

“You’d better start bathing yourself right now and go to bed straight after,” I said in a threatening

tone. However, it was useless. Steven wouldn’t listen to me and continued to touch me.

Steam filled the bathroom as the touching escalated.

After doing it for hours with Steven, I ended up tiring myself out. As soon as I lay down on my pillow, I felt extremely sleepy.

“Mr. Lincoln, you have to go to the company tomorrow morning,” Ewan said from outside. He was still trying to persuade Steven.

“I’m not going. I’m going to keep Stephie company when she goes for her prenatal check-up tomorrow,” Steven replied irritably.

Steven remembered everything. Whenever it was time for one of my check-ups, he was better at reminding me about it than my phone.

With a grunt, I quickly added, “You should really go. I can go for the check-up by myself in the morning.”

“No way,” Steven said unhappily. Then, he lowered his head and asked, “Stephie, do you not like it when I’m around you?”

Chapter 220

I felt helpless and said, “Why don’t you go to the company tomorrow? You can come with me to my prenatal check-up the day after. How’s that?”

I could easily push my check-up a day back.

Steven lowered his head and remained silent.

“Mrs. Lincoln, your new phone has arrived and has been placed outside your door,” Ewan said. He put the phone down and left quietly.

Everyone noticed that Steven only ever listened to me.

Even I noticed it myself.

I got out of bed with a yawn and went to get my phone at the door. After inserting my SIM card, I turned it on and set it to silent mode before going to sleep.

Steven looked to be in high spirits. He did not seem tired at all. He climbed onto the bed and held me in his arms, playing with my hair.

I was too tired to bother with him, so I leaned against his chest and drifted off to sleep.

I slept for a while before waking up with the urgent need to pee. I really needed to go to the bathroom.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that Steven hadn't slept yet.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed. He was looking at something in his hand.

I rubbed my eyes without reacting at first. But when I finally came to, my heart skipped a beat. I wondered if Steven was looking at the note Eason gave me last time.

I clearly recalled throwing the note into the hospital's trash can after reading the contents and the phone number on it. How could it be with Steven?

I turned around and walked over to his side. Only then did I see that Steven was merely holding a piece of tissue paper.

I breathed a sigh of relief and asked softly, "Why aren't you asleep yet? It's the middle of the night. What are you doing?"

"I needed the bathroom," he said. He looked as sleepy as I felt.

I hummed in response.

It looked like Steven had just woken up too. We had fooled around in the bathtub for quite some time, after all. We were both dying of thirst when we got out, so it felt great to drink a cup of water before going to bed.

It was just annoying that we had to get up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom because of R

"Stephie. I'm scared," Steven said. He clung to me from behind.

I raised my head groggily to look over at him. I wondered why he would feel scared to go into the bathroom

"Stephie, do you think souls or spirits can follow us around without us seeing them?" Steven asked

softly.

I

A chill ran down my spine upon hearing that. I tightly grabbed onto the hem of Steven's clothes.

This time, the scared one wasn't him. It was me

Because I knew for a fact that souls and spirits truly did exist in forms that couldn't be seen.

"Stephie, you're going to pee, right? I'll wait outside for you," Steven said. His tone was innocent

vet serious.

After what he said, I kept feeling a chilling breeze in the bathroom.

Steven knew me too well. He knew that I was easily spooked.

I grabbed the hem of Steven's shirt and said, "Turn around. Just don't look at me.

The corners of Steven's mouth curled upward. He nodded obediently and turned away. He kept. me company the entire time.

I huffed, knowing full well that he was deliberately trying to scare me.

"You've used up all your intelligence to poke fun at me, huh?" I muttered softly.

Steven didn't turn back to face me as he said, "You once asked me what would be the only thing in - life that wouldn't change if a genius like me suddenly turned into a fool the next day."

I looked up at Steven. I couldn't remember that at all.

"Even if I became a fool overnight, I'd still love you the same."

Steven's voice was soft. I could hardly hear what he said.

I wanted him to repeat his words, but he had already lowered his head and was keeping silent.

When I woke up early the next morning, Steven had already left to go to the company.

I reached for my phone and saw that I had several missed calls from Rachel.

Chapter 220

"Steph, you've finally picked up my call!" Rachel complained softly.

I was taken aback by the nickname. Did Rachel think that I was Stephanie?

Before, she would only ever call me Steph when I was Stephanie.

"Michael suddenly went crazy last night and insisted on seeing you. None of the doctors could stop him. Despite his severe injuries, he managed to get up, which caused his wound to start bleeding all over again.

"His attending doctor is a friend of mine. My friend called me to tell me about it. All I could tell him

was that I couldn't ensure that Michael died happy," Rachel said with venom in her tone.

She continued, "And guess what? When the doctors weren't looking, Michael ended up running away even though his wound was still bleeding."