

Revenge After Death

Chapter 22

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“Officer Landon, I heard that you’ve released that psycho?” Michael asked with displeasure as he walked out from the police station with Yasmin.

Yasmin was hiding in Michael’s arms as if she was terribly frightened.

Michael took off his coat and put it on Yasmin’s shoulders lovingly. Then, he held her in his arms and asked, “Are you cold?”

Yasmin gently nodded.

“Mr. Ford, someone has bailed him out. They also mentioned that should your friend have any questions, feel free to give them a call. They would compensate for all the medical expenses as well as any other losses.” Zion passed the name card to Michael.

Michael looked at the name card. Then, his glance changed.

He frowned and asked, “Ignatius Lincoln?”

The Lincoln family...

I stared at Michael dumbfoundedly. Did he just mention the Lincoln family?

The Lincoln family was the wealthiest and most influential family in the business industry in Huma.

Even the Ford family could not be compared with them.

However, how did a member of the Lincolns end up growing up in an orphanage and turning into a psycho?

I couldn’t help but tremble when I thought of Steve’s true identity.

Did he manage to get away from all those murders he had committed thus far because he was a

Lincoln?

So, someone had been cleaning up the mess for him.

What should I do now? Where on earth was my body? Would the truth about my death even come to light?

"H—he was a Lincoln?" Yasmin was dumbfounded too.

After a long silence, she eventually found her tongue. "I've never heard that there's a psycho in the Lincoln family."

"Three years ago, Mr. Lincoln Senior's eldest son, eldest grandson, and granddaughter were killed in a car accident. His youngest son was the only family he had left, but he was azoospermic.

"Since the youngest son was infertile, there is no chance of an heir," Michael said in a low tone while he frowned.

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"Which means this psychic is a bloodline of the Lincoln family. Otherwise, Mr. Ignatius wouldn't care so much about such a psycho."

"You think so?" Zion smiled coldly. "If he really cared about Steve, he wouldn't have let him wander around like a homeless person. He's just making sure the bloodline of the Lincolns won't die."

Michael kept quiet. He wasn't interested in the Lincoln family, nor did he want to get involved with

them.

"Since you've finished questioning, you probably should focus more on the murderer instead of Stephanie." Michael opened the door of his car and let Yasmin in.

Apparently, he was particular in every detail when it came to taking care of Yasmin.

"Yas and I are getting married soon, I bet she'll show up at our wedding." He was quite certain about.

1. it.

I scoffed, knowing that Michael planned to lure me out at his and Yasmin's wedding.

"Congratulations to you two then."

Zion glanced at Michael meaningfully. "Hopefully, this was all just Stephanie's prank. I do hope she'll attend your wedding. Then we'll know she's safe and sound."

"Yeah, keep dreaming..." I stood aside and taunted Michael. I would not show up at his wedding.

never ever.

Michael got into the car and drove off.

I stood there feeling rather lost. I did not know where I should go next.

Perhaps I was what was known as a "lost ghost".

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A soul which had no idea where to go after death."

"Where are you, Stephanie?" Zion suddenly asked as he raised his head and stared at the sky.

I turned around and looked at him with a smile. "I'm dead, but I don't know where my body is..."

"Officer Landon! We've got another case!" Phil came out of the police station, and ran toward Zion

panickedly.

"Another female body was found at the Godfrey River. Same MO.... The victim wore a red dress and often wandered around at night. She was sexually assaulted before she died of suffocation," he said.

Zion frowned and threw away the cigarette in his hand. "Damn... that bastard!"

He was furious that he uncontrollably smashed the trash can next to him. He was feeling pissed that the murderer was still at large because of his incompetence.

So many innocent women died because he couldn't catch the murderer.

"The victim's face was completely skinned, thus we can't identify her," Phil said.

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Zion finally calmed down and stood there in silence. "Let's go take a look."

I followed Zion worriedly. According to my last memory, the murderer had indeed abducted several

women.

I remembered seeing a few ladies in red quivering at the corner before I died..

"There are survivors, Zion! There are still some survivors! Go to that abandoned orphanage! Search the orphanage!" I anxiously yelled at Zion while I followed him.

Someone was still alive. The murderer only killed a person every once in a while. And before he killed, he would first abduct a person.

So there must be survivors!

"Zion! There are survivors!" I shouted as loud as I could, hoping that he could hear me. However, it

was all in vain.

We were like people in two different worlds. He couldn't even feel my existence.

"This might sound weird but we found another Stephanie's belonging on the body. The victim was wearing an earring on her left ear.

"We've confirmed that it was the earrings that Stephanie was wearing on the day she went missing," Lily reported to Zion when she returned from the scene.