

Revenge After Death

Chapter 23

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"Is it possible that we're heading in the wrong direction? Maybe the murderer isn't a male, but a female? Or maybe it's Stephanie Carlson?" Lily told Zion her suspicion.

Zion remained silent.

I tried to explain to him, but it was no use. They couldn't hear me crying or shouting.

I wondered why the murderer was putting my belongings on the victims after he had killed me.

First, it was my bracelet; Now, it was my earring.

What the hell was that lunatic trying to do?

7/3

I followed Zion to the Godfrey River. It was a remote area that was some distance away from the abandoned orphanage.

Obviously, the murderer had dumped the body into the river. Then, the body floated downstream and was found in such a desolate place.

I stood by the river and saw that body covered in white cloth. I couldn't help but cover my eyes in fear.

Yes, even when I was dead, I was still as timid as ever.

"That's Stephanie's earring alright. The last body had Stephanie's bracelet, and this one had her earring. What is the murderer trying to say?" Phil was puzzled.

"Lily might be right. Maybe the murderer is Stephanie Carlson! Even if it isn't her, she's definitely part of it.

"She's now missing, and her friends insist that she's still alive. So maybe she pretended she was missing, but the fact is, she's the killer or accomplice!" Phil said angrily.

"I heard that Stephanie Carlson was in love with Michael Ford. They said she would do anything to get married to him.

“Perhaps she knew the murderer. So whenever the murderer kills someone, she intentionally leaves her belongings on the victims so she could provoke Michael and Yasmin?” Lily said as she walked to them.

I stared at Zion helplessly and shook my head desperately. “No, it wasn’t me. I did not.”

Zion remained silent for a while, and then he said, “Get an arrest warrant for Stephanie and put her

on the wanted list.”

The last hope I had been holding onto shattered in a blink of an eye.

I sarcastically glanced at the officers who were standing before me. Then, I turned around and left helplessly.

Not only I they not believe in me, but they even slandered me and planned on arresting me

I wondered if they would feel guilty for their suspicions when they found my body.

Anyway, that was not important to me anymore.

No one in the world would believe in me

to one believed that I was dead.

And no one believed that Yasmin was the one who got me into this.

All of them believed in Yasmin

2/3

I went back to Hamforth Residence, where I used to stay with Mom and Dad before their accident.

We might not be considered wealthy in Huma, but we were a happy middle-class family.

Before I was 18, I used to imagine I was the happiest little princess who had a beautiful life with my parents and a wonderful future ahead.

However, everything had been ruined.

I could never go back to how things were.

As I wandered on the street in despair, countless cars ran through my soul. But I couldn't care less.

I never thought that I would fall into the pit of despair after I died. I was even more desperate than I was alive because I couldn't even end my life when I was a ghost.

"Stephie... Stephie, where are you? Please... come back to me."

1

I heard a faint cry coming from the entrance of my old home. A thin figure was squatting at the door and kept making calls.

I stood under the streetlight. My body trembled when I saw who it was.

That was Rachel, My childhood friend and bestie.

Rachel tried to get through my phone over and over, even though the phone was no longer reachable.

"Stephie, please don't scare me. Don't scare me," she kept murmuring.

Her voice sounded hoarse after a long cry, yet she couldn't stop repeating, "Stephie, please don't scare me. Come back to me, Stephie."

I squatted next to her helplessly, I wanted to hug her, but I couldn't.

"Rach, I'm here. I'm right here..." I said to her in tears, "Don't cry, Rach. I'm here."

However, Rachel couldn't hear me.

"Stephie, I'll find out the truth. I promise you I'll find out the truth and avenge you, Rachel

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promised in her hoarse voice.

3/3

I had a bad feeling about this. Rachel was the only person who really cared about me, so I

couldn't let anything happen to her.

"Rach!" I followed her and screamed her name in worry, but she didn't look back.

She wiped her tears and made a call on her phone. "Have you found it?"

"The police found another body today. The body was wearing Stephanie's earring. The police couldn't identify the victim, but they'd confirmed it wasn't Stephanie through DNA analysis.

As Rachel studied medicine, she had a friend in forensics. Hence, she could easily find out about the investigation.

"Put me in touch with Zion Landon. Tell him that I've been going out during nights for quite some time, and I'm willing to be his bait to lure the murderer. Ask him to contact me. If he won't, I'll do it myself." Rachel sounded determined.

"Are you out of your mind?" I shrieked at Rachel, thinking that she must be crazy.

She shouldn't mess with that murderer!