

Revenge After Death

Chapter 25

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Zion furrowed his brow and released Steve.

Steve turned and immediately started running. He signaled for Rachel and Zion to follow him.

In a panic, I wanted to stop Rachel.

“Rach, don’t trust him,” I pleaded. “He’s a murderer. Don’t go with him!”

But Rachel saw this as a good opportunity. She was desperate to find me.

“Stop right there,” Rachel demanded. She chased after Steve and urged him to stop.

I was in a state of panic and started to follow them. I shouted at Zion, “Please, follow them. Ensure

her safety.”

Zion snapped to his senses and joined the chase. He and Rachel followed closely behind Steve.

Steve seemed to struggle with his movements. It was evident he was running with all his might. Blood streamed down his slender calves. It was a harrowing sight.

His pants were both short and tattered. It seemed they were scavenged from somewhere.

I couldn’t help but wonder about Steve’s background. If he was indeed from the Lincoln family and they treated him well, I wonder why he would be left to wander without directions.

I knew nothing of Steve’s upbringing. Nor did I wish to empathize with a serial killer. Regardless of his past, murder is indefensible.

“Are you injured?” Zion inquired. His brow was furrowed as he grasped Steve’s arm. “Where are you taking us?”

Alarmed, Steve wrenched his arm free from Zion. He stumbled to the ground, then rose and continued his escape.

His shoes were missing. The soles of his feet bore horrific scars reminiscent of severe burns. I - watched in shock as Steve stumbled every few steps. I wonder what horrors he had endured.

“What happened to his feet?” Rachel gasped in horror.

She observed Steve’s determined efforts to rise after each fall. His feet were severely burned. Each step he took must have been agonizing.

What was driving him to endure such pain?

“They’re burn injuries,” Zion concluded. He approached Steve after another fall. He offered a hand and waited for Steve to accept help.

However, Steve hesitated. It seemed he was already accustomed to solitude.

Once back on his feet, Steve resumed his painful journey. Bloody footprints marked his trail.

Chapter 25

20

Rachel was puzzled. “How did he burn his feet?” she wondered aloud.

“I had my suspicions about him,” Zion confessed. He spoke with a heavy heart. “I believed he might be the murderer and conducted my own investigation.”

Zion’s admission took me aback. To think he had suspected Steve all along.

“He is the murderer,” I insisted. “You must investigate further!”

“Steve’s life has been filled with hardship,” Zion reflected. “Raised in an orphanage, he was never acknowledged by Mr. Lincoln Senior. The Mr. Lincoln Senior never considered bringing him into the Lincoln family fold.”

“Perhaps it’s karma that Mr. Lincoln Senior’s lineage has ended with him. Now, he turns to Steve, the grandson he once shunned.”

Zion followed behind Steve. He lit the cigarette and pondered the cruel irony.

“A servant from the Lincoln household confided in me,” Zion continued, “Steve resisted his new life with the Lincoln family. He frequently attempted to flee. His reclusive nature and quick temper made him difficult to manage.

“To prevent further embarrassment, Mr. Lincoln Senior resorted to extreme measures. He crippled Steve, confined him, and treated him like an animal. All this to ensure the continuation of the Lincoln lineage.”

Rachel covered her mouth in shock. “So, his injuries...” she began. “Were they inflicted by Mr. Lincoln Senior to prevent his escape?”

Zion’s response was a silent, pained look.

In the eyes of the wealthy, Steve was not a person but a tool for reproduction. Once he fulfilled his purpose, he could vanish from Huma forever.

I followed behind Zion. My emotions were conflicted as I observed Steve.

“Empathy for a murderer is misplaced,” I muttered hoarsely. “However pitiful he may be, his victims deserve our sympathy more.”

Steve’s motives were unclear to me. I was uncertain if he had accomplices. But with Zion present, I felt a measure of safety.

After what seemed like an eternity, Steve led us back to the abandoned orphanage.

The sight of the dilapidated building sent shivers down my spine. It was here, in an old alleyway, where I was drugged and abducted.

Was Steve about to reveal the site of his crimes?

“What’s here?” Zion demanded. His voice was tense as he surveyed our surroundings. Steve paid him no mind. He pushed open door after door. His search was frantic yet fruitless.

Chapter 25

171

I was skeptical of his intentions. I suspected that it was an act of madness. But then, we found something on the second floor in a deserted dormitory.

A figure in a red dress stood before us. The silhouette was eerily familiar. The figure seemed lost in thought as it gazed out the window.

I was breathing heavily, and my body trembled uncontrollably. Was I staring at my corpse?