

Revenge After Death

Chapter 26

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Rachel hid fearfully behind Zion, not daring to look.

Steve was the first to enter. He limped slowly. I felt like he was trembling. It was unclear if this trembling stemmed from fear or excitement.

“Stephie...” His voice was hoarse and unpleasant. The ruined tone felt suffocating.

“Stephanie?” Zion echoed.

He furrowed his brow as he activated his phone’s flashlight.

There was a dull thud. The woman standing before us fell straight to the ground.

Zion’s expression darkened. He quickly grabbed a nearby stick and surveyed the surroundings.

cautiously.

It was a dead body.

Rachel was just an ordinary medical student. Despite her strong character, she had never seen a body

like this.

She screamed as she covered her eyes and crouched on the ground. It took her a moment to slowly lower her hands.

She cried as she asked Zion, “Zion, my legs are numb. I can’t look. Please check for me. Please, see if it’s Stephie.”

She dared not confirm if the body was mine.

Not just Rachel, even I couldn’t bear to look. Eventually, I took a deep breath and gathered the courage to move forward with Zion.

After seeing the face of the body, Zion sighed in relief. My soul, however, tensed up.

It wasn't me.

Steve retreated and fell to the ground. His gaze flickered around.

Suddenly, he ran out of the dormitory as if he was mad. He shouted, "Come out... Get out here..."

I watched Steve in horror, unsure if he might have a mental illness. Perhaps he had a split personality. Could he be unaware of his actions, not knowing he had killed so many people?

"It's not Stephie." Zion discarded the stick.

His brow furrowed as he called the station. Soon, the sound of police sirens approached. Rachel sat on the ground and suddenly broke into uncontrollable sobs.

"Stephie... where is Stephie?"

She was afraid to look at the body, yet relieved it wasn't mine.

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The police and forensle team arrived at the scene. By the time Zion went out to look for Steve, he was nowhere to be found.

1, too, gave up struggling and simply sat down on the ground. I wondered when this series of murders would finally end.

"The victim was around 23 years old," the forensic analyst began. "The skin is still elastic. She likely died about ten minutes ago. She seems to have died peacefully, probably due to the influence of drugs.

He briefly summarized the scene. "The victim had no ear piercings. These earrings were forcibly put through while she was alive. Her nails were pulled out and then glued back on. They likely weren't her

own."

1 listened to the forensic analysis and smiled weakly.

I wondered how she could have died only about ten minutes ago. It took us half an hour just to get here with Steve. 1 paused, then suddenly looked up. My whole body was trembling.

I wondered if there could be more than one murderer. Did Steve have an accomplice? Or were there two people committing these crimes with strikingly similar methods?

Zion followed the police back to the station and immediately ordered a search for Steve. "Find him. But don't scare him. Bring him back," he instructed.

"Judging by that madman's behavior, he knew there was a body at the old orphanage but didn't know exactly where," Rachel said. She was wrapped in a coat, shivering as she held a hot cup.

I sat beside her and leaned on her shoulder. Would she be terrified of sleeping at night if she knew souls truly existed in this world?

I smiled weakly, lost in thought, as I rested on Rachel's shoulder. Everything felt like a nightmare. Where would I go when I woke up?

"Officer Landon! The identification results are in," a colleague announced. "None of the nails on the body's ten fingers belong to the victim. After testing... they belong to... to..." the colleague hesitated.

"Speak," Zion demanded.

"They belong to Stephanie."

I watched as the cigarette in Zion's hand fell to the ground, sparking on impact. The colleague's shock was probably because I was a murder suspect just a few days ago.

I pondered on which murderer would pull out their own nails and place them on a victim's body.