

After Death 291

Chapter 291

Eason squinted at me and said, “You’re quite brave, aren’t you? Anyone else would’ve had a physical reaction upon seeing the corpse being consumed like this. You’re even pregnant still, don’t you feel

nauseous?”

I nervously swallowed my saliva before smiling and said, “I dared not even look that way.”

Eason snorted and said meaningfully, “You’re not clear from it either, Stephany.”

I took in a sharp breath and asked, “What do you mean by that?”

“I will personally catch him,” Eason replied. He was beating around the bush, but at the same time he sounded like he was swearing an oath. He would personally catch the murderer. He was adamant in

thinking that the murder was Steven.

“You think that Steven is the mastermind behind the serial murder case, and he was avenging Stephanie Carlson. That was why the victims were somehow connected to Stephanie Carlson or Steven. They were

either bullies of Stephanie Carlson, or bullies of Steven and Simeon, right?” I asked, looking at Eason.

He did not reply, but his silence was already an acquiescence.

“So why would Stephanie Carlson also die in the hands of the murderer then? Who was the one who killed

her? Was it Steven? Why?” I asked, thinking that Eason’s logic didn’t make sense.

“Because he is a lunatic in an unrequited love! Because Stephanie Carlson no longer loved him!” Eason

replied with gritted teeth.

“He once said that nothing in this world was eternal, even the universe is constantly changing. No one

can stay as another person’s forever love, unless—there’s a different way to preserve youth, time, and the people you love.”

Eason thought that Steven had killed Stephanie and preserved her body out of the need to retain her love.

“If we follow your logic, then Stephanie Carlson whose body was preserved, should’ve forever stayed trapped inside the glass display cabinet underground. She could’ve

stayed forever as his Stephanie, Instead of being purposely found by the police and let her corpse be made public," I retorted.

Eason was clearly agitated by my retort. He frowned, clearly annoyed as he replied, "You're just trying to argue with me."

"It requires logic and evidence to make an inference. A perfect murder case doesn't exist, neither does a perfect victim, am I not right?" I said before stepping back and turning to leave.

Eason remained silent for the longest time before saying. The mastermind of the murder case is either Steven or Simeon. Steven would remain as the primary suspect unless Simeon isn't dead!"

I halted my footsteps. Why could it only be the two of them?

"I knew better than anyone else how terrifying the both of them are. Fortunately, one of them is dead. If they are both alive, the police would've never found the corpses if they were to kill."

I nodded. What Eason was saying was, nobody else other than Steven and Simeon could've executed such a perfect murder plan, not with their intelligence level.

"Since the victim has changed now, that means the sequence of the welfare home serial number no longer works. Yasmin is now under Michael's protection round the clock. It will be hard for the murderer to attempt killing her. That's why he had changed the playing field to start all over again."

I stopped walking and turned back to look at Eason. I said, "According to the murderer's modus operandi, the second victim should already be under his control by the time he disposes of the corpse. You're running out of time."

The time left for him to figure out the time and venue to rescue the second victim before they die is running out now.

If Steven was here, there would still be a possibility for them to locate the crime scene before the second victim dies. But Steven is no locked up in the asylum.

"Go get Steven," Zion said. Clearly, he had rushed over as soon as he was off work as he was still in his traffic police uniform.

"You should focus on directing the traffic, Officer Landon. Just because you couldn't find them and needed assistance doesn't mean that I do," Eason said with a cold chuckle. He was full of confidence.

Zion lost his temper and said, "That's a matter of life and death! We can't possibly afford any mistakes, not even a single second!"

His eyes were reddening.

"I don't need you to teach me to do my job, Zion," Eason spoke coldly.

Zion's breath quickened as he rushed forward to grab Eason and said, "I know that you're capable, Eason. We don't have much time. We only have less than 24 hours from the discovery of the corpse until the next victim's death. We're running out of time!"

"Do not obstruct official duties, Officer Landon, Eason said, ignoring Zion. He let Phil hold Zion off.

Phil hurriedly stopped Zion as he said, "Calm down, Zion! Eason surely has his ways! He's the expert after

all-

"We wouldn't have found Yasmin so quickly if it wasn't for Steven back then! If only- Stephanie wouldn't have died if only I had arrived earlier!" Zion screamed as he lost control of his emotions.

I knew that "Stephanie Carlson's death was a huge blow to Zion. He couldn't forget about her death. The scene of her being trapped in the glass cabinet had triggered him as well.

Chapter 292

Zion refused to let tragedy repeat itself. He was not wrong in wanting to catch the murderer and rescue

the victims.

Zion's fists tightened and he punched the wall, I was about to head over to comfort him, when he suddenly turned to grab my wrist. He said, "Let's go. I'll bring you to see Steven."

I was stunned, but he managed to drag me into the car.

"Hello, Officer Landon," Ewan greeted.

"We're going to Huma Psychiatric Hospital," Zion said. He wanted to meet Steven and ask for his help to

locate the location of the next victim.

I looked at him and asked, "Will they let us visit him?"

"He's a patient, not a criminal," Zion replied, gritting his teeth. "I'll like to see who dares to stop me."

I nodded, feeling excited. I could finally see him again.

But things weren't going as smoothly as we thought. Just as we arrived at the asylum, they refused to let us meet Steven as he was a level five high-risk patient.

“We’re sorry. The patient might hurt people anytime, so-

Zion grabbed at the person’s collar angrily and said, “I’ve never seen him hurt anyone before! He is lucid and prone to reasoning. How is he a level five psychiatric patient now? Who is his attending physician?

Get him to see me!”

Despite all our efforts, they still refused to let us meet Steven. It was evident that they had conspired.

against us.

“Why aren’t you directing the traffic now, Cicer Landon? What’s going on, do you have PTSD from your detective work? Our psychological therapy here is quite renowned,” Peter came over and said with a smile.

He was half-joking, but his words were provocative.

Peter had always been a smiling hypocrite. It was as if he would never get angry and always wore a smile, but he could always provoke those with unstable emotions with just a few words or even a glance.

Zion was provoked, and I subconsciously reached out to tug at him.

I said softly, “It was his way of putting a trap out for you by mentioning your career and emotions. Be careful not to fall for his tricks, otherwise he might deem you a lunatic and lock you up!”

Peter is a terrifying man. It was as if he could find out a person’s weakness in just a glance. I was even suspecting that there might have been many who had been labeled as a lunatic and got locked up in this asylum, all just because they have offended him in their daily life.

“We want to meet Steven,” I said seriously after taking a deep breath.

“Steven? I’m sorry, but my patient is currently undergoing treatment. As you know, such aggressive psychiatric patients will require some special treatment methods. It may be electroshock, hypnosis, or even medication control-” Peter gently said, but all his words were meant to provoke me.

My body was trembling. I dared not even imagine what Steven must be experiencing now.

“Peter” I said, gritting my teeth. I wanted to kill him and rush inside to rescue Steven. But I could only suppress my anger and plead with him.

I said, “Please find a way- we really have urgent matters to talk to him about.”

Peter seemed pleased with the way I was yielding to him. It was as if he was taming disobedient outliers

like this.

Chapter 293

Peter smiled. "Ms. Larson, what are you saying? You're family. It's normal to visit a patient."

I let out a sigh of relief and slowly let go of Zion's finger.

"But..." Peter's smile faded. "Steven isn't just an average mentally ill patient. He's extremely aggressive. Aside from that, he has also committed crimes... He's currently being investigated. Without the police's

permission, we can't visit him."

"Dr. Jones, the reason Steven beat people up is still under investigation. The police haven't..." Zion spoke

angrily.

Peter interrupted him. "Officer Landon, if you are still investigating, I can allow you to visit with the documents. After all, we have regulations. You won't put us in a difficult position, right?"

The hidden meaning of his words was that Zion was no longer a criminal police. He was currently a traffic

police. He should direct traffic.

Zion clenched his fists and wanted to punch Peter.

I held onto Zion's arm tightly. "Let's go."

"We don't have enough time." Zion was in a panic.

"We can only put our hopes on Eason. He's the only one who can predict who the murderer will kill next." I

shook my head.

Peter wouldn't let us visit Steven.

"Steven fought because he was stimulated by the other party. The other party knew that he had mental illnesses but still stimulated him deliberately... If the police investigation has ended, and he is no longer under investigation, Peter can't stop us from visiting him anymore." I took a deep breath and turned to

look at the asylum.

We couldn't waste our efforts now.

Since Steven decided to enter this asylum, he must have his own way of thinking.

"Let's go to Eason." Zion brought me along to see Eason.

"You will face a lot of restrictions with your current identity," I whispered.

Zion fell silent. He regretted acting on impulse back then and hit Simón.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have...

“I have a feeling that there’s something wrong with Peter.” Looking at the asylum, I said in a soft voice, “Zion, did you hear anyone crying?”

I didn’t know if I was hallucinating, but the moment I approached the asylum, I would hear cries. It was as if countless souls were struggling.

Zion listened to the surrounding areas carefully. He shook his head. “I didn’t hear anything.”

I took a deep breath. “Maybe I’m stressed out. Let’s go.”

Once I got into the car, I looked at Ewan. “Try to make Jake withdraw the case. In this way, we can visit

Steve.”

Ewan nodded. “That’s a bit difficult. Jake is arranged by Martin.”

I fell silent for a while. Then, I asked, “Does Martin not have anyone he needs to beg?”

Ewan nodded again. “He has. All of the deals he made for the past several years have been illegal incomes. For him to clear his reputation and dock business, he needs to take over the Lincoln Group. Through the Lincoln Group, he needs to launder his assets bit by bit. Aside from that, he needs to have the support of a fixed strategic partner to take over the Lincoln Group. The Crowdstar Group is a miracle in the business industry for its growth in recent years. Martin has been wanting to suck up to the president behind the Crowdstar Group. But the president is very mysterious.”

In short, the person Martin had to beg was the president of the Crowdstar Group.

He was the person Yasmin mentioned she could get in touch with.

“I got it.” I pinched the bridge of my nose.

I needed to make Yasmin introduce me to the president of the Crowdstar Group and organize a meeting.

with him..

Eason had just returned home from work when he saw me and Zion at the entrance. It was clear that he was shocked.

He looked unhappy. “Do you guys think you’re security guards?”

“We d

on’t have much time. Eason, have you found the next person?” I asked in a heavy voice.

Eason snorted. It was clear that he wasn’t Boofident.

He didn’t have any traces. “The situation this tape is uncanny.

Chapter 294

“Don’t gamble with someone’s life. What’s uncanny?” Zion was a bit angry. He grabbed Eason by the collar, wanting to beat him up.

Subconsciously, Eason blocked his face. "Don't hit my face."

"Eason, you're in charge of this case. You have the right to get a warrant to meet Steven. The asylum doesn't let us visit him, but you can." I held Zion's wrist and looked at Eason.

"Do you want me to beg him?" Eason was unhappy.

"You don't need to beg him." I took off my wedding ring and placed it in Eason's hand, Steven put it on my finger while I was asleep. He said that I was his wife...

"When he sees this ring, he will know that I'm the one begging him. He will answer your questions."

When Steven proposed marriage, he didn't care if I would agree to it.

Eason fell silent for a moment.

"Are you still hesitating? If you can't find the victim, the victim might die," said Zion irritably.

Eason nodded. "I got it. I'll go now."

"Eason..." I said nervously. "Please help me see if those people are treating him badly..."

My palms were sweating.

Eason seemed to be stimulating me on purpose. "Is anyone normal in the asylum? Even if a normal person enters the place, he will become a mental illness patient, too, let alone Steven, who's already at

mental illness patient.."

"Eason!" I shouted in a panic.

"I got it. No one made him fight... I've warned him to restrain himself, but he still beat people up. He's smart. I think he entered the asylum deliberately Eason mumbled before turning to leave.

I glanced at Zion.

That was right. Steven was great. There was no way he didn't know that Martin stimulated him on purpose and that Martin had a collaboration with Peter. He must have known that they wanted to take

action against him in the asylum.

He must have known everything

Nevertheless, Steven still decided to beat him up. It was as if he had stepped on the trap deliberately.

What was he trying to do?

“The higher-ups want to stop the serial murder case from trending. They want to use Simmie to close the case... But there are too many mysteries yet to be revealed.” In a soft voice, Zion said, “For example, the first victim, Mandy... She became the sugar baby of a rich pharmaceutical businessman. After the fire

burned down the orphanage, she left Huma and went to Georgeke. She died in Huma when she represented her family to talk business. I found that she had connections with the black market.”

Every victim wasn't a good person.

It was just that the police didn't announce the outcome of the investigation.

“So far, none of the victims are innocent except Stephanie... Stephanie's death is a mystery. I couldn't find any traces of what she had experienced and what had happened. After she turned 18, she appeared in the Ford residence. Everything that happened before her parents' car accident seemed to have been erased by someone deliberately...” Zion leaned against the street light with a cigarette in his mouth.

He was nervous. Thus, he needed to have a cigarette in his mouth. Even if he didn't light the cigarette, he had to have it in his mouth.

I looked at Zion, confused.

Even I couldn't remember Stephanie's memory of what she had gone through before the age of eighteen.

Zion was right. It was as if someone had erased it on purpose....

Could my own memory be erased?

When Zion and I were on the way back home, Zion's phone buzzed. It was a call from Eason.

“Let's meet at the entrance of the abandoned asylum.”

Zion glanced at me. Then, he drove toward the abandoned asylum.

“Have you seen him?” Once the car was parked at the entrance, I got out of the car anxiously. I looked at Eason.

Eason was leaning against the car door as if he was calculating something.

“I've seen him. His attending physician was around the entire time. He only gave me this,” said Eason frustratedly. He scratched his head. “Why does he like to be so mysterious?”

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a mathematical quest be

“This question is unsolvable. Steven meant that someone was creating confusion. The murder case of Sunset Alley is unrelated to the serial murder case. Someone

wants to use the serial murder case to confuse the situation,” said Eason with a frown.

Chapter 295

I looked at Zion in astonishment.

‘Indeed. I’ve seen the scene. The murderer deliberately impersonated the suspicions of the serial murder case, but it can’t be ruled out completely.” Zion nodded.

“When Sparks performed the autopsy, he found that the victim’s fatal injury was the back of his head. Someone hit the back of his head from behind, causing his death. The person was skillful and knew where to hit.” Eason was deep in thought. “The victim should be on a call before he died. There were traces left behind from a phone smashing on the ground. But the phone was taken away by the murderer. The murderer of the serial murder case has a habit. When he kills someone, he won’t take anything from

the victim. It’s as if he’s confident that the police won’t find him.”

“So, these are two separate cases,” I said softly.

The serial murder case was a different case from the Sunset Alley’s murder case.

“What about the identity of the victim? Didn’t you mention that he used to be a psychiatrist? Did he have a

connection with Stephanie?” I looked at Eason nervously.

“I’ve looked into the victim before. His name is Wyatt Zimmer. He was a psychiatrist. In his early years, he won several awards in the field of psychiatry. He was always on par with Peter in the hospital, but the

director liked him more as he knew how to conduct himself,” said Zion.

Once he heard that a murder case happened in Sunset Alley, he went to investigate it.

“But this person had left this asylum many years ago.” Eason turned around and looked at the old asylum that had barricade tape all over.

“Aside from that, I’ve discovered that the director of this hospital committed suicide in prison after being punished. After that, most doctors went to the current Huma Psychiatric Hospital.”

“When Wyatt left, this asylum hadn’t been barricaded. It was said that he went to Yesa to do clothing business. He earned quite a lot. He wore branded clothes. Even his watch cost more than three million dollars.” Eason thought for a while. “But when I checked his company, it was a shell company. The

clothing business was a cover. How did he earn money.

“Go and look into it. Why are you guessing it?” Zion disliked Eason

Why was the latter still trying to figure things out here?

Eason’s phone vibrated on the car’s bonnet.

Eason glared at Zion while picking up the call. “Officer Grant, we have found the murderer! We checked all the surveillance cameras nearby and locked in the suspect’s address. It’s 37 Bridgeway Route. It’s the

demolition area, the last slum of Huma.”“

I glanced at Zion. 37 Bridgeway Route was the demolition area where the last slum of Huma was located.

Simeon’s sister, Carol, lived there. The area was a mixture of good and bad.

“I need to go on a mission. If you’re capable, you can look into it yourself.” Holding a grudge, Eason pushed Zion away. He got into the car and drove away.

Zion frowned and looked at me. “Should we go and take a look?”

I nodded.

I hoped the murder case this time had nothing to do with the serial murder case.

On 37 Bridgeway Route, the police had locked in a room on the third floor.

When Zion and I reached the place, the police barged into the room to catch the suspect.

As the apartment wasn’t big, the corridors were narrow. From the room, one could see the opposite room clearly.

The suspect lived on the east side. On the other hand, Carol was on the west side. Their rooms faced one

another.

When I looked in the west direction, I saw Carol watching the police arrest the suspect. Her clothes were untidy as she stood there, dazed.

Suddenly, her gaze landed on me. She smiled.

Her smile was so strange that I felt a chill run down my spine.

“Murderer...” Carol suddenly pointed at me and giggled.

Even though I couldn’t hear her voice clearly, I could read her lips. She was saying the word “murderer”.

Was she saying that I was the murderer? What did she mean...

“Watch out! Catch him!”

Suddenly, the east side of the third floor became noisy.

Zion and I weren't a part of the police. So, we couldn't go up. We could only stay at the bottom and look up to watch the situation.

All of a sudden, a figure pushed away the crowd and climbed over the window. Without hesitation, he jumped down.

Boom!

I was so shocked that I shrieked and took a step backward.

Nervously, Zion reached out his hand to protect me. He looked at the person who fell in front of us.

The third floor wasn't high, but he was determined to die

It was a middle-aged man. He looked like he had gone through a lot. His fingers were crooked. It wasn't because he fell from the third floor. It seemed to be caused by years of rheumatism and physical work.

“H-Help...” The man, who fell on the ground, spat out blood. He tried his best to take out a picture from his

pocket.

Chapter 296

The picture was stained with blood.

Short of breath, I looked at Zion.

Zion reached out to take the picture.

“S-Save my daughter.”

The police rushed down. Breathing heavily, they stared at the suspect who had fallen to the ground.

All of them wanted to curse.

“Ambulance! Call the ambulance!”

Feeling numb, I looked at Zion,

Zion shook his head. He used his phone to take a picture of the front and the back of the picture before passing it to Eason. “Are you sure he's the murderer?”

“The murder weapon has been found in his room. It's a hammer. He must have been doing labor work all year round. He should be a construction worker.” Eason looked up at the third floor. “I heard that his daughter had been missing for three years. He and his wife had been searching for their daughter. A few days ago, his wife committed suicide due to severe depression. He lost his family because of human traffickers...”

I stood in the same spot. My legs were numb.

“At what age did his daughter go missing?” I asked softly.

“18.” Eason felt that it was a pity.

I looked at the picture in Eason’s hand. The young lady in the picture was youthful and bright. She looked

neat and likable.

“She’s so pretty...” I said in a soft voice.

“She has been missing for three years. I’ve heard about this case... She was abducted by human

traffickers. The other party had an illegal license plate. The case hasn’t been solved until now... Zion said

powerlessly.

He continued, “When a father is forced into a corner, he won’t kill someone without a reason. He must have found out the truth. The despondency had to have crushed him...”

“The two cases have some connection with one another. Do you think, the victim is related to the missing.

person’s case?” I asked,

Eason nodded. He suspected that too.

“One more thing... How could a migrant worker, who had been searching for his daughter, know that by sprinkling spices on the corpse, dogs would eat it and get rid of the evidence?” I didn’t understand it.

“Since the corpse needed to be destroyed and the crime was carried out meticulously, how could it not be investigated in advance? How could such a large surveillance be avoided?”

It didn’t make sense.

Eason glanced at me. “It’s clear that he’s a pitiful person.”

The person was a pawn.

The real murderer was using a person to kill another.

But no one knew if it was related to the serial murder case.

After the ambulance took the person away, Zion sent me home.

On the way home, Zion received a call, saying that the pitiful father had passed away.

The man handed the picture to me and Zion because he wanted to put his hope on us.

He hoped the police could find his daughter...

“Someone is using these pitiful people. They’re innocent. This isn’t the style of the serial murder case’s

murderer. The two are in two extreme ends. One doesn’t kill innocent people, while the other uses innocent people,” I said with a headache.

My gut told me that these two cases were schemed by different people.

The car stopped at the entrance of the Lincoln family’s residence.

The moment I got out of the car, I saw Michael.

He seemed to be worried about me. He approached me anxiously.

“Stephie...”

His voice was hoarse. His devastated appearance made him look like he truly loved me.

If he hadn’t stuck to Yasmin’s side at all times, I would have thought he had turned over a new leaf.

“Stephie... I’ve gotten your parents’ social media account. Your parents’ logs recorded your growth. Stephie, please believe me. Come home with me.

“Let that lunatic stay in the asylum/until death! I will protect you... When your parents got into that car accident, I’d sworn to protect you.” Michael was anxious. He wanted me to believe him.

“Stephie... I’m sorry. I know my mistakes now....” His fingers were trembling. He held me in his embrace.” Stephie, you will understand after you see it. Only I truly love you... Steven is just a lunatic.”

I felt numb.

In the past, Michael was selfish, narcissistic, possessive, and arrogant. It was as if he was someone that

couldn’t be reached.

Back then, when I had approached him, he pushed me away. He hurt me so much that nothing could be healed. Now... he wanted to protect me for the rest of my life and make up for everything?

Chapter 297

“You said you know your mistakes. What did you do wrong?” I grabbed Michael’s collar and smiled. I glanced at Yasmin, who was standing to the side, sarcastically.

Yasmin gritted her teeth.

“Stephie... Michael was nervous. He grabbed my hand. “I will make up for everything I did in the past. From now on, let me protect you. I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

“I swear.” Michael was serious.

I followed what Yasmin always did. I smiled at Michael. "What to do? I don't want to see her." I pointed at Yasmin.

Michael turned around and frowned. "Yasmin, I will let the bodyguards protect you. You..."

"Michael, there's another murder case in Sunset Alley. I'm scared. You know that... I don't have any other requests. I've never thought of..." Yasmin panicked. She gritted her teeth and stared at me. "I've never thought of snatching you from her. I just hope you can protect me, seeing that I've saved you back then."

Yasmin still wanted to gaslight Michael with the kindness she showed him back then.

I know that Yasmin wasn't the one who saved Michael back then, but I wouldn't expose her. What was the fun to expose her now? I should let the two be together.

They should stay together forever.

It would be more troublesome to expose it now. Michael would cling to me more.

"Stephie..." As expected, Michael was moved.

I had to say that Michael still had a conscience. Because Yasmin saved his life, his tolerance to her was high.

"Stephie, Yasmin is in danger right now. The police can't protect her for long, so..."

Michael wanted me to be mature and let Yasmin stay. "Stephie, you wouldn't want her to die in the hands of the murderer, right?"

"I would." I chuckled.

Michael was such a funny person. Why wouldn't I want her to die? I would even want to watch her be killed.

"Michael..." With red eyes, Yasmin approached Michael. "Stephie has never cared about my life..."

Michael pinched his temples and looked at me. "Stephie, come home with me, alright?"

"Sure, but I'm afraid Yasmin will be upset." I pouted and looked at Yasmin.

Yasmin clenched her fists and glared at me.

I knew that she had held herself back.

"Yasmin won't be upset. She sees the big picture. Besides, that's your house. It's our house," coaxed

Michael softly.

He thought that I was the same person as before and that I would be obedient once he coaxed me.

“She sees the big picture? Do you mean that I don’t see the big picture then?” With a pitiful expression, I looked at Michael.

“Stephie... That’s not what I meant. Seeing how flustered Michael was, I found it interesting.

“Let’s go then. I’ll follow you home.” I looked into the distance. My guts told me that someone was staring

at us.

Steven wasn’t at home. To ensure the safety of me and the baby in my stomach, I needed to go to Michael’s place.

Michael was delighted. He went to get the car happily.

I glanced at Yasmin and snorted. “Look. I’ve already said that I’m not Stephanie, but he still thinks I’m her.”

Yasmin gritted her teeth and said, “Stephany, stay away from Michael!”

“Why? I want to snatch him from you. Unless.... I have a better choice.” I moved closer to Yasmin and smiled. “I know that you have a spare. Aren’t you eyeing the president of Crowdstar Group? Don’t be

greedy. If you have information about the Crowdstar Group’s president, tell me... Then, I will give up on

Michael.” –

Yasmin glared at me. “Dream on.”

Chapter 298

“Look... You and I are the same. We just want to survive. Martin wants my life, and Steven has been

admitted to the asylum. I need someone to rely on. Since I can’t meet the president of Crowdstar Group, I can only fight against you for Michael,” I said with a smile. Then, I opened the car door and was about to

get into the car.

Yasmin wanted to fight against me for everything. Subconsciously, she wanted to sit in the passenger’s

seat.

Michael didn’t notice anything.

When he saw that I hadn’t entered the car, he got out of the car and coaxed, “Stephie...”

“Shouldn’t your girlfriend sit in the passenger’s seat? Why’s she there?” I questioned pitifully.

Michael felt awkward. He explained, "She has motion sickness."

I retched. "I'm pregnant. I have motion sickness too."

Michael glanced at Yasmin. "I'm sorry. Let Stephie sit in the passenger's seat. She's not well."

Yasmin clenched her fists. She got out of the car reluctantly and glared at me.

I smiled. I wonder how long she would last.

When we reached the Ford family's residence, I didn't get out of the car.

I only got out of the car when Michael opened the car door for me.

I looked around the place. It was a familiar yet unfamiliar place.

Seeing that Yasmin had entered her room with red eyes, I said unhappily, "Michael, I remember that you

have always let me stay in the attic opposite

I pointed at the storage room. "I said that I didn't push Yasmin, but you said that I needed to make up for what I owed her. You threw me in the attic and left me to die when I had a high fever... I should settle this

score with Yasmin, right?"

Michael was taken aback. He lowered his head guiltily. "Stephie I'm sorry."

Was apologizing useful?

"Should Yasmin make up for what she owed me, too? Will it be fair this way?" I questioned in a low voice. "I feel uncomfortable whenever I see her. That attic is nice. Let her stay there. Anyway, she's the one clinging to you and asking for your protection."

Michael was hesitating.

"Stephany! Don't push it!" Yasmin was furious.

"I was pregnant back then. What did you do to me? She caused everything. Why do you think that Stephanie needs to compensate Yasmin, but Yasmin doesn't need to compensate Stephanie?" I snorted. "Michael, don't you think your repentance is a bit hypocritical?"

Michael held my shoulders. "Stephie... I don't mean that. I'll let her stay in the attic."

Then, Michael looked at Yasmin. "Stephie will be stimulated if she sees you. From now on, stay in the attic. I will call someone to clean the place. Anyway, you'll be safe as long as you're in the Ford family's residence."

Yasmin wanted to cry. She clenched her fists. "Stephany!"

I smiled and tilted my head. I waved at her. "I heard that there are ghosts in the attic. Good night."

Yasmin's face was pale. She stomped her feet.

I ignored her. With a yawn, I returned to my room.

I needed to contact the president of the Crowdstar Group as soon as possible. I needed to ask for his help no matter what.

Steven wouldn't be safe in Peter's hands.

"Stephie..." Michael followed behind me. He reached out to hold my wrist. 'When you're free, look at the account I gave you. After you're done, you will know that I have my reasons. I'm telling the truth. Even though I made a lot of mistakes in the past, you can't be with Steven... He imprisoned you and hurt you. These are all facts.

"By the way, do you remember the dog you raised when you were young? The one you always used to scare me... It was killed by Steven."

Chapter 299

I froze. I turned to look at Michael.

"I don't remember I had a dog before..."

I lied.

Michael was taken aback. He changed the topic. "Stephie, don't worry about it if you can't remember it.

No need to think back on it. It isn't a good memory."

I entered my room. Before Michael could come in, I closed the door.

Leaning against the door, I pulled up my phone to log into the account. I knew that my parents had a social media account to record my growth.

"Stephie..." Outside, Michael didn't leave.

He seemed to have a lot of things to say.

But I didn't want to hear any of it.

"Stephie... I'm sorry. I know that it's too late now, but I..."

"Mr. Ford, Ms. Bailey fell from the attic. It seems serious."

Michael hadn't finished talking, but Yasmin had already made a move.

Her way of fighting for affection was petty.

As expected, Michael went to check on her.

He was busy

I watched him go back and forth for Yasmin. He willingly let her toy him around. I felt happy.

I wanted to see Michael's reaction when Bound out the person who saved him wasn't Yasmin but

Stephanie.

That year, when Michael was kidnapped, I was the one who lured away the kidnappers. However, when

Michael woke up, he saw Yasmin.

It was because I was discovered by the kidnappers. They beat me up: So, I was hospitalized. I was unconscious for many days....

When I woke up, I heard that Michael was in a relationship with Yasmin.

Hah....

I was quite stupid back then, I felt sad about this for a long time.

Lying on the bed, I logged into the account and scrolled through it.

From the day I was born, my parents had been recording my life.

“The princess has arrived. On the day I was born, my parents uploaded a picture of me, them, and Peter.

The person who was holding me was Peter,

He was smiling, but his smile looked uncanny. When I saw him, I would have chills running down my spine.

“The princess is a genius. She knows how to walk at such a young age.” In this picture, there was Peter,

too.

My parents seemed to be rest assured to leave me to Peter.

“Stephie doesn’t like to smile. Even when I teased her, she wouldn’t laugh. The doctor said that she has an autistic tendency. Peter said that her personality wasn’t right.”

“No matter what, we have to go through this together. We won’t give Stephie up.”

“Stephie has turned one year old. The treatment is effective. Her growth and intelligence are normal. It’s

just that her personality is odd.”

“Stephie has turned two years old. She took the goldfish from the fish tank to feed the cat today.”

“Stephie’s actions are becoming weirder. In the bathroom today, I saw a pool of blood. She’s only two

years old, yet she killed a snake with a fruit knife.”

In the picture, although I was the only one in it, I noticed a foot at the door. It was Peter. It meant that

Peter was present, too.

I looked at the records and found a few issues.

I killed a snake at two years old? I was fearless back then.

“Peter came today. He said he liked Stephie a lot.”

Based on the records before I turned five, each time something happened, Peter was present. I wondered

if it was a coincidence.

I wanted to continue going through the record but I felt dizzy.

There was a strange scent in the room, making me feel dizzy.

Thankfully, Stephany’s body had experienced many sedatives. It gained a bit of immunity.

I tried to get up and put out the incense.

I shook my head and lay on the bed, pretending to be asleep.

“Ms. Stephie, it’s time for dinner. The nanny knocked on the door from the outside. I stayed silent.

“Ms. Stephie?”

The outside fell silent.

A while later, the nanny came to knock on the door again. “Ms. Stephie, it’s time for dinner.”

I kept quiet.

The nanny left again. A while later, I could hear the sound of a car from the courtyard.

I got up and walked toward the window. I saw a car parked in the courtyard of the Ford family’s residence. Peter got out of the car.

Chapter 300

Subconsciously, I grasped the curtain tightly and hid behind it.

Peter had come again... Did Michael ask him to come?

On the surface, Michael pretended to be guilty. In actuality, he wanted Peter to erase my memories.

“Ms. Stephie, it’s time to eat.” Outside the door, the nanny knocked again.

Hurriedly, I went back to the bed and tucked myself in. I pretended to still be asleep.

Soon, I heard the door open.

The person who came to my bedside wasn’t Michael. It was Peter.

I clenched my fists subconsciously.

I tried my best to look natural. I didn't want to be exposed.

Peter stood beside the bed for a while. He seemed to be observing me.

A while later, he chuckled. "Only a fool would believe in reincarnation...."

"Dr. Jones, you don't believe that either, right?" At the door, Yasmin walked in. "But Michael believes her."

She's clearly a liar. No matter how good she is at acting, she's still a liar. She can't be Stephanie. Stephanie is dead. I put in so much effort to...

Yasmin stopped speaking.

"Michael loves Stephanie, so he would rather make up a character. The person can be Stephany, but it

can be you too," said Peter.

I let out a sigh of relief. Peter was intelligent. He wouldn't believe that I was Stephanie.

"I wanted to... But Stephany appeared off of sudden." Yasmin gritted her teeth.

It seemed that she still wanted to pretend that she was Stephanie.

you

"There's no need to rush. With such a fake around, you'll seem more real." Peter laughed. "As long as listen to me, not only will Michael believe that you're the real Stephanie, but Steven will also believe that

you're Stephanie."

Yasmin was excited. "Dr. Jones, what idea do you have..."

"If Stephany can impersonate St  phanie, you can too. Besides, you know Stephanie better than her," said

Peter.

"Michael can't see the truth because of his guilt. Did you feed him the medicine that I told you to give him every day?"

"Yeah. He took it just now and is asleep now. Ever since Stephanie passed away, he has gone insane. He doesn't notice anything amiss," Yasmin said softly.

"The medicine causes hallucinations. So, it's easy to trick Michael. As for Steven, he's a lunatic. After my treatment and hints. He'll believe that you're Stephanie after he's discharged."

My chest tightened. I clenched my fists.

Peter!

What did he do to Steven?

"If Stephany finds out about our plan..." Yasmin said in a soft voice.

"So what? She's a fake, too... The one who's better at acting will win." Peter's finger grazed my face.

I felt a chill.

"Dr. Jones, you're right. The better one will win." Yasmin smirked. Walking toward me, she grabbed my chin and said, "Stephany, let's see how long you can remain this arrogant. When Steven and Michael think that I'm Stephanie, they will cherish me instead... As for you, I'll let you have a taste of being trampled on!"

"Alright. Don't forget what I told you to do," said Peter in a deep voice.

Yasmin let go of me and walked over to him. "Recently, the police are keeping watch over me... It's hard

for me to take action..."

"Think of a way as soon as possible. They can't wait for long," said Peter.

Yasmin and Peter then left.

I knew what they were scheming. Based on the conversation between Yasmin and Peter, they had been

working together for a long time.

Peter mentioned that they couldn't wait for long. Who were "they"?

It didn't matter what Yasmin and Peter wanted to do. I needed to get Steven out of the asylum as soon as

possible.

What if Peter could really make Steven not recognize me...

What would happen then?

Hearing the sound of Peter's car leaving. I secretly left my room and sneaked into Michael's room.

Michael was in deep sleep.

What an idiot... He had no idea that Yasmin was causing him harm!

"Michael?" I patted his face.

Perhaps the medicine was too strong. Michael couldn't wake up.

"Stephie..."

Michael was calling my name.

I wanted to leave, but he suddenly grabbed my wrist.

Chapte: 300

“Stephie... I’m sorry,” Michael choked out. He seemed to be having a nightmare.

I tried my best to shake his hand off, but he pulled me onto his bed instead. “Stephie... Come back, please.

I’m sorry...

When I wanted to break free from him, the door opened.