

## **After Death 71**

### Chapter 71

Jack was at Nocturnal Club.

Ever since the incident with Stephanie, he visited the bar almost every day.

“Come over here, beautiful. Let me hug you.”

Jack and his good-for-nothing friends were having fun in a private room.

“Alright, you guys have fun. I’m going to the restroom,” Jack said. He then tried to open the door to the restroom in the private room, but he realized that the restroom was locked from the inside.

So, he stumbled out of the private room and headed for the public restroom at the other end of the corridor.

The corridor was very quiet.

Rachel had found the Nocturnal’s owner’s contact number beforehand. She had then asked Zion to call and give them a warning.

The owner had closed the place earlier than usual. Only Jack’s private room was left occupied.

I was wearing an outfit that I used to wear frequently in the past. I took a glass of alcohol and followed Jack

Jack had drunk a little too much and was already wasted.

“Here you go. Have another drink,” I said as I placed the glass in his hand.

He took the drink and downed it. Then, he looked up at me, and he suddenly froze.

“Stephanie...”

I smiled at him. “Long time no see, Jack.”

Jack was so shocked that he sat on the floor, his face as white as a sheet.

“Stephanie... Don’t come for me. You should put the blame on the right person. It was the murderer who killed you. Don’t come after me.”

All of a sudden, the lights in the corridor turned off. A green ray of light shone on my face.

Jack backed away in fear and scurried to hide in the restroom.

“Stephanie, don’t come after me. I have nothing to do with your death.”

“Jack... You’ve caused me great grief... I didn’t push Yasmin. I know you saw it, but you lied. I hate you ...” I said fiercely.

“No... It was Yasmin. It was Yasmin and her sister who told me not to say anything. They wanted me to help hide it from my brother.

“You can’t blame me for this. It was Michael who didn’t believe you. You should blame the right person. Go look for Michael instead!”

“If you hadn’t lied to Michael so many times, how could I have been slandered by Yasmin.”

“Michael was the one who would rather believe Yasmin instead of you. You can’t blame me for this. All I did was hide the truth.

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“But he believed everything Yasmin said. Yasmin fell on her own. Then, she claimed that you had pushed her, and he just trusted her words blind)

I scoffed. I approached him and choked him. “Go to hell!”

“Stephanie, let me go...” Jack then fainted from fright.

I loosened my grip on him, then got up and sighed. Just now, I had really lost my cool and wanted to strangle him.

I tidied up my hair and reapplied my lipstick.

I had specially put on makeup today to make myself look more like Stephanie

Stephany and I looked alike in some ways. Putting on makeup made us look even more alike, especially under such dim lighting

Moreover, Jack already had too much to drink, so it was a piece of cake to scare the living daylights out of him.

The lights came back on. Rachel walked out with a phone in her hand.

“I’ve recorded it all.”

I took a look at her phone. “You’ve filmed it well.”

“Your acting skills were pretty good too.”

She glanced at me warily. I guess I really looked like Stephanie Carlson.

“Stephie...” she called out softly. Then, she lowered her head and sneered.

“Now that you’ve got the video recording, what are you going to do next?”

“Of course, I’m going to send it to Michael. How could he and Yasmin think of getting by peacefully?” I replied in a low voice.

Rachel shot a quick glance at me. She nodded and said, “Alright, I’ll send it to him.”

“Thanks.” I smiled and gave her a gentle pat on the shoulder. “Rach, you should also try to get over it. After all...”

I was still alive and well.

Rachel frowned. She looked at me and remarked, "Mind your own business."

I sighed. When would she let down her guard against me and recognize that I was Stephanie?

"I don't care what your motives are. Just don't pretend to be Stephanie in front of me. She's irreplaceable to me. No one can pretend to be her," Rachel said.

I smiled as her words warmed my heart. "Rach, when will you believe that I am Stephanie?" Rachel let out a cold laugh. "I'm leaving. I trust that you'll be able to get back on your own."

## Chapter 72

I nodded and walked out of the Nocturnal.

I stood at the entrance and glanced around. It was here where I was once bullied by Michael and those other people. Those drunkards had knocked me around back then.

But that felt like it had happened ages ago. Everything was different now.

As soon as I walked out of the Nocturnal, I heard a sound coming from behind me. I looked back warily and saw a shadow flashing past.

Frowning, I backed away cautiously. An inexplicable feeling of panic rose within me.

I felt like I was being watched the moment I stepped into the Nocturnal today. I still couldn't shake off that feeling even after exiting that place.

Perhaps it was because I had died once, but it felt like I had become more sensitive.

The night breeze was quite cold.

I took a step back fearfully. This feeling... It was exactly the same as when I had met the murderer at Sunset Alley the previous time.

Another sound came from the alley. A tall figure wearing a poncho stood there with a stick in his hand. I backed away in horror. I turned around and wanted to run away. But maybe due to the fear, my legs felt heavy.

Right when I was feeling overwhelmed with fear, I suddenly bumped into someone's muscular chest.

"Stephie..."

The man's chest was rising and falling quickly as he panted heavily. It seemed as if he had run over here anxiously.

I caught a whiff of a light fragrance on him. He smelled good. The sound of his heartbeat was comforting too.

He wrapped his arms around me. Then, he removed his jacket and put it on me.

"I'm here... Don't be afraid," he said.

I clung onto his clothes tightly and looked up. It was Steven...

I don't know how he had escaped or where he had gotten his clothes from.

I glanced behind me fearfully. The alley was empty. There wasn't anyone around.

I was a little doubtful. Was it my imagination? Was it because I was under too much psychological pressure?

Steven didn't say anything. He just hugged me tightly as he fixed his cold and frigid gaze in the direction of the alley.

"How did you escape?" I asked quietly.

"I was worried... about you."

Steven lowered his head and wrapped the jacket around me more snugly. Then, he took me by the hand and led me away.

His actions were very natural, as if we had known each other for a long time.

I looked at Steven's back. Why did he seem familiar? Where had I seen him before?

My head hurt a little, so I massaged my temples gently.

Steven and I went to hail a taxi.

"Why aren't you wearing any shoes?"

It was only then that I realized that Steven wasn't wearing any shoes. The wound on his foot had split open, leaving a trail of bloody footprints on the ground.

I frowned and held him back. "You ran out in such a hurry just to find me?"

Steven lowered his head like a child who was feeling guilty. He didn't say anything.

I let out a long sigh.

He was a good-looking man. With such an aggrieved expression on his handsome face, anyone would feel like giving in to him.

At that moment, I felt like my values were being swayed, and I almost got lost in his good looks.

"Go and take a seat over there!" I pointed at the bus stop sign by the side of the road.

Steven looked up at me, but he didn't move.

"Go and sit down!" I instructed a little fiercely this time.

Steven then went over and sat down obediently.

I felt bad for him, so I ran to the mall to buy him some clothes and shoes. I also bought some iodine..

I rushed back with the items that I had bought and found Steven still sitting obediently on the bench.

I let out a sigh as I looked at him. He seemed like such a well-behaved person. Could he really be a murderer?

Chapter 73

“It’s raining. Why didn’t you seek shelter?”

I ran to the bench where Steven was sitting and pulled him toward the mall to seek shelter from the rain.

“You didn’t ask me to leave... So, I kept waiting,” he said, staring straight at me with a sincere look in

his eyes.

I was taken aback. For some reason, my head suddenly started to hurt really badly.

At that moment, it felt as if we knew each other. He seemed so familiar.

“Stephie, you won’t lie to me, right?” He sounded a little nervous and seemed as if he was seeking some sort of confirmation.

The light rain wet his hair. His face was extremely captivating.

“Put on these shoes,” I said, lowering my head as my voice cracked. He was really enchanting.

Maybe he was adept at deluding others. So, even the police didn’t think that he was a murderer.

I asked him to sit on a chair. Then, I tended to the wound on his foot and bandaged it carefully. After that, I put on a pair of socks and shoes for him.

He sat motionless on the chair and just kept looking at me. He was like a docile puppy. To be honest, I was a little curious to know which side of him was the real him.

“Did James cause you any trouble after he woke up?” I looked up at him and asked.

“Yeah...” He nodded sheepishly. He extended his arm to show me the bruises on his forearm. It was obvious that he had defended himself while he was being beaten up.

“Nutcase...” I mumbled under my breath. I glanced at Steven’s arm and said, “Let’s go to the hospital.”

Steven shook his head and moved to hold my hand. My first reaction was to pull my hand away, but he held on tightly.

The tips of his fingers were a little cold, and the places where his hand touched felt strangely numb.

“You... Let go,” I said.

Steven didn’t say anything and just grasped my wrist firmly.

Just when I was about to get angry and rebuke him, he spoke. “It hurts...”

I was stunned. All of a sudden, my anger simmered down. I decided to pretend to concede and see what other tricks he had up his sleeve.

“You don’t look like you’re in any pain at all!”

He wouldn’t have been able to pull me by the hand if he had really broken his arm.

He gawked at me for a very long time before he finally let go of my hand. He said, "Don't leave me. And don't lie to me again."

I squatted down in front of him, not knowing how to respond for a moment.

"Heh, it seems like we really can't avoid our enemies. Today, this fool ran away from the Lincoln residence by himself."

It was true that one could never avoid their enemies. That voice... I immediately recognized Benson's voice. He was part of Michael's gang of scoundrels.

I turned and looked at him coldly. Benson was with a woman. They had come to the mall to do some shopping and bumped into us.

It was probable that he had already called Michael. Yasmin made such a commotion today, and Michael probably assumed that it was Steven's doing.

He trusted Yasmin so much. I was certain that he was eager to come and pick a fight with Steven now.

In an instant, Steven's gaze turned cold. He stood up and shielded me behind him. All of a sudden, he seemed like a cobra that was ready to strike.

"Well, what do we have here? This fool has a partner now?" Benson mocked. He put his arm around his female companion.

"It's just your luck that I bumped into you today. I don't care if you are pretending to be crazy or acting stupid..."

I knew that Benson didn't dare to do anything else besides spewing insults in public. After all, Steven had almost beaten him to death in the past.

Moreover, Steven was still the main suspect of a cold-blooded murder. Benson wouldn't dare to do more than this.

"I didn't know that dogs could speak these days." I scoffed and then deliberately said, "Steve, you're mentally unstable anyway. Do you want to take this opportunity to get rid of him?"

Benson turned pale with fright. He subconsciously retreated and hid behind his female companion.

Steven glanced at me. His expression was serious as he said, "Sure!"

After saying that, he turned his gaze toward Benson, looking cold and vicious as if he were looking at an already-dead man. It made me shudder.

Benson was shaking like a leaf. "You... You crazy woman... What are you talking about?"

"Kill him, Steve," I said, continuing to fan the flames. But in reality, I kept a firm grip on Steven's arm. I was afraid that he would really hurt Benson.

Steven took a step forward, but I held him back. He turned to look at me,

Benson was scared

. He yelped, then turned around to scurry away. As soon as he reached the entrance, he saw Michael walking in with a dozen bodyguards.

Benson instantly regained his confidence. He stuttered, "That nutcase is over there, Mike! Take him down, and send him to a mental hospital!!

I was alarmed to see Michael and his group of bodyguards. I stepped forward to shield Steven behind me. "What are you trying to do in broad daylight, Mr. Ford? Are you trying to intimidate others?"

Michael lit a cigarette and glanced at me. "Move aside," he said.

"Only in your dreams." I stared at him icily.

Michael took a puff of his cigarette and closed his lighter. Then, he looked back at his bodyguards and ordered, "Take him away.

"Michael, this is a society governed by law. How dare you take someone away just like that? Do you think this is lawful?" I stood in his way and gave the bodyguards a cautionary stare.

"The law? He's a madman with no conscience at all. I'll be doing the country a favor if I were to kill him." Michael stepped forward as he spoke, his voice filled with hatred. "I'll make him pay a

hundredfold for what he did to Stephanie."

"What gives you the right to say such a thing?" I sneered and pushed him back.

Didn't he know how he had treated Stephanie?

"Take him away!" Michael ordered again.

That made me frown. I knew that he was doing this for Yasmin's sake.

It seemed that Rachel hadn't sent Michael the video of Jack yet.

"Mike, I heard that Yasmin was abducted by this lunatic today. I won't be able to sleep well if we don't get rid of him. Besides, Yasmin is pregnant with your child. Your child is the most important," Benson chimed in.

Michael was a little unhappy. "Shut up."

Benson was taken aback.

"Michael!" Michael's men approached Steven to capture him. Steven was quite agile, but there were more than ten people on the other side.

It was obvious that Michael had learned from past experience on how to capture Steven. A mere five or six people wouldn't be enough to fight him, but a dozen men would be enough to get the job done.

"Let him go, Michael!" I wanted to stop them from taking Steven away, but Michael wouldn't listen

to me at all.

He ignored me and ordered his men to take Steven away.

"Michael, don't you want to find out who actually killed Stephanie?" I asked him.

Michael stopped in his tracks and looked back at me. "It was this madman who did it."

"It was you," I said through gritted teeth. I was filled with contempt for him.

Michael looked at me with a complicated expression and frowned as he said, "I won't spare anyone who had hurt Stephanie."

That sounded ridiculous to me. "What about yourself? Shouldn't you be punished harshly too?"

Michael approached me and looked down at me condescendingly, with an oppressive air.

Subconsciously, I was still fearful of him. I took a step back.

"Don't try to provoke me. Even if you tell Mr. Lincoln Senior about this, I won't let him go today," Michael said.

Michael's eyes were red, and he looked as if he was ready to go all out.

"Think about the Ford family's current situation. If you were to offend the Lincoln family, both parties would get hurt," I threatened as I clenched my teeth.

He sneered. "Do you think that I care about that? Do you know what this madman did to my wife?" Wife? I frowned. Was he referring to Yasmin?

Yasmin would know best whether Steven had harmed her.

"Even if I have to give it all I've got, I'll make his life a living hell." Michael's voice was shaky. It sounded like he was really determined.

"Mr. Ford, I have a very interesting video here. Would you like to take a look?" Rachel asked as she ran into the mall, panting.

I had just sent her our location. I didn't expect her to get here so quickly.

Chapter 75

I stepped forward to shield Steven and stared at the men warily.

Michael frowned, seemingly upset.

"What are you up to this time, Rachel?" he asked.



“What? You don’t dare to watch it? Don’t you want to find out what kind of person Yasmin is?” Rachel sneered and took out her phone to show him the video.

It was the video of Jack yelling in fear on the ground. He was shouting at someone not to come after him and to find Michael instead. In the video, he also said that it wasn’t Stephanie who had pushed Yasmin down the stairs.

Michael’s expression darkened as he watched the video.

I watched his reaction closely, hoping to see a trace of guilt and panic in his eyes so that I could feel the pleasure of getting revenge.

However, that wasn’t the case.

The air Michael exuded felt dangerous. It seemed like he didn’t believe what he had seen in that video.

I sneered inwardly. I had truly underestimated Michael’s love for Yasmin. But it didn’t matter since this was just the beginning.

“Rachel, I know you look down on Yasmin, but don’t you think it’s a little despicable to use tricks like these?” Michael said.

Rachel burst out laughing. She then put away her phone and glowered at him with her jaw clenched.

“You’re so pathetic, Michael,” Rachel said. “I wonder just how long you’ll take Yasmin’s side.

“By

you

the way, the data in Stephie’s phone was destroyed during the recovery process. Who else do think has the power to destroy the police’s protected evidence that was in the hands of technicians?”

She looked at Michael and said, “Yasmin sure is extraordinary.”

“Do you know how ridiculous you sound?” Michael snapped. “Yasmin is an orphan, and she was adopted. She doesn’t have the power to do that! Even the Bailey family doesn’t have that much power!

He continued angrily, “I’ve failed Stephanie, but I won’t let off those who had hurt her. But unlike you, I won’t simply assume that Yasmin’s the one behind this!”

“Go to hell, Michael!” Rachel cursed. Then, she turned to look at Steven and me.

She continued, “I’ve called the police. You were illegally detaining him. He’s a suspect with a mental illness who has surrendered himself to the authorities

“There’s no evidence to prove that he was the murderer, so the police have no right to conti

detaining him. Do you want to lynch him?"

I shielded Steven with my body and backed away cautiously. "Michael, you're disgusting," I said. Michael frowned and looked at me. I didn't know what he was thinking.

Rachel then glanced at me indifferently and said, "You've seen it for yourself. He firmly believes in Yasmin. He really doesn't deserve Stephie.

She turned to look back at Michael. "We'll see how you defend Yasmin once the data in Stephie's phone is recovered.

I remained silent as I held Steven's hand and left with him. Steven looked at Michael indifferently. After walking a few steps, Steven muttered, "I don't know how to..."

Startled, I turned to look back at him. What was it that he didn't know how to do?

"I'll always believe in you," Steven said earnestly. "And I'll believe in you forever, no matter what."

At that moment, his expression, his gaze, and the way he spoke could make anyone's heart melt. It was too easy to get trapped in those eyes.

Taking a deep breath, I lowered my head and smiled bitterly. Why should I believe in a psycho's words?

Michael left the mall with his men. They seemed like they were going to block our path again, but Zion arrived with his men just then. In the end, Michael could only give up.

When I walked past Zion, I instinctively wanted to greet him. I opened my mouth but ultimately held

my tongue.

Zion glanced at me and then at Steven. "Are you his guardian?" he asked, to which I nodded.

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Steven seemed rather happy as he nodded along with me, looking quite proud of himself.

I felt a little helpless and tightened my grip on his wrist.

Zion checked the time and asked, "Where was he yesterday? And where was he earlier today?"

"He was at the Lincoln residence the whole time," I told him. "There are surveillance cameras there. The footage can prove that what I'm saying is true."

Zion nodded. "Alright. As his guardian, you have to keep an eye on him. Don't let him run around too much."

"Okay." I nodded and left, pulling Steven along with me.

"Since you sneaked out, how are you supposed to get back home? The nanny said that James is looking for you. If he catches you, he'll beat you up again."

## Chapter 76

Steven immediately started pretending to be pitiful. He hugged me from behind and said, "It hurts when they hit me."

I looked at him helplessly. What should I do with someone like him?

I was about to find a place for him to stay when the Lincoln family's car stopped by the side of the road. Ignatius' assistant, Ewan Bart, got out of the car.

He glanced at Steven thoughtfully and bowed his head politely. "Mr. Lincoln, it's time to go home. I couldn't help but sneer inwardly. These people really knew how to put on an act when they were outside.

He had even addressed Steven as "Mr. Lincoln". Had the Lincoln family ever treated him like a scion of their family?

"Mr. Bart, is Mr. Ignatius angry? Steven didn't leave the house for nothing. He came out to protect me. Can you please put in a good word for him?" I said warily.

I had to give it a shot even though Steven would definitely get mistreated again when he goes back. "Mr. James caused some trouble at work, so Mr. Ignatius has sent him to Montavia to handle some projects there.

"Mr. James left at three o'clock in the afternoon. He'll be staying abroad for three months," Ewan said expressionlessly.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Things would be better in these three months then.

Ewan continued, "As for Mr. Ignatius, he's getting older, and his body isn't as strong as before. He needs to go to Huma Hospital for his physiotherapy treatment."

I was stunned for a moment and felt puzzled. Why did it feel like Ewan was reporting all these things to me? He had no reason to tell me all this.

So, why did he deliberately tell me all that?

I turned to look at Steven, who was staring at me innocently. It was clear that Ewan wasn't reporting to Steven either.

Did he say all that to coax Steven to return home without resistance? This was probably the case. "Mr. Ignatius has already gone back to the old residence to prepare for tomorrow," Ewan continued. "Let's set off now. It'll take three and a half hours to reach our destination. Please get into the car."

He then opened the car door for Steven and me.

I was speechless. Why was Ewan being so polite?

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hin and walled in a manner that made me seem more elegant and noble. Since I was pregnant, I might as well enjoy my status for a bit.

Steven looked at me and smiled. His smile was really dazzling

Laverted my eyes. This was the first time I had used that word to describe someone's smile. And, it

was because of a man.

“We’re going back to the old residence this time to pray for your child’s health and for a smooth birth,

wan explained once we got into the car.

I was rather surprised. Was the Lincoln family actually concerned for my child?

Still, the Lincolns were a crazy bunch. I couldn’t guess what they actually had in mind.

I leaned my head against the window and watched as the scenery passed by.

My mind was filled with the scene of Michael defending Yasmin just now. If it were in the past, my heart would have shattered into a million pieces, but now, I just felt disgusted.

I would just let him continue with his delusions for now and see how long he could protect her.

I really couldn’t understand it. How was I so blind to fall for a man like him?

Was it only because he had saved me from the fire during the accident?

My head started to hurt again. Flashes of the accident kept appearing in my mind.

The person who had saved me... Why did it feel like the person who had saved me wasn’t Michael? Did my mind perhaps trick me into believing that?

Due to how silent it was in the car, I felt rather sleepy.

As I started drifting off, I felt Steven reach out his hand and gingerly place it under my head. It was as if he was afraid that my head would hit the car window when there was a bump on the road.

“Mr. Lincoln, it’s almost time,” Ewan said.

“Alright.”

Right before I fell asleep, I heard Ewan’s voice. But I couldn’t hear his words clearly, and I soon fell asleep.

## Chapter 77

I didn’t know how long I slept, but when I woke up, I realized that Steven’s hand was still under my head

I rubbed my forehead and looked at Steven drowsily. Did he maintain that position the whole journey?

That was more than three hours! Was he really a fool or just pretending to be one?

“Where are we?” I asked quietly.

“Tré old Lincoln residence,” Steven explained in a low voice. He took my hand in his, looking scared.

The pitiful look in his beautiful eyes gave me the urge to protect him from all danger.

“Don’t be afraid. I’m here,” I told him, patting the back of his hand. In all actuality, I was scared as well.

What kind of place was this? The house was surrounded by mountains and looked very desolate. Not only that, the dim light from the lamps made it seem like a haunted house.

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I swallowed. After mustering up my courage, I pulled Steven out of the car.

“Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, please come this way.” Ewan stood by the door, waiting for us.

I dragged Steven all the way to the door and followed Ewan inside to see Ignatius.

Ignatius stood in front of a wall that had many photos hung neatly on it. He seemed to be saying something to them as we entered the place.

I saw Steven’s father, Andy Lincoln, in one of the photos. Although Steven was an illegitimate son, he

was still Andy’s child.

Steven stared deeply at the photo, his face expressionless.

I glanced around at all the photos. Beside Andy’s photo was a photo of Henry Lincoln, Ignatius’ eldest grandson.

I heard that Andy, Alice, and Henry had all died in the car accident. Ignatius had put in a lot of effort preparing Andy and Henry to become his successors.

On the other hand, James was the son that Ignatius had paid the least attention to. James was ignorant and conceited, and he wasn’t smart or flexible. He wasn’t fit to become Ignatius’ successor.

However, fate had its own plans, and Andy and his family had all perished in the accident. Now, Ignatius only had one son left, James, but James was infertile.

Ignatius had a traditional mindset, so it was a big deal for him not to have any descendants. How could he allow the family bloodline to end at his hands?

That was where Steven and I came into the picture. We were both there to carry on the family line.

“Come over here. Pay your respects to Andy,” Ignatius said, turning around to look at Steven and me.

I stepped forward to take the flowers from him and handed some to Steven, but Steven didn’t move.

His eyes never left Andy’s photo. From the look in his eyes, I could tell that he loathed Andy.

An inexplicable emotion washed over me.

I was afraid that Ignatius would scold Steven again, so I gently said to him, "Steve, come here."  
Steven finally turned away from the photo to look at me. With a hoarse voice, he said, "All of liars."

I was startled. There was such strong disappointment in his eyes.

Liars?

Did Stephany lie to him before? What did Andy lie to him about?

"Come and pay your respects."

Despite his reluctance, I still pulled him forward and handed him the flowers.

you... are

"Car accident..." Steven muttered as he put the flowers in front of Andy's photo. He then looked at me, seeming like he had something to say.

I waited for him to speak, but he didn't say anything. So, I didn't ask him about it.

I knew very well that unfortunate events happened and that car accidents were ruthless, because my parents had also died in a car accident.

Ignatius seemed satisfied with how well-behaved Steven was. At least Steven listened to instructions and behaved more normally now.

"I can see that Steven really likes you and is willing to listen to you," Ignatius said.

Chapter 78

I lowered my head and listened quietly as Ignatius spoke.

"It's great that he listens to you," he said with a nod. "Now that you're pregnant with a descendant of the Lincoln family, you've done our family a huge favor. If the baby's a boy, then our family would finally have a worthy heir."

I kept my head lowered and remained silent. What kind of traditional thinking was this? Couldn't daughters become successors too?

Ignatius left after that. He ordered Ewan to lead Steven and me to our rooms to get some rest.

Steven held my hand the whole time. I assumed that he was just trying to get my attention and tried to pull my hand away but to no avail.

"The house is haunted," he said abruptly as he looked at me.

A chill ran down my spine, and I hid behind him in fright. Holding onto his arm tightly, I muttered, "Who are you trying to scare?"

As a person

who had died once, it wasn't that strange for me to be afraid of ghosts.

Steven smiled but said nothing. He let me hold his arm all the way to the rooms.

When we finally stopped in front of one of the bedrooms, he said, "It doesn't matter whether our child is a boy or a girl. The baby's health is our priority."

I looked at him, puzzled. He seemed to act more and more like a normal person these days, and I found it rather strange.

Suddenly, there was a breaking sound as the door opened a little. I was so scared that I hugged his arm tightly and didn't dare to look around.

Steven led me into the bedroom and switched on the lights. The electric circuits here weren't functioning well, so the lights flickered.

The interior of the room looked really old too. The room was in a state of disrepair, and it seemed like it had been a long time since anyone lived here.

"Has this place ever been rented out to shoot a horror movie?" I asked Ewan, looking around. "Where's my room?"

Ewan glanced at Steven. Then, he lowered his voice and said, "Mrs. Lincoln, are you sure you don't want to sleep in the same room as Mr. Lincoln? Your room is next door, but someone committed suicide there a few years ago."

I took a deep breath and walked straight into Steven's room. Then, I pointed to the room next door and said, "Steve, you can sleep in that room."

"But I'm scared." Steven looked upset.

In the end, the two of us had to share the room, which had only one bed.

"It's so cold up here in the mountains," I whispered.

Steven didn't say anything. He just lay down beside me and hugged me.

"It's warm this way," he said.

I wanted to resist, but it really was warmer with him hugging me. He was so warm.

"In the past, the Lincoln family members were all physicians. Then, they started opening clinics and pharmacies. Later, they started their own business and accumulated a lot of wealth over the past few generations."

He continued in a whisper, "This is the old Lucly residence. All the Lincoln family members are buried here after their death."

All I knew was that this place was extremely creepy. So, this old residence was the grave of the deceased Lincoln family members.

"Don't worry. I'll protect you," Steven said as he held me closer.

It was a peaceful night. He simply hugged me to keep me warm and didn't do anything else.

I wasn't sure if I was too tired, but I fell asleep without worrying about anything at all.

That night, I slept well. I had never felt so relaxed before.

Ever since my parents died in the car accident, I had rarely slept so soundly.

When I woke up early the next morning, Steven wasn't beside me. I shot up from the bed and ran downstairs in search of him.

He was standing in the yard, with the sun shining down on him and making him seem to glow. I couldn't tear my eyes away from him.

"We need to head back to Huma as soon as possible. Something has come up," Ewan came over and said in a low voice.

"What's wrong?" Anxiety gripper

my heart.

"Something has happened to Mr. James. He was robbed at gunpoint in Montavia and was gravely injured.

"He's currently unconscious, and the doctors are still trying their best to save him. It seems that it'll be difficult for him to wake up.'

Ewan subconsciously glanced at Steven as he spoke.

Meanwhile, Steven stood there indifferently, without any emotion on his face.

## Chapter 79

Ha! Was this considered karma?

It didn't matter if Steven was the murderer or whether James deserved it, but a scumbag like James deserved to be in a coma.

"Mr. Ignatius is on his way back already," said Ewan

Steven didn't say anything. He simply turned to look at me. I was distracted, thinking that this was too much of a coincidence.

"Let's head back then," I said.

The Lincoln family had lost another family member. Now Ignatius wouldn't even have an infertile son. The only ones left were the "crazy" illegitimate grandson, Steven, and the baby in my belly.

I didn't know what this would mean for Steven, whether it was a good thing or a bad thing. Ignatius was old, and the Lincoln Group couldn't withstand any more hardships. James was an idiot who couldn't manage the company, but because he was Ignatius' only son alive, he was put in charge of it all these years.

The company seemed fine to outsiders, but it was fragile on the inside after being in James' hands for

so many years.

Since Ignatius wasn't getting any younger and there was no successor from the Lincoln family to take over the company, the scheming people within the Lincoln Group would go all out to take charge.



Besides, the baby in my belly was still young, and there was no guarantee that I could give birth to it smoothly.

Whether Ignatius would be able to live long enough to see my child grow up and inherit everything was another question.

Things are going to change for the Lincoln family.

In the car, I looked at Steven and felt that it was a shame. If he wasn't mentally ill, with how smart he was, he could definitely lead the Lincoln Group to greater heights and a brighter future.

After a few hours, we finally returned to Huma. It suddenly started raining..

As I sat in the car, I looked out the window and watched as the pedestrians rushed by. My gaze drifted, and so did my thoughts.

Before my death, I was most afraid of the rain because it had poured heavily on the day my parents had the car accident. I was afraid of thunder and rain. I was scared of the dark and afraid of enclosed

spaces too.

I used to long for someone to hug me when I was scared. I had also desperately hoped that Michael would wrap his arms around me when I was scared

Unfortunately, he would just rub salt into my wounds and make me feel worse than ever.

Boom!

Suddenly, lightning flashed across the sky. The deafening sound of thunder that accompanied it made my whole body stiffen, and I started trembling

It was just like that day when I was eighteen. when my parents met with that accident.

My Breath hitched in my throat, and I trembled uncontrollably.

"We're here, Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln," Ewan said as he opened the car door for me.

I tried my best to pretend that I was fine, but when there was another crack of thunder, I couldn't help but fall back into my seat.

Steven got out of the car, walked over to me and covered me with his coat.

"Don't be afraid. You won't get wet," he said.

Startled, I raised my eyes to see him holding an umbrella. My breath hitched.

Why did he always give me this familiar feeling? Was he a part of the memories that I had lost?

Or did I have Stockholm Syndrome and had developed feelings for the person who had probably killed

me?

"Don't be scared, Stephie," he said softly. His voice was hoarse and low because of the injury to his throat. But it gave people a sense of security.

I got out of the car and stood beside him under the umbrella.

I used to feel scared when I heard his voice, but now I felt safe, which made me anxious.

Would I get brainwashed if this continued?

The rain pattered against the umbrella as I stared at him for a long time. He didn't say anything and just looked down at me quietly.

"Mr. Ignatius has gone to Montavia. No one would bother us for now, and no one would bully you anymore," I said in a whisper.

I could get my own things done tomorrow. I had to find out the truth and also find out who Steven's accomplices were.

Steven didn't utter a single word. He simply held the umbrella for me and held my hand, then he led me back to my room.

"Good night," I said to him. Something had befallen James, so I was in a good mood

Steven's hair was drenched with the rain, and his face was pale. The dark color of his black shirt emphasized his prominent facial features, yet it also gave him an air of mystery.

## Chapter 80

I stood at the door and glanced at him before going into the room and closing the door.

The Lincolns gave me a big room with a soft bed. The environment was nice but it was too spacious.

Instead, Steven's small house seemed to give me more sense of security.

I seemed to be surprised by my own thoughts, as I was slowly changing my views of Steven.

However, I knew he was a murderer!

I cowered in fear on the bed, terrified of lightning and thunder. Now, I was even more afraid of sympathizing with Steven, the murderer.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning seemed to explode right in front of me..

"Ahh..." I cried out in terror, curling up with my legs close to my chest as I breathed heavily.

"Steve... wait for me at the orphanage, be obedient."

"Stephie, I'll always wait for you. If you don't come... I won't leave."

"Stephie, you promised to come find me. I'll be waiting for you at the orphanage."

Images of the car accident that day flashed through my mind, familiar yet strange.

"Boom." The sound of thunder rumbled outside the window.

Terrified, I scrambled to my feet and ran outside desperately.

I didn't know why I was running. When I came to my senses, I had already opened the door. "Ah!" Suddenly, a large hand grabbed my wrist, pulling me over and pressing me against the wall, then kissing me.

The room was dark, with no light to see by, but I knew that Steven was outside the door.

I couldn't see his face, only feeling his breath.

He seemed scared of something, kissing me wildly as if he was venting. I tried hard to push him away, but I couldn't budge him, and my eyes were burning with tears.

"You liar..." He seemed to be venting, calling me a liar. "You told me to go back... and wait for you." "Get off..." I pushed him away forcefully, slapped him across the face, and leaned against the wall as my breathing became even more rapid. I didn't know why, but suddenly all the grievances surged up within me.

He looked a bit forlorn, standing there with his head down silently.

Instinctively, I wanted to reach out and comfort him, but I was surprised at myself for wanting to do  
50. 50.

What was happening to me?

"potu!" The thunder roared loudly, and instinctively, I moved closer to seek refuge in Steven's embrace as I cried even louder.

At that moment, all the grievances truly flooded my heart.

From my parents' tragic accident to now, everything felt like a dream.

Steven's body stiffened for a moment, then slowly, he raised his hand and held me tightly.

He didn't say anything, but I could feel his body trembling.

"Stephie... No matter what you become, I'll find you. I'm sorry... I won't let anyone hurt you again." Steven tightened his grip around my arms, his voice trembling.

I leaned against him, for the first time... wanting to completely relax and rely on someone.

"I'm scared of the thunder. Stay here tonight," I whispered softly.

He was surprised, probably due to the initiative I took.

h!" I grabbed his neck when he suddenly carried me up.

He lifted me with one arm... How was he so strong?

He looked thin and weak, but without his clothes... he was surprisingly  
y muscular.

He laid me down on the bed and took a warm towel to wipe my hands and feet. In the dim light by the bedside, I just stared at him.

He was a murderer.

If he really was the one who killed me and so many other women, even if the law couldn't punish him, I wouldn't hesitate... to kill him myself.