

After Death 91

Chapter 91

Martin sneered, got up, and left. His gaze bore a strong warning.

I knew exactly what he was thinking of. As long as my child lost... if Steven died, then he would be the rightful scion to the Lincoln Group.

“Young lady, you better take good care of the child in your belly,” Alan remarked jokingly.

He approached me, squinting as he seized me up. “She’s a beauty, what a loss...”

He raised his hand and pinched my chin before turning away.

After everyone left, I sighed in relief and sat down on the couch.

Ewan reassured, “Mrs. Lincoln, you’ve been worried. Your main task now is to take care of yourself and protect your unborn child.”

“When will Mr. Lincoln Senior return to the country?” I asked.

Although Ignatius had suffered a stroke and might not be able to make decisions in the future, as long as he was alive, these people would still fear him.

“He’ll be able to return tomorrow,” Ewan whispered.

I nodded and glanced upstairs.

I wasn’t sure when Steven woke up, but his complexion was very pale.

He stood at the stairwell on the second floor and stared coldly at the group of people led by Martin, who had already left.

“Why did you come out? Go back to your room and rest,” I said, letting Steven return to his room.

He suppressed his aggression and spoke in a plaintive tone, “Stephie, I’m scared... I can’t bring myself to sleep.”

I rubbed my temples in frustration. What a mess! Being reincarnated only to marry into the Lincoln family, such a hotbed of trouble.

“Mr. Bart, what’s the situation inside the Lincoln Group?”

Ignatius had suffered a stroke, and James had an accident. The Lincoln Group must be in chaos now.

“Mr. Martin is temporarily in charge of the company. The man sitting beside him, Mr. Hugo, is his

SOIL.

The entire security department of the Lincoln Group is under his control,” Ewan said tactfully.

He was implying that Martin and Hugo had complete control over the Lincoln Group.

It seemed that the news of Ignatius' stroke had been promptly disclosed to Martin.

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Now I had more reason to suspect that the simultaneous accidents involving Ignatius and James were

deliberate

At present, Martin had the most suspicion because he was the one who benefited the most..

"Let's put Lincoln Group's affairs on hold for now. We need to figure things out first," I said, rubbing my temples as I headed upstairs.

The priority was to take back the Lincoln Group from Martin.

It wasn't that I wanted to give them a hard time, but the situation was such that, being innocent and carrying this child, they couldn't just let me go.

Asking them to spare me was impossible. I had to take a risk and see how it played out.

Upstairs, Steven reached out to me as he saw me coming up.

I glanced at him and could only coax him back to his room to sleep.

"Those people...are very bad," Steven grabbed my wrist and pulled me into his embraces.

"Did they hurt you?" I asked.

"Yeah," Steven murmured, speaking softly.

I remained silent for a long time. Steven's identity and situation in the Lincoln family must have caused him a lot of suffering.

How could these people let him off easily? They probably wanted him dead too.

Martin's idea of taking over the Lincoln Group must have been brewing for a long time, and they must have targeted Steven early on.

"Grandpa had a stroke, and Uncle James won't be back," I said to Steven, trying to reassure him.

"From now on, we can only rely on each other. We have to trust each other, you know?"

"Stephie, don't lie to me again..." Steven hugged me tightly, as if afraid I would abandon him.

I thought he had post-traumatic stress disorder.

I could only handle him with extreme care, hoping he would soon rely on me and then tell me everything he knew about the serial killer.

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Steven was very cautious, repeating not to lie to him.

I knew he hadn't fully trusted me yet. He wouldn't tell me now if I asked.

"Let's go, time for bed." I led Steven into his room, gave him his medicine, and changed the bandages. on his hands and feet.

As I unwrapped the gauze from his feet, the blood-soaked wounds were shocking.

I furrowed my brow, feeling tense. The sight of those wounds alone made me ache.

"How did

you get these?" I asked softly, carefully rinsing his wounds with saline solution, fearing they might worsen. "Starting tomorrow, you'll be in a wheelchair and you're not allowed to walk. Understand?"

Steven looked at me and nodded obediently. He behaved well when he wasn't acting crazy, but when he did, I got scared.

"They wouldn't let me escape. They intentionally made me step on burning coals..." Steven spoke softly, his voice hoarse, lacking much emotion.

He wasn't afraid or terrified, but there was a sense of emotional emptiness about him.

I knew when he said "they," he meant James and Ignatius. They would stop at nothing to prevent Steven from escaping, to ensure that Steven stayed and carried on the Lincoln family's bloodline. It was truly despicable.

"How cruel," I muttered, unable to find words to describe James' cruelty and dark heart.

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"Does it hurt?" I gently washed the wounds, looking up to ask Steven.

He seemed to have no nerve sensation. Even in this state, did it really not hurt?

Steven shook his head. He wasn't devoid of sensation. He was just numb.

After dealing with the wounds on his feet, I tended to the wounds on his hands.

The people of the Lincoln family thought they could trap him by immobilizing his hands and feet.

But in doing so, they completely destroyed a genius.

"Stephie..." Steven looked at me and called my name.

"What is it?" I tidied up the first aid kit, and looked up at him.

"Do you want him dead?" He looked at me very seriously.

"Huh? Who?" I was a little confused.

It

“Michael Ford.” Steven replied.

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I looked at Steven in shock, It took me a long time to regain my composure.

Did I want him dead? I remembered this wasn't the first time Steven had asked me.

Last time, I thought he was joking. But this time, I felt a strong sense of murderous intent.

“I don't want him dead. I want him to live, to live every day in pain, self-blame, guilt, and torment.” shook my head, looking at Steven. “Go to sleep. You still have a fever.

Steven obediently wanted to sleep on the floor.

“On the bed!” I pushed him onto the bed and tucked him into the covers,

He looked at me for a while, then suddenly reached out, pulling me into his embrace, rolling over to press me underneath him.

“What...what are you doing?” I looked at him, afraid and cautious. His eyes seemed like they could

devour me.

“Stephie...” he called my name.

I could never tell if he was calling me or calling Stephany.

But his eyes were truly beautiful and deep, silently conveying to me, “I love you, I really love you.

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“Stephie...” Steven seemed to be restraining himself as he lowered his head to kiss my neck.

I wanted to avoid it, but there was nowhere to hide.

“We are husband and wife...” It was like he was telling me, reaffirming our relationship, yet also reminding himself.

I felt he was a bit of a lunatic. It's hard to change his thoughts. I could only slowly influence him.

“Let's sleep, you're delirious from the fever...” I tried to coax him to sleep, but he remained indifferent. He held onto my hands and gazed into my eyes.

“Stephie...” he called my name.

“I like you,” he confessed.

My heart skipped a beat. Since being reincarnated, my thoughts had always been on the murderer.

I just wanted to find out the murderer and seek revenge on Michael and Yasmin.

Toward Steven, I felt more pity, wariness, and suspicion. I won't fall in love again.

Besides, Steven was confessing to Stephany, not me, Stephanie.

Actually, I envy Stephany. She could make someone so infatuated despite their foolishness.

“Okay, I understand,” I murmured softly. “Go to sleep, you’re hurting me.

Steven continued to look at me and shook his head. “You don’t know...”

“I really do,” I said, trying to reassure him.

“When did you start liking me?” I suddenly felt curious.

When did Steven fall for Stephany?

If Steven ever found out that Stephany was dead and I had taken her place, would he go crazy?
Would

he want to kill me?

“At eight years old...” Steven answered seriously.

Eight years old? This genius’ early romance is quite unique.

“I’ve liked Stephe for many years.” He buried his head in my neck, his voice muffled, shy, as if confessing...

This sensation of his, similar to a warm and obedient creature voluntarily seeking solace, is perilous, yet it strangely brings a sense of comfort.

“Alright, let’s sleep,” I said with mixed emotions. But he wouldn’t sleep, just kept shifting around.

“I’m pregnant...” I warned him not to overstep.

“Stephe... I’m feeling unwell,” he looked up at me with a pitiful expression, his big eyes pleading for
comfort.

Could he truly be switching between dual personalities? That gaze... it’s heartbreaking, even though he was fierce in the fight and in the alley.

“You can’t, even if you’re uncomfortable. It’s early pregnancy,” I warned him, gesturing for him not to mess around.

His eyes welled up, looking at me with a wounded expression, refusing to get up from me.

I could guess what he wanted to do.

“Steven!” I gritted my teeth, blushing from his nuzzling. But he didn’t listen, tightening his grip on my fingers.

I felt tense all over, and my face flushed.

I looked away, unable to meet his gaze because he was too captivating.

My breath was warm, and my ears were burning.

In my past life, when Michael bullied and tormented me, it was merely to vent his anger. No joy or anticipation in matters between men and women.

Having a child with Steven was purely for the sake of a purpose.

I blushed and couldn't look at Steven. I could only feel the warmth of his fingertips.

It seemed like he cared about the child I was carrying, not making any unreasonable demands besides asking for help.

"You... stop it!" I was becoming annoyed.

"Stephie... hot," he hugged me from behind, murmuring that he felt hot.

"You have a fever, go to sleep," I comforted him. Who behaved like this? Like a wild animal in heat during mating season.

But at least he could restrain himself and be patient.

Steven held me and drifted off to sleep heavily. But I had insomnia.

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My thoughts were a mess, total chaos.

Suddenly reincarnated into a stranger's body, everything around me felt unfamiliar.

There was a familiar scent on Steven, yet I couldn't place it. I don't know how long I had been struggling with insomnia before I finally drifted off into a deep sleep.

When I woke up, it was already the afternoon of the next day.

"Mrs. Lincoln..." the nanny entered and set down lunch for me.

"Where's Steve?" I asked.

The nanny glanced outside. "He's been out since early morning."

Rubbing my forehead, I walked over to the French windows.

Steven wasn't running around. Instead, he was barefoot, sitting on the lawn, basking in the sun.

I had to admit, he was too perfect, like a piece of art in nature, perfectly harmonized.

He wiggled his feet lazily, then lifted his head to meet my gaze.

Subconsciously, my chest tightened, and I took a step back, unsure why I felt the need to retreat.

When I returned to the window, Steven was no longer in the yard. I was stunned for a moment, then lazily stretched.

Before I could react, someone hugged me from behind.

"You're awake..." Steven whispered softly.

I'd

ten used to his sudden appearances. “I told you not to run around with your injured foot. It’s to use the wheelchair.”

Steven bowed his head like a scolded child.

“Mrs. Lincoln, the Larson family called. Mr. Larson wants you home,” the nanny informed me.

I was stunned, father?

Stephany’s father, John Larson?

After my parents died in a car accident, the concept of parents had become blank to me.

Now, being reincarnated as Stephany, I was still getting used to it. I forgot that the original owner had

parents.

“I see.” It was something I couldn’t avoid. I couldn’t keep hiding.

John used Stephany to marry into the Lincoln family.

Now that the Lincoln family was in chaos, John couldn’t possibly resist the temptation of their assets.

Besides, I was already pregnant with the Lincoln family’s child.

Without seeing John, I could guess the reason he wanted to see me.

“Stephie, can I accompany you?” Steven asked softly.

I shook my head. “I’ll go by myself.”

I had to probe into the Larson family’s situation.

Since I’d been reincarnated as Stephany, I had to accept this identity and live with it, then use it to survive.

Now, because of the Lincoln family, I’d been pushed into the spotlight. Many people in the Lincoln family didn’t want Steven, me, and our unborn child to survive.

I not only needed to find the murderer and uncover the truth but also found a way for me and my unborn child to survive.

Steven didn’t stop me, just held my hand. I placated him with a lollipop. He took it with a smile.

I noticed that since Ignatius had a stroke and James had an accident, Steven smiled more often. It’s actually quite nice. If only he wasn’t a murderer, it would be even better...

Leaving the Lincoln family, the driver took me back to the Larson family.

I didn’t know what I would encounter when I arrived there.

My memories of Stephany were limited, but I knew her parents didn’t love her and treated her like at pawn or a tool.

“Ms. Larson, you’re back. Mrs. Larson has been asking for you these past few days,” the maid greeted as I entered the courtyard.

The maid was vastly different from the one in Stephany’s memories.

“Oh, Stephany, I thought after marrying into a wealthy family, you wouldn’t acknowledge our humble home anymore,” a girl in designer clothing and luxury said proudly from the yard.

I glanced at her. She was Stephany’s adoptive sister, Ann Larson. Despite no blood relation, she was pampered by the Larson family.

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“Who are you?” I spoke indifferently and pretended to be aloof.

Ann’s expression shifted slightly, displaying clear annoyance toward me.

But she quickly laughed it off. “Huh, I heard that Mr. Lincoln Senior is sick. Now it’s just you and that dimwit left in the Lincoln family. Poor you.”

I didn’t even bother looking at her. Compared to Yasmin, I thought Ann was too young

Yasmin had that kind of elusive charm, but Ann wore her bad intentions on her sleeve.

A barking dog seldom bites. Yasmin’s rank was much higher than Ann’s.

Now that I wasn’t even afraid of Yasmin, why would I fear this spoiled brat, Ann?

“What’s with your attitude? Just because you’re older than me, you think you’re somebody?” Anni angrily blocked my path.

I knew Ann was originally supposed to marry into the Lincoln family.

However, because Ann had been delicate and sickly since childhood and was pampered by the Larson family, they didn’t want to push her into a difficult situation.

So, they let Stephany marry in her place.

They had no idea that the lunatics in the Lincoln family didn’t care about Stephany’s well-being at all.

Stephany should have resisted on her first day of marriage into the Lincoln family, which is why she ingested too many drugs and died on her so-called wedding night, leading to me waking up in her body.

“Stephany, now that you’ve become Mrs. Lincoln, you think you’re something, huh? How does it feel to be married to a dimwit?” Ann continued to provoke with a smile.

“Move aside!” I said firmly, making her step aside.

Ann laughed. “Why should I move aside? This is my home...”

She wanted to say this was her home..

From Stephany's memories, I could sense her jealousy and hatred toward Ann.

Stephany resented Ann for stealing the parental love that should have belonged to her.

But because her life had been swapped, she wasn't found until she was 18 and returned to the Larson family.

18 years of poverty had left Stephany lacking in confidence. Even though she was naturally beautiful, she was buried under feelings of inferiority.

Stephany originally had a boyfriend, a very outstanding rich boy, who was also snatched away by Ann.

She practically took everything from Stephany. The thing she said most was, "This is my home, who are you to live here?"

Stephany's character was too timid. I couldn't help but laugh, realizing there was someone in this world even more miserable than me. It's no wonder I was reincarnated into her body.

But my personality wasn't naturally timid. It was shaped by circumstances. Losing my parents at 18 and being dependent on others made me become more patient over time.

"Your home?" I looked at Ann. "Isn't this the Larson residence?"

Ann was taken aback. She looked at me suspiciously, apparently not expecting me to have changed so

much.

Fortunately, now that I had married into the Lincoln family, even if I were to become arrogant, I would have a reputation to back it up.

"What do you mean?" Ann frowned, asking me.

I slapped Ann across the face. "Since this is the Larson residence, you better follow the rules.

Ann looked at me in shock, seemingly unable to believe that I had slapped her.

"I'm the real deal in the Lincoln family, the true bloodline heir. What are you? Just a misplaced clown. Living in the Lincoln family is a favor I bestowed upon you, got it?" I warned Ann, pointing my finger

at her.

It took her a long time to react and then she went crazy and wanted to hit me.

"If you have the guts, go ahead and hit me," I sneered. "I'm carrying the Lincoln family's only hope.

"If anything goes wrong, not only will the Larson family hold you accountable, but... Dad won't spare you either."

Ann's face darkened. She gritted her teeth as she stomped in place. "Stephany, keep acting arrogant. Let's see how long you can keep it up. You married a dimwit. Even if you married into the Lincoln family, so what?"

I slapped her again. "Respect your elders. I'm your sister, and Steven is your brother-in-law.

"You keep calling him a dimwit. Do you dare to offend the Lincoln family? Without their support, 15 the Larson family heading for bankruptcy?"

Ann was completely bewildered. She stared at me for a long while. She couldn't understand why I had suddenly become so bold. It was completely out of character for me.

I ignored her, and pushed past her into the living room.

In the living room, the so-called father of Stephany was sitting on the couch, looking imposing.

Upon seeing me, he pretended to be welcoming. "Stephie is here. Come, have a seat. You're now a great contributor to the Lincoln family, so take care of your unborn child."

I smiled, looking at the so-called father. "Dad, you're right. The child I'm carrying is the only heir of the Lincoln family. Once born, they will be the future head of the Lincoln family."

John glanced at me carefully and spoke lightly, "It seems you've figured things out?"

I remained silent, and waited for him to continue.

"Now that Mr. Lincoln Senior had a stroke, and Mr. James is unlikely to take over the Lincoln family.

"You control Mr. Steven, and if you raise the child well, you will be the true head of the Lincoln family, "John tentatively suggested.

I knew that John wanted to use me as a puppet to control the Lincoln family. But I didn't know how John would control me, was it something Stephany cared about?

"Now, the Lincoln family listens to me," I arrogantly declared, feeling as if I had already ascended to the top like a phoenix on a tree.

I wanted to see what John would use to threaten me.

"Dad!" Ann burst in, seeming to have processed the fact that I had slapped her, and exclaimed, "Dad, she slapped me!"

"Can't you see that Dad and I are discussing important matters? You don't have manners, don't have the demeanor of a lady. Get out!" I scolded Ann unhappily.

Ann gritted her teeth. "Dad!"

John looked at me with a furrowed brow, knowing I was being defiant.

"Dad, we're discussing important matters.... why is she interfering?" I asked in a low voice, also

hinting at a threat.

Both of us were probing each other's limits. It was good to test it out.

"Leave," John ordered Ann to leave.

Ann was shocked. It seemed John had never treated her like this before.

"Dad..." Ann was somewhat unwilling.

"Leave now," John said and waved his hand.

Ann reluctantly left, but before she did, she gave me a fierce glare. "You're just arrogant, marrying at

dimwit."

I remained silent. I leaned on the couch and looked at John.

"Now that you're in charge of the Lincoln family, you should take control of the Lincoln Group soon and help our Larson Group through this difficult time," John reminded me.

"Dad, I'm helpless. Though I'm now associated with the Lincoln family, I lack real authority.

"With Mr. Lincoln Senior gone, Mr. Martin is in charge of the Lincoln Group. He has influence in both legitimate and illegitimate circles. I don't want to get into trouble," I said calmly.

John frowned. "Handing over the shares of the Lincoln family to me is your primary task. What's the holdup? Are you backing down? Don't forget, your Grandma still relies on the Larson family for her treatment. Can the Lincoln family afford to neglect an insignificant old lady?"

I was stunned for a moment. John finally revealed his leverage. But this grandmother...

I rubbed my temples. Grandmother?

Wasn't she the grandmother who raised Stephany after she was taken in by mistake? But shouldn't she be Ann's real grandmother? Ann really was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

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Of course, I didn't expect the Larson family to extend Stephany's grandmother's life, but now that I knew John's trump card, I had a rough idea.

John thought I was still Stephany who was easy to control, but he was dead wrong.

Stephany might have had feelings for John and his wife, Nadia Colt, due to familial ties, but I didn't.

My parents died in a car accident when I was 18. So as for John and Nadia, they didn't deserve to be

called parents to me.

family now.

“Dad, you’ve misunderstood. What I meant is, I’m already the head of the Lincoln family

“Although Mr. Lincoln Senior is returning to the country, he’s had a stroke and has no real power. Mr. James can’t even wake up. Now, everyone in the Lincoln family listens to m

I quickly explained

with a smile.

John snorted and squinted. “The Larson family raised you for so many years. Although you came back at 18, we raised you until now. Your Mom and I are your biological parents, we’re related by blood. We share our fortunes and misfortunes. You should be clear about that.”

I nodded quickly. “Dad, I understand.”

John nodded. “We still need to think about how to take over the Lincoln Group as soon as possible. If Mr. Martin controls the Lincoln Group, gradually, he’ll take everything from the Lincoln family. They won’t go easy on you.”

“Dad, do you have a plan?” I whispered.

John glanced at me. “Find a way to get Ann into the Lincoln Group. You returned too late. Your education couldn’t pace, and you lack management skills and capability.

“Get Ann in there, let her assist you. Once she establishes herself in the company, transfer the shares. you obtained to her.”

I looked at John with a smile. His plan was obvious.

Why should I give the shares to Ann? That’s ridiculous.

“爸,厉氏集团可不是那么好插进去人的,暖暖那么有本事,得凭自己的本事进去啊,我从来没有接触过公 司,

哪里知道怎么安插人。“我小声说着,“要是暖暖连厉氏集团招聘这一关都进不去,那怎么担此重任,让人信服?*

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“Dad, it’s not easy to arrange someone into the Lincoln Groun if Ann is so cam she should earn

her place based on her own merits.

“I’ve never been involved with the Lincoln Group, so I wouldn’t know how to arrange someone’s entry?” I whispered. “If Ann can’t even pass the Lincoln

Group's recruitment process, how can she convincingly handle such a responsibility?"

I sighed, "Dad, I'm considering our big plan. What do you think?"

John looked at me and nodded. "Alright, I'll arrange this. Your responsibility is to pave the way for Ann and Kelvin."

I didn't say anything as John continued speaking, "Stephile, now that you're a part of the Lincoln family. There are some things you need to concede to Ann. You and Kelvin aren't meant to be.!!

I smiled and didn't say anything

Kelvin, Stephany's boyfriend, was rumored to be a wealthy second-generation individual. However, the Grayson family appeared to be experiencing financial difficulties in recent years, and Kelvin lacked capability. Therefore, they targeted the Lincoln family.

They sure had guts. Biting off more than they could chew.

"No worries, just go back and prepare well." John waved his hand.

I raised an eyebrow. What kind of father was this? He called me back and didn't even offer dinner.

Ann stole Stephany's boyfriend, and I had to help her get into the Lincoln Group, give her shares, and support that scumbag?

Back in the Ford family, I only felt that Michael bullied me, that I was living under someone else's roof, and resisting would only bring me beatings and force me to endure silently. But that didn't mean I was a fool.

I never expected the Larson family to be so blatant about treating others like fools. It showed how miserable Stephany's life was in the Larson family.

"Since there's nothing else, I'll head back first." I checked the time, turned, and left.

In the courtyard, Ann was crying and acting cute with a man.

"Why is she acting so arrogantly? How dare she slap me? Who does she think she is?" Ann complained to the man.

"Does she think she's all that just because she married into the Lincoln family? There's nobody left in the Lincoln family, and she married a dimwit. What's there to be proud of? I heard he's a dimwit who picks up garbage and wanders around, dirty and ugly.

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Ann was complaining to a man.

I stood nearby, sneering. Steven ugly? I've never seen a man better looking than Steven.

“Alright, Ann, don’t cry. We don’t stoop to her level. She’s just a dull, tasteless fool. Fools belong with fools. They’re made for each other,” the man comforted Ann. “She’s acting all high and mighty because she’s working for you. Once she gets the shares of the Lincoln Group and transfers them to you, the entire Lincoln Group will be ours.”

They were dreaming big.

“I smelled trouble from miles away. In broad daylight, don’t go getting frisky,” I walked up to them, disdainfully remarking.

Ann’s face turned black. “Stephany, what nonsense are you spouting?”

I glanced at Ann, then at the man, who must be Kelvin. “You two are a perfect match, a match made in

heaven.”

“I’ve heard a saying before.” I raised an eyebrow. “Bitch with a scumbag, forever and ever.”

Ann moved forward to attack me, but Kelvin stopped her.

“How did you become like this, Stephie? How could you say such things about Ann?” Kelvin looked utterly disappointed in me.

For such a scumbag... I was giving him way too much respect just by talking to him.

“If I don’t say it like this, how should I say it? Should I fight while talking?” I raised my hand as if to

hit Ann.

Ann cowered behind Kelvin in fear.

Kelvin wanted to protect Ann.

“If you dare to lay a hand on me, and something happens to my unborn child, I’ll see what you guys do then.” I knew Kelvin wouldn’t dare touch me.

They were all counting on this little one to exchange for shares and fight for the Lincoln Group. I was carrying the heir of the Lincoln family.

Kelvin hesitated for a moment, not daring to come closer.

I grabbed Ann and slapped her face.

I had suppressed too much before my death. Now that I had finally been reincarnated and was carrying the heir of the Lincoln family, I had every reason to be proud.

If everyone had someone to rely on, who wouldn’t want to be arrogant?

“Stephany! You’ve gone too far. Look at yourself now!” Kelvin held Ann in his embrace

“Look like what? Why should I behave? Ann is a bitch,” I said coldly, turning around and leaving,

Ann covered her face, trembling with anger. “Kelvin, are you just going to stand there and watch her hit me?”

“Endure it. She’s only arrogant for now. Once we coax her into giving up the shares, you’ll be in charge.

“Besides, she married a dimwit, dirty and ugly. She won’t be able to show her face at the class reunion in a few days,” Kelvin whispered to comfort her.

I took a few steps and paused.

Class reunion?

Stephany, Ann, and Kelvin were all high school classmates.

Stephany was transferred to their school in her senior year, with poor grades and no admission to a good university.

Ann graduated from high school and was sent abroad for further studies. When she returned, she snatched Kelvin away.

I wasn’t particularly interested in these details, but I remembered that most of the women killed by the murderer graduated from this school.

Even though I graduated from this high school, just a year ahead of Stephany.

Chapter 99

After leaving the Larson residence, I took a cab to my old home.

After my parents died in a car accident, I sold all our properties to pay off debts, except for this old house, which holds all the memories of my parents and me.

Getting out of the car, I looked at the familiar place with mixed feelings. Taking out the key hidden in the flowerpot, I stood there in silence for a long time before opening the door.

The house was quiet, filled with my photos and my parents’ belongings. It seemed like nothing had changed, yet everything was different.

Sitting on the couch, I quietly stared at the photos on the wall. It all felt like a dream.

Suddenly, I heard a faint sound behind me. My body stiffened, and my nerves tensed up. Was someone in my house?

Afraid to turn around, I slowly reached for my phone to call the cops.

But as always, in moments of extreme panic, my hands fumbled, and even unlocking my phone screen became a struggle.

Behind me, I felt someone was staring at me, getting closer and closer.

Taking a deep breath, I abruptly stood up and turned to look behind me.

At the doorway, a man stood holding a stick, his face grim as he looked at me.

I stood frozen in place, my throat constricted with fear.

That person... He was tall, with black hair, a grim face, and a large burn scar on his right cheek and fingers.

His overall appearance was eerie and unsettling, just like the fear I felt before I died.

“Are you following me?” he asked in a hoarse voice.

I opened my mouth, but no words came out. It was a fear that stemmed from the depths of my soul.

“How did you know I was here?” he frowned, tossing the stick aside and communicating with me as if he were accustomed to it.

I stared at him rigidly.

This voice... it was definitely the person who killed me before. Definitely! But why did he seem to know me?

Wait... I’m currently assuming the identity of Stephany. Why does he recognize me?

“I didn’t know you were here,” I spoke softly, taking a deep breath. “Isn’t this where Stephanie used to live? I’ve been getting close to her friend, Rachel, recently, and I found out where she used to live.”

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The man sat on the couch. “I’m hiding out here for a few days.”

I stood still, stiffly looking at him.

“It seems you’ve done a good job impersonating her,” he sneered.

I was frozen.

What did he mean? What relationship did Stephany have with this man? Impersonating what?

“Just...” My mind raced quickly, with no memories associated with this man.

“Mr. Lincoln Senior had a stroke...” I guessed, thinking that our cooperation was related to the Lincoln family.

“Are you pregnant with his child?” The man seemed uninterested in matters concerning the Lincoln family, just glaring at me darkly.

A chill ran down my spine. This man seemed capable of killing me at any moment. But why... was he staying in my house?

“Yes...” I answered softly...

The man suddenly laughed. His laughter was wild and intense.

I felt nervous, not knowing what to say.

“He mistook you for Stephanie?” he spoke first, as if talking to himself. “He really mistook you for Stephanie? Hahaha... saying he loves her so much, but this is all he can do. Just anyone can replace Stephanie in his heart!”

I stared at him in shock.

What did he mean by this taking me for Stephanie?

“Don’t think you’re smart,” he suddenly stopped laughing, his hostility intensifying. “Do you think he’ll always listen to you just because you’ve left traces of Stephanie and imitated her?”

I didn’t say anything, letting him continue.

“Get the task done quickly, and don’t entertain any inappropriate thoughts,” he warned in a low

voice.

I gasped and felt a chill. What task had he given Stephany? Was it related to Steven?

Did Steven mistake Stephany for Stephanie?

Steven called me Stephie, not Stephany, but Stephanie?

Chapter 100

“I got it...” I held onto my phone nervously, watching the man, eager to make a call to the cops.

This guy...he’s definitely the murderer.

“You can leave now,” he motioned with his hand.

I nodded and ran in a hurry.

“Don’t entertain any unrealistic fantasies. He just sees you as Stephanie, but he won’t actually develop feelings for you,” he warned as I reached the door.

I dashed out of the house without looking back, my legs felt weak.

Taking out my phone, I wanted to call the cops, but it took me a while to realize, what should I tell them?

That he was a murderer? Where was the evidence?

If I can’t provide proof, would I just be stirring up trouble?

But why was he staying in my house?

What's going on? Was this a provocation?

Just as I stepped out of the hallway, I bumped into someone's embrace. It was Steven.

He reached out and held me in his embrace, his voice hoarse. "Why do you keep running around..."

He was worried about me.

"You..." I held onto Steven tightly, seeking some sense of security.

The voice of the man upstairs and Steven's voice sounded similar, both were hoarse and low.

"How do you always manage to find me?" I looked up at Steven and asked nervously.

Steven didn't say anything.

"Do you have a tracker on me?" I continued to ask.

"Just...afraid you'll get into trouble." Steven averted his gaze.

I nervously glanced back, afraid the murderer upstairs might come out.

Holding Steven's hand, I quickly led him away,

"Where's the tracker?" I asked Steven.

Steven remained silent.

"You gonna talk or not?" I frowned, getting a little annoyed.

Dufter 106

Steven held my wrist and rubbed the bracelet on it.

Then he touched the pendant around my neck.

Well... turned out all the jewelry I wore daily had trackers?

Not only that.

His hand ended up on my phone.

I was furious that I was being tracked.

Steven looked as if he was wronged, holding my hand. "Stephie..."

"Let's go, we're heading home." I always felt a chill down my spine, bringing Steven back with me.

Afraid of being targeted by that murderer.

That murderer probably doesn't know I'm Stephanie.

He surely couldn't have imagined I would experience being reincarnated.

But what did he ask Stephany to do? I'm currently using Stephany's identity. If I keep investigating, won't it lead back to me? Is Stephany the accomplice?

"Stephie, something on your mind?" On the way back home, Steven held my hand, asking.

I didn't say anything. I'm thinking about what to do next.

Until we got home, I didn't talk to Steven.

Steven just stayed with me quietly.

"Steve... Rachel told me you went to the police station to confess that you're a murderer, why?" I looked at Steven, trying to see his reaction.

Steven glanced at me, then looked down.

"If you don't want to talk about it... forget it," I was afraid of arousing suspicion from Steven.

And I still suspected that Steven and the murderer living in my house were in cahoots.

"That man said... if I voluntarily confess that I'm a murderer, he'll return you to me," Steven's voice was hoarse, head lowered, hair covering his eyes, so I couldn't see his emotions or gaze.

But I could feel him trembling

"Who is he..." I nervously looked at Steven. "Return me to you? Is it Stephany, or Stephanie?"

Steven raised his head, his eyes burning as he looked at me.

The murderer said that Steven mistook Stephany for Stephanie, treating Stephany as a substi

So the person Steven truly wanted to save was Stephanie? Was he referring to Stephanie every time he called out "Stephie"?