

Love and Hatred Run Bone-Deep Chapter 10

Evan learned from Aaron that Cecilia had not been seen after she dropped by Peter's studio, but Aaron overheard her screams and wondered if something had happened to her.

After some thinking, Evan called the police and explained the situation. He added, "Peter Hoffman will come to my place soon, and he will ramble about the case from three years ago. As Corinne Peele's family, I have a right to the truth. Please do not set him off; a madman like him will go to any lengths." The police quickly dispatched a team to surround Peter's studio. Before they could make a move, they saw him leaving the studio with a cardboard box and humming a tune.

Although it was dark outside, they could see the blood stains on the box.

The police had decided to hold back and tail his car. Meanwhile, some of the police members found a headless female corpse buried in the mess of the studio; blood had soaked into the floors. They searched for the head, but a fruitless search made them confirm that the murderer must have left with the head.

Peter drove to Evan's place and placed the blood-soaked box at the door. He knocked. "Evan Lane, I have a little gift for you. Guess what it is?"

There was no reply. Peter continued, "Corinne has nothing to do with your mom's death. The story about Corinne on the run—that was a lie. She can't be on the run. Do you know why?"

At the same time, Evan stood behind the door with policemen around him as he watched Peter—bloodstains all over his outfit—from the peephole.

"That's because Corinne Peele died before your mom did! She was a beauty, but she died a horrific death. It was such a shame. So, I took her femur and made it into a bracelet for you.

"Yes. It's that bracelet you've worn for three years. Hahaha! It tickles me whenever I picture you holding it. I'm glad you like it."

When Evan did not respond, Peter grew uneasy. He slammed his fist on the door, yelling, "Evan Lane, come out now! I thought you loved Cecilia. I brought her to see you. Come take a look!"

The police were ready to make a move by now. They motioned at Evan to back off. When the door flung open, they pinned Peter to the floor and put him in handcuffs.

They yelled at him, "Do not move! Stay still!"

Caught by surprise, Peter started to fight them when he realized what happened. He cursed at them and Evan.

Just like before, Evan stood by the side, looking arrogant and spirited, as if nothing could break his confidence

Peter did not stop yelling and cursing when he was brought away. "I can't believe you're a playboy- wanting both Corinne and Cecilia! It's fine, though. I killed both of them and handed them to you! Hahaha! Are you satisfied now?"

Evan crouched on the floor when Peter was gone. He gasped for breath like a drowning man who had been rescued. Tears silently streamed down his cheeks.

I said loudly to him, "It's fine, Evan. You did great. Please keep this up. You don't have to feel sorry for me. Just take good care of my mom for my sake."

The cold case from three years ago was reopened. Alas, the evidence had been lost to time, and the investigation was inconclusive.

However, Peter was sentenced to death for murdering Cecilia. The day before his execution, Evan visited him at the prison. Peter, looking extremely haggard, wouldn't stop cursing.

Evan stared at Peter for a while. Before he left, he said to Peter, "Thanks for killing my enemy on my behalf. I'm satisfied."

Peter's eyes widened in shock. Evan smiled at him and left.

The bracelet that the police took away as evidence was returned to Evan, and he threw a small funeral for me on the same day. Only two guests were present—he and my mom.

Mom was in a better state after receiving the best medical care. She had put on some weight, much to my relief.

All my photos had been destroyed except for one. My mom had hidden it in the crack of my desk drawer. It was a childhood photo of me. Later, it was printed in black and white as my memorial portrait.

As an adult, I couldn't believe that my tombstone would bear only a photo of me as a child. My bracelet rested in the urn. I laughed bitterly, thinking how pathetic it all was.

I was buried beside my dad. My tombstone held that childhood photo, while his showed him leading me home, holding my hand as a little girl.

Evan sat at my grave for a long time, not leaving until dusk. With each step he took, he looked back toward my grave.

In my mind, I urged him, "Please go. Do not look back."

Standing in the warmth of the setting sun, I watched Evan leave. Then I saw Dad coming for me, too.

He waved to me as he had when I was a child.

A wave of emotion washed over me. I ran toward him.

"Dad, you're finally here to take me home."