

After Death 101

Chapter 101

“You know the identity of the murderer, right?” I grabbed Steven’s hand tightly in slight agitation as he remained silent. “Tell me who he is.

A look of panic crossed Steven’s face. He turned his back against me, as if he was avoiding me. “I don’t

“You do know who he is!” His reaction made me anxious. He must know who the murderer is, but why wouldn’t he tell me?

Steven walked ahead in avoidance as he refused to reveal who the murderer was.

I followed him closely and questioned him repeatedly.

But no matter how I asked, he refused to budge.

I had thought of going to the police or telling Zion and Rachel, but right now, I was Stephany... not Stephanie.

No one would believe me.

Furthermore, from my interactions with the murderer, I could tell that he was somehow connected to

Stephanie

If I went after the killer before finding out what was going on, I would spook him while implicating myself.....

I rubbed my eyes in frustration.

Things were becoming more and more complicated.

I couldn’t even calm down or figure anything out right now.

It would have been simpler if I were just an outsider. As luck would have it, Stephany was related to the murderer. If I implicated myself now, it would be harder for me to investigate further in the future.

“Stephie... Let’s go home.” As I struggled frustratedly in my confusion, Steven walked over and held my hand.

I shook him off instinctively. “The Stephie you’re referring to is Stephanie right? I’m not Stephanie, I’m Stephany.”

I couldn’t admit that I was Stephanic.

Even Steven wouldn’t be crazy enough to believe in reincarnation.

“You’re Stephanie! You’re her!” He grabbed my shoulders suddenly as if he’d lost his mind.

He was hurting me. At that moment, I was fearful. It was as if he was consciously “making” me out to be Stephanie. Rather than recognizing me as Stephanie, it was more like he wanted Stephany to be

Stephanie.

He was just like Michael. Both of them were using Stephany, a Stephanie lookalike, as a puppet to avoid Stephanie’s death.

Ha, that must be why Steven had been so obedient and relaxed recently.

To him, Stephanie was no longer a person but a persona he created.

He was truly a lunatic.

“You are Stephanie! You must be Stephanie, you can only be Stephanie... If you’re not her, I’ll kill you. “He was still running amok.

“Okay, okay... Calm down.” My shoulders were hurting badly, so I tried anxiously to calm Steven down and change the topic. “When did you and Stephanie know each other?”

“Many years ago...” Steven loosened his grasp suddenly and said bitterly.

“Where did you meet?” I continued asking.

“The orphanage,” Steven answered.

I looked at Steven in shock.

Orphanage?

What...

That orphanage?

My head started to pound. The pain made me crouch to the ground as I held my head in my hands in agony.

That orphanage, those adopted red-dressed little girls, red dress...

Perhaps that was why I found those red dresses familiar.

My memory was coming back to me. I had an identical red dress when I was a kid.

But when did Steven and I meet? Why didn’t I remember anything?

A few years ago, as part of my dad’s act of charity, he sponsored kids from the orphanage and donated resources. I’d follow my dad to the orphanage when he was carrying out his charity work.

Was that when I met Steven?

Why did I have no memory of it at all?

“Stephie...” Steven started to panic. He was starting to feel helpless after losing control. Crouching nervously in front of me, he said, “Let’s go home.”

I nodded as I reached my hand out to touch his forehead. His fever was gone.

“Carry me home...” I whispered as I tried my best to suppress my fear.

Steven’s eyes lit up. He nodded and turned his back toward me, inviting me to climb onto his back.

I hesitated for a moment, but I eventually got on his back.

He was strong and tall. When he stood up, the change in gravity caused me to lose my grip momentarily. I hugged him tightly.

I whispered to Steven, “Stay home. Don’t wander around, okay?”

Martin and his people would stop at nothing to achieve their goal. Things had changed at the Lincoln household. After removing Steven, me, and the child I was carrying, Martin would be able to take over the Lincoln Group and the Lincolns’ estate.

Chapter 102

Steven and I walked on the sidewalk as cars streamed past us on the highway.

He took slow steps forward as he carried me on his back.

As I was slightly tired, I fell asleep on his back.

I had a dream. In the dream, various scenes flashed through my mind.

There was a little boy of mixed ancestry. He looked like a Prince Charming from a fairytale.

He was carrying a little girl in a red dress and running as fast as he could.

“You’ll be alright, Stephie. We’ll be home soon.”

He comforted me as he ran, saying, “Stephie, wake up. Don’t fall asleep.

“Stephie, wake up. Try to eat something...”

I woke up in a startle. I took quick breaths as I observed my surroundings. I didn’t even know when I’d

arrive home.

Steven was waking me up to eat something.

I looked at Steven and rubbed my eyes. “I don’t feel like eating.”

“Just a tiny bit.” Steven pushed the bowl to me as he encouraged me to eat.

“I told you, I don’t feel like it! I’ve no appetite!” I said frustratedly as I pushed Steven’s hand away. The soup in the bowl spilled all over the floor.

He sat there, staring at me silently.

I got up in frustration. With my head pounding, I walked back to my room.

I felt like a puppet to this lunatic. The feeling terrified me.

I was too tired, so I fell asleep again once I hit my bed.

The early symptoms of pregnancy were getting obvious. I was lethargic and emotionally unstable...

As I fell into a deep sleep, I started to dream again.

“He loves you, doesn't he? That's why I'm returning you to him with an appearance he'll love....”

“You'll be like his favorite toy. I'll make you pretty.

“He loves you so much. Why did you lie to him? Why? You deserve your death...

“Do you know your lies nearly killed him? How dare you forget him and be with another man you're

so filthy... Your heart is dark, and your body is dirty.”

In the dream, t

those blurry scenes began to come into focus. What happened before my death became clear too.

The murderer had stood at my bedside with a surgical knife. He was slowly peeling my skin and removing my nails so that he could embed diamonds into my flesh.

He looked at me with an expression of a madman and smiled savagely. “You look prettier now, I made

you

into a doll so that you can belong to him forever...”

He then put me into a glass display cabinet.

He said with the voice of a devil, “This used to be your favorite red dress, and it's also his favorite. I've made you into what he loves. This will make him happy...”

“No, help! Help!”

My breathing hastened, and my pulse quickened. I was struggling.

But it was as if I was trapped in the dream. I could not wake up.

“Help me... Steven, help me!”

I didn't know why I instinctively called Steven for help.

“Stephie? Stephie!” Steven was calling my name.

But I could not wake up. I was trapped in a nightmare.

“Steven... Steven, help me.”

“Stephie, I’m here.”

In my panic, I felt someone hug me tightly. My tense body eventually relaxed.

It was already noon when I woke up the next day.

I opened my eyes exhaustedly. I was alone in my room.

“Hello?” I reached out to pick up my ringing phone. “A class reunion?”

“No, I can’t make it...” I instinctively refused.

“But our teacher was so kind to you back then. She had surgery recently, so she wants to see us... Her cancer is terminal. A lot of our high school seniors will be there too.” My former classmate’s voice sounded hoarse on the other end of the phone.

I frowned. I should go. I could also find out if there were any clues about the victims.

“Alright, I’ll be at the hotel on time.” I agreed to go.

“We heard you got married. Everyone’s bringing their spouses today. You should bring your husband as well. Our teacher’s keen to meet him.”

Chapter 103

I was sitting at a corner of the coffee shop at the street corner. I had my cap on and was waiting for Rachel to arrive.

For now, Rachel was the only one I could trust.

Apart from her, I would not trust anyone completely.

“You were looking for me?” Rachel sat down irritably in front of me.

It was obvious that she wasn’t in a good mood.

“I’ve read the news online. They say murderers won’t stop killing. That means there must be a next target.” I looked around anxiously before continuing, “I know who the murderer is, but I have no proof...”

Rachel looked at me suspiciously. “You know who the murderer is?”

“He’s currently living in Stephanie’s home...” I was afraid that Rachel might not believe me.

Rachel looked at me in disbelief. “Are you crazy?”

I covered my face and took a deep breath. “Just believe me this once. I’m serious. Just ask Zion to keep an eye on whoever’s living in the house... He’ll definitely kill again.”

Rachel looked at me skeptically. “I just went to Stephanie’s house yesterday. Why didn’t I see him?”

“You shouldn’t visit anymore. The murderer is hiding inside. You were just unaware.” I looked at Rachel nervously. I was worried for her safety.

Rachel was still wary of me. She didn’t trust me completely. “How would you know that? Who exactly are you?”

“You won’t believe me even if I tell you. I’ve told you that I’m Stephanie... but you refused to believe me.” I sighed. “Anyway, I have no other motive than to find out the truth and bring the murderer to

justice.”

I wanted to protect Rachel from any harm.

Rachel looked at me like I was crazy. After a long pause, she asked, “Are you sure you’re mentally well?”

I was slightly angry, but I could understand where Rachel was coming from.

It would sound strange and terrifying if a stranger told you she was your deceased best friend.

“I don’t care whether you believe it or not. Just ask Zion to keep an eye on Stephanie’s home. There’s someone secretly staying there,” I said anxiously.

“Alright, I get it. I’ll investigate. If you’re fooling around with me, I won’t forgive you.” Rachel finally agreed.

I heaved a sigh of relief. “Okay, I’m counting on you. I really don’t want to see anyone else get hurt.”

Rachel slumped on her chair dejectedly. “This murderer is too smart. We haven’t obtained any clues so far. There’s almost no news from the investigation.”

I hung my head with disappointment too. “Yeah, this person is scary. He’s killed so many people...”

Even I, a person who had died once, could not get close to him.

He left no traces behind.

Rachel shook her head. “But I don’t believe that there are perfect criminals.”

I shook my head too. “Me neither.”

Rachel warned me seriously, “If you’re really trying to help me catch this murderer, I’ll be grateful. But if you have other motives, I’ll come for you.”

“Anyway, don’t tell anyone what I just told you. You can share this with Zion, but not anyone else in the police force. It’s best if we kept this to just a few people. We can’t wake the sleeping wolf.” I was worried that the murderer might catch on to us.

Rachel nodded.

Relieved, I glanced at the time.

Steven had been locking himself up in his room these days, I wasn't sure what he was up to. But now I was sure he was somehow related to the murderer. He was unwilling to give the murderer after all.

up,

The Lincoln Group was in the eye of the storm now. With Martin and his son managing the company, it would be difficult for me to get a foot in.

The Larsons managed to get Ann into the Lincoln Group. If it were up to me, I wouldn't have been able to find her a way in or find someone to implicate her. I couldn't even speak to anyone important

at the

company.

Troubles were really brewing internally and externally now.

Chapter 104

"You're not going home?" Rachel asked before leaving.

"No, I have a high school reunion to attend today." I sighed. I didn't even know these people, yet I had to pretend to be Stephany in front of them. How annoying

But after being guilt-tripped by those former classmates, I felt obliged to go as Stephany.

I needed to adapt to being Stephany as soon as possible. If not... it would be troublesome if someone started to suspect me.

"I'm leaving, then." Rachel ordered a cappuccino for me before leaving.

I took a sip and frowned. "You know I don't take my drinks so sweet. How much sugar did you add?"

Rachel narrowed her eyes on me. Without saying anything more, she left.

I sat in the corner with my head in my hand as I watched the cars and passersby stream by through the French windows.

It was so good... to be alive.

I could still feel the warmth of sunshine and taste the delicacies of this world.

Just then, my phone rang. It was that former classmate again.

You're married, so you h

"Stephany, everyone's bringing their spouses today. to bring your husband. If not, we won't let you join us." I could hear a few giggles on the other end of the call.

It was obvious they were waiting to make a joke out of me.

They knew that I married the dimwit of the Lincoln family, yet they were trying to pressure me to bring him to the reunion. It was clear they were waiting to see how Steven and I would make a fool of

ourselves.

“My husband is unwell. I won’t...” Before I could finish, they hung up.

I was slightly angry as I was so fed up with them.

But from the way these people treated Stephany, anyone could see that they had no respect for her.

Stephany was a timid person. It was probably because she was used to living in the countryside. Transferring to the prep school and interacting with these rich upper-class classmates must have made her feel inferior.

She only transferred to this class in her 12th grade. Logically speaking, I didn’t have to attend this so-

called class reunion.

But in Stephany’s memory, her teacher was the only person who was kind to her when she felt lonely and helpless.

Now that the teacher had cancer, I felt like I had an obligation to see her even if it was only on behalf

of Stephany.

With a sigh, I got up and lowered my cap as I walked out.

Ever since Martin kicked up a fuss at the Lincolns’, I felt unsafe walking alone on the streets.

After my reincarnation, my sixth sense was much stronger than before.

After a few steps, I stopped and turned back. Sure enough, I saw a man in black taking cover quickly in the alley.

Ha, son of a bitch.

I retraced my steps and quickly hid in the alley too.

The person started to panic when he couldn’t find me. He ran ahead quickly.

I hid in the shadows to observe him. Once he entered the alley, I grabbed a stick and smashed his head.

The guy

fell to the ground and looked at me in shock. “Why did you hit me?”

I held on to my stick nervously. “You... Why were you following me!”

“Ewan made me follow you to protect you!” The guy held his head as he grimaced in pain.

I rubbed my eyes with frustration. “Sorry, I thought you were someone with ill intentions...”

The guy continued rubbing his head. He looked like he was in agony as he stood up. “You should be careful. There were quite a few people observing you.”

I nodded. “I’m sorry, you should get yourself checked out at the hospital... Claim your expenses from Ewan. I have a class reunion to attend, so I need to get going now.”

Chapter 105

1

As I walked into the lobby of Landing Hotel, I saw Ann and that scumbag, Kelvin, cozying up to each

other.

I rolled my eyes. A scumbag and a bitch, what a perfect match.

“Ah, Stephany, you’re here!” A former classmate approached me enthusiastically. “We heard you got married. Where’s your husband? Is he not with you today?”

I kept quiet and walked to the resting area. “Is everyone here?”

“Stephany, we heard you married into money, specifically the eldest son of the Lincolns. We all agreed to bring our spouses, but you... Does Mr. Lincoln dislike you? Or are you too ashamed to bring him out?” The same former classmate intentionally mocked me.

These people were so annoying. I was frequently bullied and hurt by these people in my past life. If I faced the same humiliation without resisting this time, then I deserved all my previous suffering

As they said, it was hard to change one’s character. But I had been through such a major ordeal. I should know better by now.

Humans were generally cowards who bullied the weak and buttered up to the powerful.

They’d just

These people saw me as a pushover. They wouldn’t stop just because I compromised once. They’d escalate the bullying further.

“You may be free, but why should I bring my husband here just so you could see him? He’s very busy. It’s our class reunion, so why are you more interested in seeing my husband? Do you want to be his

mistress?

“That’s possible, given that the Lincolns are rich. They can afford to feed another mouth. It depends on how morally depraved you are.”

I lounged on the couch and looked at my former classmate as I spoke coolly.

She was stunned by my response and remained shocked in her disbelief for quite some time.

She opened her mouth a few times but ended up swallowing her insults. After a while, she said, "Stephany... you really think marrying a Lincoln has made you into something, huh? You really think we don't know what's going on in the Lincoln family?"

"That's right, you're still so arrogant. Ha, we know they bought you to be a babymaker for the Lincolns." Another former classmate joined in to mock me.

I pretended to be shocked. "Babymaker? Your mom went through so much to give birth to you, yet you regard her as your family's babymaker? You're so unfilial. Aren't you afraid of God's judgment?"

This person was stunned by my response too.

Ann, who was observing these exchanges in Kelvin's embrace, frowned. She whispered to Kelvin, "Dot

Charles 105

you feel like... she's changed?"

It seemed like people had begun to notice that I was no longer the same Stephany.

Kelvin said sarcastically, "She probably thinks she has the upper hand now that she's a Lincoln."

"Mrs, Miranda is here,"

Miranda Patel appeared in the private room looking weak. She was sitting in a wheelchair, and her face was pale.

She still had a kind smile. My sixth sense was right—this teacher was a good person.

Unfortunately, the sad truth was that good people usually didn't live long lives. Instead, they usually had to endure the pain and torture of sickness.

Miranda looked a little swollen from the advancement of the cancer.

"I really didn't expect... to see so many of you. I'm old, and my body is getting weaker. I wanted to see you all before dying. So many of my students... It mustn't have been easy to gather everyone together," Miranda said sailingly as she gestured for us to sit.

"The reason I organized this gathering is not only because my health is failing and I wanted to see you. I also wanted to talk about that murderer I've been hearing about recently. He's killed so many

v of

our students,"

Miranda coughed a little as she got agitated. "Some of them were my students. I can't believe this is happening..."

"Mrs. Miranda, you'll get better." The class monitor who organized the reunion rushed to comfort

her.

Another guy spoke up, “The murderer will definitely be apprehended! I have a friend who’s a policeman in the crime division. Apparently, those who were killed were all adopted from Double Stars Welfare Home.

“I want to remind everyone, especially those who grew up at the welfare home, to be extra careful.”

“This is obviously a vendetta,” someone said, horrified.

“Hey, aren’t you from Double Stars Welfare Home too?” a woman asked the class monitor.

I looked over and saw that the class monitor was a tall and shy guy. He looked like a decent person.

His face fell slightly, and he replied hesitantly, “Ah, right. It’s been ages since I left the welfare home. My adoptive parents adopted me when I was very young. I’m not sure about... these murder cases.”

Chapter 106

I looked at the class monitor suspiciously. In the group chat, his name appeared to be Howard. Perhaps he knew something

“Alright, I’m so glad all of you could come. Please take care of yourselves. Your safety is of utmost importance.”

“Miranda nodded regretfully. “I just want to see all of you succeed in your careers, have own families, and live blissful lives.”

your

The woman I insulted earlier grumbled, “Mrs. Miranda, Stephany’s being disrespectful. She got married, but she didn’t bring her husband.”

I walked over and said respectfully, “I’m sorry, Mrs. Miranda. My husband isn’t in the pink of health. too. An event like this isn’t the best for him...”

The woman rolled her eyes. “He’s just a dimwit, he’s not sick.”

“Jessica, that’s enough.” Howard was being fair. This reunion was for Miranda, after all.

“We’ve heard rumors. Stephany married the dimwit for money, but the dimwit hasn’t been nice to her. Apparently, he has violent tendencies, and he’s a murderer,” another person muttered loudly so that everyone could hear him.

Hearing their comments, I raised my eyebrows at Ann. “The Lincolns are well-known in Huma. How dare you slander them...”

“Alright, alright. Stephie is a good girl. She must’ve found a good husband who dotes on her.” Miranda smiled at me kindly as she gestured for me to come to her.

“Stephie, you’ve changed a lot. You... You’re finally stronger and braver now.” Miranda’s eyes reddened as she patted my hand.

I nodded. “I’ll protect myself, Mrs. Miranda. Don’t you worry.”

Miranda nodded happily. “That’s good, that’s good.”

“I feel relieved seeing how well all of you are doing.”

“Mrs. Miranda, this is my boyfriend, Kelvin. You may not have taught him, but you must know what he is,” Ann introduced Kelvin proudly.

Kelvin was the top student in Stephanie’s high school. He may not have been the top student in the district, but he was an excellent student.

All the teachers knew of Kelvin. Some even said he was a genius.

“Yes, yes. He was the top student every year.” Miranda nodded smilingly. She remembered all the good students.

“They’re sisters, but Ann ended up with a top student while Stephany married a dimwit. Haha...” I stayed silent as the others continued to ridicule me.

“she’s not too bright either. She didn’t manage to get into university. Isn’t she a perfect match for the

“My husband’s not here, but I can still tell you a little bit about him. His name is Steven Lincoln, and he was at the top of the advanced classes in all of Huma.

“He’s an absolute genius. He was scouted for admission and graduated from university when he was only 18. “I wasn’t lying. Steven was very bright before he became mentally sick.

Howard froze. He looked at me with a glint of fear in his eyes.

He may have hidden it well, but I still sensed something from his expression.

He must know Steven.

Miranda was surprised. “A genius from the advanced classes! It’s rare to hear of anyone from Huma entering the advanced classes.”

Someone mused, “I remember Double Stars Welfare Home was named after its two geniuses! Both of them ended up in the advanced classes, and that’s how the welfare home gained their fame. After that, a lot of rich families adopted kids from that home.”

Indeed, it was the two absolute geniuses from the welfare home who transformed abandoned kids into “hotcakes” for the rich

Those rich people knew the value of geniuses.

I kept observing Howard. I was certain he knew something....

Seeing that she was outshone by me, Ann said quickly, "I didn't know my brother-in-law was so impressive! How did he become a dimwit? And a violent one too?"

"He's not a dimwit; he's just a simple person, unlike a certain someone's duplicitous partner. He said he was a top student, but he's just a scumbag." I crossed my arms and looked at Ann

provocatively.

"I still have some photos and videos from when I caught you cheating in bed. Should I show them to everyone?"

Ann's face fell, and her body trembled in rage.

Kelvin was outraged. He pointed at me and yelled, "Stephany, don't be too cocky. You really think you can do anything just because you married a mentally ill person?"

"People who are mentally ill can't be charged with murder." Steven suddenly appeared at the door and was leaning against the door frame. There were traces of madness in his lazy voice.

Chapter 107

Everyone present was shocked, including myself.

Why did he come....

Steven was dressed smartly today. He seemed to have put some thought into his appearance.

He was already good-looking, but now he looked like the male lead of a movie.

"You..." Kelvin appeared stunned by Steven's appearance. He asked nervously, "Who are you?"

No one had seen Steven in this state, so they didn't recognize him.

Steven walked to my side. He tugged at my wrist and pulled me into his embrace. His laugh was maniacal and provocative. "I'm her husband."

His response could kill Kelvin in a second.

Kelvin gulped fearfully and shifted his gaze from Steven to Ann.

Ann was stunned too. She surveyed the people around her.

"Steven? He's Steven Lincoln? That's not right. Didn't they say he's a psycho?"

"That's what I heard. How is he so good-looking? Wow... He looks better than a movie star."

Those classmates started to murmur quietly.

I glanced at the class monitor, Howard. He hid himself behind the crowd once he saw Steven.

Why was he hiding? He must be afraid of Steve.

“I’m sorry, my husband was sick a few days ago. He didn’t plan to come, but he decided to accompany me here to see you.”

I stepped forward to explain to Miranda.

Miranda looked at me with relief. Her eyes were red as she nodded. “Good, good. I feel so relieved to see you doing so well now, Stephie.”

Steven took my hand and walked to Miranda. He resumed his well-behaved self. “Please take a good rest. You’ll get well soon.”

“What a good man.” Miranda looked at Steven excitedly and happily. “He’s so handsome. You and Stephie are a match made in heaven.”

Steven gazed at me deeply and smiled.

I felt momentarily dazed.

Which... Which was the real him?

“That’s not possible... He can’t be Steven Lincoln!” Kelvin was obviously unhappy to be embarrassed.

He was supposed to be the star of the reunion. Unfortunately, Steven’s arrival had captured everyone’s attention.

Even Ann seemed impressed by Steven.

Of course, he’d hate to have his limelight stolen.

I raised my eyebrows as I observed Kelvin and Ann.

Ann was staring dumbfounded at Steven. She was probably feeling regretful that she wasn’t the one who married into the Lincolns.

I sneered. It was too late for regrets now.

“If I’m not Steven, who is? You?” Steven growled as he shielded me behind him.

I raised my head to look at him. Even though I was just a puppet to him, a substitute for Stephanie, I still enjoyed feeling protected.

Before my death, I had wished that Michael would protect me and give me a home one day.

Unfortunately, he couldn’t give me any of that.

“Hmph, you’ve invested a lot to attend this reunion, Stephany. Everyone knows that Steven Lincoln is a dimwit, a psycho. You should’ve found someone who can play the role better. He can’t be Steven Lincoln.”

Kelvin sneered. “I’ve been to the Lincolns’ place, and I’ve seen Steven Lincoln. He’s just a dirty crazy dimwit.”

“That’s right, Stephany. How could you get someone to pretend to be your husband?” the other people chimed in.

I scoffed. “He’s my husband. Do I need you to help me identify him? What a joke.”

“What is this ruckus about?” Another bunch of people entered through the door.

I frowned. I was immediately wary as my fingers dug into Steven’s arm.

Those were not Stephany’s classmates. They were Miranda’s students from Michael’s batch.

Chapter 108

Yasmin and Michael were students of Miranda.

That was before my parents died in the car accident. When they were in school, I hadn’t met them or

transferred there.

When I transferred to Michael’s school, he had already graduated.

“Mrs. Miranda.” Michael walked to Miranda with a gift in his hand.

Miranda said happily, “I didn’t think you’d come.”

Yasmin’s hand was on Michael’s arm.

Michael was behaving indifferently, but Yasmin looked happy and blissful.

Perhaps her pregnancy had progressed, or maybe Yasmin was acting out. It had only been a few Thonths, but Yasmin looked very pregnant.

Michael and Yasmin did not look at Steven and me at all.

Steven saw that I was staring at Michael. He gradually tightened his grip on me.

I suddenly felt scared. When he got crazy, his possessiveness could be terrifying.

He seemed keen to label me as his, just like what Michael had done.

“Michael must know Steven Lincoln. Stephany brought an actor with her today, insisting that he’s Steven. Michael, take a look and see if he’s a fake.” A woman went up to flirt with Michael.

At this point, Michael turned to look at Steven and me.

Frowning, I looked back warily at Michael.

He just took a quick distant glance at me while removing his arm from Yasmin. “I’ve never seen Steven Lincoln. I don’t know him.”

Scoffing, I looked at Yasmin. “Mr. Ford, is this your fiancée?”

Michael stayed silent and unresponsive.

Yasmin answered quickly and anxiously, “Yes, we’ve had our wedding ceremony.”

I asked puzzledly, “Are you Stephanie?”

Yasmin's face fell immediately as she panicked. "What are you talking about..."

I sneered. "I must have been mistaken. I heard that Mrs. Ford was the one who arranged Michael's marriage. Apparently, his fiancée's name is Stephanie?"

Michael frowned and stared at me. He seemed to be blaming me for stirring up trouble.

Archool looked at me th

MO

Gotable was my intention. "Mr. Ford, where's Stephanie, your fiancée?"

Steven wel his bond to chock on me. I wasn't sure if it was my imagination, but I thought I saw him smile in adding maner

"fe fölt strange, but I couldn't pinpont why.

phany, why are you bringing up all this miserable stuff? Everyone in Huma knows that Michael only sur Stephanie as a sister. Moreover, she was killed by a serial murderer. You... "

saw

Ann wanted to impress. Michael. She thought Michael hated Stephanie. But before Ann could finish, Michael tornod and stared at her murderously

This frightened Ann, but she still tried to appeal to Yasmin. "Anyway, Stephanie had a bad reputation. The murderer must have been on to her for a while."

"What's your name?" Michael asked sternly.

Kun thought she'd managed to please Michael. She smiled as she said, "I'm Ann Larson..."

"Do the Larsons want to disappear from Huma?" Michael's presence was terrifying.

"Ah, it's so good that you came too. Come, come. Take a seat." Howard, the class monitor, saw that things were getting out of control. He gave up on hiding and rushed forward to coax Michael. "Ann is 200 outspoken. Please forgive her."

Howard looked at Ann with displeasure. "Stephanie was a nice wom

He seemed to know the old me. He also seemed sincere in defending me.

But I didn't remember having any interactions with anyone from the orphanage.

1 instinctively turned to look at Steven. His gaze was also on Howard, but it was so intense it could born a hole.

Chapter 109

Ann was slightly shocked. She was still unaware that she had made a mistake.

Wasn't Yasmin Michael's first love while Stephanie was just a bitch who failed to seduce him?

“Alright, everyone, Please take a seat.” Howard tried to settle down everyone at the reunion.

I sneered.

It was obvious that Ann had hit a nerve with Michael. I was pregnant with his child as well when I died: That was probably a miserable and unspeakable matter for him too.

“Everyone must be hungry. Let’s eat.” Miranda changed the topic quickly. She didn’t know how to

handle such a situation.

They were all her students.

that

“Mr. Ford, you must’ve heard something unwarranted. Did something upset you? As the saying goes, he who lies down with dogs, rises up with fleas. Do you and your current fiancée ever worry something might come back to bite you?”

I sneered as I walked to Yasmin and whispered, “Yasmin, even the night has ears. Stephanie recorded all her phone calls. You may think that you’re safe because you’ve deleted the recordings. But unless you’ve covered all your bases... the recordings will definitely be recovered eventually.”

Yasmin’s face was ashen as she looked at me. She clenched her hands nervously and took a step back as her breathing quickened. “Stop it.”

“You... What are you up to?” she whispered.

“Me?” I laughed. “Nothing. I just want to see what will happen to you.”

Yasmin clenched her hands together and lowered her voice. “Stephany, don’t go overboard. You’re not Stephanie...”

I frowned. I was surprised that she knew my name. She must have looked into me.

“I

“Is this considered overboard? Have you forgotten how you treated Stephanie?” I continued threatening her.

Suddenly, Yasmin clutched her belly and fell to the ground. “Mike... My stomach hurts.”

I knew that Yasmin was good at pretending. I had expected her to clutch her belly anyway, because Michael would fall for it.

I looked at Yasmin distastefully. “You don’t have any other tricks, do you?”

Yasmin looked at Michael anxiously. “It really hurts this time...”

Michael seemed annoyed. He had sent her to the hospital the last time. This time, he lowered his voice and said, “It’s Mrs. Mirande gathering today. Just take a rest in the corner.”

Evidently, Michael was no longer falling for her tricks.

I was slightly surprised. Michael was getting annoyed with her, huh? Interesting.

Yasmin's expression darkened. She was planning to show me the smile of a victor, but now she was embarrassed.

I don't know what happened between them, but Michael had been more of a mystery after my death.

Yet... he was never a sentimental person..

Yasmin wasn't looking too good. Maybe she wasn't pretending this time.

“The guy

guy with Stephany, is he really the scion of the Lincoln family? He's really not a dimwit?” There were still some who were curious about Steven.

“Mrs. Miranda, my husband is sick. We won't be staying for dinner.” I didn't feel like staying back. Thankfully, this trip was not a waste. Something was up with the class monitor, Howard. I planned to leave quietly and investigate him later.

Miranda nodded. “Alright, go back and take a good rest.”

I led Steven toward the exit. Unfortunately, Benson and his gang decided to show up.

“Wow... a psycho can look decent too after dressing up, huh?” Benson's friends tried to provoke us.

Benson had a foul mouth. It seemed like it applied to his company too.

These people used to bully me repeatedly, but Michael had never done anything about it.

“What a gathering we have today. Even the dogs have come...” I grabbed Steven's arm as I said. gravely.

Chapter 110

Steven's gaze instantly sharpened. He was a man of few words, but the intensity in his eyes alone. could send shivers down anyone's spine.

As predicted, Benson, familiar with the sting of a past thrashing, started coughing. He subtly motioned to the person beside him.

“Alright, just shut up. You wouldn't want to pick a fight with a lunatic like him. He might kill you, and it wouldn't be against the law.”

The person, obviously scared, gulped hard and stopped talking.

“Good boys don't block the way.” I smirked, lifting my foot to trip Benson as he passed by.

Benson tumbled to the ground in a clumsy manner.

Turning back with a grin, I joked, “Oh my, such a grand performance for Mrs. Miranda?”

Frustrated, Benson clenched his fists and glared at me through gritted teeth. “You’re absolutely insane...”

Perhaps he thought I was just as much of a lunatic.

Benson glanced at the people around him. “There’s no way we can’t tackle this lunatic together. Let’s do this!!!

Seeing that Benson and the others were about to start a fight, Miranda hurriedly stepped in. “What’s going on here?”

“Mrs. Miranda, let’s step aside and talk. They’re adults. They can handle their issues without resorting to actual fighting.”

Yasmin, enduring the pain, guided Miranda away with a few others. It was clear she deliberately wanted Benson and the others to confront Steven.

Steven was on his own, squaring off against a whole bunch of them.

Meanwhile, Michael remained aloof as he observed the unfolding situation without uttering a word.

I turned to Benson. “Well... some things never change. Looks like somebody forgot they were almost beaten to death the last time.

”

Benson’s group charged forward. One of them was wielding a bottle, ready to attack Steven.

Instinctively, I positioned myself as a shield for Steven, who appeared somewhat clueless.

Then, out of nowhere, Steven pulled me into his arms. I quickly snatched the bottle, and his cold gaze was locked on the attacker. There was a hint of madness in his eyes.

He seized the bottle and smashed it against the attacker’s head.

“You guys started it.” I gave Benson a disapproving look and then glanced at Steven. “He’s the one who initiated this. Hit him.”

Benson looked scared. He was clearly shaken by Steven’s intimidating presence.

“Okay.” Surprisingly, Steven complied. It was as if he would follow whatever I said.

He let go of me but continued to shield me behind him. He hurled the bottle at Benson. Perhaps to prevent glass shards from hitting me, he shielded me effectively.

Steven was really going all out, easily taking down Benson’s group.

Now, it was me who was starting to feel uneasy...

I had spoken impulsively, but Steven... It seemed like he was dead serious about harming Benson.

“Alright, that’s enough!” Michael snapped.

Steven, with a grip on Benson’s collar, momentarily stopped his fist. Glancing back at Michael, Steven smirked before turning back to land the punch.

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“Steven...” I moved closer, hugging his arm. scared someone might get seriously hurt. “Please, just stop.”

“Come on, stop it.” Many others tried to intervene from a distance while avoiding getting too close.

Howard, the one who organized the gathering, stayed behind the others. He was unwilling to step forward.

With a dark expression, Michael was about to step forward when cries from his former classmates interrupted him.

“Michael, Yasmin fainted! There’s blood on her dress!”

“Michael, Yasmin fainted!”