

After Death 281

Chapter 281

I was woken up by Stevie's barking early the next morning. I haven't been sleeping well for the past nights.

I stretched myself. I was tempted to kick Steven, who was latched onto me like an octopus, down from the bed. I could only stop myself from doing that as he was injured.

I got mad upon recalling what happened last night. My cheeks were burning hot as well.

Steven never bothered hiding his flirtatiousness and horniness. Just like now, not only he refused to get up, he continued to act shamelessly on top of me.

"I'm sleepy, Stephie- Steven mumbled as he tightened his arms that were wrapped from behind me. He was restless from head to toe.

"Today's your Grandpa's funeral, Steven," I said as I reached over to knock on his head.

Steven hummed and replied reluctantly, "He's not my Grandpa-

I knew that he had a grudge on Ignatius, but he had to show up out of respect.

I wanted to get up, but I was suddenly pulled over and trapped on the bed by Steven. He suddenly flipped over and pressed down against me.

His fiery gaze made my heart beat faster and I asked, "What are you doing?"

Steven looked at me before leaning down to kiss my forehead.

I said, "Be good."

Steven groaned softly and went to get a shower unhappily. He even eyed my belly, probably blaming the

baby. He could've devoured me now if I weren't pregnant.

I let out a relieved sigh before getting up. I then tiptoed into the bathroom to wash up.

Steven was taking a cold shower, and the as no fog in the bathroom. Only a hint of breeze could be felt.

He had his back to me, and the burns on his back resembled the spread branches of a Devil's tree. It looked frightening to the eye.

I subconsciously reached out to touch the wounds on Steven's back. He stiffened slightly and his legs

moved away a little, perhaps wanting to hide away.

"Are you afraid?" he asked hoarsely.

"It's not my first time seeing it," said with a shake of head. "Did it hurt?"

He knew that I wasn't asking about now, but the past. Did it hurt back then?

Steven shook his head without turning back. How could it be possible that it did not hurt?

I asked, "How did you get this injury here?"

Chapte 281

Steven turned off the shower, afraid that the cold water might splash onto me.

My fingers slid down from his sturdy waist—there was a 1.5 Inches long scar on the right side of his abdomen, I could tell that it was a stab wound.

Steven remained silent and grabbed my fingers. He then took in a deep breath and asked, "Are you punishing me now, Stephie?"

I was stunned and replied, "I'm not."

He said, "Why are you riling me up then—"

I was apparently stirring up Steven's desires and yet I refused to take responsibility for it. He was just suppressing his desires with the cold shower earlier.

"Are you in a rut?" I asked while gritting my teeth.

He nodded seriously and said, "I'm only like this when I see you."

I was speechless. He was so good at flirting. As expected of a genius, he didn't even need someone to

teach him.

I avoided his fiery gaze and washed up before leaving in a hurry.

Steven took his time in the bathroom and only came out after half an hour. One of Martin's men was fuming as he waited.

"What's taking the both of you so long?" A scruffy-looking man was grumbling downstairs.

I frowned and said, "Did we ask for you to wait? You can fuck off if you like."

The man snorted and said, "Why are you acting high and mighty now?"

My expression darkened, but I didn't bother myself with him. It was better for me not to piss off Martin's

men.

"You were quite the player back during our school days, Stephany. Do you really think you would turn into a swan by marrying into the Lincoln family?" that man continued, as if trying to provoke me.

He said, "Oh, can't you remember now? I'm Jake Zeller. We were in the same school before you went to

the city.

“You used to be so famous in our school. Your grandmother said that anyone could do anything to you as

long as they pay up.”

I eyed the man. He must have been Stephany’s high school classmate, but I couldn’t recall much about him. I only thought that Stephany was quite a pitiful person in the past.

That man called Jake shut up when Steven walked out. He only touched my face flirtatiously in front of

Steven.

My gaze darkened, and I looked over the direction of the high-rise building. There were too many cameras here, so I shouldn’t be making a commotion now.

Steven walked over to me and reached over to wipe my face.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward

Chapter 282

I could feel Steven's mood plummeting. Somehow, I felt as if someone was about to be in trouble.

"Please get in, sir," said Ewan. He had arrived and was asking us to get into the car.

That man called Jake was here to ensure that we showed up at the funeral.

Before we got into the car, he continued to provoke, "I remembered that we could freely touch you for just the price of less than five dollars back then, during our school years. Has the price gone up now?"

I held onto Steven's hand tightly. It was possible that this man was sent by Martin to provoke us on purpose. There were reporters everywhere, as such we couldn't cause a fight now.

"Go ahead," Steven said indifferently, instructing Ewan to drive ahead as soon as we got into the car. Jake's car was chasing us from behind. Ewan drove fast, but Jake caught up soon enough.

"Take the alley," Steven lowered his voice and instructed again.

I knew what he was trying to do. I was about to stop him, but there was a cold glimmer in his gaze.

"Hit the brakes," Steve instructed Ewan after timing it precisely.

Ewan slammed on the brakes abruptly. Jake's car couldn't react in time, barely swerving and crashing into the guardrail by the side. As they were in an alley under a bridge, there were no cameras and people around.

Steven glanced over at me. He reached over to cover my eyes and said, "Close your eyes and count to 100," I balled up my fists nervously. He then got out of the car and walked toward the car behind us.

Jake, who was in the passenger seat, had been injured when the car hit the guardrail. Steven was strong enough to yank open the twisted car door. He then dragged Jake out of the car.

At first, Jake was still laughing with blood pooling around his mouth. He started provoking, "A dimwit and a bitch-what a match made in heaven!"

But he could no longer laugh soon enough. Steven's wrath was unlike anything I had ever seen.

Steven seemed to know where to attack first to stop Jake from making noise. He quickly hit him in the throat and started punching him in the face. He finally stepped on the wrist of the hand that had touched me earlier.

I started panicking and got out of the car quickly. As expected, the other person in Jake's car was secretly recording everything.

So, that was Martin's real goal! It was to provoke Steven in order to capture his violent side on tape and then make a big deal out of it.

"Steven!" I yelled as I ran over to stop him.

I then coldly glared at the man in the car. He tried to lock the car door out of fear, but I was quicker. I yanked the car door open and reached for his phone.

Steven shielded me from behind. He then reached over to drag the man out and stepped on him.

"Delete it!"

The man replied in a trembling voice, "I... I've already sent it out."

He had already sent the video to Martin.

Steven's gaze darkened for a moment. He was expressionless as he turned to bring me back to the car.

Ewan did not bother coming out of the car, as if already accustomed to such situations.

He said, "Someone will come over and handle this, sir. Please rest assured."

Steven did not reply. He only took a wet wipe and passed it to me, saying, "My hand hurts, Stephie."

My fingers were trembling as I helped to wipe away the blood from the back of Steven's hand.

I said, "Martin would make a big deal out of the video-"

Steven changed the topic and called out, "Stephie-"

He reached over to pull me into his embrace. His voice was colder than ever as he said, "I forbid anyone to touch you."

I could feel his lingering murderous intent still. Was he planning to kill them if I did not stop him?

"Martin would make a big deal out of this, Steven. If he calls the police, he could still send you to the asylum even if he's not your legal guardian," I said with a shaky voice.

"We're not - We're not attending the funeral anymore. I'll take you away."

We should run away. There was only one thought in my mind which was to take him away as far as possible.

"We've tried escaping before, Stephie. We can never escape,"

"They're so disgusting! Why can't I kill them?" Steven asked, his voice started trembling as well.

It was as if the past experience had made him suffer. Those were surely our shared experiences in the past. Steven had said that we have tried to escape before this. Was that part of my forgotten memories as well?

Chapter 283

“You fucking-” Zion stepped forward before that fool could raise his hand against Rachel. Zion then grabbed his wrist and twisted it behind the fool.

“Talk nicely,” Zion warned with a low voice.

I looked at that fool and asked, “You were saying that the photo in your phone is mine? What do you want?”

let you off if you would just get a divorce and follow me instead, bitch,” that man continued to shamelessly say.

“Oh.” I nodded before saying. “This isn’t my photo. How could you prove that this is my photo? I have a

mole on my left shoulder, but I don’t see any in this photo of yours?”

That fool was stunned. He started to zoom into the photo to check, mumbling, “Who knew you-”

I said, “Please help me file a police report, Officer Landon. There are so many media and self-media

workers currently live-streaming. Surely his rumors must have escalated to a criminal offense now, right?”

Please file a police report for me, and I’ll have to trouble you and Rachel to handle it.”

That fool was about to speak, but Rachel stuffed something into his mouth to shut him up.

After a while, Zion only realized that she had used his wallet to stuff the fool’s mouth. He then brought the

fool away, and the media followed along as they continued to record the moment.

“I’m sorry you had to witness such a scene,” I said to the media while wiping my tears. “People have been defaming me on purpose lately. I’m not sure why they are doing it either-”

Someone spoke up from the crowd and said, “You’re too naive. Your husband and the baby inside you are now the only heirs of the Lincoln Group’s huge amount of money and shares. How would they fight for the

inheritance if not by defaming you?”

I came to the realization upon her words and looked at the person in shock. “Is that what’s happening

now?”

I started crying as I said, “My husband- he’s a bit mentally-challenged. He’s naive and easily bullied. Someone even slandered him and said that he was abusing the animals when he rescued stray animals

before this.

“I’m afraid that someone might make a big deal out of his mental illness. That way, whatever that belongs to the Lincoln family might really be snatched away by others!”

As soon as I started crying, many people started standing up for me.

Someone said, “I’ve met that Lincoln heir before. Even though he’s mentally ill, he is very kind. He would feed the stray dogs! He definitely isn’t a wicked man.”

Another said, “You’re right! This is how they play to fight for inheritance. They’ll bully a mentally-challenged person and a pregnant lady!”

Since when did the weak have an inherent advantage to gain sympathy from others?

When did I start to understand such ways? I seemed to learn it from Yasmin. I had to give credit to her for being my mentor in this area.

Yasmin was glaring seethingly at me. She knew that I was playing her tricks. I turned to look at Martin and Michael with a smile.

If Martin was still planning to make a big deal out of Steven’s mental illness, the public opinion wouldn’t side him even if he sent Steven into the as
asylum.

Martin looked beyond pissed, whereas Peter had been smiling meaningfully.

“We’re the police! We received a report that someone was assaulting people. We’ll need to investigate. further. Please come with us.”

As expected, the police came shortly after to take Steven away. That man called Jake had called the police under Martin’s instructions.

“Jake was the one provoking- I said, subconsciously trying to protect Steven.

But he hugged me from behind and said softly, “I need to go, Stephie.”

Steven’s voice was low, but his gaze was directed at Peter.

I could feel his icy demeanor. He seemed to have already known that Martin would pull such a stunt.

If he knew everything and had deliberately fallen into the trap by hitting Jake, was his aim... to meet Peter?

Steven knew that once he was sent to the asylum, Peter would be the one that would “train” and “treat”

him.

“You can refuse to go-” I said with a low voice. Peter was a dangerous person.

“I have to go.” Steven hugged me before saying, “Ewan can be trusted.”

He then entrusted me to Ewan.

Chapter 284

“How do I rescue you out once you’re inside?” I asked softly.

Steven fell silent. I knew that it would be hard to get out once he was inside. A person like Peter would

never let Steven out until he was done toying with him and controlled him to his satisfaction.

“Trust me. Don’t believe in what anyone says after I go in, especially Peter,” Steven said. He figured that

Peter would surely use him to threaten me once he went into the asylum.

I held onto my hands tightly, unable to assure him that I wouldn’t be threatened. But I couldn’t understand

why Steven had to go into the asylum in order to meet Peter.

“Don’t trust Peter, and don’t approach him. Stay away from him.” Those were Steven’s last words to me right before he was brought away by the police.

“Your parents used to entrust you to me before they passed away, Stephie,” Peter said as he walked over as soon as Steven left, sighing. “Who knew

“Who knew that a renowned psychiatrist would actually go along with others in legends like soul

reincarnation?” I said with a cold chuckle.

Peter looked at Steven, who had entered the car with the officer, and smiled.

He said, “Perhaps high-dimensional life forms really exist among us then, and we are all but mere ants to

them.”

“High-dimensional life forms like what?” I asked while looking at Peter in alert.

“What if, the person whom the public had coined a psycho and a lunatic, was actually a genius who was the closest to the truth?” Peter said while throwing a meaningful look at me.

My chest tightened slightly as I took a step back.

“My condolences,” Peter said, patting my shoulders before he left.

Martin's expression turned green when he saw that the media was not taking his side. He snorted coldly when he walked past me. I knew that once Steven was in the asylum, Martin would do everything in his

power to come after me.

"Hurry up and send Ignatius for cremation," Martin said, seemingly impatient.

"Are you about to leave now, Mr. Martin?" Ewan asked as he reached out to stop Martin.

Another batch of police rushed over and checked the ice coffin. One of them said, "Someone lodged a report and said that Mr. Ignatius died of unnatural causes. We will need to open an investigation and conduct an autopsy."

Martin's face darkened. This was evidently a blow dealt by Steven. Martin sent Steven into the asylum, and so Steven retaliated by calling the police. He had claimed that Ignatius did not die of natural causes but was murdered.

As long as Ignatius' body was not cremated and buried, all of them wouldn't be able to fight for the Inheritance. If they couldn't fight for the inheritance, they wouldn't be able to come after me before Steven came back. He was trying to protect me.

"Ignatius died of natural causes. I believe there is no need for an autopsy out of respect for the deceased. I believe Martin spoke while gritting his teeth.

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"What do you believe? I think that there's something fishy about this. As the wife of the heir, I have the right to request an autopsy. Otherwise, Mr. Lincoln Senior wouldn't be able to rest in peace," I interrupted

Martin's words.

Martin glared at me threateningly. His fists were balled up tight as he gritted, "Fine, so be it."

He left after that. I let the police take Ignatius' body away.

No wonder Steven had mentioned that the funeral wouldn't go through. Surely Ignatius did not die of natural causes, but the investigation would be difficult. As such, this matter would be shelved, at least

until Steven came back.

Michael said, "I will make you believe me, Stephanie. He is a psycho and he was the one who kept pestering you. You did not love him, and you chose to run away from him after knowing the truth back then. He's a lunatic, and he wants to hurt you. He used to hold you captive!"

He then walked over to me and looked around before saying softly, "Martin would surely come after you, Stephanie. I'm the only one who could protect you now. Please believe in me just this once, okay?"

When Michael saw that I was looking at him indifferently, he started getting anxious and said, “How can I make you believe in me, Stephie? I know I was wrong-”

His voice was trembling as he held onto my shoulders.

He then said, “Your parents own a social media account that they left their logs in. My mom has the account’s password. You should go and take a look at it. You’ll understand after that.”

Chapter 285

Michael seemed to desperately want me to believe in him.

“Michael” Yasmin called out, as if she couldn’t bear to be separated from him for a single second.

Michael frowned and remained standing, as Yasmin walked over to hug his arm. He did not push her

away, but looked at me worriedly, as if afraid that I might be jealous.

“Wait for me in the car,” Michael told Yasmin. She hesitated.

“There are reporters out there. The police have brought Steven away, you’ll be fine,” he continued in a low

voice.

Yasmin gritted her teeth and glared at me begrudgingly. She then reluctantly left.

“Stephie-” Michael started to say, as if wanting to explain to me.

“You’re such a gentleman, Mr. Ford,” I remarked sarcastically.

Michael said, “She had once saved me after all, Stephie. I promised that I would keep her safe. The killer already had their eyes on her, and the police cannot provide round-the-clock protection for her. I’

so that yo

He was trying to make me understand him as he said, “I’m only doing this to find out the truth, so can see Steven’s true colors.”

“Oh, so you’re doing this for me now?” I said with a laugh. How blind had I been before to be seeing Michael with rose-tinted glasses out of gratitude?

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“Sometimes, it is indeed possible for one to confuse gratitude and love. I can empathize with that,” I said Indifferently.

Michael’s expression turned embarrassed as he said, “Stephie, I’m not-1-”

“Even if you refuse to admit it, Michael, I’ll still have to tell you the truth. Stephanie Carlson is already dead. The person standing before you hows Stephany Larson,” I interrupted him indifferently.

Michael’s words were stuck in his throat as his eyes became red. His mouth opened multiple times but

nothing came out.

In the end, he lowered his head and laughed bitterly, saying, “I know that you are Stephanie Carlson.”

“Look how you’ve ruined the funeral now, Stephany! Look at what’s going on now!” After seeing how Ignatius’ body and Steven were taken away by the police, the relatives of the Lincoln family all but rushed toward me to make a fuss.

One of the men was full of vigor as he rushed forward to ask me for an explanation. He said, “Stephany, you troublemaker! There hasn’t been a moment of peace since you married into the Lincoln family!

“First, something happened to James. Then, Ignatius is now dead, Look what you’ve brought upon this family!”

“He’s right! Ignatius can’t even rest in peace now. You’d surely be the end of the Lincoln family!” a woman started scolding me as well.

“Go cause a scene elsewhere! The police have to provide us an explanation on whether Mr. Lincoln Senior had died of natural causes or was murdered,” I said with a frown.

I then stepped back alertly. These people were in cahoots with Martin. If they were to accidentally hurt me and my baby, they would only be considered causing unintentional injuries.

As expected, the man was planning to push me. Michael frowned before reaching out to stop him by the wrist. He said, “Stay away from her!”

The man was stunned. He was somewhat afraid of Michael still. “You’ve got some capabilities, haven’t you, Stephany? Even Mr. Ford is protecting you now!”

My gaze landed on Michael’s wrist, there was an ugly scar that stood out prominently. It looked like it was from cutting his own wrist.

Michael subconsciously retrieved his hand in a hurry when he saw that I was looking at his wrist. He hid his hand behind his back and said, “It’s unsafe here. Follow me.”

Ewan went forward to hold the other people back from me, and Michael grabbed my wrist to take me away. I shook away his hand and noticed Joel, who was wearing a flat hat, among the crowd. It seemed like he had skipped school again.

When Joel noticed that I was looking at him, he walked over with a darkened expression and took off his flat hat to put it on me. He then glared at Michael warningly before bringing me to the car.

“Has he been taken away now?” Joel asked, displeased.

I nodded. He cursed out loud, as if he had known that this would happen.

“He purposely lured me away. I knew that he was going after that lunatic-” Joel continued cursing as he slammed the door hard. “Stay inside and don’t come out!”

The crowd was clamoring, and those from the Lincoln family were still causing trouble out there. Ewan couldn’t hold them back on his own.

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Some of them took the opportunity and rushed over to yank at my car door. They were trying to get me to

give them an explanation.

I sat in the car while the car door shook from their yanking. They were like zombies in the movies, eager

to eat me alive.

Chapter 286

I was trapped in the car, with people slamming on the car door and window outside. The sounds of their cursing and questioning sent me down into a spiral,

It was a suffocating feeling. Slowly, the noises from the outside began to fade away, and I could only hear my own heartbeat and breathing.

A loud crash pierced through my ears. Someone had smashed the car windows on purpose, and shards of glass scraped past my cheeks. The metallic scent of blood wafted through the air, and I could feel

someone yanking at me.

“Run, Stephie! Don’t worry about me!”

“Run, Stephie!”

Sounds of barking were mixed among the clamoring and curses.

“You have been naughty, Stephanie. You are too ruthless. Everyone has someone that they care about.

How would you feel if something you cared for died in front of your eyes?”

“You lack empathy, so you can’t understand other people’s pain. That’s not right.”

“You liked Georgie very much, right? Kill it, Stephanie. Kill it, and feel the pain of a normal person.”

“How does it feel to have your beloved dog die in front of you, Stephanie?*

I yelled, "Don't touch me! Don't touch me! Leave!"

Everyone seemed to hold their breaths suddenly, and the clamoring noises around soon died down. When I came back to my senses, I found myself standing outside of the car and my hands covered in / blood.

I was probably dragged out by someone else. Did I get hurt? I did not. The blood covering my face, body, and my hands were not mine. Everyone around me was shocked to silence as they looked at me.

Only then did I realize that there was a man lying on the ground, covered in blood. It was the man from earlier—the one who had clamored the loudest, and was looking for a chance to kill the baby inside me.

"Stephie!" Michael punched a man to the ground on the other side. His breath was quick as he looked at

1. me.

"She killed him!" Chaos erupted immediately after a moment of silence. The woman from earlier was screaming at the top of her lungs as she accused me of murder.

Ewan and Joel pushed away those who were blocking their way and ran over.

"Where did the knife come from?" I asked anxiously as my heartbeat quickened.

"It was his knife. He wanted to stab you amidst the chaos," Michael replied, nervously holding onto my shoulders. "But Stephie-

"You're so cruel! You were stabbing him repeatedly, you devil!" the woman from earlier screamed. The surrounding crowd started calling the police and dialed 911.

"That man wanted to kill you!" One of the self-media photographers had been live streaming the entire

time.

She said, "I saw it! He dragged you out of the car and was about to stab you with the knife amidst the

chaos. You took his knife over and stabbed him back!"

"She's right! He was the one who wanted to kill you first!"

People started to stand up for me. I looked at them blankly. I suspected that all these media reporters were arranged by Steven and Ewan. It was impossible for them to be taking my side otherwise.

"Come with me, Stephie, I will bail you out- Michael said as he looked at me nervously. "You went a little

too far even if it was for justifiable self-defense."

I knew that Michael was afraid and thought that I had gone overboard. The man was only planning to stab me once, but I had taken over his knife and stabbed him repeatedly for over ten times.

“I will sue you and send you to prison! You wretched devil! You need to pay with your life!” The woman from before and the other relatives were crying and screaming on the ground. It was as if

the man was already dead.

I looked at the convulsing man who was covered in blood. I said hoarsely, “He’s not dead yet.”

Chapter 287

“Stephie- Michael anxiously wanted to take me away, saying, “They’ve already called the police, you should leave with me for now. I’ll come up with a plan.”

Yasmin started screaming in the crowd. She was deliberately exaggerating the situation. She then looked at Michael nervously, asking, “Michael, what—Who killed this man?”

Michael frowned and said, “He’s not dead yet.”

“What’s going on, Michael? Did Stephy-” Yasmin purposely looked at me and was horrified by the blood on me. “You’ve gone overboard, Stephy! What should we do now? You would be sentenced for intentional murder!”

Michael’s face was pale. He refused to let go of my wrist as he said, “Just come with me for now. I’ll find ways to bail you out.”

“You must be crazy.” Joel walked over and pushed through Michael’s hand that was on mine. He then said, “Even a high schooler like me knew that there’s no guilt in justifiable self-defense!”

“But she had gone overboard, this is excessive self-defense!” Yasmin covered her mouth on purpose before saying, “Everyone had seen it.”

“Why are you still blabbering away then if everyone had seen it?” Joel scolded Yasmin. “You look like you’re asking to receive the brunt of excessive self-defense yourself!”

Joel yanked the car door open and pushed me into the car irregardless. “He had smashed the car window, pulled her out, took out a knife and attempted to kill her. There shouldn’t be any issue if she took over his knife and stabbed him a few times to stop him from committing more crimes.”

The police and ambulance came soon after. Those people from the Lincoln family were probably hoping that the man would just die like that. They could’ve charged me for excessive self-defense if that really happened.

Unfortunately, he was only bleeding and gut frightened. He was not in any life-threatening danger.

The doctor and nurses examined his wounds and drew in a sharp breath. “Ten stab wounds, and each of

them avoided the vital organs. The wounds aren’t deep either, it’s probably just minor injuries.”

The man, who was pale from terror, was lifted onto the ambulance. I wasn’t sure if his injuries were fatal or not, but it surely terrified him to death.

“How amazing.” A familiar voice sounded from outside the car door, Eason was leaning against the car, teasing her. He had probably come along responding to the calls,

“How did you manage to avoid all his vital organs with each stab? Your moves were clean and efficient,” Eason asked, looking suspiciously at me. He knocked his gloved hand on the car door, and I knew that he was interrogating me.

“I don’t know-“I really didn’t know what I was doing earlier. My brain was blank.

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“There was a case many years ago, where a youth was stabbed in an orphanage. His wounds weren’t deep and each stab wasn’t fatal. The youth was not in life-threatening danger, but he went insane out of fear once he regained consciousness.

*Try guessing who was the one who stabbed that youth to the point of sending him to insanity back then?” Eason asked, looking at me with a scrutinizing gaze.

It was as if he was trying to see through me. I subconsciously averted his gaze as I replied, “I don’t know.”

“That perpetrator’s name was Stephanie Carlson,” Eason said, his voice deep.

My body froze and I looked toward him subconsciously. Was it me? I couldn’t recall anything at all.

“Please come with us, Ms. Larson,” he said, asking me to get out of the car.

“That was justifiable self-defense, how could you- Joel was about to stop Eason, but was pulled back by

Ewan.

“No matter what the situation was, she has to assist in the police investigation,” Eason said indifferently, casting a warning gaze at Joel.

My knees were weak as I got out of the car. Eason took out a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped off the blood from my cheek with a smile.

I hissed in pain. That was when my cheeks were scraped by the shards of glass. Eason laughed before ushering me into the police car.

“You can’t let her off! She’s a murderer!” the women from before were still screaming.

Eason eyed the pair of women indifferently and said, “Your husband isn’t dead yet. How could she be a murderer if he wasn’t dead?”

The women were stunned to silence from Eason’s air of authority. I then got into the police car and nodded toward Ewan to indicate that I was alright. alright.

Steven was still the person that I'm the most worried about now.

"Bring it for a DNA test and then compare it with Stephanie Carlson's DNA," I could vaguely hear Eason say from where I sat inside the car, as he handed the handkerchief that had been used to wipe my face to another officer.

He suspected that I wasn't Stephany Larson but was Stephanie Carlson. Unfortunately, he didn't seem to have thought of soul reincarnation as a possibility. This body of mine was indeed Stephany Larson's.

"That's impossible. Stephanie Carlson has been cod dead. Her body was found in the glass cabinet, shocking the entire Huma," the officer said, bewildered.

"I suspect that a switcheroo has happened," Eason said with a cold chuckle. "Go investigate it. You

shouldn't underestimate that lunatic."

He then got into the car and sat beside me. I eyed him and remained silent.

"I heard that that lunatic was forcibly sent to the asylum by the police. That's a good place for lunatics to be in," Eason said, seemingly chatty.

I clenched my fists and said, "Where should you go then, Mr. Grant? To the beauty salon? You're quite conceited after all. If you were to be disfigured after getting hit by someone else again, wouldn't you jump off the building right away?"

Eason's eyes twitched upon hearing my remarks. He chuckled slightly before replying nonchalantly,

Steven really does have a peculiar taste in women. He likes those similar to Stephanie Carlson, As expected, only lunatics would be attracted by lunatics. You two are of the same kind."

I replied, "Indeed, we're of the same kind, unlike you. You're not quite human."

"You have a sharp tongue, don't you?" Eason said while gritting his teeth.

Michael was still negotiating with the officer outside the car. He said, "She was just defending herself. Even though she went a little overboard, that was because her personal safety was threatened."

I chuckled coldly. Was he speaking up for me or jeopardizing me?

When the police car took me away, Michael looked at me with a complex expression. It was as if I was inherently a troublesome person. He had a sympathizing and worried expression on, as if he was trying to figure out why I had to be so troublesome.

"Don't worry, Stephe, I'll bring you out!" Michael was still trying to comfort me.

"Just worry about your savior instead. Don't let her get killed by the killer," I said as I made a throat-slitting

gesture.

Michael stood frozen on the spot as he watched me being taken away. Yasmin hugged his arm out of fear as she said, “She’s so scary, Michael!”

“They say that the longer two people are together, the more they resemble each other,” Eason said as he looked at me. “You and Steven are quite alike.”

“Can you tell me more about Steven and Stephanie Carlson?” I asked, wanting to know more. Even though Eason has a sharp tongue, at least he was objective. He wouldn’t resort to lying.

“Steven and Stephanie Carlson?” Eason asked before laughing. “What’s there to talk about Mr. and Mrs. Crazy over there?”

Despite his disdain, he spoke with great enthusiasm, “Steven was indifferent since young. I was his deskmate back in school, he ignored me whenever I asked him about homework!”

I took in a sharp breath. I wanted to hear about Steven and Stephanie Carlson, not about Steven and himself!

Eason talked nonsense for the entire journey. They were mostly about the love–hate relationship between Steven and himself. I didn’t manage to catch anything useful from his stories.

The police car was parked inside the compound. Eason’s phone rang before he could get out of the car. Bad news, Eason! There’s another murder in Sunset Alley! It’s a male corpse, and the time of death is not more than two hours ago.”

Eason’s expression darkened. A long period had gone without any murder cases since Simon’s death. There were even talks of officially closing the Double Stars serial murder case from the higher–ups.

Just as everyone had let their guards down, someone died again.

“Are you sure that Steven is in the asylum?” Eason asked subconsciously. The person he suspected the

most was still Steven.

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Phil ran to the side to make a call and soon returned. He said, “They’ve sent Steven to the asylum once they’re done interrogating him. He hasn’t left since and his alibi checks out.”

Eason frowned and said, “Hah, he wouldn’t need to lift a finger to kill someone. He only has to snap his

fingers.”

I rolled my eyes at him and said, “Are you talking about a legend now? You should’ve just mentioned that Steven is a god then, Why bother saying that he snapped his fingers?”

Eason glanced at me disdainfully and said, “What do you know? Have you seen before murder cases disguised as accidental deaths before?”

I shook my head in all seriousness.

“If I have a grudge against you, and I want you dead, there are many ways for me to do it without breaking the law,” Eason replied indifferently.

e you’re not

I pursed my lips, obviously in disbelief. Eason was exasperated when he said, “Looks like Stephanie Carlson after all.”

I rolled my eyes and said, “My name is Stephany Larson. Also, why do you keep insisting that Steven is the killer? Didn’t you say that the serial murder case was about to be closed?”

“Many things aren’t as simple as you think. I’m not surprised that someone with an ordinary brain like yours wouldn’t be able to understand it,” Eason said, his words unminced.

He then got someone to bring me to the interrogation room as he prepared himself to head over to the

crime scene.

He said, “Try guessing, the murderer was supposed to kill according to plan. Now that Yasmin didn’t die. those after her should technically be safe. But why did the murderer start killing again as soon as Steven was sent to the asylum?”

I frowned, unable to find the logic in Eason’s words..

“That murderer was provoking the police. Every single person he has killed from the beginning was all just for Steven. Can you still sav

that this serial murder case has nothing to do with Steven?” he asked.

His gaze flashed with anger, as if he was sure that Steven was the mastermind behind it all.

“He is now putting pressure on the police. Since the police sent him to the asylum, then he would cause. trouble for the police. And as he helped Zion in solving cases before and found Yasmin, he is now

considered external assistance to the police.

“As long as there are troubles here and they can’t predict who the next victim is, they’ll have to ask for his help,” Eason said with gritted teeth.

His anger was evident. I stepped back cautiously until my back hit the car door.

Eason chuckled coldly and said, “Let’s have a competition since Steven wants to compete with me. See if

I could predict who and where the next victim is before something happens to them.”

I took in a sharp breath as I looked at Eason before me. He became somewhat crazy all just to compete

with Steven.

“Was the victim... someone from the welfare home?” I asked softly.

Eason only came back to his senses and turned to look at Phil. He asked, “Has the identity of the victim been confirmed?”

“Sparks is already heading there, but we can’t confirm it yet. We’ve sealed the crime scene off for now, but there were many stray dogs in the alley last night-”, Phil said softly. “It’s looking pretty grotesque over there. Are you going over to check it out?”

Eason massaged his temples before saying. “I’ll head over now,” I subconsciously asked, “Can you bring me along?”

Somehow I felt that something was wrong with the recent murder. The murder in the Sunset Alley seemed to be different from the previous murder cases.

Every victim of this serial murder case had been disposed of near a water source, either at a reservoir, river, or a lake. But this time it was dumped directly in Sunset Alley.

Was someone really putting pressure on the police and adding difficulty for the case to be solved, all just because Steven was sent into the asylum?

Most of the evidence from the crime scene would be destroyed if the corpses were to be dumped into water. But to dump it in the alley—Was it about the stray dogs?

I took in a sharp breath and clenched my fists nervously. Don’t tell me that those stray dogs were feeding on the corpses?

/ Eason eyed me and replied, “No.” I no longer insisted on it and followed the female officer into the interrogation room.

I was acting in justifiable self–defense, and there was video evidence and witnesses at the scene. I heard that the Lincoln family members refused to settle in private and insisted on sentencing me so that I can pay with my own blood.

Fortunately, Ewan had also brought a lawyer. As the man had only sustained minor injuries and with the fact that I was only protecting myself and my baby as a mother, my intention was to stop the crime from happening. There was no dispute on that point.

I was brought back after Ewan paid for my bail. While I was leaving, the female officer asked me in surprise, “You’re quite amazing, have you learnt dissecting? Every cut was non–lethal and shallow, and they didn’t even reach the fascial layer. You stopped just short of it!”

I was at a loss. I didn't understand how it happened either. "Perhaps I don't have much strength, so that's the deepest I could stab him?"

The female officer looked suspiciously at me. After all, I didn't look like I didn't have much strength while I took the knife over from that man. For me to be able to take a knife over from a grown man-

I didn't say anything else. I was relieved to hear that the man's injuries weren't fatal, I never did want to kill

him after all.

"How are things going with Steven?" I asked impatiently as soon as I got into the car.

Ewan nodded and replied, "Everything's fine. We have people in the asylum and we've told them to notify

us immediately if something happens."

I nodded and said distractedly. "Let's head in the direction of Sunset Alley. I heard that there was another

murder case there."

My palms began to sweat involuntarily at the thought of that serial murder case. I was one of the victims

after all.

Who was the person with the red birthmark on the inner side of their arm? I was sure that I had vaguely

seen it before I had died. There was no mistake that it was a birthmark.

From what I remember, he had fair and thin arms—he was definitely not Steven, Although Simon was

equally thin, there was no birthmark on the inner side of his arms.

I massaged my temples. My head was hurting badly now.

"Sunset Alley has been sealed off, Mrs. Lincoln. We can't get through by car now," Ewan said as he parked

the car outside the Nocturnal's entrance.

I got out of the car to have a look. I could see Eason from afar, talking to Keenan.

There were some rubberneckers around the area. They were frightened and ran away after closing in for a

better look. There were even some who were throwing up by the side. The crime scene was evidently

gruesome.

“Did the murderer think that he could destroy all traces of his crime by just applying spices on the corpse, so as to attract the nearby stray dogs to feed on it?” Eason said, chuckling coldly. “Go and investigate why these stray dogs would gather around Sunset Alley, and who had been feeding them.”

Eason shifted his focus on the stray dogs. Since the stray dogs had fed on the evidence, they themselves now became the evidence.

Upon investigating, Phil ran over to Eason and said, “The victim this time isn’t someone from the welfare home. He was from the asylum that had been shut down.

“This man was one of the psychiatrists there back then, but he had left the asylum many years ago. He was not involved in Steven’s treatments and does not have any connections with him.”

Eason was sure that there had been a conflict between the victim and Steven, but it turned out that there

was none.

I stood and watched Eason at the cordon line. He seemed a little shaken for a second, but he suddenly realized something after seeing me.

He exclaimed, “Stephanie Carlson! Wasn’t she sent to an asylum when she was younger? Go and investigate the relationship between the victim and Stephanie Carlson!”

I looked blankly at Eason. What about me? Suddenly, my head felt as if it was about to split apart. A mysterious voice kept echoing in my head.

“You loved your dog very much, right?”

“This dog is rather obedient-”

“How dare it bite me? I’ll beat it to death!”

Screams and the sound of barking rang in my ears.

Suddenly, a stray dog caught me by surprise as it walked past me. When I came back to my senses, Eason was already standing before me. His gaze was full of scrutiny as he looked at me.