

## **After Death 81**

### Chapter 81

“Steve, have you ever killed someone?” I asked under the dim lights.

He paused and looked at me intensely, neither answering nor denying

“Go to sleep,” he said, pulling back the covers for me to slip into.

I hesitated for a moment but eventually crawled in.

It was raining outside, and the room felt a bit cold. I hated the cold... Whenever it got cold, my muscles would tense up as if I was shivering.

I understood that I was someone who lacked a sense of security and love.

It was because of this lack of love that I had loved Michael for so many years in the past.

My love for Michael, perhaps, was just to fill the emptiness in my heart.

Honestly, everyone was selfish. Who could truly be selfless and live solely for one person in their heart and mind?

Take Michael, for example. He appeared to love Yasmin so much, yet he did so many disgusting things to me.

Recalling those past experiences, it was truly nauseating....

Steven went to take a shower, and the frosted glass door of the bathroom allowed in the yellowish light.

During the time we spent together, I noticed that Steven liked to soak himself in the bathtub.

Many times, I worried that he might drown himself. This time was no different.

As I felt myself getting sleepy, he showed no sign of coming out.

“Steve?” Strangely, I found myself worrying that he might die in there.

Outside, lightning flashed and thunder rumbled. The emptiness of the room was eerie, and he was in the bathroom... still not coming out, and there was no sound at all.

I got up and tentatively knocked on the door, but there was no response. I was starting to feel scared.

Scared that he might be dead, but how could a murderer die so easily?

“Steve?” I pushed open the bathroom door suddenly, holding my breath.

The steam in the bathroom hadn't dissipated yet, and he was curled up in the bathtub as if he had fallen asleep.

Perhaps he never intended to sleep with me from the beginning.

During the time trapped in the attic room, he also got used to soaking himself in the bathtub.

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“Go sleep outside,” I walked over and tugged at him.

He didn’t move, just curled up his body slightly.

I sensed something was wrong, so I reached out and touched his head.

Sure enough, he had a fever.

“Steve?” I went out to turn on the lights and boiled water, looking for cold medicine.

“Stephie...” “He seemed delirious, kept calling out for Stephie.

“Liar...”

I was helpless. Why did he keep saying Stephie was a liar? What did Stephanie deceive him about?

“How did I lie to you?” I asked softly.

I wanted to know what exactly happened between Steven and Stephanie.

Though I had some memories from the original host, but... not all.

“You said, “Wait for me at the orphanage...” ‘What a big fire. Stephie... I have to wait for Stephie, I can’t leave. I have to wait for Stephie....

I frowned, unable to hear clearly, so I leaned closer to try to hear better.

But as soon as I leaned in, he opened his eyes.

I froze for a moment, my heart skipping a beat.

I’d admitted more than once that he was good-looking, those eyes could really captivate a person’s soul.

My body stiffened, I wanted to explain, but when I opened my mouth, no words came out.

He glanced at me drowsily, then reached out and kissed me on the forehead.

Perhaps because of his fever, his touch was scorching....

“You...” It took all my rationality to push him away, and I sat down on the floor, looking at him with a complicated expression.

He sat in the bathtub, wearing only boxers, running his hand through his semi-long hair.

guy was too devilishly handsome, and his legs were too long to fit in the bathtub.

His skin was fair, his abs were obvious, and his V-line was distinct....

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In short, the scene before me was definitely enough to make one's nose feel warm.

"You have a fever, take your medicine," I kept my composure and pushed the medicine toward him, avoiding eye contact, feeling my ears turn red.

It wasn't my fault.

He was just too attractive.

Steven's hair was still damp, and he casually swept it back before taking the medicine.

I looked at him, feeling an indescribable sensation. Was he really this obedient? Would he listen to anything I said?

"Sit still and don't move. I'll blow dry your hair," I brought out the hairdryer and started drying his

hair.

Surprisingly, he obediently sat in the bathtub without moving, as if he was genuinely well-behaved.

I was skeptical and tested him again. "You'll sleep on the floor tonight, I'll take the bed."

Steven glanced back at me, his eyes innocent and captivating.

I thought he would refuse, but he nodded. "Okay."

"Will you agree to anything I say?" I asked.

Steven nodded.

"So if I asked you to commit suicide, would you agree?" I asked curiously.

His body stiffened for a moment. Without turning to look at me, he just nodded.

"You really are... insane," I muttered quietly, getting up and leaving. "Come out and sleep, on the bed, but no moving around."

I lay on the bed, waiting for him to come out for a long time.

He walked to the side of the bed, hesitated for a moment, and still decided to sleep on the floor with at

pillow.

"The floor is cold, sleep on the bed," I said, wrapping myself in the blanket.

"No..." he said, refusing with his head down,

"Why?" I asked, puzzled. We had slept together in the bed just a few days after my rebirth, and now we even had a child... Why was he acting so innocent?

"I'll hurt you..." Steven spoke softly.

"What?" I asked.

“I have a strong desire for you,” he spoke bluntly.

I was stunned for a moment, then tightened the blanket around me. “Then sleep on the floor,”  
Maybe there was someone by the bed that I slept pretty soundly that night.

When I woke up again, it was already noon.

Steven was still on the floor, and it looked like his condition had worsened.

I touched his forehead and panicked as I ran out. “Where’s the butler? Call the doctor.”

Steven was sick, and it seemed to be getting worse. He had been unconscious for a long time and hadn’t woken up.

I felt guilty as I had let him sleep on the floor last night...

But he seemed too obedient, and he had really slept on the floor all night just because I said so.

Sitting on the sofa, I absentmindedly rubbed my forehead.

Then, my phone rang, and it took me a while to react. “Hello?”

“It’s me.” The caller was Rachel.

I was stunned for a moment and straightened up. “Rachel.”

“Someone else is in trouble again.” Rachel’s voice sounded hoarse over the phone.

“Who? Yasmin?” I asked, alert.

If the motive for the murderer was the girls from the orphanage who were adopted wearing red clothes, then Yasmin should be the only one left to be targeted.

“No,” Rachel sounded somewhat weary. “Has Steve been with you recently? Last night at around one in the morning, some late-night joggers found a dead woman by Godfrey River. She was also wearing a red dress, with pale skin, and we haven’t been able to identify her yet.”

“He’s been with me the whole time, he doesn’t even have a phone...” I looked upstairs and saw he was still running a high fever, unconscious all night. There was no way he could have gone out and committed murder right under my nose.

“If it’s not the serial killer still at large, then someone is deliberately imitating them,” Rachel’s voice sounded tired. “But either way, if the murderer isn’t brought to justice, whether it’s Steve or not, they won’t stop. Yasmin really is the only lead we have, but that bastard Michael has been protecting her too well...”!

I knew that Michael’s protection of Yasmin meant that the police couldn’t use her to solve the case. It would make solving the case much more difficult.

“I don’t know what your goal is, but right now, we need to get Michael to give up Yasmin. Then we can use her to catch the real culprit, or else more people might end up dead,” Rachel’s voice was hoarse.

Since my death, it seemed like she had been obsessed with catching the killer.

I knew she blamed herself for not protecting me..

## Chapter 83

“You’ve seen how much Michael protects Yasmin too...” I laughed sarcastically. Getting Michael to give up Yasmin? How could that ever happen?

“Michael went to find Jack. I heard Jack went into hiding out of fear, so Michael probably doesn’t distrust our video, he just went to find Jack afterward and couldn’t locate him,” Rachel spoke again, her voice heavy. “I know where Jack is hiding, I need you to send Michael the location as he’s blocked me and doesn’t trust me.”

I was somewhat surprised. Michael had already started investigating? Was he starting to suspect Yasmin? Huh...

“I’ll contact him.” I remembered Michael had given me his business card, although I had thrown it away, I still remembered his phone number.

“We’ll meet at the intersection of Macalister Road and Rundle Street.” Rachel hung up after speaking, sounding very urgent.

I checked the news on my phone, and sure enough, the news of the serial killer striking again had shot up in the trending topics.

Who was the person who killed me? Was Steven involved after all?

I subconsciously looked over at Steven, who was still lying unconscious on the bed. When I first woke up and saw him, I felt fear and anxiety. After all, waking up to find a murderer right in front was scary. But as I got to know him better, I started to hesitate, to waver. I even began to doubt.

Was he really the murderer?

But if he wasn’t the murderer, why would he turn himself in? If he wasn’t the murderer, why did he appear at the orphanage after I was kidnapped?

Steven had too many secrets, and there was definitely some connection between him and the murderer.

I couldn’t believe he was innocent.

Steve to you

Rubbing my forehead, I got up and walked out. “Ewan, I’ll leave I’m going out to buy some daily necessities. You don’t need to have anyone follow me.”

Ewan hesitated for a moment, but then nodded. “Okay. If you need anything, please call me.”

I nodded and had the driver take me to Pavilion Mall.

Rachel and I had arranged to meet near there.

“Michael?” I called Michael on the way.

“Who is this?” Michael’s voice was cold and wary..

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“I heard you’ve been looking for Jack lately?” I spoke in a low voice.

“Who are you?” He sounded displeased, and I could tell he was getting angry.

I still knew him too well.

“He’s at Pacific Court on Macalister Road. You should know where he’s hiding, right?” I continued to provoke him.

“I’m asking who you are.” He was more focused on knowing who I was.

You’ll find out when you get here. You have thirty minutes. If you don’t come, you won’t know what Stephanie experienced before she died.”

With that, I hung up the phone, ignoring any further calls from him.

I knew Michael too well; he was arrogant and selfish. To him, I was just a possession he labeled, my murder without his consent was a challenge to him.

Michael treated Yasmin well because I heard Yasmin saved him once. He saw Yasmin as pure innocent, unlike me, who he thought harbors too many dirty secrets.

and

and

But I was determined to help him uncover the truth about Yasmin, to show him how malicious his girl really was.

I wanted him to regret, to suffer!

And what would he do then? Would he continue to protect Yasmin, or would he continue to delude himself to love her and protect her?

I was looking forward to it.

Meanwhile, at Pacific Court, Rachel and I met at the intersection of Macalister Road.

She was wearing all black, with a white flower on her head, looking quite mournful.

I felt a pang of pity, and also a bit amused as I thought, “I’m right here, Rach... why won’t you just believe me?”

## Chapter 84

“Watch your steps.” It was as if Rachel was not really here with me when we walked. She nearly banged into the pillar again.

I reach out instinctively to grab her wrist, pulling her to the inner side. “You walk inside.”

Rachel was stunned for a moment. Perhaps, she saw a little of Stephanie in me.

“Who are you...” She finally whispered after a moment.

I just chuckled and said, “She was never gone.

Rachel’s eyes reddened, and she looked away, walking toward the residential area.

Jack was hiding here.

“What are your plans after graduation? Are you going to work in a hospital?” I casually asked, wanting to know if she would follow her own life path.

We once set goals together. I said I wanted to study abroad for a while, and she said she wanted to continue her education after completing her bachelor’s and master’s degrees, pursue a PhD, study abroad, and then return to our hometown together.

She would become a doctor dedicated to saving lives, and I would work as a secretary for others.

We planned to earn money happily together, spend it together, travel together, buy a house together, and envision the future together.

“I minored in forensic medicine. After graduation, I will work as a forensic pathologist,” she said earnestly, looking at me.

I stood there stunned, feeling somewhat shocked. “Why? Didn’t we agree that you would become a doctor...”

Why did she change her dream?

“Hmph...” Rachel sneered sarcastically. “She’s already left me behind, why should I fulfill any promises? I want to be a forensic pathologist, I want to catch that murderer and I won’t let any bad people get away.”

I lowered my head, remaining silent for a long time. “Rach, this is very dangerous...”

I just hoped she would be safe and sound, and find someone who loved her and spend the rest of her life together.

“This is my business, it has nothing to do with you,” she snorted coldly, striding quickly toward Jack’s place.

When we arrived, Michael was there too.

He got out of the car, looking very upset, and walked angrily into the elevator. When he was up the

stairs, he kicked the door.

Rachel and I hid outside the door, watching Michael causing trouble for Jack.

Jack was probably still asleep. Now the door was kicked open, and he grumbled impatiently. “Who’s there? Can’t you let me sleep!”

The door opened, and Michael walked in with a cold face.

Jack was still in bed with his upper body bare, and his face was pale with fear.

He nervously clutched the blanket, stuttering as he spoke, “Mike... Mike, why are you here?”

“I’ve been looking for you for a long time,” Michael said calmly, walking to the bedside and glancing around the room. “You’re hiding here, sleeping so soundly.”

Jack was terrified, stammering as he spoke, “Mike... I, I... my phone broke these past two days, I haven’t had a chance to replace it, I...”

Before Jack could finish his sentence, Michael had already grabbed him by the collar. “What about the video? Aren’t you going to explain that to me?”

“It’s not... I swear, there was a woman who looked exactly like Stephanie. I was scared so I babbled nonsense out of fear. Mike, you have to trust me! Someone obviously set me up, they even recorded a video,” Jack said, clearly feeling guilty and scared.

“Jack, you chose to hide the fact that you found Stephanie pleading for help in the car at first. I’ve already given you one chance. Are you sure you want me to resort to violence again before you’re willing to speak?” Michael’s anger was heavy, as if he could really harm Jack.

Jack trembled in fear. “Mike... After Stephanie died, you went a little insane. Please... don’t do this...”

I’m your cousin brother, you can’t...”

“Ah!” With a scream, Michael pressed Jack’s head and smashed it against the bedside table. In an

instant, blood was all over his nose and mouth.

Rachel and I were both startled, hiding behind the door and not daring to enter.

Michael... Why was he acting like a madman?

I admit, I’d seen Michael lose control after drinking, but he was never so crazy regarding anything about me.

“Mike... I was wrong, I’ll talk...” Jack cried and begged for mercy.

“The truth is, Stephanie didn’t push Yasmin down the stairs,” Jack stated between sobs as he leaned against the wall. “I saw everything from downstairs.”

“Just get to the point!” Michael demanded coldly.

Jack said, “Eva and I were at your place that day. Yasmin and Stephanie got into a heated argument and Yasmin... She accidentally fell down the stairs. It wasn’t Stephanie’s fault.”

Then, he cried and confessed, “Okay, I lied. I purposely framed Stephanie... I didn’t speak up for her.”

Without saying anything, Michael grabbed Jack’s collar. In a sudden burst of fury, he struck Jack squarely in the face.

Jack’s panic surged as the force of the punch struck him. “Why the hell are you hitting me?” he shouted desperately. “You were the one who doubted her!”

With uncontrollable rage driving him, Michael landed another punch on Jack as if he aimed to kill Jack.

I looked at Rachel and asked, “No one’s going to die, right?”

Rachel clenched her fists. “Well, Jack deserves it.”

I nodded. Jack was unmistakably a scoundrel, and what he did to me would remain etched in my memory forever.

“Michael, why the hell are you still hitting me?” Jack coughed up blood. His agony deepened as he felt the jagged edge of a broken tooth.

“What makes you think you have the right to hit me? Do you think I’m blind to what’s happening

between you and Stephanie?

“You’ve slept with her, right? Yet, you refuse to admit it! Why?”

“Why is it acceptable for you to be intimate with her but not me? Every damn time I touched her, she went ballistic. Despite her pretense of innocence, you’ve been intimate with her...”

Jack had a habit of spilling everything when he was agitated.

Michael’s face turned red with embarrassment. He grabbed Jack’s head and slammed it against the wall. He roared, “Did you fucking touch her?”

Jack was terrified, and he tried to escape. Unfortunately, Michael caught him and pinned him against the wall again.

Michael shouted frantically, “Tell me, what did you do to her?”

I watched from the doorway and noticed Michael’s cold, indifferent smile as he confronted Jack. It made me wonder if Michael truly didn’t know what Jack had done to me.

It was during the Ford family's party that Jack tried to assault me sexually. Disheveled and distressed, I pleaded with Michael for help.

To my dismay, not only did he take Jack's side, but Michael also accused me of intentionally behaving provocatively to seduce Jack. He even labeled me as cheap and dirty.

I thought that being reincarnated would rid me of such bitter memories, but reliving these painful moments still sent shivers down my spine.

I stormed into the room as my emotions were in turmoil. After shoving Michael aside, I grabbed Jack by the collar and smacked his face. Then, consumed by a frenzy, I continued to hit him relentlessly.

"Why don't you go to hell!" My grip on Jack's collar tightened as the urge to strangle him rose within

me.

Jack, battered by Michael's earlier assault, lay sprawled on the ground. He looked at me with a feeble smile. "Stephanie... you... you're alive..."

When I heard that, my body tensed up, and I instinctively kicked his abdomen.

Suddenly, he laughed hysterically. "Stephanie... I didn't mean to kill you... it was never my intention." Amidst his laughter, tears cascaded down his cheeks, and soon, they turned into audible cries.

It dawned on me that his remorse wasn't for killing me but for the consequences it brought upon him. He was grappling with the notion that my demise had shattered his world.

I screamed at Jack, "I can't believe you think a simple 'I didn't mean to kill her! will fix everything!

"You're damned! Your filthy sins will stick to you like stench forever! Just go to hell!"

With

uncontrollable rage, I kicked him frantically.

"And you, Michael! You're no better!" I glared at him with my bloodshot eyes as I gritted my teeth. In my eyes, he bore the weight of utmost condemnation.

His suspicious gaze lingered on me as he asked, "Who are you?" This content provided by N(o)velDrama].[Org.

I took a deep breath and smiled sarcastically. "I'm your mother."

Michael lowered his head and chuckled self-deprecatingly.

"No, it can't be... she's already dead," he muttered, retreating a step and bracing himself against the wall. "She's long gone! Even if you bear her likeness... you're not her."

My fists tightened as I shot him a look of pure disgust. "Stephanie didn't push Yasmin down the stairs. Both of you are murderers! You both deserve punishment!"

Rachel hurried over and pulled me away. "Michael, open your eyes! It's Yasmin who's been setting up Stephie from the start. She's the one who killed Stephie!"

Michael said nothing as he leaned against the wall.

Chapter 86

Rachel frowned at Michael. "Even after everything that's come to light, you're still defending Yasmin?"

"She fell down the stairs on her own. She probably didn't see properly... She thought it was Stephanie. Also, Jack was lying..." He tried to defend Yasmin, but his tone betrayed his uncertainty.

What was he trying to justify? He was just defending himself by supporting her. This content provided by N(o)velDrama.[Org.

I knew he would deny any involvement in what had happened to me, no matter how damning the evidence might be.

"Stephanie, I... I thought you were dead. But why are you haunting me? Just leave me alone!" Jack's words were slurred from drinking before Michael hit him. Now, he was even more agitated.

He wiped blood from his mouth and pointed at Michael. "You'll pay for what you did, Michael. You should be the one she's after, not me."

His words were desperate. "Stephanie, I swear it wasn't me who caused your death. It was him. He let you die for Yasmin, not me."

Michael glared at Jack. His hands clenched tightly until his knuckles turned white. It was clear that Jack's words had struck Michael's nerves.

"Jack!"

Suddenly, Eva Bailey barged in with a group of people. She was Yasmin's sister and just as mean. Eva led the bullying against me in school.

Yasmin's voice choked with sobs, called out from outside the door. "Mike..."

Moments later, she appeared, and a surge of anger rose within me at the sight of her.

Yasmin's hand was on her belly, and her eyes were swollen with tears. "Mike, I'm not sure if what Jack said is true. I was indeed arguing with Stephie, and then I fell. But that's all I know..."

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she continued, "Mike, I swear I don't know." She tried to sound vulnerable.

Then, she doubled over in pain, clutching her stomach and leaning against the wall. "Mike, my stomach hurts..."

Michael stood perfectly still. His eyes reflected a myriad of emotions as he looked at Yasmin.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked at him. "Mike, perhaps this baby... it's Stephie's way of making amends with you.

“She couldn’t bring her own child into this world... If she were still here, she’d surely have your child. That’s why we must protect our unborn child for Stephie’s sake.”

I stared at her in disbelief. Could Yasmin, of all people, really be showing empathy?

“You make me sick!” I approached and slapped Yasmin. Who did she think she was, causing me such revulsion?

“Who the heck are you?” Eva confronted me angrily.

“Mike...”

Yasmin pretended to have a stomach ache and fainted.

Michael rushed over, pushing me aside before swooping her in his arms. I staggered as he whisked her away.

Despite Jack’s revelations, Michael stubbornly held onto his trust in Yasmin, refusing to waver.

“Michael, Yasmin is the one who killed Stephie,” Rachel shouted. “I’ll gather evidence, ensure she’s brought to justice, and face the consequences!”

Michael’s conflicted expression remained unchanged as he glanced at Rachel. With Yasmin in his arms, he didn’t utter a word as he walked away.

“Rachel, you’re quite persistent, huh?” Eva smirked, glancing between Rachel and me. “And you’ve got a partner in crime, too? Is it just the two of you?”

She glanced at the people beside her. “Do you think you can just show up uninvited and start throwing punches? How can I keep my reputation intact if I don’t put my foot down?”

Rachel stood on guard as she eyed Eva, and her group approached. She instinctively tugged me behind her.

Eva attempted to strike me, but her arm was swiftly intercepted.

As I retreated, I stumbled into a solid chest. He pulled me close with one arm, shielding me, fierce gaze bore into Eva.

His voice, deep and threatening, cut through the tension. “Lay a finger on my woman... and I’ll kill you.”

Eva’s eyes widened in fear as she stared at Steven. “You... it’s you! You’re that lunatic, the murderer...”

Upon hearing that, I was surprised and arched my eyebrows at him. “What... how...” It puzzled me why he would come here when he should have been resting at home.

## Chapter 87

Steven was running a fever. His breath was warm, beads of sweat formed on his forehead, and his stance was unsteady.

He hugged me from behind and whispered, "Stephle... I'm scared."

It was everyone else who feared him, even people like Eva. Though they were the type who got their thrills by bullying others, he was someone who'd kill in cold blood,

"You guys have ulterior motives, actually teaming up with this psycho killer! You won't be leaving now that you're here!" Eva said angrily, signaling those around her to take action.

Rachel remained unaware. I grabbed both of them and hurriedly headed out.

I yanked Steven, causing him to stumble and almost lose his balance.

Eva came with three people. They were big, tough individuals.

It was wiser to retreat than to face unnecessary harm.

Rachel and I quickly ran out. She was pressing the elevator button forcefully.

"Why are you still taking the elevator? Did you call the cops?" I asked while we were running.

"How would I know we'd get beaten up..." Rachel followed me, saying defiantly.

"You're incredible..." I was in disbelief.

Rachel stopped running and looked at me again.

"What are you looking at... run!" I said, puzzled.

Rachel didn't say anything, turning her head to look at the corridor. "Where's Steve?"

I was stunned. Steven didn't come out!

"Steve!" I ran back to Steven quickly.

He was sick!

"Steve!" I grabbed a fire extinguisher from the hallway and rushed in. I couldn't let him get beaten up by these people.

As soon as I entered the living room, I was stunned.

I didn't need to do anything at all. The people inside were all writhing on the ground in pain.

Eva was frightened. She collapsed on the ground, and her face turned pale. "He's mad... he's just mad..."

Steven tossed aside the stick in his hand, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and he grinned at me.

I stood frozen in place, holding the fire extinguisher in my arms.

His fair skin provided a stark contrast against the bright red blood.

Who would've thought he'd grin at me after a fight? The impact of that smile was strong.

My heart seemed to skip a beat. I tossed the fire extinguisher aside and grabbed Steven, rushing out. I stayed quiet all the way, and Steven remained quiet too. He trailed behind me like a scolded child, his head lowered, and the air felt tense between us.

It wasn't until we reached a safe spot that I let out my frustration. "Are you crazy? You're sick! Why did you come here?"

Steven looked aggrieved. He hunched over on the edge of the flower bed and allowed me to scold him.

"What if you're hurt? How can you be so careless with yourself?" I scolded him while examining his

bloodied face.

If his face got messed up, it would be really unfortunate.

He grinned at me, speaking softly. "It's not my blood."

I was still angry and pushed his chin away. "Stop messing around with me! Why did you come here? How did

you find me!"

He remained silent, lowering his head again. He just wouldn't tell me how he found me.

Meanwhile, Rachel was panting heavily, squatting on the ground, struggling to catch her breath." Don't be too harsh on him... he's so pitiful."

"And you! You were so confident when you called me out. I thought you had everything under control.

"You should've at least called Zion, shouldn't you? You're all alone! What if something had happened! "I found myself losing control, seizing the chance to scold Rachel amid my rising anger. Rachel was stunned. She just squatted there and allowed me to scold her.

## Chapter 88

It took Rachel a moment to speak up. "What's your relationship with this suspect?"

"What suspect?" I realized that I had forgotten Steven was a murderer.

My impression of him had changed so drastically when all along, I'd firmly believed he was the murderer.

I pretended to be nice to him, just to make him let his guard down and get the truth and secrets about the serial murder case out of him.

"I'm Stephe's husband," Steven raised his head and said.

I glared at Steven, and he lowered his head miserably.

“Stephie? You’re called Stephic too?” Rachel asked cautiously.

“I’m Stephany Larson.” I anticipated that Rachel might struggle to accept that I’m Stephanie Carlson, so I decided to reach out to her using the name Stephany.

“Why did you pretend to be Stephanie?” Rachel frowned and asked.

“What...” I sighed. Even if I told her that I’m Stephanie, Rachel wouldn’t believe it.

“Fine, as long as you two are okay.”

I sat on the side, catching my breath for quite some time.

Stephany was much more physically fit than I used to be.

Back when I was Stephanie, I was frequently ill. My health wasn’t great.

But Stephany... I thought she’d be weak from all the medication, making it easy for me to take advantage of her.

Instead, she was running around, not even out of breath, and seemed pretty healthy.

“I’m feeling really rough, Stephie,” Steven murmured.

I reached out and touched his forehead. “With such a high fever, no wonder you’re feeling uncomfortable.”

Steven remained quiet. He just looked at me.

I couldn’t handle the way his eyes kept staring at me so intensely, making my heart race inexplicably.

I quickly looked away and pulled him up. “Come on, let’s go home.”

Rachel stood up as well, trailing behind me. “I never imagined Michael... would still be backing Yasmin.”

“Perhaps he’s not backing Yasmin, but his fragile ego,” I retorted sarcastically.

“Yasmin is carrying

his child now, he won’t easily let go of her, so your scheme... might not pan out.”

“Yeah... Yasmin is pregnant now, and Zion doesn’t agree with the cops using a pregnant woman as bait,” Rachel sighed.

I whispered to Rachel, “Don’t you guys suspect that he might be the real murderer? Or that he’s involved somehow? Just because there’s no evidence?”

Rachel shook her head. “Zion said he might have been threatened by the murderer to take the fall.”

Threatened by the murderer?

“He just turned himself in, and then Stephie’s body was found. They must have made some kind of deal.” Rachel speculated.

I shook my head. No, it shouldn’t only be about threats.

Steven showed up at the scene where I was kidnapped, and later he appeared at the murder bait setup.

He was somehow tied to the murderer.

Even if he wasn’t the killer or an accomplice, he would surely know the identity of the murderer.

“Isn’t Yasmin the only girl left from the orphanage? And this victim...” I wondered if it was the same person behind this incident.

“It’s the former orphanage director’s daughter.” Rachel glanced at me. “The cops have labeled it a serial murder case, which means they have evidence pointing to the same killer in all incidents.”

“The same person?” I turned to look at Steven.

What’s the connection between Steven and the murderer?

Was he an accomplice, a partner, or something else...

As the three of us strolled down the alley, Steven suddenly stopped.

I turned to look at him, he was vigilantly looking around, tightly holding my hand.

Was there someone else? I also looked around vigilantly.

It felt like someone was watching us.

## Chapter 89

I glanced around cautiously and reached out to pull Rachel close to me.

“Anyone there?” Rachel whispered, her gaze fixed on the alley.

I shook my head and focused on the figure not far down the alley.

Sensing our gaze, the figure swiftly disappeared.

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Glancing at Steven, I noticed the lingering hostility in his eyes as he stood in the dim alley, resembling Satan emerging from hell.

I cautiously called out, “Hey, Steve?”

He turned to look at me.

I could see the hostility in his eyes fading away quickly, replaced by an innocent look as he said, “Stephie, I feel dizzy.”

Then he collapsed onto me. His towering six-foot frame sprawled over mine.

I barely had a chance to resist. I could only let him rest on me.

“He looks skinny but weighs a lot,” Rachel remarked as she helped me support Steven, guiding him to the roadside.

He appeared dizzy, his entire weight bearing down on my back.

I muttered, “Why is he so heavy...”

Rachel hailed a cab, and together we helped Steven into it.

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“Let’s head back to the Lincoln residence first,” I whispered, urging Rachel to follow me.

Rachel nodded in agreement, curious to learn more about Steven.

Throughout the journey, Steven leaned against me. His forehead was feverish. He was truly sick.

I touched his forehead and sighed.

If he wasn’t the murderer, nor an accomplice, what kind of relationship did he have with the murderer?

“Are you really married to Steven?” Rachel whispered. “Is he truly your husband? Can he even get married? He’s...”

Rachel asked softly and pointed at her head.

I understood she meant Steven had mental illness.

“Even though he’s good-looking, can he, you know, perform normally in marriage?” Rachel whispered.

Her question almost caught me off guard. Indeed, she was still the Rachel I knew, always curious about such matters.

“Indeed, he is my husband, and well...it’s complicated.” I rubbed my temples and pondered how to explain to her.

I woke up and realized I was suddenly married? And now I was carrying our child?

As for whether he can handle it... “He’s pretty normal, just has his occasional moments.”

Rachel looked curious. She leaned closer. “Really? I thought he’s just a pretty face, you know? God gave him looks but skimmed on brains. ”

“He’s really smart, a genius.” I instinctively defended Steven. “He got into the college’s genius program when he was barely a teenager, quite a rare talent.”

Rachel was shocked and pointed at Steven. “Him?”

I nodded and glanced at Steven.

He seemed a bit uneasy, nuzzling in my embrace. I quickly patted him. “Almost home, time to sleep.

But I didn’t see the smile on his lips.

Rachel was taken aback. “I can’t believe it...”

The car stopped in front of the Lincoln residence. Rachel and I got out and dragged Steven out exhaustively.

The Lincoln residence yard appeared lively, with a lot of people present.

Supporting Steven, we entered the courtyard, and Austin hurried over.

“Help Mr. Lincoln to get some rest,” I whispered softly.

Austin nodded. “Something bad has happened to both Mr. Lincoln Senior and Mr. James.

“Rumor had it that Mr. Lincoln Senior became enraged and suffered a stroke in Montavia, and even if he were to awaken...”

Austin sighed, this was a drastic change for the Lincoln family.

## Chapter 90

I was stunned, watching Ewan approached from afar.

Amidst the drastic changes in the Lincoln family, it signaled potential shifts among the Lincoln family members.

It appeared

Group.

that those present today were interested in the family assets and shares in the Lincoln

“Mrs. Lincoln, things are really tough for the Lincoln family at the moment. You’ve probably noticed. Something bad has happened to both Mr. Lincoln Senior and Mr. James.

“Currently, Mr. Steven is the only scion of the Lincoln family, along with the child you’re carrying,” Ewan explained, his words laden with meaning.

I looked at my growing belly. It’s true... whoever bore the crown must beared its weight.

The Lincoln family’s situation was complex, and I was getting caught in it.

Rachel stood by the doorway. She watched the crowd gathering and asked, “Need a hand?”

I shook my head. “This is the Lincoln family business, you shouldn’t get involved. I’ll have the driver take you home.”

Rachel nodded. Indeed, she shouldn’t get involved in this matter.

After sending Rachel off, I followed Ewan into the living room.

The room was filled with people, headed by Martin Lincoln, Ignatius' cousin.

Although it was a family business, the Lincoln Group was primarily established by Ignatius alone.

Initially, he welcomed the Lincoln family members into the company, hoping to help them out. Little did he know, it turned out to be a recipe for trouble.

Now that Ignatius had a stroke, everyone was eager to claim his wealth.

"This is Mr. Martin." Ewan introduced me with respect.

I nodded respectfully. "Mr. Martin."

Martin snorted.

I knew he didn't regard me highly.

"Mr. Martin, she's the eldest granddaughter-in-law introduced by Mr. Ignatius at the banquet, Ms. Larson," Ewan introduced me.

Martin remained quiet. However, a rough-looking man beside him, spoke up, "Huh... the eldest son and grandson of Mr. Ignatius died in a car accident. What's the deal with this eldest granddaughter-in-law?"

"Mr. Andy got married at the age of 20 in Montavia. His wife, Alice Bowman, is of mixed-race, with Montavia nationality and Chinese descent.

"Mr. Steven should rightfully be the eldest grandson," Ewan explained in a low tone.

"Huh... A lunatic kept hidden by Mr. Ignatius, the biggest stain on the Lincoln family. Can a marriage registered in Montavia even be valid?"

"Mr. Hugo has no heir, and something bad happened to both Mr. Ignatius and Mr. James. The Lincoln family's assets must not be transferred to others!"

"You, a mere assistant, think you can bring in an outsider and snatch away everything that belongs to our Lincoln family?" The man slammed the table forcefully, glaring at me fiercely.

If it were before I was reincarnated, I might have been afraid of him. Unfortunately, he hadn't seen as

much as I had.

"Whether Mr. Steven is the legitimate scion of the Lincoln family, the law determines.

"He is Mr. Ignatius' grandson, Mr. Andy's eldest son, my legal husband, and the father of the child that I'm carrying!" I stared coldly at him.

"Today, if any of you came for Mr. Ignatius's health, I appreciate it. But if you came for the property, sorry! Mr. Moore, please see our guests out!" I pointed to the door, my voice low.

Martin laughed and clapped his hands. "Ignatius has considered everything."

Martin gazed at my belly and smiled.

"This child has just been conceived, right? You better protect him well and ensure a smooth birth,"

Martin threatened.

"As for that lunatic..." Martin's eyes narrowed. "Our Lincoln family..."

"Mr. Martin is an elder of the Lincoln family. Apart from Mr. Ignatius, you hold the most prestige.

"Is it appropriate for you, as an elder, to call him a lunatic? If this spreads, it will make our Lincoln family look bad," I interrupted Martin.

I spoke again. "Mr. Moore, please see our guests out!"

I was trying to maintain my aura, but I knew it wouldn't last long.

Martin would definitely go after my unborn child and Steven next.

The sudden incidents involving Ignatius and James in Montavia were definitely not simple.

The Lincoln family's fortune changed.