

After Death 251

Chapter 251

I'm Steve's guardian, Mr. Martin. You have no right to decide on my behalf!" I stood protectively before Steven and looked at the bodyguards warily.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Are you even worthy of speaking to Mr. Martin? He's the one calling. the shots now!" Someone stepped forward to speak up on Martin's behalf.

It was within my expectations. Steven had cut off their benefits, which had pissed everyone. Steven looked sharply at the person who'd spoken. It was as if he were looking at a corpse. off.

"If you want blood to be shed, you can go ahead and try me." I remained before Steven. I wasn't going anywhere.

Martin didn't care about my survival, of course. He was only here to aggravate Steven and see whether Steven was really insane. They were both trying to get a feeling of each other's bottom lines, and I was a hurdle in Martin's way.

Martin must've already looked into Stephany's background, though. I was the daughter of the Larson

family, and I'd just severed ties with Charles. Charles must've already proven his loyalty to Martin, so

Martin was sure I wasn't capable of anything.

And in truth, I wasn't. Not now, anyway. I could only bet on Ewan and hope he'd be able to fight back. This time, however, he merely stood to one side, looking calm. He didn't show any sign of wanting to interfere.

Didn't the Lincoln family have their own bodyguards? I couldn't allow anyone to take Steven away.

"Mr. Martin, the people from the asylum are here," one of Martin's bodyguards said.

Ewan gave Steven a meaningful look, but the latter remained silent and unmoving.

"I won't let you take him away, Mr. Martin." I clenched my fists. I didn't know how I could help Steven.

"Don't be scared. I'll go with them," Steven said in a small voice behind me..

I was taken aback. Then, I turned to look at him. "No way!"

I didn't want him to return to the asylum anymore.

"I'll be fine." He knew Martin was just testing him.

“You can’t go there...” I said shakily. I didn’t know why I was so afraid of him being taken to the asylum. Was I traumatized by Michael forcing me to watch videos of Steven when I’d been in the asylum?

“Don’t be scared, Stephie.” Steven shook his head at me.

I grabbed his wrist and tugged it. He said softly, “Don’t be scared. I’ll be right back.”

He didn’t wait for the people to catch him. He headed out himself. I refused to let him go; I didn’t want him to go to the asylum.

These people had to be on Martin’s side. They wouldn’t let Steven have an easy time in there.

You’re pregnant, Mrs. Lincoln. You have to stay calm. Ewan stopped me and shook his head at me.

I didn’t know whether they had some sort of plan. Then, I heard Steven say to Ewan before getting into the car, “Speed things up and destroy the Lincoln Group.”

I thought my ears were playing tricks on me. Had I heard him say he wanted to destroy the Lincoln Group? Was he going to destroy it if he couldn’t have it? Was that his plan?

“You must be tired, Mrs. Lincoln. I’ll take you home,” Ewan said.

I could only stand by and watched as Steven was taken away in the car from the asylum. A wave of helplessness washed over me. I asked Ewan softly, “Is Steve really a psycho?”

“When someone wants you to be insane and you have no power to fight against them, you don’t have a choice.” Ewan stared at the car as it left. “But all butterflies will eventually break out of their cocoon. Don’t

you agree?”

I took a deep breath and clenched my fists.

“The shares are still in Mr. Lincoln’s hands. Once he dies, they’ll go to Steven. Now that Steven’s in the asylum, you’ll stand a chance, Mr. Martin...”

“Yeah, exactly. Now that you’re the one calling the shots, you have to help us, Mr. Martin.”

The people in the house were still excitedly discussing the Lincoln family fortune and Ignatius’ inheritance. But they’d forgotten one thing—Ignatius was only paralyzed, not dead.

My guess was that Martin’s next move would be to get rid of him and me, now that Steven was out of the

picture.

“Is Mr. Lincoln Senior safe here?” I asked Ewan.

After a pause, he said, “Not everyone is as kind as Mr. Lincoln is.”

Chapter 252

Ewan meant that Steven would leave Ignatius alive, but Martin wouldn't.

I didn't say anything. I knew it wasn't something I could stop. Once Martin got rid of Ignatius, I would be

next.

On my way back to Steven's house, I texted Rachel, 'Rach, Martin had Steve forcibly taken to an asylum.

What can I do to get him out?'

Rachel cursed. "Fuck! Look, don't panic. Tell me where the asylum is; I'll try to think of something.

There weren't many people I could trust now—Rachel was definitely one of them. I sent her the asylum's address. Soon, however, she replied and told me there wasn't any record of Steven being admitted there.

My heart clenched as I gave Ewan a fearful look. "Are you sure they took Steve to the asylum?"

He didn't answer me.

"Stop the car!" I yelled. "Go after that car from earlier, Ewan!"

Instead of doing that, he pulled over and turned to look at me. "The most important thing now is to keep

you

and the baby safe, Mrs. Lincoln. That's my priority."

"Well, mine is to ensure Steve's safety. Did Martin have him taken to the asylum or not?" My temples were

throbbing. I knew I shouldn't have allowed Steven to get into the car.

Ewan soon received a phone call. I vaguely heard the person on the line say the asylum's people had gotten into an accident on the way there. An overloaded truck had crashed into them and sent the car

flying down the cliff. Everyone in the car had died.

My vision turned black for a split second. I grabbed Ewan's shirt with trembling he what happened."

nd said, "Tell me....

"An accident happened." Ewan's voice seemed to be getting further from me. My vision blurred, and the ringing in my ears grew louder.

"Stephanie...

*Stephany?"

There were various noises around me. Then, I lost consciousness,

When I came to, I was already lying in my room at Steven's villa. I shot up and staggered out of the room. I wanted to hear that Steven was safe and sound, but the villa was completely empty. I was alone. Even Leo was gone.

Suddenly, Stevie barked in the courtyard. I saw a figure climb over the wall, followed by several more. I

knew they were here to get rid of me.

We now lived in a civilized society, but behind affluent families like the Lincolns lived a group of criminals who couldn't care less about the law.

Stevie bared its teeth and snarled at the men. It pounced on them when they weren't paying attention, making them howl in pain.

I hurriedly reached for my phone, wanting to call the police. Stevie was only a dog—it wouldn't hold out for long.

But when I pulled out my phone, I noticed the traces of blood under my nails. It took me aback. I checked my hands carefully—I wasn't injured, so where had the blood come from?

This wasn't the time to think any further. I called the cops, then grabbed a club from the corner and ran downstairs.

I saw the men holding Stevie down. It was no match for them.

"Let the dog go!" I cried. Then, I saw the man in the lead brandish a knife and swing it toward Stevie's neck.

"No, don't!" I shrieked. I ran forward but tripped and fell onto the grass.

Suddenly, there was a shout of pain. Stevie had bitten one of the men and broken free. It ran toward me.

It was covered in blood, and it whimpered in my arms.

My eyes turned red, and my fingers trembled, "Stevie.

Chapter 253

"It's not our fault that somebody wants your life."

The leader brandished his knife. He intended to kill me.

Stevie mustered all its strength and lunged forward.

What evil thoughts could a dog have? It only knew that it had to protect me.

I let out a shout as my head throbbed. It felt as if it were about to explode.

Suddenly, a scene flashed through my mind.

A barely alive puppy had just been born, and its stray mother had been killed by some children throwing.

stones at it.

The mother dog had just been scavenging for scraps to feed its puppies, despite its weary body.

Yet, those children seemed to find pleasure in cruelty, relentlessly pelting the dog with stones.

From birth, humans were predisposed to good and evil. Some could control their evil desires and become good, while others abandoned their good side and became slaves to their evil side.

Those children didn't think they were wrong. It was the primitive cruelty of humans that spurred their actions. They enjoyed tormenting those weaker than themselves because they found pleasure in it.

"Get lost!" I was still a child in the memories. I was holding a brick that was larger than my hand, which I then expressionlessly smashed onto the head of the boy who had led the other children to

throw stones.

at the dog.

Instantly, the boy's forehead bled, and he cried out in pain.

I grabbed his hair and asked him coldly, "Does it hurt? Does being hit by a stone hurt?"

The other children ran away in fright. The boy continued to cry in pain as I said, "Look pain is too."

Soon, the boy's parents arrived, and they began to scold my parents relentlessly.

know what

In the end, my parents compensated them with money and took the injured dog to the hospital. However, the dog didn't survive.

My parents adopted the puppies the dog had given birth to, but only one survived. It was a wolfhound, and I named it Georgie.

From then on, I had a wicked dog by my side.

"It's her! Run!"

Those children seemed afraid when they saw me. They would run as soon as they saw me.

"Stephie can't go on like this. She's too indifferent. What should we do?"

"What sins have we committed?"

"Is it our fault? Starting tomorrow, I'll do charity work. I'll pray to God for my daughter to be alright again."

In my memories, my parents secretly cried in their room.

My dad, Wendell, said, "Peter told me that Stephie has an emotional disorder and that there are cures for that. The treatments are all well established now. We can send Stephie to him if you're okay with that."

"Wendell, our daughter is still so young. Do you really want to send her to a mental hospital?"

"Shh..." I recalled my father anxiously comforting my mother. "Then, what do you suggest? She smashed

that boy's head without even blinking an eye!

"No kindergarten is willing to take Stephie in anymore. In the last kindergarten, she bit off a male

teacher's finger! This child is too fierce."

"Didn't Stephie say that the male teacher bullied a little girl? You saw it in the surveillance footage too! That male teacher had issues!" Juliana argued logically.

"It's not about who has issues now. It's about Stephie's way of handling and solving problems. This is not a method a child should be thinking of. What child would bite off someone else's finger?"

Juliana fell silent.

"Moreover, in the kindergarten before the last one, she pushed a little girl off a slide. She's too cold-

hearted!"

Even though that little girl had pushed me first and I had merely returned the favor using the same means, I was somehow the one who appeared too cold-hearted in the eyes of others.

In my

y memories, everyone saw me as a wicked girl when I was young, the kind of person that everyone was afraid of.

"And haven't you noticed that Stephie's dog would only listen to her? It's too eerie a just Georgie; even the animals in the circus were all staring at Stephie back then."

cary. And it's not

"Stop trying to scare me! Stephie is normal. The circus animals' riot was because the animal trainers had abused them. What does that have to do with Stephie?"

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of. What if Stephie could even talk to a bear?"

In

my memories, my dad seemed to be in great pain and fear,

To him, I appeared as some kind of terrifying monster.

These memories, which I had somehow entirely erased from my mind, had been selectively replaced with only happy ones.

“Wendell... do we really have to send Stephie to a mental hospital?”

“If we don’t take action now, the situation could worsen later on. Imagine if she ends up killing someone.”

“Stop! Don’t even say that!”

“Do you recall the incident last month when your friend visited with her son, Michael? We had merely praised Michael and playfully brought up the topic of a childhood betrothal, and Stephie had Georgie intimidate him. Michael, who’s just an eight-year-old boy, was left traumatized by dogs, and he suffered a fever for several days.”

In the dim room, my parents’ argumentative voices resounded. As I stood outside the room, their silhouettes before me sharpened my memories.

Indeed, I had been sent to a mental hospital.

I was only five years old at the time.

This was all before my encounter with Steven.

Reflecting on it, I remember my parents saying that I had used Georgie to frighten Michael because of my jealousy over the betrothal. Could that really be the reason he was scared of dogs? Was it all because of my actions?

“Stephany!”

“Stephany, are you okay?”

The wailing of sirens mixed with Zion’s frantic voice.

“Stephie!” Rachel cried out.

I sat on the ground disoriented. Regaining my senses, I realized my dress was soaked in blood.

Stevie, a huge yellow wolfhound, lay dying before me. It looked just like my dog, Georgie, from my memories. Georgie, a black wolfhound, had a similar majestic presence to Stevie.

“Stevie... Please don’t die,” I pleaded. My voice quivered as I rushed to embrace the dog.

“Quick, to the hospital,” Zion hurriedly took the wolfhound from my arms. He used his clothes to staunch its bleeding.

Medical staff hurried over to check on me. Everyone was concerned that I might have been stabbed.

But to their astonishment, they found no injuries on me. “She’s not hurt.”

Only then did Zion process the situation. He looked at the gasping assassin on the ground. Some of them managed to flee while others groaned in pain.

“I’ve killed someone...” I trembled while staring at the fallen assassin before me.

“It was self-defense. They were after your life.” Rachel cried while holding me tight.

Yet, I had no memory of how I had managed it.

I snapped back to reality and gripped Zion’s arm anxiously. “Steven... Steven fell off the cliff. Is he

alright?

Is he safe?”

Zion lowered his head and shook his head. “The good news is, Steven wasn’t found in the car. The bad

news is, we’re not sure how he’s doing now. Rescue teams are still searching for him below the mountain.”

I staggered back and felt defeated.

Ewan hurried over in a flurry of panic. He gazed at the chaos around and clenched his fists. “Mrs. Lincoln... I never thought they would find you here.”

This place was supposed to be safe.

Steven’s mishap had thrown everything into disarray.

But I held no blame toward him.

Mr. Ignatius is gone,” Ewan lowered his head.

I seemed to have anticipated this. Martin was ruthless. He was aiming to eliminate Steven and Ignatius,

then me and my unborn child this time.

He did this all to seamlessly inherit everything from the Lincolns.

“Find Steven...” Be it he was dead or alive.

“Mrs. Lincoln, don’t you remember what you did after the accident?” Ewan asked tentatively.

I looked at Ewan with a mix of bewilderment and confusion in my eyes.

Chapter 255

Ewan took a deep breath. “You’re okay now. You fainted, and I brought you back. I hadn’t expected that you’d become a target. It’s my negligence.”

I sensed Ewan had more to say, but he didn’t.

What had I done?

When I woke up, I noticed blood under my fingernails.

“We should bring her for a check-up at the hospital. She’s pregnant.” Zion and Rachel were concerned

about me.

“I want to go find Steve,” I said quietly.

Rachel shook her head. “Go to the hospital first. Steven has search and rescue personnel looking for him. If you go, it’ll only cause more trouble. Besides, you’re pregnant.”

My eyes went red. I had no choice but to enter the car.

“Mr. Lincoln will be fine because you’re waiting for him,” Ewan suddenly said before I got into the car. He

said Steven would be fine.

Tears instantly gathered in my eyes, and my heart ached terribly.

“Don’t die.

“Steven, don’t die.” I prayed to myself.

*These are all alive. This one still has a breath.” The police checked the yard. Those who came to kill me

were all alive. I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Stephie, don’t be scared.” Rachel saw me shivering and hugged me.

I looked out blankly. Am I scared?

It didn’t seem like it.

Except for worrying about Steven, I didn’t seem to feel any other emotions.

“Stephany!”

As soon as the car arrived at the hospital, I saw Michael.

He got out of the car and looked at me somewhat nervously, “I heard about Steven. Are you okay?”

He seemed worried about me.

I frowned instinctively and moved away from him. “It’s none of your business.”

“Stephie,” he called my name nervously.

I ignored him.

But he seemed like a lingering ghost and kept following me.

Ewan went to find Steven, and Zion helped the police at the scene. Only Rachel stayed with me.

“Can’t you have some dignity? She’s Stephany. Can’t you just get lost?” Rachel scolded Michael.

“How could you be so shameless? Stephe was so kind to you. She gave you all her goodwill. Was that how you should treat her?”

Michael seemed deaf to her words. He was probably used to Rachel scolding him.

He followed me around. He would accompany me to any tests I went for.

I was annoyed and told him to leave, but he refused.

“Michael, you’re really annoying.” I was getting angry.

“Stephie, I went to the Lincolns to find you. Dax’s hand was injured, and Martin got into the car with a few bodyguards. The Lincolns said that when Steven had an accident, you returned to the Lincolns and stabbed Dax’s hand with a fruit knife and even almost killed Martin.” He seemed more convinced that I was Stephanie.

My body stiffened in shock as I looked at Michael. “What are you talking about?”

Michael looked at me with flickering eyes. He grabbed my wrist tightly as if excited. “Don’t you remember what you did? The Lincolns’ servants said that if you hadn’t fainted suddenly, Martin would have been killed by you.”

I frowned. I didn’t believe Michael’s words. Still, he had no reason to lie.

Could it be that this was what Ewan wanted to tell me about?

I had a short memory loss after I found out about Steven’s car accident. Was this what I had done?

How did I do it?

“Stephie, don’t listen to his nonsense. You can’t even handle an apple with a knife.

teeth. Rachel came to her senses from shock.

However, soon Rachel fell silent.

This was because Zion sent her a video.

It was surveillance footage of Steven’s villa.

In the footage, the dog rushed up and bit the person who wanted to kill me.

e’s lying through his

I took the opportunity to pick up his dagger and fiercely stabbed his heart. I was fast, accurate, and ruthless.

My

My actions were decisive, without a trace of hesitation. They were neat and clean.

At that moment, I began to doubt myself.

It seemed like I’m a habitual offender.

Fortunately, this time I acted in self–defense.

Michael frowned. He was uninterested in arguing with Rachel. “Come with me. I’ll take you to see Peter.”

I shook off Michael’s hand and looked at him warily.

Peter.

The name sounded familiar.

Chapter 256

I remembered my parents mentioning Peter in my childhood memories. As for the mental hospital...

“I know you don’t trust me anymore, Stephany, but don’t you want to know why you’d act this way? Have you lost control of yourself and done something on your own and woken up with no memory of It? Have you forgotten a lot of memories? Don’t you want to remember those memories?” Michael asked softly.

“Don’t try to manipulate Stephany. Let me tell you, you’re the worst in the world!” Rachel stopped Michael from taking me away.

I didn’t listen to Michael. Right now, all I want was to find Steven.

My heart was beating fast and I felt panicked. I had an urge. There was a thought in my mind telling me that if something happened to Steven, I had to go kill Martin,

Rachel pushed Michael away and took me for a check–up. The doctor sighed. “You’re still pregnant. Stop getting yourself hurt all the time. You should be resting more at a time like this.”

I lowered my head and looked at my stomach. Tears were welling up in my eyes.

Both me and the baby were waiting for Steven. He would definitely come back.

“Steve...” I nervously looked at Rachel.

Rachel held my hand. “Think about it. Steven is a genius. He’s so smart. He probably wasn’t even in the car to begin with. How else could everyone else be in the car but him? It’s considered a good thing they

can’t find Steve.”

I nodded with teary eyes.

It was a good thing they couldn’t find Steven, indeed.

Maybe Steven had already found a way to get out of the car..

Steven was a smart guy.

“Go over there.”

“This way!”

Several suspicious people appeared at the hospital. They were holding photos and looking for someone.

I knew they were Martin's men. They wouldn't give up so easily.

Especially considering what Michael said. If it was true that I had injured Dax and Martin, then Martin probably had even more reason to kill me.

Rachel was nervous. "Stephie, these people are crazy. They've actually come to the hospital."

"Crazy, indeed," I said in a low voice.

Ignatius had left the world, and Steven's life was uncertain. As long as Martin got rid of me, the vast

wealth of the Lincolns would fall into his hands,

It was much easier than risking his life to earn illegal money.

"Money can magnify the evil in human nature." I pulled Rachel into a consultation room and hid among a group of people waiting in line.

Michael glanced at me. "I'll go lead them away."

I frowned. Those people were professional mercenaries. If he couldn't even beat Steven, what was the

point of going over?

However, those men had already come over, I could only lower my head and hide in the crowd.

Michael bumped one of the men and quickly ran out. He was trying to draw their attention away.

Rachel and I hid for a while. After confirming that there were no more suspicious individuals, I took Rachel through the safe passage to the underground parking lot and left.

"Squeak!" Suddenly, a car rushed toward us.

"Be careful!*

"Stephie!"

Both of us subconscioues

each other away.

I looked at the approaching headlights in horror and then closed my eyes weakly.

The headlights were giving me a severe headache.

"Michael!" Just as the car was about to hit us, a black Mercedes rushed from the side and crashed into

the car.

The one in the parking lot who rushed out and shouted at Michael was Yasmin.

She just wouldn't give up. Was she here to find Michael?

“Michael!” Yasmin cried and ran to check Michael’s injuries by the car. Michael vned and shouted at

me and Rachel. “Get in the car quickly!”

Yasmin hurriedly got in Michael’s passenger seat in a gesture of asserting her dominance.

“Stephany, Rachel, get in quickly.”

Rachel came to her senses from shock. Between nausea and survival, the two of us decided to choose

survival and got into Michael’s car/

“I can’t get rid of them.” Michael looked at the rearview mirror.

Rachel and I turned around and saw a black SUV following us.

“Be careful!”

Just as our car got onto the highway, the SUV rushed up.

With a bang, the car crashed through the guardrail.

“Stephie!”

My consciousness began to blur, and my vision started to darken.

“My child...” In the moment of impact, I curled up out of motherly instinct to protect the baby in my belly.

Still, I felt a worm sensation below me.

No.

I didn’t want to lose this child. Steven wanted this child so much.

Chapter 257

The bright headlights made my consciousness begin to blur.

“No...” I kept struggling.

I didn’t want to lose this child.

“Stephie! Michael, don’t touch her!”

“Michael, she’s not Stephanie! Don’t do this! You’re scaring me!”

“Stephie, don’t diel I beg you not to leave me!” Michael cried and hugged me. He was begging me n

die.

not to

Yasmin and Rachel's voices grew fainter.

"Michael, you bastard."

Rachel continued to curse at him.

I tried desperately to open my eyes, but my consciousness grew increasingly blurrish.

"Save her! Doctor!"

"The child can't be saved..."

"Save the child at all costs! Make sure both the mother and the child are safe!"

I heard Michael's voice choked with sobs. He was begging the doctor to save the child in my belly.

What was he doing? Was he regretting it now? What was he thinking? Was he thinking about the scene when the police found my body?

"Please, doctor, save the child. She has already lost one child and can't lose ti
one. I beg you."

Michael went crazy. He pleaded with the doctor to save me and the child.

Yasmin cried and tried to stop Michael. "Michael, when will you wake up? She's not Stephanie. Her name Is Stephany. Even if they look alike, she's not Stephanie! Wake up!"

Michael ignored Yasmin.

"Michael! What's so good about Stephanie? You know how evil the real Stephanie is! You clearly despised her!" Yasmin cried out of jealousy. Why did he suddenly change? Why did he seem like a completely different person, like he'd gone mad, since Stephanie's death?

"Michael, look at yourself now. You're actually willing to suicide for Stephanie! Now you're willing to sacrifice your life for another woman who looks like her! Michael, what do you take me for?" Yasmin shouted in jealousy.

I could hear Yasmin crying and questioning Michael.

29

Suicide?

Would someone like him really commit suicide for me? Stop being ridiculous.

"That lunatic is finally dead! Haha! He's finally dead!" Yasmin was still mad. She must have heard about Steven falling off the cliff and gone crazy with joy.

"He's finally dead! Simeon is dead too! The two monsters from the Double Stars Welfare Home are finally dead! They should have died a long time ago! Why do they have talents? Why does God give them special treatment? Such geniuses should die! Everyone should be equal as ordinary people, shouldn't they?"

“Shut up!”

I heard a slap. It must have been Rachel who couldn't bear it anymore and slapped Yasmin.

“Rachel! Do you really believe Stephanie is a good person? You're the only one who sees her as a friend! Let me tell you what she did back in the orphanage when someone admired her red dress and wanted it. She seemed like an innocent angel to everyone, earning praise for her sweetness and charm. But behind closed doors, she'd take a knife, kill the chickens, and smear their blood on the person eyeing her dress,

staining their clothing red. Then she'd casually joke about how she'd help dye their dress red every day since they liked it so much.”

Yasmin trembled as she spoke, as if recalling something terrible. “Stephanie is nothing but a lunatic. She

and Steven are made for each other! Both of them deserve to die!”

“Shut up!” This time it was Michael who shouted at Yasmin.

“She's not. She's just sick. Dr. Jones said Stephie was just traumatized when she was a child. He can help

Stephie recover and forget those bad memories.” Michael was actually trying to justify me.

Michael went on murmuring.

“There can be a second time when there is a first. I didn't believe what Dr. Jones said before. This time I will make sure she stays by my side. I will make her forget those unhappy things and forget everything. with that lunatic. She'll only remember me and come back to me.”

“She's not Stephanie!” Yasmin cried.

I started to panic too. I wanted to struggle and wake up.

I was scared... I was scared that my memory loss actually had something to do with Peter. I was scared

of forgetting Steven again,

No. I didn't want to forget him.

“What nonsense are you talking about? How was Stephie so cool to kill a chicken? Stop spreading

rumors. Let me tell you, even if Stephie really killed chickens and smeared blood, that person deserved it,

Rachel retorted at Yasmin.

“All of you are deceived by her.” Yasmin gritted her teeth.

“Why isn’t anyone deceived by you then? Aren’t you quite the fox? Michael was blind, but why did he suddenly wake up? Do you know what that means? It means you’re not enough, you bitch.”

Chaple

Rachel and Yasmin started fighting.

“Stop it! This is a hospital!” the nurse scolded them.

Soon, it became quiet outside.

Chapter 258

I continued to struggle, praying that Rachel wouldn’t leave, that she wouldn’t give Michael the chance to

take me away.

I was terrified....

I was terrified that he would actually take me to see Peter.

I was terrified of forgetting Steven.

“The patient is very weak. The child has been temporarily saved, but we need to observe her for a while. Meanwhile, she cannot endure any more stress,” the doctor explained to Michael before leaving.

“Thank you... Thank you, doctor.”

“I’m only doing my job.”

“How’s Stephie doing?”

Just when I thought I might wake up soon, I suddenly heard the voice of a middle-aged man.

It was Peter.

My nerves immediately tightened.

“Stephie hasn’t woken up yet, but the child has been saved.” Michael let out a sigh of relief.

“You need to get those two women arguing over there to leave and then take Stephie away.” Peter sounded somewhat displeased.

I panicked and wanted to open my eyes. I didn’t want him to take me away!

I didn’t know if my memory loss was related to Peter, but since he was a psychiatrist, I couldn’t trust him.

I even found him frightening.

“Mr. Peter, will it work?” Michael whispered.

“Don’t worry. It will work.” Peter sounded confidently.

The more confident he sounded, the more frightened I became.

Memories began to slowly resurface.

I remembered my parents sending me to the mental hospital, where I met Peter.

My first impression of him was that he was terrifying.

His smile was too gentle. He called my name and said, “Stephie, come with me.”

He took my hand and led me down a long corridor. The wards were filled with patients wearing hospital gowns. I looked at them and then turned to see my crying parents standing at the end of the hallway.

They were desperate for me to become a normal, likable child.

“Stephie, here are two oranges. If I want one will you give it to me?” He took me to the therapy room to begin my assessment tests.

I looked at him indifferently, as if he were asking a foolish question I didn’t want to answer.

“Stephie, if you made a friend and she envied your two oranges and tried to steal them when you weren’t looking, how would you handle the situation?”

“Cut off her hands.”

I sounded cold in my memory, unlike that of a child my age.

My answer stunned the nurse standing nearby. She couldn’t believe it and asked Peter, “Is she really just five years old?”

They observed me for a while and even let me interact with other children. They allowed older, stronger children to bully me and watched me like I was an experiment.

In the end, without determining the cause of my condition, Peter diagnosed me with severe emotional and cognitive disorders.

I watched him through the glass window. Like an executioner, his voice chilling as he said, “Apply for transcranial magnetic stimulation combined with hypnotherapy for her. If the effect is not significant, then apply for electroconvulsive therapy.”

“Dr. Jones, she’s just a child.”

Peter took a sharp breath. “Have you ever seen teenage boys intimidated by a five-year-old girl?”

As my memories slowly cleared, I became even more frightened.

Peter’s so-called treatment for me involved hypnosis and physical stimulation.

No wonder I suffered memory loss.

If Michael handed me over to Peter, there was a high probability that I would forget everything again and

everything related to Steven.

*Stephie did forget a lot of things after her car accident. I was the one who didn't cherish her."
Michael

pretended to act guilty.

The truth was he wanted me to lose my memory to keep me trapped.

I struggled in fear. I didn't want to forget again, to repeat the cycle, to be trapped by Michael's emotions, without being able to fight back!

"Steven..."

"Steve, save me..." I struggled desperately and cried out.

Steven, you had to come and save me!

Chapter 259

"Michael, she's not Stephanie!"

My last consciousness lingered on Yasmin crying out that I wasn't Stephanie
Stephane is already dead"

I knew she was scared and panicked.

However, what was she afraid of? Back then, she was so confident that Michael would marry her.
Why was she crying now?

When I woke up again, everything was pure white. I found myself waking up in a strangely familiar yet unfamiliar environment

It was the Ford family's residence. I was laying in the bedroom I had lived in for many years.

My vision felt numb. I tried to lift my arms, but my body wasn't fully under my control.

"Stephie," a familiar voice called my name.

"Ms. Larson, it's time for dinner," the family's maid, Angel, called out to me.

I felt a headache coming on. As I got up, I noticed the clothes I was wearing and felt a sense of confusion,

This pajama was given to me by Aunty Lois.

"Ms. Larson. Mr. Lincoln is back." Angel smiled at me from outside the door.

Everything felt so familiar yet strange.

"That murderer hasn't been caught yet. Michael, you must protect Yasmin."

"It's dangerous now. That murderer is too ruthless. He had killed so many people yet still not caught."

Downstairs, Jack and a few others were discussing the murderer. This scene seemed familiar.

Yasmin sat on the sofa. She was in her usual white dress and looked as gentle as ever.

She noticed me first and looked somewhat unnatural.

I flinched instinctively. I didn't know why I was trembling.

It was as if something told me I should be afraid of them.

My body kept shaking, but I didn't feel like I was afraid.

A thought flashed through my mind and that was to kill these people. They all deserved to die.

I was startled by my own thoughts and avoided them while breathing anxiously.

Michael came upstairs. He was looking nervous as he stared at me. "Stephie? Don't be afraid. They're

here for a get together. Let's eat."

Michael sounded unusually gentle, far from what I remembered.

I cautiously dodged away from him and watched him with vigilance. "Don't... don't touch me,"

"Stephie, are you still blaming me? I was wrong before and I won't hurt you again,"

Michael said earnestly, as if making a vow.

He reached out to me and asked for my trust.

I stared at his hand and my vision turned blurry.

What was I thinking? I actually thought about breaking his hand.

"Stephie?" He noticed my daze and tried to touch me.

"Ah! I cried out in fear and quickly backed away.

I wasn't afraid of Michael. I was afraid of the thoughts in my own mind.

"Stephie, are you okay? Come down for dinner." Yasmin walked down the stairs step by step.

She smiled softly.

I looked at her with suspicion and my pupils shrank.

"Stephie?"

I gradually approached Yasmin.

Suddenly, a scream rang out as Yasmin tumbled down the stairs.

When I regained consciousness, I stared in horror at my hands.

I had pushed Yasmin down the stairs.

There was a voice in my mind telling me to push this bad woman down.

Michael looked at me in shock, and everyone downstairs was stunned.

They looked at me with fear in their eyes.

This time, everyone clearly saw me push Yasmin down the stairs.

Chapter 260

“Michael...” Fortunately, Yasmin’s fall wasn’t severe. She had merely twisted her ankle and bumped her head. She looked at Michael with teary eyes.

Michael stood still with his fingers clenched. “Jack, take Yasmin to the hospital.”

Yasmin bit her lip in endurance and was hesitant to speak. She looked at Michael despairingly and then cast a resentful gaze at me.

I stood above while looking down at her. I didn’t know why I felt like laughing, but I seemed to be in a

rather good mood.

“Stephie, you’ve been in a car accident and need to rest. Be obedient. No one is allowed to say anything

about today.” Michael instructed me to go back to my room to rest. He hurried downstairs anxiously.

Jack gave me a fearful glance before quickly nodding.

The others also kept their heads down in silence.

Yasmin cried out in pain. She pushed Jack away resentfully and tried to get up. However, she stumbled and fell again.

I walked down the stairs while watching Yasmin.

The latter looked at me with extreme fear in her eyes. She tried to hide behind Michael. “Michael, don’t let

her come near me.”

Michael hurriedly stepped forward to block me. “Stephie.”

“I pushed her just now. Why didn’t you call the police?” I looked at them suspiciously, then shifted my

gaze to Jack.

Jack backed away in fear. “Ha! We’re all friends! You certainly didn’t do it on purpose! Yasmin fell by accident! Yes, I saw it. Yasmin fell by accident!”

Yasmin gritted her teeth resentfully while remaining silent.

Michael hurriedly explained, “Stephie, it wasn’t you. Yasmin fell by herself. You didn’t push her. You’re too

tired. You should head upstairs and take some rest.”

“But it was clearly me who pushed her. I did push you, didn’t I?” I looked at Yasmin.

Michael frowned and gave Yasmin a warning look.

Tears welled up in Yasmin’s eyes as she spoke. “No. I fell by myself.”

I couldn’t help but smirk. I leaned in close to Yasmin’s ear and whispered softly, “You’re so strange. Clearly, I’d pushed you, but you’re denying it. Meanwhile, you’d accused me of pushing you when I didn’t

back then.”

Yasmin suddenly went stiff. She looked at me in shock and stood up abruptly. “Michael, she…”

I felt quite satisfied at the look of Yasmin stammering.

My head felt foggy. I had mixed memories and I was in a state of confusion.

“Yasmin, you’re injured. Go to the hospital,” Michael warned sternly.

With red eyes, Yasmin turned around and muttered, “She’s not Stephanie. She’s not her.”

Meanwhile, Jack turned and ran away as if he had seen a ghost.

Only Michael stayed by my side.

“Aren’t you going to go after her? Don’t you like her?” I was puzzled.

A hint of panic flashed in Michael’s eyes, “Stephie, you’re mistaken. I don’t like Yasmin. I love you.

“Stephie, you have mix memories after the car accident. We’re already together. You’re pregnant with my child,” Michael whispered softly.

I looked at Michael suspiciously, then lowered my head to look at my stomach. Suddenly, my head started to ache badly.

Really?

Was I pregnant?

“If you’re not hungry, rest well and come down for dinner later. Here’s your prenatal medicine. Be good. Take it and go to sleep for a while.” Michael took the glass of water and a few white pills handed over by

the maid.

I numbly took those pills and swallowed them as Michael watched.

Only after I turned and went upstairs did Michael finally breathe a sigh of relief.

“Are you sure Steven is dead?”

“The rescue team searched for so long and couldn’t find him, but they found Steven’s clothes and bloodstains at the foot of the mountain. He must not have survived the fall from that height.”

I hid behind the door while listening to Michael and his assistant’s conversation.

Steven...

My head hurt so much.

“Steven.”

“Steve...”

“Stephie, don’t be afraid. I’ve always been here.”

“Michael! Come out! Release Stephany!” Rachel’s loud voice came from outside.

“Michael, Stephany is Steven’s wife. Taking her away constitutes illegal detention.”

“Rachel, you can take her away, but you have to see if she’s willing to go with you,” Michael said confidently, as if he believed I wouldn’t go with anyone.