

After Death 311

Chapter 311

“Dr. Jones...” The doctor next to him hesitated as this was clearly inhumane..

No conscientious doctor would want to torture a mental patient like this.

Steven was a mental patient, but he was also a human being.

They looked away but didn't dare to speak up.

In Huma Psychiatric Hospital, apart from the dean, Peter had the most power and Influence. Not to mention, Peter was the dean's son-in-law. No one dared to defy or question him.

Peter glanced coldly at the doctor. “This kind of experimental data is hard to come by.”

I held Steven's hand tightly and glared angrily at Peter. “You're the real monster.”

Peter just looked at me with an inscrutable expression.

On the side, Michael seemed to understand that something was wrong with Steven. “Dr. Jones, you just

need to take Steven back as soon as possible. There's no need to...”

“Mike,” Yasmin interjected with teary eyes as she saw Michael wanting to intervene. “Mike, when Steven

goes crazy, it's too scary. Let's not interfere. The doctor must have his reasons.”

Michael frowned and subconsciously glanced at me.

He seemed to want me to beg him. It looked like he would continue to speak for me as long as I begged

him.

But I didn't. I just held Steven's hand tightly. “Can you hold on? Let's go home?”

Steven's breathing became heavier, and his eyes gradually lost focus.

He was like a walking corpse, numb and soulless.

The chemical drugs could imprison his soul and paralyze his body....

Peter raised the corners of his mouth, knowing that the drugs had taken effect.

“Steven, come here,” he spoke again.

His voice held a hint of excitement, as if he was conducting some kind of bizarre experiment.

Steven's body stiffened for a moment. His brows slightly furrowed, as if he was trying hard to endure and resist something.

He released the hand that had been protecting me..

At that moment, I couldn't hold back my tears... I hugged him helplessly, not wanting him to be controlled by the drugs but knowing there was nothing I could do. This wasn't his intention.

"Steven, push her away and come back with me," Peter said again.

Steven pushed me away and walked forward.

The doctors from the psychiatric hospital let out a sigh of relief.

It seemed there was nothing special after all, just that he was a bit more resistant to drugs than the average patient.

Peter raised the corners of his mouth triumphantly, provoking me even more with his gaze.

"Michael,

watch out for her."

He was warning Michael to keep an eye on me.

Michael came forward, trying to take my hand. "Stephle, Steven should go back and continue his treatment."

"Do you know what Europeans considered the most effective treatment for mental patients in the mid- 20th century?" Peter turned back, intentionally provoking me.

I clenched my fists tightly.

"Lobotomy..." Peter pointed to his brain.

"Peter! I'll kill you!" I lost control and rushed at him. At that moment, I really wanted to kill him.

Michael wrapped his arms around me, trapping me in his embrace. "Stephie! Calm down!"

I knew Peter was provoking me. He didn't have the right to perform such surgery on Steven, but I was still afraid...

These people's fearlessness would make them disregard the law.

Suddenly, I understood what Steven had said before. We could run away, but we couldn't escape forever.

Stephie...

The escape he mentioned and the enemy he feared... Perhaps it was not humans but these chemical drugs that could control the human body, nerves, and cells.

Just like how no one could resist anesthetics, not even wild animals.

"Stephanie, he's a mental patient. He should stay in the asylum. Don't let him out to harm others," Yasmin

said with a cold smile, mocking me as if she had won.

Probably because I was agitated, I pushed Michael away, and my breathing became rapid.

My mind went blank once again...

As before, when I regained consciousness, everyone looked at me in fear.

My hands were so painful they went numb, and they kept shaking uncontrollably.

I had smashed glass, letting the glass shards cut into my hands.

I stood there with blood covering my hands. My voice was trembling as I called out to Steven.

"Steven... let's go home."

He was following Peter numbly but stopped in his tracks after smelling the blood.

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If protecting me was his instinct, would he become more lucid if I harmed myself?

"Stephanie Michael looked at me in panic, urgently calling for Angel to bring me the medical kit.

I frantically pushed Michael away and picked up the glass shard from the floor. 'Steven! Let's go home!'"

Just as I was about to stab my neck with the glass shard, Steven's hand suddenly lifted and grabbed the bloodied glass from my hand.

"Psycho! Both of them are psychos... Yasmin retreated in fear and fell down to the ground, fainting from

the shock

Her forehead was bleeding

Only then did I realize I had grabbed her hair and smashed her head into the glass.

"Ms. Bailey" the butler exclaimed.

Michael didn't have time to think about it. He rushed over to check on Yasmin's condition.

I didn't care whether Yasmin lived or died. My hands trembled as I held Steven's face, my forehead pressed against his, speaking softly, "Steven, let's go home..."

Peter couldn't believe what he was seeing. He stared at Steven and me with cold eyes. Then, he laughed maniacally.

Outside the courtyard, a car screeched to a halt. Zion, Rachel, and Eason had arrived.

Eason saw Steven and me with blood on our hands and angrily pulled out a document. "Jake has dropped the charge. Steven only got violent because he was provoked!"

"We don't believe that Steven lacks the ability to control his actions. He's still a natural person. His guardian will decide whether he stays or leaves!"

I breathed a sigh of relief. They were finally here...

I had sent Zion a distress message when we were coming downstairs.

I hadn't expected Eason to come to help Steven...

"Stephie..." Rachel rushed over in panic, looking at my hands.

I smiled at her and shook my head.

We had finally... won for once.

Before Peter arrogantly took Steven away, our helpers had arrived.

Peter looked at me coldly, his smile still playing on his lips as if to tell me that we could never escape.

wonload Steven for a moment.

"That lunatic gave him some kinds of drugs," I whispered.

Eason got furious and punched Peter. "It seems you're the one who needs mental treatment. Who allowed you to drug him?"

Peter wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, laughing coldly. "If you think the use of drugs is unreasonable, feel free to report me to the Health Commission or other departments."

Eason gritted his teeth. "Of course, I'll report you."

Peter laughed and left confidently.

He was confident that all his actions and treatments were reasonable.

"Steven, let's go home..." I took Steven's hand.

He looked dazed but obediently followed me like a puppet.

"Stephie!" Michael was holding Yasmin as he rushed to the hospital, but he anxiously shouted my name, hoping I wouldn't leave with Steven.

"Take care of yourself and the woman in your arms. Next time, I won't just use her head to break the glass," I warned coldly, leading Steven into the car.

"Hey, I heard that these drugs can make people obedient and do whatever they're told," Eason said excitedly as he got in the car, looking at Steven with great interest.

"Steven, you've been drugged. Be a good boy and call me 'Master'."

I looked at Eason with a headache, tolerating him only because he had just punched Peter. But he had gone too far. While Steven was unconscious, he tried to pinch Steven's face.

"I've always been jealous of you, genius. You're so handsome. Let me, your master, touch you a bit," Eason muttered. "This opportunity won't come again."

Suddenly, Eason's screams filled the car as Steven fiercely bit Eason's hand, refusing to let go as if he had

gone mad.

I was startled and quickly tried to pry Steven's jaw open. "Steven, be good. If you keep biting, his finger

will break..."

Eason cried out in pain, cursing under his breath, "Damn it! Did Peter give him expired drugs? Let go! Steven, you damn...!"

"Okay, okay, you're my master! Steven, I was wrong! Let go, Master!"

I felt pity for Steven, but Eason's words made me laugh. I found myself laughing even as tears streamed down my face.

This time, we had won. But what about the next?

I held Steven tightly.

How could I protect Steven better?

Suddenly, a large truck sped out of an alley, heading straight for us.

At that moment, Steven's stiff body suddenly wrapped around me protectively.

My breathing quickened as my consciousness began to fade.

Protecting me... had become Steven's instinct.

Steven...

Chapter 313

Damn it...

As the car was hit, I could still hear Zion cursing...

I felt warmth on my face. Looking up, I saw Steven's face.

He was protecting me, holding me tightly. Blood dripped from his forehead, down his chin, and onto my face.

"Steven..."

Perhaps because of the drugs, his consciousness was hazy.

"Zion... there are more of them!" I heard Eason's panicked voice, which sounded distant.

A dozen people got out of the truck that had crashed into us. Clearly, they were targeting Steven and me.

"Steven..." I panicked, calling out his name anxiously.

The deformed car door was forcefully ripped open. Eason and Zion were trapped and unable to escape.

“What are you doing? Police!” Eason shouted angrily, but those people seemed unfazed.

Steven and I were dragged out of the car, and blood blurred my vision.

“Steven...”

Suddenly, someone hit me on the head with a baton. The ringing in my ears grew louder as my consciousness slowly faded.

“Steven...”

When I woke up again, my head was throbbing painfully.

I called out Steven’s name, but I couldn’t see anything clearly in the darkness.

Suddenly, the lights in the warehouse lit up.

I saw the person who had walked in.

It was Dax Lincoln.

He was released?

It seemed Ignatius used some connections.

Dax was known for holding grudges. He must have been waiting to vent his anger.

My head ached terribly as I nervously looked around.

That bastard tied my hands and feet. I couldn’t escape now...

“Bring him in Dax commanded in a deep voice as he pinched my chin.

His henchmen dragged the bloodied Steven from the other room and threw him to the side.

The effects of the drug hadn’t yet worn off, and Steven was still unconscious.

“Dax!” I screamed, trying to get to Steven to check on him.

“What a pity...” Dax grabbed my hair and laughed hysterically. “You chose a lunatic. It’s a shame.”

“Dax! You kidnapped-”

Dax slapped me hard. I fell heavily to the ground, my vision darkening and my ears ringing again.

“Stephie...” Steven was awakened by the splash of cold water, and he called out my name.

Perhaps they knew Steven had been drugged and couldn’t fight back due to his injuries, so they didn’t tie him up. They only pressed his head to the ground.

“Let him go...” I shouted anxiously, praying that Zion and Eason would find us soon.

Even if Dax were crazy, he wouldn't dare attack the police. Zion and Eason would definitely find us...

"Steven, you've been playing a deep game, huh?" Dax laughed, picking up a baton from the ground and hitting Steven's back hard. "You've been colluding with Ewan for a long time, right? You've been tunneling the Lincoln family, trying to take it over. You even planted a spy by my side to betray me!"

Dax hit Steven hard with another baton.

Chapter 314

"I'm telling you, if you push me too far, I won't be the only one who won't survive!" Dax threatened

viciously.

"Let him go! Stop hitting him..." I screamed hysterically as I was pinned to the ground.

Steven was already injured. If Dax kept hitting him, he could die.

Steven spat out blood and stared at Dax with cold eyes.

"Steven..." I cried out his name.

Steven struggled with all his might, but he hadn't regained his strength yet.

He looked at me pitifully. He clenched his fists tightly, desperately trying to regain his strength.

"Aren't you quite capable? Huh? Why don't you act tough with me now? Show me!" Dax threw away his cigarette and kicked Steven hard.

I cried and shook my head, looking at Steven with anguish.

"Do you know... why Martin bailed you out but didn't let you get close to the Lincoln Group?" Steven

laughed coldly.

His arms were tied up, and the blood on his lips contrasted sharply with his pale face.

"Because... apart from you, he has another illegitimate child. He's a promising finance student from the prestigious Huma University, a truly... clean and unblemished heir." Steven laughed cruelly.

Dax had been a pawn that Martin was ready to abandon from the very beginning.

I wasn't very clear about the Lincoln family's situation, but Dax's sudden attack on me and Steven must

have been triggered by something.

If it were Martin's people, it would have been enough to kill me and Steven during the car accident. There

would be no need to capture us.

"That old fool wants to sacrifice me to save his son. He wants me to bear all the blame alone?" Dax

laughed.

Apparently, he already knew that he was the pawn.

"All of this... It was all your calculation, wasn't it? You purposely intensified the conflicts within the Lincoln family, making us help you eliminate James and Ignatius. Then, you watched us tear each other apart.

You were watching the Lincoln family slowly fall into ruin."

Dax suddenly understood and took a step back, laughing maniacally as he looked at Steven with a hint of fear in his eyes.

He was afraid of Steven?

How was that possible... Steven had been wandering all this time...

"You really are a lunatic..." Dax's eyes filled with fear, gripping the baton in his hand tightly. "As long as kill you, it'll all be over."

I looked at Dax in horror, struggling and secretly untying the rope behind me. "Dax! What's gotten into you? He's been wandering all this time. How could he plot against you? The Lincoln family has done so much evil. You're reaping what you sow. Why put the blame on Steven? Don't you dare kill him!"

Dax sneered and glanced at me, walking over to grab my hair. "Since you're a lunatic... I want to see if you

have any weaknesses."

A hint of panic flashed in Steven's eyes. He struggled with all his might. "Dax! I'm the one plotting against you and the Lincoln family! Come at me!"

Dax laughed maniacally, perhaps realizing he was driven to a dead end. He couldn't inherit the Lincoln

Group and clear his name. He would always be a pawn in Martin's hand, serving Martin's illegitimate son

forever.

He had to live on the edge every day, risking his life in exchange for the glory of the illegitimate son? Why?

"You care about her baby, right?" Dax's baton landed on my stomach.

My breath froze for a moment. I looked at Dax in terror.

Steven struggled frantically, like a caged beast. "Dax... If you dare touch her, I swear I'll make you regret being born..."

Dax raised an eyebrow. "Let's see what you can do."

Dax lifted the baton and smashed it hard against my stomach.

"Dax!"

Steven went berserk, breaking free from the person restraining him. His pale face was streaked with blood as he punched the person next to him in the face. He looked like a caged beast that had been released.

"Impossible..." Dax still couldn't believe it when Steven punched him in the face.

Steven had been drugged and shouldn't have had the strength to resist or struggle.

I was in so much pain that I couldn't even make a sound. I curled up my body. My forehead was covered

in cold sweat.

Tears had unknowingly wet my eyes. I breathed heavily, trying to calm myself down.

I knew... I had lost my baby.

Chapter 315

"Steven..." My voice was hoarse as I called his name.

He punched Dax in the face again and again, like a madman.

The others were frightened by Steven's madness. The one w...

ground by Steven with a baton.

pproached him was knocked to the

At that moment, he seemed like a beast that had lost its humanity and was intent on killing everyone.

"Steven..." I called his name, trying to bring him back to his senses.

I didn't want him to be sent back to the asylum.

Perhaps he heard my cry. His body suddenly stiffened, and he dropped the baton from his hand. Covered in blood, he stumbled toward me and then collapsed to the ground. He held me tightly in his arms and covered my eyes. He was trembling and helpless like a child who had done something wrong.

"Stephie... Don't... Don't look..."

I cried in his arms, my skirt soaked with blood.

"My stomach... It hurts so much."

Was I destined to be childless?

Or was this just my fate...

At first, I wanted this child only to have an heir for the Lincoln family so that I could use the Lincoln family's power and Ignatius' status to do what I wanted to do.

I wanted to escape and find out the truth behind the murders...

But slowly, as I attended each prenatal check-up, the reality of becoming a mother sank in. I started looking forward to the child's birth...

I instinctively protected my belly when something happened and used all my maternal instincts to protect

the child.

But now, I might not be able to protect this little life anymore.

"Stephie..."

My consciousness drifted, and I could feel Steven trembling.

His voice was filled with tears and grievance.

I didn't know why fate treated him like this. Why did it make him endure so much pain?

Now, he had to watch his own child slowly disappear...

What on earth could make him live a good life?

What was the root of the problem?

"Steven... what are you doing? Are you trying to kill him..." I saw Steven put me down, pick up the baton from the ground, and walk toward Dax, who couldn't get up.

Dax looked at Steven in horror and tried to resist.

However, Steven was not only ruthless in fights but also skilled very move was aimed at the fatal points

of his opponent.

Dax's henchmen couldn't get up either. No one could protect him at this moment.

"Steven..... you can't kill me... Ah!"

A scream rang out.

I tried desperately to reach out and stop Steven, but I was in too much pain to speak.

*Stephanie! Steven!"

The warehouse door was slammed open. Eason and Zion finally arrived...

Steven didn't even turn his head and smashed the baton hard on Dax's head.

"Steven..." I cried out, raising my hand. Finally, I lost consciousness.

I didn't know how long I had been unconscious.

In my dream, I saw a baby being taken away.

I cried and screamed, trying to get the baby back, but they were moving too fast. No matter how hard I

tried, I couldn't keep up. I could only watch helplessly as they disappeared...

"Steven, I hate myself. I'm the one who deserves to die.

'Steven, this is my punishment.

'Steven, I killed them all... Can you hide me, please?

"Steven... I'm scared."

In my dream, I seemed to be constantly calling Steven's name.

I said I killed people, and I saw blood on my hands.

"How can I save them..."

"Steven, we can't escape. Even if we do, our conscience and nightmares will chase us into the very fires of hell. Steven... I was wrong. I did something wrong. I have to pay the price. No one is an exception, so I can't escape anymore."

My trembling fingers touched Steven's face.

In the dream, Steven's face was clear and pale.

Chapter 316

"Please don't die... Please."

"Stephie, don't leave me alone."

"Stephis..."

"Steven!" I screamed in my dream. I was watching him lying in a pool of blood, slowly disappearing.

I woke up in terror, breathing heavily as I stared at the ceiling.

I was in the hospital...

"Steven..." I looked around anxiously.

Zion was asleep and woke up with a start when he heard my voice. He was injured, with bandages on his

head and arm. "Stephany!"

"Steven..." My voice was hoarse as I called his name.

"He's fine. Due to the drugs and his injuries, he's been unconscious for a long time. He woke up once but passed out again. The doctor said to let him sleep for a bit longer," Zion quickly reassured me.

I let out a sigh of relief and held Zion's hand with my cold fingers. "My baby..."

Zion hesitated for a moment, lowering his head with a hint of guilt.

He didn't say anything, but I already understood... My baby was gone.

"But... losing this baby might save Steven," Zion whispered, rubbing his brows.

Tears welled up in my eyes, and my voice was choked. "Steven..."

"Dax is dead..." Zion's voice was low.

Dax was dead. It was impossible for Steven to spare Dax in his state of rage.

Dax had caused a car accident, kidnapped us, and hit my pregnant belly in front of Steven. Steven killed

him to protect me.

"There's one more thing... Martin was pretty ruthless. He took advantage of the situation and pushed all of the Lincoln family's illegal black market dealings onto Dax.

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"Martin's criminal activities, which had been monitored by the police for years, were finally cleared up after Dax's death. This also means that Martin will do everything he can to compete with you for control

of the Lincoln Group."

Zion was a bit anxious.

Business wars could be dark too—killing without bloodshed, using others as a knife.

"Since your child is gone, then the heir of the Lincoln family is also gone. Steven has a mental illness. You know it's hard for him to take over the Lincoln Group. So, the Lincoln Group can only

be temporarily

managed by Martin, and slowly..." Zion felt that Martin had won this time.

I clenched my fists tightly and took a deep breath. "He killed my child and wants to reap the benefits? He's dreaming."

"I advise you not to confront him head-on. You and Steven are no match for him."

Zion thought Steven and I were too vulnerable.

"I still have one more option..." I said hoarsely, looking at Zion. "What time is it now?"

"What are you planning to do?" He looked at me anxiously.

“The charity banquet of the Huma business circle, when does it start?” I propped up my body, trying to sit up. I felt extremely dizzy.

After that hit to the head, I had a concussion.

“Are you crazy? You just had a miscarriage and have a concussion! What are you trying to do?” Zion tried to stop me in a panic.

I shook my head. “I have to go...”

I had to see the president of Crowdstar Group.

“Why?” Zion frowned.

“I want to protect Steven...” My eyes reddened as I looked at Zion. “I want to protect Steven.”

I had already lost my child. I couldn’t lose Steven too. I couldn’t just watch him being bullied, hurt, and

used by others.

“I don’t want to continue like this. We have no ability to resist, no power, no leverage to bargain with. Anyone can bully and hurt us...”

I looked at Zion emotionally, tears swirling in my eyes. “I can’t bear to see them take Steven away while I stand by helplessly!

“I want to protect him.”

“I’ll take you there.” Rachel’s voice came from the door.

She had red eyes and was holding a lunchbox. She said softly, “There are still three hours until the charity banquet. You need to eat first.”

I looked at Rachel and smiled at her.

She understood me...

Zion frowned. “You shouldn’t let her go.”

“Do you think that if they surrender, retreat, and compromise, Martin will just let them go? They took Stephie’s child today. Tomorrow, they could take Steven’s life! As long as Steven is alive, they can still have another child, right?” Rachel yelled at Zion.

Zion also fell silent. “Alright, I understand. Don’t get cold. If you don’t feel well, come back immediately.

Chapter 317

“Stephie...

When Steven woke up, his face was as pale as a corpse.

“Stephie!” Steven sat up in a panic, reaching to pull out the IV nece in his hand.

“Steven, are you crazy?” Eason stopped Steven and yelled angrily, “Hold still!”

Eason’s fingers were wrapped in gauze. He was badly bitten by Steven in the car earlier.

“Get lost!” Steven pushed Eason away, forcefully pulling out the IV needle and rushing out of the ward.

“Steven, stop being so crazy!” Eason pushed Steven hard.

Steven glared at Eason angrily. “You promised... that you would protect her for me. That’s why I agreed to

your plan!”

Steven’s voice was trembling as he grabbed Eason’s collar and punched him in the face with a bloodied

fist.

But now? Stephie and his child were gone...

Eason fell to the ground, wiping the blood from his mouth. He felt a bit guilty. “This... was my fault. You

suddenly ran out of the asylum, and I was caught off guard. I didn’t have time to prepare.

“I didn’t expect Dax to lose control and go after you and Stephany just because Martin provoked him..

“You deserve to die too...” Steven’s emotions were out of control as he grabbed Eason’s collar and

punched him again.

Eason was also frustrated. “You’re the one who wanted to prove your innocence. You almost died for

Stephanie before. And now, you’re doing it all over again for a fake one...

“Stop hitting me... I was wrong, okay? I owe you one for this...

“Stop hitting my face!”

I stood at the door, my fingers tingling.

It was Eason who asked Steven to go into the asylum?

What had Steven done for me all this time?

“Steven...” I called out his name softly, my voice hoarse.

Steven’s body stiffened. He looked up at me helplessly and lowered his head nervously.

He wanted to run over and hug me, but he was afraid I would blame him. So, he lowered his head and dared not speak.

I walked over. Ignoring Eason's swollen face, I choked out the words, "Steven... hug me."

Steven's eyes welled up with tears in an instant. He stood up and saw me with my arms open. He suddenly pulled me into his arms and hugged me tightly.

Eason wanted to explain further, but he was stopped by Zion and Rachel. They each gave him a kick before dragging him out by the collar.

The door of the ward closed. We listened to each other's heartbeats in the enclosed and quiet environment.

"Stephie... I'm sorry. It's all my fault." Steven blamed himself, holding my hand tightly. He hated himself.

He hated himself for not protecting me.

All accidents could not be fully predicted, and life was the same. Accidents happened. But we couldn't let accidents stop us from moving forward.

"Steven, we have to live on..." I whispered, patting Steven's back. "Our baby... was just Martin's first warning to us."

The old dogs hunt the best. Martin could reach his current position, even going so far as to use one of his incompetent sons as a pawn. This showed how deep and ruthless his schemes were.

"Even if Martin successfully takes over the Lincoln Group now, the shares of the Lincoln Group are still in our hands..." I took a deep breath and looked up at Steven. "We need support."

I looked at Steven seriously.

At this point, if we didn't have strong support and partners, we would be too passive in front of Martin.

Ewan told me that the president of Crowdstar Group is someone Martin wants to curry favor with. We

have the shares of the Lincoln Group in our hands, and we're easier to control than Martin.

"Martin, who has a dark history, will run into trouble sooner or later. If the president of Crowdstar Group is

smart, he should know what to choose."

I was confident that if I met with the president of Crowdstar Group, I could convince him to collaborate

with us instead of taking a risk by working with Martin.

Chapter 318

Steven paused, then looked at Ewan who had been standing at the door.

Stephie, let Ewan do it.”

I paused. I wondered if Ewan could handle it alone.

“Trust Ewan. He’s a professional,” Steven whispered, tightening his grip around me.

“Let him handle it...”

I glanced at Ewan, who nodded at me apologetically.

He must have felt bad for not protecting me on behalf of Steven.

“Sir, Mrs. Lincoln, don’t worry. I’ll take care of the charity banquet.”

He remained outside, but I could see the injuries on his face and arm.

Since Steven was admitted to the asylum, Ewan had become exceptionally busy.

I didn’t know what Ewan had been up to, but it felt... as if he and Steven were hiding a lot from me.

I wondered if Dax was right about how Steven had been scheming against the Lincoln family the entire

time.

Could that be true?

“This is the only chance that we’ll ever get anytime soon.”

I looked at Ewan again. I needed assurance that he could complete the task.

Ewan nodded.

“Roger that.”

I sighed in relief after seeing Ewan’s confidence.

“Good...”

“Go lie down in bed and stop walking around. And you! Why did you remove the IV drip?”

The nurse walked in and got angry when she saw the dried blood on Steven’s hand.

“You’re an adult. Don’t you know to call for a nurse to remove the needle for you?”

The nurse lectured Steven. Meanwhile, Steven held me tightly and refused to let go.

“Be good... It’s time for your injection,” I coaxed him softly.

“No...” Steven choked up, but he insisted. He looked guilty.

“Why don’t I accompany you?”

coaxed Steven to lie down and sat beside him.

After the nurse was done, Steven pulled me into his arms.

He hugged me in silence, and I remained silent in his embrace. I felt tears fall on my forehead. He was crying.

“Steever...” I silently called out to him, only to look up and find him asleep.

He could only remain conscious for a short time and would fall into deep sleep shortly after.

The doctor said that Steven had a lot of psychoactive drugs in his system, and they would affect his senses...

“Let him sleep. He’ll be better when he wakes up,” Eason whispered by the bed.

“Why was Steve admitted to the asylum?”

I frowned and stared cautiously at Eason.

“Because Stephanie...”

Eason hesitated but continued, “I found out about some things... Stephanie may not have been The Perfect Victim. She may have been a killer.”

Frowning, I stared at Eason in disbelief.

“Are you mad?”

“Steven said Stephanie was not the killer, and the truth is hidden within the asylum. He promised to

uncover the truth and the murderer for me.”

Eason glanced at Steven, who was asleep.

“He really did... give everything up for Stephanie’s sake.”

“What evidence is there that made you suspect Stephanie to be the killer?”

I looked at Eason warily.

“I discovered some things.”

Eason looked at me and frowned.

“Don’t you care that Steven assumed you to be a replacement?”

“Focus!” I interrupted Eason.

Eason shrugged. “Fine. Have you heard about the case of the missing teenagers from the market? The daughter of the killer that committed suicide had gone missing then too.”

“What does that have to do with Stephanie?”

Suddenly, I felt nervous and subconsciously tightened my grip.

“When the police were investigating the missing teenagers, they discovered that all the teenagers left their homes by their own will.

“They all went somewhere without surveillance cameras and disappeared.

There was surveillance footage of their faces, but their eyes were lifeless. They were obviously drugged.”

Eason handed me the investigation report.

“And they were all in contact with Stephanie.”

I snapped up to look at Eason.

“What do you mean...”

“All the missing teenagers had Asperger’s syndrome and were particularly talented in a specific field. However, they were born to have social difficulties and refused to communicate with others.

“Their parents would hire similar-aged tutors to help them adapt to society. When Stephanie was still a

minor, she was their tutor.”

Eason frowned.

He was confident that Stephanie must have had something to do with the teenagers’ disappearance.

“How is that possible...”

My head was throbbing, and I could hear a ringing in my ear.

“Stephanie was just a normal student. How could she tutor geniuses...”

I refused to believe in what he said. I was no genius; I was just an average student.

I was just another student who was preparing for the college entrance exam.

“That was a disguise.”

Eason scoffed. He looked up photos of a few yellowed exam papers on his phone.

*These are exam questions for the advanced class. Steven may have written the questions, but look at

who answered the questions.”

I took Eason’s phone and gasped because it looked like my handwriting.

“Stephanie was a genius. A genius who pretended to be average, Eason said icily.

He believed that Stephanie was more than what she seemed on the outside.

“I got these photos from Steven. He treasured them a lot. Even though he refused to admit it was Stephanie who answered the questions, you can’t alter the handwriting.

“Stephanie got everything right. She was a monster who scored full marks.”

In Eason’s opinion: humans couldn’t possibly score full marks in the advanced class. To him, Stephanie Was a monster.

Nobody suspected Stephanie since she died. Otherwise, she would’ve been rather suspicious,

“Stephanie was a genius. She was very talented in chemistry. She could formulate various psychoactive drugs with raw materials, which allowed her to control people.

That way, no police report would be done, and the police wouldn’t know where to start.”

Eason must have added his deductions.

He deduced that Stephanie had created some psychoactive drug to control the teenagers with Asperger’s syndrome so that they would leave their homes voluntarily.

Then, she kidnapped them at a remote location.

As I held Eason’s phone, my fingers trembled.

That was impossible. I refused to believe him.

I must’ve been a minor then. How could I possibly have done such things?

I had no memories of such things...

“My head hurts...”

Suddenly, my head began to ache tremendously.

“Stephany?”

Eason saw that I was stumbling. He stared cautiously at me.

I leaned against the bed. My head hurt so much that I started to feel dizzy.

“Stephie!”

Michael rushed in hurriedly.

He must’ve heard about the accident and how Steven took me away.

Michael glared at Eason before carrying me away.

I was too weak to fight back. My head felt like it was about to explode.

“Stephie, are you okay?”

When I regained consciousness, Michael was seated next to my bed.

He gazed at me anxiously, looking very worried.

“I told you. He can’t protect you,” he whispered. He sounded guilty and regretful.

He implied that I shouldn’t have left the Ford residence and left with Steven.

I ignored Michael and closed my eyes again.

A voice in my head told me what he actually meant. “You can’t run, Stephanie. You can’t run.”

Chapter 320

“Is Stephany awake?”

As Eason walked in, he asked Zion and Rachel, who were standing by the door.

Rachel rolled her eyes at Eason.

“What did you say to trigger her again?”

Eason looked at her innocently. “I just told her about Stephanie! I suspect Stephanie used to be a genius and that she must’ve been behind the teenagers who disappeared!”

Rachel looked at Eason as if he were crazy.

“Are you mad? Stephanie was a good student and had good grades. And she was always at the top of our class. But she’s far from being a genius!

“Also, she would even mourn over a dead stray cat. How can you accuse her of being responsible for the

missing people?”

“That was after the accident.” Eason felt frustrated. “Have you ever thought of the possibility that Stephanie was only putting up a disguise post-accident, hiding her talents and pretending to be an

average person?

“Do you really think that Stephanie was innocent?”

Eason looked at Zion.

“You should investigate Stephanie.”

“She’s too clean...” Actually, Zion has had his suspicions. “Stephanie and the Carlson family’s profiles were too clean. They operated a small business, yet they insisted on doing charity even when they were on the brink of bankruptcy.

“They’re kind... but something feels off.”

“Something’s not right with the Carlson family. Something’s up with Stephanie too,” Eason sneered.

“You’re a bunch of madmen. Why are you criticizing and suspecting the good people? You can’t even Identify the killer. How useless...” Rachel softly cursed.

“You failed to find the killer, so you’re pushing the blame to the victim. Why don’t you say that Stephanie knocked herself out, killed herself, then put herself up to be displayed in a glass cabinet?”

Eason and Zion were silent.

There wasn’t sufficient evidence.

“But there’s one thing... Steven’s direction was right. He said that if he entered the asylum, a murder case would happen again. Everything was pointed toward Martin Lincoln...”

Eason looked at Zion.

Steven voluntarily admitted himself into the asylum to prove Stephanie’s Innocence. He did it so that Martin would drop his guard and reveal his true colors.

But they didn’t have sufficient evidence
at proved Martin to be behind the two murder cases.

“He’s crazy,” Michael cursed Steven.

I turned my back on Michael and listened to the conversation between Eason and Zion. I kept quiet.
The situation had gotten complicated.

“Stephie... I asked the doctor, and you need to rest. You can be discharged today. I’ll take you home.

Michael wanted to bring me to the Ford residence.

“You’ll be safe if you stay by my side. Steven is crazy and a disaster. He’ll only bring you more trouble.”

“My husband’s back. I should go home with him,” I warned Michael. I refused to go with him.

Michael was silent for a moment. Then, he said, “Stephie, Steven killed someone...”

It was a whisper, but it sounded like a threat.

I glared at him. I knew that he wanted to take advantage of the fact that Steven killed Dax.

“It was self-defense.”

“I wouldn’t have said anything if he was normal. But he’s crazy!” Michael gazed at me with a conflicted

look.

It seemed like he was adamant about “rescuing me from Steven.

*Are you crazy, Michael? She won’t go home with you. You should hurry back to Yasmin.” Rachel opened

the door and signaled Michael to leave.

Michael glared at her.

“If you weren’t Stephie’s friend, I would get rid of you.”

He thought that Rachel was noisy.

Zion frowned and stood protectively in front of Rachel.

“That’s very prideful of you, Mr. Ford.”

Michael gazed warningly at Zion.

Then, Michael said, “Stephie, Ewan is going to the charity banquet to meet the president of Crowdstar Group, right? Without his support, Steven will get killed by Martin.”

My heart dropped. I was aware that Michael could disrupt the business collaboration.

“You asshole...” I looked up at Michael.

“I don’t care what you think about me... I can’t let you stay by his side. This child.... Since the beginning.

Steven never wanted to keep the child. He may have schemed for Martin to cause your abortion!” Michael’s eyes reddened, and he seemed angry.

“How shameless,” Rachel cursed.

“You’ll believe me... one day.” Michael picked me up from the bed. His bodyguards stopped Zion and

Rachel.

“Stephie, i won’t repeat my mistakes. I won’t let you die in that madman’s hands a second time.”