

## After Death 391

### Chapter 391

"Everyone, come here. Listen to me."

Howard had already formed a group.

When he was in the orphanage, he was already a group leader. Then, he became the president of the class. He was quite talented in gathering people to form a group.

"Listen to me. All of you have seen the situation upstairs. Someone has already died. This isn't a game. It's a massacre. Someone wants to kill us. We must fight back. We can't just wait. Otherwise... we might be the next one to die. We must be united now. If we are united enough, he can't kill us!"

Howard was brainwashing everyone to make them unite.

"Whoever wants to survive must listen to my arrangements. We will get out of here alive by finding Steven. We will make him release us!"

"Release us!"

Howard stood on the desk and shouted. Everyone else echoed.

They were certain that Steven was the murderer, so they mustered their courage to look for him downstairs.

I looked at Howard vigilantly. He had already gathered everyone. Next, he would target the people like us, who didn't join his group.

"Remember. We can only make sure the obedient ones are safe. As for the others..." As expected, Howard pointed the arrow at us.

That included Joel, Carol, Quinn, Yasmin, Michael, and me.

We didn't have a team.

"There must be something wrong with those who don't want to be in a team with us. We have to be cautious," said Howard in a low voice. He glanced at me on purpose.

I clenched my fists. I knew that Howard was going to target us.

As expected, Callum looked at Quinn angrily. "What are you doing there? Get over here!"

Fearfully, Quinn curled her body and hid in Carol's embrace.

Carol protected Quinn nervously. She knew that Callum would take action against Quinn.

"Quinn, get over here," shouted Callum.

Howard found the situation amusing. It was the effect he wanted.

"If you two can't be on the same side, you don't need to be in a group with us. You can choose to be with them," said Howard deliberately. He wanted to stimulate Callum. Callum was enraged. He stepped forward to pull Quinn's hair.

Quinn looked at us in a panic. She called us for help. "Please help me. He will beat me to death."

I glanced at Michael and realized he

was frowning. It was clear that he didn't want to be nosy. He believed that anyone here could be the murderer. He didn't want to intervene in other people's affairs.

As for Yasmin, of course, she wouldn't do anything.

Quinn could only look at me and Joel for help.

Carol hugged Quinn tightly. She was terrified as well.

The moment Callum approached them, he slapped Quinn on the back of her head. Then, he began to punch and kick her.

He didn't care if he would hit Carol.

"I'm so unlucky to marry you. Get over here. If you are with them, you won't even know how you'll die. That lunatic is the murderer." Callum tugged Quinn's hair and pulled her to the other side.

Quinn cried while shaking her head. "Let go of me..."

"Help."

While she cried for help, she was kicked in the stomach by Callum.

There were so many people watching, yet none of them stood forward. They watched the situation coldly as if it had nothing to do with them.

I took a deep breath and grabbed Callum's wrist. "You will beat her to death."

"So? Don't be nosy. She's my wife. Even if I beat her to death, it will be a family conflict," said Callum angrily.

I took another deep breath. I

understood Quinn's despondency. She must have reported the abuse to the police many times, but domestic abuse was only a safety issue. Each time she reported it to the police, she would only get more beatings and threats.

Under such circumstances, she couldn't get a divorce.

"Please stop hitting me... I beg you." Quinn begged Callum while crying. There was blood at the edges of her mouth.

"She had a miscarriage because you hit her, yet you're still hitting her." Furiously, Carol rushed over and protected Quinn. Callum wanted to hit Carol but was kicked away by Joel. "You're a man. Why are you hitting women?"

Callum fell to the ground. He was in so much pain that he couldn't get up.

He pointed at Quinn angrily. "Alright. You have helpers now. When we get out of here, I will beat you to death."

Quinn cried out of fear. She dared not look at Callum.

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Carol hugged Quinn comfortingly. She said something softly, so I couldn't hear what she said.

Suddenly, with the sound of a click, the lights of the entire floor were turned off.

In an instant, everyone became quiet.

Everyone held their breaths and became vigilant. They wanted to see what the lunatic wanted to do.

The area was silent. There was only the sound of people breathing and water droplets. There were no other sounds.

"Is there poison gas? There's no ventilation on this floor." Someone spoke up with a shaky voice. They sounded afraid. "Will we die here?"

The area became noisy.

"What should we do?"

In the dark, a pair of arms grabbed my wrist. He seemed to be comforting me and telling me there was no need to be terrified.

My breath tightened. I sensed that it was Michael's aura.

He stood before me and protected me. Then, he stepped back, making me lean against the wall in the corner.

In the dark where one couldn't see anything, the evilness of human nature would be magnified.

As the darkness continued for a few more minutes, the light from the near distance came over.

The lights had turned on.

Everyone raised their heads and looked at the lights in shock. "What's going on?"

"What's that lunatic doing? Was there a power outage?"

"Is that it?"

Some people refused to believe that it was only a power outage.

"Ah!" Suddenly, someone shrieked.

I smelled the strong odor of blood.

When I turned around, I saw a corpse hanging on the roof. His neck was sliced, so he couldn't call for help. The knife pierced his heart directly.

The technique was clean with no unnecessary movements.

In shock, I stared at the corpse. It was Callum... It was the person who abused Quinn domestically.

Subconsciously, I turned to look at Quinn.

She was still hiding in Carol's

embrace. She was still in the same

position as before the lights turned off. She didn't look like she could kill someone in the dark and hang someone.

Who killed Callum?

The murderer must be within the group of people.

With a frown, Joel looked at Callum's corpse. He stood in front of Carol and Quinn, protecting them. He stepped backward. "We must get out of here as soon as possible." "What a lunatic..."

Michael's expression was ghastly. It was unknown as to when he was next to Yasmin. His voice was low when he cursed.

My fingertips turned cold.

Was the murderer really hidden among us?

"Who killed Callum... Who killed Callum? Is it his wife?"

"Is his wife the murderer? The lunatic claimed that the murderer was among us."

"It must be his wife. He hit his wife just now."

The group of people began to make a noise. As the voices echoed in the corridor, they began to suspect Quinn.

Quinn cried and shook her head. Innocently, she said, "It isn't me..."

But she was too calm when she saw Callum's corpse.

I took a deep breath and pulled Quinn behind me. "She's a woman. How can she kill someone and hang him in such a short time? It isn't something she can do."

"That means you guys worked

together to...Howard narrowed his

eyes. He began to encourage

everyone to fight against us. "They are outcasts. There must be

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something wrong with them. It

schemed

might be a show they to force us

deliberately. They want to force us to death."

Howard harmed me in the past. He must be suspecting that we caught him to take revenge. So, he wanted to encourage the other people to get rid of the people, who were on the opposing party. "If they don't die, we will be the ones dead!"

"Yeah. We have to kill them. Something must be wrong with them!"

It was the evilness of human nature. They talked about killing people as if they were discussing what to eat for dinner.

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"Let's talk about it after we find the exit," said Yasmin with a snort. "If we can't find the exit, everyone will die here."

The people looked to their left and then to their right. "That's right. We need to find the exit first. It won't be too late to kill them then."

Michael looked at Yasmin. "Do you know where's the exit?"

Yasmin glanced at the corridor. "The seventeenth floor and eighteenth floor are different. The place where the safe passage was initially has been blocked. If the overall structure of a building is in order, there won't be too much deviation on each floor. Even if it is not in order, there will still be a specific order."

"You talk too much." Joel clicked his tongue and mumbled, "Not even a point is useful."

Yasmin's expression changed. It was clear that she was furious because of Joel's words.

She remained silent. She only raised her hand. "Why don't you find the exit then?"

Joel laughed. "I said before that no killings will happen on this floor and that they should be united first. You seemed to have lost."

Yasmin pointed at Callum's corpse. "Even though someone has died here, I still didn't lose."

Seeing that the two were about to argue, Michael said unhappily, "Is this the time to argue?"

"We'll look for the exit." Joel hinted for me, Quinn and Carol to follow him.

"If you guys are looking for it... what if you guys don't tell us after finding it?" Howard raised his hand to block Joel.

The group of people surrounded us.

"What do you want?" Joel asked in a low voice.

"Leave her here." Howard pointed at me.

He meant that I should be a hostage. In that way, they would come back after they found the exit.

"Dream on." Joel stared at Howard coldly. "You're evil."

If I stayed here, Howard would do something to me...

"You're thinking too much about it. We just want to live." With a smile, Howard looked at me. "The relationship between her and the lunatic isn't simple. I will only feel rest assured if she stayed by my side." "Go and look for the exit." I hid the dagger in my sleeve and said to Joel, "After you guys find it, call us."

If we didn't agree to Howard wanting me to be a hostage, everyone would be stuck here. Once a fight erupted, we wouldn't be their match since we were outnumbered.

Joel frowned and wanted to say something but held himself back. "Call us if something happens."  
I nodded.

Yasmin glanced at me mockingly before leaving happily.

Michael's expression was ghastly, but he didn't show it in front of Yasmin. When he walked by me, he stuffed something in my hand.

I was taken aback. I quickly hid it in my sleeve.

It was a mini scimitar. The size of it was just right to hold in my hand.

"Hand over the dagger." Howard knew that I had a weapon, so he made me hand it over.

"It's best that you cooperate obediently. Otherwise..." Howard leaned toward me threateningly.

I handed my dagger over to him.

Howard wanted to search my body, but I warned, "Don't go too far. Otherwise, we will fight until both sides perish."

After all, he was on someone else's turf. He was holding himself back.

He snorted and pinched my chin. "That lunatic seems to care a lot about you. He saved you immediately and protected you well. Why did he leave you here willingly and give you to us?"

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Putting me in this group of people was equivalent to putting a sheep in a wolf pack.

"Do you think he's watching the surveillance footage to observe our actions?" Howard pointed at the surveillance camera in the corner.

I frowned and remained silent.

"If we take our turns on you, will he come out to save you?" Howard was excited.

It was as if they were finding something fun to do while Joel and the rest looked for the passage.

"Life is bitter and short. I'm sure everyone is willing to have some fun before they die." Howard

encouraged the other people to take action against me.

I knew what Howard wanted to do. He was certain that Steven was the murderer, so he wanted to test the latter's patience. He wanted to see if he could force the latter out. S

Clenching the scimitar in my hand, I slowly stepped back.

Howard laughed wildly. It was as if he would be happy upon seeing that I was terrified. "Go on. Don't say that I treat you guys badly."

He encouraged the men beside him.

A few of them hadn't recovered from the shock. After all, Callum's body was still hung there. They weren't in the mood.

But there were a few people who were insane...

For example, Mark.

"Do you still remember me?" Mark's voice was low. He walked over to me.

I frowned. Who was he?

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"Stephanie..."

As if he went mad, he suddenly reached out to grab my throat and called me by my name.

I raised a brow and stared at him-how did he recognize me?

"You got the wrong person. She's not Stephanie, just a lookalike," Howard gave Mark a reminder, lest the situation escalates.

He then added, "You've actually gone crazy. How do you see everyone as Stephanie?"

Evidently triggered, Mark didn't care about what Howard had to say.

"Do you still remember what you did to me?" He asked before beginning to take off his pants.

I stared at him in panic and furiously tried to free myself from his grasp, but his grip was too strong.

For fear of tainting my eyes, I instinctively shut my eyes when his pants fell down his legs.

"If you didn't ruin me... I would've been married with kids by now," He sneered. "This is all your fault!"

His voice was dripping with hatred as he claimed that Stephanie ruined his life.

My entire face was red from asphyxiation as I felt my consciousness slipping away.

"Get a hold of yourself, Mark." Howard was starting to be afraid as well. It was clear that Mark had wanted me dead.

He called a few people over to drag the latter away, but the man refused to let go of me.

"Go to hell, Stephanie. You madwoman, madwoman!" He yelled repeatedly, "Madwoman." Just as I was about to lose consciousness, the lights abruptly went out again.

The lights on this floor seemed to go out randomly.

I ignored the pain on my neck and drove the dagger Michael gave me into Mark's wrist.

He screamed in agony as he finally let go of me.

I fell onto the floor with my breathing ragged. Due to the lack of oxygen, my head felt like it was about to split open.

Some of my forgotten memories seemed to have returned at that moment.

"How many times did you assault her by taking advantage of her disability?"

In my memory, I stood in the basement of the orphanage questioning someone coldly.  
Tied to a chair in front of me was the man who tried to strangle me-Mark Cruz.  
"It seems like the stab wounds I gave Jayden didn't faze you at How could you still have the  
do something like this to Cet  
My smile was terrifying in the memory.  
Carol was curled up and trembling in the corner. Her eyes were red from crying and she was fully  
naked  
There were also bloodstains in  
between her legs.  
She'd been assaulted-it was clear as day.

On the chair, Mark was also completely nude. He stared at me in fear and panic.  
"Stephanie you lunatic, what are you trying to do!"  
"If you can't control your dick... you should just cut it off."  
I approached him with a knife in hand. Then, I drove it downwards in one swift motion.  
The horrifying screams and gory image of blood floated into my head.  
I was appalled and disgusted—did I really do all of this?  
"Stephanie you lunatic!" The screams kept echoing.  
My breathing hastened as I tried to back up into hiding. In the pitch  
black environment, I was a  
terrified. t  
SWOO  
Steven...  
Where is Steven?

As it turned out, I really do think of Steven when I feel extremely anxious and afraid.  
With the rapid sound of flickering, the lights came on again.  
Everyone held their breath.  
There was another body suspended from the ceiling, and it was none other than Mark Cruz.  
Everytime the lights went out, someone would end up dead.  
But who on earth killed him? Joel, Michael, Carol, Quinn, Yasmin... None of them were here. Was  
there a killer amongst this group of people as well?



Everyone held their breath and glanced at their surroundings cautiously.

I leaned against the wall breathing rapidly. Then, I looked down at my own hands only to find them covered in blood...

I'd only cut Mark's arm with the knife though, there shouldn't be this much blood on my hands.

I tucked my hand behind my back instinctively and tried to hastily rub the blood off.

It wasn't me... I didn't kill him.

But why was there so much blood on my hands?

"It's her!" Howard suddenly accused. "I saw the blood on her hands."

"Lunatic... all the people around the lunatic are also lunatics!"

Everyone started getting worked up.

"If it were up to me, I say we should kill his wife if he didn't let us out." Howard said in a low voice, trying to turn me into their target.

"Yeah! Let us out, or else we'll kill her!" They surrounded me and yelled at the camera.

My entire body froze as I sat on the floor.

"Killing me won't do anything. Steven isn't the one behind all of this," I said. "Even if he was... Killing me would still be useless-he's already abandoned me."

"Killing you would still be an excellent outlet for my anger," Someone scoffed.

I clenched my fists and tried to calm myself.

Then, I said, "Instead of wasting time on me, you should be looking for an exit before the lights go off again,

"Haven't you realized that someone dies every time it blacks out? If I had the strength to kill someone and hang them from the ceiling, I wouldn't be sitting here listening to your bullshit."

I leaned against the wall and got on my feet, staring cautiously at the people around me.

They could make a move anytime, and I only had myself for defense right now.

"I found the exit!"

Just as Howard was about to provoke them further, Michael's voice rang out from the other end of the corridor.

Everyone immediately turned around and rushed in the direction of his voice.

"Stephie..." He ran over from the opposite direction.

Then, he took a backward glance and said softly, "They're already on the 16th floor. Follow me."

He held my wrist and led me down the end of the corridor.

My breathing got heavier and my headache worsened.

Just as we got to the exit, the entire floor blacked out again with a loud snap.

Howard and the rest of them were already downstairs, only me Michael were technically s standing on the 17th

belongs to Stet

My heart immediately leaped to my throat.

In the dark, I seemed to instinctively push Michael onto the top of the staircase.

"Go..."

A loud bang was heard.

I stood beside the stairwell and felt someone shove me from behind in the dark. Then, I fell down the stairs.

As I fell down the building, I heard Michael's panicked voice.

"Stephanie!"

The minute hit the ground, I felt

incredibly dazed from the impachet

couldn't feel the pain, but it feltdike my consciousness and my body were separated.

The stairwell wasn't that high up, so it didn't get me killed.

The entire 16th floor was lit-up. I felt like my nose was bleeding, and my consciousness was slowly slipping away.

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I didn't know how long I was unconscious for. I heard people arguing.

"You still think she's Stephanie, don't you? How many times do I need to tell you that she's a fraud?"

"You're thinking too much." Michael's voice was low, as though he was suppressing his anger.

"What is it then? Why did you go back to save her? Why were you so anxious when she fell down?"

"Why are you so afraid? Are you in love with her?"

Yasmin snapped relentlessly. At that moment, she didn't look like 'Stephanie' at all.

Even if it were me staying at the Fords' after I lost my memory, I would've never questioned Michael that way.

Poor Michael... Putting up with this and pretending to believe in her lies.

"Is she alright? She's not dead is she?" Joel mumbled at the side.

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Quinn caressed my forehead and said in a soft voice, "It's nothing serious, I'm only worried she has concussion. We should get her out to a hospital as soon as possible."

"Are all her limbs intact?" He threw out a series of questions but none of them were any good.

I only felt the excruciating pain from all over my body when I forced my eyes open.

Unable to suppress it, I let out a sound of pain.

"She's awake!" Joel rushed over in joy and helped me up. "Are you alright?"

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It took me a while to open my eyes. It hurt so much I couldn't breathe.

"Don't touch me..."

My arms hurt.

My legs hurt.

Everywhere hurt.

Joel loosened his hand.

Michael marched over with a worried expression as well.

"Do you still remember who pushed you down the stairs?" He asked nervously.

I shook my head. "It was too dark."

However, I had every reason to believe that the one who pushed me had wanted Michael dead.

I'd pushed him aside at the very first minute. Then... I was shoved down the stairs.

Apart from me and Michael, there was definitely someone else on that floor.

"Who was the last one to come down? Did any of you see?" I asked in pain.

Joel shook his head. "I panicked as soon as I saw you fall down. Afterwards, I came to check up on you. I didn't notice if anyone else was there."

"The 17th floor is too dark. When you fell, I looked but I couldn't see anything."

Michael furrowed his brows and subconsciously reached for my hand. But seeing as Yasmin was present, he retracted it.

"We should get out as soon as possible. That lunatic... He won't let any of us go."

"Those on the 17th floor formed a temporary group. They bonded with each other and developed a certain amount of trust..." Yasmin started analyzing again. "There should be killing on a larger scale on this floor."

The lights went out three times on the 17th floor. Three people should have died, but I didn't.

There must be a large-scale killing on this floor.

That man won't let us get to the first floor alive.

Suddenly, someone was banging on the wall of the room we were in.

The wall between us seemed to be made of plaster. It didn't sound very sturdy.

I cautiously looked at Joel and then Howard's gang. Aside from the ones that died, there were exactly 13 people left. So who was the one on the other side of the wall?

"He sounds familiar," Joel muttered.

"It's Eason Grant!" I stared at the plaster wall in shock.

Maybe because he didn't gather a response, Eason then started to break the wall.

Michael led me away from the wall instinctively.

Not a while later, Eason's head peeked through.

"My goodness, all of you are here?"

We both stared at each other in shock.

"Stop wasting time," Zion's voice rang out from the other side as well.

He pushed Eason aside and kicked a hole in the wall before making his way over.

"What are all of you doing here?" He was surprised too.

Zion and Eason were both in scrubs as well. It looked like they were brought here like we were.

Aside from the pair, Rachel also made her way through the hole in the wall.

"Rach!" I exclaimed in surprise. What were the three of them doing here?

"Where are we? I woke up and here I was." She scratched her

head. "That's odd. I had a glass of juice at my blind date and just ended up blacking out."

"I chased after her after I saw her get taken away. Then, I ended up getting roped in as well..." Zion coughed.

"What about you, Genius Mr. Grant? You're the star of the task force..." All eyes were on Eason.

"Ha..." He rubbed his nose

23 My goal is to c I killer with my own het

sheepishly. "I walked into their tranet

the

"But why did they wake up on the 16th floor while we woke up on the 18th?" Quinn asked quizzically.

"Because they're the police," Joel

scoffed. "An expert from the

force, an

officer and a forelsket

, ha... Content belong

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"This is a taunt from the lunatic. He's telling everyone that the game's difficulty level is increasing."

The game is leveling up.

This meant... that the difficulty is getting harder.

Getting out of this floor seemed like an impossible feat.

All of a sudden, my head started hurting again. My eyes started ringing too.

A warm liquid flowed out of my nose-it was bleeding.

Countless memories started flooding my head again.

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"Are you okay?"

Joel's yell rang out.

The man came to check on me while I was in a daze, only to be slammed against a wall. The impact seemed pretty heavy.

He stared at me in confusion for a bit before opening his mouth to speak.

"My goodness... Steven wasn't blind after all... You're definitely Stephanie..."

I furrowed my brows. The pain on my head felt like it was about to split my entire body into pieces.

"Doesn't it feel uncomfortable to come back to life?" I asked in a raspy voice.

That question confused me.

Who was I asking?

Myself? Or someone else?

Currently being pressed against the wall, Joel's body froze before he started yelling, "That hurts, that hurts. Let go..."

At the side, Rachel stared at me in shock. Zion and Eason also regained their senses and stepped forward to pry my hands away.

"That was... quite professional," Eason said dazedly.

Wasn't that the hold they learned during training?

Pressing someone against the wall with their arms twisted made it possible to maximize the impact dealt even if there was a huge disparity in strength. Rachel also drew a deep breath and tried to ease the awkwardness.

"Stephie probably didn't realize what she was doing," she said. She was struggling when she was unconscious earlier, maybe... she had a nightmare."

I sharply let go of Joel and took a step back without saying anything.

The man rolled his shoulders in pain and stared at me quizzically.

I lowered my head and turned to look around. I felt oddly... foreign.

"Stephie?" Rachel noticed something off about me and softly called my name.

My hand seemed to reach for her throat instinctively, as if I didn't want anyone around me.

Her body stiffened as she looked at me anxiously.

Eason rushed forward and tucked her behind him.

"Did the fall make you mad?" He looked at me cautiously.

I froze before looking down at my own hands. A wave of panic and helplessness washed over me.

"It's not me... it's not me..."

I didn't know what I just did.

Rachel pushed Eason away and clutched my hands nervously.

"Stephie... it's okay, don't be afraid. I know you didn't mean it. Don't be afraid, let's leave this place and go home."

"Why are you pretending?" Yasmin

scoffed from behind. "Stop wasting

our time if you're not dead from the

fall. Try to think of a way to leave this floor if you want to live! S

She spoke coldly and purposely glanced at Michel before strutting away.

Michael furrowed his brow and looked at me with a complicated expression.

I shot him a glance and knitted my forehead together wordlessly.

"I checked out the entire floor. There are no exits or walkways. This floor is different from 17th, it's filled with dividers.

"They look like solid walls, but many are made of plaster. There seems to be something going on behind some of them. I don't dare to break any carelessly right now." S

Michael explained his observations solemnly.

It seemed like the fastest way to find the way out would be to work together.

"That lunatic won't give us so much time to look for an exit, I bet he has other things up his sleeve, like how he killed people during blackouts on the 9th floor." Joel berated before kicking a wall beside him.

There was a loud bang-That wasn't a solid wall either.

He furrowed his brows and took a step back. Then, he reached for a nearby ax and swung it at the wall.

A thick smell of blood immediately wafted through the new gap in the wall.

Everyone tensed.

Outside, upon hearing the commotion, Howard and his group of people also ran over, terrified that they'd be left behind.

"Be careful, there should be something inside..." Eason followed closely behind Joel, clinging onto the edge of his shirt out of fear.

The latter shot him a look of contempt. "Don't cling onto me."

Eason froze before wiping his hands and rolling his eyes. "You think I want to?"

"Stay away from me, or I'll chop you up." Joel pointed the ax at him and asked him to stay further away.

He took a few steps back and cautiously looked behind the wall.

There was a dim light on the other side, and a floor filled with blood and bodies.

Not human bodies... animals.

"Dogs..." he pulled Joel aside. As a police officer, he entered first. Joel was still a teenager after all.

I stood glued to the ground. My feet didn't obey me.

"Stephie?" Rachel called.

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I regained my senses and walked over.

After going through the hole, I could see the entire floor covered with bodies of savage dogs.

These dogs... had to have been there to tear us to shreds. But why were they all dead? Unable to stand the stench of blood, someone climbed out of the hole and threw up.

"There's a switch here. Once the timer is up, the door would open. Then, these starved, savage dogs would rush out and bite everything they see." Eason glanced at the mechanism. The wall wouldve open when it was time.

"How are they dead?" Zion was confused.

"Someone killed them." He analyzed the bodies on the floor and their knife wounds. "It's hard to imagine that this was done by one person."

Twenty plus dogs in a room were all killed by a singular person.

That person was even scarier than these dogs.

"It's Steve..." My voice was trembling slightly. I kneeled down on the floor and retrieved a piece of cloth from one of the dead dog's mouth.

It's the same uniform they were wearing. Who else could it be if not him?

He's not the killer....

He left before us to deal with the dangers and obstacles ahead.

"That lunatic... did he make his way to the first floor alone?" Joel said in disdain.

"Is he planning to find the guy before we all get killed?" Eason furrowed his brows. "He's definitely hurt. We can't let him move alone, we need to find him immediately!"

"There's a marking here!" Quinn found an arrow drawn from blood in a corner.

"Stephon... You're not gonna die, I won't let you die. You'll get out of here alive..."

I stood at the same place and stared at the blood on the floor. My body slowly stiffened.

I suddenly remembered what I asked Steven when I first got to this place.

"Will we die here?"

He stared at me with determination and said no.

He said, "Stephie... I won't let you die."

Is that why he's pushing forward even though it's incredibly dangerous?

"Countdown: 10, 9, 8..."

All of a sudden, the eerie voice rang out again. The voice of echoed across the entire floor.

"3, 2, 1..."

The countdown ended and the wall opened as expected.

But the starving dogs that were supposed to run out were all dead.

"Ha..." Yasmin walked over to Michael and took his arm. "The person behind all of this isn't that smart after all."

"Follow Steve's clues," Eason told us to do.

Michael glanced at me. Upon seeing how I'm glued to the floor, he

dranted away by Yasmin. Content to say something, butel.ne

"You don't need to care about her," She said. "She's with Steven, he won't leave her behind."

I didn't move an inch. Quinn and Carol wanted to tug me, but gave up after I didn't budge.

"Stephie?" Rachel called.

"This isn't right..." I shook my head.

Steven was also trying to find his way around. He wouldn't just leave clues on the wall. Besides, a lot of the walls on this floor can be moved. It was like a moving maze S

Even if you left behind clues, they wouldn't be accurate. Steven wouldn't make a mistake like this.

I swiftly marched over and looked at the arrow carefully.



The arrow was made of blood. It was sticky and wasn't fully dried. Someone had drew it on when we weren't looking earlier.

Steven was helping us solve problems, but someone among us was trying to create new problems.

There was a loud snap.

As expected, the wall slammed shut after everyone followed Eason into the other room.

"Rachel!"

"Stephanie!"

Michael and Zion wanted to run over

as the late.

door closed, but it was The last thing we saw

their

worried and panicked exper

I was trapped on the other side with Rachel while the rest of them were inside.

I laughed coldly. "They're the ones in danger, it's useless to be concerned about us."

Rachel's hand that was on the door stilled. She turned her head nervously and looked at me.

"What's wrong, Stephe? Why are you suddenly so cold?"

She looked at me with a foreign expression.

Chapter 399

"They're too stupid," I said with a raised brow. I knelt on the floor and analyzed the ground.

Since it's a moving maze, the walls and the floor must have some visible gap.

Based on the events on the 17th floor, some programs, like the timed poisonous gas release, the lights going off and the moving maze, must have been put in place beforehand.

Steven went ahead and cleared parts of the obstacles along the way for us. Unfortunately, the killer was amongst us.

Naturally, he wouldn't let us pass so easily. He still had other cards to play.

So, the killer drew a bloody arrow without anyone noticing, leading everyone to walk unsuspectingly into a dangerous area.

There was screaming and hissing noises from the other side of the wall.

As expected, they were in danger.

"Snake! There's a snake!"

Rachel hit the wall repeatedly in panic.

"Zion! Are you guys okay?"

There was no response.

They were obviously too occupied to reply.

"Do you know how to open this wall, Stephie?" She glanced at me nervously.

"Why would I do that?" I stared at her quizzically. "If I do that, we'll die too."

We're only safe because they're inside.

"I can bring you to safety now that they're occupied."

I got up and walked to a wall with a gap and knocked on it. It was actually a movable wall. "Follow me."

She stared at me in disbelief. "What's wrong, Stephie? Zion and Joel and the rest of them are inside... We..."

"What good can the pair of us do? Why would you put your life on the line if it's not a 100 percent chance?"

I didn't really know what went on in Rachel's head.

If we can't save them, wouldn't going in just get yourself killed? Instead of doing that, wouldn't it be better if we just left now? What's wrong with that? Rachel stared at me blankly and slowly backed up.

"You're not Stephie... Who are you?"

My face fell and I raised a brow at her.

"The maze's walls move at random. They triggered the mechanism. We can't enter right now.

"So, you should follow me and get out of here. We'll find the exit and wait for them downstairs."

She looked at me as if she was slightly afraid. She gripped the dagger in her hand firmly.

It was like she was certain I wasn't Stephanie.

I didn't want to waste my breath. "Follow me if you don't want to die. Eason might not be the brightest, but it's not completely impossible to escape. "Besides... Joel is there. They won't die."

She hesitated for a moment before following me anyway.

I walked to the edge of the wall and found the trigger for the mechanism. Then, I stepped on it firmly.

The person who designed this maze  
was a genius. Using a brick tile as a  
trigger made it easy for  
unsuspecting people to step on it by  
accident. This activated the  
mechanism earlier and moved the

walls. .

I brought Rachel to another space. It was so white it didn't seem like there was a single speck of dust.

We'd just entered when the walls moved again and locked us into a different space.

"Stay where you are and don't move," I warned.

She did as she was told.

I took my knife and stabbed the gap in the tile hard. The knife was bloody as I pulled it out. There was a mangled scream coming from the ground as well.

I scoffed.

That lunatic. What in earth did he have down there?"

As soon as I pick the wrong path, whatever that was below would swarm out. Then, me and Rachel would probably be reduced to nothing but bones.

"Stephie... what's... down there?" Her voice trembled as she asked.

Evidently, she'd also felt that there was something below us.

"Rats..." I answered coldly. "If I pick the wrong trigger, then we'll both die."

There were man-eating rats below us.

Rachel swallowed. The sweat on her forehead dampened her hair.

"Stay where you are and don't move.

If you

won't save and trigger the t

e you." I shot her a warning

look. Then, I backed up against the

Wall.

Rachel didn't even dare to breathe heavily.

"Stephie..." She was slightly afraid there was nothing she feared more than rats.

I shot her a signal to keep quiet before slowly lowering myself to the ground.

On the white and flawless ground, I drew a flat map of the maze, with the exit in the center.

The exit on this floor was located in the center.

Chapter 400

The maze wasn't hard. You could use a flood-fill algorithm to find the best pathway, but the difficult part was the walls would ruin the order at set times. Moreover, stepping on trap triggers would also bring forth danger.

"Counting down... 10, 9..."

The eerie voice rang out again.

When the timer was up, the maze will automatically change if we haven't found the correct path.

Once the walls move, the rats below would swarm out. We'll be stuck in this room and get bitten to death by rats.

Rachel had started to panic. She was so afraid she didn't move at all.

"5, 4, 3..."

Just as the timer was about to end, I stepped on a piece of brick in the corner.

In the shortest amount of time, I solved the equation on the upper part of the maze, then... I chose the corresponding location of the brick tile.

The walls in the room moved. However, at the same time, the other wall also opened on its own. Countless rats climbed up from below the surface.

I swiftly ducked into the next room and looked back at Rachel. "Hurry up!"

But the rats were out. She was afraid... She couldn't move.

"Ten seconds, the wall will close on its own. Hurry!" I yelled at her.

She was so afraid she was jumping all over the place. The rats on the floor went after her.

"Help me, Stephie..."

She was afraid of rats. She didn't know where to step when the entire floor was filled with them.

In her state of panic, she accidentally stepped on another trigger. The walls started moving.

There was no time.

"Rachel..."

In that exact moment, a thought flashed across my mind.

Let her fend for herself...

I watched as the wall gradually started closing. I looked at the desperate look in Rachel's eyes as she called for help.

"Damn it..."

My head throbbed for a bit and I swiftly returned to the room before the walls closed up.

The dagger in my hand pierced through a mouse's body. I reached out to drag one off her back before killing it on the ground.

The woman held onto me as she screamed and cried relentlessly.

I felt like I was starting to become numb. I couldn't really understand the fear she had... but I could tell that she was incredibly afraid.

I glanced on both sides. After

missing this opportunity, it'll be very  
difficult  
someone opened the door from the outside.  
get out again... Unless  
Waiting for them to arrive was less  
likely to happen than killing all of  
these rats, but the amount of them that were climbing out were  
increasing. It was impossible to kill  
them all...

Just as I was worn out from killing, the wall in front started slowly opening after a loud snap.

On the other side was a room full of dead jackals...

Did that lunatic treat this maze like some zoo?

As the wall gradually opened to reveal the room, I saw... Steven covered in blood, eyes glazed over from endless killing.

My body stiffened for a split second.

I stood upright and squeezed the rat on my shoulder to death with a  
mouth at him but I couldn't make a single noise.

blank expression. I opened my l. né?

Steven stood amongst the dead bodies. The uniform he was wearing was drenched in red. He looked like Satan from hell-bathed in blood.

Since the night he disappeared... he should've been going on a non-stop killing spree.

At the sight of me, he finally gave in and fell to his knees.

The bloodstains didn't cover his intense gaze.

He flashed me a smile and spoke with a hoarse voice,

"Stephie... They're all dead..."

They're all dead.

We can safely walk to the exit to the next floor.

My throat suddenly hurt like crazy. I gradually walked toward him.

That boy who should be glowing, is my boy, Steve...