

After Death 401

Chapter 401

Those mice appeared reluctant to venture into different areas. Only after Rachel escaped did the mice peek out from the gap.

The room's wall abruptly shifted again, completely blocking the path we came from. The confined area became saturated with the unmistakable scent of blood.

Steven was undoubtedly exhausted. After an entire day and night of relentless killing, he simply couldn't hold on any longer.

"Stephie..." I approached him, and he glanced up at me.

I remained silent and simply rubbed his head. His body seemed to tense up. His Adam's apple bobbed, and his gaze at me grew increasingly intense.

"Take a rest. I'll be right by your side for the remaining journey," I assured softly. I then turned around and glanced at the surroundings of the room.

Steven stood up, steadying himself. He slowly walked to the wall. "I utilized the wall-tracing technique to carefully follow the edge of the solid wall all the way ahead. There are a total of 187 small rooms on the entire floor. The central position serves as the exit. Our current location is due north."

I agreed with him and sketched the entire maze's floor plan on the wall using blood. In the last room with the mice, there was a floor plan of the maze. It felt like I had memorized it just by looking at it.

I pointed due north. "We're here now. The maze undergoes automatic changes every ten minutes, maintaining the same overall structure. But the path to our exit is often subject to random variations.

"So, we can't simply wait for the maze to change on its own. We must proactively search for the mechanism that unlocks the specific wall we require."

I gestured toward the center, indicating the shortest straight line between the two points. To reach it, we'd need to head all the way south to the center point.

Rachel looked at me in shock. It took her a while to react, and then she asked in a low voice, "Stephie... did you memorize the floor plan of the maze on the ground just now?"

I nodded without further explanation.

Rachel took a deep breath and asked once more, "We don't have watches. Why are you so certain that it changes every ten minutes?"

"My resting heart rate is 68 beats per minute. From the first time the wall automatically moved to the second time, my heart beat 683 times. Excluding any discrepancies, it should've been ten minutes," I whispered while observing around cautiously.

Rachel looked at me with a blank expression and remained silent for a long time. Meanwhile, Steven was leaning against the wall, devoid of any visible emotional expression. He stood there in silence. "Indeed... The mechanism automatically activates every ten minutes in a clockwise

direction." Steven's voice came out hoarse. He relied on automatic activation to eliminate obstacles and made his way here. "How can we determine the direction in this cage?" Rachel asked, puzzled.

Everything was dark with no

windows, only artificial lighting. Time was measured by the rhythm of heartbeats. How could we possibly discern direction in such a place?

"From the vents on the 18th floor, I could spot a glimmer of light emerging with the sunrise, transitioning from darkness to dawn," Steven explained. This was how he determined the direction.

"How many days and nights have you been awake?" I inquired, furrowing my brows as I reached out to touch Steven's forehead.

His eyes were bloodshot and filled with exhaustion. He said with a hint of nervousness, "I'm utterly exhausted, Stephanie."

"Trust me. Get some sleep," I comforted him.

Steven gently tugged at my clothes. "Stephie..."

He didn't seem certain that I was worried about him. He asked, "Are you concerned about me?"

"I am," I replied firmly. I was indeed worried.

After I fell, I couldn't understand why, but I started feeling emotionally numb. Yet, I also experienced every emotion more intensely.

He was taken aback for a moment, his gaze intensifying as he looked at me. "Do you truly worry about me as much as you do for Georgie?"

He appeared extremely determined to get an answer.

I was stunned. Gazing into his eyes, I shook my head. "It's not the same."

His Adam's apple shifted as his gaze intensified.

"Close your eyes and rest for a while." I turned around to search for clues about the room.

Rachel rushed to Steven's side, her eyes wide with shock. She asked in a hushed tone, "Steven... have you noticed Stephanie's transformation? Is she truly the same Stephanie we once knew?"

Steven's voice was hoarse but resolute. "She is. Regardless of whatever changes, it's still her."

Rachel glanced back at Steven, her mind filled with a whirlwind of emotions.

"Are Zion and the others okay?" Rachel asked quietly as she squatted on the ground.

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Rachel feared that Zion and the others would be in danger.

Steven shook his head. "No... I've killed all the others."

As long as Zion and the others managed to escape from those areas, they would be safe.

I searched the entire room but couldn't find any clues left by the designer. There ought to be hidden clues in every room, but they seemed to be missing here.

I furrowed my brows and looked up at the ceiling. Indeed, the downlights were arranged in the shape of the Big Dipper. "An imaginary line drawn between Dubhe and Merak points directly to the North Star, indicating the direction of true north."

I carefully traced the extension line and discovered the true north direction. "The corresponding one is south... We need to move this door now."

I pointed to the door to the south and then carefully stepped on the floor tiles directly under the extension line. As expected, the wall shifted. I let out a relieved breath.

Then, I turned almost reflexively and smiled at Steven. It felt as if I was seeking recognition and commendation. I was stunned for a moment after behaving so childishly.

Steven smiled at me, made his way over with the support of the wall, and embraced me. "I may be a bit dirty, but I hope you won't mind."

"I won't," I said, shaking my head.

Steven laughed heartily and said, "That's good... Whatever you do is just fine."

I thought Steven was acting silly, but I still patted him on the back and assured him, "I'll get you out of here."

"Okay." Without any hesitation, Steven promptly followed my lead.

Finally, when we moved the last wall, we discovered the exit leading to the 15th floor.

"Stephie... They didn't make it out, did they..." Rachel held my wrist. Overwhelmed by her emotions, her red eyes were filled with worry. It was unclear whether Zion and the others had made it out alive.

"They haven't found this exit yet." I looked at the clean stairs and shook my head. If they had come out earlier and there were so many people, the stairs would not be so flawlessly clean.

"Can we wait for them?" Rachel pleaded with me in a hushed tone, afraid that I might decline.

I shifted my gaze to Steven, waiting to hear his opinion. If he wanted to go first, I might not wait.

Steven held my hand and said coquettishly, "Stephie... I'm so tired."

I sat on the stairs and motioned for him to lay his head on my lap. "Get some rest. We'll wait for them."

Upon hearing my answer, Rachel felt

more relieved. With teary eyes, she stood there and prayed, anxiously hoping they would come out soon. The longer they stayed inside, the more dangerous it would be.

"Stephie, have you remembered everything?" Steven whispered as he leaned into my arms.

"Not... everything," I said, shaking my head and furrowing my brows with a mix of emotions.

Steven let out a sigh of relief, his face

into a comforting

Smileything is alright nonet

There's no need to dwell

Whit."

"Are you afraid I'll remember everything?" I gazed down at him.

Steven looked away for a moment and then began acting again. "Stephie, my arm hurts so much. I was bitten."

I instinctively ripped his clothes, but I was shocked by what I saw. "You..."

How did he manage to hang on? There were bite marks on his arm, and the flesh was stained crimson.

"We must leave as soon as possible," I said firmly, my heart filling with anger.

Regardless of the mastermind's intentions, if someone harmed my beloved, they deserved nothing less than death.

Chapter 403

Rachel asked, "Is it possible for Stephie to change back? She's quite scary in her current state."

Steven replied, "She's fine, no matter what."

She expressed her concern. "But don't you think she's a bit intimidating? She's too calm. I still prefer the old Stephie."

He reassured her, saying, "She's fine."

She remarked, "But she seems so aloof."

He retorted, "No, she's good enough. The important thing is she's still alive. She has emotions, and at least she understands the value of friendship."

His voice was husky and full of emotion as if my understanding of friendship was worthy of his deep feelings.

I gradually opened my eyes and realized that I had dozed off while leaning against the wall. Rachel continued to pray and talk to Steven, using it as a way to shift her focus.

"Is it true that she's unable to change back? How frightening it'll be the day she fully recovers her memory." Rachel's voice quivered with a hint of apprehension.

She was scared, afraid that I would reject everyone.

"You once mentioned that Stephanie used to be emotionally detached. What would happen if she were to return to her previous state? She would surely reject us once more..."

"She really doesn't seem to understand what love is." Rachel feared that I would no longer seek friendship nor harbor any affection for Steven.

Steven lowered his gaze, feeling a tinge of disappointment. Yet, he mustered the courage to say, "I just want her to live."

Not just live but live well.

"80% of your brain is dedicated to IQ, and the remaining 20% is all about Stephie... You're a hopeless romantic," Rachel complained helplessly.

He vehemently rejected Rachel's statement. "No... it can be all Stephie."

Rachel was rendered speechless by his public display of affection. She threw out the pebbles with a look of disdain and fixed her gaze on the closed wall before her. "Why haven't they come out yet? Isn't Eason a genius?"

"Someone's holding them back," Steven said with certainty.

The murderer had to be among their group. There was someone who was determined to prevent them from escaping, pulling them back at every opportunity. Hence, even if there were two geniuses among them, they might not make it out quickly and safely.

"Have you figured out who it is?" I asked Steven.

Steven turned around. His eyes instantly brightened, and he rushed over to hug me.

For the first time, I actually didn't mind his affectionate gestures and let him embrace me.

"I'm not sure yet," he muttered.

"They're here." I could hear movement coming from that room.

Rachel stood up in surprise and slammed her hand against the wall, desperately trying to get the attention of those inside.

"Don't waste your effort. There's a layer of sound insulation inside," I advised Rachel to stop.

It was miraculous that we even heard a faint sound. Now, they had no choice but to rely on themselves.

With a click, the door opened.

Nevertheless, not everyone made it out. Eason, Quinn, the injured Howard, and seven or eight others were the only ones who emerged.

"Where's Joel?" I asked warily.

"Where's Zion?" Rachel also inquired with teary eyes.

Eason's forehead creased in concern. "Carol called out Simmy's name and bolted in another direction. The stone door shifted, and we were abruptly separated." Joel pursued Carol. Zion was worried that something would happen to them, so he followed them.

I remained silent and surveyed the injured individuals. It appeared that a few of them were dead, and these were all who remained.

Howard glared at Steven warily and accused him loudly, "He's a lunatic, a murderer! He's the one behind all of this, tormenting us and instilling fear in us!"

While the others were still in shock,

they stumbled upon Steven. Gripping their weapons tightly, they cast wary glances at him, their resolve to take action growing stronger.

Eason shouted irritably, "Calm down, everyone if he were the mastermind, you would've died a long time ago. He was the one who helped us kill those creatures inside so that you could come out alive."

However, Howard completely ignored the remark. "He's the one! He's playing tricks! It must be him!"

Steven looked at Howard with a chilling glare, his eyes brimming with murderous intent.

I stood up and tightly grasped the dagger in my hand. Steven subconsciously reached out to hold me back.

I frowned. "He's noisy. Kill him."

Howard glanced at me and started

to incite everyone, saying, "I knew this lunatic was concerned about her, so he assaulted us on the 17th floor. don't believe that this lunatic would still prevent us from leaving if we captured her."

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As Howard uttered these words, he wanted to ask those around to catch me.

Steven looked at Howard with frigid eyes, his gaze filled with uncontrollable murderous intent. Slowly, he released my hand.

I fixed my gaze on Howard, pushing aside everyone who was in my way. I slowly approached him.

Howard was in a state of panic. His injured leg was still bleeding as he backed away in fear. "What do you want to do? Why are you just standing there in a daze? Quickly, catch her!"

I smiled and looked at those people, intending to give them a taste of their own medicine. "We're indeed the planners of the game. Your survival depends on your obedience. If you obey, I can ensure your escape. But if you continue to follow him, death will be inevitable for you."

The few of them exchanged glances and stepped away. They were all frightened.

Howard glared at me. "Stephany! Who do you think you're fooling? Don't listen to her. She's not going to rescue us. Each of us is the target of the lunatic. She said that on purpose."

I delivered a forceful blow to Howard's stomach, bringing him to the ground. Then, I stepped hard on his injured leg. "You're quite the talker. I could kill you right now, but where's the fun in that?"

With a click, the door swung open once more. Carol appeared to be unconscious as Joel carefully carried her outside. Zion also followed closely.

Quinn stepped forward and looked at Carol with concern. "How is she?"

Joel shook his head. "She's just suffering from an emotional shock. She's going to be okay."

Tears welled up in Quinn's eyes. "Thank you. Thank you so much!"

Joel remained silent, delivering Carol into Quinn's hands.

Rachel also glanced nervously at Zion. "Are you okay? Are you injured?"

Zion was visibly surprised. "You got here before us? I was actually contemplating turning around and locating you."

Rachel pointed at me and Steven awkwardly. "We ran into Steven."

Zion replied, "That makes sense."

Just as the stone wall was about to close, I swiftly pulled Howard and forcefully kicked him inside.

"Stephany! I'll kill you! I'm going to kill you!" Everyone was astonished as they witnessed me kicking him in. They saw the door close tightly and heard Howard's desperate cry.

"Is this kind of person worthy of following us?" I asked with indifference.

Eason averted his gaze. "I missed that. What just happened..."

Zion scratched his head. "What?"

"Everything was killed inside. If he's truly intelligent, he should recall how we managed to escape just a moment ago, don't you think?" Eason whispered solemnly. Quinn was confused. "I... I don't remember at all."

I sneered. If he couldn't escape, then he deserved the outcome he faced.

"The stairs are moving! Hurry downstairs!" Suddenly, the exit started to shake. The staircase was collapsing.

"Quick!" In my panic, I grabbed Steven's wrist and hastily pulled him downstairs. As we arrived at the secure zone, relief washed over me.

"Is everyone here?" Zion inquired.

"Yasmin and Michael didn't come out!" At last, someone noticed that Yasmin and Michael were not present.

Frowning, I glanced upward toward the 17th floor. The stairs were on the verge of collapsing

"I'm going to save them," Zion

declared. He was determined to rush upstairs and rescue the people in need. However, Rachel held him back, her eyes filled with emotion and her head shaking with conviction.

Was his identity and duty as a police officer still crucial at this time?

Zion shook his head at Rachel. This was his duty. Hence, it was also the reason why he couldn't reciprocate Rachel's love or marry her.

He always appeared to be in danger. While everyone else could escape in the face of danger, he was not able to. The weight of responsibility and duty bore down on him, compelling him to go against the grain.

"Trash!" I angrily cursed at Michael before going upstairs with Zion.

Steven expressed his desire to accompany me, but I firmly rejected him. "It's now your turn to rest and recharge. Seek out the exit on the 15th floor and wait for me to come back."

Quinn suddenly remembered

something and looked at Zion and me in a panic. "There's definitely something amiss with Yasmin. We were all walking together earlier on. But Yasmin intentionally provoked Carol, causing her to run in a different direction.

"Don't go... Yasmin is luring you back on purpose!"

Chapter 405

Yasmin was confident that Zion wouldn't abandon them, and she was also certain that he would locate Rachel and me. So, she didn't deliberately come out to lure me there? Did she intend to seize the opportunity to eliminate me?

This possibility could not be dismissed. Yasmin intended to impersonate me, and the only way to fully assume my identity was to eliminate me.

"Indeed, something is amiss with Yasmin..." Just as Zion was about to comment on Yasmin's odd behavior, the stairs began to shake.

"Watch out!"

"Stephie!"

At that moment, the staircase collapsed, leaving a dark, bottomless hole where it used to be. This happened on the 17th floor. Below, it seemed to lead directly to the underground...

Steven panicked and was about to rush forward. Fortunately, Joel pulled him back, preventing him from tumbling into the endless abyss.

"Steven!" My heart skipped a beat. I stepped on the edge of the floor and frantically shouted his name.

Steven nearly fell in, and the gravel beneath his feet fell. It took an eternity for an echo to sound, revealing the terrifying depth of the abyss below.

Steven looked up at me. His eyes were filled with a mix of panic and grievance as if he couldn't bridge the gap between us even though we were so close. He stood at the edge, facing the endless abyss. There was no way to reach me.

"There must be another exit. Wait for me on the 15th floor," I encouraged him gently as if persuading a child.

"Hey, stop standing on the edge. If you fall, your wife will go mad," Joel muttered, reaching out and grabbing Steven's waist to pull him back.

The grievance in Steven's eyes disappeared. His gaze abruptly sharpened as he directed his attention toward Joel. There was a clear look of warning in his eyes.

It appeared that he was holding Joel accountable for failing to bring Michael and Yasmin back, allowing them to take advantage of this situation.

Joel averted his gaze guiltily. "Surely, there must be more than just one way out."

"We must find a way to enter." I glanced at Zion. We were left with no choice now but to save them.

Zion agreed with me and patted the wall. Howard was still inside, but that loser couldn't seem to open the door.

Suddenly, a sound came from inside. The wall moved!

I sneered. Knowing Howard's intelligence, he wouldn't be able to figure out the mechanism to unlock the door so effortlessly. Surely Yasmin and Michael had also reached this location. Content

As the wall swung open, Howard rushed toward me, seething with a fiery rage. "Stephany, I'm going to kill you!"

He harbored a strong desire to kill

me and showed no sign of stopping. I stood there calmly, only ducking at the last moment as he came lunging toward me. Howard flew into the air and lost his balance, falling toward the hole behind me.

A scream echoed. As half of Howard's body fell out, Zion instinctively reached out and grabbed his back collar. I knew Zion wouldn't stand by and watch him die.

"If you wish to stay alive, it would be wise to remain silent from this point forward," I warned Howard and entered the room. Indeed, both Yasmin and Michael were present. Michael saw me, and surprise flashed in his eyes. It was clear that he wanted to ask me how I was doing, but he held back.

Zion explained, "The stairs to the exit have collapsed, so we must locate an alternative exit."

He turned to me and asked, "What should we do now?"

"Isn't she Stephanie? She used to be a genius before she lost her memory. Let's have her lead the way," I said in a hushed voice while pointing at Yasmin.

Yasmin glared at me with hostility and asked, "Stephany, have you finally stopped pretending?"

"Yeah, I'm not as smart as you," I said calmly while exuding an air of nonchalance.

Zion turned to Michael and asked, "Have you discovered another way out?"

"In the southeast corner, we discovered a vent that was meant to be an elevator shaft in the building's initial design prototype." Michael's gaze was continuously fixed on me.

Since it was an elevator shaft, it had to run straight up and down. Perhaps we could figure out a way to reach the 15th floor.

"Bitch..." Howard was still in shock and still cursing. He leaned against the wall to steady himself, his legs weak and trembling.

A deep frown formed on Zion's face as he analyzed worriedly. "The top priority now is to figure out how to get to the 15th floor. I feel like the top three floors are just a warm-up, while the real challenge lies in the 15 floors below. There are exactly 16 of us."

Zion also had a premonition that only one person could make it out alive. On each floor, one person might die.

"Let's leave this place first," Yasmin said, searching the ground for clues. Her demeanor was surprisingly calm as she quickly discovered the mechanism to exit.

I squinted my eyes and looked at Yasmin warily. Based on what I know about her, it seemed unlikely that her IQ could have improved so much in such a short period.

Chapter 406

It was surprising how quickly Yasmin found a way out.

"Follow us." Yasmin cast a warning glance toward Zion and me.

I followed Yasmin closely and observed her every move. How did she manage to pull it off? Did she raise her IQ to convincingly impersonate Stephanie?

"This way." Yasmin could always find the mechanism quickly and lead us through each room with ease.

"Why did you get separated?" Zion asked Michael tentatively.

Michael glanced at me. "I was concerned that they might struggle to find their way out."

Yasmin snorted coldly and remained silent. Eventually, she led us to the vent in a short time.

"The wooden floor isn't strong enough. If we destroy it, we might be able to reach the 15th floor," Yasmin said as she stamped on the floor. It was clearly a later addition, not a solid floor slab. Michael and Zion dug a hole in the ground that was just big enough for one person. It was completely dark down there, and they were unsure what was inside.

"This is the elevator shaft. Let's tie our clothes together and use them to descend to the 15th floor." Michael threw a lightning rod down. It seemed like they found new equipment on this floor. It took quite a while for the lightning rod to finally touch the ground. However, it became clear that there was an exit on the 15th floor, which could be reached by jumping.

"Who will go down first?" Michael inquired.

Then, he looked at me nervously. "Do you dare to go down?"

"Trash!" Yasmin cursed sarcastically. She defiantly removed her shirt and boldly stood before everyone in just her undergarments. She handed her shirt to Michael.

Michael also removed his shirt and tied it securely. Zion understood his intention and also removed his shirt. Meanwhile, Howard looked at me slyly. He refused to remove his clothes.

I moved forward and pressed the dagger against his neck. "Take it off. It'll be long enough with yours."

"How pretentious." Howard reluctantly took off his shirt.

Michael tied the clothes securely and gazed at Zion. "I'll hold on here. You all go first."

Yasmin glanced at me with a hint of expectation for me to be the first one to go down.

Coupled with Quinn's comments, I certainly did not trust Yasmin. "You should go down first and provide a demonstration."

Yasmin noticed my lack of trust in her. With a determined sneer, she grabbed hold of the makeshift rope's end and braced herself to go down. Lacking agility and too fearful to attempt a leap to the 15th floor, she clung to the rope with an intense

desire to survive.

I was on the verge of laughter. One could conceal one's personality, but courage could not be concealed. Yasmin was not a courageous individual, and it seemed her legs had weakened.

But she didn't dare to cry, so she had

no choice but to jump. With one foot in the air, she almost lost her balance. She breathed heavily and stood on the 15th floor for a long time before regaining her composure and saying, "You all can come down now."

Michael said quietly behind me, "Stephie, trust me. Don't be afraid."

He wanted to assure me that he could hold on to me. He urged me to not be scared.

I gazed at Howard with indifference. "You, get down."

Trembling in fear, Howard declared, "I won't go down... Even if you kill me, I won't go down."

"Okay, then you stay on this floor and wait for your own death. When the time is up, the entire floor will be destroyed, including you," I warned in a commanding voice. Feeling a surge of fear, Howard turned pale and stammered, "I... I'll try."

After all, Howard was a strong man. He forcefully pulled the rope down, yelling and screaming. The clothes were ripped by him, creating a loud snapping sound. "Hurry, jump!" Yasmin urged Howard, pulling his leg and urging him to jump boldly.

With a scream, he ended up lying on the 15th floor in shock. He was in a daze, breathing rapidly.

"These clothes are no longer strong enough to withstand the weight of both of us," Zion exclaimed, frowning as he noted that the rope had significantly weakened. With a sneer, I confidently gripped the floor with one hand and jumped down.

"Stephany!"

"Stephie!" Both Michael and Zion were frightened.

I confidently landed on the 15th floor and addressed Yasmin with a touch of provocation, "You know, the floor is only ten inches thick, so there's really no need for any ropes." Yasmin's expression darkened, and she instinctively raised her hands to cover her exposed upper body.

"No need to cover up. There's nothing attractive about your figure." I looked at her mockingly.

Filled with anger, she was determined to attack me. However, I swiftly outmaneuvered her, positioning the dagger firmly against her neck. "I could kill you easily."

Suddenly, at the lights on the 15th floor came on with a click, flooding our location with an extremely bright light. The sound of a carousel filled the air. The entire floor was @giant amusement park.

Chapter 407

Both Michael and Zion jumped down, emerging from the vent clad in clothes that were disheveled and distorted.

The entire 15th floor was a vast amusement park. However, the atmosphere in the amusement park was rather eerie.

"This feeling is so familiar..." In an instant, a sharp headache shot through me. I instinctively raised my hand to grasp at my hair, seeking relief from the pain.

This amusement park was a replica of the one donated by Huma Charity to Double Stars Welfare Home.

All of the amusement facilities were donated. The amusement park, which had long been abandoned, was located in the backyard of the orphanage. Why did the murderer want to recreate this place? "Welcome to Double Stars Amusement Park, a place for everyone to enjoy!" The eerie voice echoed once again.

I seemed to hear laughter in the air and the sound of children at the orphanage playing with toys. I faintly recalled that my parents applied for the amusement park several times and tirelessly negotiated with the charity to make it happen.

However, there was an accident at the amusement park. A child from the orphanage had his legs trapped in the roller coaster, resulting in amputation and paralysis. Consequently, the park was closed. Subsequently, the orphanage prohibited the children from visiting the amusement park.

"This..." I walked to the carousel and saw the old-fashioned ride from ten years ago. The wooden horses looked strange with their weird eyes. Even the music sounded odd.

"What in the world does that lunatic want to do?" Zion furrowed his brows and cursed.

"Who knows what he wants to do? He's a lunatic..." Howard's voice was trembling in his panic, and it was clear that he was trying to hide something.

I looked at him suspiciously. "What do you know?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Howard refused to admit it.

I walked forward along the carousel without asking any questions. There were slides, indoor roller coasters, and swing rides...

"They should all be on this floor. Let's go meet them first," Zion exclaimed, walking forward to locate Steven and the rest.

I stood there, gazing blankly at the rides. What was the message the killer sought to convey?

A sudden scream echoed nearby.

Michael, Zion, and Howard all rushed over. I couldn't seem to hear it. I was lost deep in contemplation of the murderer's intentions.

I detected the powerful smell of

blood on the roller coaster track as it continuously passed through. Back then, a child at the orphanage had

his legs crushed by the track of this children's roller coaster. Content

"Stephany, unless you die, they'll never believe that I'm Stephanie." Suddenly, someone forcefully pushed me from behind. Yasmin truly desired to kill me.

The roller coaster made a loud noise.

Instantly, I reached out to grab Yasmin. I pulled her down and then turned her over before pressing her onto the track. Before the roller coaster came over us, I released her. Yasmin sat up straight in fear. The roller coaster whizzed past her head, her expression filled with fright.

Strangling Yasmin, I asked, "Were you trying to kill me?"

She grabbed my hand in agony.

I moved closer to her face and observed with great attention. Indeed, I discovered valuable clues within her cochlea.

"Let me guess why you suddenly

became smart. Ah... It appears that

you and the person behind you are well-prepared. He anticipated the serial killer's attack and covertly placed an invisible wireless earpiece in your ear ahead of time." Content

I delivered a powerful slap to her face. Yet, I failed to dislodge the earpiece that was well hidden in her ears.

Yasmin glared at me intensely.

I grinned at her and delivered another firm slap, this time with a bit more force. It caused her mouth to bleed from the corners. In the end, the tiny, imperceptible earpiece finally dislodged itself.

I stood up and crushed the earpiece.

"Is it Peter? Anti-detection and anti-shielding invisible earpiece? Even if the murderer blocks the phone signal, he won't be able to

block the signal of your earpiece."

I smiled and glanced down at Yasmin. "Peter could contact you through the intercom, so he should be nearby, right? Instead of calling the police for help, he let you continue. What's his intention?"

I inferred that Peter was unwilling to involve the police or even inform them. Yasmin was his bait. He was setting a trap. He aimed to apprehend the murderer himself.

Chapter 408

It appeared that this serial killer had significantly impacted Peter's supposed genetic experiment. The motive of the serial murderer in killing Stephanie was to protest against Peter and those who supported human genetic modification.

"The wolf has a winning game when the shepherds quarrel," I said sternly.

At first, I was reluctant to expose Yasmin. However, her repeated attempts to harm me left me with no choice.

I threatened Yasmin by pulling her hair. "I'll see how you manage to escape this place without relying on any cheating devices. Did you lure us here on purpose just to kill me? You can attack me... But if you try to harm Steven, I won't hesitate to kill you."

A flicker of fear and shock crossed Yasmin's eyes. She uttered in a quivering voice, "You..."

She vehemently denied her thoughts. "No way, you can't be Stephanie. She's already dead..."

"I didn't intend to lure you here. Quinn..." Yasmin tried to say something but was interrupted before she could finish.

"Stephie!" Steven appeared behind me, searching for me.

I immediately let go of Yasmin and stood up. Turning around, I greeted him with a smile.

Steven rushed over in a panic and embraced me tightly. "I'm so relieved that you're alright." "What happened over there?" I asked.

"There was a trap on the ground. Someone fell in and broke his leg," Steven explained softly.

I nodded. "Steven, do you find this amusement park familiar?"

He took a deep breath. "Yeah... It's a replica of the one in the orphanage."

"What's the murderer's purpose?" I asked.

Steven cast a sinister glance at Yasmin. "Punishment... Back then, there was a child named Benjamin White at the orphanage. He was bullied by them. One day, he was forcefully pushed out of a moving roller coaster. His legs were trapped in the machinery and broke."

He lost his legs and was sent to a school for the disabled. No one had heard from him since.

Yasmin instinctively looked away. "It was Howard and the others who bullied Benjamin."

"Toot-toot! The roller coaster is approaching. Everyone, fasten your seat belts and prepare to go! Three, two..." The eerie voice sounded once more.

Steven instinctively wrapped his arms around me and stepped onto the platform of the carousel. The moment the countdown reached zero, the floor tiles immediately started flipping.

Yasmin sat on the ground, with open

floor tiles in front of her feet. She was fortunate enough to keep her legs raised. Inside the floor tiles, there was a trap with a rotating knife. If she fell, both of her legs would be cut off quickly.

There was another scream coming from over there.

Steven and I hurried over. We saw a man who used to live at the orphanage fall into a trap with one leg.

"Everyone, find a safe place and quickly get on the rotating chairs on the carousel!" Zion shouted in panic as he asked everyone to find a seat.

The two injured individuals were

pulled to a place of relative safety. However, they had lost a significant amount of blood, and the treatment conditions here were inadequate. Simply attempting to make it to the first floor would result in their deaths.

"Hahaha... This is so much fun." The laughter came from the speaker.

Zion couldn't contain his emotions and shouted into the air, "Get out! Stop pretending! Even if they deserve to die, it's not your place to judge! They'll face the consequences they deserve!"

The eerie voice chuckled mockingly

at Zion. "How naive, Officer Landon. Do enlighten me, how do you plan

on delivering justice to them? When Benjamin claimed the first row of the roller coaster, they covertly

roller

unfastened his seatbelt and pushed him out while the ride was in

motion."

"That's murder, Officer Landon. How are you going to punish them?" The strange voice screamed hysterically.

As I listened to Steven's heartbeat, an inexplicable pain surged through my heart. I couldn't help but wonder what kind of nightmare people like Steven and Simeon, who were incompatible with those demons, had experienced.

Steven lowered his head, and his gaze locked with mine. His eyes darted restlessly as he whispered, "Stephie... they're not innocent."

"Let's play hide-and-seek. You have 30 seconds to hide. But be warned, whoever is found... will die!" The eerie voice reverberated as the countdown started.

The man urged us all to hide. Without hesitation, Steven gripped my wrist and led me to take cover in the space under the carousel.

"Ten, nine, eight... Three, two, one... I'm coming out..."

Not far away, a stone wall opened. Ten people emerged wearing strange masks and holding chainsaws. With their strong arms, they looked like hired killers. "Are you hiding well? Don't let me find you."

"Hide well... The roller coaster is about to start." Once again, the eerie voice resurfaced.

Unlike the mechanical recordings on the 17th or 16th floors, this voice changer was undoubtedly operated by a living individual. It became evident that this person was certainly one of the murderers. "There must be more than one person behind such a grand spectacle," I whispered with a frown. I even suspected that there was an organization or a gang behind it.

"It's not just one person," confirmed Steven.

"Countdown begins. Three, two, one..."

The countdown finished, and the ground mechanisms started moving randomly. Steven and I hid under the carousel, and the floor tiles underneath us also opened up. If I hadn't reacted quickly, I might have found myself dangerously close to falling.

Someone noticed the floor tiles shifting and hurriedly fled from his hiding place with a shout.

He was in big trouble. Now, all those people's gaze was focused on him.

"Help!" the man cried out, desperately attempting to escape.

Over there, the floor tiles under Rachel's feet also moved. Zion held her in his arms, fortunately preventing her from falling.

Unluckily, Carol's scream of fright led those people to discover her. They were all hiding in a cabinet, and now, they were basically exposed.

Joel had no other option but to come out. As he observed the few of them acting separately, he contemplated devising strategies for the imminent battle.

"Our weapon isn't easy to use," Joel cursed.

Zion sheltered Rachel before walking out. "There's no other choice. We must face this head-on and fight..."

Before he finished speaking, his ax was cut off by someone else's chainsaw.

"Help!" At this time, Joel also screamed and pulled Zion away to safety.

Steven and I crouched down in the cramped space, and I nearly nestled into his arms. A look of contentment crossed his face.

We were in a murder scene. Please, could he be more serious?

"Stephie..." I couldn't believe Steven was still in the mood to flirt with me at this critical moment.

I lowered my voice even further and lightly tapped his forehead. "Shut up... Joel can't hold on any longer."

Steven didn't seem to care. He simply embraced and caressed me, like a loyal dog reuniting with its master.

"You..." I let out a sigh, feeling less angry than I had anticipated.

I gently patted his head and whispered, "Take cover here while I separate them."

I comforted him and wanted to leave. When I left, I was stunned, feeling like it was always my instinct to protect him. But before that, wasn't I always seeking his protection?

Steven hugged me even tighter. As he raised his gaze, I could see the intensity in his bloodshot eyes. It seemed that Stephanie had always been exceptionally protective of him in the past.

"Don't make me... wait any longer." His voice was hoarse yet trembling.

He said not to make him wait any longer.

"Stephie, you often ask if genetically modified humans are still human. But the irreplaceable element of human beings is emotion, which can't be replicated." With emotions, they were truly human beings.

This was what Stephanie had always wanted to prove. As long as she had emotions, she would be normal and could find reasons and motivation to live.

The side effects of genetic

modification included the

development of depression, the loss of motivation to live, and individuals being influenced by a strong urge for self-destruction and suicide. This should not exist as it went against ethics, morals, and even the laws of nature.

My body felt a bit numb, so I reached out and grabbed Steven's wrist. "Then let's go out together."

Lately, I had been frequently experiencing a recurring dream where I pondered the nature of human consciousness. Was it carbon-based or silicon-based?

This thought challenged me to

consider whether consciousness could be transferred like a computer file, rendering the human body merely a vessel. If such a scenario were possible, then concepts such as reincarnation, rebirth, and even immortality might no longer be confined to the realm of Science fiction.

Chapter 410

Was it possible, at some point in the future, for consciousness to be transferred into silicon-based life forms? Humans would then no longer be bound by their physical bodies, instead becoming a new

existence as part machine, part human.

Perhaps it would evolve into a more unsettling coexistence of consciousness.

"Hey!" Without hesitation, I slammed my hand against the iron railing of the carousel to grab those people's attention.

"Split up! Draw their attention and defeat them individually," I yelled to Zion and Joel.

Joel left Zion's side and sprinted in the opposite direction. Zion gazed at Joel, feeling a sense of helplessness as he lamented the remarkable physical strength of the youths.

Joel immediately climbed onto the slide. Then, he jumped down and knocked down a man with a chainsaw from behind. I hurried over and kicked the chainsaw away, then stepped forward to deliver a strong kick. I rendered the man unconscious.

"Tie them up first." This way, we could defeat the targets one by one.

Behind me, Steven grabbed the masked man from behind and strangled him with murderous intent in his eyes.

"Don't kill him." I stopped him with a frown.

These individuals might not actually be contract killers. They appeared confused as if they had been deeply frightened.

A scream pierced the air as the two men with broken legs were discovered by the men with chainsaws. They had been killed.

I found myself standing in front of Steven, subconsciously shielding him from the horrifying scene I didn't want him to witness. It was as if he had protected me before. Steven gazed at me in silence. "Stephie! Steven! Watch out!" Rachel crouched in the corner and shouted at us.

I looked back and saw a man wielding a chainsaw coming toward us. Steven and I quickly retreated and dodged, formulating strategies to take them down one by one.

"Everyone, hide! That lunatic is going to start again." I assumed it was almost time. The activation of the mechanism was every ten minutes...

"Everyone is having a great time! But be cautious as the countdown begins. Ten, nine, eight..." Indeed, the eerie voice echoed once more.

As the countdown reached zero, the floor started to open and close once again. This time, it was three masked men who fell. They were killed by traps without screaming at all.

I gazed warily at Steven and quickly pulled him back. After observing the activation process twice, it became clear that the floor, which concealed potential traps, was distinguished by its black color.

After defeating a masked man, Michael anxiously approached us. "Killing his own people? There's something wrong with them."

"Indeed..." I reached up and removed the mask from the face of the masked man. I was shocked. His mouth was sewn shut with threads, and his flesh was covered in blood.

"These killers are also victims... They should all be considered part of the genetic crime group," Steven said hoarsely.

They were under Peter.

I discovered the tattoo located just behind their ears. "They're thugs from the criminal gang. They were originally dispatched to apprehend the serial killer but got caught. Instead, now, they're used as non-player characters to kill us."

Vef

Michael looked at me with a complex expression in his eyes. "It's now indisputable that the human trafficking group and the so-called genetic engineering criminal group are part of the same organization."

"Stephie, ever since the accident, I've been investigating. The shocking truth I uncovered has left me in a state of panic..."

He was afraid to tell me the truth. Hence, he worked with Yasmin to pretend and came here to find the real murderer.

Michael stepped forward, trying to

get closer to me. Yet, Steven stood firmly in front of me, protecting me with unwavering commitment. He still seemed insecure and worried that I might be snatched away.

I was a little disoriented as I gazed at Steven and then at Michael. Love... what did it truly feel like? I still found myself a little confused. Was it painful or happy? Was it Steven or Michael? "Help!" Quinn's cry for help pierced the air, jolting me out of my thoughts.