

After Death 461

Chapter 461

"Don't trust anyone. Don't trust anyone around you..." Linda grabbed my wrist anxiously, her eyes filled with a mix of fear and unease.

Michael stared at Steven, his face filled with seriousness. Then, he turned to Linda in panic. "Is this what you were too scared to tell me?"

Linda cowered behind Michael, clutching my wrist tightly in terror. She refused to release her grip. Her eyes were red, and she appeared utterly genuine.

"Dad... wanted to protect you, and I... want to protect you too," Linda cried, shaking her head. She begged me not to be with Steven.

"Stephie, Linda didn't inform me earlier. She only requested that I separate you from Steven... I can't believe that he's truly affiliated with the organization." Michael was fuming.

He glared at Steven with a mix of anger and caution. "Steven, what do you plan to do?"

"Stephie." Steven pulled me into his embrace.

He warned Michael and Linda, "Stay away from her!"

This was likely the first time Michael had heard Linda say such words. He forcefully pushed Steven aside and then pulled me toward him. "Steven, you should be the one staying away from her! I won't allow you to harm her again."

Steven's pale fingers tightly gripped the umbrella handle as he nervously looked at me.

Michael tightly gripped my wrist and said, "Stephanie, don't believe him. I had always thought he was scary and a lunatic since I met him. Come with me..."

"Haha... Two lunatics make the perfect pair, don't they?" Yasmin said anxiously, clearly fearful that I would leave with Michael. She was worried that if I left with Michael, he would leave her alone.

I turned to her with a deliberate smile and replied, "As I mentioned earlier, it's perfectly fine for me to leave with you. But you have to send her away. I don't want to see her."

"Mike, you should know that I'll die if I leave you in my current situation." Yasmin instantly became alert and looked at Michael in panic. She would cling to Michael until her last breath.

Michael fell silent for a moment. "Stephie, I can send her away..."

I chuckled. "Don't make this harder for yourself. Even if you send her away, you'll still take care of her, support her with your money, and take care of her behind my back, won't you?"

Yasmin looked at Michael with teary eyes. "Mike..."

Michael spoke nervously, struggling to find the right words to explain himself. It seemed like my intuition was spot on.

"Stephie, I assure you that she'll never live with us again. I can send her off, but she's still an employee of the Ford Group. Her current circumstances... I just can't fire her," Michael explained in a hushed tone, almost pleading with me.

I pulled my hand away from Michael's grip and shook my head in disbelief. He simply couldn't grasp that love, at its core, was selfish. No one would tolerate their partner unconditionally caring for another woman, especially when that woman was Yasmin, the one who killed "Stephanie."

Interestingly, Michael was moved by his deep love and regret. Yet, he didn't feel that he had done anything wrong.

"Stephie," Steven finally called out, holding an umbrella for me. He stood completely in the rain. Even when I was being dragged over by Michael, his umbrella was always over my head.

"Are you affiliated with the organization?" I inquired, looking at Steven.

Steven lowered his gaze without providing any explanation.

"When did it happen?" I asked again.

Steven's eyes were slightly red. He had glared at Michael with such obvious hostility, but now he was feigning vulnerability. However, his trick really seemed to work on me.

"The year we... failed to escape," Steven uttered, lifting his gaze to meet mine. Although he didn't elaborate, his pleading eyes spoke volumes. He was silently pleading for my trust.

That was the year when I lost my memory in a car accident. I lived a normal life by myself and became involved with Michael. Eventually, I fell in love with him.

As I took a deep breath, a burning sensation filled my throat. I wondered what he did behind my back when I wasn't around.

Michael frowned and looked at Steven, raising his hand to signal me to come over. "Stephie, he admitted it. This lunatic is truly dangerous."

"Stephany... come with us." Linda grabbed my wrist and tried to pull me away.

Michael also wished to take me away. However, Steven remained standing there, his eyes filled with a profound sadness. Yet, he never uttered a word to stop me.

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Previously, I believed that he didn't care and that my presence was not as important as the secret he was protecting. But now, I could probably understand why he didn't ask me to stay. He was deeply conflicted, not wanting me to leave yet wanting me to go at the same time.

"I was wondering how you could resist seeking me out and showing up in front of me. You even prevented me from remembering you." I pushed Michael's hand away. Then, I snatched the umbrella from Steven's hand and hurled it to the ground.

If he wanted to get wet in the rain, then we would get wet together. Why was he holding an umbrella for me when he was soaked alone?

"If you're already soaked, what's the point of me standing under the umbrella? We were supposed to go together."

I suspected he was up to something in secret all these years. He feared that being associated with the organization would put him in danger. He was afraid of dying and leaving me sad. That was why he repeatedly urged me to forget about him.

Steven's eyes were red as he picked up the umbrella and once again shielded me from the rain. This time, he stood under the umbrella beside me. When I looked up at him, my eyes were filled with emotion. There was a mutual understanding without the need for much explanation.

"Stephie..." Michael's hands were clenched and shaking, his knuckles turning white with tension.

He must have realized that I wouldn't go with him. "Why... must you believe this lunatic?"

"His love is only for me. He could even choose not to love himself..." I whispered firmly, reaching for Steven's hand. I trusted him unconditionally, even if he had hurt or lied to me.

Linda looked down and closed her eyes. She cried and shook her head. "You'll regret it... You'll definitely regret it."

She repeated over and over that I would deeply regret my decision and that she desperately wanted to protect me. Her fear of Steven was palpable. She claimed to have met Steven within the organization.

Despite being autistic, she was always honest and sincere. Nevertheless, I couldn't help but observe that there were other emotions in the way she looked at Steven that were beyond just fear.

She certainly had a deeper connection with Steven. It was more than just a casual encounter. My intuition made me feel that her sorrow was genuine, although her words might not have been directed toward me. I had a hunch that she was speaking to Steven instead.

She was planning to take me away, yet Steven offered no resistance. However, I had no desire to leave, and Steven didn't object either. Consequently, Linda warned that I would come to regret it... She wasn't merely referring to me but also to Steven, right?

What were Steven's exact plans? How many issues were kept hidden from me?

He was involved in the organization's Reincarnation Project. Additionally, his decision to sell the Lincoln Group's shares to Crowdstar Group was definitely not made rashly as well.

The masterminds behind it orchestrated a grand plan, a maze. It appeared that Steven was one of the planners.

I couldn't see through it clearly. I just felt flustered and afraid. I feared that if he got into the game, it would be a dead end and that he wouldn't leave a way for himself to survive in the future.

"Lunatics should stick together... Mike, let's go," Yasmin declared, urging Michael to depart.

Michael stood still in the pouring rain, uncertain of what he should do to mend things...

Yasmin sneered, appearing to have a sudden realization. "Are you still persistent? She only loves that lunatic. She's not Stephanie. She merely holds Stephanie's memories. How can Steven be so sure that she's Stephanie? Perhaps because he was the one who created her..."

Did Steven make Stephany secretly imitate Stephanie so that she could eventually replace her, becoming Stephanie?

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Steven frowned and decisively retaliated, glaring at Yasmin. "Do you even think before you speak? Stop embarrassing yourself and keep your fucking mouth shut if you're not smart enough!

Steven was furious. Linda claimed he had connections with people in the organization, and he was fine

with it. Then Yasmin suggested that "I" was created by him, which made him livid. He felt that Yasmin had insulted his intelligence and emotions.

Honestly, I rarely saw Steven so angry that he would even curse. He was typically too lazy to utter a word even though he was capable of speaking.

Yasmin's face turned pale after being scolded by Steven. "You're anxious because I told the truth..."

Steven was too lazy to continue talking to Yasmin. Scolding her would be pointless.

"Someone asked Stephany to imitate Stephanie by threatening her with the children. The abduction of children is connected to the human trafficking case. The human trafficking case will be resolved soon, and the truth will finally come to light."

Michael tightened his grip as if his intellect had just powered up. He glared at Steven with frustration.

"Steven, no matter how well you disguise yourself, you can't hide forever. Eventually, I'll unveil your true colors and expose your wicked deeds to everyone." Michael was convinced that all of this was somehow related to Steven.

Afterward, Michael averted his gaze to me and hesitated to speak. I chose to ignore him and simply held Steven's hand tightly.

"Stephie, you'll regret this," Michael said with a bitter smile. He stood in the rain, looking utterly disheveled.

I asked him back, "Regret? I remember the rain the day you abandoned Stephanie at Nocturnal Club and allowed bullies to humiliate her. It was also raining like this when a group of homeless dragged her into the alley, attempting to harm her like soulless beasts."

I gazed at Michael and continued, "You questioned why I trust Steven instead of you. But Michael, you already provided the answer, didn't you? You said I'd regret it. So, tell me, Michael. Do you regret how you treated Stephanie?"

In the dark alley, amidst her tears and desperation, Stephanie pleaded for assistance. And there, it was Steven who bravely fought off those people. The person who had been silently protecting me from behind was never Michael.

Even if I was making the wrong choice, I was still determined to follow through. I was willing to give my heart to the one who truly loved me.

"He doesn't love you... He's just like you. He doesn't even know what love truly is. It's all an act. He's pretending to be affectionate... Stephie, you can't deny me just because of one mistake. I have feelings for you as well. I just struggle to express them.

"At least I won't lie to you, harm you, or use you... From the beginning to the end, it was simply an issue of our relationship. Nothing else was ever involved."

Michael explained weakly, his eyes bloodshot. "Stephie... When someone makes a mistake, do they never deserve to be forgiven? Do I really not deserve your trust again?"

I lowered my head and remained silent.

In the car, Yasmin laughed mockingly. "Michael, you're also unwilling to face the reality. No matter what evidence I provide to prove that she's not Stephanie at all but simply Stephany with Stephanie's memories, you're unwilling to trust me..."

Yasmin frantically slapped the car seat and pulled her hair in frustration. "You're all in denial and believe that she's Stephanie. Unfortunately, Stephanie is dead, and she can't be brought back to life. This is an undeniable truth!

"Don't you believe me either? You once promised to love and support me for the rest of your life, and you also vowed to marry me..."

"Michael... you'd rather declare your love to a puppet than keep your promise to me." Yasmin was still crying as if she was irritated.

Michael stood dejectedly in the rain. He should be feeling utterly miserable at this exact moment... He was trapped in a predicament.

But the person responsible for this situation was none other than himself. He showed mercy to Yasmin out of kindness. At the same time, he expressed that he regretted it and that his true love was Stephanie.

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The human heart was complex and ever-changing. We couldn't judge if it was true or false as circumstances changed with time.

"You'll regret it..." Linda clenched her trembling fingers in the pouring rain as she gazed at Steven with sadness.

Steven didn't say a word. He simply held me close in his arms.

Michael opened the car door and allowed Linda to enter. As she settled in, her gaze remained fixed on Steven.

A woman's intuition was often remarkably accurate. Despite only being an 18-year-old woman, Linda appeared to harbor a bold crush on Steven.

She definitely had feelings for Steven. It was quite clear that she loved him. However, she intended to take me away. What was her true intention?

"Stephie, let's go home." Steven held my hand and guided me back.

"Only... qualified individuals are allowed to join the organization. I'm a lunatic... The hypotheses and propositions I present are precisely what they seek and are deeply interested in..." He took the initiative to explain without waiting for me to inquire.

Steven looked at me and added, "Linda is Peter's daughter. I had always known that fact, so I planned to use her as a counterweight to Peter. Despite having autism, Linda has made progress in social life thanks to Peter's treatment and support. However, she still sometimes feels like she doesn't quite fit in."

Steven whispered as he took a towel and gently wiped my wet hair. "Many autistic children have amazing talents. Linda is exceptionally skilled at painting. She can recreate objects, characters, and buildings with great accuracy."

"She has feelings for you," I murmured as I lowered my head.

I wasn't interested in her talent. "You know what I want to find out."

What I really wanted to know was not Linda's ability to paint but the significance behind what she said. Why did she try to separate me from Steven? What was the intent behind her repeated phrase "You will regret it"?

Steven picked up the hair dryer and assisted me in drying my hair. "There's no turning back once you enter the game. I'll do whatever it takes to protect you, even if it means sacrificing my life in the end." Despite the deafening noise of the hair dryer, I managed to catch every word he uttered.

I grabbed his hand and switched off the hairdryer. "You joined the organization as a genius. Are you planning to find the person behind it? What kind of plan do you have?"

Steven looked at me in silence, still refusing to share his plans. It was clear that his plan was leading to a dead end, one that would ultimately cost him his life. I would eventually lose him.

I held onto his clothes tightly, trembling. "If you die, how can I survive alone?"

Steven embraced me and gave me a reassuring pat on the back. "It's possible to go on without someone in your life, Stephie."

I held onto Steven tightly. "So, you're really going to leave me, aren't you? We agreed to be together..." "Don't overthink it. I won't leave you," Steven continued to reassure me.

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Steven gently grasped my face and whispered, "Stephie, that was my old plan for when you forgot about me and didn't love me. Now that you're back with me, my plan has changed. You see, I've sold all the shares in the Lincoln Group.

"Initially, I aimed to take over the Lincoln family and utilize the Lincoln Group to join as one of the investors behind the scenes. Then, I'd carry out my plan."

As tears streamed down my face, Steven's panicked voice cut through the air. "Stephie, you've completely thrown off all my plans. Ever since you were reincarnated and woke up in my bed, you've disrupted everything. Seriously..."

He grasped my face in a panic, his anxiety palpable. "How could I bear to leave you alone, Stephie? Don't be afraid. I'll never leave you behind."

I looked at him and asked doubtfully, "Really?"

Steven raised his finger and swore, but there was a sorrow in his eyes that I couldn't comprehend. "I swear, I'll never leave Stephanie, never..."

"But what if I'm not Stephanie?" I asked fearfully.

What if I really was just a memory implant, just a clone, as Yasmin suggested?

He gently touched my face. "You are Stephie, you are. Never let anyone sway you. Faith comes from within yourself."

"What was your initial plan?" I asked Steven with teary eyes.

He explained softly, "Stephie... The organization has a person in charge for each country and region in the organization. And you're the pinnacle of creativity and the most valuable experimental subject for this person in charge.

"I initially intended to use the Lincoln Group to become one of their investors to find out the mastermind behind this organization and replace the person in charge.

"By assuming control over the leadership, I would dismantle the entire Godmaker Project, annihilate all its experimental data, and ensure the complete disappearance of Stephanie, Stephany, and other subjects.

"This would grant you the absolute freedom you deserve. You'll be liberated once and for all."

He was willing to risk his life to infiltrate and become the sinister force behind it all, all for the sake of saving his beloved. Those who persisted in battling evil for too long eventually became evil themselves.

He was fully prepared to embrace evil in order to eradicate it entirely. Yet, accomplishing this goal proved to be an immense challenge.

To become evil, he needed to be compelled to commit numerous evil acts and be stained with blood. However, Steven was born pure and righteous. How could he allow himself to become a sinner?

In the end, he would perish along with all his sins. As the sins burned away, he would also disappear completely. This was his original, complete plan.

That was precisely why he repeatedly stated that it made no difference whether I remembered him or not... I could do as I pleased.

From start to finish, Steven never allowed himself a way out. He laid many paths for me, and each one led to a dead end for him.

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Where did he learn this overbearing kissing technique from? It seemed spontaneous and without any rules. His fingers were restless too.

"Steven..." I couldn't help but shed tears due to his action, leaving no room for any other thoughts.

He kissed the corners of my eyes and pressed me against the wall...

The sound of water running in the bathroom was loud, drowning out my breathing and whimpering. This bastard... I didn't know where he learned these techniques.

He had sex with me until midnight last night, and now, he still wanted it. I felt my legs shaking. My body was pressed against the cold tiles, and I was trembling all over.

"Steven... Bastard..."

Steven was behind me, gently kissing and nipping at me as if to comfort me. Yet, his force remained unrelenting.

"Hmm..." His voice was hoarse as if he was reacting to being called a bastard by me.

"Are you done yet..."

"Mhm." He kept humming as if he was replying to whatever I said, but it was simply irritating.

"Steven!" I tried to push Steven away, but it didn't work.

He seized my wrist and kissed me from behind. I felt the tears welling up, probably out of frustration.

He spoke with a raspy voice as if he longed to intertwine his fate with mine. "I never thought... you would come back to me... How dare I wish... How dare I..."

I felt like I was losing my mind, so I reacted to his kiss by biting his lip. I could eventually taste the blood in my mouth. Let us surrender to this abyss together. Steven, never think about leaving me alone.

The temperature in the bathroom had been steadily rising, causing the mirror to become obscured by a veil of mist. He used to restrain himself, but now, he couldn't bear it any longer.

"Steven, my legs are cramping! You jerk..."

"Honey..." Steven hugged me and acted coquettishly, but he refused to let me go.

I leaned against the sink, taking a deep breath and feeling helpless. I could only hope that the sink would hold and not fall.

"Michael deserves to die," Steven uttered, his voice filled with jealousy. It was clear that he resented Michael for attempting to take me away, as well as for taking Stephanie's past affection toward him.

"I'll never hurt you." His fingers delicately traced the red marks on my wrist, remnants of Michael's forceful grip moments ago.

"Stephie, he hurt you and threatened me... Don't fall for him," Steven complained in a pretentious tone. He kissed my neck, sending prickling sensations down my spine.

Honey traps and pillow talk worked well. I couldn't help but scold Michael too, "Ignore him. He's just as stupid as Yasmin."

Steven nibbled at my collarbone, his voice dripping with seduction. "Stephie... The reason he joined the

organization is to impress you. He yearns to uncover the truth sooner and win back your affection..." Steven informed me about all the potential "sacrifices" Michael might have to make beforehand. He did so to prepare me emotionally and prevent me from being swayed by Michael's sacrifices. It was also to keep me from being with Michael later on.

"L..."

I was about to say something when I heard someone shouting in the living room. "Where is everyone? Steven? Stephanie?"

It was Joel. I was nervous, wanting to push Steven away. Joel was a high school student now... The bathroom door was not locked at all! Steven pressed me against the wall with evil intentions and refused to let me move.

"Steven." My voice was choked with emotion, and I was unable to speak loudly.

"Steven, what are you doing?" Joel shouted alertly outside the door.

"My wife," Steven responded coldly.

The air fell silent for a moment, but then a sharp shout pierced the stillness, "You're shameless! It's broad daylight!"

"Get lost!"

"Alright."

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I was terrified, so I instinctively covered my mouth in fear. I felt a deep sense of shame for my actions. In my panic, I scratched the back of Steven's hand, leaving three bloody marks.

Steven just chuckled, took a deep breath, and embraced me even more tightly.

"Go away..." At this very moment, I simply couldn't bear the thought of thinking about anything else. My

heart raced. I felt my anger surging from the depths of my soul. I was overwhelmed by sheer embarrassment.

Steven was indeed very successful in changing the subject. I knew he was avoiding my questions.

"Stephie, it's not over yet." Steven adamantly refused to let me go so easily.

I became furious and impulsively bit him on the neck. I repeatedly hit and punched him, all the while fearing that I might seriously harm him. Yet, he likely perceived this as "fun" and continued his actions...

"Steven, you're doomed," I threatened with a hint of anger. However, he responded by exerting stronger force intentionally, his voice taking on a different tone. I continued to bite him with frustration, making sure not to do it too audibly. All I could do was endure it silently...

After a long time, Steven finally let me go. My legs were shaking slightly... I leaned against the wall for a moment and shot him a fierce glare. That bastard then took advantage and kissed me once more.

I said firmly, "Don't touch me for a year, starting now."

Steven felt deeply aggrieved without uttering a word.

I ignored him and pushed him away. After that, I dressed myself and walked out.

Steven followed me with a look of grievance as if he were not the one who had been so aggressive just now and refused to stop. "Honey, you're forgetting our intimate moments together after getting dressed."

I turned around and gave him a piercing glare. As I arrived in the living room, I noticed Joel sitting upright, gazing at me with a sympathetic expression.

I cleared my throat slightly and tried to explain, "The bathroom shower was broken. We were trying to fix it."

Joel stared at Steven. "Shameless."

"You should be ashamed of yourself. Why aren't you at school in broad daylight? What are you doing here?" Steven retorted and poured me a glass of water.

I ignored him. However, I was really thirsty, so I took the glass and took a sip.

"Something happened to Quinn," Joel replied grimly.

Steven's hand, which assisted me in peeling the fruit, paused as he looked up at Joel. "Be more specific." "The police overseas have found Quinn's body in a human trafficking hideout. Aware of the police on her trail, she strategically stirred up public opinion online, acting as bait to lure the organization's members into finding her. Just before her death, she managed to send her location to the authorities.

"Consequently, the hideout was destroyed, and 16 genius teenagers were rescued, including six foreigners. The remaining ten have also been safely sent back. Further investigation is expected to be carried out." Joel turned to Steven and added, "This hideout was used for illegal organ transplants. Wealthy individuals

would pre-order cloned experimental subjects with the same genes as themselves. Once the subjects matured, their organs would then be transplanted to minimize the risk of rejection."

Therefore, those people kept certain special geniuses captive and cultivated them like crops, harvesting them repeatedly. They used them for their own benefit, reducing the cost of scientific research.

After all, using internationally renowned scientists to study these matters would not only reveal their intent but also effortlessly draw attention from all sides.

Therefore, rather than relying on well-known scientists, it was best to nurture talent internally and build an industrial chain from the source to the finished product.

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I had to say that the mastermind behind the organization was a true business genius and possessed exceptional business acumen.

"Quinn endured extensive torture before her death. The organization excelled at torturing others. Zion and Eason have returned. They found a video of Quinn being tortured at the hideout. The level of suffering was beyond what most humans could endure, yet she remained resolute.

"Not once did she disclose any secrets about the Rebels until her last breath."

Joel took a deep breath. He never expected that a woman who had endured prolonged domestic violence could actually take such action.

"Eventually, light will conquer darkness. These were her final words." Joel should have just come back from Eason's place.

Carol's body was missing. Eason and Zion searched for a long time but couldn't find it. It seemed Quinn took it, but now, Quinn had also passed away. No one knew where she took Carol's body.

"Quinn is a Rebel, and the organization needs to eliminate her. She intentionally allowed the organization to take her in and led the police to the hideout to rescue the geniuses who were trafficked. By doing so, she dealt a blow to the organization," I whispered as I placed the water glass on the table.

The organization established an extensive industrial chain to carry out genetic crimes. This chain encompassed every aspect, from human trafficking and human experimentation to gene cloning, global organ supply, surrogacy supply, and even the production of various stem cells and heme.

All of these illegal activities were utilized within the beauty and anti-aging industry.

Tens of thousands of people went missing every day around the world. These missing individuals were treated as commodities, becoming a feast for those at the top of the food chain. They "fed" on human blood, "gnawed" on human bones, and trampled on human life and rights.

Finally, a group of people emerged and started opposing the darkness and the organization. They gathered and developed this chess game, beginning with the "serial murder" case.

Joining the game was a dead end. Benjamin also made this statement when he was in the ruined building.

Every Rebel was both a victim and a murderer. From the moment they entered the game, they were destined to die. It was the same for Quinn.

She knew she had committed a capital crime and would eventually face death. Nonetheless, she bravely sacrificed herself as bait, using her weakened body to tear open a corner of the veil of Genome Society and expose the darkness that had been shrouded in secrecy.

Joel shrugged. "Next, the police will conduct a thorough investigation. This is a long-term process, but with the rescue of these geniuses, they'll be able to swiftly uncover crucial evidence and press forward.

"Therefore, we should regain our focus, and I should prioritize my college entrance exam. We should entrust the remaining investigation to the police."

Joel meant that we had done our part, and now it was up to the police to investigate.

"If the darkness is dense, it'll be difficult for the sun to move forward," I whispered and glanced at Steven.

The dark clouds appeared to have cleared, but it turned out that it was still challenging to completely clear the sky.

"Sir, Jimmy holds 15% of Martin's shares and has recently joined the board of directors of the Lincoln Group. Not only that, he has also successfully established his own company called Sunwise Group in Huma. "This venture focuses on diverse sectors such as cultural media, business management, and cultural tourism. The coverage is extensive, and investment was secured in a short time. Branch companies have expanded rapidly and experienced swift development."

"Ewan entered the room and promptly reported Jimmy's actions to Steven.

I held the glass of water, lost in thought.

Jimmy was a smart person who knew how to use his intelligence and abilities. He was demonstrating his strength and now had his own successful business. Even though his emerging industry couldn't compete with old companies like the Ford Group, the future looked promising. He could still double his worth.

Joel raised his eyebrows and smiled at Steven. "People are mocking you outside because they think you sold the Lincoln Group to Crowdstar Group without getting any benefits. They're saying you're a fool."

"It's good to sell it," I instinctively responded, gripping Steven's hand tightly.

I started to become selfish, not wanting him to become rich and powerful and stand at the top of the food chain. The so-called game was a dead end, and I didn't want Steven to get involved.

"Mr. Martin Lincoln is here." Leo signed in the yard. Joel looked at him, then back at Steven. Once again, Martin and his gang of bloodsuckers from the Lincoln family appeared at the door.

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"Steven, you're mentally ill, foolish, and unable to lead. You have no right to sell the company!" The stern words were spoken by Steven's aunt's daughter.

Steven's aunt's son-in-law probably didn't dare to come. Perhaps he still hadn't fully recovered from being stabbed by me a few times.

These people were clearly frightened. They cowered behind the bodyguards, reluctant to approach the iron door adorned with a sign that read, "Beware of Dog."

Stevie glared at them, baring his teeth as if ready to attack and bite at any moment. I stepped out the door and glanced around. This time, Charles and Nadia were there as well.

Ann didn't show up. I heard that she suffered from facial disfigurement, and her engagement with the Greyson family was called off. She was probably going through a really tough time now. But it was her retribution.

Madison pointed in my direction and cursed, "Steven has a mental illness and requires a guardian. Stephany, the child you were carrying is gone. Without an heir from the Lincoln family, you no longer hold the legal authority to remain as Steven's guardian.

"You lunatic! I believe you may also be suffering from a mental illness, so I've arranged a mental health assessment for you. I strongly suspect you to be a lunatic as well."

Madison was smarter this time. This was probably because she had received guidance from an expert. She planned to arrange a mental health assessment for me to label me as mentally unstable. Hence, Steven's custody rights would end up with Martin.

Once custody of Steven was transferred to Martin, he was able to reclaim the shares that had been sold to Crowdstar Group on the premise that Steven lacked the ability to make such a transaction.

Their plan was excellent. I believed that even if I were not suffering from a mental illness, they would still insist on labeling me as such. They intended to confine me in the hospital...

"Stephany, your behavior has been concerning since you were a child. As your parents, we are very worried about your situation. You even let the dog bite your sister. You're aggressive." Charles was spreading rumors as a parent that Stephany was mentally ill.

I saw the people behind them. The asylum's car was parked behind them. It seemed like they planned to arrest me forcibly after agitating me.

"Martin's suddenly smart today." I looked at Steven.

"His genius son has returned to become his advisor." Joel scratched his ears, feeling overwhelmed by the noisy crowd.

Jimmy was forcing Steven to make a choice. Once I was taken to the asylum, Steven had no choice but to cooperate with him. People like Martin only knew how to fight for power and their own personal interests, whereas Jimmy truly valued the greater interests behind the organization.

He aspired to ascend and take over leadership of the organization. His goal was to eliminate the source of genome editing and become one of the select geniuses in the world to get dividends from genome editing.

"Stephy, your mental state is unstable. Come back with us. Your parents will never harm you," Charles began to coax me to go home.

If I went home with them, they'd give me medication to make me mentally unstable. Then, they would send me to the asylum and lock me up. That was incredibly cruel.

"Dad, I've noticed that you seem to be experiencing some emotional instability. Is this possibly related to our family's genetic history? Oh, I apologize. I forgot that you were born with azoospermia, Dad. Where does genetic inheritance come from if there is no sperm? Am I right?" I criticized Charles with a smile.

Due to azoospermia, he lacked viable sperm. Thus, he sought assistance from Stephanie's parents to facilitate Nadia's in vitro fertilization.

My words certainly hit a nerve with Charles, igniting his anger. He pointed at me and started to curse, "You little bitch, get out of here! Do you honestly believe that Steven can protect you? Without the Lincoln Group shares, he's utterly worthless!"

With that, Charles began to kick the iron door furiously. Stevie felt threatened and began barking at the iron gate before rushing to bite Charles. The fear was so intense that Charles fell to the ground, pointing at me and continuing to curse.

"Attention, those from the asylum! We have an individual in need of mental health support here. You're too unprofessional. Take him away quickly." I turned my gaze toward the group of people standing behind Nadia, all of whom were from the asylum.

Nadia quickly helped Charles up and then scolded me angrily, "Stephie, how could you say such a thing about your father? Even if your genes are not the same as ours, I carried you for ten months and gave birth to you. How could you be so ungrateful?"

"We're the ones who raised and fed you. You're so inhumane." "Humanity is for humans. You're not worthy," I replied calmly.

Chapter 470

Martin shot a piercing look at Charles and Nadia, his voice resonating with authority. "Enough with the idle chatter. Let's take her away. It seems that her mental well-being is deteriorating rapidly."

Martin was about to forcefully snatch me away directly. If a regular individual were to be imprisoned in an asylum, they would likely be subjected to torture and driven to madness.

The iron door was forcefully knocked open. They were fully prepared and determined to take me away. They wanted to separate me from Steven and then focus on dealing with him.

"Hey! What are you doing? This is a public space, and the law governs society. Please show more respect to the police." Martin's subordinates hurried into the yard just as Zion's old off-road vehicle arrived.

After getting out of the car, he casually lit a cigarette and leisurely surveyed the scene before casting a protective gaze toward me, Steven, and Joel. The gaze seemed to say, "As long as I'm here, no one will lay a finger on you."

Meanwhile, Eason, looking pale, got out of the car. He stumbled toward the flowers, where he eventually vomited.

Steven frowned in disgust and glanced at Joel. "Please keep him away, he's so embarrassing... I have mysophobia."

Joel pointed at himself. "Why am I the one who should take him away?"

"Aren't you two privately engaged?" Steven asked casually.

Joel was stunned in disbelief. "When did it happen? Why didn't I know?"

Steven nonchalantly leaned against the door frame and reiterated, "Right now, you depend on me for your sustenance, education, clothing, and even the shoes on your feet. All are financed by me."

Joel gritted his teeth and declared, "Just wait until I get into college and succeed in starting a business. I'll surpass you in wealth."

After uttering those words, Joel approached Eason with a gloomy expression and contemptuously lifted him.

Eason turned around and began to reprimand Zion, "Could you please replace your broken car? If it doesn't fall apart, I just might."

Martin's expression was somber and uncertain as he said calmly, "Officer Landon, even though you're a police officer, it's not your place to meddle in the affairs of the Lincoln family."

Madison promptly added, "Yes, this is our family issue. She's struggling with mental illness. She allowed a dog to bite her sister and stabbed my husband. It's necessary for her to undergo a psychiatric evaluation.

Zion frowned as he explained, "A health certificate from a reputable hospital is required to ascertain whether she has a mental illness."

"I'm her biological father, and it's only natural that I take her to the hospital," Charles said angrily.

"Immediate family members have the right to request a psychiatric evaluation for her. If the evaluation results indicate that she does not have a mental illness, then her family does not have the authority to send a mentally stable individual to a mental hospital.

"But what if she's indeed diagnosed with a mental illness?" Suddenly, a woman emerged from the car behind.

The woman wore a formal suit, and her smile was about 70% similar to mine. If Stephany looked 70% like me, then the woman in front of me seemed even more similar to me than Stephany.

It was clear that she exuded professionalism and confidence with her business attire and sleek, rimless glasses. With a confident smile on her face, she adjusted her glasses. She appeared certain that after I underwent a psychiatric evaluation, there would certainly be some issues discovered.

It was because Stephanie was born with a mental illness, leaving her with a profound lack of feelings, understanding of emotions, empathy, and the ability to comprehend sadness and joy. She believed there was no chance I could successfully pass a psychiatric evaluation.

I took a deep breath, my palms slightly sweaty. To be honest, I didn't have much confidence in myself either. If these people had to evaluate me psychiatrically, I was afraid it wouldn't turn out well.

"Stephie..." The air around Steven suddenly dropped to its lowest point. Like a fierce creature awakened by something, he extended his sharp thorns and shielded me with his embrace from behind.

He stared warily at the woman who looked somewhat similar to me, his voice trembling. "Stephie... I should hide you and kill them all..."