

## After Death 481

### Chapter 481

Nancy stared at me and laughed out loud.

"Genome Society is a huge organization. There's a different person in charge in each country, and they're all in charge of different projects and experimental subjects. This person is above everyone.

"It could be me, or it could be you. Those who haven't earned the right can't possibly dream of contacting him directly. There are only a handful of people in Huma who have seen him in person. As the most powerful conglomerate in all of Huma, Andy knew of his identity... Unfortunately, Andy is now dead." She was clear-the only person who had ever met the head of the organization was Andy Lincoln. However, Andy was dead.

Other than him, no one else had the right to meet the head of the organization.

"What would I need to do... in order to be able to sit with him and negotiate terms?" I asked curiously.

"Become the capital. Become the biggest capital in the whole of Huma's business world. Once you become a powerful existence capable of influencing the business world, he'll come meet with you on his own."

She leaned on the couch and continued with a laugh, "Some suspect that the man behind all this is the biggest conglomerate in the entire city, the mysterious CEO of Crowdstar Group... That guy is either the one running Genome Society or the one who's most likely to be able to meet him..."

I had heard similar stories as well. The wealthy wouldn't possibly place so much money and power in the hands of an amateur. Hence, the head had to be from the business world.

Steven and I had many guesses... but we didn't have any evidence.

As expected from the head of Genome Society, they hid themselves extremely well.

Nancy was right. It could be anyone. It could be any single unassuming character around us.

"In order to defeat evil, you must first become the evil... Unfortunately for you, Stephany, you no longer possess that opportunity."

She shot me a knowing smile. Just as she finished talking, someone pushed a needle into my back.

The substance entered my body, and my consciousness began slipping away.

I knew... they were here to take me away.

The conglomerates behind Genome Society couldn't wait to verify if reincarnation was indeed possible...

Leaving with them was the only way I could grow one step closer to uncovering the secrets of the entire organization.

"Search her thoroughly. Don't leave any jewelry on her," Nancy ordered in a deep voice. She had the driver search my body for fear I'd have a tracker on me.

"Me?" The driver froze. "She's a woman..."

"She's just a subject. You can just treat her like a lab rat. You don't need to care for such things," she barked irritably, her voice laced with contempt.

She didn't view me as a person.

In her eyes, I was nothing more than a clone that borrowed her DNA. I was a damned and revolting specimen that shouldn't exist.

"Maybe it's best if Wanda did it instead..." The driver was a middle-aged man. He probably had a daughter of his own and couldn't get himself to do something like this. So, he had the maid in the villa search me instead.

Nancy grunted and left the living room.

I lay groggily on the couch. Once again, my entire body was numb and beyond my control despite being conscious.

This time, I wanted to infiltrate Genome Society on my own. I couldn't possibly have Steven risk himself every single time.

Personally involving myself... I could do it too.

Steven only agreed to my ridiculous request because he understood how valuable I was to Genome Society at the moment. Hence, falling into their hands actually meant that I was safe. At the very least, my life wouldn't be threatened.

"She doesn't have any suspicious items on her, Ma'am."

Immediately after the woman spoke, some people came in and took me away.

I didn't know how much time had passed or how long we'd been traveling for. I regained my consciousness and was met with a room full of white.

"Where am I..." My head was throbbing painfully. I woke up dressed in loose patient robes. My feet were bare, and I wasn't wearing anything else other than a robe.

Grimacing, I looked around the room and at the operating table... It was a clean environment.

It resembled the operating room in a hospital.

It further resembled the place everyone woke up in at the game in the abandoned building.

As it turned out, the first scene of the game was modeled after Genome Society's laboratory?

My expression darkened as I looked at the mirror on the wall. This wasn't a mirror... It was glass. There were people watching me from the other side, but I couldn't see them.

I got off the bed and stepped toward the glass window. No one appeared. I wasn't quite sure what they wanted me to do.

Was this a test? Did they want to observe me?

I scoffed. They wanted to observe to see if I was actually Stephanie.

I obeyed their wishes.

I turned and walked toward the door. I lifted the IV drip stand and smashed it on top of the electrical box.

The entire room darkened. The door had also unlocked itself due to the blackout.

I walked out into the barren corridor. Suddenly, a dog ran out and started charging in my direction.

"Georgie..."

## Chapter 482

It was a wolfhound that looked more like Georgie than Stevie did. It was probably a clone of Georgie as well.

The dog pounced on me and pushed me to the ground. Its eyes looked ravenous. It was like it would like nothing more than to tear everything to shreds and swallow it up.

It opened its mouth and wanted to bite me.

"Georgie!" I called out instinctively.

The dog calmed down from its crazed behavior. It looked me in the eye and slumped down beside me with a whine.

It was barely alive. The last of its energy was used to pounce on me. All it needed to do was to bite down on my neck to survive, but it didn't.

Dogs were humane animals. At times, a dog would behave as a dog would, but that wasn't the same case for humans.

Genome Society intentionally released a starved clone of Georgie just to see if it'd lose control and harm its owner in the midst of its insanity.

The experiment was pointless, though. Pets could be cloned, but the memories couldn't possibly be copied over.

Was a cloned dog still the dog it was before?

I rubbed the wolfhound's head and got up.

The corridor was empty. There were arrows that pointed me forward.

"Stephany, or Stephanie." There was a room at the end of the hall. A man in a white lab coat, protective goggles, and gloves smiled at me.

He was from Genome Society-probably a doctor.

"How many people are watching me?" I asked.

"Many... Not just the conglomerates from Huma but wealthy people from various countries too. Their gazes are all fixated on you.

"As soon as the experiment results are verified, you'll become the most talked about and most costly existence in the entire organization." He laughed maniacally. He had probably gone mad as well.

"Who else in Huma is watching me?" I asked again. I wanted to know everyone who was watching beyond this room.

"As long as you're a member of the Global Trade Union, you'll be able to watch... The president of Crowdstar Group, Peter Jones... Michael Ford all of them will be able to watch."

I was pressed into a chair. I stared fixedly at the camera pinned on the wall.

They could all watch...

The president of Crowdstar Group? Who? Could he be the leader of Genome Society?

He should be seated in front of the screen, watching me right now...

He would be watching to see if I was actually Stephanie Carlson.

"This is a lie detector. What follows is a series of questions on the screen. You'll need to answer them truthfully," he said solemnly as he hooked the detector up.

"All the questions were submitted by the conglomerates. First question, who are you?"

I lifted my head to look at the screen and didn't respond.

Upon seeing my uncooperation, the man seemed to be slightly angered. He pressed the shock button.

The electricity coursed through my body and made my entire body spasm in pain.

"I'm an experimental subject..."

The lie detector beeped sharply.

I lied.

The electric waves coursed through my body once again.

I chose to submit.

"Stephanie, my name is Stephanie..."

The machine remained silent.

"Who do you love, Michael Ford or Steven Lincoln?" The wording on the screen rolled again.

I wanted to scoff. It was blatantly clear that this question was from Michael.

How at ease of him to watch through the cameras.

Three seconds had passed. Without my answer, the electricity pierced through my body yet again, and I twitched from the excruciating pain.

The screen quieted down. The man seemed to be waiting for my reply.

## Chapter 483

"They're waiting for your answer." The doctor looked at me with a smile. "Do you know how much it costs to ask a question, sweetie? Your reply is worth so much."

He continued, "The ones that are able to watch you from behind the glass must have assets that reach organizational audits. Those who can ask questions must be more than extravagant in their spending. This is like bidding at an auction, and a question... is worth a million."

The pain in my body slowly subsided. I shot him a glance and scoffed. "Who do I love? After interacting with people for extended periods of time, I actually prefer dogs..."

I was cut off by the pain that was once again sent coursing through my body. This time, it didn't come from the lie detector but from the doctor in front of me.

He wasn't pleased with my response.

"Don't try to be clever. The answers that the conglomerates want from you are worth millions..." He yanked on my hair and forced me to face the camera in front.

My hands were tied to the chair. I couldn't break free.

"Who do you love, Steven Lincoln or Michael Ford?" The doctor pointed at the screen. He was extremely unhappy that I was a disobedient experiment subject.

"Steven Lincoln..." I clenched my fists. I could taste the blood in my mouth.

Since Michael wanted an answer, I'd give him an answer.

"Steven Lincoln..."

"Steven Lincoln!"

"The man I love is Steven Lincoln!"

"My dear Steven..."

I chanted, but the machine seemed to think I was lying. The muscles in my body were beginning to cramp from the burning pain.

"You're lying..." the doctor replied with a smile.

"That means... the real answer must be the other option-Michael Ford." He was trying to provoke me.

I looked at him with a seething glare and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"I fucking love myself, asshole."

At that moment, I really wanted to berate someone. I was overwhelmed with anger, pain, and other emotions.

That broken machine didn't even make sense. There were too many external factors that affected its reliability.

The machine concluded whether someone was lying by detecting any changes in heart rate, blood pressure, and breathing. However, a test like this couldn't possibly be accurate in a setting like this.

"Recalling an experiment subject that's been outside of the lab annoys me the most..." He cranked his neck and smiled psychotically.

"I hate subjects that have been left outside like you the most, you know. All of them end up with bad habits

they've picked up from the outside world. They don't listen, they aren't wise about their decisions... they're not obedient at all."

He pressed the button again. A current that was stronger than the one before seared through my body.

Blood poured endlessly from the corners of my mouth. I gritted my teeth so hard it felt like my entire mouth was bleeding.

There was a loud ring. The warning light in the room lit up, and a robotic voice rang out.

"The club members are against inhumane ways of collecting experimental data. This is a warning. Please refrain from any form of violence."

The announcement warned the doctor against torturing me.

He laughed and knelt in front of me. "Seems to me like someone in the audience cares for you deeply... It takes a lot of money to protest against the one conducting the tests.

"The amount of money they're throwing at you is truly an eye-opener... No wonder the people at the lab call you our most valuable subject."

I was barely alive. I looked at him and said in a weak voice, "Do you want to know... why I'm worth so much?"

I barely had any energy left to speak. My sentences were incoherent.

The doctor leaned in closer, and I rammed my head into his eye as hard as I could.

A scream pierced through the air. He fell on the floor wailing while clutching his eye.

Probably angered by my actions, he got up and immediately reached for the button to teach me a lesson.

"Please refrain from any form of violence against the test subject," the robotic voice warned him again. "Please refrain from any form of violence against the test subject."

The doctor laughed. He threw away the remote in hand and whispered next to my ear, "Today's test is over ... I'll show you what hell is actually like."

He continued, "Here, all the experimental subjects must obey me, and that includes you. Else... I'll show you what punishment is."

He was threatening me.

I scoffed and leaned back against the chair.

A question popped up on the screen once again: "What is the point of a lie detector when someone can fool even themselves after hypnosis and memory transfers?"

## Chapter 484

This time, someone paid a hefty sum on a question directed at the Genome Society.

Evidently, the person asking the question was amused by what I was going through. They didn't think the lie detector was cruel enough, so they wanted to amp it up.

The doctor's lips curved upward.

He grabbed a syringe from the shelf at the side. "In order to make sure that the medicine is legitimate, this truth serum was sent over by the one who submitted the question... The entire process was transparent and verified by the organization."

I tried to break free from the restraints on my wrists. Ha... A truth serum? All it did was interfere with one's perception and cognitive abilities. Technically, it was a tranquilizer.

I took a deep breath and stared at the screen. My fingers tapped absentmindedly on the armrest of the chair.

I wasn't sure if Steven or Joel was able to watch the live stream of this test...

The doctor injected the medication into my body when I was least prepared.

Once it entered the bloodstream, the person would lose consciousness within three seconds. The brain wouldn't even think consciously.

"Who told you to pretend to be Stephanie?" a conglomerate asked another question on the screen.

The doctor yanked my hair and asked me to answer.

I knew... that they were anticipating my response. The organization wanted me to be the actual Stephanie more than anyone else did.

I had to be Stephanie...

If I wasn't, I'd lose my value. That would mean that I'd be recalled and dealt with.

Hence, I had to be Stephanie.

My survival instincts wanted me to fight, but I couldn't control myself. I wasn't even sure what answers I'd given them.

The loud whirring of the machine echoed in my ears as my consciousness gradually blurred.

By the time I woke up, I was locked in a pod-like experiment room.

There was another transparent lab here with countless experimental subjects.

We were locked in like lab rats placed under observation.

I slammed my hands against the transparent walls and glanced around my surroundings in anger. I didn't know how many questions they asked after they dosed me with the truth serum. I also wasn't sure how I answered...

If I wasn't actually Stephanie Carlson... Was I already exposed at this point?

I was slightly afraid and sat on the bed biting my nails.

I soon quieted down. They wouldn't have spent so much effort to cage me up again if I'd actually lost my value.

All of a sudden, there was a ringing sound coming from the lab.

I glanced around in confusion. Everyone dressed in white hospital gowns had all stood up. They looked like trained and obedient pets waiting for their meals to arrive at the sound of the bell.

My expression was sour. Physical training... They'd completely dehumanized the experimental subjects.

I counted. Excluding myself, there were eight subjects-three guys and five women.

Among them, two of the women had enlarged stomachs. The fetus in their wombs were clearly new experiments as well.

The door opened. The doctor who was previously involved in my test entered with several staff members in tow. Behind him, one of them was pushing a meal cart while dressed in protective clothing.

The staff members placed the meals in each pod.

When they reached my end, they were just about to place down my meal when the doctor stopped them. Then, he dumped all of my food into the bin in front of my face.

## Chapter 485

"You don't seem to be very happy with the regulations here, Subject Number 77."

What a petty man.

I stared at the doctor coldly and remained silent. I didn't even deserve my own name here.

"You should take a look at the system I've established." He lifted his hand and pointed at the pod next to mine.

The staff member released the subject inside. It was a beautiful woman.

As if she was a hollow shell, the woman walked toward the doctor.

"Kneel," he said in a low voice.

The woman didn't hesitate at all. She immediately knelt down next to his feet.

He flashed me a smile like he was bragging. However, it also served as a warning. It implied that I should be just as obedient, like some kind of dog...

"You're disgusting." I smiled in response. "Men like you are probably at the lowest of lows in society, right?"

"Are you only here looking for some sort of validation because you couldn't get any in the outside world? Do you know what they call people like you? Trash."

My provocation angered him, and his expression darkened. He pressed the button outside of the pod with a twisted smile.

"I'll show you that I'm in charge here."

All of a sudden, ice-cold water began pouring down from the top.

Subsequently, he turned on the air-conditioning of the pod...

My entire body was shivering. I slammed my fists against the walls in anger, but my efforts were futile. The staff member was mildly nervous. "Dr. Alan, she's... a subject that the higher-ups told us to look after specifically. If something were to happen to her, that'd make things difficult for us..."



My body temperature went out of balance in an instant. My body stiffened, and I fell to the ground. A burning sensation spread across my skin.

After the hypothermia kicked in, I didn't feel cold anymore. Instead, I felt like I was being burned alive.

The devil stood outside watching, waiting for me to beg for mercy.

"Watch her temperature. As long as her life isn't in danger, let her stay freezing. Cut the air-conditioning when she learns how to beg for mercy..." the doctor instructed.

"Steven..." My consciousness became scattered at the brink of death, and my brain replayed the image I wanted to see the most.

Steven...

I couldn't die.

I couldn't possibly leave him behind again—I couldn't!

Suddenly, a siren began blaring. My heart rate started to become erratic.

My electrocardiogram flatlined.

The staff members were horrified. They pressed the control panel in a panic and frantically opened the door to the pod.

Alan was stunned as well. He didn't expect me to be this fragile. "Open the door and start CPR. Get her heart rate back up. Sodium bicarbonate! Hurry!"

The machine was still blaring. Shoving the staff members aside, the doctor rushed in and gave me CPR himself.

His panic calmed me. The truth serum hadn't made me lose my value after all.

He didn't dare to let me die.

All of a sudden, a pained scream rang out across the pod. I had pinned Alan below me in one swift movement and pressed my fingers against his eyeballs, slowly increasing the pressure.

He was struggling against me, screaming violently. Blood started seeping out.

I shot a look of warning at the staff members who were rushing in.

"Tell the person in charge of the lab that I want to see her!" I growled. I wanted to see Nancy. My guess was she was the one in charge of this laboratory.

Alan wanted to free himself from my grip, but he didn't dare to anger me.

"Don't move, or I'll dig out your eyeballs. You should know pretty well that the organization won't kill a

valuable subject like me over a doctor like you..." I threatened him in a low voice.

Then, I looked at the experimental subject that was still kneeling outside. "You, get up!"

She didn't seem like she was listening to me.

The doctor laughed maniacally. "They only listen to me."

## Chapter 486

"Tell me, Doctor, would you still be valuable to the lab after your eyesight is gone?" I asked with a smile, gradually increasing the pressure on my fingertips.

Alan started to feel afraid. The pain made him twitch.

"Open all the pods!" I looked at a staff member with an intimidating expression.

She was slightly afraid. With the doctor at my mercy, she couldn't do anything else but comply.

The rest of the experimental subjects slowly walked over. The one that was kneeling on the floor also got up.

"They only listen to you, you say?" I asked.

The doctor suddenly became afraid.

I shoved him outside toward the subjects. "It takes five minutes for the laboratory's mercenaries to get here through the corridor outside."

The male subject at the very front shot me a glance before reaching out to hold the doctor by the neck. With a small exertion of force, the doctor's neck snapped. He stopped breathing.

The subject, on the other hand, looked like he'd just killed an ant. He was unfazed.

Even after killing someone, his gaze remained fixated on me. It felt like... a predator looking for a mate in order to produce an offspring

Test subjects would naturally be genetically attracted to one another. They would want to pick the best within the gene pool and create offspring that were stronger than the current generation. That was how evolution traditionally worked.

I had a hard time imagining what it would be like if fully genetically modified people produced healthy children.

"I'm warning you, you'd better stay away from me." I backed up cautiously, but the three male subjects seemed to be drawn to me by my genetics.

Their gaze was hot. It felt like they wanted to eat me alive.

I slowly backed up and tried to stall for time.

Just as the three of them backed me up into a corner, the isolation door opened. Mercenaries in protective gear rushed into the room and put the subjects back to their isolated pods.

Nancy walked in after them wearing a suit.

She looked at Alan's dead body on the floor and narrowed her eyes. "I underestimated you, Stephany."

I eyed her cautiously and scoffed. "It's just a doctor... He's not nearly as valuable as I am, no?"

She shot me a glance and laughed. "The higher-ups only told us to keep you alive. They didn't say we couldn't punish you."

"If you want to punish me, I can choose to kill myself anytime. If I want to die... none of you can stop me." I threatened her with my life.

Nancy's eyes darkened. She gave in... as expected.

She scoffed before saying through gritted teeth, "The president of Crowdstar Group is investing billions

into the research of reincarnation and genetics. He also specifically named you to be part of it. Else, did you honestly think that you'd be alive?"

She continued, "Do you really think that making it through the lie detector test and the truth serum test means that you're Stephanie Carlson? With proper training, the mercenaries outside could do that too."

I was somewhat surprised. The mysterious president of Crowdstar Group actually took an interest in a subject like me. I would be able to figure out a way to get the answers I wanted from him, then.

"You so desperately hope that I'm not a reincarnation." I asked Nancy with a smile, "What are you afraid of? That even if souls can be reincarnated, the person you care about won't love you if they come back? It's so tragic to not be loved."

I tried to provoke her.

"Shut up!" Not to my surprise, she got worked up. "You're more tragic than I am, Stephany... Do you really think the attraction the subjects have toward you is love? That's just how natural selection works!

"It doesn't matter if it's Steven or the three subjects. They're only attracted to your genes. That's just how things naturally work! Do you think Steven loves you?

"Wait till someone with better genes appears next to him... Then, he'll abandon you without any hesitation and slowly fall in love with someone else."

Nancy looked at me and started laughing out loud again. "Did you think that the society can't see through that little act that you and Steven were putting on? You followed me here on purpose, but I'm afraid you won't be leaving...

"Steven, on the other hand... He's already attracted to the more genetically optimized 'Stephanie.' He didn't even show up to the test today. As the heir of the Lincoln Group, he has the right to attend even if he has sold all his shares to Crowdstar, so long as he forked out enough money...

"But he didn't come, Stephany. He doesn't want you anymore." She laughed maniacally. She was mocking me for being abandoned by Steven.

"Right... I forgot to tell you, Steven slept with the Stephanie I gave him yesterday night. They were attracted to each other's genetics, and he developed a desire for 'Stephanie.' The two of them will be together forever, and you... are destined to be forgotten."

She continued, "Michael Ford, on the other hand... He spent millions just to make sure you're not going through as much pain."

## Chapter 487

I replied blankly and leaned against the doorframe. "Do you think I'd believe that?"

Annoyed by my attitude, Nancy scoffed. "I guess you won't believe it till you see for yourself."

The corner of her lips curved up as she said again, "I forgot to tell you, the Stephanie I sent over is not just genetically optimized. It's also extremely easy for her body to get pregnant.

"Merging a genome-edited subject and a genetically modified being and thus allowing the most perfect genes to combine through natural conception has always been part of our plans..."

She looked at me and continued, "This experiment plan was put forward by Stephanie's parents too... Genome Society used to be against letting a genome-edited genius and genetically modified subject come in contact with each other, lest something goes wrong."

After all, it was two extremely intelligent individuals. If they got together to discuss how to go against Genome Society, that would be dangerous. That was why Genome Society didn't want them near each other.

"But Stephanie's parents couldn't bring themselves to tear them apart. Hence, they intentionally suggested plans for genetic merging through natural conception. They wanted the pair to get together and produce offspring through natural methods to see what the child would be like."

They wanted to see what kind of evolution effect would occur if two sets of allegedly perfect genetics were to merge.

"As soon as the plan was put forward, the leader of Genome Society became extremely interested and gave them the green light to proceed.

"However, as Stephanie grew older, we found out that her parents had hidden certain data from the lab. They'd also hidden the fact that Stephanie's body wasn't able to produce healthy offspring..."

I inhaled deeply. My parents kept it from Genome Society out of fear they'd separate me and Steven if they did...

So, it was inevitable that we were torn apart in the end. Genome Society must've found out.

The car accident when I was 18, the memory loss, the death of my parents, then me growing up in the Ford household and falling in love with Michael...

All of this seemed like a coincidence, but every turning point in my life seemed to have some kind of involvement with Genome Society.

"Initially, when we were creating subjects like you, we couldn't avoid the fact that each of you possessed some kind of flaw. Stephanie's was her personality. She didn't have any feelings or empathy. She couldn't blend into society. She didn't have healthy reproductive abilities either."

So, Stephanie wasn't able to have children. She was an intelligent and unfeeling subject. Unfortunately, nature didn't allow someone with such dangerous genetics to reproduce.

"And you, Stephany... You're suspicious, rash, and have drastic personality changes upon being provoked. You're also incredibly skilled at impersonation.

"You might not have the intelligence that Stephanie possessed, but you're not too shabby either. Besides, your body is healthy enough to reproduce." She looked at me like she was picking out groceries in a market.

"As for the one sent to Steven... Technically, she is Stephanie Carlson a clone born from the same embryo. There's no one more similar, and their genes are identical as well."

No matter how one looked at it, Stephanie No. 2 resembled Stephanie more than I did.

"Steven won't touch her..." I said in a low voice. My fists were trembling from anger.

"I'll come and deliver the good news when Stephanie shows early signs of pregnancy." Nancy laughed. She waited until the mercenaries took care of the body and the subjects in the pods before turning to leave.

"Ms. Lee, the doctor threw away her meal... Should we..." the assistant asked softly. Knowing that I was worth a lot of money, she was probably worried that I'd starve.

"She won't starve to death just by skipping a meal," Nancy replied briefly. She took a few steps before halting. A smile was plastered on her face.

"Right, the president of Crowdstar Group chose to adopt you, so your life is basically in his hands. You should be on your best behavior... Your owner is fully aware of all your actions in this pod." She pointed at the camera above me.

I looked up and stayed silent.

Genome Society treated us like animals in a zoo. Then, they slapped labels onto us and sold us off to the wealthy. Some of the subjects were shipped off to satisfy the lust of rich men while others were sent to labs for drug testing.

Some were also sent to become reproductive machines or living supplies for organ transplants. Additionally, some of the wealthy with rare blood types would purchase subjects with the same blood type, turning them into their own personal blood bank.

There was nothing Genome Society couldn't do, only sins that one could never imagine.

They had completely utilized and harbored the worst of humanity.

I had to admit, though, that those who established the entire structure of the organization and developed it into what it was today were all geniuses.

Some said that geniuses were often crazy. However, in reality, they could either be God or the devil himself. Some used their gifts to help the diseased, and some used them to serve their country. Yet, some chose to utilize their gifts for horrifying, inhumane things.

## Chapter 488

The fairest thing Mother Nature gave to humans was death. It was only a matter of time.

However, some people insisted on going against the laws of nature.

They wanted immortality. They wanted to stay young forever.

Some even start leaning toward dark desires when money and a materialistic lifestyle weren't able to provide them with a higher level of satisfaction or excitement.

Society developed at a gradual yet continuous pace. In just a couple of decades, money had become just a number for many conglomerates. They possessed the most extravagant lifestyle and comfortable living environment in the globe. Life had become mundane for them.

Hence, they needed excitement. They needed something to satisfy their desires.

Immortality and longevity had always been the highest pursuit since historical times.

I sat on the bed and stared at the camera above me.

The camera moved. A red light was flashing. That meant someone was watching me.

If I had to guess, the president of Crowdstar Group probably paid a hefty sum to be able to watch me every day.

I made a gesture of gratitude toward the camera.

Everything aside, this mysterious president was essentially my bank now. I could only stay in the organization without any fear for my safety if I made him like me. Their permission to touch me. If so, at least my life wasn't in danger.

The camera tilted up and down three times, as if to tell me 'You're welcome.'

For some reason, I got the feeling that he was trying to tell me not to worry.

I was probably overthinking it.

The red light on the camera blinked continuously. I knew it meant that he was watching me, but it felt somewhat... soothing, I wasn't sure why, but it calmed my nerves.

I was physically and mentally worn out from today.

I didn't care anymore. I just wanted to get a good night's sleep.

The buzz from the camera's rotation echoed through the space. It seemed to be comforting me and lulling me to sleep.

It was probably my self-defense instincts making me think of nonsensical things. The president of Crowdstar Group was currently the head of Huma's conglomerates. How could he be a kind person?

The wealthy were prone to disguises. They'd offer you some kindness before heartlessly squeezing everything that you were worth out of you.

"Don't worry, Stephie... Sleep, I'll be here."

In a daze, Steven's voice rang out in my head.

Not to my surprise, I could only sleep comfortably while thinking about him.

After I fell asleep, the light from the camera was still blinking.

Even after I woke up, the light was still there.

I didn't know how long I was asleep for. Since Alan had been killed, there was no one assigned to our laboratory.

It was a rare occasion for us to sleep in.

I looked at the camera above quizzically. Did the president of Crowdstar group not need to sleep? Had he been watching me the entire night? What was so entertaining about watching me sleep?

How strange...

Chapter 489

The door to the pod opened, and an assistant dressed in protective clothing entered with a cart. On the cart, there was a large starfish pillow as well as fruits and snacks, all adorned with quarantine signs.

"These came from your adopter, and they're going to be sterilized," the assistant said in a deep voice as he swiftly inserted the items into my capsule through the disinfection port. It was a bit challenging to squeeze in the starfish pillow.

I was taken aback for a moment when I spotted the starfish. I then quickly embraced it in my arms. It was soft and carried the scent of sunshine.

There was a star symbol on the tag of the starfish. It was Steven! I couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement. I turned to face the surveillance camera.

No wonder the president of Crowdstar Group suddenly selected me as an experimental subject and paid a lump sum... As it turned out, Steven and the president had come to a mutual agreement.

Perhaps he utilized the shares of the Lincoln Group to secure the opportunity to meet and negotiate with the president of Crowdstar Group. I felt a sense of joy for Steven, and simultaneously, a wave of relief washed over me. There was no doubt in my mind that Steven would not disregard me.

Holding the starfish in my arms, I sat on the ground and indulged in the fresh fruit. It was clear that the other experimental subjects had never experienced anything like this before, and they all watched me with great anticipation.

I ate a sweet grape. Then, I looked up at the camera and thought for a while. I tapped my knees lightly. I asked the other person if he was Steven.

Had Steven met the president of Crowdstar Group yet?

The camera moved, shaking up and down as if nodding, I felt a surge of joy, although I had to restrain myself from revealing it. Hence, I humbly lowered my head and indulged in a grape.

It was truly Steven! What Nancy said was undoubtedly a lie. Steven would never sleep with anyone else...

Despite trying to reassure myself with this thought, I still felt unsettled. Genetic attraction could be a clash of primal desires that was hard to resist.

Next to my pod, there was a pregnant experimental subject appearing to be on the verge of giving birth.

She urgently knocked on the pod's door. Her body was wracked with throbbing sensations and an inability to remain still.

There was a sudden gush of liquid between her legs. Her water had broken... She was about to give birth. I stood up and frantically pounded on the pod's door. "Is anyone there? She's giving birth!"

Damn it! She was on the brink of giving birth, yet there was no one to attend to her. The monitoring equipment here was very complete, so it was impossible for them not to see it. Nevertheless, the personnel in this laboratory failed to regard the experimental subjects as human beings!

After all, these experimental subjects had not been registered and therefore seemed to be without legal protection. Their existence was unknown, making them vulnerable to being erased and destroyed at any time.

"Is anyone there?" I slammed the door in frustration, feeling a surge of anger that overwhelmed my emotions.

It was Subject Number 57 who was about to give birth. After her amniotic sac ruptured, she began to

experience bleeding from her lower body. If the baby wasn't delivered promptly or via Cesarean section, two lives would be at risk.

"Asshole!" I kicked the door hard, shooting an angry look at the surveillance camera outside the pod. It was evident that someone was watching, but they did not treat us as human beings at all!

I slammed the door forcefully and accidentally injured my hand, causing it to bleed and stain the door. Perhaps sensing my frustration, the other subjects in the neighboring pods also began forcefully banging their doors.

The male experimental subjects' behavior became increasingly manic.

I was startled by the thunderous crashing sound and turned to see the three male experimental subjects. They were pounding on the door, displaying a silent, seamless cooperation that didn't involve any communication.

These were individuals who had been raised in the lab pods since birth and had never been exposed to socialization. In the eyes of the organization, they were not considered as human beings.

The sound of knocking on the doors grew increasingly louder. Their force was formidable, causing the transparent lab to tremble slightly.

Eventually, the door to the lab swung open, revealing the entrance of the staff accompanied by the mercenaries. It was clear that they were no strangers to such occurrences.

## Chapter 490

"Help! Please help! She's about to give birth!" I urgently pounded on the pod's door and pleaded with the staff to rescue Subject Number 57, but it seemed as though they couldn't hear me.

With a mere glance at Subject Number 57, they turned away and headed toward the door of the male experimental subjects.

The staff member was recording while talking at the same time, "Ever since Subject Number 77 entered the lab, the manic behavior of these male subjects has escalated. Administer a 50% concentration of nitrous oxide to calm them down."

The staff member started operating the control panel, but one of the experimental subjects accidentally damaged it while slamming the door, causing a short circuit. Unfortunately, the staff member failed to notice the damage.

I tried to smash the door angrily to distract the staff member. However, I was not strong enough and they didn't take me seriously. I yelled, "Asshole, help her!"

The life of Subject Number 57 was fading fast, and a pool of blood flowed from her lower body as she struggled to save herself. She was determined to bring her child into the world on her own.



Despite growing up in a laboratory and lacking understanding, her maternal instinct was unwavering. She was resolute in her desire for her child to live.

She was breathing quickly and staring at me with red, teary eyes. She pushed her belly desperately, hoping to safely give birth to the baby. However, it seemed that she was experiencing a difficult labor, with more and more blood gushing out.

"Save her..." My throat felt tight as I pleaded with them to save Subject Number 57.

The staff member showed a complete disregard for the life and death of Subject Number 57. Upon witnessing three male experimental subjects collapsing, they immediately opened the pod's door.

A mercenary attempted to administer an injection, only to have his neck seized by one of the experimental subjects who had abruptly regained consciousness. He was truly strong.

"Save her..." I glanced nervously at the three experimental subjects emerging.

The leader was Subject Number 63. He cast a quick glance in my direction before making his way toward the pod door of Subject Number 57. He opened the door and stepped inside, squatting down beside Subject Number 57 to closely examine her condition.

Subject Number 57 appeared to anticipate the outcome as she reached out to grab the Swiss Army Knife from Subject Number 63's hand, the very same knife that was held by the mercenary moments ago.

Locking eyes with Subject Number 63, she took a deep breath. With trembling hands, she moved the knife toward her stomach.

I instinctively averted my gaze. I couldn't bring myself to look directly. If that were to happen, Subject Number 57 would not make it. My body trembled slightly as I leaned against the corner, gripping the door tightly.

What sort of hellish place was this? How many experimental subjects had died before my arrival? This was a realm beyond the grasp of the law because no one knew this place existed.

The workers in this laboratory were extremely cruel and unkind to people, treating them like mice, cats, and dogs. They crushed them without mercy.

The cry of a baby sent a shiver down my spine, causing me to press myself against the wall. I was afraid to turn around. I was not scared. Rather, I found it impossible to look directly at the scene.

The baby cried just once, signaling that something was amiss. It was likely that the medical staff had already identified the issue during the prenatal check-up, for they wouldn't have neglected it otherwise. After all, the baby in the belly was also the product of the experiment.

Subject Number 63 approached my pod with the baby in his arms. We exchanged wary looks. His eyes were clear and cold, devoid of any discernible emotion. It was almost as if he were emotionless.

He gestured toward me, then abruptly departed. I gazed at Subject Number 63 in astonishment. The message conveyed through his sign language was, "We'll wait for you outside. Stay alive."

I stood there in shock for a long time. Did these experimental subjects know me? Had Stephany been to the lab? Or did they recognize me as Stephanie? Had Stephanie been here? But in my memory, there was no recollection of this lab.

As the alarm blared, a swarm of mercenaries flooded in from outside. I couldn't help but wonder if the three of them and a baby with a congenital disease could make their escape. All I could do was silently pray for them.

A sound emanated from the surveillance camera behind me. I turned to see the camera swaying from side to side, almost as if it were warning me not to attempt an escape. There was no way out...

The baby's fate seemed to have been determined the moment they were born in the laboratory. Those unable to escape would encounter a dead end upon leaving the lab.