

After Death 621

Chapter 621

The man on the bed looked at Daisy. He replied helplessly, "You asked me if I've ever loved you or if I've always treated you as her substitute. You asked me to give you an answer once I woke up."

Daisy's reddening eyes were full of excitement. After getting a satisfying answer, she started anticipating the answer to her question. She wanted to know how Miguel would answer her.

Miguel sighed as he looked at Daisy. "We're husband and wife. I wouldn't have needed to hold on for so long if I only treated you as her substitute. I'm just worried that you might end up on the wrong path. You shouldn't be doing this-"

He looked at his own pair of hands. "You've made a mistake, Daisy. You shouldn't be doing such things... This is destroying humanity!"

Daisy held onto Miguel's hand and shook her head. "I'm selfish, but it's worth doing it."

I chuckled coldly and took a step back. As expected, he was now Miguel and not Michael.

Of course, it would seem worthy for Daisy everything was in a youthful state now that Miguel was occupying a youthful body.

"He's now in a youthful state, but just look at yourself, Daisy. No matter how well you maintain your over 50-years-old body, the both of you will still look like mother and son at most," I said, clenching my fists.

I had thought of the many possible ways someone like Michael could die, yet I never imagined that he was only someone else's vessel.

I took a deep breath, feeling all of my hatred suddenly evaporating. I felt more pity than hatred toward him now.

Michael was a pitiful person who couldn't even be considered a complete person. He, too, had been manipulated even from before his birth.

That was why he was so paranoid and self-righteous. He never understood what love was, much less what to think about love.

Daisy eyed me coldly, as if only remembering us then.

"The experiment is a success, Steven. You've created a miracle." She ignored me completely and looked at Steven with a crazed gaze. It was as if she had struck a gold mine with him.

"Can we leave now?" Steven asked in a low voice.

"Of course, you can." Daisy smiled and gestured for her men to get on to it. Her men walked over to blindfold us and stuffed earplugs into our ears.

She was very alert. She made sure we couldn't find the location of the laboratory despite letting us go.

I took Ashton's and Xan's hands while Steven pulled me close on the shoulders. We then followed the laboratory staff out.

We got into a car soon after. The journey took around three hours before we reached home. But I was certain that they took the long way on purpose.

The four of us got out of the car after our blindfolds and earplugs were removed. It felt tense.

A living person like Michael was just replaced like that. Yet people might think reincarnation was a joke or myth-something that was impossible to happen.

"I've memorized the location of the laboratory, Mom," Ashton whispered as he looked up.

I looked at him in surprise. "How did you figure out where we were when they made us wear earplugs and blindfolds?"

"It's my sense of direction." Ashton pointed at the spot between his brows.

"His pineal gland is more developed than ours," Steven explained on behalf of Ashton. "Some scientists have suggested that the pineal gland evolved from what was supposed to be the human's 'third eye.' It can sense external things and directions.

"Ashton's and Xan's pineal glands are much more developed than a normal human's. They can sense direction through the spot between their brows."

Astonished, I gave Ashton a thumbs-up.

Chapter 622

Ashton whispered, "They went around the city center three times. I caught the scent of roasted coffee beans thrice."

He also had an exceptional sense of smell. He had keenly picked up the scent of roasted coffee beans from the car's circulation system.

Ashton realized that they were driving in circles by identifying these scents. He would be able to pinpoint their exact location as long as he was given a city map.

"They're insane to actually place the laboratory inside the city center-" I whispered.

But I had to admit that Daisy was indeed smart. No one would have guessed that Genome Society's laboratory was actually inside Huma's city center.

"Should we call the police and tell Zion and the others?" I looked at Steven.

He shook his head. "Daisy is crucial to Genome Society. She also has the most access to the higher-ups. I'm not confident about Dayton, so we shouldn't alert them for now."

Steven always made sure everything was perfectly planned.

Dayton was a little lovestruck at that moment he was completely focused on Xandra now. Steven was worried that he might mess things up, which was why he had to keep Daisy around as a backup plan.

"Daisy's plan is to use Una's body to restore her youth. That's also why she took you in back then and even allowed feelings to develop between Michael and you," Steven replied in a gruff voice.

I looked at him in surprise. "But our genetics are different-"

Did Daisy have the same genetics as well?

"Daisy and Nancy are experimental subjects with the same genetics. They're the second-generation experimental subjects, and you're the third-generation." Steven looked at me worriedly.

"As expected." I nodded. After combining it with Xandra's words, it all made sense now.

No wonder Ashton said Daisy was one of us. No wonder Miguel said he had brought Daisy out from the laboratory.

"It seems like Miguel also invested in Genome Society," I said with a low voice.

That Miguel wasn't much of a good person either.

"He was one of the earliest philanthropists. When Genome Society first entered the Huma market, they claimed to be doing work that was beneficial to humanity combating cancer, genetic diseases, and such. "That was why Miguel had been funding Genome Society. But later on, he discovered their terrifying secret and probably spent a fortune buying out the experimental subjects' lives."

Just like how I was brought to the laboratory by Genome Society, with a clear price tag for the wealthy to "sponsor" me.

These wealthy people seemed to be able to do whatever they wanted. And Genome Society provided them a secret place for such purposes. It truly was terrifying.

Steven said, "All these years, Genome Society has been providing wealthy individuals worldwide clean organ sources, clone subjects, offspring, genome-edited descendants, and other services.

"They would even provide many inhuman and terrifying things, like using abducted women and children

as blood banks or cerebrospinal fluid extraction sources."

Steven's words sounded cold, yet Genome Society had done things far crueler than what he had just said.

They had built a vast network worldwide to amass wealth and conduct experiments that went against humanity and nature. They had already developed many undisclosed secrets in places ordinary people would never imagine-things like clones, reincarnation, and immortality.

Humans had always been crueler than expected.

"Is Michael really dead just like that?" I asked softly. Steven remained silent, a conflicting look on his gaze.

Chapter 623

Steven and I kept our hands tightly intertwined even until we got back home.

We were too afraid of losing each other. The life we had now seemed like a precious gift.

"It's probably at this location, Dad." Ashton looked at the huge map of Huma in the basement and pointed at the center.

"It should be this location, Dad. There's a food market nearby, right?" He looked up at Steven.

Steven nodded. "This is Huma University, the most densely populated area in Huma. There's a food market nearby Huma University on that street."

I looked at him in surprise. "Their laboratory is located inside the university?"

Steven whispered, "Huma University has their own laboratory. The Fords invested in the construction of a huge basement laboratory for the Huma University School of Medicine many years ago."

As expected, it was within the university grounds. There was a huge secret lying beneath the university, and the campus provided an excellent cover for it.

"What a madman-" I chuckled helplessly.

What a bunch of madmen.

Many university students walked the path daily, yet they never knew that there was a hidden laboratory beneath their campus. There, lives were used as experimental subjects for cruel experiments.

Steven's phone rang. It was a call from Eason.

"I need your help, Steven." His voice sounded anxious.

"What happened?" Steven asked.

I looked at him, alerted. It was hard for Eason with that personality of his to get even help from Steven- his pride would take a hit.

Eason said, "We've received an overwhelming amount of missing person reports in the past two days. It was as if they were all premeditated. Their families came rushing over with cold cases some as far back as 40 years.

"The most recent ones happened half a month ago before Genome Society was exposed."

Troubled, he continued, "We have no leads right now, so we need your help."

Steven eyed me.

The serial murder cases, the killing games in the ruined building, the incident on the Death Cruise, as well as those horrifying mutilation cases that exposed Genome Society's human trafficking incidents back then ... Now, families of missing people were flocking to the police station to report their cases.

"These families came from all over the country, mostly from remote villages and places with limited information. But somehow, they all came to Huma to report their cases. They refuse to tell us why even when asked." Eason was frustrated.

It seemed like another of the Rebels' counter-attacks against Genome Society.

Steven replied, "Alright. Please come pick us up."

He looked at me. For once, he wasn't facing it alone he told Eason to pick us up.

I held onto Steven's hand tightly, unsure of what other shocking and terrifying event we were about to face.

"Should we drop the kids at Xandra's while we head out?" I asked softly.

For some reason, I subconsciously rather trusted Xandra, whom we had known only for a while.

Besides, Rachel was currently still on holiday.

Steven shook his head. "Just bring them along. Their noses are more sensitive than police dogs. They might be of help."

He ruffled Ashton's hair after that. Ashton hugged my arm and nuzzled against me. "I'll protect all of you, Mom!"

I smiled wryly. This kid who had barely grown up was such an actor. I sighed and nodded. "Alright."

Chapter 624

Eason had Dennis Colby, his assistant, to pick us up. They were extremely busy sorting through nearly a hundred missing person cases in the Huma Police Department.

"This is a missing person case from 40 years ago. The missing person's name is an 18-year-old woman named Sarah Leigh. She was known as the most beautiful woman in the village, with a slender and well-proportionate figure.

"It was said that she longed for the big city and came alone to Huma. She had been frequently sending letters and money back home during the early years. Her family was the first to build a new house in their hometown back in the mountains and was the envy of many.

"Sarah Leigh has been missing for the longest time among the recently reported cases. Photography wasn't advanced back then, and this black-and-white photo is the only image we have of her. She had sent it to her grandfather back then." Eason enlarged the restored photo on the screen.

"Damn, she's stunning. She'd be considered a real beauty even by today's standards," Phil exclaimed.

The woman in the old photo looked beautiful smiling. Despite her braided hair and a plain plaid top, her beauty still shined through.

"Don't you guys think... the two of them look alike?" Phil questioned suddenly. He had turned to look at me and was pointing at me before pointing back at Sarah's photo in surprise.

Eason paused for a moment. Zion also turned back to look. I felt shy having all the police officers staring

at me.

I studied the photo carefully. For some reason, I did find our appearances quite similar.

"This was someone who went missing earlier this year. He was also 18 years old during his time of disappearance. He was over six feet tall-handsome, popular, and widely known as the campus heartthrob." Eason continued to display the most recent missing person case from the list.

"There are both men and women among the missing people. There are so many cases, which might not all be connected. But if they were all separate cases, we might be exhausted having to deal with nearly a hundred cases," Phil muttered.

"You can investigate them together," Steven suggested as he walked over to carefully examine each missing person case. "The Rebels have already screened them for us. Since the families chose to report their disappearance all at once at this moment, there's likely to be a connection between them."

"Indeed, this issue has already caught significant public attention. The media has started interviewing the victims' families, and it's causing quite a stir." Zion massaged his temples.

It would be hard to contain soon. The police would have a tough time wrapping things up if the cases weren't solved.

The Rebels were using another way to pressure the police in order to mess with Genome Society. "These fuckers!" Phil cursed.

My gaze remained trained on the photo of that woman named Sarah Leigh.

"Does this Sarah Leigh still have any family members? Who was the one who made the report?" I asked. "It's her biological brother. He's in his 60s and traveled by train for several days and nights to Huma. He's an honest person and doesn't seem like a bad guy," Zion replied, sharing his analysis.

"Don't judge a person's character based on their appearance," Eason retorted.

Zion kept quiet.

I looked at the photo. "Can I meet Sarah Leigh's family?"

Zion nodded. "Alright, I'll make arrangements for it."

"Mom, this granny..." Ashton stared at Sarah's photo for a good moment before continuing, "She's a natural."

Phil was amused. "Of course, she's a natural. There was no plastic surgery back in those days, so she's definitely a natural beauty!"

I hesitated for a moment. They might not understand what Ashton meant, but I did.

He wanted to say that Sarah Leigh wasn't a clone subject—she was the original.

Chapter 625

After analyzing the missing person cases, we discovered that all of them involved individuals aged between 18 to 25, with attractive appearances and well-proportioned figures.

These people were naturally good-looking and were all in the prime of their youths.

"There have been people disappearing up until early this year. It would be truly inhumane if all of those cases were connected and related to Genome Society. What a horrific crime this is," Zion said as he lit up a cigarette.

Steven stepped up to look at all the missing person cases on the screen. He also casually extinguished the cigarette in Zion's hand.

Zion was troubled by the cases, while Steven's action was done on my behalf I hated the smell of smoke.

Stunned, Zion ground his teeth in frustration. Such an unspoken public display of affection seemed to be at his expense.

Steven was getting too lazy to memorize things himself. He reached over to ruffle Ashton's hair. "Here, have a closer look and remember them all."

Ashton was to commit every single missing person case to his memory. He then looked at Xan and said, "You can remember them instead."

Xan had autistic tendencies, and no one could break into her world. She wouldn't be easily distracted as long as she was focused on doing something.

And she had an exceptional memory.

"She's just like a human computer!" Phil exclaimed in surprise.

Xan looked up and carefully studied every single person in the photos with intense focus.

"I managed to contact Sarah Leigh's family. He's renting a place in Tranquil Garden, claiming that he wants to look for his sister in Huma," Zion said after returning from taking a call.

I nodded in reply.

"The families of all these missing persons are all renting a place near Tranquil Garden. With close to a hundred people coming at once, it seems like a coordinated, disciplined, and purposeful action," Eason offered his analysis.

It just so happened that all of them currently had a case on hand.

"Take Sarah Leigh's brother, for example. His sister has been missing for over 40 years, yet he's just planning to look for her now. What is he thinking?" Phil complained.

"We can only be certain until after we meet him." I glanced at Zion before looking at the time. "Can we go over now?"

Zion nodded. "You can continue analyzing the case with the others, Eason. I'll bring Stephany and the others out."

Eason looked at Zion begrudgingly. "I'm your superior. Are you trying to teach me how to do my job?" "Oh, well..." Zion smiled. He then ignored Eason and led us away.

Xan stood in front of the screen. Her gaze landed on the young man who recently disappeared. "Being good-looking and having a gentle personality are among the criteria of selecting experimental subjects."

She rarely spoke, but her sudden words brought a chill down everyone's spine.

Did that mean that Genome Society was also conducting other experiments besides cloning and genetic experiments?

"These people would be valuable and useful." Xan turned around and looked at me. "Do you know about lab dogs and white mice, Mom?"

I nodded nervously. "Some animals are gentle in nature and have internal organs and systems that are similar to humans. That's why many pharmaceutical companies use dogs, monkeys, apes, white mice, and other animals for drug testing, studying drug resistance, and other experiments."

Although cruel, these animals had made significant contributions to the advancement of human medicine. "They only use animals for experiments under legal and ethical constraints. But animals... aren't the best experimental subjects," Xan mumbled.

It was true that animals weren't the best experimental subjects. Many medications and medical experiments could not be replicated on animal bodies. Only by using human bodies could the experiments' values be shown.

Eason said, "Back in the warring period, the Rhordian invaders used our people for monstrous and inhumane human experiments. Rhorda's medical technology advanced at least a century by conducting vivisections.

"Their medical advancements were built on the flesh and blood of our people. That's why their frostbite ointment is so effective." His voice trembled as he spoke from his seat.

Such hatred was engraved in our genes and should never be forgotten.

Now, Genome Society seemed to be also conducting similar inhumane activities that crossed the moral and legal boundaries.

Chapter 626

"Don't they have clone subjects? Why would they still need so many living people?" That was something Zion couldn't understand.

"Have you ever considered how high the cost is to keep clone subjects alive?" I chuckled bitterly.

Every single clone subject that survived as a fully healthy individual was the result of fortunes spent on them. That was why they would use clone subjects for more valuable research instead like organ transplant and live blood banks.

These scattered disappearances clearly served other purposes.

"These are just a part of the missing people who suddenly came to light." Steven looked at the people on the screen. "These people stood out in terms of their perfect appearances or personalities."

They should still have other values for experiments.

"Besides, there were countless tramps, beggars, homeless children, and mentally ill people who disappeared all around the world," Steven stated the facts.

Everyone fell silent.

Zion left first. They were police officers who wanted to eliminate all evil, yet their capabilities were limited.

Their desire to seek justice and uphold the law was strong, yet reality sent chills down their spines. There was too much injustice and evil in this world-some places were bound to remain in shadow.

They could only stay true to themselves and act with integrity in doing their best to uncover the truth behind all the missing people cases.

"Do you think it's possible they're still alive? Could they be waiting for us to rescue them from the dark and despairing lab cages?" Zion asked softly, seemingly helpless.

He wanted to light a cigarette to drown his sorrows.

I held Steven back, allowing Zion to light it. He needed an outlet.

"They might still be alive," Steven said softly.

Perhaps his words were to comfort us, or perhaps... there was still a possibility of them being alive.

He continued, "We'll need to know what Genome Society's purpose of capturing them was in order to know if they're still alive or not. What kind of experiments would require these people with perfect appearances, figures, and genes?"

Zion nodded. "You're right. Some of them might have been waiting for us for 40 years. We have to hurry."

We had to hurry in solving the cases and finding them.

I nodded before following Zion into his car.

Everyone was quiet on the way to see Sarah Leigh's brother. The mood felt heavy.

Ashton and Xan remained silent as well. Xan continued to play with her Rubik's cube while Ashton looked out the window.

I didn't know what their young minds were thinking about. But it was clear that whatever they had in their thoughts wasn't anything children of their ages should be thinking about.

They were born experimental subjects who yearned for parental love from birth. They could only rely on killing, scheming, and continuously achieving success in order to protect themselves.

Ever since they had memories, they had to work hard continuously just to survive.

Out of the many experimental subjects, only Ashton and Xan survived. The strengths of the two of them were something beyond our imagination.

I could only hope that those two would stay true to their original intention. I prayed for God to be merciful and forgive them, and for them to stay safe and happy.

Chapter 627

Steven and I were taken aback when Zion brought us to the rented houses near Tranquil Garden.

This was Huma, where every inch of land was valuable. I never imagined that there would be a slumlike alley so close to the affluent district.

The alley was extremely narrow-it would be cramped even for two people to walk side by side. It was just a small walkway between the new buildings and the old ones in the neighborhood.

This alley seemed to separate the poor and the wealthy in Huma.

Standing at the end of the alley, I glanced at the towering high-rises on the right and then at the dilapidated buildings yet to be demolished on the left. Even though the wealthy and the poor were so physically near, yet they were miles apart.

"The rent here is cheap over a thousand dollars per month. But that's the average wage in other cities. Nothing is left after paying rent," Zion mumbled before sighing.

"That was why such a huge conflict arose because of the disparity between the wealthy and the poor. The poor have never seen the joy of the wealthy, and the wealthy despise the effort and labor of the poor," he said.

"We've lodged complaints countless times. This is Tranquil Garden-a high-end neighborhood in Huma. Do you think it's acceptable for the nearby dilapidated buildings to be occupied by migrant workers?" Many of the wealthy protested, "It smells awful having to pass by here daily. Do you know how much they're affecting our property value?"

I watched while those wealthy pointed fingers and scolded others. They might not be the wealthiest in the area, yet compared to the true elites from the upper class, these middle-class people seemed to look down on the poor the most.

"Move out immediately!" A stern middle-aged woman had other people kicking the migrant workers out.

An old suitcase was thrown out, ending up damaged with its zipper torn. Clothes spilled out onto the ground, as well as a few plastic-wrapped cornbread and sandwiches.

The dark-skinned man who was kicked out appeared to be elderly, likely in his 60s. He was packing his belongings in a rush, seemingly anxious.

Although he wasn't dressed in the best clothes, he was still clean. His stubble was turning gray, and his hair was streaked with white.

"Move out from here, all of you! You migrant workers are just like beggars!" That woman was still cursing with a hand over her nose disdainfully. She was about to step on the man's cornbread.

I moved forward to grab her by the collar and dragged her aside. Frowning, I asked, "Are you planning to stay in jail for a few days for assaulting others?"

"I'm from the police department," Zion said as he flashed his badge.

"So what if you're a police officer? We've already bought over this place for demolition. It's only fair to get them to leave!" the middle-aged woman said haughtily.

"We've paid a month's worth of rental," the man said earnestly before choking up.

"Don't you understand me? Your landlord sold their house, and now, it belongs to me!" she continued to shout.

"Rental agreements are not voided by sales," Steven said.

Startled, the middle-aged woman frowned. "I'm the homeowner. What I say goes!"

"Let's call the police, then." Steven looked at Zion. "I'll cover the legal fee. Just sue her. She won't be able to win."

The middle-aged woman's expression darkened. Upon seeing Steven's confident demeanor, she gritted her teeth and spat out the words, "Such a busybody."

"Would wealthy people like you be able to survive without having the underclass in the society?" I chuckled coldly. "Who would build houses for you without the poor, the farmers, and the migrant workers?"

The wealthy wouldn't be able to survive without the disparity between them and the poor.

The wealthy would use every means to maintain the disparity between them and the poor. That was because they needed the poor to work for them, yet they would look down on them condescendingly at the same time.

Such was the common reality of the current society-one would rely on another to sustain their living yet at the same time despise them for being poor and underclass.

The middle-aged woman stomped away angrily when she couldn't win over our arguments.

Chapter 628

"Let us help you, Mr. Leigh." Zion bent down to help the man collect his belongings.

Floyd Leigh hurriedly waved a hand and got up, thanking them fervently. "Thank you! Thank you!"

I looked at the earnest -looking man before us. Was this Mr. Leigh Sarah Leigh's brother?

"Are you Sarah Leigh's brother?" I looked at him and asked.

Floyd hurriedly nodded. "And you are...?"

Indeed, he looked earnest and honest, unlike a bad person.

Floyd looked at me for the longest time before sheepishly saying, "You look somewhat similar to my sister

"Sarah has been missing for many years. Why are you only making a report now?" I interrupted him and asked.

Floyd waved a hand. "Everyone in the village thought she had gone and married a wealthy person after going into the city. Even I thought she had gone overseas and wouldn't come back anymore."

Even he had thought that Sarah had gone overseas and refused to acknowledge him as her family anymore. Floyd said, "She used to send letters and even money back home in the early years. Later on, she also transferred money back, but we gradually lost contact.

"I tried looking for her on my own and with the help of others, but the news that came back was that Sarah had married a wealthy man and went overseas with no intention of coming back." He looked embarrassed. His hands were marred by cracks of hard labor, a clear sign of a lifetime of manual labor.

"I didn't want to become a burden to her. We came from the countryside and were uneducated. If she was capable of marrying a wealthy man, then we shouldn't hold her back," Floyd said somewhat bitterly with his hands clutching the hem of his shirt. He didn't seem like he was lying.

"Someone told you that Sarah married a wealthy man. Do you know who she married?" I asked again.

Floyd shook his head. "Sarah sent a photo of her and a man back a few years ago. I'm not sure if she married this man."

He pulled out an old, wrinkly, and slightly yellowing photo from his pocket.

I reached for the photo and frowned when I looked at the young man in the photo. "Look at this man. Is this Miguel?"

Steven glanced over and shook his head.

"He's not." Ashton shook his head as well. "This man looks similar to Dad," he said, looking at Steven. Was this Andy?

Sarah had been missing for 40 years. She was 18 years old 40 years ago. She would be 58 years old if she was still alive now.

Andy was Steven's father. He would also be around 58 years old if he was still alive now.

Steven studied the photo carefully. "This should be Andy."

Things had taken an interesting turn now.

Sarah, who was from a small village in the mountains, met Andy when she was 18 years old. They took a

photo after getting together. The fact that she had sent the photo back home meant that she was serious about him.

However, she also went missing when she was 18 years old. That meant she went missing shortly after getting together with him.

Whereas Andy seemed to treat her as just a passenger in his life. Not only did he get married and have a child after that, but he even obtained a genome-edited child-Steven-through Genome Society.

Chapter 629

"Andy Lincoln?" Zion looked at the photo, surprised. Had Sarah really gotten together with Andy before?

"Do you still have any clues you haven't told the police, Mr. Leigh?" he asked.

Floyd gave it some thought before taking out a stack of letters and some remittance slips from his battered suitcase.

"These are the letters Sarah sent to me back then. She would send me money every month, and she would transfer money once she got a card." He took out the letters wrapped in a plastic bag. It was clear that he had put in effort to keep her belongings.

I reached for the letters and envelopes. They were indeed rather old, with some of the envelopes yellowing. But it wasn't hard to tell from Sarah's letters that she had a close relationship with Floyd.

She likely knew that he was illiterate, so her letters included simple greetings, expressions of longing, and also little drawings depicting her current life. At first, she only drew herself, but another figure appeared over time-Andy.

Sarah mentioned in her letters that she met a good person and decided to spend her life with him. However, the Lincolns had opposed it after knowing of her poor family background.

She seemed to have cried while writing another letter as it was wrinkly. In the letter, she asked: "Is it really important to marry within your social class, Floyd?"

I looked at Steven. "Sarah was just 18 back then, and Andy should be of similar age as well. They were both barely legal, yet they were already considering marriage?"

"People were more conservative back then. They would think of marriage once they got together," Zion explained.

I nodded. It was likely for two young people in their prime to have gotten together intimately, in that sense. Sarah wouldn't have considered marriage so early otherwise.

She probably thought that she already belonged to Andy, so it was only a matter of time before she married him.

"We found our only clue Andy," I whispered.

That meant we'd have to make a trip back to the Lincoln residence. We needed to look through Andy's belongings to see if we could discover anything related to Sarah.

"Do you have any other clues still, Mr. Leigh?" Zion asked again.

Floyd shook his head.

"How did all of you decide to come to Huma together to report on their disappearances all of a sudden?" I looked at him.

That had indeed happened too suddenly.

"Someone sent me a letter a while back." Floyd hurriedly rummaged through his belongings for the letter. "They said that Sarah had been missing for years, and it wasn't because she had gone overseas. They claimed that she went missing in Huma and asked me to come over."

Zion nodded. "Most of the other victims also received letters. Some had received internet calls."

I nodded before turning to him. "I've nothing else to ask for now. Let's head back."

Our next destination would be the Lincoln residence.

Somehow, I felt that things weren't as simple as they seemed. Sarah's disappearance was definitely not an accident.

"Genome Society has long since infiltrated Huma. They first disguised themselves as a charitable medical institution within the country and gradually started to conduct shady experiments. The Lincolns were indeed the main contributor to Genome Society under Andy's management in the early years."

Back then, Genome Society highly valued Andy because he invested a significant sum of money. Their growth was largely due to his support.

However, Andy discovered the truth behind Genome Society later on. He then started resisting them. "Andy is the key to solving Sarah's disappearance." Zion nodded.

"But he might not have left behind any valuable information, seeing that he died too early." He sighed.

Chapter 630

I remained silent throughout the entire journey to the Lincoln residence.

Somehow, I felt that something was amiss, yet I couldn't figure it out.

If Andy truly loved Sarah, wouldn't he be anxious to look for his own lover when she went missing?

"Andy went to study overseas when he was 19. Once he graduated and returned, he slowly took over Lincoln Group. That was when Ignatius gradually ceded power," Steven said solemnly.

That meant Andy had gone overseas shortly after Sarah went missing. That shouldn't be a coincidence as well.

"Could it be that Mr. Lincoln Senior had some connection to Genome Society? He was worried that a poor woman like Sarah might hinder Andy, so he had her captured and sent to Genome Society?" Zion speculated.

It seemed like it could only be a speculation at this point.

"Ignatius probably has little to do with Genome Society. He's an extremely conservative person who wouldn't actively participate in charity. The funding support to Genome Society started from Andy.

"Besides, if Ignatius were an important member of Genome Society, he wouldn't have allowed Martin to bribe Genome Society in secret to edit genomes in babies, leaving a risk like Jimmy."

As Mr. Lincoln Senior was inherently suspicious, he wouldn't have allowed any family members from the branches to surpass him when he was still alive.

I nodded. Indeed, if Mr. Lincoln Senior was someone from Genome Society, he wouldn't have died so easily.

We got out of the car upon reaching the Lincoln residence. The old house was looking desolated. Despite the staff and butler's constant cleaning, the unoccupied house still seemed forlorn.

Steven brought us to the top-floor attic storage room. Many of Andy's belongings were left there.

We found Sarah's black-and-white photo in one of his earlier diaries. She was smiling brightly in that photo. It was likely Andy had brought her to get the photo taken.

That photo had unexpectedly become the only evidence of her existence in this world.

"Is Sarah mentioned in the diary?" I asked Steven.

He shook his head. "You can see it for yourself."

The handwriting was blurry due to moisture, making many words unreadable.

I flipped through the pages there was nothing related to Sarah at all. However, it was strange that her photo was in the diary.

"Since we could find Sarah's photo in Andy's belongings, then it should be solid proof that they were together," I whispered, checking the date of the diary. "Wait a minute, this diary was after Sarah's disappearance. What about the ones before?"

Did Andy keep a diary before her disappearance?

We searched through the room for a good while, yet we couldn't find other diaries. We only found a string of strange numbers on the back of the battered diary.

"7628977. And what are these dates for?"

"What do these numbers mean?" I wasn't sure if they were just Andy's random scribbles.

Steven studied the string of numbers. "This is... the donation account of Genome Society."

The string of numbers was the donation account of Genome Society. That meant that Andy had been regularly transferring money to them.