

After Death 631

Chapter 631

"Don't tell me this is another beautiful yet tragic love story?" Zion scratched his head.

I said, "A wealthy scion and Cinderella fell in love, yet they were broken up by his family. Cinderella went missing, and the wealthy scion went to study abroad. When he came back, he couldn't find her, and upon investigation, he realized that she had been abducted by human traffickers into Genome Society.

"In order to protect his loved one, the wealthy scion started to compete with his brother for the control of their family business. He then used his identity as the CEO of the Lincoln Group to donate money and resources to Genome Society, all just to ensure his loved one's well-being.

"Over time, he uncovered the truth behind Genome Society and learned that she had been killed. Despaired, he withdrew his sponsorship and joined the Rebels in planning for the fall of Genome Society as a form of revenge," I speculated, looking at Steven.

To anyone, it would have looked just like a love story. Just like how it was with Daisy and Miguel—a clone subject and a sickly CEO.

"If Daisy is a first-generation experimental subject, then Nancy and Daisy-as second-generation experimental subjects-should be at least 18 years apart in age. But Daisy seems to be aging a lot." In my mind, Daisy was Nancy's best friend and Michael's "mother". I naturally assumed that she was around the same age as Nancy and Miguel-or that their age gap wouldn't be too big.

I never expected Daisy to actually be younger. However, she looked much older than Nancy.

Was it because she wasn't maintaining herself well? Clearly, that wasn't the case.

"Daisy is probably a first-generation clone subject. The technology wasn't as refined and advanced back then, so the clone subject's physical age should be the same as the age of the experimental subject," Steven explained.

It was just like how Dolly the Sheep's bodily function was rapidly aging because her clone was based on an adult sheep.

"That's probably the reason why Genome Society prefers to use young people as experimental subjects," Steven said, looking at Zion. "But I don't think Andy is a lovestruck fool."

He couldn't help but feel some animosity whenever he mentioned Andy.

He refused to admit that he was his father-perhaps even finding it hard to accept the fact too.

Steven continued, "The fact that Andy agreed to have Genome Society send him a genome-edited baby meant he implicitly approved this technology.

"Besides, his investment wasn't entirely philanthropic he has equity stakes in the genome-editing laboratory. He would have a share of whatever Genome Society earned from this technology in the future, " he said indifferently.

It meant that Andy was in cahoots with Genome Society and had mutual interests before he betrayed and left them.

"There's a possibility for anything to happen to anyone. Perhaps your father really had his own reasons. Just like what you've said, he had to fight fire with fire to obtain Genome Society's trust."

I really couldn't think of why Andy would do that otherwise. What exactly was his relationship with Sarah? "Don't use a romantic mindset to figure out a businessman." Steven tapped my head.

I remained silent. Indeed, my theory might be too one-sided.

Steven said, "It's said that Andy chose to marry his wife and had a child for his family interest. But if you think about it, the Lincoln Group was already at the pinnacle of the Huma business world.

"No crisis happened after Andy took over. Instead, it grew stronger with the help of Genome Society's network. There was no reason for him to compromise with Ignatius if he really loved Sarah."

Other than his feelings toward Stephanie, Steven did not believe in the existence of faithful love in this world. I parted my lips, unable to refute.

If Andy really loved Sarah, there should be no reason for him to get married and have children. He even accepted a genome-edited baby later on.

Chapter 632

"Before I turned eight, everyone in the Lincoln family, including Andy, thought I was a defect. That was because I hadn't developed cognitive abilities yet back then. I was like an autistic child with extremely low IQ test scores, as if I was immersed in my own world," Steven said hoarsely.

That was his painful past and also the reason he was discarded by the Lincolns as if he were trash.

"Andy always had a reputation for being kind-hearted in the Huma business circle, and he was constantly engaging in charitable work. Yet, he discarded his blood-related son..." Zion frowned.

He continued, "Even if this was a genome-edited child from Genome Society, that was still his child. It's not like the Lincolns couldn't spare money to raise a child."

Zion felt angry too, yet the reality was such.

Andy wasn't incapable of resisting Ignatius, yet he chose to impliedly approve of Ignatius' actions. Thinking that Steven was a defect, Ignatius cast him into an orphanage and left him to fend for himself.

Back then, genome-editing technology was indeed unrefined. Steven was considered one of the experimental subjects.

I reached for his hand, now knowing why he refused to forgive Andy until now. To him, the Lincolns were also people he could do without.

To Steven, everything was unimportant except for Stephanie.

"We would have to investigate Andy to discover the truth, but he's been dead for many years, and the evidence he left was minimal. We could only change our approach and look into the remaining missing persons." I sighed.

It seemed like we would need more time to solve the case now.

We found the second missing person following the order of disappearance.

Her family was still crying. We found out after asking that they only just found out that their daughter was dead.

She was a beautiful prospective college student named Yvette Craig. She went missing while planning to study overseas after her college entrance exam.

Her family had always thought that she was studying overseas.

"How could her disappearance be kept so tightly under wraps?" I asked curiously. Even if she was studying overseas, it had been over 20 years. Was no one suspicious of anything?

Yvette's mother said, "My daughter was somewhat rebellious. I divorced her father, and she lived alone after that. She said that she no longer wanted to keep in touch with any of us after she studied abroad.

"At first, I thought she was harboring grudges against us. I tried contacting her, but I could never reach her. I've always kept in touch with one of her friends. Her friend said that she was doing fine, but she refused to see or have anything to do with us."

The white-haired elderly woman was crying as she spoke. The misfortune of her family had caused no one to be aware of Yvette's disappearance.

"Some time ago, we received a letter telling us that Yvette had gone missing over 20 years ago. I immediately tried contacting her friend whom I used to keep in touch with, but I could no longer reach

him," the lady said, agitated.

I looked at Zion. "Are we able to look into the friend who has been in contact with the family?" He nodded. "We're looking into it now, but we'll need some time since it's an international number."

Chapter 633

Eason spent the whole afternoon identifying the owner of the international number.

He said, "The second missing woman is Yvette Craig from a small village near Yellowbrick River in Solance. She was the only top student who managed to get into Huma University. She was beautiful with a well-proportioned figure and long limbs.

"The villagers had a good impression of her when we went around for interviews, yet they all said that she had a tough life."

Yvette's parents divorced when she was very young. She grew up with her grandmother as neither of her parents wanted to take her in. Her grandmother passed away the year she passed her college entrance exam. After that, she stopped keeping in touch with her family.

That was why Yvette's parents had always thought she refused to contact them deliberately out of her hatred for them.

Eason continued, "Yvette later went overseas for an exchange program under her college's arrangement. We've checked her overseas study records-she went missing after graduating overseas and returning to the country. We only found her entry record into the country,"

That meant that Yvette went missing in Huma and not overseas.

"The owner of the phone number is Tristan Lambert, the second son of the CEO of Horizon Group. He met Yvette during their exchange program overseas and is likely her boyfriend." Eason posted the objectives on the wall.

He said, "The third missing person is a man named Harry Zane, who went missing 18 years ago. He was tall and handsome, and he also came from a village in Solance. His striking looks landed him a job as a waiter in Huma Princeton Club at the age of 18.

"He then met Helen Hayes, a wealthy woman 20 years older than him. According to our investigation, Harry was using the alias Yoel Zane and had an illicit financial relationship with Helen. He was with her for two years before he went missing."

Eason continued, "The fourth missing case up until the 20th all happened 18 years ago. The number of missing persons has been rapidly rising recently, and it went down with the police's implementation of the Netwatch Program nationwide.

"Yet about a dozen people still go missing every year."

Steven and I looked up to study the missing persons in the conference room.

"They all have one thing in common. Before these people went missing, they all came into contact with... these so-called wealthy individuals."

This common factor seemed unsettling upon closer inspection.

"These so-called wealthy individuals were mostly on the cruise," Steven mumbled.

I drew a sharp breath. It seemed to have come full circle.

Many of these wealthy individuals died on the cruise. That meant our trails were cut off following their deaths. "No wonder Genome Society blew up the entire cruise. They didn't want their members to survive.

"Don't you think this looks like some sort of sacrificial ritual?" Steven got up and walked over to the wall full of clues. "In order to control the wealthy and its members, Genome Society requested them to offer a

sacrifice. Only by having dirt on these wealthy individuals could they ensure control over them."

Steven's words sent chills running through our backs. His words made sense.

"Almost a dozen missing persons have some connections to this wealthy lady named Helen Hayes," Zion said. "It's unfortunate that she died on the cruise."

Her death on the cruise meant the end of our trail. I massaged my temple.

One life would have been enough as a sacrifice. There was no need to sacrifice over a dozen lives—they were all precious human lives!

"Helen's friends all knew she preferred young men. The men she supported ranged from 18 to 25 years old, and she never went for the older ones. The joy of the wealthy is truly unimaginable," Eason said gruffly.

"They shouldn't be just mere sacrifices. Surely, some other transactions were involved." I looked at Steven.

"So, did Sarah become Andy's sacrifice as well?" I asked again.

Andy didn't seem like that sort of person at all. Even if he no longer loved Sarah, he wouldn't have offered her up to Genome Society, would he?

"Tristan Lambert, the person linked to the second missing person, Yvette Craig, is still alive. He was originally a guest of the cruise as well, but he couldn't make it as he injured his leg during a car accident a week before." Eason looked at me.

Chapter 634

We might have to start looking for clues from Tristan now.

Zion said, "Tristan Lambert is currently 38 years old. He's married, but he and his wife have been living apart for many years, each living their own lives. He's quite the playboy and has yet to take over their family business, which is currently under the management of his older brother.

"Tristan is just your typical second-generation wealthy troublemaker who lives extravagantly on the company's fund and his family's support," he reiterated the facts on Tristan.

"We'll change our strategy this time to avoid alarming him. He might not tell the truth if we were to take him in for questioning or show up at his place directly," I whispered.

"So, we-" Eason looked at me.

"He'll surely feel guilty if he's responsible for Yvette's death. We'll lay out a suitable trap for him since he's known for his lechery." I studied Yvette's photo. "We could use makeup to imitate Yvette to lure him out and intimidate him."

Eason nodded. "Alright."

Tristan was intoxicated in one of the private rooms in Moonlight Bar. He had a beautiful woman in his arms as he smoked and danced in front of the screen.

"Drink up, Mr. Lambert." The woman poured him more alcohol, unaware of the undissolved white powder in his drink.

Feeling the effects of alcohol, Tristan slumped over the couch while laughing.

The door opened, and I walked in, holding a bottle of alcohol. I was dressed in a vintage plaid dress and wore similar makeup to Yvette.

Stunned, Tristan squinted before rubbing his eyes hard. The drug was clearly taking effect on him.

I smiled at him, "Drink up, Tristan."

Tristan sat upright instantly. His gaze was focused on me.

I poured him some alcohol before turning to leave. He scrambled up and came after me.

"Yvette?" he called out her name.

I swiftly walked into an empty private room. Tristan shook his head before following me in.
"Yvette?"

I pushed him against the wall as soon as he entered the private room.

"You've ruined my life, Tristan-" My voice was tinged with anguish and intimidation.

Tristan was already trembling. "How... How did you manage to escape, Yvette?"

I snorted coldly. "You left me in that awful place, Tristan. I'm here to kill you!"

Tristan was shaking in fear. "Let's talk it out, Yvette! It wasn't me-it was my brother! Go to him if you want revenge!"

Chapter 635

Steven and Zion walked out from the private room's washroom.

Tristan tried to run, but Steven grabbed his head and slammed it against the wall. "Does Quinton Lambert have something to do with Yvette's disappearance?"

Tristan panicked and tried to run again, yet he couldn't break free. "I don't know! I don't know anything!" "Are you not planning to tell us?" Steven grabbed his hair and slammed him against the wall again. His gaze was cold like a merciless killer. Zion wanted to intervene, but I stopped him.

Steven dragged Tristan over to the table and pressed him down. He then pulled out a syringe from his pocket and coldly said, "This is potassium chloride. You should know that you'll die for sure once this poison enters your bloodstream."

The syringe's needle had pierced through Tristan's skin. His face paled as he looked at Steven, terrified. The veins on his neck bulged in fear and anger. "Who the fuck are you guys? Yvette has no family to care for her. You-"

The needle pierced Tristan's vein before he could finish his sentence. He was genuinely panicking at this point.

We could tell from his words that their targets for the "sacrifice" were mostly from troubled or broken families, or individuals from extremely rural villages.

Even those missing men who had connections with Helen were mostly orphans. Some of them even came from divorced families where no one cared for them.

Tristan said, "Quinton made me seduce and hand over to him a woman whom nobody cared for. I had no idea what he was planning to do. Quinton is a lunatic; he has caused the deaths of many women. Go find him instead!"

"He brought Yvette away and locked her up. It's been years since I last saw her!" He sobbed while trembling, even wetting his pants.

Steven's gaze was cold as he got up. He glanced at Tristan disdainfully before giving him a kick. He then tossed the syringe into the trash can. It wasn't potassium chloride inside but a saline solution.

Zion coughed. This kind of interrogation method was rather efficient sometimes. He decided to turn a blind eye to Steven's method this once.

"So, Quinton Lambert?" I raised a brow. I managed to record everything Tristan had just said on my phone.

"Don't tell him that I was the one who ratted him out. He'll kill me!" Tristan lost it instantly when he saw me video-recording him. He lunged at me but was kicked away by Steven.

It was evident that his fear of Quinton was greater than that of potassium chloride.

"Are you this afraid of your own brother?" I asked, chuckling.

Tristan dropped onto the floor, trembling. "He'll make you wish you were never born..."

Quinton had clearly done many terrifying things.

"You mentioned that he caused the deaths of many women. Is it still the case now?" I crouched down in

front of Tristan.

"He... He always asks me to get him some women-those without a family or who have nobody to care for

them." Tristan cried while pleading, "Who exactly are you guys? Please don't tell Quinton what I told you. I'll do whatever you ask me to!"

"Good. Go tell him that you found him another woman." I patted him on the head. "An orphan from the mountains without any surviving family."

Tristan looked at me wide-eyed. "You... Do you know that he's a lunatic? He's not looking for women to... do those kinds of things. He enjoys... playing hunter. You get what I mean?"

I squinted. Quinton enjoyed playing hunter?

"You don't understand. They have a convoy that often brings young, neglected women to desolated areas. I suggest you not to take the risk. Those people are all psychopaths," Tristan shuddered as he spoke.

"Those people..." Zion was keen on catching his words. "Write down their names and do as you're told. We'll tell everything you've said to Quinton otherwise."

Terrified, Tristan quickly wrote down the names of Quinton's accomplices on a piece of paper.

Steven frowned unhappily. He grabbed my wrist and asked, "Why did you make the decision on your own?"

"We need to know what they're doing," I comforted him softly.

Steven glanced over at Zion coldly, "I don't agree with this. They have many female officers. Let their people handle it."

Zion nodded hurriedly. "Alright, we'll assign someone else to handle this."

Chapter 636

"If the person behind Quinton is someone from Genome Society, perhaps we might be able to discover other laboratories besides Daisy's. You're aware that they won't kill me, but the female officers will surely die if they're to be found out," I whispered, looking at Steven.

We had to uncover the truth.

"I..." Steven hung his head low. "I don't want you to take the risk."

He would have replaced me outright if only he could crossdress. However, he was just too tall for it.

"I'll be fine. You guys can follow along and stay close to me," I reassured while hugging him.

Steven remained silent as he continued to sulk.

Zion sent the list of names to his colleague in the car. "Look into these people."

An officer reported, "They're all wealthy scions, some of whom are successful entrepreneurs. They're indeed a convoy that enjoys off-roading and crossing desolated areas.

"There have been multiple missing person cases associated with them, yet everyone insists that the young women all left the convoy out of frustration. Those women couldn't be found, and there were no bodies, so the cases were left unresolved."

The officers from the police department found that some of them had criminal records.

Steven's sullen gaze darkened as he eyed me. He refused to let someone he treasured take such risks.

I said, "We need to investigate this, Steven."

Despite the missing person cases being a ploy from the Rebels, we were getting closer to uncovering the truth behind Genome Society-perhaps sooner than later.

Steven remained tight-lipped, neither opposing nor agreeing to it. He felt conflicted. He probably only wanted me to live selfishly.

"We don't have much time left together, Stephie," Steven mumbled.

I was momentarily stunned. I couldn't catch what he was saying.

Steven looked at me and said again, "What I meant was, I want to treasure the days we have together. Let's not care about all this and selfishly escape to some uninhibited place. We could bring along the kids and live ordinary lives together, couldn't we?"

I looked at him. What he was talking about was also my dream, which I longed for. But everyone knew that we were living in The Truman Show we would never be safe no matter where we escaped to.

That was because Genome Society would never let us go-neither would Daisy.

Steven became the person she cared about the most now that her reincarnation project had succeeded. She still needed him to incarnate her into a youthful body.

"We'd be helping ourselves out too if we were to help them, Steven. With so many of them still missing, they would be in utter despair if they were still alive," I whispered.

I recalled Stephanie Carlson's memories before her death. The fear of being abducted and slowly killed off was truly despairing.

She had no one to save her. It was only when she opened her eyes and saw Steven that it was as if she saw a ray of hope.

Tristan introduced the woman he had been "seeing" for a while to Quinton while they were at a desolate area in the west.

There were nine people in Quinton's convoy. They brought a total of eight young women with them as they prepared to cross the desolated area.

I had put on some makeup and was dressed up modestly. I was in the last car of the convoy. Quinton's driver was the one driving.

Chapter 637

"Are you a Solancian, Nella?" Quinton would test me on the road, whether intentionally or otherwise.

"Yes, but I came to Huma when I was 13. I don't have any family either. I have more friends in Huma instead." I deliberately let slip a hint of Solancian accent mixed with my carefully polished Humian.

That way, perhaps Quinton might let down his guard around me.

He smiled and nodded. "All Solacian women are tall and beautiful. I like Solacian women the best."

I smiled naively. "Thank you, Quinton."

However, I was scoffing deep down. He liked Solacian women the best because they were kind-hearted. That was why most of the missing persons were from Solance.

"This road crosses a desolate area, and it's very dangerous. We could lose our lives if something goes wrong, Aren't you afraid?" Quinton asked.

"I'm not afraid since you're here. Tristan said you'd protect me. Besides, Tristan has been good to me, and he asked me to take care of you," I hesitated, hinting that Tristan had given me money.

Quinton raised a brow. "Has he been treating you well? How much pocket money is he giving you monthly? Is it enough? I can give you more if not. Money's not an issue."

I looked at him with an excited and happy gaze full of innocence. "Really? But it's alright, Quinton. Tristan is giving me more than enough. I'm getting 20 thousand dollars per month."

Quinton laughed. "The Lamberts can afford more than that, but he's just giving you 20 thousand dollars?"

He turned around and smiled at me, seemingly thinking that I was naive. Yet, he was mocking in his heart. how easy it was to deceive young women from rural areas. It was enough to lure them out with only several tens of thousands.

I smiled foolishly, looking naive and awkward. Perhaps my acting skills were top-notch, and Quinton was stunned by my behavior.

The convoy finally entered the desolate area during the second evening.

Someone said, "We'll set up camp here. Let's gather around in a circle and don't wander around. There are wild wolves everywhere, so don't get gobbled up."

Everyone got out of the car. Some of the young women were happily stretching themselves. They probably were unaware that this was the start of a life-or-death situation.

I stood by the campfire and looked around the vast, desolate desert in search of places to hide.

These men had all brought hunting rifles in their cars.

As this was a desolate area, it was easy to spot any cars trailing us. As such, Steven, Zion, Joel, Eason, and other police officers hid away in their cars a few miles away. They had formed another convoy and were moving slowly.

"It's quite boring here. How about we play a game?" Someone suggested a game,

Quinton chuckled. "Now's not the time yet. We're still close to the village we just left. Let's go a bit farther first."

Unaware of the danger, the young women were all talking and laughing happily. Some of the men were even boldly groping the young women.

I felt uneasy when Quinton came closer to me, yet he seemed to not have any sexual desires toward women.

I could sense if a man had any sexual desires. The men who came with Quinton all had them, yet he didn't. He seemed only interested in enjoying the thrill of killing.

"How many do the higher-ups want this time?" Hector Jenkins, who was from the second car, was asking Quinton meaningfully.

"Two, and the goods need to be perfect. They have to pass the medical examination," Quinton replied with a smile.

He showed no concern for our presence. That was because no one else other than me knew what he was talking about.

I simply sat there, eating a slice of wholewheat bread.

By "perfect goods", they probably meant those women they were planning to sacrifice to Genome Society. And this time, Genome Society was asking for two.

In other words, only two out of the eight young women among us would survive and be sent to Genome Society. The rest would be left to be hunted and killed in the desolate area.

No one would care even if these young women were to die in the desolate area. That was because they would be reduced to nothing but bones.

The police would have no leads to start with since no one knew they entered the desolate area.

With Quinton's capabilities and his top-notch legal team, it wouldn't make any difference even if someone were to testify. They wouldn't be able to file a case or convict them without any bodies, so it would only be treated as a missing person case.

Chapter 638

I was starting to suspect that only a few out of the nearly 100 missing persons were truly sent to Genome Society. The remaining were cruelly killed.

These lunatics each had their own perverted hobby, which was amplified by their wealth and power.

Someone said, "This project is amazing. We've only sent two of the goods over, yet they're actually giving us exclusive distribution rights for the Humian-Solancian region?"

Quinton nodded. "They're keeping a close watch lately. Those fools don't have a way to deliver goods like we do."

"As expected, we're smarter."

It wasn't hard to infer from their conversation that many of the wealthy people were sending "goods" over to Genome Society. But with the recent security, increasing surveillance, and improved legal system, it was harder to make someone disappear without a trace.

Quinton and his group were smart in that they were willing to take risks and venture into desolate areas. Yet the mysteries of desolate areas were beyond their control. It was foolish to assume that they could always navigate through dangers without getting caught.

This time, for instance, I could already sense danger looming closer when a wolf's howl echoed from the distance.

The wolves in desert areas were completely wild, and they wouldn't be the only predators around--there were other carnivores as well. They would surely be attracted by the fire, laughter, and the cars.

Upon seeing the wolf pack nearing, I feigned fear and hid myself behind Quinton. "There are wolves, Quinton. Let's get back into the car."

He eyed me and smiled, taking the opportunity to wrap his arms around my waist. "Alright, let's all get back into the car and move on."

Quinton was deliberately doing it in front of the other men, as if trying to present himself as a normal man.

However, I could feel that he was far from one. He had no desire for women. Either he was homosexual, or he was impotent.

Smiling, I deliberately sliced open my palm with a blade hidden underneath my sleeves, letting fresh blood drip onto the ground. I then wiped it on the car as I got in.

The wolves would track the scent of blood and pursue it tirelessly. Even if the pack couldn't catch up, there would be other predators drawn to the smell of blood once we reached our destination.

I needed to buy some time for Zion and the others to arrive.

"Do you want some apples, Nella?" A young woman who seemed to be in her late teens handed me an apple. She was so beautiful, she fitted Quinton's description of "perfect goods".

"It's such a shame we can't touch her when she's so beautiful." The young woman was from the third car. I happened to overhear the lewd comment from one of the men.

There was probably another requirement to being Genome Society's so-called "perfect goods"--they would also have to be virgins.

"Just endure it. We'll be able to get any woman we want after we land this project." Another man nudged him while laughing.

The cars started to move slowly once everyone got into the cars.

Someone said, "A sandstorm is kicking up, and the wind is getting stronger. Be alert, guys!"

The cars finally slowed down at a relatively flat ground. The sky had also brightened up by then.

I had been pretending to sleep in the car. Quinton was the one waking me up when we reached our destination. "We're here, Nella."

I got out of the car and looked around the vast wilderness blankly. It seemed even more desolate and terrifying here.

"Wake up! Now, let's play a game!" Several men sat by the campfire as they asked the eight young women to join them for a game.

"Have you guys ever played the Death Game? Have you heard about the serial murder cases that happened before this? The victims were all young and beautiful orphans," Hector said with a smile.

One of the young women looked at him in fear. "That's creepy. It's still dark out there."

"It won't be fun once the sky lights up completely." The man chuckled coldly. Some were already eagerly pulling out their hunting rifles and loading them. "It's time to hunt, ladies."

A few of the young women looked at each other. They were unaware that they were actually the prey.

A gunshot rang as Hector shot one of the young women in the leg. Her scream pierced through the dawn in the desolate area.

Someone said, "Start running, sweethearts-"

Terrified, everyone screamed and dispersed in all directions. Meanwhile, a perverse expression appeared on Quinton's face, as if he had just experienced a climax.

He was certainly a lunatic. However, it was still undetermined who was the hunter and who was the prey.

Chapter 639

"Why aren't you running, sweetheart? Are you still processing what's going on?" Hector asked when he saw that I wasn't running.

I looked at him before turning to Quinton. "Are you planning to let us run around before killing us?" Quinton was cleaning his rifle while leaning against the car. He wasn't in a hurry to start killing as he saw himself as the hunter. This vast and barren desolated area was his hunting ground.

"We'll start shooting if you're not planning to run." Hector chuckled while loading his rifle.

"What's the point of killing us directly? She's injured. Give us some time for us to get away," I said nervously, trying to negotiate. I looked like I was afraid but was trying to keep my composure.

Quinton smiled as he looked at me, as if thinking that I was interesting. "Give them some time to get away."

I tore my dress and used the cloth to bandage the woman's leg wound. She lost her strength to cry or scream from pain, yet her survival instinct drove her to stand up. She hobbled along as I helped her to get

away.

"Thank you." She endured the pain to thank me. Perhaps her adrenaline was momentarily helping her not to feel the immense pain.

"There's a pit over there. Go hide there and don't come out no matter what you hear." I hid the injured woman in the large pit before running in the opposite direction on my own.

The women all fled in different directions out of fear. Behind them, the men drove around while laughing maniacally. They were pursuing the women while mocking them, yet they were not in a hurry to kill.

I was surrounded by their cars. They mocked me with their movements and the swirling dust, firing shots just to scare me. It was as if they were cats toying with a mouse, taking their time before killing us.

In the end, the seven of us were surrounded by their cars. We couldn't escape with eight of their cars moving so fast. The chase was over—the prey was now caught in their net.

"Where's that injured woman?" Once the cars stopped, several of them got out with their rifles.

The women all cried out in fear. The one who gave me an apple was trembling as she hid behind me. Perhaps she was so beautiful that I felt an instinctive urge to protect her.

I raised my hands and looked at the men. "What exactly are you trying to do?"

"Let me set the game rules," Hector said while smiling. His rifle was pointed at me. "Tell me, who among the seven of you is the prettiest?"

I took a deep breath and remained silent.

"You'll all die if you refuse to answer," he said, intimidating the women beside him.

They screamed as they crouched down. Someone pointed at the woman behind me. "It's Maya! Maya is the prettiest!"

Maya, the woman who handed me an apple earlier, was forcibly dragged away by Hector. Her face paled as she screamed.

"Who else is the prettiest apart from her?" he asked again.

Fearing for their own lives, the women all pointed at me.

Maya and I were then pushed into the car while the men started their killing game on the remaining women.

I pounded on the door with all my might, angrily glaring at the men outside.

Maya looked at me and asked while crying, "What should we do, Nella?"

I glanced at her before swiftly slipping into the driver's seat. "What should we do? Of course, we'll save ourselves—"

The fear on my face vanished. They were fools for leaving the car with us. Even the car keys were still inside.

I quickly started the engine and drove toward the men. I hit one of them, and the others started to disperse.

I looked at Quinton and smiled at him. The hunt had just begun.

Maya screamed in fear. She hid behind, not daring to look out.

Quinton fired angrily at us, shattering the car window quickly. I drove forward, crushing Hector's legs under the wheels.

I warned Maya not to get out of the car before jumping out swiftly. I kicked Hector unconscious and grabbed his hunting rifle.

There were only seven of them left now.

Quinton and the other men temporarily gave up on chasing their prey, turning to attack me instead.

I had to buy enough time for Steven and the others to come. Otherwise, the remaining women would end up dead.

The men were closing in on the car. I hunched over the car and hit one of them in the calf. He started screaming in pain.

They hurriedly spread out in search of cover.

Chapter 640

I took cover behind the car. We were all waiting for the right time.

"You're a spy from the police aren't you, girlie?" Quinton cursed, gritting his teeth.

I did not answer him but glanced at the time. I only relaxed when the distant sound of a honk was heard and a convoy of police cars arrived. Some officers got out of the car with their guns.

Zion and his colleagues pinned the men to the ground and handcuffed them.

I walked over and stepped on Quinton's leg before crouching down. "All of you deserve to die."

He glared angrily at me, yet he was sporting a smile. 'I'll catch you someday and make you suffer a slow death!

As soon as he was done talking, Steven punched him and shoved his head into the sand.

Zion was about to interfere but was stopped by his fierce gaze. 'He deserves to die here!' Zion dared not say anything else.

Steven pulled me into his embrace once he was done beating Quinton up.

"I'm not hurt," I comforted him softly.

Steven hummed in reply and looked at the vast desert.

"They wanted to sacrifice two women," I whispered.

"Who's the one sending the sacrifices to Genome Society?" I walked over to Hector and asked.

He refused to answer me. I then stepped on his injured legs. 'Still not going to talk? Your legs might really end up ruined if that's the case.'

Steven retrieved an axe from the car just as I was done speaking. He was about to swing it at his legs.

Hector's face turned white as a sheet. 'Are you police officers?'

Steven chuckled coldly. "I'm not."

"We're in the desert here. No one would know if I killed you now.' I grinned. Wasn't this their standard line? Hector trembled, yet he refused to speak. Steven swung his axe down onto the legs of the man beside him. His screams filled the air.

Hector was terrified by Steven. He stuttered, "It's... It's always been Quinton."

"How many people have you sent all these years?" I asked again.

Hector cried out, "Only three of the goods passed the examination. They're extremely strict with their comprehensive examinations. They would only take those who are fully qualified. Those who are not would be sent back and destroyed."

They were treating human lives as if they were worthless.

All of us took in sharp breaths. All these years, there were only three who were fully qualified and were sent to Genome Society. The rest were then destroyed.

"Where did you send them to?" I asked, looking at Hector threateningly.

He replied, "Only Quinton knows the location!"

We turned to look at Quinton, yet he started laughing maniacally. It was as if he was enjoying the pain.

"I'm not telling you anything. You don't have the guts to kill us, and I'd never reveal Genome Society's delivery location!" Quinton's laugh was borderline manic.

"Is that so?" I chuckled before crouching by his side. "Do you think you're invulnerable?"

Quinton sneered and replied, "Try me."

It was as if he was unafraid of pain.

"Oh? We'll have your lackeys to look at this, then I indicated for Zion to get the others to look over. I then reached out to unzip Quinton's pants.

He was taken aback and looked at me in fear. "What the hell are you trying to do?"

Steven's face fell. He reached out to pull me over before wiping my hands with alcohol wipes. "Don't dirty yourself."

After that, he turned to look at Joel. 'You take it off.'

Joel sighed. "Fine, I'll take care of it since your wife is precious."

Quinton was already panicking as he struggled in fear. He cursed, 'Fuck off! Don't touch me!'

It seemed like I was right. His body was his weakness. His physical deformities had likely led to his twisted mentality.

He didn't fear pain. In fact, he enjoyed it. Yet, he was afraid of others, especially his lackeys, finding out his secret of being impotent. He would rather die than have them know about it.

"Fine! I'll talk!" Quinton yelled angrily.

I chuckled coldly. Here I thought that he would last a little longer.