

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

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I was dead.

I died on the night he wanted to protect his new love and forced me to lure away the murderer.

After I died, my body was made into a specimen and locked in a glass display.

However, Michael Ford suddenly went crazy...

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I also had no idea why my soul would return to the Ford Residence in Huma after I died.

“Why can’t I still contact Stephie? It’s been a couple of days.”

Lois Smith sat on the couch and continued to mutter softly, “She has always been obedient and would never ignore my calls. Could something have happened?”

Ever since I was 18, I became a part of the Ford family as their adoptive daughter.

My mother was Auntie Lois’ best friend. Ever since my parents died in a car crash, Auntie Lois brought me back to become a member of the Ford family.

“Mom, forget about her. She’s an adult now. What could possibly happen?”

Michael felt slightly annoyed and glanced at the time. "Today is Yas' birthday. I'll be taking my leave.

now."

As I looked at Michael, I chuckled to myself in self-pity. There was no way he would care whether I

was alive or not.

Back then, we were what our family described as childhood sweethearts. I liked to follow him around,

and he liked to hold my hand.

He said he liked me, and I loved him like an idiot for a whole decade.

It was a shame that young relationships were too fragile. After Michael met his true love, all the feelings between us turned into nothing instantly.

"Oh, Michael. There's that rumor of a serial killer spreading out there lately. The killer targets pretty young women specifically.

"I keep having this awful feeling. Michael, try contacting Stephie. Tell her that I miss her."

Aunty Lois was anxious as she pleaded softly.

After my parents died, Aunty Lois was the only one who loved and cared for me as if I were her biological daughter.

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I wanted to comfort and hold her. However, I couldn't do it anymore.

Instead, I made her feel so terrible.

"Aunty Lois, I'm sorry..." I choked. I opened my arms, wanting to hug her.

But I couldn't touch her at all.

"She's nothing but an ungrateful stray. Even if she's angry at me, she shouldn't be ignoring your calls. She's so arrogant now."

When Michael was talking about me, his face was full of disgust.

I remembered how Michael was hurt by kidnappers back then. I disregarded my safety to lure those people away, hoping that Michael could survive.

I could still remember just before he passed out, he told me he would treat me well forever.

Now, that love was gone, and I had become a stray to him.

"Michael Ford, I'm dead now. You're finally free." I stood next to him and mocked myself.

"So, it sounds like I've always been an ungrateful stray to you."

"Michael, I know you don't want to marry Stephie. But there has always been a marriage arrangement between you two.

"You two were once childhood sweethearts and had established a good relationship during childhood. How will I face her mother if you don't marry her?"

Michael's face darkened as he replied coldly, "Forget about childhood sweethearts. Must I marry her just because we grew up together?"

"She was the only one in love and used the prior arrangement as an excuse. She could even throw her dignity away and seduce me just to marry me."

I lost control until my whole body was shaking. I raised my hand, wanting to slap Michael. But it was all for nothing.

"Michael Ford, you bastard!"

That night, he was the one who went crazy and laid his hands on me. Yet, he said I was the one who did it after the matter.

After Michael left, my soul was forced to follow him to Yasmin Bailey's birthday party.

As we entered, Michael's buddies called for Yasmin with a huge grin.

"Happy birthday, Yasmin. Mike spent a lot just to celebrate your birthday."

Michael gave Yasmin an affectionate smile and handed a gift as everyone cheered.

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"Michael, is there still no news about Stephe?" Yasmin looked like she suddenly remembered something and asked softly.

I sneered, "Why the innocent act? Weren't you the one who caused my death?"

Michael frowned. "Don't mention her and ruin the mood."

Yasmin smiled. "Don't be like that. She's your sister, after all."

"Sister?" Michael scoffed.

"She almost got you killed, and you still want to defend her. You're being too kind."

Yasmin hugged Michael and acted coquettishly. "I don't mind it at all..."

I stood in front of Michael and explained frantically, "I didn't do it! I've never hurt her. She was the one who got me killed! Michael, she killed me!"

However, Michael couldn't hear a single thing.

I anxiously cried out as I tried my best to explain.

After trying for so long, I suddenly felt tired.

Michael had never trusted me.

“Have you all heard? That serial killer hasn’t been caught yet. The police have already found six bodies, and they are all beauties.”

Someone was talking about the murders.

“Didn’t the killer target Yasmin a while back? Thank goodness you protected her well, Mike. Things would’ve turned out badly otherwise.”

“Stephanie tried to lure the killer but failed. Even a killer wouldn’t care about her. Haha!”

“Exactly. Even a killer wouldn’t like her. How could she compete with our dear Yasmin?”

Michael felt uneasy and was slightly frustrated. “Why are we talking about this?”

After he lit up a cigarette, his phone rang. Michael answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Is this Mr. Michael Ford? This is the Huma Police Force calling. May we know what’s your relationship with Stephanie Carlson?”

Michael stood up abruptly and told everyone to be quiet.

“Shut up, everyone!”

He was a bit nervous. His fingertips were turning pale, “Stephanie is... my sister.”

I looked at Michael and suddenly smiled.

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Even after I died, I was still only his sister.

“Something might’ve happened to her. We’ve found her phone and belongings at a crime scene, Please come and confirm her identity.”