

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

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I struggled with all my might and cried for help. Desperation almost swallowed me whole.

“That’s enough!” In the end, Michael kicked Benson aside.

I knew Michael hated other people touching his stuff.

He didn’t care about me, but he touched me before. He naturally treated me as his cheapest belonging.

I fell to the ground miserably and curled up. I grabbed my clothes tightly.

Michael seemed to have lost his excitement. He looked at me and said coldly, “Everyone, scram!”

Apparently, Benson and the rest still knew how to read the room. Seeing how Michael was furious, they got up and left one after another.

There was only me and Michael in the room left.

He got up and nudged me with his foot in disgust.

“I heard that you went looking for Fredrick today. Are you that cheap? Are you in a rush to bother him so that he would sleep with you?”

Fredrick Williams was my senior in college. He tried to win me over for many years and was a great

ПАП.

That day, I went to look for Fredrick because he was going overseas for his studies.

He mentioned that he had applied for a spot for me to study abroad as well. He wanted me to think about it carefully before answering him.

Even though I didn’t like him, he did not mind. He told me that he admired my talents and would wait

for me in Montavia.

To be honest, I was touched.

Michael didn't love me, so I knew he wouldn't marry me.

I said I would consider it carefully because I was still delusional back then. I imagined perhaps all my efforts throughout the years could win me a piece of Michael's love.

That was also the night that truly made me lose hope and determined to leave.

'Stephanie, did he touch you?' That night, Michael drank and was acting like a maniac.

I hugged myself tightly and didn't answer.

"I am talking to you!" He kicked the coffee table like a madman and looked at me furiously.

I was terrified, and I shook my head while crying.

"Let me tell you, Stephanie. Don't ever see him again! Understood?" He grabbed my hair and

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threatened me not to see other men except for him.

I nodded in fear, but he still wasn't willing to let me go.

He looked at me in annoyance, and his gaze was full of disgust.

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"Michael, I didn't tell Aunty Lois I want to marry you. She was the one who said we had a marriage agreement and asked me."

Looking at his gaze, I started to feel afraid and explained as much as I could.

Because Benson had ripped open my clothes, the torn clothes slipped below my shoulders.

My body was soaking wet, so I probably looked extremely dirty and cheap at that moment.

He seemed even more furious and took a bottle of beer from the table. Then, he poured the beer on top of my head.

"You're filthy. Wash up properly."

Scared, I shut my eyes and let him bully me however he wanted.

I brainwashed myself nonstop, telling myself that I owed him.

We would be even after that night. Then, I would apply for the opportunity to study abroad the next day.

I wanted to leave.

I thought he would let me go after enough bullying. However, as if possessed, Michael grabbed my chin and kissed me.

I thought he would dislike me for being dirty.”

He would find me disgusting all the time, but he never stopped tormenting me.

He was touching me in the club’s private room. He didn’t care about my feelings at all.

“Michael, I’m begging you. Can we go home?”

I pleaded sincerely, but it was in vain.

When the waiter opened the door and entered, I was so scared that I curled up in Michael’s arms. I was terrified.

At that moment, I too, found myself dirty and cheap.

“Get out of here!” Michael yelled furiously.

The waiter closed the door in fear.

However, I could never forget the way the waiter looked at me. It was like he was looking at a cheap prostitute.

“Michael!” I cried and slapped Michael. “Why are you doing this to me? What did I do wrong!”

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“What did you do wrong? Yas is still lying in a hospital bed, so what do you think you did wrong? Why don’t you go to hell, Stephanie!”

He grabbed my chin tightly as he questioned me cruelly.