

# REVENGE AFTER DEATH

## Chapter 11

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“I didn’t. How many times do I have to say it for you to believe me? I didn’t push her...”

Without any proof, Michael would only believe Yasmin’s words. He trusted her unconditionally.

As for me? I was nothing but a piece of trash.

“Stephanie, you really deserve to die.”

That was the sentence that he said to me the most.

That day, he didn’t let me go until the end. He wanted me in the private room because he wanted to

humiliate me.

“Stephanie, do you know how much they pay for a waitress to keep their clients company? 800...”

‘Stephanie, you can’t even compare to the waitresses here.’

“Stephanie, should I have let them get it on with you earlier?”

I lay on the couch numbly. It felt like my whole body was torn to pieces.

“Michael, please let me go...”

I had already forgotten how long he tortured me.

He finally let me go when he almost sobered up. Then, he tidied himself up while feeling disgusted.

He was always well-dressed. Meanwhile, he didn’t care if my clothes were torn into pieces by him.

He didn’t even spare me an extra glance because he felt disgusted for touching a dirty thing like me while he was drunk.

“Michael, don’t leave me here. Please.”

He turned and left the room quickly. He didn’t care about me at all.

I was like a piece of abandoned rag that was thrown to the ground.

I slowly got up and stepped on shards of glass. The pain and blood sobered me up.

Feeling numb, I tidied my clothes. I tightened the torn clothing on me and walked out in despair.

It was still raining heavily outside the club. Yet Michael didn't wait for me, "Are you new here? How much for a night? You look like you like it rough."

The waiter who opened the door and saw what had happened earlier kept asking how much I charged

with a smile.

I didn't say anything and ran outside frantically.

The waiter stopped me and teased, "Why are you running? Stop with the innocent act. Look at the

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state you're in after having fun with that rich guy. It won't make a difference if I have a go, right?"

I was terrified, and I stepped back nervously. "Don't touch me, or I'll call the police..."

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The waiter scoffed, "Everyone out there is drunk. If you go out like this, don't expect to leave in one piece. Why not let me have some fun?"

There were many drunk people outside the club.

Why in the world would those men let me go?

Michael clearly knew it was dangerous to leave me alone here, but he still left without hesitation.

"Scram!" My breath hastened as I pushed the waiter away. Then, I ran outside while crying.

But the waiter was right.

After leaving the club, I was blocked by other people in an alley.

I trembled as I called the police. As I cried while waiting for them to rescue me, I woke up entirely.

I didn't love him anymore.

I wanted to live.

I had to escape.

The further, the better.

“Don’t touch me. I how you all.” I cried and asked for mercy, but those people wouldn’t let me go at all.

As they ran their hands all over my body, my stomach churned in disgust.

“You sure look pretty. Quick. Once you’re done, it’s my turn.”

“Can you do it?”

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I fell to the ground. Listening to all the dirty talk, I cried until I ran out of energy.

After struggling until the end, I had no more strength to resist anymore.

I thought that they would take turns and have their way that day.

Just as I was losing consciousness, a blurry, tall figure dragged a steel pipe and violently smashed it on the head of the man on top of me.

Then, a piercing scream filled the alley.

“Please stop hitting!” The few men who bullied me were all begging for mercy.

However, that figure had no intention to let them go at all.

“Ah!” Shrill cries echoed.

The figure then hit the man’s wrist with the steel pipe. “Touch her... Die...”