

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

Chapter 13

Chapter 13

I didn't go home that night.

Instead, I curled up on a bench at the hospital and slept the night there.

When I woke up the next day, I had a high fever.

My phone didn't ring at all the whole night. Michael didn't call me a single time.

"Heartthrob..." Sitting on the bench, I called Fredrick. "I've thought about what you said about studying abroad."

"Stephie, are you unwell?" Fredrick asked in concern when he heard something was off with my voice.

"Yeah. I got caught in the rain yesterday, so I have a cold today."

"Where are you? I'll bring you some medicine." Fredrick was anxious.

"Heartthrob, if I submit my application today, how soon can I leave the country?" I was in a hurry.

At that moment, I actually had a feeling that if I didn't leave soon, I might die.

I might die in Michael's hands.

I wanted to live well. I wanted to leave Michael.

Once I left, everything would be over.

"If you apply now, you'll receive the application result in two months. I'll ask the management to expedite it. Once we have confirmation, I'll help you get the tickets."

Fredrick was still worried. "Is your cold bad? Shall go pick you up?"

"It's fine, Heartthrob, I'm at the hospital. Thank you."

I thought I could leave Huma, this place, and Michael forever after two months.

After hanging up the phone, I left the hospital.

Walking in an alley outside the hospital, I suddenly felt lost. I didn't know where I should go.

After my parents died, the house was sold, and the death benefit from their insurance was used to clear their debts. Other than the Ford residence, I had nowhere else to rest.

I didn't even know where my house was.

My head was in great pain. I found a corner to sit down and continued sleeping while leaning against

a wall.

I didn't know how long I was asleep. When I woke up, I found a jacket on me. Even though it was old and torn, I could tell someone did their best to wash it.

Chapter 13

2/3

I looked around, but the alley was empty. There was no one.

As I stood up, I saw two buns in a bag next to me.

I smiled bitterly and felt helpless, guessing a kind person probably thought I was a beggar.

A beggar?

That seemed to be true.

Michael once said I was no different from a beggar for living at their place.

I folded the jacket and placed it somewhere clean. I also placed the two buns on it.

I figured that the kind person would take it back if they were to return.

I walked a few steps while leaning against the wall. Suddenly, I felt a presence behind me.

When I turned around, I saw a tall, skinny, hooded figure as it passed by swiftly.

I didn't think too much about it. I followed the path and got out of the alley. Then, I hailed a taxi by the road.

When I returned to the Ford residence, Michael was there too.

"Michael, where's Stephanie? Why isn't she back yet? She didn't come back the whole night."

Aunty Lois was worried.

“She’s an adult now. It’s not like she would die.” Michael was unhappy.

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I stood outside the door and looked at how irritated Michael was. I sighed.

“Ms. Stephie, there’s someone outside looking for you. He said he was Fredrick, your senior.”

The caretaker saw me standing outside and came to me.

I was stunned for a moment before running out of the compound.

Why was Fredrick here?

“Heartthrob...” I saw Fredrick waiting for me with a bag of medicine.

“I’m here to give you some medicine.” He smiled.

I felt grateful and reached out to accept the medicine.

“The Ford family isn’t so poor that you have to deliver medicine,” Michael said in a cold voice behind

1. me.

I didn’t know when he came out, but my body tensed up when he got close to me,

“Michael, Stephie is sick. There’s no need for you to be so hostile.” Fredrick frowned.

Chapter 13

1/

Michael scoffed.

“What does her getting sick have to do with you? Who are you to her? Did you guys sleep together?”

Michael obviously found me disgusting

I looked at Michael with teary eyes. “Then, who are you to me? What gave you the right to talk to my friend like this?”

Michael frowned and scoffed again. He probably didn’t expect me to talk back to him.

“Well, aren’t you great, Stephanie? Who am I to you? Should I tell him that I’ve slept with you or that you’ve been living with us like a beggar for years?”

I glared at Michael as my breathing quickened. My gaze started trembling in despair.