

Revenge After Death

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“Michael, don’t go too far!” Fredrick stepped forward and grabbed Michael’s collar.

I was afraid that they might fight, so I stopped Fredrick.

“Heartthrob, thank you. You should go now. We’ll talk another day.”

Fredrick was worried I might be put in a difficult spot. He angrily glanced at Michael.

“Stephie, you should handle the matter we discussed earlier as soon as you can. It’s better to stay away from people like him as much as possible.”

I nodded. “Okay, Heartthrob.”

After Fredrick drove away, I stood still and didn’t turn around.

“Stephanie, have I been treating you too well recently?” Michael approached me and grabbed my wrist. Then, he pulled me to the shed in the backyard.

I looked at him in fear, not knowing what he was planning.

“Didn’t I tell you not to contact that guy anymore? Are you ignoring me?” Michael was furious.

“I’ll tell Aunty Lois that our marriage contract is over. I’ll leave Huma.” Afraid, I took a few steps back, nervously looking at Michael.

“Thinking of running away? Stephanie, you should be punished for your mistakes. Did you think you could atone for your sins by running away?” he sneered.

“You’re the one who said I could leave.” I cried and asked why he was doing this.

“Before you evilly pushed Yas down the stairs, you still had the chance to leave. I gave you the opportunity, but you didn’t cherish it. It’s too late now!”

“I didn’t do it! How many times do I have to tell you this? Why won’t you believe me?”

I continued crying as I asked why he couldn't believe me and why he was doing this to me.

Michael didn't seem to care at all. There was only anger in his gaze.

He snatched my phone and locked me up in the shed.

"I want you to repent in there thoroughly. When you agree to apologize to Yas, I'll let you out.

I banged on the door while crying, begging Michael to let me out.

However, he never did. No one in the Ford family dared to let me out.

I didn't know how long I was crying. I curled up in a corner in dread.

The lights in the shed weren't working. Michael clearly knew I had been afraid of the dark ever since my parents died.

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However, he still locked me in a dark environment to punish me.

He had always been like this. The more afraid I was of something, the more he would use it to

threaten me.

He was using my gratitude for them to bully me.

My fever became worse. I lay on a clutter of items in the shed and fell asleep. I had no idea how long I slept.

If it weren't for the caretaker telling Aunty Lols out of worry, I would've probably died in the shed that night.

The next morning, Aunty Lois questioned Michael angrily, "Michael, what mistake has Stephe made? Why did you lock her up in the shed?"

"Yas is still in the hospital. The doctor only declared recently that her life is no longer in danger!" Michael's tone was filled with uncontrollable anger.

"Mom, it's your fault for pampering her. She's getting arrogant at this rate!"

I lay on the bed drowsily as I listened to Michael and Aunty Lois arguing on the other side of the door. "How dare she push Yas down the stairs? That's homicide! If Yas sues her, she would have to go to jail!"

Aunty Lois kept quiet for some time before finally speaking.

"Michael, ask Yas what she wants for compensation. The Ford family can reimburse her. We can't let Stephie go to jail. She's too pitiful. Her life will be over if she ends up in jail."

Michael sneered, "Serves you right for pampering her. She's been living off the Ford family all these years. Other than bringing us trouble, what else can she do?"

"Mom, I've asked Alex to get you plane tickets. Stay in Serenhaven for a few days, and I will take care of things here."

"You can't keep tolerating her actions anymore. You're only harming her by continuing to do so." Michael wanted to send Aunty Lois away by asking Alex Luthor to buy tickets for her to leave.

I gripped the blanket tightly in fear and didn't dare to make a noise.

If Aunty Lois were to leave, Michael could bully me more without restraints.

My whole body shook even though I was curled up in the blanket. I kept asking myself what I should do.

There was no way Michael would let me go.