

Revenge After Death

Chapter 15

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I didn't know how long it took before it became quiet outside. I thought they had all left, but Michael suddenly opened the door and entered.

I was so scared that I got up to get away from him.

Michael sneered, "My mom has left. Let's see who else can protect you now."

"Michael... Let me go. Please."

But he was too strong. He grabbed my collar and pulled me into the bathroom.

"You're filthy! Clean yourself."

He was angry. Maybe he thought I was dirty because I was touched by all the drunkards the previous night.

Ice-cold water was poured all over me. For a split second, I felt suffocated.

I had not recovered from my fever yet, but he still used cold water to wash my body.

My mind went blank, and I fell to the ground. I didn't know how to fight back.

I was shaking like an earthquake.

"Yas is awake, so you must apologize to her today!" Michael threw the shower head on me as he ordered me to apologize to Yasmin.

"I'm not going..."

I didn't know where I got the courage from. I was determined not to go. "I'm innocent." "Stephanie!" Michael looked like he was at his limits. He probably thought I was helpless. "I've already applied to leave the country. Two months later, I will leave. Please let me go...."

I looked at Michael with determination. Unlike before, there was no more love in my gaze.

I hated him.

“Did

Fredrick help you apply for it? How many times did you sleep with him for him to be so obsessed with you, Stephanie?”

Michael grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him. I gazed desperately into his rage-filled eyes.

“Yes. We’ve slept together, and I’m in love with him. I won’t bother you ever again.”

I looked at him unyieldingly, not lowering my head at all.

“Fine! That’s great!” Michael grabbed my hair and pinned my head to the ground.

“It looks like you’re a natural bitch. I didn’t satisfy you enough, right?”

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He was strong. Every time he touched me, it felt like he was venting his anger.

I had no idea why he was going crazy.

He clearly didn’t love me, but sometimes, I could sense him being extremely Jealous.

But how was that possible?

“Stephanie, you must atone for your sins forever.” He was like a beast that couldn’t be satisfied, wanting to shred me to pieces.

I cried and begged for mercy.

However, it was useless.

In the end, I lost my voice, and I could taste blood in my mouth.

Slowly, I stopped yelling and struggling

I would treat it as repaying the Ford family’s favor.

“What should I do so that you’ll let me go?”

After an hour of torture, I lost all my senses and lay on the ground. I asked what I could do for him to

let me go.

“Apologize to Yas.” He was determined to make me apologize.

“Fine...” I finally agreed.

The truth didn't matter anymore.

“The Ford family has provided for you for years. We also cleared your family's debt. I'll let you go when you've returned the favor.”

Michael took a shower before leaving the bathroom in a towel.

I understood what he meant. He wanted me to sleep with him to repay my debt to him. Then, he would let me go.

“I'll return you the money...” But I had to leave.

I would do my best to earn enough money to repay him. I wouldn't be his mistress, nor would I sleep

with him.

It was 4:00 pm when Michael took me to Huma Hospital.

I clung to Michael as we went to the florist to get flowers for Yasmin. Then, I went into her ward numbly with him.

“Michael.” Yasmin's face was pale. She smiled at Michael.

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When she saw me, her expression changed immediately. “Michael, why did you bring her here?”

Yasmin was surrounded by a few visitors. They started being arrogant toward me as well.

“Tell her to get lost. How dare she come after pushing Yasmin down the stairs?”

“How could you be so shameless?” A rich lady called Yelena Norris came and shoved me.

I lost my balance and fell to the ground.

I felt great pain due to the wound on my feet.

Michael frowned. "That's enough."

Yelena glared at Michael. "How could we forgive her so easily after she hurt Yasmin? We're calling the police. She needs to go to jail!"

"Yelena, it's alright. Don't worry about me. We don't have to..." Yasmin started speaking gently.

"Yas, you're always too kind!" Yelena was furious.

Michael didn't look happy at all. He glared at me. "She's here to apologize."

"What's good about an apology?" Yelena scoffed.

"Apologize?" The other wealthy visitors started making noise as well.

"Is this the attitude you should have when apologizing? Shouldn't you get on your knees?"

Yasmin smiled and teased, "Stop messing around."

"Yasmin, we need to teach a vile woman like her a lesson."

I stood up while leaning against the wall numbly. I held the flowers in my arms tightly.

"Didn't you hear them? Kneel and apologize!" Michael demanded.

I wouldn't do it..

I stubbornly looked to the ground and kept quiet.

"I'm telling you to kneel!" Michael was enraged. He dragged me to the side of Yasmin's bed. Yasmin was watching me like she was watching a show. "Michael, calm down. Stephie is still young."