

Revenge After Death

Chapter 16

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“If it weren’t for Yasmin’s kindness, you would be in jail now!” Michael scolded coldly.

I stood and felt nothing. No matter what those people said, I just wouldn’t kneel.

I also wouldn’t say sorry.

“It’s fine if you don’t want to apologize. Let her spend the night with us and have some fun. We promise we’ll take good care of her.” The few rich men started smiling and teasing.

I looked at Michael as I stood in place. “I’ve explained myself... I didn’t push her. Why won’t you believe me?”

Michael frowned and looked irritated. “Lying is a habit of yours...”

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“Fine,” I interrupted Michael and stopped him from talking. I really couldn’t bear to be hurt by him.

anymore.

“I’ll apologize.”

I looked at Yasmin and smiled. “You win.”

Yasmin looked at Michael. “Forget it. She’s not apologizing to me willingly anyway.

“Stephanie!” Michael warned me.

I took a step back and carefully placed the bouquet of flowers on the ground.

”

I once yearned for Michael to give me a gift. I wouldn’t mind even if it was only a bouquet of flowers.

However, I received nothing.

With my legs trembling, I kneeled on the ground.

Michael looked away and said nothing.

“Stephie, please quickly get up. I know you didn’t do it on purpose,” Yasmin said, starting to act innocent again.

I didn’t say anything, nor did I plan to stand up.

“Michael, this is me repaying you for saving me. Now, I don’t owe you this favor anymore...”

Now, there was only the monetary debt left. I would think of a solution for the money.

Michael clenched his fists. “Since she’s willing to kneel, we’ll let her kneel right here!”

The group of people in the ward started mocking and teasing.

They started messing around and said some despicable words.

I just continued kneeling on the ground until 7:00 pm.

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I couldn’t hold it anymore and fainted when both of my legs went numb.

“Stephanie! Don’t play dead!”

When I came around again, I was in a hospital bed, receiving IV drip.

There was no one else in the ward other than me.

I removed the needle and got out of bed. Enduring the pain under my feet, I left the place while limping.

It had been raining for two days, and it was finally sunny that day. The sun was shining brightly, but

it was still cold.

That was what fall was like in Huma. It was depressing.

“Don’t let him get away! Thief! Catch him!”

I was shoved to the side when I was walking in the alley.

Someone from far away was yelling about catching a thief.

The person who was running for his life stopped in his tracks when he saw me

I looked at him while he looked back at me.

He was tall and wearing a mask and a baseball hat. I could only see his eyes, which were clear and filled with a cry for help.

He dragged me to hide with him behind the trash cans. He covered my mouth to prevent me from making a noise.

I could hear his breath and heartbeat clearly.

After the people chasing him were gone, he finally let me go and prepared to run again.

“Why did you steal?” I asked softly.

His tall figure was facing away from me. He lowered his gaze and kept quiet.

I could tell that he was young.

“I still have some money left. This bracelet... is worth some money too. You can have them all.”

I removed all the money from my pocket and the bracelet on my wrist. Then, I placed these on top of the trash can next to me before limping away.

He didn't say anything or chase after me.

I always treasured that bracelet and would wear it no matter what.

That was my gift when I turned 18 years old. It was my first birthday after my parents passed away.

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It was a gift from Michael.

It was the only gift that I had received from him.

I once cherished it a lot. However, I only wanted to escape now.

I wanted nothing to do with him anymore.

It felt disgusting.

I walked aimlessly on the street. When I returned to the Ford residence, It was already dark outside.

My phone ran out of battery long ago. It wasn't like anyone would contact me anyway.

"Stephanie, where did you go?" When Michael saw me, he was furious. "Why didn't you answer my calls?"

He rushed to me and grabbed my shoulders.

At that moment, it looked like he was extremely worried about me.

I slapped away his arm and turned around coldly. "It ran out of battery."

He was irritated. "Is it that hard for you to apologize for your mistake? Why do you act like you were accused?"

I kept my silence.

He was angry about my attitude. But after grabbing my wrist, his expression fell. "Where's your bracelet?"

Surprised, I turned around and looked at him. He actually noticed my bracelet was gone.

I thought he wouldn't even care if I died.

"I lost it," I said as if I didn't care.

"Stephanie! Don't you know that bracelet was my..." Michael stopped speaking halfway.