

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

Chapter 2

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I followed Michael as we entered the police station.

“Mr. Ford, please come and confirm for us.” The police brought Michael to identify the belongings.

from the scene.

The clothes, phone, and bag... They were all mine.

Michael did not look well. It took him a while to finally speak.

“Where is she?”

“We’re sorry, Mr. Ford. Based on our preliminary investigation, it’s very likely that she’s dead. However, we have yet to find her body.”

“Then, there’s no need to search anymore. Don’t waste your energy on her. Nothing could’ve happened to her.”

Michael sneered, “She left her stuff there on purpose to create suspense and make me feel guilty.”

Michael didn’t believe I was dead at all.

To him, I was only a villain who would do anything to achieve my goals. He would give everything for

me to be dead.

“Are you sure, Mr. Ford?” The police looked at Michael in confusion.

“Yes.”

Michael nodded and continued seriously, “I’m sorry to and find her in three days.”

Michael’s gaze turned dark, It was obvious that he was angry.

I knew him too well. He was angry that I had taken it too far.

troubled you all. I will take care of this

Suddenly, I had the urge to laugh. I stood next to Michael and laughed until I couldn't continue

further.

I was already dead, but he was stalling the police's investigation. It was just like the day I died. My last call for help was to him.

However, when he answered, he simply said in annoyance, "Stephanie, are you done? Why don't you go and die?"

I hopelessly dropped my phone as I was drugged by the killer. After that, I was taken and killed.

"Rachel, where's Stephanie? Tell her to get the hell back home and stop hiding.

After leaving the police station, Michael angrily called Rachel.

Chapter 2

Rachel Qualls was my only friend. Yet I didn't even have the chance to say goodbye to her.

"Michael, are you crazy? I should be the one asking you that question. Where in the world did hide Stephie?"

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"Tell her I'm only giving her one last chance to return home first thing tomorrow. Otherwise, I wouldn't even bother looking for her body if she dies outside."

I had no idea why he was so anxious. His breathing was rapid.

I stood there, feeling paralyzed. Then I smiled mockingly. "You don't have to find my body because there's no way you could find it."

"Michael, Stephie is missing. I've called the police. You bastard, if anything happens to her, I'll never let

t you go!" Rachel cried as she scolded Michael.

Michael tensed up and laughed with disdain.

"This is her new tactic? She's using this to force me into marrying her? What a bitch."

I looked at Michael with my vision blurring up.

At that moment, I really had given up.

A week before the incident happened, there was a thunderstorm.

Michael pinned me on the bed. His gaze was cold and full of threats.

“Stephanie, you kept seducing me because you wanted me to touch you, right? Why are you such a bitch? Do you want a man so badly?”

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“I didn’t... Michael, we had a marriage agreement from the start. You’re the one who isn’t fulfilling it

Michael didn’t care about my explanation at all.

He grabbed my chin and kissed me. That kiss had no meaning at all. There was only overflowing lust.

“Isn’t this what you want? Why are you still pretending?”

“Michael, please. My stomach hurts...” I cried as I begged, but he didn’t let me go.

He pinched my waist hard like he was possessed.

At that moment, I felt like he wanted nothing more than me to be dead.

“Stephanie, you pushed Yas down the stairs and almost killed her. I’ve not settled this matter with

you yet.

“I’m already being merciful by not calling the police on you, so don’t try any tricks. So, you want me to marry you? You better give that idea up!”

Chapter I

In the end, I couldn’t say a word anymore.

It wasn’t me. I didn’t push her.

Fresh blood gushed out between my legs, and my stomach was in great pain.

“Michael, it hurts... Please send me to the hospital”

At that moment, I clearly felt that something wasn’t right.

“How annoying.” Feeling disgusted, Michael threw me aside.

He got up to put on his clothes, planning to bring me to the hospital.

However, his phone rang at that moment.

“Michael! Help! I think I’m being targeted by that psycho–killer! Save me!”

Michael’s face fell. Then, he frantically grabbed his clothes and ran out.

He was too worried about Yasmin, so why would he even care if I lived or died?

I was in so much pain that I fell from the bed and curled up on the floor.

“Help... Michael... Please... Don’t leave me