

# Revenge After Death

## Chapter 27

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Rachel's cup shattered on the floor. She stood up abruptly. Her lips were pale.

"What... Whose nails were those?" she asked.

Rachel seemed to have lost control after the question. She threw off her jacket and ran outside frantically.

She was terrified for me, fearing I was dead. Or worse, still alive and suffering.

I cried out with my arms wide and tried to stop her. She was all I had left. "Don't go, Rach. Please don't go."

Zion reacted quickly and grabbed Rachel's wrist. "Calm down. Maybe, just maybe, this is one of the killer's tricks. She might still be alive. Don't be rash."

Rachel collapsed to her knees. She sobbed and clutched Zion's leg. "Please, I beg you, find Stephanie quickly. Please," she pleaded.

Rachel's cries to the police were desperate. She urged them to find me quickly. The thought of any further delay was unbearable. She couldn't imagine the pain I might be enduring.

I crouched and covered my head as I shook with fear. I couldn't bear to think about what the murderer might have done to me before my death.

He had pulled out my nails and crushed my finger joints. This made my hands look less.

Perhaps the memory was too painful. I couldn't remember where I had died.

s grotesque.

All I could do was join Rachel in her cries. We begged the police to solve the case quickly.

Around one in the morning, Michael arrived, looking grim. Zion must have informed him.

"We found another victim. The nails belong to Stephanie," Zion stated indifferently.

Michael frowned. "So, the body isn't hers?"

Zion looked at Michael. "Do you think Stephanie is the kind of person who would pull out her own nails to place on a corpse?"

Zion was unsure of how Michael perceived me.

I wondered how I became so deranged in Michael's eyes.

Michael clenched his fists tightly. His voice was deep. "She's a lunatic."

I was shocked at Michael's words. Even now, with my nails ripped out, he still refused to believe I was dead.

"Michael! Are you insane?" I yelled and rushed to grab his collar. "You bastard!"

I cried as I slapped him. It was something I would never have dared to do before. But it was futile. My

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hits were weak and ineffective.

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"She could push Yas down the stairs to kill her just to marry me. She could drug my drink and poison Yas' cake. Is there anything she won't do?!" Michael's eyes reddened as he had seemingly lost control.

"What nonsense are you spouting? Even now, you're still slandering Stephie! Did you realize the police delayed their investigation because you said Stephie wasn't missing? This is all your fault!"

Rachel screamed and rushed forward to slap Michael. "If anything happens to her, you're the murderer! You're an accomplice! Bastard!"

"You've done so many disgusting things to Stephanie. What kind of man are you?" Rachel cried as she fought Michael.

Michael just stood there and let Rachel hit him.

"Rachel, what right do you have to hit Michael?" Yasmin rushed in and pushed Rachel away.

I tried to protect Rachel in a panic. But Yasmin was too strong. Rachel stumbled and fell backward.

I reached out to help her but could only watch helplessly as she fell through my hands.

Thankfully, Zion rushed over to protect Rachel.

“Michael, do you have any evidence for what you’re saying?” Zion frowned.

“Evidence? What evidence do you need to leave us alone? We’re getting married soon. Can’t you be happy for us?”

Yasmin seemed crazy too. She showed the police her scars.

“These are the scars from when Stephanie pushed me down the stairs! And the hospital records for the stomach pump! What more evidence do you need?”

Michael held Yasmin gently, comforting her in a low voice. “Yasmin, don’t be afraid. Calm down. I’m

here.”

“Stephanie wants me dead! She’s tormenting us! When will she stop?” Yasmin cried.

Her acting skills were on full display in Michael’s arms.

I numbly watched Michael. His eyes were filled with trust for Yasmin.

With Yasmin’s convincing act, he wouldn’t believe me.

“Officer Landon, Yasmin and I have moved forward with our wedding. Here’s the invitation. If you want to catch Stephanie, come to our wedding the day after tomorrow.” Michael handed Zion an invitation and left with Yasmin.

“Michael, if Stephanie is really dead, will you regret it?” Rachel asked from the floor.

Michael stopped and turned to look at Rachel.

“If she’s dead, I’ll join her in death. If she’s alive, scheming all this to torment Yasmin, I’ll have her

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committed to a mental institution. She’ll never

titution. She’ll never see the light of day again!”