

Revenge After Death

Chapter 28

Chapter 28

“Join her? You better not stain Stephanie’s path to heaven,” Rachel said weakly.

She supported herself to stand up. “Michael, you will regret this. When you see the true colors of the woman in your arms...”

I stood behind Rachel. In a hoarse voice, I added, “Michael, there’s a heavy price for betraying trust.”

Michael shifted his gaze away. “You’ll see the truth at my wedding,” he declared.

He was still holding onto a sliver of denial about my fate.

As they exited the police station, Michael’s hand slipped from Yasmin’s grasp. He seemed somewhat desolate.

“Michael?” Yasmin steadied him after noticing his troubled state. She managed to prevent him from stumbling.

“It’s nothing,” Michael claimed as he waved his hands.

“Michael, could something have happened to Stephanie?” Yasmin’s question was tentative.

“No!” Michael’s voice was sharp. It cut through the air. “She’s not dead.”

Yasmin recoiled at his intensity. Her face turned pale.

Michael, realizing his outburst, softened his tone. “I’m sorry, Yasmin. Please go back first. I have

matters to attend to.”

“Michael, do you still think about her?” Yasmin asked as her eyes brimmed with tears.

“Make yourself clear, Michael,” Yasmin pleaded as she followed him.

“You always said Stephanie was like a sister. What are you afraid of? Her death would mean she could no longer be entangled with us.”

Michael stopped suddenly. He turned and frowned at Yasmin. "She's not dead! She will show up at our wedding."

"And if she doesn't?" Yasmin's voice was filled with doubt.

"She will. She must..." Michael muttered repeatedly.

I observed Michael coldly. Perhaps he was starting to believe I was truly gone. What kind of madness would lead someone to believe I would harm myself in such a way?

He knew that even a bug would scare the hell out of me.

Michael sent Yasmin away with the driver and walked alone into the night. I followed, watching him with a mix of sadness and irony.

"I'm dead. Aren't you relieved?" I whispered hoarsely, though I knew Michael couldn't hear me.

Chapter 28

2/2

Yet, he stopped and turned suddenly as if he sensed something. Then, looking defeated, he turned.

back and massaged his forehead wearily

Michael took out his phone and opened our chat. He had my WhatsApp chat pinned at the top, which I found bitterly amusing.

"Stephanie, you've won," Michael typed..

I could hear his voice breaking. "Come back, and I'll call off the engagement with Yasmin."

He leaned against a wall, looking blighted. The revelation of the ten nails today had clearly shaken

him.

I watched Michael sarcastically as I stood right in front of him. "You pushed me into the abyss when I loved you. Michael, you're the one who killed me."

Michael continued to send messages

but I could no longer respond.

Michael, I am gone. No one can save me now. The despair I feel is nothing compared to what I felt

while alive.

I still remember the day Michael found out about my feelings for him. His eyes were filled with

disgust.

"You've always been like a sister to me. We, the Ford family, took care of you, and this is how you

repay us?"

He tore up my letter and scolded me. "Focus on your studies. No dating until you're in college."

Back then, the despair in Michael's eyes truly crushed me. Little did he know I had let go up my letter.

"

when he tore

But it was always him, clinging to the past, unable to move on. He humiliated me whenever I got close.

to any man.

If a man showed interest in me, he would slander me. I spent a long time doubting myself, wondering if I was really as terrible as he made me out to be.

"Stephanie, where the hell are you!" Michael shouted into the night with his frustration boiling over. "You've won, okay? You've succeeded. You've scared me. Please, come back..."

Michael collapsed to the ground and repeatedly sent messages to beg for my return. Watching his pitiful state, I couldn't help but find it slightly amusing.

Is this what fear looks like?

Now, I was almost looking forward to the day Michael found my body. I was curious to see his reaction when he realized Yasmin was responsible for my death.

I wondered how he would feel when he learned the whole truth, that I had never pushed Yasmin down

the stairs, that I had never hurt anyone. Instead, it was them who tormented me behind my back.