

Revenge After Death

Chapter 29

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But Michael did not return home. Instead, he headed to Serenity Lane and Sunset Alley.

I had no clue what he was up to. I just trailed behind him blindly.

I was eager to witness his reaction once he discovered the truth.

Was it going to be regret or relief? Or would he cover up for Yasmin?

“Michael Ford, have you ever had the slightest affection for me? What were you thinking when you bullied me?”

“How could you be so disgusting and shameless just to get what you want?” I stood behind him and repeatedly asked.

I knew he couldn't hear. But I still sought a result and an answer.

“Mike, there is no sign of Stephanie's whereabouts. As we told the police, we did ask Stephanie to be here on the 13th and 14th.

“But the police also mentioned that she headed to Sunset Alley on the 15th. I checked the surveillance, and it showed that Stephanie came alone.”

Michael's buddies had arrived with the investigation results.

I sneered at the pair, wondering if they were genuinely oblivious or just acting.

It was evident I heard them laughing and joking around through the earpiece on the day of my accident. They even said on the other end that even a pervert wouldn't be attracted to a woman like

1. me.

“Why did she come alone on the 15th?” Michael's face didn't look good as he glanced around.

“Did the surveillance capture her leaving?”

"The police identified a janitor. Only a janitor was seen leaving with a large trash bag during the time Stephanie went missing. There were no traces of Stephanie..." The guy's confidence faded as he spoke.

Then he asked in a low voice, "Mike, Stephanie can't be dead right?"

Michael's face paled. Perhaps the panic had started to set in. "Stop talking nonsense, she can't be dead."

He took a step back and leaned against the wall.

I just stood there and looked at Michael. A sense of desolation engulfed me.

"Mike, didn't I warn you that women like Stephanie would stop at nothing to achieve their goals? She pushed Yasmin down the stairs and even tried to poison her. It's better for her to be dead."

None of Michael's buddies liked me. I knew they preferred Yasmin all along.

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These people had never respected me. They've always made fun of me, bullied me, and humiliated me. I knew very well that Yasmin had the ability to sway their opinions.

However, Michael's deliberate encouragement was the root cause of their mistreatment. It was only natural for them to hate me because Michael hated me.

Michael frowned and looked at the other person. His eyes were hazy, somewhat intimidating.

I remembered that guy's name was Jack Brown. He had tried to assault me in the Ford Residence's backyard but failed. He ran away after I smashed his head.

Afterward, Jack threatened me to not tell anyone about what happened that day. He said that even if I did, no one would believe me.

He had spread rumors around Michael and his friends to discredit me. He tarnished my reputation just to prevent me from revealing the truth.

If I were ruined, he could easily dismiss the assault as just another lie from me. No one would believe me even if I had told the truth.

And indeed, that was what happened.

Jack was a distant cousin of Michael. He was there when I first entered the Ford Residence at the age of eighteen. At that time, his mother even complained to Michael's mother.

"Lois, if you're truly lacking a child, Jack isn't a bad option. If you prefer girls, I have a daughter. Why bother taking care of someone else's child when you can care for your own blood?"

At that time, I cowered behind Michael. My parents had just passed, and I was scared. There was no one I could trust around me.

"Don't be scared. Ignore these people, they're all sick in the head." Michael held my wrist and brought me to a bedroom on the second floor.

"From now on, this is your home."

I watched Michael in silence. From that moment, my dependence and reliance on him reached its zenith.

However, everything shattered after he discovered the love letter that I had written.

After all these years, I still never understood why Michael reacted so intensely and felt repulsed.

I had been naive and in love. Why did he harbor such disdain for me throughout the years?