

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

Chapter 4

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“Stephie, thank you. I didn’t know you were so brave.”

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Yasmin came to me with her fake gratitude to talk. She held my hands. Her face filled with

threats.

I pushed her hands away and left the Ford residence.

Honestly, I should’ve given up entirely at that moment.

I went to the hospital after leaving the house.

“You’re already two months pregnant. How could you not have known? You should monitor for the next few days.”

I sat on the chair in shock as I looked at the report. I could feel my whole body shaking.

I was pregnant.

I was actually pregnant at a time like this.

Michael didn’t love me. Naturally, he wouldn’t accept the child I was carrying.

Even though I was pregnant, he would never change his mind about me. He would only think I was playing tricks to make him marry me.

Soon, it was five days before the incident.

I gathered my strength and planned to tell Michael about the pregnancy.

If he didn’t want the child, I wouldn’t give birth. Then, I would leave.

I would never bother him anymore.

However, no matter how many times I tried to call him, he wouldn’t answer at all.

When I tried to call him one last time, the call was finally answered.

However, it was Yasmin who picked up.

“Stephie, do you need Michael for something? He’s tired and needs to rest.”

“Why waste your breath on her? Just tell her not to bother me.”

I could hear Michael’s annoyed voice and Yasmin’s giggling on the other end of the call.

“Stop it, Michael. It’s my time of the month, so you can’t touch me today...”

With

my phone in my hand, I froze and felt numb as I sat on the couch.

That night, Michael did not return alone. He had brought Yasmin along.

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“Why did you bring her here?” Aunty Lols frowned unhappily.

“Mom, Yas and I are getting engaged. We’re here to let you know.” Michael’s tone was filled with determination.

Aunty Lois was shocked, and she instinctively looked at me.

Although my eyes were filled with tears, I kept quiet.

“I won’t allow it. You have a marriage agreement with Stephie...” Aunty Lois wanted to continue.

“The killer has targeted Yas. Since he only alms for single ladies, I will publicize our marriage so Yas will no longer become his target.”

Michael’s biased love toward Yasmin had already become so evident.

With my stomach churning, I stood up abruptly. Then, I frantically ran to the bathroom and threw up

like there was no tomorrow.

What was I to him?

Back when my parents died in a car crash when I was 18 years old, I was also trapped in a deformed vehicle. The car was already on fire, and it could explode at any moment.

It was Michael who ran to me like a madman to save me. He gave his all to break the window. Even though his hands were covered in blood, he still wouldn’t give up cutting my seatbelt.

Then, he dragged me out of the car and carried me to somewhere safe. After that, he continued to risk his life to save my parents.

“Michael... It’s too dangerous...” I yelled with a weakened voice. I could only watch from a distance as he risked everything to save my family.

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Just when my parents were about to be saved, the car exploded.

The raging flame and rumble made my heart skip a beat.

Even though my parents still died in the end, I could still remember how Michael tried his best to save

others.

He was a good person. He always had been. It was just that he didn’t love me.

After I threw up everything I could, my vision darkened as I fell to the ground.

Michael was getting married to Yasmin.

I was nothing but a joke from the beginning.

“Stephie, don’t be afraid. You’ll be fine, Stephe... Stephie...”

I could s

remember how he kept calling my name back at the accident. He wanted me to hold on because the ambulance was almost there.

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Back then, I thought he liked me too.

That misunderstanding lasted so many years.

2

“Stephanie, why are you playing dead again?”

The bathroom door was kicked open, and Michael looked at me angrily.

“You’ll go to Serenity Lane tomorrow night. We’ve already decided on it, so don’t play any tricks.”

“Michael... Do you really not care if I die?” My voice was hoarse as I asked.

“Stephanie, you’re too stubborn to die, so you’re the perfect candidate to face the killer!

“If you have the determination you used to bother me, you can bother that killer. Maybe you can even contribute a little to society!”

“If I die... Will you be upset?” I continued asking with my scratchy voice.

Michael frowned. “Would you bear to die? I’ll answer you this question after you’re dead.”