

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

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It was four nights away before the incident.

I was wearing a red one-piece dress and standing in an alley, shaking nonstop.

“Act natural.” Michael’s voice came through the earpiece I was wearing.

I walked from one end of the alley to the other multiple times. However, there was no one suspicious.

“Mike, could it be that the killer isn’t interested in her?”

“Haha! Even a killer isn’t interested in her.”

Michael’s buddies’ mocking laughter could be heard through the earpiece.

I crouched on the ground with teary eyes. I had a sudden urge to cry out loud.

That night, I didn’t manage to lure out the killer.

I thought they would let me go, but that wasn’t the case.

Three nights before the incident, they still made me walk back and forth in Serenity Lane. But I still failed to lure out the person they were looking for.

Two nights before the incident, Yasmin came looking for me.

“Stephie, I’m sorry. I remembered it wrongly last time. I don’t think it was Serenity Lane.

“Instead, I think I was followed in Sunset Alley. Michael wants you to go there after work tonight. We will set up an ambush there in advance, so yell for us if something happens.

I believed her and went to Sunset Alley after work.

This time, someone really started following me.

“Hello? Anyone? I think someone’s behind me.”

I was nervous and terrified as I called for someone through the earpiece.

“Anyone...”

Frolicking sounds came through the earpiece, but no one was listening to me. I felt something was off, so I kept calling Michael's phone.

When he finally picked up the call, he yelled at me in annoyance, "Stephanie, are you done? Why don't you go and die?"

"You went to Yas yesterday to tell her I had a marriage agreement with you and asked her to leave me, right? Listen to me. If anything happens to Yas, you'll have to pay with your life!"

I halted in my tracks in fear, wanting to explain.

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However, a pair of hands suddenly covered my mouth and nose.

My phone fell from my hand. I struggled as much as I could, but it was in vain. Soon, I fell

unconscious.

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When I woke up groggily on the day of the incident, I found myself in a huge wooden crate. It was the kind that was used to store fragile items.

There was a slight opening I could use to see the outside.

When I tried to struggle and get up, I saw a large figure of a hooded man walking in from the outside.

I saw his face.

His face was very fair, and his hair was messy. Even though his hair covered half of his face, I was still amazed by what I saw.

Sure, no one would describe a killer as attractive.

However, that man's eyes were light blue. His facial features were well-defined. He also had pure dark hair and pale skin. It was obvious that he was mixed race.

The killer was radiating an aura of death.

I was scared and didn't dare to make any noise.

It looked like he was searching for something. He looked everywhere and picked up an ax before dragging it out.

I covered my mouth in dread and carefully climbed out of the wooden crate. I wanted to run away.

However, before I could run far, I was knocked unconscious from the back and fell to the ground.

Before I passed out, I saw the ax that the man dragged out and his hand.

“You’re the most perfect piece of art I’ve ever seen.”

His voice was rough. It sounded like his voice was damaged.

“You’re different from the others. I want to keep you forever... I won’t let anyone find you, and you’ll be mine forever, always accompanying me.”

That man was a complete psycho.

I slowly lost consciousness until the last drop of blood was drained from my body, and my heart

stopped.

It turned out that the moment before death was so peaceful.

My soul followed Michael back to his home. He seldom returned to the Ford residence because he

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spent most of his time living alone,

There were times when I contemplated visiting his house. I assumed it would be our house after getting married.

I yearned for this place.

“Michael, did you find Stephe?” Once we entered the house, Yasmin rushed forward to hug Michael.

She was in her nightdress. Obviously, she had been living here for a while.

Michael held onto Yasmin and comforted her gently, “I don’t know what tricks she’s up to again.”

I scoffed mockingly and looked at the decorations in the house.

It turned out that this house belonged to both of them.

They had been living together all this time.