

REVENGE AFTER DEATH

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“Michael, Stephe doesn’t want you to marry me,” said Yasmin as she cried.

‘Ignore her. Let’s just get engaged. Once she runs out of ideas, she’ll be back.’”

Michael thought I was doing this on purpose to mess with their engagement dinner plans.

He had already announced his engagement dinner for everyone to know. He thought once things were set in motion, I would stop bothering him.

However, he had no idea that I had given up on him a long time ago.

If I were still alive, I would be on a plane leaving the country by now.

“Michael, why does Stephe hate me? First, she pushed me down the stairs and almost got me killed.

“Now, she’s doing this to stop us from getting engaged. If Aunty Lois finds out, she would never agree to it.”

Yasmin continued crying.

Michael looked even angrier now. “What else can she do besides using tricks on my mother?”

I sneered. I couldn’t even bother to explain now.

He couldn’t hear what I had to say anyway.

He wouldn’t even listen to me when I was still alive, let alone now that I was dead.

Michael and Yasmin entered the bedroom, and I sat on the couch, feeling defeated.

Occasional laughter came from the bedroom, and it felt like a sharp knife slicing my soul away.

Looking down at my belly, I could feel my soul shaking.

The child that didn’t even have the chance to form disappeared with me just like that.

If Michael found out I was dead while carrying his child, I was sure that he would sleep peacefully.

After all, someone finally helped him to get rid of the thorn in his side.

At three in the morning, Michael's phone rang.

"Hello?" Michael answered with annoyance.

"Mr. Ford, we've found the headless body of a woman by Jadebrook River. The bracelet on the wrist has been confirmed to belong to your sister, Stephanie. Please come over and identify the body."

Michael shot up from the bed, and his breathing became rapid.

The thunder roared, and the lightning struck outside. Michael suddenly had a major headache.

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"Stephie?"

For a split second, when a bolt of lightning struck the earth, Michael felt as if he saw a figure in the living room.

It looked like Stephanie.

I was confused and looked at Michael. Could he see me?

Soon after that, he cursed and picked up his jacket, preparing to leave.

Yasmin was also awake on the bed. She walked out without wearing any shoes.

"Oh, Stephanie. You shouldn't blame me. You should blame Michael for being too perfect.

"Who wouldn't want him for herself? I also didn't think you would be so stupid and actually believe me. Serves you right for being dead!"

Infuriated, I rushed toward her. I tried to grab her neck with all I had and cried, "It's you! You killed me! I'm going to kill you!"

I did everything I could think of to kill this woman who caused my miserable death. However, there was nothing I could do. I couldn't even lay a finger on her.

I couldn't have my revenge. I couldn't do anything at all.

Meanwhile, Michael had reached the police station.

“The deceased was violated before she passed. The clothes on her body don’t belong to her as well.”

Michael stood tensely next to the mortuary table. “Stephanie lost this bracelet two months ago.”

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“Are you sure this is the one?” the police asked.

“Yes. It used to belong to my grandmother.”

The bracelet was meant to be passed to the future daughter-in-law of the Ford family. After all, Michael was the one who gave it to Stephanie when she was 18 years old.

“Stephanie has... a mole on her right chest.” Michael fell silent for a long while before saying my identifying features. “She has a red birthmark on... the left side of her pubic area.”

He told the police that I was his sister. But how could a brother possibly know such a hidden and private birthmark?

The police were stunned. After exchanging glances, they let the coroner continue checking the body.

“If what you described were true, then this body doesn’t belong to Stephanie Carlson.”

Michael slowly closed his eyes. It was obvious that he let out a sigh of relief.

“Mr. Ford, you seem to be hiding a lot from us.” The police in charge of the case frowned and brought

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Michael out of the room.

“What’s the real relationship between you and Stephanie?”