

# REVENGE AFTER DEATH

## Chapter 9

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Steve stared at my photo, and his eyes turned red. He seemed agitated.

“Honestly, Stephanie has a great body. There’s nothing to lose if I were to sleep with her. If I were the one she was bothering, I would’ve done it with her as well.”

“When we were at Nocturnal last time, her whole body was wet from the rain. She really has a nice figure.”

“Benson, you sure took advantage of the situation and almost stripped her bare.”

“Haha...”

Michael’s rich friends who tagged along started voicing out their dirty thoughts.

Since Michael looked down on me, they also looked down on me.

Michael had always thought I was cheap and disgusting, so these people never learned to respect me.

I looked at their disgusting faces with hatred and rushed toward them. I wanted nothing more than to

tear them to pieces.

I clenched my fist and swung toward them, but it was useless.

Bang!

Someone punched Benson, and he fell to the ground hard.

Shocked, I froze in place and looked at the person who pounced on Benson and was punching nonstop.

It was actually Steve.

It was the psycho who killed me.

“Damn it! Is he crazy? Get him off immediately!” the people surrounding Benson exclaimed in shock. They stepped forward to stop the punching.

However, Steve was like a beast that suddenly went berserk. No matter how hard the people around him hit him, Steve still wouldn't stop beating up Benson.

His eyes were red like a vampire's while he punched violently.

"You... touched her... should die..." Steve's voice was hoarse as he cried.

However, no one could clearly hear what he was saying.

Under the moonlight, Steve's face was full of blood. He was like a wild beast that went out of control, and anyone would be terrified of him.

In the end, Michael had to step in to knock out Steve with a stick. Michael frowned and cursed.

"Call the police. They will get to the bottom of this," he said solemnly.

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Benson had fainted from the beating. His face was full of blood, and it was an unbearable sight.

I stood in place, numbly looking at the miserable Benson. I smiled helplessly.

Could this be counted as karma?

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Two months ago, Benson called me using Michael's phone.

He told me that Michael was in a bad mood and had drunk a lot.

He also said that Michael wouldn't stop calling my name and told me to go pick Michael up.

It was raining badly that day. I didn't have a car, nor could I get a ride. The wind was howling, and I couldn't even get my umbrella to open.

Since Benson said Michael was missing me, I ran to the club in the rain like an idiot.

However, when I was soaking wet and miserably opened the door to a private room, I saw them mocking and laughing at me.

"Haha! It's raining so badly out there, and she still came!:"

"You were spot on, Michael. Fine, you win! Haha!"

Michael didn't drink that much at all. They were just playing a cruel game.

“Michael, that woman sure is a bitch. Could she really do anything just to marry you?” Benson laughed mockingly.

“Let her sleep with me. Tell her that if she sleeps with me, then you’ll marry her. Let’s see if she’ll agree to it.”

Everyone was laughing in the private room.

They were looking at me like they were looking at a cheap product. They were disgusting and full of

lust.

I could never forget their vile faces.

“Did you tell my mom that I slept with you? Did you make her force me to marry you?” Michael

leaned on the couch and looked at me teasingly.

“Stephanie, you sure gave up your dignity just to marry me. Are you that cheap?”

My whole body was shivering as I stood at the entrance. My eyes teared up, and I said, “If you’re fine, I’ll take my leave now.”

I turned around and wanted to leave, but Benson suddenly pinned me against the door.

His hands were all over me. It was obvious that he was picking on me on purpose.

My body was shaking as I looked at Michael for help. “Let me go! Don’t touch me!”

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I cried and struggled as much as I could, but Michael didn’t care about me at all.

He was treating me as a joke like everyone else. He was admiring how miserable I looked.

Show Michael didn’t care, Benson became more bold.

He pinned me on the couch and tore off my clothes.

The more I struggled, those people got more excited.

They laughed and teased. They cheered for Benson to do more.

I cried and yelled for Michael, begging him to save me. However, the gaze he had on me was suffocating.