

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 1-10

Sir, today is your wife's birthday. Don't you want to go back to the apartment? asked the driver of the luxurious SUV.

I told you not to mention her, snapped the man with black hair, frowning.

I'm sorry, sir, the driver said, looking troubled, and continued driving back to the company.

Roger Peterson, the CEO of the city's top tech company, grimaced before leaning back in his seat, staring out the window.

He was the pride of his family, nearly perfect, but his talents and good looks were overshadowed by one flaw: the woman who lived under the same roof, the one who ruined his life.

Roger frowned again, thinking about her. He hated her so much that he even cursed her existence, wondering why she didn't just die. Unfortunately for him, he was bound to her forever by some cruel twist of fate. When they arrived at the company, Roger sighed and got out to head to his office.

After a while, he tried to relax in his chair, closing his eyes for a moment to clear his mind of the day's stress. It wasn't work that had him so wound up.

Mr. Peterson?

Roger's frown deepened even with his eyes closed. He hated being interrupted. When he opened his eyes, he saw a ginger-haired man standing next to him. "It's time to wake up," the man said.

What do you want, Fabian? Roger asked, opening his eyes fully.

You told me to remind you of the time, Fabian replied.

Roger glanced at the clock on his desk; it was 5:15 PM.

Right, thanks, he said, standing up and straightening his clothes. Satisfied with his appearance, he headed for the door.

Have my car ready, he told Fabian on the way out. "And hey, did you get—"

Yes, Fabian interrupted, making a face. "Everything is ready: the car and the gifts you always bring for her."

Hm... thank you, Roger said, leaving the office with a big smile.

Fabian watched him go and sighed, shaking his head. What his boss was doing didn't sit right with him, but he knew his opinion wouldn't matter.

When Roger arrived at the parking lot, an employee handed him the keys to his luxurious black sports car and the gifts Fabian had bought.

He thanked the employee, placed the items in the car, and set off for his special appointment.

His destination was the most luxurious hotel in the city.

Upon arrival, Roger handed his car over to the valet and, carrying the roses and gift, walked slowly into the hotel.

As usual, several women nearby stared at him and whispered excitedly about how hot and handsome he was, comments that only inflated his ego and made him smile arrogantly. "Honey."

Roger turned and smiled, seeing a beautiful blonde with long, straight hair and a curvy figure coming toward him. She leaned in to kiss him on the lips.

Did I make you wait? he asked Sophia as she approached.

You know I would always wait for you, she replied, love shining in her emerald eyes.

I know. I brought you a little gift, he said flirtatiously, handing her the flowers and a black leather box.

Ah... how thoughtful, Sophia said, taking the flowers and smelling them before opening the box to find a beautiful diamond necklace. "Ah... Roger."

Only the best for you, he said with a smile.

You know... I have a little gift for you too, Sophia whispered flirtatiously, pressing her body against his suggestively.

Hm... interesting, he said amusedly, grabbing her by the waist as they walked toward the elevator to reach their usual room.

The room was one of the most luxurious and expensive suites in the hotel, decorated with romantic touches-candles, flowers, and even a filled bathtub ready for a romantic evening. "Wow, you've prepared everything," Roger said, taking in the decorations.

Of course. And by the way, happy anniversary, she said, giving him a passionate kiss.

The kiss quickly grew more intense, and they closed the door as they began tearing each other's clothes off, eager to start their special night.

It was a great night full of passion for them, which promised to last until dawn. But just as the clock struck one in the morning, Roger's phone began to ring.

Ah... no... don't answer, Sophia complained, trying to pull him into another kiss.

Wait... he said, annoyed, pulling away to grab his phone without checking the caller ID.

What is it?! he shouted angrily. There was no response, so he glanced at the number. He saw the call was coming from his apartment, so he abruptly separated from Sophia to sit on the bed. "What the hell do you want?" he asked. In response, he heard tapping on the phone.

Who is bothering you, honey? Sophia asked, covering her body with the sheets.

Nobody, he said, looking at her lovingly before returning to the call. "Stop messing with me. I'm not coming home, so go to sleep and don't call me again."

That idiot is bothering you again, Sophia complained, frowning.

Yeah.

Well, leave it and come back to bed. I'm starting to get cold, she said, taking the phone from him.

Without hanging up, Sophia tossed the phone onto the floor. She then made Roger lie down on the bed and climbed on top of him, picking up where they had left off.

The person on the other end of the line listened as the two started having sex. Silent tears streamed down her face. She didn't hang up until she heard them declare their eternal love for each other.

After ending the call, she wiped her tears and turned off the recorder app she had installed to capture the conversation.

This was the final piece of evidence she needed. Even though she already knew she wasn't loved, hearing them together still hurt deeply. Yet, she found some solace in the fact that Sophia's arrogance had provided proof of Roger's infidelity. The person who had called Roger was actually the source of his troubles: his legitimate wife.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

So, you recorded them having sex? a female voice asked over the phone.

The other person tapped back a response in Morse code: [Yes, she didn't hang up.]

Excellent... well, you know the plan.

[Don't worry, I understand.]

When I bring your cake and gift tomorrow, give me those recordings so I can hand them to my husband for him to help you file for the divorce. [Thank you.]

You don't need to thank me. Rest well. the person said before ending the call.

The woman who communicated in Morse code sighed, feeling her eyes sting with impending tears. Remembering how her husband professed love to his mistress was painful.

She walked slowly to her room and paused at the large mirror in the hallway. The reflection showed a beautiful woman with slightly wavy brown hair, though her eyes were swollen from sadness. The blue of her eyes was unique, her figure slender-perhaps not as voluptuous as Sophia's, but well-proportioned.

The blue-eyed woman was undeniably attractive, if not for the cruel disability caused by a childhood accident that left her mute. She communicated through sign language and Morse code, something Roger hated because he had to learn them just to talk with her. Placing her hand on the mirror, she pondered if what she was about to do was right. But she could no longer live as a shadow in that house.

Apart from her childhood friend, her friend's husband, and the neighbor, no one cared for her: her father never loved her, her stepmother and step-siblings abused her, her husband openly betrayed her, and her mother-in-law humiliated her whenever possible. Without the three who supported her, she would be isolated in that big place called 'home.'

The place was a modern, luxurious apartment, equipped with the best and most expensive decorations. They were supposed to live in a mansion, but Roger refused to buy one, insisting he would only buy one to live with the woman he loved.

The woman turned around and headed to the kitchen to store the dinner she had prepared for Roger. She knew that when he spent the night with Sophia, he wouldn't return until 7 AM. And even then, he just came back to shower, change, and have breakfast before heading straight to the office.

After cleaning the dirty dishes and tidying up the kitchen, she went to Roger's room to lay out clean clothes on his bed for the next morning. Then she went to her room to sleep-they slept in separate bedrooms.

The next morning, she was awakened by the sound of running water, an indication that Roger had returned and was taking a shower. She got up to prepare his breakfast, quickly setting it on the table before sitting to wait for him.

Her wait was short. Five minutes later, Roger appeared-showered and dressed-and sat down to eat without greeting her.

She signed her greeting: [Good morning.] But Roger ignored her, his attention focused on his phone. He was probably texting Sophia judging by the foolish smile on his face.

The woman sighed and began eating with her gaze lowered.

When Roger finished, he stood to leave, but his supposed wife stood as well and approached him.

What do you want, Deborah? he asked, frowning as she reached out to touch him. When he realized that she was only adjusting his tie, he sighed.

[Have a good day.]

I always do, he retorted sarcastically, bumping into her shoulder as he walked past her. Deborah fell but he didn't care. He continued on his way without looking back. Deborah endured the pain of the fall and stood up, quickly drying the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes. She focused on a specific spot on the wall in front of her. Carefully, she approached that spot and removed a hidden mini-camera from behind an ornament. Deborah had been gradually gathering evidence to support her demand for a divorce. Yes, she had reached her limit. She couldn't endure more humiliation. Deborah simply couldn't understand: why did everyone hate her? Just because she couldn't speak?

It wasn't fair, and it hurt especially the most today because her husband ignored her birthday. The most she hoped for was at least a birthday greeting.

Feeling sad and a sudden bout of nausea, Deborah ran to the bathroom.

Lately, she had been feeling weak and dizzy, and often vomited after eating. She knew she should see a doctor, but she simply thought it was all due to the psychological stress she was under. Deborah lay on the sofa, trying to calm her nerves before getting to the household chores. But her rest was interrupted by the ring of the doorbell announcing a visitor.

Deborah stood up to see who it was, and her discomfort vanished when she saw it was her friend, whom she immediately let in.

[Hello, Carrie.] Deborah signed while smiling.

Hi, Debbie. That jerk is gone, right? said the black-haired woman, approaching to hug and kiss Deborah on the cheek. [Yes.]

Good, because I didn't bring anything for him, Caroline said as she held up a paper bag.

Deborah looked puzzled until she saw the bag's label and realized Caroline had brought food from her favorite restaurant. "And by the way, happy birthday!"

Deborah smiled and hugged Caroline, grateful for the gesture as her friend was the only one to wish her a happy birthday. They set the table with the food and chatted about trivial things

such as TV shows or the latest drama showing on the 9 PM TV slot. [You really make things tough for Christian.]

Well, he knows I'm not a docile girl, and he loves me for it, Caroline joked as she stuck her tongue cheekily, making Deborah laugh. [Here, these are the recordings.] Deborah handed Caroline two USB drives with all the evidence she had gathered.

Perfect. I'll give them to my husband so we can start the divorce proceedings, Caroline said seriously, putting the USB drives in her bag.

Deborah thanked her for the help before they continued their meal and conversation. But the meal was interrupted when Deborah suddenly stood and ran to the bathroom to vomit what little she had eaten.

Deborah? Are you okay? Caroline hurried after her, alarmed by the unexpected reaction and the sound of her vomiting. She didn't hesitate to enter the bathroom to help and saw how pale Deborah looked. "How long has this been happening? Have you seen a doctor?" Caroline asked, handing Deborah a towel.

[Only recently. And no... I haven't gone to the hospital]

Forget the meal, I'm taking you to the hospital now, Caroline said with a frown as she helped Deborah stand.

[But my chores...]

Ah, forget that. The damned house won't collapse if you don't clean it for a day. Your health is more important, Caroline scolded.

[Let me inform Roger.]

Deborah, please, forget about him. Does he ask for your permission when he sleeps with his mistress?

[No...]

Then let's go, my dear. Right now, you need to remember that the most important person in your life is you, Caroline said.

[Thank you.] Deborah smiled, grateful for her friend's support.

Alright, get up and grab your bag, Caroline ordered as she supported Deborah before pulling out her phone to send a text. "Come on, I'll take you to my doctor to avoid any issues with that maniac."

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Chapter 3

Chapter 3

At the hospital, Caroline spoke with the doctor, asking for a thorough examination of her friend because Deborah wasn't feeling well and had been vomiting.

The doctor, noticing how pale the young brunette looked, immediately ordered a complete exam to identify the potential causes.

[Carrie, I'm scared.] Deborah was terrified that something might be seriously wrong with her body and her anxiety grew with each test they conducted.

Calm down, no matter what, I'm here for you, okay? Caroline reassured her, holding Deborah's hands to try to ease her worries.

Deborah nodded. After a few minutes, a nurse arrived with the test results.

Thanks, darling, the doctor said flirtatiously as he winked at the nurse who smiled and slowly left the room. The friends chuckled at the interaction they just witnessed.

The doctor began reading the results and his expression turned more serious as he flipped through the pages.

So, what's wrong with my friend? Caroline asked, unnerved by the doctor's continued silence.

Relax, Caroline. Your friend is healthy, the doctor clarified.

Healthy? Then why has she been vomiting and looking unwell-?

Because she's two months pregnant. Congratulations, the doctor interrupted, surprising both women.

Two months... Caroline turned to Deborah, who was in shock.

You seem a bit surprised, the doctor remarked at Deborah's lack of reaction.

[Very...] Deborah was struggling to digest what she just heard.

She says 'Very', but are you sure? Caroline pressed.

Yes, we did a thorough examination and now that we have these results, the symptoms make sense. The dizziness and vomiting are early signs of pregnancy, the doctor explained to the incredulous friends. "I see you still have doubts. Here," he said, pulling out a card and tearing out a page from his notepad. "This is the name of a good gynecologist for your follow-up and care. If you choose otherwise, this is the address of a clinic for an abortion."

[What... no, no, no.] Deborah signed frantically.

I don't think she liked the idea of an abortion, Caroline said, trying to calm Deborah down.

Sorry for suggesting it, the doctor apologized after seeing how horrified Deborah looked. "It's just that you didn't look too happy upon hearing the news so I thought I should at least mention it."

Thank you, Doctor. But she's not happy because she just fought with her partner, Caroline explained, trying to change the subject.

I understand. But remember, communication is key, and I'm sure your husband will be thrilled about becoming a father.

Deborah made a face and nodded, not wanting to explain everything to a stranger.

Doctor, is there something my friend can take to relieve her symptoms? Caroline asked.

Of course, he said, quickly writing a prescription. "These vitamins will help with the lethargy. Avoid anything that makes you feel worse and increase your intake of fruits and vegetables. Understood?" Deborah nodded, taking the prescription.

[Thank you.]

She says 'Thank you very much', Doctor.

You're welcome. Take care, the doctor said as they left.

Walking out, Caroline noticed her friend was lost in thought.

Pregnancy...it was wonderful news. It had once been a dream of Deborah, a longing... but why now when she was determined to get a divorce?

Doubts started entering her mind: should she still proceed with the divorce? Or could the doctor's words be true and everything would change with the baby?

Deborah, Caroline's voice pulled her from her thoughts.

She stopped and looked into Caroline's eyes, seeing worry reflecting back at her.

This pregnancy is from that time, right? Caroline asked, distressed, recalling the day she had found Deborah bruised after a visit.

[I think so...] Deborah signed sadly.

Deborah, what are you going to do? I know you, and abortion isn't an option, but tell me, will you follow the doctor's advice or continue with the divorce? [It's his baby...]

So what? You don't know how he'll react.

[But it's his baby... surely everything will change for the better.]

My dear...

[Carrie, I know you're angry, but I still think I need to tell him about my condition.]

Deborah, promise me, swear on your mother's memory, that you'll only ask what he thinks about having a child. Don't tell him you're pregnant. I don't want him to turn and hit you until you miscarry. Caroline said, looking into Deborah's eyes while holding her hands. Caroline's words scared Deborah because the latter knew it was not a farfetched reaction to expect from Roger, so she agreed and promised to keep her word.

Deborah started to remember that day, the day she must have conceived. Sadly, the way it happened wasn't out of love or affection. It was rough sex accompanied by blows and insults because Roger had used her as a punching bag to vent his frustrations from a fight with Sophia. The fight, like always, was because of Deborah. Sophia wanted to be the wife, not the mistress, and those hits were him blaming Deborah for ruining his life.

That event marked the final line of her tolerance of the marriage. She had never done anything to deserve such treatment and couldn't understand why he hated her so much.

Deborah shook off the bad memories and continued walking with Caroline to the pharmacy to get the prescription.

After buying the pills, she took some and put the rest in her bag.

Now that we have the vitamins, how about a trip? Caroline suggested.

[But...]

Yesterday was your birthday, and you stayed home waiting for that jerk. Today, we're going out and eating cake, Caroline said, grabbing Deborah's hand to lead her toward the mall. After some thought, Deborah agreed. It was time to enjoy life and celebrate her birthday outside the house.

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

The outing lifted Deborah's spirits. Caroline bought her a birthday present and they had a meal at a restaurant before returning to Deborah's apartment because Caroline insisted on not leaving her alone. But their pleasant mood vanished upon arriving at Deborah's door, where an older woman was banging and shouting. "Open up, you mute b*tch!" screamed the older woman with platinum blonde hair, pounding on the door. When she saw them, she snapped, "Who do you think you are? Why aren't you at home? My poor son suffers because of you."

Mrs. Peterson, this is an apartment building and your shouting is disturbing everyone, Caroline retorted.

Shut up, you beggar, Mrs. Peterson shot back before turning to Deborah, demanding she open the door.

Deborah reluctantly opened the door, and the older woman shoved her aside as she entered. Caroline protested, but Deborah gave her a reassuring smile, trying to avoid a confrontation.

Inside, Mrs. Peterson began criticizing the apartment's cleanliness, throwing things around to make it look messy. Caroline, irritated, called the older woman out for her behavior.

You wretched beggar! Mrs. Peterson tried to hit Caroline, but the latter caught the older woman's wrist and held it firmly.

I'm calling the police, the older woman threatened just as there was a knock at the door. Deborah opened it to find two police officers.

Good morning, ma'am. Did you call us? one officer asked.

Officers, arrest this woman! Mrs. Peterson pointed at Caroline. "She hurt me."

[That's a lie.] Deborah frowned.

She's just being dramatic, Caroline stated plainly.

Officers, can't you see... she's intimidating me. So please, arrest her and get her out of my house.

[This is my house.] Deborah signed and frowned even more.

This is not your house, Caroline spoke up.

Actually, the first officer began to say, "we were called over because several neighbors have complained about you, ma'am." "HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

You're the crazy lady banging on my neighbor's door, keeping me from sleeping, a blond man said, stepping into view.

Mrs. Peterson was furious but fell silent upon recognizing the man.

[Jayden...] Deborah mouthed, surprised.

Ma'am, save it. Officers, please take her away. She's always harassing my neighbor. I have the evidence for it too, Jayden requested.

Darling, if your husband won't protect you from his mother, I will, because neither you nor I are here to endure her shouting, he said, smiling at Deborah.

Mrs. Peterson became hysterical. "Let go of me! I'm Isabelle Peterson. You can't do this to me!"

But the officers moved to restrain her. "Ma'am, please stop resisting and-"

Just then, Roger stormed in, furious.

Let my mother go! Roger demanded.

Sir, we're arresting her as we've received multiple complaints about her, the other officer explained.

Who complained? Roger asked angrily.

I did, Peterson, Jayden said coolly.

Cooper... Roger glared at him.

"Yes, so stop your drama and tell your mother that it's not fair for her to come and yell at your wife just like that.

That's none of your business," Roger retorted, turning his back. "Mom, come sit on the sofa," he said, helping the older woman to walk."

It is my business because, in case you forgot, this apartment building is mine and I hate noise disturbances on my property, Jayden said to Roger. "So if you can't control your mother, I will. This is my building, and I won't tolerate such disturbances." Roger clenched his jaw, knowing he couldn't retaliate against the powerful Cooper family.

Son, thank you for saving me. That mute and her friend insulted me. Mrs. Peterson tried to play the victim with her crocodile tears.

Oh god... poor woman... a mute said rude things to her. Oh... such suffering, Jayden mocked the older woman's theatrics. "Cooper, get out of my house," Roger ordered.

I can show you the video of how your mother has been bothering this unit for a while just because they wouldn't open the door.

If the noise bothered you so much, you should have come out and helped my mother.

Helped with what? I think anyone knows that if time passes and the door isn't opened, it's because no one's home. Or are you going to tell me your wife doesn't have the right to leave the house once in a while? he questioned, raising an eyebrow.

... Roger was furious because if he answered that question, it was evidence of domestic abuse, and with the two officers present, he could risk his reputation.

Fortunately, he noticed Fabian had arrived so he approached the officers to resolve the matter. "Officers, thank you for coming, but we'll take care of this family matter."

Jayden and the officers saw Roger's assistant extending his hands while holding an envelope, standing next to his boss. It was the signal for them to leave.

Jayden sighed. "Let's hope this fixes things, Fabian, because I'll be watching." As he was about to leave, Jayden looked Deborah in the eyes and smiled at her before disappearing out the door and back to his apartment. Meanwhile, the officers took the bribe and left.

You, leave too, Caroline, Roger ordered, glaring at the raven-haired woman. "You know you're not welcome in my house."

What? So you can beat my friend because of something your mother caused? Caroline challenged.

[Carrie...] Deborah pleaded.

Oh... you insolent... Isabelle was furious and stood up to slap the girl.

Unfortunately, Isabelle's actions didn't come to fruition because Fabian intervened. "Miss, please leave."

Caroline reluctantly left, urging Deborah to call her if she needed help. Once alone, Roger turned his anger on Deborah, accusing her of the mess his mother made and threatening her. Fabian intervened, reminding Roger that Jayden was likely still watching. As Roger's assistant, Fabian knew Jayden wasn't joking.

Deborah defended herself, only to face further insults from Mrs. Peterson who claimed Deborah manipulated her way into the family. Deborah insisted she never did such things, but the accusations kept coming. Mrs. Peterson even went as far as saying she couldn't stand the idea of having 'defective grandchildren.'

Don't worry, Mom. I'd never have kids with this useless woman, Roger assured her, glaring at Deborah.

Deborah clenched her fists, pained by their words. It was clear now: she would never tell Roger about her pregnancy and was determined to leave them for good.

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

After the scandal, Roger escorted his mother back home, warning Deborah that they would have a serious talk that night.

Thank you, my son, his mother sighed in relief as they reached the car. “But how did you know?”

Fabian got a call from one of our police friends, who told us they were sending a couple of officers to the house, he explained as he helped her into the car. “That’s why I left the office early. I wanted to see what that idiot had done, but I didn’t expect that fool Cooper to try to have you arrested.”

Oh, I’m sorry, my love. I just get so angry when I’m made to wait. And I didn’t think that idiot would leave the house.

I didn’t know she left the house either. But it’s over, Mom. Tonight, I’ll scold her for being so irresponsible to leave you waiting outside and making you go through this.

Yes, Son. Punish her so she doesn’t do it again.

Fabian listened quietly, feeling disgusted by their attitude towards Deborah, but he was unable to say anything because his family wasn’t as wealthy or influential as the Petersons.

Finally alone in the apartment, Deborah let her tears fall, screaming silently in her pain. She hated it all. It was always the same.

Wiping her tears, she surveyed the mess her mother-in-law had made. Then, she steeled herself, determined to make this the last time she endured such humiliation. She would no longer be anyone’s punching bag.

Just as she began to clean, a knock came at the door. Drying her eyes, she went to answer, expecting Fabian or a delivery. Instead, she met a pair of dark brown eyes filled with genuine concern. “Are you okay?”

[Jayden... Oh, hello. Do you need something?] Deborah tried to stay composed. Jayden smiled softly, wiping away her remaining tears with his hand.

Deborah, if you need to cry, do it. That idiot isn't worth hurting yourself over, he said, pulling her into a comforting hug as she broke down. "Did he hit you?" he asked, then felt her shake her head. "That's good. His assistant managed to stop him. But what are you going to do? Keep enduring this?"

Deborah pulled away slightly, wiping her tears. [I've decided. I'm going to file for divorce.]

That's good. Is your friend going to help you?

[Yes.]

If you need any help, don't hesitate to ask me.

[Thank you, Jayden, but you know I don't-]

I know, and I've told you, I don't mind waiting, he said, holding her hands as he looked into her eyes. "Remember, I'm here for you because I hate seeing you suffer." Deborah smiled weakly and nodded, looking around at the mess.

Now that that madwoman is gone, let me help you clean up.

["But you don't have to-]

I insist. We'll finish faster, and we can talk.

[Thank you.] She felt grateful to have him there.

Meanwhile, Roger had just dropped his mother off and was heading back to the office to finish the day's work.

Ugh... what a nuisance... he muttered, checking his phone.

What's wrong? Fabian asked, glancing at him through the rearview mirror.

Deborah's father is calling again.

Another loan?

Most likely. God, they think I owe them something just because Deborah is my wife, he grumbled. "If anything, I should be getting money for putting up with her." "So, will you give it to them?"

Of course not. Let them figure it out. That family is full of idiots, always investing in mediocre businesses that go bankrupt in months.

I've heard Deborah's father mismanages money, always trying to please his wife and kids, no matter the cost.

That's why he's a mediocre old man, and I won't give him a cent. Let him deal with his debts.

They might bother Deborah to ask you for money on their behalf.

They can try. It doesn't matter what they do; she'll never get anything from me, Roger declared, deleting his father-in-law's messages.

Just then, his phone rang and his expression changed to a smile as he answered.

Hello, gorgeous.

Am I interrupting, my love?

You never interrupt.

Hey, I need to talk to you, the voice on the other end sounded worried.

Is something wrong? You sound concerned.

Well... can I come to your office? It's important.

Of course, you don't need permission to see me.

Thank you, my love. I'll see you at your office, Sophia said, ending the call.

What's wrong? Fabian asked, having overheard.

I don't know. Sophia sounded worried, and that concerns me, Roger replied, becoming serious. "Be ready to transfer money to her card if she needs it. Take it from the funds I give to that idiot. She doesn't need thousands just to stay at home." Fabian grimaced as he kept driving.

When they arrived at the company, they found Sophia waiting in the parking lot. As soon as Roger stepped out of the car, she rushed to hug and kiss him publicly.

Hello, handsome, she cooed, ignoring the stares and whispers of the employees who found their open display of infidelity disgusting.

Hello, my love. Now tell me, what's wrong? Why is the most beautiful woman in the world worried?

Well, I have something very important to tell you, but... She glanced at the employees who were watching them. "Can we talk in private?"

Yes, come, he said, leading her to his sports car. "And you lot, get back to work or you're fired!" He yelled at his employees before starting the car and speeding away.

Fabian sighed and headed for the elevator to return to the office, only to be surprised by the sight of Roger's father waiting.

Sir... he greeted, shocked to see him there.

Spare me the greetings and tell me, where is my son? he demanded.

He's out handling some business.

With that woman, isn't he?

Yes...

God, how have I sinned for him to be making such foolish decisions?

Um, sir...

Call him over now and order him to return to the office immediately, he commanded, frowning.

Yes, sir, Fabian said. He tried to call Roger, but the latter's phone was already turned off to avoid interruptions. Meanwhile, Roger took Sophia to his favorite restaurant, where they were seated at their special table for privacy.

Good afternoon, Mr. Peterson. The usual? the waiter asked, offering them the menu.

Yes.

No, Sophia interrupted. "I'd like cranberry juice with lemon, please," she smiled.

The waiter looked confused, as they didn't have that drink, but seeing Roger's look, he tried to stay calm. "Of course, madam. I'll get that for you," he said, turning to seek help with the unusual request. "Are you sure you don't want wine?" Roger asked, holding her hand.

I can't right now, my love.

What? Why? Are you sick?

Not exactly, my love. I just got the best news in the world.

Oh? What's that?

I'm one month pregnant, she announced excitedly.

What..."

Yes, handsome, we're going to be parents, she said with a big smile that quickly faded. "But... you understand this means goodbye."

What?! Why?

Because I don't want our child to be called a bastard because of that mute woman.

Roger frowned. "No one will call my child a bastard."

But my love... Sophia started to say before tears welled up in her eyes and she looked away.

Now that I know, I'll defy my father and demand a divorce with that thing.

Really? she asked, looking into his eyes.

Yes, and if necessary, I'll kill that mute myself to gain my freedom.

Oh, my Roger, she said happily, standing up to hug him.

My Sophia, he replied, embracing her.

'This is your end, stupid mute. I've won,' Sophia thought as she kissed Roger passionately.

Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Unbeknownst to the couple, someone had been following them, recording their conversation and snapping several incriminating photos. Satisfied with the evidence, the person called their boss to report back.

Perfect. Come back to the office safely, the boss said, ending the call. The sapphire eyes of the man with jet-black hair flared, his anger evident.

This is good news for you as a lawyer. With this evidence, we'll win the case, commented his red-haired colleague. "Your reputation will soar with this lawsuit. "I'm not doing it for the fame. She's my wife's friend, and I offered to help because it's unjust for her to be treated that way," he said, putting on his jacket. "Where are you going, Christian?" the redhead asked.

Isn't it obvious? I'm going to see my client, inform her about this discovery, and possibly get her out of there because her life is in danger.

In that case, I'll expedite a restraining order with today's recording. His friend started to draft the document on his computer.

Great! Honestly, knowing how crazy he is, I wouldn't be surprised if he drags her back to 'that place' by force.

Rich people make me sick, thinking they're untouchable just because their parents made a fortune.

Yeah, well, I'm counting on you, Christian said, heading out:

I'll email you the signed order as soon as it's ready.

Okay, Christian replied. The moment he left office, he called his wife to inform her to explain the situation. They were to meet up at Deborah's place.

Meanwhile, Deborah was blissfully unaware of the storm brewing. Her conversation with Jayden had lifted her spirits considerably. Though Caroline was supportive, she couldn't be around all the time. Having another person to talk to without being scolded for using sign language was a blessing.

Deborah turned on the TV to catch the news and took out the dinner Roger hadn't eaten the previous night, repurposing it into sandwiches.

Once the sandwiches

were ready, she sat at the table with the notebook she used to

meticulously track household expenses. She had to stretch the modest monthly amount Roger gave her to cover the household expenses, usually banking on supermarket discounts and offers.

She felt pathetic-being the wife of a multimillionaire CEO yet having to hunt for daily deals just to eat. But she didn't complain; she was able to put her accounting skills to good use, especially since Roger had forbidden her from working.

After balancing the accounts and eating, she washed the dishes and took out the laptop Caroline had gifted her. She had found a legal loophole in Roger's restrictions, allowing her to work from home as an accountant. Through a government website, she offered her services to small businesses, earning more with the increasing number of clients she had.

This initiative started because Caroline was frustrated by how financially restricted Deborah was. She could hardly make decent household purchases, let alone buy things for herself. With Caroline's assistance and encouragement, Deborah found earning her own money not only provided financial independence but also gave her a sense of purpose and joy. 1

Now that she had decided to proceed with the divorce, her job and savings would help her live comfortably. And since she was expecting, she would have to work harder.

'Forgive me, my child... I thought your arrival would change your father, but Aunt Carrie is right. We need to get away from him.' Deborah placed a hand on her belly. You and I will be happy. I won't let anyone trample over me. I'll be a good mother and role model to you.' Motivated, she applied for more work and started researching apartment rentals and hospital costs. She wanted to ensure she could pay a year's rent upfront and cover the impending medical expenses.

Despite it all, a part of her was sad to have to go through this phase of life alone. But Roger had changed so much-he wasn't the sweet boy she had fallen in love with as

a child.

She pushed up the sleeve of her blouse, revealing a horrible scar on her shoulder. Roger might have blamed this scar for ruining their wedding night, but to Deborah, it was a reminder of the time she had saved his life when they were children. 17:07 Sat Aug 3

Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Deborah sighed sadly, then gave her cheeks a firm pat and chastised herself. ‘Come on, now is not the time to dwell on the past. I need to focus on getting away from him.’

She returned her focus to her work, and by 7 PM, she shut down her laptop and headed to the kitchen to prepare dinner. Roger had said he wanted to talk tonight. As she finished setting the table, the doorbell rang, surprising her since no one visited at night. When she opened the door, she was startled to see Caroline and her husband,

Christian.

[Hello. She greeted them with a smile that quickly faded when she saw their nervous and worried expressions.

Good evening, Deborah, Christian greeted before stepping inside and closing the door quickly.

[Is something wrong?] Deborah was puzzled by their behavior.

You need to leave now, Deborah, Caroline said urgently.

[What? Why? What’s happening?]

You’re in grave danger, Christian informed her.

Sophia is pregnant, Caroline blurted.

[What...] Deborah trembled slightly, fear creeping in.

My investigator overheard them. We’re here to get you out because Roger is already planning to get rid of you.

Deborah’s face paled. [Does that mean he wants to kill me?]

We're not staying to find out, Caroline insisted. "Come on, let's pack your things."

[But Caroline... he wouldn't... he couldn't...]

Deborah, please, snap out of it. He's not the boy you fell in love with. He's a maniac obsessed with that blonde.

I can help. Knowing the Petersons, they'll look for her and start with you first since you're her only friends.

This realization worried them. Even though they had prepared a safe place, they knew Roger's people would be watching them closely.

Do you have a suggestion? Caroline asked, watching as Jayden took Deborah's hand.

"Yes I know the perfect place where D

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Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

A little while earlier...

After dinner, Roger took his beloved home, mindful that she shouldn't exert herself in her current condition. Once alone, he turned on his phone and was shocked by the number of messages and missed calls from Fabian. Confused, he opened one message, and panic set in. He quickly headed back to the office. The message read: [Your father is here. Come back quickly.]

This was a bad sign. His father hadn't been to the office since handing him the presidency unless something serious was happening.

Upon arrival, Roger noticed the employees avoided eye contact, which annoyed him. However, he couldn't react-it was likely his father's doing. He strode to his office and found his father making Fabian work while reviewing the day's tasks. Well, well... finally gracing us with your presence," his father remarked sarcastically as Roger walked in."

Roger frowned but quickly thought of an excuse to calm his father. "Sorry, Dad. I was delayed because I was taking Mom home."

Oh? And why did you have to do that instead of her designated driver? his father asked, glancing back at the documents.

She wasn't feeling well, so I offered to take her.

Hm... you know, you should've taken her to jail instead, he said nonchalantly.

What...? Wait, how do you...?

Remember, I'm your father. I'm informed of everything my family does, he said, looking up. "And yes, I wouldn't have minded her going to jail. Maybe then she'd learn some humility." "How can you say that? She's my mother and..."

She's also my wife, and she could use some lessons in humility. Just like you need lessons in honesty. She's been home for three hours. So tell me, where... or rather, who were you with? "With a business associate."

Really? And what's this associate's name?

Why are you asking that? Roger started to get nervous, then noticed Fabian trying to catch his attention.

Fabian made a cutthroat gesture to Roger.

Roger's father glanced at Fabian, who quickly returned to look busy. "I think your friend already told you."

Uh... I mean, I got a stain.

With a perfect lipstick mark? his father asked, raising an eyebrow.

Um...

Do you know how humiliating it is to hear my friends ask why MY SON is parading around with a floozy instead of with his wife?

Don't you dare insult Sophia! Roger snapped.

I call it as I see it. She's a woman involved with a married man.

You wouldn't have to suffer this humiliation if you'd let me choose my wife.

You had free choice, but I wasn't going to let you abandon Deborah after sleeping with her.

SHE DRUGGED ME AND GOT INTO MY BED!

I find that hard to believe, son. Deborah isn't that type of woman.

Think what you want. I don't care, Roger fumed. His father always supported Deborah, not him. "I love Sophia. If it weren't for that mute, I'd be happily married to her." "And I'm grateful you're not, or you'd have bankrupted the company."

That's bullshit."

Stop whining. Remember, we made a pact with Deborah's family.

Tch... I know, but they gave me their disabled daughter.

Chapter 9

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

If you knew the truth, you wouldn't call her that.

What truth? Roger asked, confused, as his father had always hinted at something when it came to Deborah.

I don't know why you ask, since you should know, his father said angrily. "Ungrateful child, you better stop this nonsense. You're only ruining our name."

I'm not ruining anyone or anything. If anything, it's that mute who-

Deborah, his father interrupted, seething

What?

Is it so hard to call her by her name?

I'll never call her by her name, so you should understand how much I hate her.

You do know that to fully inherit the company, your grandfather asked for a grandchild.

"Well, don't worry, Dad. I have great news: you're going to be a grandfather soon, Roger declared happily.

What...? Is Deborah...?"

No, of course not, he said with disgust.

What... but you said... His father's eyes narrowed. "Wait, are you saying your mistress is pregnant?"

Yes, and that's why I'm divorcing Deborah to make Sophia my wife, as I should've. done from the start. "You can't do that."

Yes, I can. I love Sophia. She was the one who saved my life back then.

What? What nonsense are you talking about? She didn't-

Stop pretending, Dad. You never looked for my savior because you knew she was humble and didn't want to acknowledge her. "That's a lie, son."

She warned me you'd say that, but I don't care. I'm divorcing the mute because I love Sophia, and I owe her my life.

I don't know what lies that woman has told you, but you're not getting a divorce.

Yes, I am. And don't interfere in my life. I deserve to be happy.

Then be prepared to tell your mistress she won't be living in the villa.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT. THAT HOUSE IS MINE!

That house was prepared by your grandfather for you to live comfortably with Deborah, his father declared furiously. "Not for your mistress." "Well, now I'll use it to live with my new wife."

No, you won't. Your grandfather left a special clause in his will. If Deborah or you file for divorce, you lose all rights to everything," he said, smirking. "W-what?!" Roger stuttered, terrified.

So stop spouting nonsense, get rid of that woman and her b*stard, or prepare to end up on the streets, his father said, frowning.

You can't do that!

Yes, I can. So I expect good news tomorrow, or Elliot will inherit everything.

You can't give everything to my kid brother. He's a minor.

I'll just resume the presidency and hand over when he's of age.

Roger fumed upon hearing this.

So, think carefully and use your brain, his father declared angrily, standing to approach him. "I'm so disappointed... getting tangled with an opportunist and believing her lies," he said sadly before leaving the office. "What a letdown... I thought I raised you better." Roger felt frustrated and cornered. His father wouldn't let him live with whom he wanted and assumed his beloved Sophia was with him for his money, which was a lie. She loved him sincerely. But the threat of losing everything over a divorce infuriated him, especially after working hard to earn his place in the company.

It's all her fault...

Roger... Fabian called worriedly.

Bring me the pending tasks, Fabian, and don't forward any calls, he ordered angrily, sitting down to work. He'd prove to his father that the company was better in his hands. "And Deborah, you'll pay for this..." COMMENTS

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SUPPORT

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Chapter

10

Wow... this place is beautiful, Caroline said, awestruck.

Deborah was equally amazed by the private neighborhood Jayden had brought them

1. to.

I've heard about these private houses. They're like something out of a dream, Christian commented, observing the spacious homes around them. The air was filled with a familial atmosphere, and the environment felt safe with security guards patrolling the streets and the neighborhood entrance.

My father calls them 'homes for the not-so-rich' rich," Jayden joked. "This was my first project as president. It's for people who are wealthy but don't want to live in a huge mansion with servants. They want security, but also privacy and a sense of community. Here, you get a private space, a community of neighbors, some local shops, and strict security 24/7."

I've heard about this concept. They call them 'homes for the rich poor' on TV, Caroline said excitedly.

Yeah, it was a big hit when it launched and it's still popular. Our properties have a garden in an outdoor interactive space, unlike luxury apartments. Of course, we have those too, to cater to all tastes, Jayden explained, winking at Deborah, who blushed and smiled back.

Well, my love, you'll have to work hard because I want to live here when we have a baby, Caroline teased her partner.

Uh... what? Um.... sure... ha... ha... Christian laughed nervously at the comment.

[Can I really stay here?] Deborah asked Jayden.

Of course, he said, taking her hand and guiding her inside the fully furnished house. "I want to give you this house as a fresh start."

[What... no...

Why not?

."] Deborah said, feeling a bit overwhelmed. [Jayden... I can't accept this.]

[At least let me pay rent.]

Are you sure? I know that idiot never let you work and...

[But my friends reminded me that it's important to be independent and I managed.

01-Mar

to find a job online.] Deborah was excited.

And she's doing great because Debbie is a master accountant, Caroline added, hugging her.

Oh wow, you really surprise me, Jayden remarked.

It was something a subordinate of mine shared so I sent Deborah the application, and luckily she got hired, Christian explained. [Yup.. I was surprised by the opportunity at first, but with Caroline's encouragement, I applied for the job.] Deborah added.

Congratulations, Deborah. Where do you work? Jayden asked.

[For the government. I'm in the division that supports small business owners with their accounting.] Deborah replied.

That's amazing, but Deborah, I insist on giving you this house. For now, you need to stay hidden, and it's best if your name doesn't appear on any rental documents to avoid being tracked down or bothered. "Hm... well, he has a point," Christian said, looking at Deborah, who seemed to be considering his words.

Since it's settled, how about we order some pizzas to celebrate your freedom and explore the place? Caroline suggested, taking her friend's hand to start the tour.

Hey, um... Christian, right? Jayden asked and when Christian nodded in acknowledgment, the former handed the latter a USB drive.

What's this? Christian asked, puzzled.

These are the security footage from all the hallways in the apartment complex, Jayden explained which was followed by Christian's delighted reaction as the latter held the USB tightly.

Thank you. This is exactly what I need. I know Roger, he won't agree to the divorce. easily, Christian said, placing the USB in his briefcase.

The four continued exploring the house until the dinner arrived. They ate, chatted, and laughed together. After the meal, Caroline and Christian left to rest at their own home, knowing they had a busy day ahead. [Goodnight.]

Rest well, Debbie. See you tomorrow, Caroline said, getting into her car.

They then drove off back home.

Your friend and her husband are a lot of fun, Jayden remarked, staying back to help clean up.

[Yup... Caroline has always been like that, and Christian complements her so well.]

I see, it must be great to find someone like that.

[Yeah...]

Hey, so when you're finally a free woman, what do you want to do?

[Well... I think I'll focus on work and prepare myself.]

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