

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 101-110

Chapter 101

With this information, we confirm that you knew perfectly well that your last name isn't Anderson and that your whole life was a lie, Nicholas stated.

Alright. I confess that I knew from the beginning, but so what? It was all my father's doing, not mine. "And your sister?" the detective asked.

That pampered idiot lived in the bubble of the lie, but when that bitch Sophia called her a bastard, it pissed her off. Out of curiosity, she started investigating until she found the truth. Of course, I played along and said that I had only recently learned about this too. "Well, now with this declaration, I think we can inform you that we're going to extradite you to pay for your crimes abroad. Once that's done, they'll send you back here to serve your sentence," the detective announced.

What... Ernest was terrified, he knew if he went back to that place, he wouldn't come out alive. "Wait.... you... you can't do that."

And why not? Nicholas asked.

Because if you do something to me, you'll regret it for the rest of your life, Ernest said, trying to sound confident.

oh

really? Do tell," the detective said, feigning astonishment. "Why will I regret it?"

Well, maybe you live in a fantasy within these four walls thanks to the power you have here, but in the real world, there are only two kings. I'm a close friend of one of them, and he's the most dangerous one of all.

Interesting, but Jayden Cooper hates you for what you did to his fiancée, so... Christian began to say.

Fiancée? Ernest interrupted. "Are you telling me that idiot actually got Cooper to propose to her? Lucky bitch, how-" He was shouting furiously, but his words were cut off by a punch to the face that split his lip from the force of the impact.

Oops.. sorry, my hand slipped, Nicholas said, shaking his hand a bit because the recoil had also hurt him. "But it was a reflex when I heard you insulting Deborah."

Calm down, Christian urged, though he was also visibly angry. "Anyway, as I was saying..."

Hey, detective, are you really not going to say anything? He hit me! Ernest complained.

Hit you? the detective repeated amusedly. "Sorry, but I only saw Mr. Nicholas trying to kill the mosquito that was on your cheek," he said with a smile.

This is police abuse! I.

Why are you complaining? As you said, I reign within these four walls, so if I say something happened, then it happened, period, the detective said, looking him in the eyes. "Now, back to the topic, are you telling me that Vox, the mafia boss who plagues this country, is your close friend?" "That's right. So, it's better if you let me go, or you won't want you and all your relatives to end up dead," Ernest declared, a mocking smile spreading across his face. "Though I no longer promise anything

because once he hears about this punch, I wouldn't doubt he'd look to kill that stupid mute girl to teach you a lesson."

Hearing this threat, Nicholas wanted to hit him again, but Christian quickly stopped him.

Don't fall into his trap, he urged, trying to calm him down.

Well, this is interesting. I mean, having such a celebrity under arrest, the officer indicated. "In that case, thanks for letting yourself get caught.

What... Ernest looked at the detective, confused. Why was this old man happy instead of scared?

Since you're his friend, I'm going to use you as bait to finally catch that bastard and make him and his entire group pay for all their crimes, the detective declared. "I'm grateful to you because thanks to you, the Great Shadow of Light will finally fall."

What.. Ernest was starting to get scared because those words had also been mentioned by that strange policeman who came to bother them before the interrogation. "Wait... what does that 'Great Shadow of Light' mean?"

It's the nickname your friend Vox has among those he's made deals with, came the reply.

Ernest was scared, remembering the words that policeman had said: "Not only will you cause offense if you speak too much in that interrogation, the Great Shadow of Light will ensure this is your last day alive." This meant his parents had hired his services, and now he had stupidly put himself in danger by mentioning it directly.

Well, since you're his friend, I'll tell my friends abroad that I can't extradite you because the case here has more weightage than the attempted sexual assault case.

Hearing that, Ernest trembled. As it was now, it seemed more certain he would die at the hands of Jasmine's brother than face the wrath of the mafia boss.

Chapter 102

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As they left the interrogation, the three men smiled, having gotten what they wanted.

So it's true. Frederick did work with that guy, Nicholas said, his anger simmering as he documents Christian had shown him.

e remembered the

Given the timeline, It's clear that that was the work of that group's previous leader, but I'm sure if we shake things up, we might find something good and locate the current leader, the detective remarked.

inform Jayden to keep him updated," Christian said.

Hey, what are we going to do with those two? Nicholas asked, glancing at Vanessa and Frederick, who were already looking annoyed and frustrated from being confined in those rooms.

I'm only interested in Frederick since we technically already have Vanessa's confession, the detective. stated.

'I'll come in with you guys," Nicholas offered.

No, Christian and the detective said simultaneously.

But I was with you for the twins' interrogation of the twins, Nicholas argued.

Yes, but it's going to be different with Frederick, and I can't let you hit him like you did earlier, the detective said. "To make him cooperative, we're not going to interrogate him today. Instead, we'll lock them up in separate cells to increase their tension and anxiety." "Heh... I like that plan," Nicholas remarked.

"In any case

any case, we've finished just in time, Christian said, glancing at his watch."

Right, it's almost time for my niece's surprise party, Nicholas remarked.

In that case, we'll lock up the prisoners for now and keep a close watch on them. Whether or not they know Vox, I'd rather not risk losing the entire family tonight, the detective instructed, and his subordinates immediately followed his orders.

With that said, Christian and Nicholas left to get changed and head to the house for the party.

Earlier that same morning, Jayden had taken Deborah to Caroline's house on his way to work.

Happy birthday, he said, handing a red rose to Deborah when she opened the door.

Hehe, thank you very much, Caroline replied, taking the gift and giving him a kiss on the cheek. [Happy birthday, Carrie!]

Aww, thanks girl! Caroline said, hugging her and also giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Well, I have to go now. Have lots of fun, Jayden said, kissing Deborah on the lips. "Caro, I gave Deborah some money because I'm treating you both to lunch," he added, winking.

Oh, then I'll be having some delicious caviar and lobster, Caroline joked, watching as Jayden laughed.

before getting into his car to head to work.

[Believe it or not, he gave me enough for that and more]

Ooh... in that case, I'll feel like a big celebrity, Caroline joked. "Come on in and make yourself comfortable while I finish getting ready."

[Do you want me to put this in water?] Deborah pointed to the rose Caroline had received.

Please do, I'm going to finish doing my hair, Caroline said, handing over the flower before heading to her room to finish getting ready. Deborah went to the kitchen to find a small vase. She filled it with water and placed the rose in it before setting it on the living room table.

A few minutes later, Caroline returned, beaming and twirling around to show off her outfit.

Ta-da! What do you think?

[You look very pretty.]

Hehe, my mom gave it to me to wear today, she said, touching the blouse she was wearing.

[It looks beautiful on you. It goes well with your skin tone.]

Caroline thanked her, and they left the house to go to the movies, planning to visit some shops afterward.

They enjoyed themselves, window shopping and buying a few items that caught their eye.

[Caroline, let's go into that store now.] Deborah pointed to a jewelry store.

Sure. We can ask for their catalog and see what they have, Caroline agreed.

They entered the store, upon which a salesperson quickly approached to assist with their purchase, handing them the store catalog.

While Caroline admired the pieces, Deborah discreetly caught the salesperson's attention and handed him a yellow envelope.

The salesperson took it and stepped away to open it, finding a purchase order, a check, and a note with instructions. After reading everything, he smiled and went to fetch something.

Look at this, Deborah, this ring with small emeralds is lovely, Caroline said, pointing to the picture. [It's beautiful and very much your style.]

“Yes, and it says here you can have the ring engraved...

Ladies, here is a new piece that arrived a couple of days ago,” the salesperson said, returning with a red leather case, which he placed on the display counter. When he opened it, he revealed a stunning white gold necklace with a clear diamond shaped like a teardrop, with a crescent moon beside it.”

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Wow... it's beautiful, Caroline said, admiring the stunning piece

[I like it too.]

Excuse me, how much is it? Caroline asked, clearly interested in the necklace.

Sorry, miss, but it's not for sale.

What... um, then why are you showing it to us? Caroline was confused, thinking the salesperson was mocking them

Deborah smiled at her friend's reaction and then tried to get her attention. [Carrie, he means you don't need to know the price because it's already yours.] “What?”

That's right. Happy birthday, miss, the salesperson said, showing that Caroline's name was the pendant

But... Caroline was speechless and looked at her friend. “Did you...?”

[It's a gift from Jayden and me.]

engraved on

Caroline smiled when she heard that, feeling tears well up as the salesperson took the necklace and fastened it around her neck.

Thank you, she said, touching the jewel now hanging from her neck. “Now I see why you pointed out this store, you sneaky little thing.” [Yeah, and we're also getting that ring you liked.]

No wait, that's too much! Caroline said, embarrassed, but then saw the salesperson place a black leather box containing the ring in front of her.

[Yes and no, but I didn't buy this one.]

What...? she repeated, confused. Deborah took the ring from the box and handed it to her, showing it was already engraved with the date she started dating Christian, along with a heart. "Aww... it's our special date," she said lovingly as she put the ring on. "You're terrible. You had everything planned from the start."

[Of course, because you're worth it, my friend.]

Thank you, Caroline said, hugging her.

After taking the boxes and thanking the salesperson, they left for their favorite pasta restaurant.

When they finished their outing, they went to Deborah's house since she mentioned there was one more big surprise there.

And will you tell me what it is?

[No. Now go get ready and wear everything we bought

Well okay then... Caroline said, amused.

Deborah saw her friend head to the shower and, once sure she wouldn't come out, sent a message to Christian so he could bring everyone over without being seen. She also used the time to let the quests into the house unnoticed.

When everyone was inside, Deborah also went to get ready for the party.

About 30 minutes later, they were both ready.

I'm ready," Caroline said, stepping out in a red dress with thin straps, black heels, heavier makeup to accentuate her features, and her new jewelry.

[You're missing this. Here.] Deborah handed her a sleep mask.

Eh... but...

It's for the surprise]

Well, I love surprises, Caroline said, carefully putting it on to avoid ruining her eye makeup.

When she was ready, she felt Deborah take her hands and gently pull her along.

As they approached, Jayden opened the door, and everyone fell silent. Once in position, Deborah let go of her hands, and Christian stood beside her to carefully remove the mask.

Happy birthday, my love, he said, kissing her.

Thank you, my love, she said, hugging him and then noticing where they were.

Surprise! Happy birthday! everyone shouted. Caroline saw her parents, aunts, uncles, and in-laws there.

She was astonished to see they were in a new salon, with a sign on one wall that read "Welcome home."

I love this!

Hehe, it took a while, but I kept my promise. Here's your new home near Deborah, complete with your own salon so you can follow your passions while I work on mine, Christian said, taking her hands. Caroline started to cry from emotion, throwing herself into her partner's arms as everyone applauded.

Aww... my considerate son-in-law.

Mom, you knew about this?

You know I love surprises, especially ones Christian prepares for you, her mother said, making everyone laugh.

And I want something like this too, my love, Jayden whispered, hugging Deborah by the waist.

In that case, I'll eagerly await my surprise gift.]

It will be something very special, just like this, he said, smiling happily.

The party continued smoothly with more surprises and exploring the new home. No one noticed the car

parked outside, with someone watching them and talking on the phone.

Sir, there are many people here, and I can also see that Cooper has increased security.

Don't worry, I'm in no rush to meet her.

Then I'll wait and bring her to you tomorrow.

Chapter 105

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Deborah: Because you love shopping and sales.

Caroline: Hey! Don't judge me. You know they're my weakness, and everything has a use sooner or later in my house :P. But hey, how about we order pizza and have dinner at your place with the four of us?

Deborah: Sounds good. If you want, I'll pick up some drinks and snacks to go with it.

Caroline: Excellent D. Alright, I'll let you go. I'll never finish packing otherwise :/

Deborah: Good luck 😊

With that, Deborah smiled and glanced at the time before locking her phone. She realized she had gotten so caught up in her work that she was already late for lunch.

James, we're eating out today, she thought to herself, rubbing her belly as she grabbed her purse and headed out to eat at one of the nearby restaurants.

As she walked, she took her time browsing the various food stalls, eventually settling on a burger place.

When she entered, she noticed the family-friendly atmosphere, complete with a play area for kids, making it a popular spot for families.

She joined the queue to order her food, and once it was ready, she turned to find a table.

It didn't take long to find an empty table, so she quickly sat down and arranged her meal.

Just as she was about to take a bite of her burger, a young blond man with curious black streaks approached her.

Um... excuse me, could I join you? There are no other free tables, he asked nervously.

Deborah smiled and gestured with her hand that it was fine.

Thank you, the young man said, sitting down and arranging his food. "This place seems pretty popular."

Deborah smiled at him again before taking a fry and eating it.

Sorry, I think I'm bothering you, the blond said, embarrassed by her silence.

Deborah sighed, set down her burger, and took out a notepad and pen from her purse to write something. She handed the note to him. [You're not bothering me. I'm mute, and as you can see, my hands are occupied.] "Oh... I see. Sorry, I didn't realize. I'm not letting you eat," he said, embarrassed but laughing.

With the misunderstanding cleared up, they ate in silence, the sound of children's laughter filling the background.

These are delicious, the blond remarked, noticing Deborah nodding in agreement. "Have you been here before?"

haven't been to this location, but I've had a burger from here before.] she wrote.

I see. I think I'll come here more often to try everything on the menu since they're so good.

[I agree. The seasoning is excellent,] she wrote back.

It's the advantage of eating at local places instead of franchises."

[Maybe.] Deborah smiled and started to clean up her tray. [Well, I'm off. See you around,] she wrote before standing up and taking her tray to the trash.

The blond smiled slightly and mimicked her actions, quickly throwing away his trash before catching up to her. "Hey Deborah, do you have to leave right now?"

Deborah froze, her eyes wide with fear. How did he know her name when she hadn't told him?

The blond smiled, standing next to her. "You know, you look like one of those celebrities on TV because it's been hard to get a hold of you lately. But how about we take advantage of our meeting and have a little chat?" [Who are you?] she wrote, her hands trembling a bit.

Well, I've been called many names because of my job, like Vox or the Great Shadow of Light. But since you're special, you can call me Brandon, he said, taking her hand. At that moment, a luxurious black car pulled up at the entrance, a man stepping out to open the door for them. "Get in, darling. Let's go for a ride before your fiancé gets back from work."

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Deborah was quite scared. She had no idea who this man was, what he wanted from her, or where they were heading.

The worst part was that when he forced her into the car, they took her bag with all her belongings, leaving her only with her notebook and pen to communicate.

She glanced at the man entrusted with her bag. He was a burly figure, hiding his identity behind dark glasses, with a gun visibly hanging off his belt. She discarded the idea of trying to retrieve her belongings. She didn't want to expose herself to that kind of danger- especially since she wasn't alone. Feeling a wave of anxiety, she protectively placed her hands over her belly.

Relax, I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to talk, Brandon said, noticing her fear. "Remember, you need to stay calm for little James's sake."

[How do you know my baby's name?] she wrote.

As I said, you've been hard to find. I've had people watching you for a long time; but the opportunity to borrow you for a private conversation hadn't presented itself until now.

[I see.] She wrote, grimacing. [So why were you looking for me?]

Patience, Deborah, Brandon chuckled. "You'll have to wait until we get to a special place to talk in

private.”

[Hm...] She nodded, unconvinced, but she had no choice but to trust his words for now, as the situation remained calm.

A soft melody began to play from Deborah’s bag, causing her captors to frown.

Who’s calling? Brandon asked, irritated at the disruption.

No one, boss, just an alarm, the guy with them said, pulling out the phone to show his boss the screen.

[Sorry, could I please have my bag? I need to take my medicine, and that’s why I set the alarm.] she wrote,

I

showing the notebook to both men.

Are you sick? Brandon asked, frowning slightly. His informant hadn’t mentioned this.

With a gesture, he ordered his subordinate to give her the bag.

[I’m not sick. These are vitamins and folic acid prescribed by my gynecologist for James.] She explained, showing the bottles and taking out one pill from each.

Here you go, ma’am, the subordinate said, handing her a bottle of water to help.

Deborah thanked him by nodding and, under their watchful eyes, took her pills before putting the bottles back and returning her bag to the man.

I see, Brandon said, pleased that Deborah was

alm and cooperating. “But why do you need those pills?”

[They prescribe them to all pregnant women. The dosage varies, but they’re a supplement for my health because James absorbs all the nutrients he needs straight from my body. To keep myself from getting sick, I take these medications 1

Oh I see. I just learned something new. Thanks, Deborah.

Her captors seemed a bit calmer and impressed by how composed she remained despite being kidnapped. They decided not to pressure her and stayed silent for the rest of the journey until they reached their destination. It took about 30 minutes to arrive.

When the car stopped, she felt nervous again but accepted help to get out of the vehicle.

As she stepped out, she realized they were in the industrial area of the city, surrounded by warehouses. and trucks passing by.

Come, let's go inside, Brandon said, taking her hand to guide her into one of the warehouses.

Sir! Deborah noticed a group of about 50 people lined up to greet them, all armed.

Don't be scared. These guys are just here to protect my business, he explained as they continued walking. "Hey," he ordered one of them, "make sure no one disturbs us, and bring some juice and snacks to my office for my guest."

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They entered a room that looked more like an executive office in a high-end corporation than at warehouse. It was furnished with top-of-the-line office furniture, including a large black leather sofa.

Go ahead, make yourself comfortable, Brandon said, guiding her to the sofa.

Deborah settled into the indicated spot, watching as the blond man moved to the desk in the room, retrieving something from the drawers before returning to her side.

He handed her a box and then sat down directly across from her.

[What's this?] she wrote.

Let's just say this is the reason I've been looking for you.

She was even more confused by his words but, seeing the look in his eyes, she opened the box to

examine its contents.

The contents didn't seem extraordinary or special-just two letters, a folder with some documents, and a jewelry box.

The jewelry box caught her attention as it was identical to the one her mother had owned. Upon opening it, she could confirm that it was her mother's, filled with her jewelry. This confused her even more because she remembered Vanessa had kept that jewelry box. So why was it here with this man?

Heh, judging by your expression, you're probably wondering what all this means, Brandon said, noting her nod. "Before I explain, tell me something. Deborah, Do you know who I am?" [You introduced yourself as Brandon.]

Haha, right you are. You know, I like you, so you're one of the few who can call me by my real name. But most people know me as the Great Shadow of the Light, or Vox.

[Those are interesting nicknames.]

Aren't they? He laughed.

[Why do you need to hide your identity?]

For safety. In my line of work, I'm always up against the police, and I need the fastest and safest routes to escape or hide from them, he said, noticing that she was paying close attention. [So, you do things outside the law?].

Exactly. I handle special jobs that involve getting rid of people or selling objects you can't find in any regular store, he said, shifting in his seat. "For example, I took on a request from a certain individual to kill a beloved father and grandfather so that his daughter would inherit his fortune immediately." Deborah's eyes widened in fear as she looked into Brandon's eyes. This was very specific, confirming her worst fear. [Are you telling me my grandfather died because you killed him?]

Strictly speaking, I'm innocent. That job was done by my father, he clarified, standing up to approach her. "But as the new boss, I must know all the missions of my predecessors, including the special missions I inherited because they couldn't complete them."

[So you're saying you kidnapped me to kill me because Frederick asked you to.] Tears streamed down her

face.

No, because our group has one unbreakable rule, he said, pulling out a handkerchief to wipe her tears. Never harm women or children. So, you can rule out my group being involved in the accident that killed your mother. That was the work of Frederick Turner and his wife.”

[But you did kill my grandfather.]

supply

Deborah, you can't be mad at me. I'm just a humble worker, and as you know, the world runs on supply and demand. When the price was right, our organization did its part, he explained. [Why are you telling me all this?] She took the handkerchief.

Because after your grandfather's death, a year later, someone paid the Great Shadow of the Light to protect this box and deliver it when the time was right in case something bad happened.

Chapter 108

Chapter 108

That same morning, Christian and Nicholas returned to the police station to interrogate Frederick.

My strategy worked. He looks like a raving lunatic now, the detective said, amused, pointing at Frederick babbling to himself as they watched him through the one-way mirror.

He deserves that and more. Nicholas said.

Yes, but we've noticed that he and his wife are now suffering from hallucinations, the detective added, sounding a bit worried.

Why do you say that? Christian asked, concerned.

With the threat of Vox trying to kill them, we installed security cameras to monitor them. When we reviewed the footage this morning, we discovered their strange behavior, the detective explained, opening his laptop to show them the video.

Damn you! Hey! You idiot! Frederick shouted hysterically, banging on the bars of his cell. “Those morons left me isolated... What... You shut up! You're nothing more than a damn illusion....!”

Who is he yelling at? Nicholas asked worriedly, searching for anyone else in the cell.

No one. He was completely alone, the detective replied.

But his face is full of terror, Christian observed.

You're not real, and I'll get out of here, just you wait! And to teach you a lesson, I'll kill your beloved daughter and the monster growing inside her! What's with that look on your face? Don't like that? That's how you'll learn never to torment me again... What... No, no... Stay away from me... Ah...! I didn't mean it! Ah Help! Frederick had backed himself into a corner of the cell, flailing his arms wildly as he screamed in

terror.

He suddenly stopped defending himself, his body jerking violently from side to side as if he were being beaten, and a few minutes later, he collapsed unconscious on the floor.

After a few minutes, a couple of police officers entered the cell to check on him.

What happened? one of the guards asked, worried.

Nothing, he just fainted, his partner said after checking Frederick's vital signs.

Tch... this family is truly insane."

You said it. If they don't go to prison, they should be put in an asylum, one of the officers commented as they left the cell and locked it, returning to their posts.

The detective paused the video and looked at his companions, who were stunned by what they had seen, wondering what had happened.

Excuse me, detective, but did anyone analyze Frederick's blood when he was brought to his cell? Christian asked, thinking it might be a side effect of some hallucinogen.

When they were brought in, we took blood and saliva samples from all of them, the detective replied. "In fact, we should have the results of those tests any minute now to find out if they took anything to have

such strong hallucinations."

This is really scary. By the way he's acting, he truly seems like a psychopath," Nicholas said.

The curious thing is, it only happened to them. The twins didn't show this problem, the detective noted, playing the footage from Vanessa's cell.

Let me out! Can't you understand I'm innocent! Vanessa screamed, gripping the bars tightly. Then she gave a small jump, showing she was startled by something, and turned abruptly as if someone had touched her. "Shut up, idiot! I am innocent no matter what you think! It was your stupid fault for letting Frederick get close to you! I am a victim. I am a victim!"

Nicholas watched the screen intently. From the way she was talking, it seemed that both she and Frederick were hallucinating about Alexandra, which sounded insane.

Chief, one of the officers entered the room, "here are the results."

"And what do they say?"

the detective asked, pausing the video.

Well they're all clean. No alcohol or drugs in their system," the officer reported."

"I see, thank you. Just leave the folder and get back to your post.

The officer handed the folder to his superior before leaving.

Chapter 109

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So you're saying the pressure drove them crazy?" Christian commented with a grimace. A good lawyer could use that as an excuse to get them released."

I doubt that's it. I think guilt is eating them alive, Nicholas opined.

I agree with Nicholas. Those greedy bastards murdered a father and daughter just to steal their money, Christian said, contemplating the legal arguments and responses he could use for this situation.

Well, in any case, let's go interrogate him. Don't worry; I've already asked a doctor to be on standby in case this guy loses it and we need to sedate him, the detective said, getting to his feet.

Fortunately, Nicholas managed to convince the detective to let him join them in the interrogation room.

You! What do you think you're doing-Ah! This is inhumane! How dare you... I'll sue you for mistreating me like this and... Frederick began to rant, but his words were silenced by the sound of the folders the detective threw onto the table. "You've got quite a thick file," the detective commented, settling into his chair and staring Frederick in the

eyes.

That's a lie. I have no record, Frederick said angrily, struggling against his restraints. His hands were cuffed to the back of the chair and his legs were cuffed to its legs.

Oh, but you do. Your friend in the police has been arrested for corruption, and ALL the cases he handled have been reopened and are being re-examined from the beginning. Frederick paled at hearing this.

And the best part is, that fool gave us everything we needed because he never got rid of the original files. He used them to blackmail his friends whenever he needed money. "What?!"

So, stop pretending to be innocent, the detective said with a smirk, "and start confessing all your crimes.

I'm not a criminal.

Tell me, isn't it a crime to plan and pay an assassin to kill Mr. Alexander Anderson to get closer to the family fortune? Christian asked, revealing the evidence they had found. "That's a lie, I never..."

*Or what about bribing an insurance employee to violate the agreement and the orders of the person who bought the policy so you could claim the money immediately?" Christian continued. Frederick's jaw clenched. He now understood why none of those idiots were answering his calls. They were in prison, which meant this damn kid had evidence to back up his words. "Heh... I told you," Frederick saw Alexandra appear beside the detective. "Sooner or later, your filth will come to light."

Those words infuriated Frederick, but he bit his tongue to keep from shouting at her. He was tired of her

taunts and knew she was just a hallucination he needed to ignore.

So, talk. We have a letter written by Ms. Alexandra, who conducted her own investigation and discovered all your crimes before she died, Christian said, showing him the documents they had found. "Lies! That's impossible..."

Nicholas clenched his fists tightly, trying to control himself from punching the murderous bastard.

It's true. In fact, due to new evidence, the case of Ms. Alexandra Anderson's death has been reopened. It's now classified as a deliberate accident, making you and your wife the prime suspects since you directly benefited from her death, the detective added "Heh... well, I wouldn't be so sure about that, detective, Frederick said, trying to sound calm and a bit arrogant.

What do you mean by that? Nicholas asked.

Alright, I confess I planned to kill that idiot, he said, grinning as he saw Nicholas's reaction. "But why do you think I would dirty my hands to get rid of her? In the past, Vox took care of that for me by killing that stingy old man, so... he might have killed her on my orders too."

Chapter 110

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The detective laughed out loud upon hearing that.

That was a good one.

What are you laughing at? Frederick asked, irritated.

Although I hate Vox and his group, I can assure you that the one good thing about them is their moral code, which prevents them from harming women and children. Therefore, he is not a suspect. The only one with a motive and who benefited from Alexandra Anderson's death is you, isn't it? the detective said, frowning.

Frederick frowned, realizing the detective knew this.

You arrogant bastard, you killed her! Nicholas could no longer contain himself and lunged at Frederick to punch him.

“You bastard, take advantage of the fact that I’m tied up! If I weren’t, I swear I would- Frederick shouted, but was cut off by a punch to the mouth that knocked out some teeth.

Stop it!” the detective yelled, standing up to separate them.”

Let me go! Let me at him! He took her from me! Nicholas screamed, showing the anger he felt at that

*Nicholas, please, you promised,” Christian pleaded anxiously.

Nicholas frowned but took a few steps back to keep his distance.

Frederick, stop playing games and tell us the truth, or I’ll let him, the detective pointed at Nicholas, carry out his threat. Scum like you deserve this treatment and more.” “But she died because she was stupid,” Frederick said with a mocking smile.

What did you say? Nicholas shouted, but he was quickly restrained.

Well, yes, none of this would have happened if she had just given me her money, Frederick said mockingly, “but she wasn’t as smart as she claimed, because the idiot ended up dead...” Nicholas couldn’t stand hearing him mock Alexandra anymore, so he shoved Christian aside and lunged at Frederick, trying to either kill him or break his face... whichever came first. “No, Nicholas!” Christian pleaded, standing up with difficulty.

The detective quickly stood up, and other officers entered, having heard the commotion, and tried to separate them while pulling Nicholas out of the room.

No, let me go, I have to kill him! Nicholas said, struggling. “She didn’t have to die!”

“Tch... I’m going to sue you! I’m going to sue all of you. Frederick started when they adjusted the chair he was tied to, but he was hit again, sending him back to the floor.

Shut up already,” the detective said, shaking his hand and giving Frederick a hateful look. “You’re going to talk now, or I won’t hesitate to let him come back and really kill you.” ”

This is police abuse!

Says the one who abused a girl for eight years just because she survived the accident. Your friend even forged documents stating that your children were Alexandra's so you could claim the Anderson fortune as soon as Deborah was declared dead, Christian declared angrily, showing the papers supporting his

words.

Frederick trembled slightly, realizing they had indeed discovered everything, which meant he was in deep

trouble.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was trying to calm the rage he felt at that moment, so he stepped out of the building to get some air.

He saw a black car pull up at the building's entrance, and a man in a tuxedo with dark glasses stepped out, opening the rear door and helping Deborah out.

Careful, ma'am, he said, taking the box she was carrying and offering her his hand to help her out of the vehicle.

Deborah," Nicholas ran to her, taking her hand. "What. what are you doing here?"

Sir, here you go, the chauffeur said, handing him the box before stepping back.

"Eh... ah, thanks... Nicholas stammered, taking what was handed to him.

'See you, ma'am, the chauffeur said, bowing slightly before getting back into the car."

[Thank you for bringing me here.] Deborah wrote as a farewell.

Deborah?"

[It doesn't matter how I got here, but I came because I want to show you something.] Deborah looked him in the eyes

Sure, come inside and we can talk. You know, you arrived just in time because I almost killed Frederick.

Deborah said nothing and let him lead her to a room where they could talk in private.

Well, tell me what you wanted...

[Take this, it's for you.] Deborah opened the box to take out a letter and give it to him.

Nicholas was about to ask about the contents of the envelope, but he was surprised to see his name because he recognized the handwriting, it was a letter written by Alexandra. Cautiously, he opened the envelope to read the letter inside.

To my beloved Nicholas,

If you are reading this letter, it means my plan has failed. That idiot has too many corrupt friends everywhere, and I'm scared..

Although George has offered to help me, I believe that monster's ambition has armed him against me.

I discovered he plans to pass off his children as mine, and I fear he will harm Deborah, my daughter... our

daughter, Nicholas.

Yes, Nicholas. Deborah is your daughter because when Frederick drugged and raped me, I was already a month pregnant. Your leaving had hurt me and gave him the chance to ruin our lives.

I didn't get the chance to tell you the truth when we reunited because I was dealing with my dad's death and also discovered that Frederick asked that mobster Vox to kill him.

But two can play that game, so I contacted that mobster to ask questions and also hired his services. So if you are reading this letter, it means he fulfilled my request and delivered my special box to Deborah, where all the evidence I found against Frederick and his partner Vanessa is stored, as they are both scammers and I was their final big hit. No matter how much time has passed, I want you to know that I've never stopped loving you and please take care of our daughter. I know you will be very happy together.

Yours forever, Alexandra Anderson.
