

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 11-20

Chapter 11

What do you mean, prepare? Prepare for what? he asked, confused.

[It's a secret.]

Oh... how mysterious, he chuckled. "Hey, Deborah, do you think that, um... well, you know... when you're officially divorced, maybe you and I..."

[Jayden, I see you as a good friend.] Deborah smiled sadly.

"I know, but... could you give me a chance?"

[Well, I...]

Hey, don't worry. I know it's early, but I want you to consider me in the future because you seem like a perfect woman, beautiful inside and out," he said, moving closer to gently caress her face with the back of his right hand. [Jayden...] Deborah blushed at his words as it was the first time someone had called her beautiful."

I understand it's sudden, but my feelings are real. I even learned sign language and Morse code just to communicate with you naturally, instead of making you carry around a notebook all the time.

She felt a bit embarrassed by his confession, remembering the first time she met him when she knocked on his door asking for help when she had a problem in the kitchen since Roger ignored her calls.

Heh, let's just say it was love at first sight for me, and I liked seeing how hard you tried to learn what I was explaining... even though that ingrate never appreciated you, he said, annoyed upon recalling an afternoon when he saw Roger humiliating and belittling her before leaving her alone. "You know, I hate him for never valuing you."

Deborah was touched by his words, but she also felt conflicted. What would happen. if he found out about the baby?

[Jayden, I-]

Hey, I'm not asking for everything now. I'll be patient, he said, handing her the keys and a new cell phone. "My number is saved, and these are the keys to your new house."

[Thank you, um... how can I repay you?]

By making a welcome pie for your new neighbor, he said, winking and pointing to the house next door.

Deborah laughed at his gesture, understanding what he meant. [Hmm... then it'll be a delicious pie like the last one, my dear neighbor.]

Jayden blushed at her words-seeing her laugh made her even more beautiful. Though he could only see her gestures, it was enough for him. Gathering courage, he approached and kissed her on the cheek. "Rest well."

[... You too.] Deborah felt her cheeks burning as she watched Jayden head toward the neighboring house.

When she returned to the house, she closed the door and leaned against it, letting out a sigh. So much had happened in such a short time, and now she felt the weight

of it all.

But then she smiled. No more cooking dinners for nobody; no need to keep the house clean for fear of Mrs. Peterson's visits; no more fear of answering the phone, thinking it might be Sophia mocking her; no more shouting matches.

'Well, my baby, I don't know who you'll be, but watch me closely because Mom will strive to be someone for you.' Deborah clenched her fists tightly. That was her vow: she wouldn't let herself be stepped on by anyone or anything anymore. Meanwhile, elsewhere, someone was having a major meltdown.

No! D*mn it, where are you? Roger had returned to the apartment, ready to confront his 'wife.' But upon entering, he noticed the lights were off, which was odd. He searched for her in their bedroom but didn't find her.

After a few minutes of searching, he noticed a plate of cold food on the dining table, a folder next to an envelope, the keys to the place, and a ring.

He took the ring and realized it was the cheap one he had bought for her, which was strange because she had never taken it off. But when he saw the folder and looked at its contents, he became furious because it was the divorce papers and the letter stating that the divorce was essentially a done deal whether he signed them or not.

He remembered his father's words: If you or she asks for a divorce, YOU LOSE

EVERYTHING.

squeezing the letter, "I'll bring you back to this damned place, and break your legs so you never leave this place again."

Chapter 12

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Deborah felt a slight shiver, but she tried to push her anxiety away from her mind because no one would come to yell at her anymore. She approached the mirror in the living room, where she smiled at her reflection. 'Don't be afraid, Deborah. This is the first step to finding your own happiness,' she told herself.

For the first time in a long time, she finally managed to sleep early and didn't set her alarm because there was no one left to attend to. The next morning, she woke up early, feeling a bit startled to find herself in an unfamiliar room, but then relaxed as she remembered it wasn't a dream... she had truly left that apartment and Roger behind.

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'Well, today my first day in my new life,' she thought, smiling as she got out of bed to take a shower. Upon stepping out, she noticed the few clothes she owned, which were seriously old and worn out. She decided that if she was going to change her life, she should start with her appearance and wardrobe.

With that plan in mind, she finished dressing and went to have breakfast. It was the perfect opportunity to explore what was in the kitchen. As she sat down to eat, she used her laptop to check her bank account and organize her expenses for the things she would need to buy.

Just as she finished breakfast, she received a video call from Caroline.

Good morning, how are you?

[It feels strange but really good.]

Hehe, I can imagine, but now you'll be more at ease in your own home.

[Yea... hey, do you have anything to do?]

No, I was just thinking of working on the garden. Why?

[I want to get back to being myself.]

Heh... that means what I think it means.

[Yup... will you come shopping with me? I want to leave behind this pitiful abandoned look because if I'm going to regain my happiness and freedom, I have to start by reclaiming the woman I was before Roger's abuse.]

YES! Finally, my friend Deborah is back, Caroline said happily. "You know, I've missed you a lot."

[I missed myself too.] Deborah smiled. [And I can't go to court wearing my usual clothes.]

In that case, I'll be at your house in about 30 minutes for a full day of shopping, Caroline said, winking before ending the call.

Deborah laughed at her friend's enthusiasm and let out a sigh. She resumed making a list of the things she would need to buy for the house: food for about a week or more; cleaning and personal hygiene items; and some stationery because she loved keeping track of all her expenses.

Just as she finished jotting down notes, she heard a knock on the door. She smiled and opened it to find her neighbor.

Good morning, gorgeous, Jayden said playfully, carrying two paper bags.

[Good morning. What's this?]

Someone promised me a pie, so I wanted to help by bringing the ingredients.

Deborah laughed as she let him in to leave the groceries on the table.

“Oh... looks like I arrived at a bad time since this list tells me you’re going shopping,

he said, seeing her notes.

[Yes, I’m going to buy several things I need.]

Do you want me to come along?”””

[Caroline will accompany me.]

Ah... well, in that case, have a lot of fun, and be careful because we don’t know how your ex will react.

[I know, although knowing him, he’s probably busy packing his things from that apartment to go live in that house with Sophia.]

What house?”

[The one that was supposed to be ours as newlyweds... but when we were about to move in, he said he preferred to take me to that apartment.] “You know, every time you mention him, I feel like punching him or doing

something worse... but I guess it’s not worth going to jail for such trash.”

[That’s right, you’re worth more, and I believe in karma.]

Well, I have to go to the office for a while, but um... would you let me take you out for dinner?

[No.]

Ah... I see, I guess you’ll be taking your time shopping then.

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[It's not that.] Deborah said.

Huh? Jayden looked puzzled.

[You've already done so much for me, so I'm the one who wants to invite you to dinner.]

Oh, well, in that case, I gladly accept, he said, using a flirtatious tone in his voice.

[Is 8 o'clock okay for you?] Deborah asked.

I'll be here punctually, neighbor, he said, winking.

Just then Caroline arrived, so Jayden bid farewell to both before getting into his car and heading to work.

You know, he's a handsome guy, Caroline commented, analytically eyeing Jayden.

[Carrie...] Deborah complained, giving her a gentle tap on the shoulder. [You're married.]

And? Enjoying some eye candy doesn't hurt anyone. Besides, there are two 'buts' in this drama.

Two?!

I love my Chris, and Mr. Eye Candy seems to care a lot about you, Caroline said.

[I know... but I can't reciprocate his feelings as he wishes.] Deborah admitted.

Hey, relax, even I know you'll need some time. But candidate number one has my approval, Caroline said, raising her eyebrows, amused. [Carrie... um... but that's not it...]

Then?

[I can't accept it because I don't know if that kindness will disappear when he finds out I'm pregnant... and if he leaves me, I don't think I will be able to bear it.] Deborah explained.

Well, friend, I think there is a saying that goes, 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Besides... in my case, I prefer knowing that I tried rather than thinking about what could have been,' Caroline said, [Maybe...]

Well, let's forget about this and go because today I just know we'll be spending hours in the shops.

With that said, they left the house and got into the car, heading to the mall. Their first stop was the salon. Caroline asked the stylist to give her friend a total makeover, shaping her hair with a trim and even adding some color. Looking at herself in the mirror, Deborah widened her eyes because the woman staring back at her was more beautiful than she remembered.

Wow... you look gorgeous, Caroline exclaimed.

[Really, is that really me?] Deborah asked, surprised.

Yeah, I you're prettier than that bleached blonde," Caroline said,

I you so, i winking.

Deborah blushed. After paying for the treatment, they started browsing through clothing stores as they had a wardrobe to fill. Caroline guided her on what clothes to buy to accentuate her figure.

When they paused for lunch, they stumbled upon a certain obnoxious blonde, so they approached to eavesdrop since she was on the phone.

Seriously, my love, that's great news, we finally got rid of... what? WHY?! The blonde shouted furiously, frowning. "Is this a joke? But... but my love... no... wait, no

She looked at her phone in shock, grinding her teeth because the call had abruptly ended. Stupid idiot..." she muttered while squeezing the device tightly." All of this is the mute b*tch's fault."

Caroline, hearing how the blonde had referred to her friend, frowned and took out her phone to record her.

God... was it so hard to murder her at night and make it look like an accident? Tch... he's really stupid. Ugh... if it weren't for his money... ah... no... calm down, Sophia, you can't stress because your cash cow is growing in your belly ah... yes, I think I'll console myself by using the money Roger gave me to buy some little things, she said, paying for her drink and getting up to leave.

She's gone, god, she's crazy and... Deborah...? Deborah, what's wrong? Caroline asked, seeing that Deborah was scared and seemed to be having difficulty breathing. "Relax, come on, inhale... exhale..." she said, helping her friend regulate her

breathing.

[They... they...] Deborah tried to say.

Shh... it's over now, you're far away from them, and no one will hurt you, Caroline said, hugging her, though she could feel the fear Deborah was experiencing at that

moment.

"Why... why do you hate me so much, Roger... did I... did I do you wrong by saving your life that time?" Deborah hugged her friend back tightly, the fear still lingering throughout her body. BIG SALE: 800 bonus free fou you

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Chapter 14

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Meanwhile, Roger was furious. He had a rough night and released his anger by destroying everything in his path. And, to worsen his mood, he noticed that his morning was very different from others because neither his clothes for the day nor his breakfast were as usual... realizing that maybe Deborah wasn't as useless as he thought she was a good homemaker.

Ugh... argh... why does everything have to be so complicated?" he complained, massaging his forehead after ending the call with Sophia. He truly wasn't in the mood, and hearing his beloved yell at him only made his headache worse."

Um... Roger, Fabian called him nervously.

What's wrong? Roger asked.

Well, I took care of that folder you gave me!

'And?' he asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Unfortunately, it’s legal, and we can’t stop it or make it disappear because the lawyer she hired moved quickly, and it’s already been filed.”

WHAT?! Roger exclaimed, standing up. “And how the hell did she hire such a good lawyer? I made sure she never had extra money to save.”

Well, I have no idea.

Tch... what’s the name of that guy?

The lawyer’s name is Christian Collins.

That name doesn’t ring a bell... tch... it seems the mute isn’t as innocent as I thought. She must have gotten involved with that guy to have him do her this favor of representing her. Fabian remained silent, doubting that was true.

“Well, I don’t care, make that lawsuit disappear, and have someone look for her.

Once they’ve found her, force her to return to the apartment, he ordered furiously. “”Who needs to come back?”” Isabelle entered his office.”

Hello, Mom.

Son, she said, approaching to hug him and kiss him on the cheek. “How are you?”

Bad, Mom.”

Why, son? Oh... don’t tell me that mute is causing you trouble again.

Do you want me to scold her? Isabelle asked, trying to sound understanding.

I would love that, Mom, but she left.

What?! How dare she do that? That ingrate

Well, that doesn’t surprise me, considering what a jerk your son has been to her,

said a brown-haired teenager entering the office followed by an older man who looked much like him.

Elliot, don't speak ill of your older brother, Isabelle scolded the teenager. She hated when her second son spoke to his brother like that.

I haven't heard my son speak any lies, the older man said, standing next to his younger son.

George, you know I don't like my sons fighting, Isabelle declared, frowning,

Well, they'll always fight because their mother tends to compare them and show her favoritism in public, George replied, frowning.

Fabian tried to discreetly leave to not get caught in the family drama.

Stop arguing, Roger said, glaring at his little brother before turning to his father." And what brings you here?"

Dad asked me to accompany him because he says I should start coming to the company to familiarize myself with its functions, Elliot said, smiling.

Meaning my baby is going to start working with a great jewelry artisan? Isabelle asked excitedly, as she had secretly seen her son's drawings and they were very good.

"Yes, if Dad lets me spend my free time at the workshops, yes... but I think that might have to wait since now I'll be busy helping him with his work."

What? What are you talking about, son? Your father is retired, and... Isabelle began.

I'm going to resume the presidency of the company until Elliot comes of age to take over, George declared, noticing his wife's look of horror.

"What?! But... honey, what are you talking about? Why are you telling Elliot lies?"

Roger is the current president of the company, and... Isabelle was shocked because she knew nothing about it, and it also meant that her favorite son was being exiled from the family.

"Dad, you can't do this to me," Roger complained."

A while ago, one of my friends told me that Deborah has already filed for divorce, George said, looking his son in the eyes, who seemed nervous. "And the only thing I regret is that it

took her three years to ask you for it.” “George, why are you taking that woman’s side instead of your son’s?” Isabelle asked.

You surprise me, Isabelle, George began, shifting his gaze to her. “As a woman, you should have helped your daughter-in-law, but instead, you supported your son in his affairs with that so-called model,” he said, glaring at his wife. “And did your son tell you that he got that woman pregnant?”

What...? Now she turned to her son.

Dad, I haven’t told her that yet because I wanted it to be a surprise.

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That’s amazing, son, congratulations, Isabelle said, embracing Roger. “I’ll finally be a grandmother and-”

That’s disgusting! Elliot interrupted. “I’ll never see that crazy woman’s child as my nephew.”

Elliot, his mother scolded him. “Don’t speak like that.”

Isabelle, don’t scold my son because I think the same, George said. “I won’t acknowledge that child as my grandson, and Roger, start packing your things from this office.” “But Dad, you can’t...”

George, what are you doing?

I’m fulfilling my father’s will. Since this useless man can’t take care of his marriage, he has no rights anymore. Not to the presidency, not to my fortune.

What?! Roger and Isabelle complained.

Darling, you can’t leave your son on the street.

I think that’s where he needs to be for him to act like an adult.

Are you going to leave him on the streets? Isabelle asked, alarmed.

No, the apartment he lives in is his, so he has somewhere to stay. But he can't come back to our house because he's not welcome. And as for work, he can continue in the office as an employee until the divorce process is over. "And what about the house your father gave Roger for his marriage?"

That house belongs to your younger son, he informed her. "What...? But he..."

Mom, I returned from abroad a few months ago, but since you've been so busy meddling in my older brother's life, I didn't see the need to tell you, Elliot said, glaring spitefully at his mother because he resented that she never loved him like she loved his older brother. Roger shot his father a spiteful look.

George, you can't do this especially if Roger is going to be a father.

Isabelle, think and listen to what you're saying: your son is going to have a child with his mistress, not with his wife, he declared angrily. "And you know what surprises me about you? You always complain about people's gossip and rumors, yet you support something as degrading as an affair."

Isabelle gritted her teeth because she couldn't protest against that.

So, since Roger is such a man who betrays his wife and even impregnates his mistress, he'll also be good at taking responsibility by working on his own to manage that new life without the support of his parents' money, he said furiously. "And Isabelle, if I ever find out that you're giving money to Roger, I'll have to start managing your expenses."

Isabelle was shocked to hear that because, in all her years of marriage, he had never done that to her.

Fabian, George called.

Yes, sir. Fabian entered the office.

Ask someone to clear out this office and put the things on the empty desk in the project department.

What? Roger was frightened because that was his old position before being promoted.

Let's see your magic again as a great jewelry designer, because if you're so skilled, maybe you can regain your privileges. Roger was upset. He looked at his little brother, who looked

at him with superiority, which meant he had told their father about it. 'Darling, don't do this to him, he's your son.'

Fine... Roger, so you don't feel like I'm stripping you of everything, I'll give you two chances to regain the presidency.

I... I see, tell me what they are, Dad, and I'll fulfill them.

Elliot frowned seeing his brother getting his way again.

The first one, I'll forget all this if you reconcile with Deborah and get rid of your mistress.

"What... but I love Sophia and

And the second chance to regain everything is to show me again your great talent as a jewelry designer and win the next contest for the new collection the company will launch by the end of the year,'" he said, noticing the different reactions in his sons: Elliot looked happy with his words, while Roger was annoyed. "'Dad, you're asking for the impossible,'" Roger began."

Is that so? Why? Maybe you can't reconcile with Deborah anymore, but you can regain everything by showing us a beautiful jewelry collection like the one that convinced your grandfather to make you the sole heir with that great collection. Roger couldn't argue anymore and noticed his little brother's mocking gaze. It was obvious that condition was his idea, and Roger would make him regret it.

As the conversation ended, Fabian asked several workers to clear out the president's office and move the things to Roger's old office.

The mother and son were furious because they knew the two chances were just empty promises-Roger didn't want to get back together with the mute. Also, the previous collection he had presented was one designed by Elliot, but he had stolen those drawings with the help of his mother and presented them as his own to his grandfather... They had been cornered. But then Roger remembered something he had saved and started to relax because he had found a way to solve everything. And no... it wasn't by going back to the mute.

Chapter 16

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It was a good thing that Caroline knew how to cheer up Deborah. After calming her friend down, Caroline took Deborah to a stationery store-paradise on earth for Deborah, who didn't hesitate to buy several markers and pens of different colors, notebooks, some folders, and a few other office supplies with adorable designs.

You never change; you almost bought the entire store, joked Caroline as they packed the shopping bags into the car.

[You're exaggerating.] Deborah was both amused and embarrassed by her friend's comment.

"Ah... if only you were like this with your clothes and accessories, we wouldn't have taken so long to put your new wardrobe together."

[Don't say that. Here you are. I got you something.] Deborah handed Caroline a paper bag with some stationery items. "Thanks," Caroline said, taking the bag. "But am I right or not?"

[Um... maybe.] Deborah laughed, realizing she hadn't had this much fun or bought things for herself in a long time.

Well, when you get back home, you'll be very busy organizing your stuff, Caroline commented as they got into the car to head back home.

[I'll enjoy organizing my purchases and using my new notebook to jot down my money management.]

Oh, how I missed this side of you, Deb. Oh, by the way, have you arranged your appointment with the gynecologist?

[I'll make an appointment tomorrow.]

Let me know if you want me to accompany you.

[Thanks, Carrie, I'll let you know as soon as confirm the appointment.]

Oh... now that I remember, are you going to tell that boy where you live?

[Boy?]

Your brother-in-law, or rather ex-brother-in-law.

[Oh... I think so since Elliot always liked me a lot. He's a better sibling to me than Ernest and Cassandra ever were.]

That pair is not much better than that stupid Roger. Maybe the siblings were switched at birth.

[Maybe... but I think I'll get in touch with him to tell him about his nephew.]

Well, your ex-father-in-law is someone respectable and upright. Surely, if you tell him about your pregnancy, he'll support you financially.

[I'll only tell them out of moral obligation because I don't expect anything from that family.]

Agreed. Three years together and that hypocrite didn't even give you a pair of diamond earrings yet his company is a jewelry design business.

[Well... you know he gave those to her.] Deborah sighed, feeling annoyed. [The finest and most precious jewels for the mistress, a sad fake ring as a wedding ring for his wife.]

Deborah grimaced at that comment because Caroline was right. He had never treated her right from the beginning. But she clung to the idea that everything would improve as the days went by. When it didn't, she decided it was best to forget the past and move on. After a while, the girls returned home and unloaded their purchases. Caroline said goodbye and left for home to make dinner for her husband.

Deborah returned to the house and saw that had just enough time to make dessert and dinner. Luckily, she finished with extra time to change clothes and be ready to receive her guest.

Just as she finished setting the table, the doorbell rang. She went to open the door and was greeted by a bouquet of flowers.

Good evening. You... uh... look beautiful, Deborah.

She blushed at the compliment as she received the flowers. [Surprised?]

Quite tonight you look more beautiful than usual.

[Caroline helped give me a makeover.]

You know, if I were your friend's boss, I'd give her a big promotion right now, Jayden joked as he took her hand and gave her a spin so he could admire how that pastel-pink spaghetti strap dress looked on her. "Absolutely gorgeous."

[Jayden.] Deborah complained, blushing.

Right, let's go in before dinner gets cold, he said, remembering why he had come to see her.

Upon entering, he saw the shopping bags which oddly made him happy because it was a good sign she was focusing more on herself now.

[I hope you like dinner; I made beef stew with rice.] Deborah signed to him before placing the flowers in a vase with water.

Well, the smell alone tells me I'm going to enjoy it a lot, he said as he pulled out the chair for her. "And based on what I can tell from the haul sitting in the living room, this makeover is quite a project."

[I'm serious about my transformation to recover myself.]

I don't mean to criticize, but did you perhaps get a little carried away with the shopping?

[Yes and no.] Deborah said, excited to share about her purchases with someone. She stood up to fetch one of her shopping bags and show him. [I got more excited buying these than clothes.]

Oh? Jayden looked into the contents of the bag and smiled at the sight of the contents. Curious about how she would react, he took out a set of colorful pens with heart designs and said, "Oh, so you're a fan of cute stationery." [Yes, I love having different types of stationery and colors as I work on the notes of my finances.] She confessed with a big smile. [Um... do you think I'm weird?]

Not at all, it's nice to see that you have such interests. And now I know what to give you next time, he said, winking at her as he put the pens back in the bag.

Chapter 17

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[Do you have hobbies too?] Deborah asked as she returned the shopping bags on the couch before resuming her seat next to the blonde for dinner.

Um... well, it's somewhat similar since I love collecting Lego figurines.

[The building blocks?]

Yeah, I collect the character figurines, and Lego releases new collections every season, he said excitedly, taking out his phone to show her some photos.

[You must be quite passionate about this.] Deborah signed when she saw the endless stream of photos scrolling through Jayden's phone.

Yeah, in fact, my mom used to scold me because I would spend all my allowances on that. Jayden laughed at the memory. "But thanks to these blocks, I got into construction and happily inherited the company to build real houses and not just blocks." [Of course, your family is in the building construction business.]

Yeah, sort of. Sometimes we build buildings, and other times we buy old ones and renovate them.

[I see...]

Speaking of building, as a kid, my parents once made me a special room for my toys where I once made a mega city, he said excitedly. "If you'd like, I can take you to see it next time." [I'd love that.]

Jayden smiled, happy they were having a pleasant time sharing their interests over dinner and desserts.

After dinner, they went out for a walk around to help Deborah get to know the neighborhood better; Jayden showed her the shops and public places nearby.

“And look, this place is like a small club-it has different facilities for practicing sports and other exercises

[Oh, is it like a gym?]

Partly, as it also has equipped rooms for other activities.””””

[Like what?]

The other day when Mom came here, she told me they had Italian classes, cooking classes, knitting, and music.

[I guess the events change depending on the interests of the community]

“Yeah, it’s great to know people are taking an active part in feeling more at home.

here.”

[I like how family-friendly this place is too. Deborah watched several children playing on the street.

Miss, excuse me... The two stopped walking as a little redhead approached them.” Miss, why are you moving your hands like that?”

She can’t speak with her voice, so she does it through her hands.

Oh... can I learn? the excited child asked.

[Of course, do you want me to teach you?] Deborah was thrilled to hear those sweet words from the child.

What did she say? the child asked excitedly as he saw her move her hands and smile.

She says she can teach you if you want, Jayden interpreted.

Yes! the child said, jumping with excitement.

Michael, come here, and... oh, good evening, just then, a red-haired woman appeared as she approached the child.

Good evening, Jayden returned her greeting.

[Good evening.] Deborah signed.

Sorry for the interruption. My little one is very curious, the woman apologized.

Don't worry, he didn't bother us. On the contrary, my friend is excited about the idea of teaching sign language to your little one, Jayden shared.

"That sounds great. By the way, I'm Charlotte and I'm the community

representative here. The mother introduced herself as she shook hands with both of them.

"Actually, if you want, we can organize a group class so you can teach all the kids in the area.""

[Oh, I'd like that.] Deborah was getting excited.

She says she gladly accepts, Jayden said, amused.

Excellent, and if I remember correctly, you're the new neighbors who moved in yesterday, right? she asked, noticing that both young people silently nodded in response. "In that case, I'll come see you tomorrow after dropping Michael off at school to discuss the details for the classes."

Deborah nodded and smiled before saying goodnight to the mother and son.

You look very happy, Jayden commented when they were alone again.

[I have never felt this happy to share my way of communication with someone else.]

Well, welcome to reality, where not everyone is rude and ignorant, Jayden declared as they continued walking.

[You're right, thanks for this, Jayden.]

You're welcome, Deborah, Jayden said, happy that this little chat had cheered Deborah up.

After that, Jayden walked Deborah home, wished her goodnight, and left for his place.

smile was plastered across Deborah's face, remaining there as she washed the dishes. Once she was done, she sighed.

'It was definitely the best, and-'Just then, notifications from her phone interrupted her thoughts. She noticed that there were many, all from her family.

"If they're looking for me, it's because Roger didn't give them a loan or he had told them about the divorce.' Deborah was amused and decided to block those contacts. If she was to start over, she didn't want her family anywhere near her.

After blocking the messages, she locked the door to her bedroom and went to sleep, ignoring the huge family drama that was exploding from that one simple act of hers.

Chapter 18

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Teh..." grumbled the black-haired woman who got up abruptly to stretch and massage her neck. "My love, that ungrateful girl hasn't replied to my messages," she said, approaching her husband sitting in his armchair."

I doubt she's seen them, Vanessa the blond man said, amused.

You know, Frederick, if you're going to take her side over our daughter's, you'll be sleeping on the couch tonight.

I'm not taking her side, my love, Frederick said, holding onto the woman by her waist to make her sit on his lap, "But it makes sense that she hasn't responded to your texts because I seem to recall that someone intentionally spilled wine on her stepdaughter's old laptop."

Oh... right, heh, I forgot about my little prank, Vanessa said as she looked into his eyes.

Oh well, I guess I'll just have to go to her and teach that stupid girl a lesson because she hasn't called us all this time, and that angers me, Frederick said, his blue eyes reflecting great hatred.

Well, you can't blame her; she's just as useless as your late ex-wife, Vanessa teased, leaning against him.

True, but you have to admit she was at least useful in our connection with the Petersons, Frederick said, caressing her back.

That's right-we've gotten many jewels at a good price because of her, Vanessa said flirtatiously, loosening his tie to make him more comfortable.

I know, and I love seeing you happy, my love.

Hey, since you're going to see her tomorrow, take our kids with you, Vanessa asked. "You know how much they miss playing with their older sister."

Of course, Frederick said, amused, as he kissed his partner before getting up and going to bed; he knew the next day promised to be very fun.

The couple awoke happily the next day because they were sure they'd get that loan they so desperately needed.

They were the Andersons, Deborah's family. However, they were only connected by name because they never loved her-her father never wanted her, and when his first

wife passed away, he didn't hesitate to bring his other family into his house. He completely forgot about his first daughter, who, due to psychological trauma,

became mute.

The only good thing that the useless girl did was to get entangled with the eldest son of the second most powerful family in the city, which brought them great benefits. The Andersons enjoyed being relatives of the owners of the largest jewelry chain in the country.

In addition to the new status they gained, thanks to the marriage, there was the special help they received from their great and generous son-in-law-every month or two, they called him to ask for a loan since it was his duty to support his wife's family. They'd always 'promise' to pay him back, but their words were all smokes and mirrors.

The Andersons quickly took the extra money for granted, both in receiving as well as spending it. Now that Roger wasn't responding to them as he usually did, they had to turn to Deborah to make her ask for the money.

Their beloved son-in-law had been ignoring them-it was no mystery that Roger no longer wanted to give them money. But that wasn't a problem as of yet because they could just get the mute girl to ask for the money from her supposed husband. With that plan in mind, Frederick left the house with his beloved daughter Cassandra; her twin brother didn't go with them because he had an outing with his

friends.

It'll be fun to see my older sister, the young black-haired girl teased.

I know, darling, Frederick said amusedly as they drove to the apartment building.

You know, Daddy, I'd like an apartment, but a better one than these.

"Let's see if they give us money, and I'll buy you whichever one you want,

Frederick said, smiling when he saw how excited his daughter turned upon hearing his words.

"Yes!" declared Cassandra, smiling happily because her father always spoiled and loved her more than that useless Deborah."

After a few more minutes, they arrived at the apartment complex.

With grace and elegance, the father and daughter advanced through the place until they reached the apartment unit. But the facade disappeared the moment they began to insistently knock on the door and ring the bell, shouting for the door to be opened.

The shouts drew out one of the neighbors who yelled at them furiously. "Quiet down! "An older woman boomed with a phone in one hand. "God... what's wrong with everyone who visits this place?" "Ma'am, mind your own business."

I'm not turning a deaf ear to this because I'm tired of all the shouting. God, now I understand why that girl left. I would've already punched or sent these pesky guests to jail, The older woman muttered to herself as she turned to go back inside her apartment. BIG SALE: 800 bonus free fou you

Chapter 19

Chapter 19

Wait... what did she say? Cassandra asked, frightened.

Deborah isn't here? Where did she go? Frederick interrogated.

No idea, but what I know is that poor girl won't be coming back to this house. Good for her because only idiots like you would come yelling at her door, the woman said, annoyed as she closed her apartment door.

The father and daughter were astonished because that was something they never thought would happen: Deborah leaving that house. Where did she go? With what money? Did she manage to win over Roger and move into that luxurious house old Mr. Peterson had given them?

Many questions swirled in their heads, and as if it was fated, Roger happened to just arrive at the apartment, looking furious.

He was lost in his thoughts, mentally cursing stupid Deborah because she had helped fulfill his father's threat. Now he was just another employee who had been scolded by 'his boss' for being late. Roger swore he would make sure she never dared to escape from that damn place again once he found her. How hard was it to live like a dead person in that house and leave him alone? He even gave her money to eat and never lacked anything. What an ungrateful piece of crap she was.

When I see her, I swear I'll-

Roger, Roger snapped out of his thoughts and found two headaches in front of him: his so-called father-in-law and the mute girl's stepsister.

You... Roger started to say, frowning.

Dear son-in-law, it's good to see you. I've been looking for you for a while, and- Frederick approached to greet Roger.

Save your breath because I'm not interested in whatever you have to say unless you know where Deborah is, Roger interrupted.

Um, Roger-Cassandra looked at him, confused and anxious. –

I'm not in the mood, Cassandra, so I'd appreciate it if you leave or I'll take it out on you, he said, clearly irritated.

But what happened, Roger? Can we help you improve your mood? Cassandra asked, trying to approach him.

Family problems... he grumbled reluctantly, pushing her away roughly.

Does that mean you won't lend us any money? Frederick asked, a bit anxious since he had been looking forward to it.

That's right... I'M NOT LENDING YOU ANYTHING.

But why, Roger? We need it. Aren't we family and- Cassandra commented, trying to hug him.

Let go of me! he said, pushing her and making her fall to the ground.

Ouch... she groaned, feeling tears welling up in her eyes.

Roger, what the hell is wrong with you? Why are you hurting my princess? Frederick demanded.

Do you want to know what's wrong with me? I'll tell you: I just lost everything. because of your fucking daughter's stupidity! So if you want money, make her fucking come back home! Roger shouted before pushing them aside to make his way into his apartment. Frederick and Cassandra were left dumbfounded at the doorstep, on the ground.

They never imagined something like this would happen.

Dad... Cassandra called out, getting up and trying to help him up too.

This... this can't be... Did Deborah really leave? No... no, that's not possible, Frederick said, frightened. "She loves Roger. She couldn't have just left like that."

Dad, what's going to happen with my apartment you promised if Roger doesn't lend you money?

Don't worry, my love, I will fix this, but now we must find that useless Deborah and get an explanation from her, Frederick said angrily, walking towards the elevator. "But how-"

Hush... keep quiet, he said, annoyed, as he took out his phone to call his son. "Hey, do you know anything about Deborah?"

Why should I?

That fool ran away from home.

with

“What?! Dad, don’t play me, I was already counting on the money you were going to ask that idiot Roger for.’

Well, he won’t give us anything because he says he lost everything because of Deborah.”””

Tch...

Help me and ask your friends to find her.

It won’t be cheap, but I’ll ask them for that favor, he said, ending the call.

After that, the father and daughter returned to their car to go home and figure out a way to find Deborah themselves. They were ready to demand an explanation for her actions.

Unfortunately, finding her was easier said than done. They didn’t know where to look because they made sure Deborah had no friends and lived isolated from the world.

Their only hope was if one of Ernest’s friends could find her, although that was difficult because Deborah didn’t have any social media accounts, blogs, or anything they could track. And the worst part about this situation was that they had already spent the money that Roger was supposedly going to lend them-they were in debt. They had to find the mute girl, and fast.

Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Blissfully unaware of the family drama unraveling in the Anderson family, Deborah. was immersed in her own world, fully engaged in a discussion with Charlotte as they planned for Deborah to teach a sign language and Morse code class for kids. They spent the entire morning planning the class and discussing details of the structure of the lessons and class schedules. Their conversation had to end at 11 as Charlotte needed to pick her son up.

Alright, Deborah, I think we’ve got most of the details down, Charlotte said as she walked to the door.

[Yes.] Deborah wrote her response, a communication they had agreed to for convenience.

In that case, see you tomorrow at five to show you the place where you'll be teaching. I'll spread the word among the neighbors about the upcoming classes today too. Charlotte opened the door and continued to say, "Well, I'll leave now to pick Michael up then make lunch."

[See you later.] Deborah said her goodbye through her notebook, watching Charlotte leave before heading back into her home.

Deborah was happy because now she could share her way of communicating with others. She was also happy that the stationery haul from the other day was going to be put to good use. She chose one of the new notebooks to prep for her classes. During their conversation, Charlotte gave her a mini-map showing the layout of all the shops, stores, and services offered in the area.

This neighborhood truly had everything: there were morning and evening gymnastics classes, a mini-hospital for small emergencies, a supermarket, a center for an assortment of classes, a park, and a public pool.

'It looks like a mini city. Deborah was amused at her thoughts. Then, she took her phone to look up the gynecologist's number to schedule an appointment. Just then, she received a text message.

It was from Caroline: [Hi, Deborah, Chris told me that Roger has hired his lawyers because he doesn't want to go through with the divorce. But don't worry, my husband won't give up. And if necessary, we'll go to court.] Deborah sighed because she had already anticipated this outcome. Still, she was

confident to move forward with it.

Deborah responded: [Alright, I figured something like this would happen. But now I'm ready and I'm not afraid to face it.]

Caroline: [That's the spirit! 😊 By the way, did you schedule your appointment, or do you want me to call them?]

Deborah: [I was just about to call because a neighbor came by this morning for a welcome chat.]

Caroline: [That's great! Finally, you won't be living locked up anymore. I'll call to make an appointment in my name so that no one finds out ;D]

Deborah: [Thanks! And guess what... I'm teaching a class here in the neighborhood starting tomorrow![]

Caroline: [O-O! Really? Wow... that's awesome, Debbie! Congratulations! In that case, is it okay if we come by later? I want to hear all about it. Besides, Chris also wants to tell you what Roger's lawyers have communicated.] Deborah: [Sounds good. Do you want me to prepare something for dinner?]

Caroline: [No, we'll bring it, so you can try those cakes from that shop I told you about.]

Deborah: [Alright, then I'll buy some drinks and snacks at the supermarket nearby.]

Caroline: [Great! ;D See you in a bit.]

Deborah put her phone aside and stretched a bit before organizing her purchases from yesterday and continuing to prep for her classes.

After lunch, she went out for a walk around the area, carrying a notebook to communicate with people.

Once she was done exploring the area, she went to the store to buy some drinks, snacks, and other things she needed at home.

For the first time, she felt liberated-buying items and foods she liked without worrying about the time.

When she saw a bottle of Roger's favorite wine, she thought to herself, 'I really was foolish to put up with it for so long, waiting for him to change just a little.' She always bought that wine, but they never drank it together because he would take them for his dates with Sophia.

She shook off those thoughts and continued shopping, getting excited when she found her favorite sweets and putting them in her cart. On her way back home, she suddenly craved bread and pastries, so she bought some at the bakery along the way. When she reached her doorstep, she looked to her right and realized that Jayden hadn't come over to greet her that day.