

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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Chapter 111

Nicholas was crying as he finished reading the letter, and when he looked up, he saw that Deborah was also shedding tears, so he immediately ran to hug her,

She was his baby... his biological daughter.

Alexandra had never been involved with that man, and how he realized how foolish he had been to believe Frederick's lies. If he had ignored them, perhaps his beloved would still be alive, and they would have raised their little girl together, preventing Deborah from having the speech problems she faced.

Now he felt miserable because everything that had happened was his fault.

Deborah, you... he began to speak, though he had a lump in his throat that prevented him from

continuing.

[She also left me a letter where she told me the truth... you're my dad, not Frederick.] Deborah was crying with happiness because there was no blood relation with the person who had tortured her since her mother's death. The question of why her dad hated her was gone as they weren't related, and she no longer felt any remorse for what she had been doing against those monsters.

Nicholas was overjoyed by the discovery, but that happiness was quickly replaced by anger because that idiot had stolen his daughter.

[Dad?] Deborah asked, seeing that he had gone still.

That idiot knew, he whispered, now understanding why Frederick had been trying to get rid of him at any cost. "Deborah, let me see the evidence Alexandra left you."

Deborah immediately handed him the box with the documents for him to review.

I brought it to give to Christian.]

You did well, my daughter, he said, reading the documents.

Upon reviewing them, he saw that Alexandra had conducted her own investigation into Frederick's past. and discovered that he was a professional scammer. Along with Vanessa, he specialized in stealing money from the poor or those who were alone. These victims would disappear mysteriously, never to be seen again after losing all their assets,

Another paper listed the names of all the corrupt friends who helped him, showing that many people were involved in the scheme.

The next document detailed how Frederick, with the help of some hospital workers, had managed to enter Mr. Anderson's room to kill him and make it look like a natural death due to respiratory failure.

Lastly, there was a folder with two paternity tests performed on Deborah, one comparing her blood with Frederick's and the other with Nicholas's blood.

After seeing all the documents, Nicholas only felt a strong desire to have a weapon in their hands to end Frederick's life, but he tried to calm himself and use all this evidence to bring him down legally and properly.

Deborah, let's take all this to Christian. We can take advantage of the fact that they're still interrogating. Frederick, he said, taking her hand.

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When they arrived at the room, Nicholas took her to the adjacent room so she could observe the interrogation without being exposed to Frederick or his potential threats.

Deborah stayed with an officer who was taking notes on the entire Interrogation, so she limited herself to listening and watching what was happening.

Can I leave now? Frederick asked, annoyed. "What you're doing is illegal, detaining me against my will without any real charges," he declared arrogantly, knowing that all his old friends had erased those leads, so he was free of any blame. The detective was furious. That damned man was telling the truth, and without concrete evidence or a good lead, they couldn't

keep him in jail for long. He and his son were there for disturbances, so they couldn't hold him much longer. I don't care how untouchable you think you are. You know what we're saying is true," Christian said angrily.

Say what you want, kid, but I'm not like that idiot Roger to lose to a rookie in court, the blonde declared."

I am untouchable and..."

At that moment, the door burst open, revealing Nicholas.

Nicholas, what..."

John Sawyer, lawyer, Marlon Cladstone, judge; Eugene Sinclair, police officer; Anthony Baker, banker; Martin Rivers, assistant commissioner, and Carla Jones, government official, Nicholas declared, reading from a paper in his hands. "Who are these people?" Christian asked.

Frederick turned pale as he heard the names of all his friends.

I know some of those names. They were recently arrested because they were discovered to be corrupt, the detective informed, taking the sheet Nicholas offered. "Hah... so that's why you're not talking. Do you think your friends will support you?" he said, amused by the look of hatred Frederick gave him. "Don't worry, I'll talk to the detectives handling their cases so we can cooperate. We now have the leads we needed to imprison everyone for life."

And I also have something else, Nicholas said. "Here's the proof to lock up this scum and his entire family."

You wish, idiot! But you don't have anything against me.

Yes, I do, and you know it. Regardless of the years that have passed, you can still be judged for taking advantage of a girl who had just lost her biological mother to kidnap her, pretending to be her father to steal her entire inheritance and surname, which you continue to even now,

What... Christian said, surprised, taking the papers to read them before passing them to the detective.

"That's not..."

“Here are the DNA

tests Alexandra did while she was alive, proving that I am Deborah’s biological father. She was never your daughter, and if you had papers to that effect, it’s because your friends made those falsifications for you. Nicholas declared furiously.”

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...The detective was astonished. Upon

seeing the DNA test results, he could see that they’d be analyzing the papers that indicated Frederick was Deborah’s

“Where’s her money?” he repeated angrily.

signed off by those corrupt officials. “You kidnapped a girl to take

This idiot is lying! That stupid girl is my daughter, Frederick asserted, frowning.

“Don’t even suggest that you never insult my daughter ever again if you don’t want me to kill you right here and now,” Nicholas said, trying to control himself, though he was already cracking his knuckles.

Well, with the doubt planted, the most logical thing now is to conduct a paternity test immediately. If it shows you’re her father, you can leave, but if not... the detective said, smiling maliciously.

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I refuse to take that test! I am her father and... Ah! His words were cut off by the pain of Nicholas yanking some of his hair out forcefully.

You’re going to take the test, and we’ll see who’s right, he said.

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The detective immediately called one of his officers, who entered with two bags to collect the samples.

This is illegal! You're doing this against my will!

It's curious that you're making such a fuss, the detective began. "I mean, if you're Deborah's biological father, why are you afraid of a simple DNA test?"

Besides, it isn't illegal if the sample was obtained during a fight you had with Mr. Foster, Christian pointed out with a sideways smile.

... Frederick gritted his teeth because their arguments were valid, but if the test was conducted, his lie would be exposed, and that meant he wouldn't leave that cell because everything would go downhill from there. The detective noticed Frederick's attitude, which indicated he was trying to find a way to sabotage the test, but he wouldn't allow it.

Hey Max, he said, looking at the officer who was putting Nicholas's evidence into a bag. "Tell the lab that these samples are a priority because I need those results as soon as possible."

Sure, boss, I'll let them know, Max replied, quickly leaving the room.

Hey, stop him! Frederick tried to move, forgetting he was handcuffed to the chair, causing him to fall to

the floor.

How curious, it seems your arrogance is gone, the detective mocked. "But you know, I'd like to make a bet with you."

What kind of bet?

On how you'll die. Will you rot in prison? Or die mysteriously in your cell? he asked as he approached him, roughly helping him up.

Are you threatening me? Frederick asked, wincing in pain as the detective gripped his arms tightly.

Not at all."

Fine, keep hurting me, but I warn you that my lawyer will use all these assaults against you to ruin your lives. I won't hesitate to sue for millions!

I doubt that'll happen; I never threatened you, and I have witnesses on my side. My comment was only because despite the security here, the walls have ears, and recently you made a curious insinuation involving someone dangerous." Frederick was frightened upon hearing that. "You wouldn't dare do that. You're a police officer... your duty is to protect people."

But I'm not going to do anything: I'll just make a comment out loud, he said, giving Frederick's right cheek a few pats. "If there are informants or corrupt cops listening...Well, that isn't something I can completely control, can I?" Frederick realized he was being mocked because he had done the same, taking advantage of the corrupt to get his way. But now he was scared because Vox had warned him, and if he found out about this, he

was finished.

The detective sent Frederick back to his cell despite his complaints and pleas for special protection.

Hey Nicholas, where did you get these papers? Christian asked as they left the interrogation room.

A few hours ago, they were given to Deborah, and she brought them here, Nicholas mentioned as the door to the adjacent room opened, from which a police officer and Deborah emerged.

Boss, I've delivered the recording to your office, the officer informed.

Deborah, Christian greeted her.

[HI.]

Your actions were timely and saved us.

[Well, a friend recommended that it would be best to come and share this information that my mom kept.] Deborah recalled Brandon's suggestion to bring it straight to the police station instead of going home. "That's great. It was the missing piece we needed to put the puzzle together and finally bring Frederick down," Christian said excitedly.

Deborah, you're our savior, the detective said, approaching to look at the box with the documents.

But Debbie, how did you get here? Christian asked, concerned.

That's true. Deborah, who was the person who brought you? Did Jayden assign you a driver?
Nicholas

asked.

[No, as I said, a friend brought me.]

That's suspicious, the detective commented.

Just then, Deborah's phone rang, showing a video call from Jayden, so she immediately answered.

[Hi, love.]

Hi, my love, where are you? asked Jayden, not recognizing the surroundings.

Hi Jayden. Deborah ended up joining us, Christian appeared in the call.

Oh, I see. Hehe, I understand. In that case, wait for me I'll be there in 5 minutes. I was calling to ask if we could eat together because I finished early.

[Okay, love, we'll wait for you.]

Well, while you come, I'll prepare this quickly, Christian said, showing the papers he had in his hands. Come on, Nicholas, help me write and sign a statement against Frederick."

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Sure. Deborah, wait for me. Don't leave with Jayden, Nicholas said happily, then followed after Christian.

Go ahead, I'll stay here to accompany Deborah, the detective said. Once they left, he asked Deborah to return to the interrogation room so he could talk privately with her. "Tell me, are you okay?" Why do you ask?]

“Because I was informed about your quick kidnapping, was surprised to learn that Vox himself came for

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you.”

[How did you...]

Don't worry, I'll keep it a secret. I know because your new in-laws asked me to assign some discreet. bodyguards for your safety, the detective said.

[I see.]

He didn't do anything bad to you?

[No, he just took me away for a private talk and handed over that box with my mother's things because she asked him to.]

I understand. Well, then we'll be very grateful to your mom for this help, he said with a smile, though the smile slightly faded as he remembered what Frederick had said before she arrived.. -Flashback-

Now Frederick, tell me, where did you bury Alexandra? Christian asked.

Who?

Don't play dumb. Where did you bury Alexandra Anderson?

Did she need to be buried? Frederick repeated mockingly. “The truth is, she was a whore who was useless, so she didn't deserve a proper burial.”

Where did you bury Alexandra Anderson?! the detective shouted.

I don't remember. I think I left her body in some abandoned house or threw it in the woods... the truth is, I just wanted her body out of the way because she was useless to me.

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[Sir, are you okay?] Deborah asked when she noticed that the older man was staring blankly for a moment.

Eh... oh yes, sorry Deborah, I was just thinking about something.

I understand.”

Well, the important thing is that with these papers, we’re going to put that family in jail, the detective declared.

[Thank you for your support.]

You’re welcome. On the contrary, I regret that justice is coming to you so late.

[What matters is that they will pay for their crimes.]

Yes... he commented, and just then there was a knock on the door. “Come in.”

Debbie, love, are you here? Jayden said as he opened the door.

[Hi, love.] She greeted him, receiving a kiss.

Detective.”

Mr. Cooper.

How was it?

We’re on the right track.

Excellent, Jayden said, shaking the older man’s hand and discreetly receiving a piece of paper, which he quickly slipped into his clothes before looking at his beloved. “Well, love, let’s go today, we’re taking the opportunity to have dinner with my parents.” [That sounds good.]

Jayden took Deborah’s hand and they began to walk.

So what did you do during the day? he asked while helping her walk.

[Well, this morning I was working, and since I lost track of time, I went out to get a burger at the place near home.]

The one with the playground? he asked, to which she nodded. "Next time we'll go together- I heard they're getting popular for their fries."

[They definitely tasted good.] Deborah could recall the flavor of the fries she ate.

And that's why you decided to come to the interrogation. Did they call you over?

[Not exactly, it's just that...]

Where did you go without permission? The couple stopped when they saw Nicholas standing in front of them with a frown. "Deborah, I told you to wait for me," he complained, taking Deborah's hand.

I'm taking my girlfriend to dinner with my parents, and I don't need permission for that, Jayden declared,

reclaiming his wife's hand and embracing her.

"Very funny, but I haven't given you my permission yet.

Mr. Foster, I understand you care for Deborah like a daughter, but..."

[Actually, Jayden, I just found out that he's my biological father.]

What?! Noooo, wait, that's not fair! I do have a real father-in-law, and Roger doesn't, he complained, hugging her and pouting.

I didn't know either.] Deborah was amused as she hugged him back.

That's right. Now let's take advantage of this to have your first dinner with your father-in-law, Nicholas teased.

Jayden made a face, but upon seeing his partner's playful smile, he just sighed.

It looks like you're about to suffer," Christian commented, coming up beside him. "But before you leave, Deborah, can you give me your signature here?" he said, showing her some papers. "It's the lawsuit written for the kidnapping you suffered at Frederick's hands, and the other is the compensation asking for everything they've stolen from you to date."

Sure] Deborah took the papers and signed them according to Christian's instructions.

you're

Perfect, I'll file them and then head home, Christian said, organizing the papers into folders. "By the way, Deborah, about the pizza dinner..."

[That's right, I haven't ordered the food yet. If you want, I can order it now, and by the time we get home, it will be ready.]

Did you have plans, love?

[Yes, I arranged to have dinner with Caroline to catch up since she was very busy this morning, and we didn't see each other.]

Ah, I didn't know. Well, if you want, I'll call my parents to let them know that...

Wait, actually I was going to ask Deborah if we could postpone the dinner until tomorrow because my mother just called and told me that Caroline went to bed early because she was very tired from the move.

[In that case, we can move the dinner to tomorrow.]

"That sounds better, and we can even buy ice cream. I'm free tomorrow and will help Carrie with what's left, Christian said.

I like that plan," Jayden agreed."

With that, Christian said goodbye to them. He would present the lawsuit papers and then head home to sleep as it had been a long day.

Meanwhile, Jayden, Deborah, and Nicholas got into Jayden's car to head to the Cooper mansion for a family dinner.

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When Jayden's parents came to the front door, they were surprised to see Nicholas, but welcomed him warmly.

Welcome, Eric said, approaching to shake Nicholas's hand.

Thank you for the invitation.

You invited yourself, Jayden whispered irritably.

Don't worry, son, it's no problem, Samantha said playfully.

Keep annoying me and I won't let you marry my daughter.

But they're already engaged, Eric commented.

Yes, but as Deborah's father, I can refuse the marriage if I'm not treated with respect.

[Dad.] Deborah was amused.

Dad? the Coopers repeated.

[Yes. Today I found out that I'm not Frederick's daughter, but rather the daughter of my mom's ex-boyfriend, Nicholas Foster.]

In a way, I'm glad things turned out this way, dear, Samantha commented. "I couldn't understand how your supposed father would mistreat you, but now it all makes sense."
"Hm..."

That's why I asked to come and talk as a family since we'll be one soon, Nicholas said.

In that case, come in! We have a lot to discuss, Mr. Foster, Eric said, amused.

With that, they went inside and began to talk about how the love between the young couple developed. Nicholas was happy to see that both Jayden and his parents accepted their grandson, even though he didn't share their blood. "And won't you have any issues with George?" he asked, worried.

We're on good terms with him. Besides, we feel that James will be the luckiest child in the world because he'll have five grandparents who will spoil him a lot, Samantha said. "Well that's if Isabelle accepts the child." Nicholas just made a face. That was another drama entirely. Remembering it only made him want to find Roger and hit him, and to shoot a few insults at that woman for everything they had done.

I understand, Jayden said, guessing what Nicholas was thinking. "But don't worry, we're here to take care of Deborah and James."

Thank you, boy. And despite my bad jokes, I can see that Deborah and my grandson will be in good hands with you.

“Of course, and if not, I give you

permission to go hit him. Eric said.”

Hey!

I agree with your father, Samantha said, making everyone laugh.

At the end of the evening. Deborah stayed over at her future in-laws' house, as she was too tired. The four of them took that moment to discuss another matter.

So... what did the detective say? Nicholas asked, accepting a glass of wine.

Deborah experienced a brief kidnapping at the hands of that guy.

At least he didn't do anything to her, Samantha said.

Why did he do it? Eric asked.

At Alexandra's request, Nicholas explained. “In the letter she left me, she explained her plan in code on the back and how she hired that organization to protect the papers she collected as well as the jewelry that had great sentimental value to her. She feared something bad would happen and didn't want Frederick to erase all traces of her crime.” “I see. Luckily, and despite his past, he was true to his word and didn't do anything bad. He only delivered the package,” Eric said, making a face.

Yeah... Jayden made a face.

But son, if they're okay, what's worrying you?

I asked Christian and the detective to get the truth out of Frederick about where my mother-in-law is buried.. and it seems he abandoned her body somewhere he no longer remembers.

What?! Nicholas stood up upon hearing this. “You're telling me he just abandoned the body?”

That seems to be the case. Everything indicates it might be true; Deborah has told me she's never been able to visit her grave because they wouldn't let her, so she doesn't even know where it is. "That's so low and cruel," Samantha said,

Despicable. No matter when it is, he'll never let me be reunited with my beloved, Nicholas cursed.

Not exactly, Jayden said. "I can seek help to find her, but..."

Son, are you planning to ask that guy for help? Eric asked worriedly.

Yes, because it's easier to find things illegally than legally.

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The next day, for the first time, Jayden lied to Deborah, telling her he was going to work. In reality, he met with his father-in-law to go see the man; It would be easier to ask Vox to find Alexandra than to wait for Frederick to tell the truth. "You look to be in a sorry state, kid. What's wrong? Nicholas asked, noticing that his companion seemed a bit depressed.

It's the first lie I've told Deborah, and I don't like it. It makes me feel like I'm turning into Roger, Jayden said, letting out a sigh

Oh come on, Jayden, don't be dramatic. If you were becoming like him, I'd be a stunning blonde with a large forehead, Nicholas said, pretending to be coquettish as he flipped his short hair and blinked rapidly. "Pfft... hahaha." Jayden couldn't help but laugh at the poor imitation. Thanks. I think that's what I needed."

You're welcome. Now let's get serious because we're about to arrive.

Yes D Don't worry, my father gave me this card that was handed to him in case we wanted to request something. Jayden said, showing him a personalized card with a strange logo and his family's surname. "From everything I've heard, this guy is a box of surprises."

Jayden simply nodded and continued driving until they reached the same place where Deborah had been taken to the day before.

As soon as they got out of their cars, some movement behind them alerted them, and when they turned around, they saw they were surrounded by ten armed men wearing hats, dark glasses, and masks. "Gentlemen, I think you're lost. If you value your lives, get back in your car and turn around," one of the

men declared.

Nicholas raised his hands to show that he was unarmed, as he was frightened by the guns pointed at them. However, that security demonstrated that they were at the right place.

Gentlemen, I must inform you that I haven't made a mistake. I'm here to talk with your boss about a business, Jayden said.

I think you're mistaken. There's no one here to negotiate with.

There is, and the proof is this invitation, Jayden said, pulling out a golden card with black letters from his jacket pocket.

The man he was speaking with approached to take the object and examine it. Seeing that it was real, he signaled for his companions to put away their weapons. "Welcome, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Foster," he said, holstering his own weapon. "Please come this way and make yourselves comfortable while we inform the boss of your presence.

Jayden and Nicholas felt they could breathe again as they followed the man in silence.

When they reached what appeared to be a waiting room, two men approached them to search their bodies for weapons or microphones.

All clear, the men announced.

I feel like I've been groped, Nicholas said, adjusting his clothes.

It's protocol. We hate spies and traitors, you see, the guide mentioned. "As an apology, you can enjoy a good drink."

At that, they saw a woman, who was dressed provocatively, setting two glasses of water, whiskey, and red wine on the table.

You can choose whatever you like, gentlemen. If you need anything else, don't hesitate to call me, she said with a flirtatious tone and a wink before leaving.

Both took a seat and grabbed one of the drinks to try to forget the tension in the room. Despite being alone, they could feel that they were being watched.

After a minute, a loud noise caught their attention as they began to hear shouting from a nearby room and even saw some objects flying out of that place.

If you're going to be an idiot, are you really going to treat me this way? a female voice complained. It sounded somewhat familiar to Jayden.

He discreetly looked toward the source of the shouting and was surprised to see Sophia there, arguing with a blond man.

Obviously? You don't have the money to pay for my services, and I must remind you that you still haven't paid back the money you borrowed last time, the blond man said.

I don't owe you anything. As family, you're supposed to support me.

You're abusing that title, Sophia, he replied, frowning.

I'm not abusing anything, Brandon. You know you should take care of me as your younger sister, but you're just leaving me to my fate, and...

And whose fault is that? he interrupted. "May I remind you that a few years ago, you yelled at our parents that you were fed up with this life full of misery and that you were leaving this place to become a rich woman?" he said angrily. "You cared more about your ambition than helping us take care of Mom, who was sick at that time."

Sophia frowned.

So as far as I'm concerned, we stopped being family from that day onward. Yet you still come to me whenever you're in trouble, and sadly, I help you, but I think you forget that we have an ethical code that has governed us since our great-grandfather created this organization. Therefore, I'm not going to help you with what you're asking.

In that case, give me the weapons I need to do it myself.

Pay me, and I'll gladly give you what you need, he said with a sideways smile, then snapped his fingers.

Wait... you wouldn't dare... Sophia was scared when she saw several men surrounding them.

Yes, I will. Three, get this woman out of here and kill the idiots who let her into my room, he said angrily, not taking his eyes off his sister. "We must remind everyone that when someone leaves this place, they can no longer return."

Yes, one of the men replied, and then two others grabbed Sophia by the arms.

What! No, let me go- wait, you can't-Brandon! she yelled furiously as she was forcibly removed from the place.

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Ah... what a mess, Brandon said, ruffling his hair. He looked to his right before smirking. "The downside is that you've gotten free and dangerous information, Cooper," he added, turning to face his guests.

In that case, I think we can negotiate my silence, Jayden said with a smirk but quickly became serious when he saw several of the men guarding them pulling out their weapons and aiming at him.

Pfft, hahaha! Good one, Brandon said, approaching to take a glass of water that had been left on the table. "Relax, guys, it was a joke," he instructed, making everyone return to their positions and holster their weapons. "Come on, follow me," he ordered Jayden and Nicholas. "We'll go to my office to talk in private."

Jayden and Nicholas stood up and followed him in silence.

Upon entering, they noticed the office was luxurious. Brandon settled on a sofa, and they mirrored him by sitting on the other sofa in the room to face each other.

Now- Brandon began, but was interrupted as a beautiful redhead handed him a cup of coffee and left two more cups for the guests before moving away but not leaving the room. "Oh, thanks, my love. Ah... delicious. Nothing like a good Mexican black coffee."

Well, if you're a fan of bitter coffee, I recommend trying the 'vampire coffee' they sell on 60th Street. It has a weird name, but it's delicious, Nicholas suggested as he took a sip from his own cup.

Hm... thanks for the tip, Mr. Nicholas Foster. I'm always on the lookout for good coffee shops, Brandon said. "Take note, darling, and later bring me one of those," he said to the woman without looking at her.

She just noted something on her phone and put it back in her clothes.

I'm surprised you know my name, Nicholas said.

In this business, I need to know the names of everyone living here to identify potential allies or threats to my business in the short and long term, Brandon said, taking another sip of his drink. "But back to the matter at hand, tell me, what brings the richest man in this country and his father-in-law to visit?"

I'll get straight to the point, Jayden said, setting his coffee cup aside. "I want you to do a search."

Hm interesting. And may I ask what it is you're searching for? Because you can also control the city, so I don't understand why you need me...

"I want the exact location of my mother-in-law's body.

Brandon became serious at that request. Heh... I didn't know you were into necrophilia.""

Have some respect! Nicholas said angrily, standing up. But he saw that the woman was now standing next to him with a gun to his head.

Father-in-law, please, Jayden pleaded, making him sit back down.

Brandon simply gestured for his bodyguard to put away his weapon and return to his position.

You're twisted, Jayden joked. "But the reason I'm asking is because you have the best trackers, and your long reach can break the barrier of time," he said, clenching his fists. "That bastard never buried her, and I want to know where her remains are so my fiancée can be reunited with her."

Brandon was surprised by this explanation. "Wow Frederick is quite a character," he said, looking at his drink before raising his eyes to meet Jayden's. "So tell me, what do you offer?"

What do you want?

Hm... I love when people give me that answer, Brandon said, setting aside his drink. "Well... since you're asking, I want you to give me your beautiful flancéo."

Nicholas was about to say something, but was stopped by Jayden, who grabbed his arm to prevent him from reacting to the obvious provocation.

Deborah is not a commodity that you can covet, and I know you must already have in mind what you want, so just tell me what it is.

Haha, you seem to know me very well, Brandon said, knowing they had been classmates in the past, only for their friendship to end when Jayden discovered his family secret. "In that case, don't ask me what I want and just give that to me." "It will hurt to give up my queen, but I accept," Jayden said, reaching into his jacket pocket.

Jayden! Nicholas shouted, frowning. "My daughter is not a bargaining chip."

I know that lauder

I know that, Jayden said as he unlocked his phone.

Then why are you...

Father-in-law, my queen is a painting, Jayden said, showing a photo of an oil painting of a beautiful white castle by a lake with blue and pastel pink trees

Eh... Nicholas looked at the image in amazement. "But..." he then looked at Brandon, who seemed satisfied with the payment.

It's a painting I've been coveting for a while because it's unique and has a special meaning to my family, Brandon explained.

Why ask for it? No offense, but can't you get a painting by stealing or forging it? Nicholas asked, confused.

It's such a unique painting that it has very strict security. I have a forgery that my father commissioned, but I've always coveted the original because my mother wants the painting. As a husband, you should know what that means. "Yeah... you do everything and even the impossible to spoil your loved one," Nicholas said, remembering the good times he'd had with Alexandra.

In that case, Jayden spoke up, “do you want me to send it over now? Or will you pick it up at my parents’ house?”

Keep it for now. I’ll pick it up in a week with the information you need, Brandon declared confidently.

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Sophia was furious, her brother had betrayed her by refusing to help and, even worse, had humiliated her in front of all his subordinates by dragging her out forcefully.

She cursed herself internally for running out of options, or maybe not.

She remembered seeing Jayden Cooper at that place, indicating that he had gone to discuss business with her brother. This was strange; that family could get whatever they wanted. Something must have happened for them to seek out this organization for a favor. An idea came to her mind-if she played her cards right, she could cause a lot of trouble for the mute woman and maybe even make her miscarry out of anger, because that bastard Roger was ignoring her

now.

Discreetly, she returned to her brother’s premises to take some photos of Jayden, particularly capturing the moment when the maid was serving them drinks. She planned to edit the images to make them more amusing

It’s time for you to see that your story will always repeat itself because I won’t let you be happy, even in death, she thought with a malicious smile before running out of the place.

Meanwhile, Deborah was making the most of her free morning, having finished washing early. She decided to do the exercises her doctor had given her to help her vocal cords get used to being used again.

A, a. Her exercises involved pronouncing vowels, but when she tried to say the “e,” it got stuck in her throat, making her a bit frustrated.

Calm down, Deborah, it’s gradual, she thought to herself for encouragement. She felt a small kick in her belly and smiled, placing her hand on her stomach. “I know, my love, and thank

you for supporting mommy. Soon, I'll recover my speech, and when you arrive, I'll sing lullabies to put you to sleep.

With this in mind, she continued practicing producing simple sounds.

The practice yielded good results, as after an hour, she could correctly pronounce the vowels: a, e, and o.

It wasn't much, but for her, it was a significant advance because she could hear her own voice again.

She then looked at the time and noticed that lunchtime was approaching, so she went to the kitchen to prepare something, guided by her current cravings.

As she was placing a tray of cookies in the oven, she saw something moving through the window. Smiling, she realized she had visitors, so she left everything and went to open the door.

Debbie! Elliot exclaimed happily, hugging her as soon as the door opened.

[Hehe, hello, Elliot.] Deborah smiled as they separated from the hug.

Hehe, my nephew has grown so much since the last time I saw you, he said, gently touching her belly.

[Are you saying I've gained weight?] She raised an eyebrow.

Um... no... what I mean is that soon we'll have my little nephew with us.

[Spared.] She playfully ruffled his hair. [How have you been?]

"Good, though I've been a bit busy, which is why I haven't been able to come see you

[I imagine.]

Hm... what smells so good?"

[I was about to eat. Do you want to join me?]

But this smells like cookies.

[I was craving an ice cream sandwich for dessert.]

Uh, then yes, I want to eat, he said, amused as he entered the house.

Elliot washed his hands and helped Deborah serve the food while the cookies finished baking.

By the way, the purpose of my visit today is to give you something very important, he said, pulling out a long red leather box from his pants pocket and handing it to her. [Can I open it?]

Uh-huh, Elliot looked very excited and watched her reactions closely.

Deborah smiled upon noticing her brother's eager gaze. When she opened it, she was astonished to see a white gold bracelet designed with flowers, set with sapphires and diamonds, accompanied by some jade shaped like leaves. "Do you like it?"

[It's beautiful.]

Good, because I designed it.

[Really? Congratulations, I really like the design and the way each gemstone fits together to give the appearance of a small bouquet of flowers.]

Wow... that's why I like you, Debbie. That's exactly what I thought when creating it-to give the appearance of one of those woven flower crowns, but the difference is that these flowers will never wilt, he said proudly.

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I know many women will want something like this because the colors go well with any dress, Elliot said.

And this is just one of many, as I've been busy creating a whole collection, he added, pulling out his phone to show her the other pieces he had made: a choker, earrings, a ring, and even a matching hair accessory.

[These will definitely be the premium products of the company. Have you presented them to the public yet?] Deborah asked.

Not yet, and that's also why I'm here, Elliot said, pulling out a black invitation with silver lettering. "I want you to attend the presentation tomorrow night."

[It will be an honor to be there.] Deborah said, taking the invitation and smiling at seeing her name on the envelope.

And it's a luxury event, so no casual wear. You'll be stunning if you wear my bracelet, and Jayden can come too. Elliot said.

[Then it will be a great event.]

Yes, because it will be my first collection. At this event, Dad will announce that I'm the new CEO of the company, although I'll only officially take over in two years. [We'll all be supporting you on your big night, Elliot. Everything will go well.] Deborah assured him.

"That's what Dad says too, but it's impossible not to be nervous. In fact, I've been closely monitoring the production of the pieces.

[Such a responsible boss.]

Elliot smiled at the compliment, and after that, they finished serving the food and sat down to eat while the cookies cooled.

During the meal, Deborah shared what she had been doing during their time apart.

Hey, Debbie, has Roger tried to contact you at all during this time?""

[No, and he's someone I don't want to see. The last time we accidentally met, he tried to impose himself and order me around, which means he'll never change.] Tch... that idiot. Don't worry, I'll report him to Dad because he told him not to dare bother you."

[Elliot, remember your manners.]

But he deserves to be called that instead of 'big brother because he hasn't acted like one for a long time. And Isabelle doesn't deserve anything from me either. Before you scold me.... I didn't tell you about this, but a few months ago, I overheard her telling Dad that she never wanted me. In fact, she wanted to abort me because I was a nuisance by stealing things from her precious son, Elliot said sadly, tears welling up in his eyes.

Deborah stood up to hug and comfort him upon hearing this.

[You are not a nuisance. You are a very special and talented person. Don't let those words hurt you.]

Debbie.

You know, those were words my mother always said to me. Everyone is valuable on their own, and you don't need to depend on anyone to know that.] "But... it hurts when it's your own mother saying it..."

I know... that's how Frederick tore me apart, but now I understand that it's useless to beg or plead for the affection of people who are not worth it, she said, wiping away the younger boy's tears. [What matters is that you know who loves and appreciates you. Listen to them because everything they say is to help you grow. Ignore and stay away from those who don't appreciate you, because it's not worth filling yourself with anger and sadness over those who don't care.]

Hm. it was a very cruel lesson for you, wasn't it?

[Yes, it hurt... but not because they never loved me, but for all the time and effort I wasted trying to find something that was never meant for me.] Deborah felt tears welling up in her eyes. [That's why I now try to do everything for the most important person in my life] "My nephew?"

[Yes and no, but for now, the person who matters most in my life is myself, because if you don't care for yourself, no one else will, right?]

Hm... Elliot broke into tears and hugged her. Those words were true; it hurt that his mother and brother were cruel to him, but he needed to forget them and move forward for himself.

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In the late afternoon, Elliot said goodbye to Deborah as he needed to go to bed early to have energy for

and

the next day

Curiously, just as she was closing the door after saying goodbye, there was another knock. When she opened the door, Caroline threw herself into her arms

Tim dying” she declared dramatically.

[You sure do look like it 1

Hey! Caroline complained, pulling away with a playful smile. Tve been up since 5, but we’re done with the moving,” she said, stretching as she entered the house. [The moving?]

Yeah, remember I mentioned the trouble my in laws had with the new neighbors? Caroline said, lounging

on the sofa.

[Yes, I remember] Deborah headed to the kitchen to get a glass of water for her friend.

Thanks,” Caroline said, taking the glass and gulping it down “Ah delicious Well, to avoid more problems, we offered to move into the house so they won’t have to worry about rent anymore” [That’s good. They’ll be more at ease]

Yeah, and Christian too, because he was worried about his parents problem

[Hm.. by the way, where is he?

He’s still with his parents, but he asked me to go ahead and order dinner first. Once he’s out of the house, he’ll go to the store for snacks and drinks.

In that case, let me get the brochure so we can order from that pizzeria.]

That’s why I love that place-one message and it’s done. Caroline said happily, taking the brochure to choose the pizza and snacks.

After ordering, they chatted about Caroline’s plans, the posters she wanted for her beauty salon, and how she would manage the schedules

I need something big like an event to boost the new salon, and... what’s that? Caroline asked excitedly, noticing the black envelope on the table next to a jewelry box.

[Elliot stopped by earlier to leave this and the invitation for the new collection presentation,] Deborah explained,

That's awesome, and. Caroline said, opening the box. "Wow.... what a beautiful bracelet."

I know right? I loved it. He told me it's a prototype he developed.]

That boy has talent; it's a gorgeous design," Caroline said, closing the box. "So, are you letting me get you ready for the party?"

[Do you want to?]

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avy said amed it wont let myself be jealous

won't let him be jealous because I hot is a teenager sd my little brother I

See” Jayden said hugging his partner So we have an event tomorrow night” [Yes]

Te 17

that case ask them to send my suit over later.”

Jerder would you let me do your makeup?

don't like wearing makeup Came

“Tumeter. well (7) just do your hair so you look even more handsome

's just the hair, that's fine Jayden said with a chuckle

with that they talked and listened to Caroline's ideas until Christian arrived along with their dinner, so They sat down to eat and chat

The next day, Caroline dnapped Deborah to go shopping for a special outfit for the evening, and Jayden gave them a credit card to buy whatever they wanted

The grand launch of the Peterson family's new jewelry collection was the big gossip of the moment, with everyone talking and speculating about the designs and pieces that would be showcased that night There were many rumors about the quality of the pieces to be shown at the event

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There was a lot of buzz because it would be the first collection under the name of the family's second son, and there was a strong rumor that this presentation would announce Elliot Peterson as the new CEO officially, since Roger had been removed from his position following his divorce.

Well, in my opinion, it will be a beautiful collection. According to some sources, there will be 4 collections being showcased that night, with varying quality and price,”” said one reporter.”

Yes, and I also heard that the main collection consists of top-quality stones, and the number of pieces will be limited, another reporter commented.

Forget about that; what I want to see is who will be showing off the exclusive jewelry ahead of the presentation. You know that Sophia Hughes used to wear the jewelry before they were presented by the models, someone else said.

Right, today no one will ruin the surprise because the young Peterson doesn't have a girlfriend, and he's busy fighting with his mother, haha.

Roger, turn that off, Isabelle said angrily upon hearing them mock her. "Damn harpies... I'll find a way to make them lose their jobs for mocking me."

Calm down, mother.

How do you expect me to be calm? Your father and that boy have sidelined us, without even an invitation or a sample of those jewels like we used to get before, she complained angrily.

Well, I have an invitation, but only because I'm an employee, Roger said bitterly, feeling sidelined and disrespected despite still working at the company.

It angers me; not even your debut caused this much fuss.

That arrogant boy really made four collections to present, varying the quality and design of each piece.

... Isabelle only made a face upon hearing that. "Calm down, son. We'll find a way to make sure this event isn't the great success they're expecting." "And how?"

I think I might have the solution, Sophia said as she walked into the house.

You're here again? I told you that you're not welcome in my house, Isabelle reprimanded.

Don't get mad. I have the solution you need for your current problem. With this, we'll truly ruin the boy's grand debut, Sophia said, showing them her cellphone screen.

What is that...? Wait, how did you get that? Roger asked, looking at the image.

It's my secret. So... what do you think about going shopping for something to wear to the big party?

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George was exhausted; age was taking its toll on him, but at thament, the fatigue didn't matter because he felt proud seeing the hard work and effort of his younger son paying off.

That morning had started off hectic as they were doing the final photo session with the models and the jewelry. These images would be shown as a video during the runway show to highlight the pieces. Elliot was working with the photographer to guide and assist the models in striking the best poses to showcase each piece most attractively.

It was definitely a good idea to change my mind because I see that you really feel that passion for designing jewelry, George thought as he watched Elliot look happy and comfortable with what he was doing. "Dad."

Eh... George snapped out of his thoughts and saw Elliot looking at him. "Sorry, were you calling me?"

Boss, if you'd like, I can get you a chair or a coffee, the photographer offered. "You look tired."

I take the coffee, Danny, George said, noticing one of the models handing him a freshly made cup of coffee. Thanks. Now, what's up?" he asked, approaching them.

Look, we're done, and I want your opinion on the photos, Elliot said, showing him the images.

I like them. They have a flirty and somewhat seductive vibe, but my focus is on the jewelry.

Right? Danny said. "Elliot is a genius. He suggested the angles for each shot."

Thanks, but our beautiful models helped me too, Elliot said, feeling shy as all the models gathered around him, praising his great work.

Ahem, well, ladies, let's get some rest. In a few hours, we'll have the final runway practice, Danny announced, making everyone pack up to store the jewelry and change their clothes. "Now I'm a bit jealous," George joked, watching the models leave.

Huh? Why do you say that, Dad? Elliot asked, stretching.

I understand perfectly, boss, but don't get discouraged. Remember, many women like fruit that's very ripe, like you, Danny joked.

What? George blushed suddenly at the insinuation. “Danny, I wasn’t referring to that but to the fact that both they and my son still look full of energy, yet I already feel a bit tired.” “Oh I see.

Pfft-hahaha! Elliot couldn’t hold back his laughter at the joke.

By the way, boss... Danny became somewhat serious. “Did you invite them?”

I didn’t want to, Elliot frowned. “But they can come in because Roger still works at the company, so I imagine they’ll come with him.”

I’d ban them from entering if it were up to me because I know how envious Roger can be.

Cheer up, little boss. Don’t let it ruin your mood. Enjoy your first big event, Danny encouraged.

Yeah... well, I’ll leave you now. I’ll go check on the decoration of the hall, I was also told the food is arriving, and I’ll supervise the sound and lighting test next.

Alright, son. I’ll handle the guest list, then, George said as he saw his son running off.

Hate and recognition are palpable, Danny commented.

And all of that is her fault... I really don’t understand how she can differentiate between her own children, I’d understand her hatred if she said Elliot was the child of a mistress... but she carried him in her womb herself, George thought sadly, letting out another sigh as he went to check on the guest list.

He had genuinely created this grand event hoping his two children would work together for a common good: the success of the collection. But it seemed Roger wasn’t interested because it wasn’t his event.