

# The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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Alexandra was the same. Whenever she found something she didn't know or noticed something someone liked that was unfamiliar to her, she would study it to support and encourage that person, Nicholas said, blushing slightly as he remembered the beautiful smile of his beloved when she supported him in that way. "By the way, may I know why Deborah and Miss Alexandra left?"

Because I'm an idiot. When I returned home for a few months, I received an anonymous message with a picture of Frederick and Alexandra in bed, Nicholas said with clenched fists. "I felt betrayed and didn't want to listen to their pleas and explanations. I was blinded by jealousy and believed the lie. ugh and now I find out how foolish I had been for falling into their trap. I let it ruin my relationship with the love of my life and hurt our daughter."

That's why that bastard will suffer the worst death, you'll see... that scumbag lived by doing that to many more people.

know... but no matter how much time passes, I'll always be the gullible idiot who lost everything by believing a lie," Nicholas said, starting to cry. "That's why I need to find her body and give her a proper burial. The last time we met, we could barely talk because she needed help to escape that madman. And look what happened... I want to see her one last time and beg for her forgiveness."

"Calm down, don't say that... you know... I know I can't understand your pain, but I know she will forgive

you."

Thank you, Jayden.... now that you mention it, I won't forgive you.

Eh? What are you talking about?

You hid the wonderful news of Deborah getting surgery to regain her voice.

Oh, that, well, that was her decision because we wanted it to be a surprise for everyone.

Tch but her first word should have been 'dad'... just remembering it makes me want to find that blonde vixen and ugh... Nicholas began to say with much agitation, causing his companion to laugh.

I agree with you, Nicholas, but anyway, what's important now is- Jayden said before his phone rang. Upon checking, he saw it was an unknown number. He turned serious as he answered. "Who is this?"

I have what you wanted.]

Already...?

[Uh-huh.]

So where is my mother-in-law?

Hearing that question, Nicholas became serious. "Is it him?"

Shh. Jayden asked to listen as he put the call on speaker mode.

I can't divulge this information over the phone.]

What do you mean...? Nicholas asked, raising an eyebrow.

I'll come for dinner at your house to talk, so tell Deborah to buy those hamburgers from last time so we can have dinner together with a large assortment of fries.]

Wait... that's supposed to be a surprise for her, Jayden said, frowning.

[And believe me, she will be surprised by the location of her mother's body.]

What do you mean? Nicholas began to have a bad feeling about this.

[You'll find out at dinner, and don't worry, as a good guest, I'll bring the drinks.] Brandon declared before ending the call, leaving Jayden and Nicholas confused.

Meanwhile, Brandon was smiling as he looked at the report on the location of Miss Alexandra's body.

Why didn't you tell him over the phone? A beautiful girl with red hair asked as she approached and kissed him on the lips while sitting on his lap. Brandon places the stack of papers on the desk. "Because I don't want to lose my hearing from his screams, and you know I enjoy seeing the suffering and anguish on people's faces."

Are you sure that's it?

Oh... and what else would it be, sweetie?

Because this is the opportunity to exact revenge for the betrayal my beloved father-in-law suffered at the hands of Frederick Turner and his little group.

It seems I can't hide anything from you, my sweet treat, he said, holding her at the waist to press their bodies closer. "And you're right, only that couple remains. If I get extra help, I win by not investing much." "You're right; torture is more enjoyable when the law is on your side."

That's right, and actually, I already have a fun idea for how the end of the Turner couple will be, Brandon declared, kissing his partner.

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Jayden and Nicholas were left confused by the message.

That guy is playing with us... ugh... I knew we shouldn't have trusted him, Nicholas complained, clenching his fists tightly.

Calm down, Nicholas... I doubt he'll betray us, what worries me is that he has something else up his sleeve...and I don't think it's anything good, Jayden said with a grimace. "Something bad?" Nicholas asked, worried. "What do you mean?"

I know Brandon, Jayden commented, recalling his school days. "Based on our conversation just now, I have a feeling that my mother-in-law's body is in a horrible place." "What...?" Nicholas looked at him, scared and concerned. "What do you mean by that?"

Brandon has always had a somewhat sadistic personality and enjoys the suffering of others. So the location is likely to be a terrible place, and he wants to reveal it in person to mock our reactions, Jayden explained, grimacing. "It makes sense because that guy has proven to be the worst."

Nicholas tightened his fists because he didn't want to hear that something bad had happened to the body of his beloved. "Well, I'll go get the girls, and we'll bring the dinner together."

Okay, meanwhile I'll ask someone to bring the painting I promised, Jayden said, pulling out his phone.

Nicholas left the house to fetch his daughter and niece who were sitting on a park bench chatting and enjoying their ice cream.

Hello, uncle.

Hi, Dad.

Enjoying your ice cream? Nicholas asked, seeing them nod and smile. "Come on, let's go buy dinner, my

treat."

Sorry, uncle, I can't have dinner with you because tonight I have to go to dinner with my in-laws, Caroline said, "But I can't accompany you to buy it."

In that case, let's go," the older man said with a smile as they walked to the hamburger place.

Once they had the food, they returned home. On the way, they ran into Christian, who greeted them before picking Caroline up to head over to his parents' place for dinner.

It looks like they have a great relationship, Nicholas commented as he watched the car drive away.

You know, Dad, I used to envy Caroline a bit because she has a beautiful relationship of love and friendship with Christian, Deborah said.

I imagine that envy was no thanks to Roger, right?"

Yes, because Christian treats Carrie like his best friend, and they support each other in everything.

And do you still feel envious?

Not anymore because I have Jayden.

11 seems you care a lot about hilt

Jayden became my best friend And with all his emaliget meaningful gestures since we first met, I gradually fell in love with him-discovered what a wonderful person he is and he also showed me what 's like to live in a relationship of mutual respect

Well, my dear daughter that's what loving someone meant to me too. Nicholas said looking into her eyes. Every relationship starts with a small approach and an invitation to friendship

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Deborah smiled as she noticed a nostalgic look in her father's eyes. Did that happen with Mom?

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Yes, back then I was a bit clumey and shy because I had moved to this city for a great job offer, and as the new guy. I didn't know anyone. Nicholas began to By The day I met your mother. I was very nervous because the owner was coming to the company, and wanted to make a good impression. But my clumsiness got the best of me, and I tripped just as your mom was coming out of the alevator with your grandfather it was so embarrassing, and I couldn't stop apologizing, but they just laughed and helped me pick everything up remember that Grandpa was always fair and kind ”

Yes, but from then on, I felt something special for Alexandra because that beautiful smile and her voice while helping me were something that remained etched in my heart.

Deborah smiled as she listened to her father talk, noticing the special sparkle in his eyes as he recalled the past with her mother

Similarly, Deborah cherished those special moments with her mother in her memonies.

“Hey, Dad

Yes, my dear”

Do I have grandparents on your side?”

No, dear, my parents passed away about three years ago, he said, letting out a sigh. "But if you want, as soon as this problem is over, I'll find the old album to show you pictures of them." like that idea

That way you get to know a bit more about your roots, he said excitedly. "By the way, Deborah, there's something I want to ask you"

"What is it?"

When the whole issue with Frederick is over, do you want to take over the presidency of the company and restore it to its former glory?"

Yes, I do, but for now, I plan to raise James and be with him in his early years, she said, placing her right hand on her belly "But later on, I plan to work with Jayden to slowly start taking over Grandpa's company because I would like to manage it" "I like your plan, Debbie, and if you want, you can also rely on me to take care of my grandson."

I know, and you know James will be a very loved baby

Definitely, he will have a great family that loves him very much, including his parents.

Yes, he won't suffer what I went through.

Debbie Nicholas stopped walking and reached out to hug her. "I'm sorry, my dear daughter, for my stupidity that has caused you so much suffering.

This isn't your fault.

Even so... I think all that happened because of me, and that's why I sometimes torture myself with regret, asking how things would have been if I hadn't fought with your mother.

It's no use lamenting, Dad.

It's easy to say...

It hurts... but even though it sounds harsh, I believe all those evils will disappear when we avenge Mom.

You're right, my love, and those miserable people will pay with interest for all the bad things they've done to you, Nicholas declared confidently, clenching his fists tightly.

With that, they separated from their embrace and resumed their way back home to Jayden,

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They arrived home just as a car was pulling away as Jayden waved it off.

My love,

Hi, Jayden said, walking over to help his father-in-law with the food bags. "Did you get everything?"

Yes, we took a while because that place is popular so the wait took quite a while.

Did you wait long? Jayden asked, concerned.

James helped us cut the line, Deborah said.

Ha, the perks of being pregnant, Jayden commented as they entered the house.

Upon entering, Deborah saw the large painting in the living room, covered with a white sheet.

What's this? she asked, moving closer to uncover it and revealing a beautiful painting of a castle.

Do you like it? Jayden asked, noticing his partner's astonished expression.

Wow... so this is the famous painting. Nicholas commented as he also approached to admire it. "Yes."

It's beautiful, my love, Deborah said, carefully placing her hand on the canvas and noting the texture that made the painting feel more realistic despite the fantasy-like color palette. "But... Jayden, don't you think it's too big for the wall?" she said playfully, noting that the painting was five meters wide and three meters long.

Well, that's not my fault; the artist was inspired when he made it, Jayden said with a chuckle. "But this painting isn't for the wall, my love; I promised it as a gift to a friend, and he's coming to pick it up soon."

Oh, I see, Deborah said, showing a hint of sadness as she looked at the beautiful painting again, which both men noticed.

Debbie, do you like the painting?

Yes, it's lovely and has a magical air.

Do you want us to keep it? Jayden asked, considering what else he could offer Brandon instead of the painting.

I don't think it will be possible for you to keep it, Deborah, a voice said, making the three turn to see seven men entering the house. "That painting was promised to me by Jayden, but if you offer the right price, I might consider letting you keep it." Deborah looked worriedly at the people until she recognized the blond man among them.

Brandon? she called out.

Good evening, beautiful, Brandon said, smiling as he placed his hands in the pockets of his coat.

You're quite punctual, Nicholas remarked, noticing it was already 7 PM.

I said I would come to have dinner with you, Brandon said, glancing at his bodyguards. Two of them,

each carrying a cardboard box, approached Deborah. "Debbie, beautiful, can you let them into your kitchen? I brought some drinks."

Sure, come in, she said, guiding them.

Excuse us, the guards said as they entered the kitchen, carefully unpacking the bottles of wine, soda, and juice they had brought and helped serve everything in glasses.

The rest of the bodyguards helped Deborah set the table and serve the dinner.

Now I understand why we ordered so much food.

It's better to enjoy a good feast before starting with business.

Business? Deborah asked.



Brandon, your business is with me, not with her, Jayden said, moving closer to hug Deborah.

Calm down, tiger, I'm a married man, Brandon said, showing his wedding ring. "But well...I wouldn't mind being polygamous for the lovely Deborah," he added, winking. ""You can't because she's my fiancée."

I know, relax. I'm just joking, don't get upset," Brandon said playfully.

The dinner is ready, one of the guards announced as he also revealed a small vase with flowers on the table for decoration.

I didn't even notice when they put the vase there, Nicholas said, astonished that he hadn't seen the guards' movements.

By the way, Deborah, I know you can't drink alcohol, so I brought you some sparkling apple juice, Brandon said as they poured some for Deborah, who appreciated the gesture. "Brandon, what are you planning?" Jayden asked, knowing that this kindness didn't come for free. He was feeling concerned.

'I'm just being a good guest," Brandon said, amused. "By the way, I'll take my payment now."

Wait... Nicholas started to say.

It's fine, Nicholas, Jayden said. "By the way, you can also take those special cloths; they were used to bring the painting."

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Excellent, in that case, let's enjoy the food, Brandon declared as more of his bodyguards entered to take the painting out of the house.

Everyone then sat down to enjoy the burgers and fries,

By the way, Deborah, what a show that was at your ex-father-in-law's party, Brandon said, amused as he ate a fry. "And I suppose you're not going to sell me that exclusive bracelet you were given, right?" "That's right, I'm not selling it because it's a special gift from my little brother."

Well, if you change your mind, let me know, and I'll give you a very generous amount for that bracelet.

I doubt that will happen, but thanks, I'll keep it in mind.

Great, and I'll definitely look into buying the place from the owners of that restaurant because I'm getting addicted to this flavor... or maybe I'll ask them to sell me the recipe, he said, amused and thoughtful. \*Enough already! Please, just give us the information we asked for," Nicholas said, slamming his hands on the table, eager to know the location of his beloved's body.

He was startled when his actions caused several men to appear around the table, pointing their weapons

at him.

Apparently, you're not good at negotiating, Mr. Foster Brandon commented, wiping his mouth with a napkin while signaling for his guards to put their weapons away and return to their positions. Nicholas, please.

Relax, Jayden, I'm not upset. I admit I'm being difficult and annoying on purpose, Brandon said, taking a sip from his glass.

What's going on? Deborah asked, confused as she noticed the tense looks exchanged between her father and her partner.

Hey Deborah, let me ask you something. As a woman, do you like jewelry?

What's with that question? Jayden asked, raising an eyebrow.

Well, yes, I like it, but... why are you asking?

"And tell me, what would you be willing to do to get it?

What?" The question sounded so serious that it made Deborah a bit scared to answer."

What kind of question is that? Nicholas interrogated

Calm down, it's not anything bad. I'm asking because some people will do anything to get jewelry: they buy it, create it, search for it, manufacture it, and in extreme cases, they kill for

it. "Well... I've heard of people killing for family heirloom jewelry when there's an inheritance, but what does that have to do with what we asked for?" Nicholas inquired.

Anyway, next question: have you heard of LONITE diamonds?

What's that? Deborah asked.

Jayden turned pale for a moment, knowing the answer. He looked at Brandon with fear and concern. "Wait

is it what I think it means?"

What's wrong, Jayden? Nicholas asked, alarmed by Jayden's pallor.

What kind of diamonds are they? Deborah asked.

It involves a complex and expensive process in which human ashes are used to create diamonds.

Human ashes... Deborah repeated, confused.

What?! Nicholas shouted, horrified as he realized what Brandon was implying. "No! Tell me it's a lie! It can't be... You're telling me that he..." Nicholas couldn't say more as tears of frustration began to fall from his eyes "Dad, what's happening?" Deborah asked, a bit frightened as she didn't understand the aggressive

reaction

Deborah, let me ask you something. Do you recognize these pieces of jewelry? Brandon asked, two photographs on the table.

placing

One photo showed Frederick sitting thoughtfully in his home office, wearing a white gold ring with a yellow diamond in the center. The other photo was of Vanessa, who was wearing a pair of small yellow diamond earrings. Nicholas examined the photos closely, feeling a surge of rage building up inside him. Something inside him urged him to kill Frederick and that woman with his own hands and take those diamonds.

Jayden was also silent, feeling an overwhelming urge to vomit.

Yes... those are their favorite jewels, they are the only ones they never take off... but... what do those pieces of jewelry have to do with LONITE diamonds? Deborah asked, still not fully comprehending the direction of the conversation. "Well, those yellow diamonds are very special because they're made from your mother's remains."

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Deborah was in shock at that declaration.

"What... was all she could manage to say, her gaze falling back on the photos as tears began to well up in her eyes.

Hey, kid, how sure are you about this information?" Nicholas asked. "I don't doubt your skills, but part of me refuses to believe it."

Don't worry, your doubt doesn't offend me, because this does sound insane, Brandon began, snapping his fingers. One of his bodyguards approached and handed a folder to the older man. "Here are copies of all the receipts for the payments made to LONITE, from the reception of the body to the delivery of the diamonds. Frederick ordered that the ashes be divided into three diamonds, one for himself as a ring and one for his wife as earrings," Brandon explained, taking a sip of his drink. "In fact, it was an unusual order that many of the old workers still remember because it was the first time they had divided ashes. Usually, only one diamond is made, and that jewel is turned into a pendant with an engraving to commemorate the deceased." "Damn them." Jayden muttered.

I'd say they used Miss Alexandra as a trophy.

Nicholas was furious and wanted to hit Brandon for saying that, but he had to agree that Brandon had pretty much hit the mark.

"Oh. Deborah cried out, clutching her belly and starting to breathe heavily.

My love," Jayden said, panicking as he rushed over to hold her. "Deborah, calm down... breathe... calm down, my love..." he said anxiously, helping her to calm down."

She gripped her partner's hands tightly, trying to calm her breathing as Brandon's words had greatly unsettled her.

Here, Deborah, drink a little, Jayden said, and Deborah looked up to see even Brandon approaching to offer her some juice.

She nodded and took the glass, drinking quickly while feeling her beloved's gentle pats on her back.

Calm down, my daughter, Nicholas said despite being a bundle of nerves himself. Seeing her in distress made him get up to fetch all the medicine bottles from the house. "Do you need any of these?" "Thank you," she whispered, shaking her head, and Nicholas sighed.

Calm down, my love, we're here... remember you can't get too upset for James's sake, Jayden pleaded, glancing at Brandon, who also looked somewhat concerned, so he said nothing.

I know, so if you want, you can hit me later, Brandon said, understanding the meaning behind Jayden's look, Deborah, I'm sorry for upsetting you like this."

Don't worry... you were just giving us information."

Debbie?"

It's over, Dad, I'm fine... she said as she sat back down, but Jayden lifted her into his arms and carried

her to the sofa so she could lie down for a moment. "Don't worry, Brandon, what upset me is that I agree with you."

Brandon looked at her attentively.

Sadly, I think the same way it's such a crazy and miserable idea that fits perfectly with Frederick's motivations, Nicholas declared bitterly.

Brandon also had his own thoughts, recalling how Frederick had asked Brandon's father for one last job to wash his hands clean. The job turned out to be a trap full of police, and his father barely escaped, but one of the bullets injured his hip, condemning him to a wheelchair.

After the scare, Brandon decided to leave. Before going, he handed Deborah a card as an apology, telling her that if she wished, she could use it to hire his services, and he would be happy to help her for free on that one occasion.

This worries me... he doesn't usually do favors for free, Jayden said, hugging his partner, whose face was filled with sadness.

That doesn't matter to me anymore, and given how things are, I think I'd give him all my money just to bring those two to me so I Wait... now that I think about it... Nicholas said, suddenly recalling something important. Chapter 136

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What's wrong, Nicholas?

Yes... now it all makes sense, Nicholas said, frowning and clenching his fists, "What's wrong, Dad?"

See... the other time, the detective discovered that Frederick and his wife, when cornered, started having hallucinations, he began explaining. "From those videos they were recorded in, it seemed like they were arguing with someone even though they were alone. But now, with what this kid told us, it all makes sense because they're carrying Alexandra's body with them."

Does that mean Alexandra's soul is tormenting them? Jayden asked uncertainly. "Um... well, I suppose it makes some sense since she didn't get a proper eternal rest.\*

Deborah only grimaced, feeling the anxiety return as she realized that these bastards had been flaunting her mother's body lil vile trophy all this time. "I... want to get her back," she said quietly, clenching her fists tightly. "Don't worry, Debbie, we'll get her back," Nicholas said, embracing her.

That night, Deborah couldn't sleep well, so the next morning Jayden took her to the doctor for an

examination.

Meanwhile, Nicholas stayed at home to call Christian on his cell phone. Taking advantage of the fact that the detective was also with him, he informed them and sent photos of the evidence they had discovered.

I had heard of making diamonds from the ashes of your beloved pets. but this is incredibly twisted and disgusting. the detective commented after the call ended.

I think I'll never look at yellow diamonds the same way. Christian said, feeling his breakfast churn in his

stomach.

If that's the case, we'll recover Miss Alexandra right now, the detective said. "We'll be moving them to the state prison today while everything is finalized for their trial because no one can stand them here anymore. So we need to confiscate all their belongings." On his side, Frederick was pacing back and forth in his cell, which now felt like what it truly was: his prison.

Tch... I need to find a way out and get revenge on all those idiotic traitors," he muttered to himself, as recently the detective had informed him of his situation, telling him that all his so-called friends and accomplices had confessed everything to reduce their own sentences. I'm not staying here.... I have to get out,' he thought, cursing the lawyer he hired who still hadn't gotten him out of the place.

And how will you get out?

Frederick glanced to his right, observing the hallucination again. "I've always come out victorious."

'Is that so?' the hallucination asked sarcastically. 'But you're old now, and times change.'

Shut up!

'It's a miracle you had two children... are you sure they're yours? Because you couldn't even rape me that

time, you just pretended because you're impotent, hahaha.'

Shut your mouth.

How sensitive you are to get hurt by the truth.

You're the one who is hurt at the end of the day, said Frederick, showing his left hand where a ring with a yellow diamond was. "You'll be with me forever, bitch, because you're my trophy."

Your consolation prize was turning me into a diamond because you never interested me, and you'll never come close to being on par with Nicholas.

You... Frederick snarled, grinding his teeth.

'How pathetic you are because that diamond is the only valuable thing you got from me.'

Motherfucker! Frederick yelled, trying to throw something to damage the hallucination, but the object. only passed through it.

Poor you, you're significant.

Shut up! No matter what you say, you will never hurt me!

Are you sure?' Alexandra's smile turned twisted and somewhat deformed, frightening Frederick. Maybe I

can't, but I'm not alone.'

What.. Frederick looked at her, terrified, as he saw more shadows appear behind her, slowly taking the shape of the people he had intimidated and attacked in his youth to rob them. This time, however, they didn't look harmless, they held bats, metal pipes, guns, and knives- the same weapons he had used to kill each of them. "No stay back, you vile creatures!"

'Don't worry, Frederick, this hell is just beginning.'

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The screams in Frederick's cell alerted all the guards, as it seemed he was being attacked. However, upon arrival, they found that he was hitting himself and appeared to be under the effects of some drug or something similar.

Six officers managed to restrain Frederick so that the paramedic with them could sedate him and check his vital signs. They examined him for any indication of psychotropic drug use since he was acting as if under such effects... but there was nothing. Due to the commotion, Christian and the detective went to see what had happened in the cell.



What happened? the detective asked upon entering the cell and seeing Frederick sprawled on the floor.

I think he had another hysterical attack, the doctor reported. "For a moment, I thought someone drugged him, but there are no residues or anything like that."

I understand, thanks for your work, the detective said, turning to look at Frederick on the floor.

He then noticed the ring Frederick was wearing and approached to take it off.

Sir? one of the officers called out. "You can't steal anything from the criminal,

Hey, is this it? the detective asked, ignoring the officer's words, and handed the ring to Christian.

Christian took the ring and compared it with the photo Nicholas sent him. "Yes, it's this one," he confirmed, putting away his phone and taking out a plastic box to store the jewel.

\*Chief, are you stealing from that guy?"

Don't be selfish, chief. I had my eye on it to give it to my girlfriend.

Guys, I don't think you want to keep that ring. I just got informed that it was made from a corpse, the detective said and the officers' eyes widened in shock

Everyone quickly backed away from Frederick's body.

You know....I think that explains everything. one officer commented.

You're right, another agreed.

So that's the source of the hallucinations.

What are you talking about? the detective asked, raising an eyebrow.

Well, as I'm a staunch Catholic, let's say I think I have the answer to what's happening to the prisoner. one officer explained.

And what is it? Christian asked.

Well, it's believed that when someone dies and doesn't receive a proper burial, it causes the person's soul to wander in this world and may manifest or become something malevolent. And since that poor woman he killed was turned into a diamond... you know, the officer said nervously

At this, all the police officers became frightened and trembled slightly.

Everyone, quiet down. Enough with the nonsense. You're police officers, so you shouldn't believe in superstitions so easily, the detective ordered, causing everyone to run out of the place.

It seems they've drawn their own conclusions about this mess, Christian said amusedly, putting the box in his pocket

Although I must confess I felt something strange when I held that ring, the detective said with a grimace. "I'm not superstitious, but I think there's something wrong with it."

Well, if we go by the officer's testimony, it makes sense to feel that this ring is cursed, because Miss Alexandra died cruelly and unjustly, as she was trying to protect her daughter. And to top it off, her killer even wanted to keep her like this, Christian narrated. "So it's logical to think that this jewel is cursed and holds the resentment of the deceased."

In that case, we'll go for the other pieces. Although everyone wants me to remove this from my station, I'm going to ask you to keep these jewels under custody because they will be further evidence against Frederick-and Vanessa.

I think the same. So I'll tell Deborah that we've recovered them, but for now, I can't give them to her.

Because I'm going to send them for analysis. The only laboratory that performs that procedure is highly regulated.

Regulated?

Yeah, the laws strictly control these processes to prevent serial killers from turning their victims into diamonds for collecting them or selling them for extra money.

Are there really that many out there this insane and psychopathic? Christian asked, concerned.

Well, that law was created because it happened in another country.

That's terrifying...

Hm.... that's why I want to see who gave the order and what documents were presented because you need to have written and notarized authorization from the deceased person, as well as being a direct descendant of the deceased, to perform this procedure. Christian listened attentively to the detective's explanations as they walked toward Vanessa's cell.

Interestingly, upon arrival, there were also screams coming from inside that cell, so the detective and the nearby officers hurried to enter and try to calm her. However...

Wait, detective, Christian stopped them just as they were about to enter.

What's the matter? Why are you stopping us?

You know, more than just a hysterical attack, I think it's her own conscience playing against her, something we can use to our advantage.

What do you mean?"

Let's listen to what she's shouting because I feel that's where the information they've been refusing to share is, Christian said seriously. "Also, we need to prove that she doesn't have mental issues, as her lawyer argued because now that I know the whole truth, I don't want them to end up in a psychiatric ward

I want them to rot for the rest of their lives in prison.

You're right, kid. I don't want the lawyer to use that against them, the detective said, frowning. "Guys, let her scream and activate the cameras and microphones in the cell."

The officers immediately followed the orders, putting on headphones to listen to what the woman was shouting.

You were right... the detective whispered after several minutes of listening to her, "She's giving us what we were missing."

Yes, Christian agreed, smiling as he continued to attentively listen to Vanessa, who seemed to be fighting with a ghost.

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After gathering everything they needed from Vanessa, the police entered and sedated her to calm her

down.

And done, the detective said, handing the earrings to Christian, who stored them along with the ring. Now we'll keep these in..."

I hope you're not stealing my clients' few belongings, just then, Frederick's lawyer, an older man with black hair, arrived.

Not at all. We're just collecting evidence based on the new findings in this case, the detective replied casually while shaking the lawyer's hands.

Evidence? Of what kind? the lawyer asked, annoyed, trying to take the box containing the jewels from Christian, but the latter moved quickly. "That's confidential, but I can tell you it's related to the murder of Miss Alexandra Anderson," Christian said, handing the box to the detective. "Again with the

that? That old woman died in a car accident because she was drunk."

Speak with more respect, lawyer, as it has already been proven that Miss Alexandra was not under the influence of alcohol. Instead, someone had tampered with her car, the detective said angrily. "Right... whatever you say," the lawyer responded dismissively. "And what does that have to do with the jewelry you're stealing?"

We just discovered that those jewels were made from Miss Alexandra's body, Christian said, frowning.

What? The lawyer was startled by the statement but quickly composed himself. "What nonsense are you saying? That's imposs-" "Here's your evidence," Christian interrupted, pulling out the printed documents Nicholas had sent him to

hand over.

The lawyer frowned and reluctantly took the documents to read them. "Oh come on, this is unreal and illogical, and-

It fits with your client's criminal history, the detective stated.

My client has no criminal history.

Save the speech. Your accomplices have confessed and explained how they cleaned up all the evidence that could exist against them. "Tch\_whatever," the lawyer knew the words were true but obviously wouldn't admit it. "And well, why are my clients unconscious on the floor?"

Because they had another hysterical attack, the detective reported. "But a paramedic has attended to them."

And that's why I now want my clients taken to a medical facility to receive appropriate treatment for their current and delicate mental condition. Chapter 138

In your dreams. Christian whispered.

What did you say, kid? the lawyer said angrily.

Calm down, the detective ordered. "I'm sorry, lawyer, but the judge's order has just arrived. I'm taking your clients to the state prison while awaiting their trial because they're causing too many problems here." "What..."

And that's why we're taking this opportunity to remove these pieces of evidence from your clients since they won't need them where they're going. Christian said, smirking.

That's a lie. Return that supposed corpse to my clients because it's their property."

In fact... Christian began, approaching his rival. If it's confirmed that these diamonds are Miss Alexandra's body, it means your clients have committed theft because the only one authorized to possess those jewels would be my client." "Your client has already stolen enough from her father, don't you think?"

It seems you haven't read the reports or the evidence I sent to your secretary, Christian said angrily.

-I've read them, and it all sounds like complete nonsense from a bad police show. My client is a

respectable man, and if he's in this situation, it's because of his mute daughter, who, besides being crazy is also deranged because her husband left her for a much better woman, and in the end, she was left alone and pregnant," the lawyer said with an arrogant tone in his words. "So out of revenge, she's trying to ruin her own family."

I'm going to ask you to respect my client, Christian said angrily.

It's the truth. This is just a tantrum from a discarded woman.

Alright, enough, the detective said. "Save those comments for the trial, Christian," he said, frowning. And you, if you're going to talk to your clients, make it quick because in an hour, we'll take them to the prison."

In that case, I want a special room to talk to them.

The detective took both prisoners out of the cells, instructing several officers to move the couple to a room while he and Christian attended to other matters Today's Bonus Offer

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The lawyer ensured that the room was private, without cameras or microphones, to question his clients about the jewelry, as he hadn't been informed about them. "Wake up," he began calling out once he confirmed they were completely alone.

Seeing how they didn't wake up, he took the bottle of water given to him, opened it, and contents on the couple.

Ah, what... Vanessa complained, feeling her clothes get wet.

What's wrong with you? Why are you soaking us? Frederick shouted angrily.

1 threw its

Finally, you're awake, the lawyer said. "Well, hurry up. We don't have time for small talk since you're about to be transferred to prison, so-

What?! the couple exclaimed in shock.

I don't want to go to jail, Vanessa said anxiously.

Idiot, didn't I tell you to use everything to avoid this? Frederick said.

I did, but that kid is faster at finding the supposedly nonexistent clues to your crimes, the lawyer said, bored. "By the way, is it true?"

What are you talking about? Frederick asked.

That those yellow diamonds were made from Alexandra Anderson's corpse?

The couple was stunned, instinctively reaching for where the jewels had been, realizing they were no longer there.

Wait... where are my earrings?!

My ring, where is it?!

Stop shouting. The detective has them, and from your reaction, I assume it's true, the lawyer said, settling into his chair. "In that case, I'm going to increase my fees since things have quickly become complicated." "Impossible... how did they discover this?" Vanessa spoke anxiously.

"No idea, but with this, you can no longer avoid prison.

Why?" Frederick asked."

Making a diamond from a corpse is regulated by law, and you had no right or authority to do that to that woman's body.

That's why you're here, Frederick declared. "You'll say that before she died, she gave us her consent."

I could.. but it doesn't work that way.

What do you mean? Vanessa interrogated. "If it's for money..."

"It's not about that. According to the law, the only person who has the right to decide that fate is Deborah

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because she is a direct relative.”

The couple looked at each other, realizing they hadn't considered this detail before, as they had friends who destroyed the evidence for them... but now.

I don't care what you do, but you need to get us out of here and- Frederick started to say.

And my children? Vanessa interrupted.

I couldn't help them because when they were registered as detainees, all their crimes came to light, so there was no way to save them

“What? What are you talking about? My children didn't Frederick began, confused.

The kid followed your footsteps, but he was so stupid that he didn't think through his strategy and got involved with important people who have all the money in the world to destroy him. So, obviously, he would never win his case.”””

What?! No.... it can't be, my poor baby, Vanessa screamed.

And Cassandra?

“She just finished her trial, and unfortunately, she'll stay in prison until she pays for everything she stole.

How can you be so stupid? You had to save my children.”””

Me? the lawyer said, pointing at himself. “I didn't ask your daughter to rob every store she went to and steal from her friends.”

How...?

It was discovered that she was stealing and cloning credit cards from her acquaintances.

But why did she do that? We gave our children everything. Vanessa said anxiously.

Don't know. the lawyer commented sarcastically, looking at his watch. “I mean, as their parents, You're great role models.”

Alright, stop judging me and think of some damn way to get us out of here, Frederick said angrily. “We'll deal with how to help those useless people later.”



The only way is if a miracle happens and Deborah gives us written forgiveness so this all ends.

That stupid girl won't do that. It's her fault we're here, Vanessa said.

In that case, the miracle will come true if we negotiate with her, Frederick suggested.

What do you mean? What do you have that she might want? the lawyer asked.

We'll tell her that if she frees us, we'll hand over her beloved grandfather, Frederick said, pulling out a keychain with a yellow diamond in the center, smiling triumphantly. Chapter 140

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Despite their tantrums, the couple was taken to prison, and Christian made sure no one believed their lawyer's lies that would have prevented them from being sent to prison until the trial. "Ah... finally..." Christian sighed as he watched the patrol car drive away with the criminal couple on board.

Hey, kid, he heard, turning to see his rival approaching. "Don't get too full of yourself, kid. Soon, I'll find way to get my clients freed."

I highly doubt that. At the trial next week, I'm going to prove that they are monsters who deserve to die in prison.

Are you sure we'll even make it to the trial?

I think you're delusional because the trial won't be necessary.

Because I know how this will end.

Let me hear it then. How will it end?

Your client will forgive her parents, and we won't reach the trial.

Christian raised an eyebrow, sensing that Frederick hadn't told his lawyer the whole truth about not being Deborah's biological father. "I doubt that will happen."

We'll see, the rival said, walking away.

Christian watched him leave, frowning as he didn't like the way his rival was so sure that Deborah would forgive the murderers.

You caught me, Christian felt a pair of arms wrap around his chest, and looking back, saw Caroline hugging him. "What's wrong, darling? I've been calling you for a while." "Sorry, my love, I was lost in thought."

Can I know what about?

The lawyer for Frederick just hinted that Deborah will forgive them.

What? Is he crazy? How can you forgive something like that?

That's what I think too, which is why I'm a bit worried. feel like there's something we might be missing.

Caroline made a face at that comment.

Ah... come on, my love, let's put work aside because I promised you a date tonight.

Yay, but... are you sure? We can postpone it.

It's fine, my love. Those two just went to prison, so I doubt they'll do anything today, he said, intertwining his hand with hers and planting a kiss on it. "Let's change the subject. How's work?"

Good, Caroline said, with a soft blush on her cheeks. Today, we had an easy client at the shop."

And why was it easy?

Because she was a kind and cooperative lady. Unlike those demanding ones who go 'Oh no... I don't like how it turned out. In the picture, it looked different. No, change it. Don't you have another color of nail polish? It doesn't match my dress or this lipstick and blah blah blah, she said, mimicking voices and causing her partner to laugh..

Well, the worst was that lady at the wedding where I ended up as your stylist assistant.

God.... yes, that was the worst. I couldn't keep up with all the last-minute changes she made, and fortunately, my man knows how to use the curling iron, or we wouldn't have finished on

time. Christian laughed, enjoying seeing her happy with her work and how they supported each other.

As they chatted, they went to a restaurant for dinner.

Oh, by the way, my love, your mom called and reminded me that this weekend is your dad's birthday, so we need to start planning the party.

So, she wants me to get his favorite bottle of wine and you to make his favorite cake.

Well, you know how my father-in-law is. I'm already feeling a lot of pressure from both sides.

I know, every family gathering is the same, and now that we have a new house, the pressure is even greater.

I can already imagine your mom at the dinner asking. So when are you making us grandparents?

Haha, yes, it's a classic question from them. And... huh? Christian suddenly stopped walking.

Christian? Caroline looked at him, puzzled.

Grandfather..."

Christian, what's wrong?

That's... come on, my love, come with me, I need to confirm something, he said, taking her hand and quickly advancing down the streets.

Eh? Christian? Caroline didn't understand what was happening but tried to keep up.

They arrived at a luxurious and ostentatious building.

Upon entering, they saw it was a kind of store, where several families were talking with some salespeople, and others were looking at a catalog. "Christian, where are we?"

Good afternoon, a salesperson approached them. "Welcome to Second Life. How can I assist you?"

Second Life? Caroline repeated, confused.

Yes, here we offer an alternative to preserve your loved ones in the form of a beautiful jewel that will last forever, he said, pointing to an informational video playing on the screens around the store.

Caroline was astonished, not expecting such a thing to exist. "Wow... that's extreme."

times, people don't want to part with their loved ones, and everyone here respects the last wishes

and desires of the family," said the salesperson, handing them a catalog with all the information.

Excuse me, can I speak with the manager? Christian asked.

Certain please take a seat over here, and he will come to see you shortly.

took a seat, and while they waited, Caroline read the brochure.

t's a nice way to preserve them but, um.... besides being expensive, I wouldn't want my mother er to become a mere diamond," she said, making a face. "What do you think, darling?" think the same and..."

Good afternoon, I was told you were looking for me, the manager appeared.

Yes, I'm Christian Collins, and I'd like information on a specific client of yours.

To access that information, you need a court order.

I know, but I assume you've already received a notification that they'd be investigating you for a job from Frederick Anderson... or Frederick Turner."

Yes... I recently received a call from the police about those two names, the manager said seriously.

I'll come back tomorrow with a court order to review all the records. But unofficially, can you tell me how many bodies that person brought?"

What... Caroline looked at her partner with fear.

The manager scrutinized Christian. He had already reviewed everything related to that name because they had to cooperate fully with the police to avoid any trouble. "Sorry, but no

Please, just tell me-two or one? Alex the detective must have informed you that that person didn't have any authorization or right to request those services.

Well, without going into details and answering your question, yes... Frederick Anderson brought two.

Thank you very much, Christian said with a slight bow and turned to leave quickly.

Christian, wait. Caroline tried to follow him. ", what was all that about?"

My love, I'm sorry, but it seems work might have a seat at the table during our dinner.

That doesn't matter, but tell me, what's going on? Does what you asked about have to do with Deborah?

Yes, because if my suspicion is correct, I now know why that lawyer said she would forgive them, Christian said angrily, clenching his fists. "They're going to use her grandfather's body as leverage." Caroline was frightened by this revelation, so she asked her husband for an explanation, and he decided to explain everything to her while they ate.