

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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That same afternoon, Christian began investigating the matter before sharing his findings and suspicions with Jayden and Deborah.

Meanwhile, someone else was keeping a close eye on what was happening with Frederick and Vanessa, calling to report the day's events. "Boss, they're already in their cells."

When is their trial?

Monday at 10."

It's not far off. For now, you must keep them alive because the show needs to include significant humiliation so they'll wish for their own deaths. "Understood, I'll inform the others."

Now that we know when it will happen, send out the invitations.

Understood. I've also given the reward to the officer who helped us.

Hmm... did he leave any traces?

"Detective Alex called a paramedic, and no traces of the drug we used to induce their hallucinations were

found.

Perfect. We might not have managed to get them sent to the psychiatric hospital, but that's fine because I've found a better way to end their lives.'""

"Of course, boss. If anything happens, I'll let you know.

I'm counting on you,'" the boss said, ending the call."

Deborah was trying to distract herself by knitting little shoes following a pattern from a magazine she bought.

One knit and one purl, she said mentally, but when she stopped to look at her progress, she saw she had only made a row of knots, causing her to frown and sigh. She then felt a little kick in her belly. "Don't worry, James, I won't give up and will keep practicing. Even though she kept trying, she wasn't fully focused as she continued to think about what they had discovered the previous day.

place to bring flowers for

Her mother had always been close, and now it pained her to know there was no place to bring her

Then, the doorbell rang, so she stood up to open it and found Elliot.

Hey, Debbie, he greeted cheerfully, showing that he was carrying two paper bags.

[Welcome.]

Did you lose your voice again?

No, it's just that I can speak very little right now as I'm getting used to speaking again.]

Oh... something like when a baby learns to walk, the teenager noted as she nodded. "And what were you doing?" he asked, noticing the yarn on the sofa.

I was trying to knit some little shoes, but I don't think I'm very inspired.] Deborah showed Elliot her lack of

progress.

Don't worry, Debbie, you'll get it. If you want, I can help you find tutorials online. Sometimes it's better to see i than follow written instructions.

You're right. I'll look up those videos later for support.] Deborah sat back on the sofa. [And what are those bags?]

They're gifts for James. For example, this one, he said excitedly, pulling out a box with a lion-shaped toy. "It has lights and sounds to help him learn colors."

[It's cute.] Deborah received the box.

And look at this outfit, he continued, pulling out a sailor suit complete with a hat. "The salesperson helped me pick it. She said it's better to buy larger sizes so James can wear them longer. It's not good to buy clothes that fit his age because babies grow out of them quickly."

[Yes, I read about that in the magazines I've bought.] Deborah agreed, feeling the softness of the fabric.

Then she felt her baby move, so she reached out to place the teenager's hand on her belly.

[He says thank you.] Deborah noticed Elliot's excited expression.

Hehe, you're welcome, little nephew. It won't be long before I get to meet you, and when you arrive, I'll shower you with gifts so we can play together, Elliot said happily, withdrawing his hand and sitting properly.

[I know that will be the case.] Deborah smiled at Elliot. [By the way, what brings you here?]

Well, besides the gifts, I came to show you this, he said happily, pulling out a black leather folder and handing it to her.

Deborah took the folder, a bit confused, but when she opened it, she smiled upon seeing Elliot's diploma.

[Congratulations.] Deborah carefully moved over to hug him. (I told you you'd make it.)

Hm... it was all thanks to the support you and Dad gave me, making sure I never gave up, even when everything seemed difficult.

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In that case, how about we go celebrate?] Deborah suggested.

Really?

Of course, you deserve a great reward for your effort.]

Debbie, that's not necessary, Elliot said shyly.

Il insist because victories should be celebrated and rewarded.]

Well... if you put it that way, Elliot said, blushing a little and laughing.

[Just let me grab my purse and let Jayden know we're going to the plaza.]

Boo, don't tell him, Elliot complained, feeling a bit jealous.

[I have to tell him, as he likes to stay updated on us.]

Well.. I'll raid your kitchen in the meantime, Elliot said playfully.

[There are sweets in the pantry, and I have soda in the fridge.]

Yay! Elliot immediately started looking for those treats to munch on

Seeing his reaction, Deborah briefly envisioned James doing the same.

She then took out her phone to send a message to her partner.

Deborah: Hi love, I'm going to the plaza with Elliot.

Jayden: Okay, my love, be careful. I'm here supervising the construction progress and will join you as soon as I finish.

Deborah: Alright, we'll be checking out the video game stores since I want to buy Elliot a gift for getting

his diploma.

Jayden: Got it'll also get a gift to complement yours when I arrive.

Deborah: Great, see you there?

Jayden: Yes, I'll try to finish quickly and meet up with you.

Deborah: Okay, love, be careful.

She added a kiss sticker to the message and put her phone away, feeling a bit shy.

With the message sent, they headed to the plaza.

Upon arrival, they started browsing the video game stores, hoping something would catch the teenager's eye. It didn't take long for Elliot to find something special.

Wow....Debbie, look! he declared excitedly as he entered a store.

Deborah followed him and saw he was eyeing a gaming chair.

[What's so special about it?] Deborah asked.

Well, it's a chair that can connect to your PC or console. And look, he said happily, showing her one of the chair's features, it has a folding table for the keyboard and mouse if you're a PC gamer, and a cup holder. It also has speakers for a better gaming experience and even lets you feel the controller's vibrations." He began explaining enthusiastically. "But it's quite pricey," he added sadly, noticing the price tag 1'd have to save up a lot to buy it."

Deborah smiled, approaching him to give him a few pats on the back, and then sought the attention of the sales clerk, who immediately came over.

Can you sell it to me? Deborah used her voice for convenience and to exercise her vocal cords.

Uh... really? But Debbie, it's expensive, Elliot said, embarrassed,

Of course, ma'am. Would you like it in this color? Or we also have a black one with red stripes.

Which one do you want?"

Are you for real? Elliot asked, astonished. Seeing Deborah nod, he ran to hug her. "Thank you, thank you, thank you! And, um... the white one is fine," he said, looking at the salesperson. "Certainly. Is there anything else you'd like?"

Just the chair, Elliot said.

Then let's go to the checkout. Do you want to take it with you now, or should we deliver it to your home?" asked the sales clerk. "Please deliver it. Also, do you assemble it, or is there an additional charge for a technician?" Deborah asked the sales clerk. "For an additional fee, a technician will come to assemble it."

Charge me for the service as well, Deborah said, taking out her card to pay.

The salesperson quickly processed the payment and took Elliot's details to arrange for the delivery.

"Debbie, I love you, thank you, thank you, thank you, Elliot said happily, hugging her as they left the store. ""You're welcome.

Deborah?" They stopped in their tracks, and upon looking back, they saw three girls approaching them. ""Do you know them, Debbie?"

They were friends of Cassandra, Deborah said, making a face as she turned to face them.

What do you want? Elliot asked, positioning himself protectively next to Deborah as he understood her gestures

Um.. well, we wanted to talk to you and apologize, one of them said.

Deborah looked at them, surprised and a bit confused.

You see... we wanted to apologize to you, another girl began. "We treated you badly because Cassandra told us horrible things about you, but now that we know the truth, we want to apologize for being so stupid and gullible."

Well, you were her friends. It's normal for you to believe her, but... why the change? Elliot asked, raising an eyebrow.

We just discovered that our so-called friend had been stealing from us... and at the time, we thought we were experiencing these thefts from our staff.

She was always like that, taking whatever she wanted without caring about anything else, Deborah sighed.

"Deborah, you... They looked surprised that she spoke.

God, even in that, Cassandra lied to us,”” one of them complained.”

That crazy family lived on lies, Elliot declared.

Yes, you’re right.

By the way, did you hear the scandal about Ernest’s trial?

Deborah shook her head, noticing their eagerness to share.

With the gossip on the table, the five of them went to a café to get a drink and chat comfortably.

This was genuinely strange for Deborah because she had only experienced these kinds of situations with Caroline. But now, she was with other girls and it felt good to be among people her own age. “But that’s nothing compared to the better gossip we’ll have soon,” Elliot commented, noticing the women getting excited.

Tell us!

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Elliot playfully teased the girls with that information but told them to stay tuned because soon there would be a trial against their ex-friend’s parents. Before saying goodbye to them, they exchanged phone numbers.

What’s wrong. Debbie? Elliot asked, noticing her melancholic expression.

It felt strange talking with people my own age, Deborah admitted.

Well, you’d better get used to it, my love, because this will be your new way of life. Just then, Jayden arrived carrying a large gift bag.

Hello, my love, Deborah greeted him with a kiss on the lips.

How was the shopping? Jayden asked, noticing that they weren’t carrying any bags.

Excellent! Debbie just bought me a luxury gaming chair

The new one with the cup holder?

Yes, that one," Elliot said, happily showing off a photo of his new chair.

Wow... I'm going to get jealous because my Deborah hasn't given me such an expensive gift, Jayden joked, noticing that Deborah was blushing at the comment. "It's because I'm special, right, Debbie?"

Not everyone gets a diploma, Deborah said with a smile.

Well, you're right, and that's why I brought you this, Jayden said, handing over the bag he was carrying.

Elliot took the bag and, upon opening it, screamed with excitement as it contained the latest video game console that had just been released for pre-order.

Oh yes, thank you! he said, hugging Jayden. "Now I have the full game."

Congratulations, little genius. I assume you haven't had dinner yet?

No, both replied.

"Let's go to the new Asian restaurant that just opened Jayden suggested, noticing their excitement.

With that, they spent the evening enjoying a good meal and listening to Elliot's plans. Thanks to the success of the new jewelry collection pre-orders, the few partners still loyal to Roger had changed their minds and were now supporting Elliot. It's good that you're gradually earning respect, and the important thing is that your work shines on its own," Jayden commented."

Hm... that's what my dad told me, and with this, I now have more support for a new collection, Elliot said excitedly.

Do you have a new idea already?

"Yes, I have a few ideas and have started working on the designs, I'm even thinking of a children's line for

with us

James since he'll be with us by then."

The couple listened as the teenager spoke with excitement about his designs and the precious jewels. and metals he was choosing.

After dinner, the couple took Elliot home, and after making sure he had entered his house, they headed to their own home to rest. "How did work go?" Deborah asked.

Good, so far everything is in order, and if we continue like this, we won't have problems with the delivery.

Why do you say so?

Well, love, in a month, the rainy season is supposed to start, and as a builder, I need to be aware of that, especially since we leave the gardens and exterior details until the end. "True, but I'm sure everything will be fine, and Mother Nature will let you work well."

I hope so, Jayden said, starting to park the car. "How about we put on our pajamas and watch a...

Christian?"

Deborah looked at her partner, showing confusion until she noticed that Christian was waiting for them at their doorstep.

Hi, have you been waiting long? Jayden greeted as he got out of the car.

I just crossed over to see if you were home, Christian said, helping Deborah out of the vehicle.

Thank you, Deborah said, smiling as she took his hand. "What do you need?"

"I want to talk to you about something very important, Christian said, becoming slightly serious.

The couple understood what he was referring to and led him inside to speak privately.

Would you like some coffee?" Deborah asked."

Make enough for everyone, I brought some cookies to go with it, Christian said, making Deborah smile as she saw her friend entering the house. Jayden went to the kitchen to help his partner with the coffee.

After everything was served, the four sat down to talk.

“First, I want to tell you that the trial will be this Monday at 10, Christian informed Deborah, looking her in the eye.

Finally, this will be over,” Jayden said.”

Yes, in fact, I’m preparing to end it and ensure they stay in prison forever. But I wanted to tell you that I discovered something more about them. “More?” Jayden asked, frowning.

Yesum Deborah, I know this will be horrible to hear, but I want you to know this before they uses

against you.”

What are you talking about?

Christian discovered that the man, the...” Caroline started to say but cou tri v tr

finish her

Calm down, darling. Christian said, taking her hand. “Deborah Frederick not only transformed your mother’s body into jewelry but also your grandfather’s

What... Deborah said, scared as she covered her mouth with her hands as she began to tremble.

Deep breaths, my love, Jayden said, trying to comfort her with an embrace. “Christian, how sure are you about this?”

Today, Frederick’s lawyer hinted that we wouldn’t reach trial because Deborah would forgive them, which made me uneasy. So, I started investigating, Christian said, taking a breath before continuing. ” discovered that the large mausoleum that belonged to the Anderson family was sold and transferred to the Goth family.”

“But how could he sell it? My grandfather was in that place...

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turn them into diamonds.”

There actually wasn't a body in that place, Christian said, grimacing as he pulled out the reports he had found. "A month after your mother's death, Frederick exhumed your grandfather's body, and when I looked up the records, I saw that he brought two bodies there to Deborah felt like the ground was crumbling beneath her feet.

You're saying they're going to seek their freedom by negotiating with Deborah's grandfather's body? Jayden asked, frowning.

Yes... Christian replied. "Fortunately, I found out before they could use this information against us, and I also wanted to let you know that we've recovered your mother."

Seriously? Where is she? Deborah asked, looking around anxiously.

"For now, she's in a safe at the detective's office as it will be considered evidence for the trial, but once

this is over, they'll return her to you."

Deborah nodded sadly, as part of her understood the situation while another part wanted to ignore all the protocols to have her mother with her at that very moment.

God... every day I wonder if that bastard is even human.. how can someone be so miserable? Did he really steal a resting place to make money? Jayden complained angrily.

Unfortunately, due to the time that has passed, I can no longer recover that place, Christian said regretfully. "It has already been modified by the Goth family, and they have placed some people there to rest. But I promise I'll do everything I can to get your grandfather back."

Wait... maybe we don't need to go to trial to recover Mr. Anderson, Jayden suggested. "You mentioned that the lawyer would use it to negotiate." "Uh-huh..."

In that case, how about we let him find Deborah and tell her the plan?

Huh? Deborah was confused, but then she saw him wink.

Oh, I see what you mean, Christian said. "In that case, let me organize everything so that in that meeting we kill two birds with one stone."

Deborah and Caroline looked at each other, puzzled, as they didn't understand what was going on. But it seemed they had already come up with a plan.

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Early the next morning, Deborah left with her future mother-in-law since the former had asked the latter for help-Caroline would be busy at the salon until the afternoon, Jayden and her father were working on the new hotel project, and George and Elliot were occupied

supervising the jewelry production.

At last, I have a day with you, Samantha commented as she saw Deborah getting into the vehicle with the help of the driver.

[Yes.] Deborah nodded and thanked the driver with a gesture.

The driver smiled and, after closing the door, returned to his seat to start driving.

I'm excited to see how this little one is growing, she said, placing her hand on Deborah's belly.

[It's heavy] Deborah replied.

It's normal, dear. Soon you won't want to stand up, and I imagine your feet are starting to hurt, she observed, noticing Deborah pouting and nodding. "Don't worry, once we leave the appointment, we'll go to the mall to get you a foot massager and some bath essence so you can pamper yourself at home,"

[I like that idea a lot.] Deborah said.

And if you can handle the walking, we can browse a few stores.

Deborah smiled as she enjoyed the attention from her mother-in-law.

Amidst their conversation and plans, they arrived at the hospital on time, where the appointment went smoothly, and Samantha was even happy to see the baby on the ultrasound.

On their way out, due to the heat, the driver suggested they go to a nearby café to have a drink while he went to the pharmacy to fill the prescription.

Both women agreed to the suggestion.

Gosh... it's so hot these days, don't you think? Samantha commented as she settled into one of the empty tables at the café.

[Quite a bit. That's why I have some flavored ice cubes made with juice ready in the fridge.]

That's good, dear, especially since you can't get dehydrated because of James, Samantha said just as the waiter arrived with their order. "Thanks. By the way, dear, remind me to order a cold coffee and a sandwich for Jonathan before we leave." Deborah smiled, seeing Samantha's concern for the health of her driver.

While enjoying their time, Samantha asked questions about the preferences and things Deborah would like for James' room, as Samantha had heard that the couple hadn't been able to decorate the baby's room yet due to the trial.

"By the way, do you want any animals in James' room?"

Animals?]

Yeah, like a teddy bear or something." she said with a smile. "When Jayden was a baby, he had a stuffed turtle and a puppy."

[Oh... I was thinking of a decoration with little lions and canaries.] Deborah confessed. [I like those animals, although I know it sounds a bit contradictory

Debbie, it's your baby. Take this opportunity to impose your preferences because when they grow up, they'll have their own likes and interests, she said, winking. "Excuse me for a moment. I'll be right back; I'm going to the restroom. If you're ordering some cake, get me a slice too."

Deborah nodded and watched as Samantha walked towards the restroom.

Once alone, she took out her phone to check her recent notifications and was just about to send Jayden a message about what the doctor had said.

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At last, you show yourself, a man said, his tone dripping with arrogance as he took a seat at the table next to Deborah. He didn't wait for an invitation or response and just plopped down. "God, for mute, you must really think you're a diva. I couldn't locate you," he said, pushing aside the plates. "Tch... disgusting. Hey, waiter, do your job and clean this up. Also, bring me a decaf coffee with almond milk," he ordered.

The waiter frowned but, seeing Deborah's calm demeanor, grudgingly complied, placing a new cup of black coffee in front of the man before retreating.

Idiot... God, what kind of morons do they hire here? he complained, sipping the coffee with evident distaste.

[Who are you?] Deborah signed, her irritation evident in her words.

Let's see, Deborah, instead of flapping your hands around like an idiot, just write, he scolded. "I don't understand you and don't want to learn."

Deborah raised an eyebrow and made a face as she pulled out her notebook and pen to write her question

See, this is civilized communication, he said sarcastically. "I'm Mr. Cameron Palmer, your father's lawyer."

(Uh-huh, and... what do you want?)

God... mute and rude. I see why you were beaten as a child, he mocked, noticing her frown at his comment. "Anyway, let's get to the point. I want you to tell that kid pretending to be your lawyer to stop this circus you've created because you regret tarnishing your parents' precious reputation."

[They're not my parents.]

Well, Vanessa is your stepmother, but she raised you with a lot of love and care, so it's not right for you! to disregard her in public.

[If you've just come to spout nonsense, then leave.]

Ooh, scary. Tell me, what will you do? Flap your hands around wildly to ask for help?

Deborah sighed. This man was clearly an ally of Frederick's

God... you should try comedy, you might earn some money instead of making this circus to take away what your parents have. [Thanks for the tip. Anything else?]

You'll accompany me to tell the judge that you're going to forget all about this trial.

[And if I don't want to?]

Well, you've already discovered what happened to your drunk mother. If you obey me, I might give her to you in exchange for forgetting all this.

[No, thanks.]

What? Are you seriously going to give up your mother's corpse?

[The diamonds made from my mother's body are in Detective Alex's possession, and he's already told me that once the trial is over, they'll be returned to me Sonop lying!

"Ha, so that idiot moved quickly Cameron frowned, surprised she was resisting so much. He had thought the would be an easy mark, but it was proving more difficult Still he had an ace up his sleeve Well, you might be getting your mother's body soon, but what about your dear grandfather?

[What?] Deborah wrote, confusion and distress evident in her eyes what about my grandfather

Maybe that kid took your mother without my clients consent, but he didn't manage to rescue your grandfather, who is now a beautiful keychan"

Deborah's frown deepened as she clenched her fist

Cameron smirked arrogantly as he saw her finally reacting as he had hoped. "So now about we forget all this and I give you your dear grandfather? [Just forget the tra

"Come on, don't be stupid. You obviously need to return everything you've stolen from your parents. It's truly if my friend had such a bad daughter it's very sad but since he's so generous, he said he would

overlook everything and forgive your past actions if you agree to this stupid loss of taking it to tra
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Deborah was seething, trying to bite the inside of her cheek to suppress the insults she wanted to hurl at this rude man. She was tired of his attitude.

But she couldn't speak, as that was part of the plan they had devised for this situation.

Two nights ago, when she learned the harsh truth about what Frederick had done, she was enraged to discover that he planned to use her grandfather as a bargaining chip for his freedom. She sought to recover her grandfather and prevent them from escaping. Knowing those two, they wouldn't realize she could speak now, as they had always been indifferent to anything about her unless it involved money.

Taking advantage of this, they planned to let the news of her gynecologist appointment reach Cameron so he would use that day to contact her.

Once the bait was taken, they arranged a safe place for him to meet with her.

So, Deborah was now listening to this man's proposal, pretending to still be the mute and submissive girl Frederick and Vanessa thought they could control and humiliate at will.

Hey, react,” Cameron complained, seeing Deborah only staring at him. “What’s wrong? Besides being mute, are you now an idiot?””

[I was considering your proposal.] Deborah wrote, frowning as Cameron’s lack of self-control and overt insults began to grate on her.

Ah... so you were thinking it over, he mocked. “Well, I must remind you that I want your answer right now because this is a limited offer. So... what’s your decision?”

[If I’m going to grant forgiveness, I want you to immediately return my grandfather to me, no tricks.]

Your distrust offends me.

I know how you are, so until you hand over my grandfather, I’m not signing anything you give me.] “I give you my Word.”

What don’t you understand? I don’t trust you, so I’ll sign once you hand him over, or we can go to trial.]

Fine... you win, tch... he said, annoyed that he couldn’t change her mind. “Here,” he added, reluctantly pulling out a card from his belongings and handing it to her. “Come to this judge’s office tomorrow, and there you’ll sign the forgiveness letter. I’ll be expecting you at 12, and don’t dare miss it or that keychain might get “lost” by accident,” he said, standing up and leaving without looking back.

Deborah clenched her fists tightly and bit her lips to hold back her anger.

Oh... God... finally, he’s gone, Deborah blinked and saw Samantha returning to her side, visibly angry. You know, it was really hard just listening to the conversation because every word that came out of that guy’s mouth was meant to hurt and humiliate you. Ugh. I really wanted to put a brick in my purse and hit him in the face.”

Relax, Samantha. Unfortunately, I’m used to that treatment because Frederick and Vanessa are just like that lawyer, Deborah sighed heavily.

The older woman approached and hugged her to comfort her.

Don't worry, boss, they both looked as the so-called waiter approached them and offered a tissue to Deborah. "That jerk will have a tough day." "Thank you," Deborah said, accepting the tissue to wipe the few tears that had formed due to her anger,

Why do you say that, Will? Samantha asked, realizing that he wasn't actually a waiter but a bodyguard hired to protect them that day.

Because I couldn't hold back like you, boss, he said with a grin, showing the cup of coffee the man had drunk and a few empty laxative packets.

Upon realizing what had happened, both women began to laugh, knowing the man was going to have a rough time

After paying for their refreshments and thanking the owner for letting them use the place to control the meeting, they headed home.

Upon arriving, Jayden and Eric greeted them, with the former immediately hugging and checking on his partner.

You know, son, it hurts that you're ignoring me, Samantha said, slightly hurt to see him first go to Deborah.

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Eh? Ah... um... sorry, Mom, Jayden said, embarrassed, as he turned to greet her.

My love, don't scold him, Eric said, approaching to hug his wife. "He was a bundle of nerves because he was worried about Deborah and James. At work, he spilled his coffee twice because he was distracted," "Dad..." Jayden complained, blushing as Deborah laughed.

Well, in that case, I forgive him, Samantha said, letting herself be pampered by her husband.

Did you do that? Deborah asked Jayden.

Um.... well- he began awkwardly but was cut off by a kiss. "Well, maybe I did," he admitted, making everyone laugh. "So, tell me, how did it go? What happened with that guy?"

Don't worry, everything is going according to plan, Deborah said:

Though, son, you owe me a huge favor for this, Samantha said. "I was really holding myself back from leaving my hiding place and hitting that supposed lawyer because he kept insulting Deborah." "Eh? Was he that rude?" Jayden asked Deborah, looking into her eyes.

Yes, but don't worry, love, she replied, taking his hands. "His words didn't affect me because I expected! something like that from him. I recognized him... that lawyer is one of Frederick's friends who used to attend the parties they organized at their house." "You must have had a horrible childhood," Eric said, concerned.

Yes, but that's all in the past now. I just want to focus on the good things happening in my life right now.

That shows what a great woman you are, Samantha said, approaching to hug her. Despite her strong appearance, she knew those wounds still hurt and took time to heal.

Boss, they saw the bodyguard approaching with a USB drive for Jayden. "Here's the footage from all the security cameras we placed at the location."

Excellent, Jayden said, gripping the drive firmly. "Now we'll give this to Christian and also-"

Here, Deborah interrupted, handing him a card. "He told me to meet him at this place tomorrow at 12."

Wait... I know this judge, Eric said, looking at the address.

In that case, Dad, do you think you can call him and ask for help?

"Of course, he owes me a few favors

But Eric, don't you remember that August retired last year? So, it's most likely his son who's in charge. now."""

I don't lose anything by making a call, do I?

That would be a great help, Eric, Deborah said, smiling at him.

With that, they went inside the house to eat and wait for Christian.

Christian arrived later because he was busy with some paperwork.

Once he joined them, they watched the security footage and planned their next move.

On the other hand, Cameron arrived late to meet his clients due to some minor stomach issues.

You're late, there's almost no time left for the visit, Frederick complained.

Something came up, Cameron responded, annoyed and slightly embarrassed.

And what about her? asked

It was a success.

Vanessa, who was already looking uncomfortable in her prison uniform.

Really? the couple asked, astonished at the same time.

Yeah... I told you it would be easy, he smirked, "although it took me a while to convince her because she started being demanding, saying she'd sign only after I gave her grandfather back." "Tch... damn it," Frederick frowned.

"But you obviously refused, right? Vanessa asked, crossing her arms.

Unfortunately, I gave in to her demands because she was stubborn, saying we'd end up in court otherwise."""

Why? She deserves to suffer for not giving us her fortune from the start, she complained.

Calm down, Vanessa, don't get worked up. The important thing is that we're free now, and we'll deal with that spoiled brat later.

"I guess..

Cheer up, Nessa, Besides, I know how we'll get our revenge. I've been looking into where we can sell her little bastard to make some money and also make her pay for getting us into prison." ""Oh... how romantic you are, my love."""

And I hope some of that money from the sale is for me, Cameron added.

Obviously, Frederick said, grinning maliciously.

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The next day, Deborah arrived with Caroline at the designated place to sign the pardon and free her 'poor

Be careful, Debbie, there are steps here, Caroline said, holding Deborah's hand as they entered the place. [Thanks for coming with me, Carrie.]

Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss this. You know I love drama, she whispered, making Deborah laugh. When they reached the door of the office Cameron had indicated, they saw a woman sitting at a desk next to it.

Good morning, we have an appointment, said Caroline

Good morning, under whose name is the appointment?

Caroline looked at Deborah, who shook her head. "Well, I'm not sure under what name it was registered, but we're looking for lawyer Cameron Palmer, he's the one who scheduled this meeting."

Oh... the pardon practice, the secretary said, confusing the girls a bit. "Sure, while I notify him of your arrival, you can take a seat."

Thank you, Caroline said, helping Deborah sit in the nearest chair and noticing the expressions on her face. "Is it heavy yet?"

[Somewhat; he grows more each day, and sometimes in the mornings, it's quite active with his little kicks. I Deborah smiled while rubbing her belly.

Aw... it seems like he's going to be very mischievous. By the way, can I tell you something?

[Tell me.]

The other night, Christian told me that once your trial is over, he wants to go on a romantic weekend to the beach.

That's great, you both deserve a break.]

But he also suggested that we start working on having a baby, Caroline said flirtatiously, blushing a little.

[In that case, James will soon have a playmate.]

Wow... Debbie, don't say it like that; you're making me blush... but yes, we both feel ready to take that next step in our marriage.

[Congratulations, and as you said, the important thing is that you're both on board with this.]

Yeah, you see, after we got married, we took some time while Christian established his own office. Now we have a nice house instead of an apartment, and I'm also earning my own money.. so we feel financially stable enough to bring a baby into the world. [Congratulations, I know you were also anxious about the motherhood topic.]

Yes, and-

Excuse me. The girls looked at the secretary. "You can go in now."

Oh, thank you, Caroline said, standing up and helping Deborah by offering her hand for support as the latter got up and walked.

Upon opening the office door, they saw the lawyer seated and talking to a young redhead, who stopped speaking when they entered.

You're quite punctual, Cameron said sarcastically, standing up and turning to look at Deborah. Noticing she had company, he frowned. "And who are you?"

A friend, Caroline said, annoyed.

Tch... so you're using your poor parents' money to pay someone like this to be your interpreter?

What...? Caroline frowned at the way she was addressed.

[Carrie, stay calm, don't fall for his game.] Deborah held her friend back before pulling out a notebook and pen to write. [She's my friend, so don't offend her like that.] "I guess I forgot to mention that you were supposed to come alone or there's no deal."

[It's difficult for me to walk right now, so I need help.]

The man made a face, looking disdainfully at Deborah's body. "Next time, use a cane or crutches. That's what people like you generally use to get around."

Caroline was about to respond, but Deborah took her hand, signaling her to stop while shaking her head.

Ahem... well, how about we skip this and focus on why you're here? A redhead said, drawing everyone's

attention.

Hey, kid, and who are you? Are you the apprentice of this guy or what? Caroline asked, noticing he seemed younger than them.

What kind of question is that? He's Judge Hunter, Cameron said.

Isn't a judge supposed to be at least 30 years old?] Deborah wrote while raising an eyebrow.

That's why you're both ignorant. Judge Hunter is special because he's the youngest in history, having earned his title due to his vast knowledge.

Both women looked at the younger man with suspicion, it was a huge lie. Caroline, being the wife of a lawyer, knew that if a private practice didn't work out, her husband would continue studying to become a judge, which required a certain age and completing all necessary studies and official recognition to practice law. "That's right, I'm a very special judge," Hunter said, trying to sound confident.

Well, stop questioning things you don't understand, Cameron started, somewhat exasperated. "Now, come and sign the papers."

Deborah just made a grimace as she approached the desk to take the papers.

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"Deborah

[Calm down.] Deborah wrote while smiling, turning to take the documents to read them. But Cameron immediately snatched them from her hands. [What's wrong with you?]

I told you to sign, not to read."""

[And why can't I read it?]

Just sign."

[First, I'm going to read it.]

Mr. Palmer... Hunter looked a bit nervous, glancing intently at the time on his wristwatch.

Tch... fine, read it... but hurry up, and don't think I'm going to explain what you don't understand, he said, handing it over grudgingly.

Deborah rolled her eyes because the man was really testing her patience, but she knew she had to endure

a bit more.

When she took the papers, she saw several pages, which was unusual. On reading, she found that the first page was the supposed pardon, but the text explained that she was forgiving her "parents" because she had made a serious mistake attacking them in such an impulsive way due to her mental state. She looked up and saw the arrogant smile of the man, as he continued to treat her like a fool, regardless of the importance of the matter.

She then started reading the other pages. The second page was a power of attorney granting Frederick and Vanessa the authority to claim and manage all her fortune; the third page was a letter where she renounced all her assets to benefit the two murderers. 'So this is the trick... unfortunately, things don't work that way' Deborah thought, smirking.

Chapter 150

Chapter 150

"Well, are you done reading? Cameron asked, exasperated.

[Yes, but I don't understand... the first page is the pardon, but what are the other pages for?]

That's why I told you to stop reading things you don't understand and sign already.'"

[Not so fast; don't you remember what I told you?]

[I'm not signing anything until you give me what you promised.]

First, sign...

[Then, no.]

Hey, you, Caroline spoke, drawing everyone's attention. "Kid, shouldn't you say something about this? This lawyer is doing something illegal right now." "Uh..." Judge Hunter looked a bit nervous.

As far as I know, a pardon shouldn't be conditional upon receiving something in return, because that's what a pardon is for, Caroline stressed, crossing her arms. "Oh... well, that..."

Shut up, woman, don't talk about things you don't know, Cameron said, annoyed. "And look, to stop you from crying, here it is," he declared, looking at Deborah while pulling out a gold keychain with a large yellow diamond in the center from his clothes. Deborah, upon seeing the object, extended her hands to take it, feeling tears welling up, as she never thought she'd see her grandfather like this. But just as she was about to take it, Cameron pulled the object away from her. "Well, you've seen it now! Sign!"

Deborah frowned at that command.

Are you really going to let this blackmail happen? Caroline asked Judge Hunter.

Well... I think... Hunter was nervous but was more focused on checking the time on his watch.

[If you don't give it to me, I'm not signing.]

Do you think I'm stupid or what? First, sign ALL the papers, and then I'll give you your dear grandfather."

[No] Deborah wrote, frowning but still sticking to her decision.

You're going to sign, he said, advancing towards her and raising his hand to try to slap her into compliance

What the hell is going on here?! boomed an older red-haired man who burst through the door. "What's with all this shouting?"

August... The supposed Judge Hunter whispered, scared.

Who the hell are you? Cameron asked, frowning.

That's what I want to know. Who are you people, and what are you doing in my office, and Jeremy? As August analyzed the situation, his gaze focused on his younger brother sitting in his chair. "What are you doing in my office?" "I guess you're the real Judge Hunter," Caroline said, amused.

"Real?" August looked at Caroline, confused.

Um... August, this...what's happening is..." Jeremy was too scared to speak properly."

August frowned, noticing that the other man in the room had papers in his hands and there was a seal on his desk. "Jeremy, what are you doing?" August asked angrily, approaching to take the papers to read them.

Hey! Give them back, Cameron complained, but August was stronger and didn't let him take the documents.

That's what I want to say. Why are you forcing this lady to sign these papers without a lawyer to assist her? Don't you know that's illegal and can be considered extortion?

[illegal...] Deborah wrote, worried. [What does that mean?!

It means there must be a lawyer or competent person present to explain the contents of these papers. It must also be read aloud so both the signer and the judge know the content of the documents, August said angrily, looking at the lawyer and then at his brother. "And there must be an official authority present to validate the signature."

Huh...so the kid isn't a judge, Caroline remarked.

What...? Jeremy, what is this about you being a judge?

Brother, I'm sorry... I... it's his fault, Jeremy said, pointing at Cameron. "He told me you authorized it and said I only needed to put your seal on the papers after the lady signed because you were okay with it."

Cameron looked worried because the kid had confessed everything.

In that case, Mary, call the police! A deep voice was heard from behind August.

August turned around and saw his father entering the office, visibly upset and gripping his cane tightly.

Father, be careful, August said, moving to help him,

Dad... Jeremy also went over to assist him.
