

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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Jeremy, I'm deeply disappointed in you," his father declared sternly. "Using your brother's office to engage in something illegal? We'll discuss your punishment at home. And you," he said, turning to Cameron, "do you realize you could lose your professional license for this? Extorting this woman and deceiving my son into stealing his brother's seal?"

Tch... what's it to you, old man? You should just go back to the nursing home you escaped from.

Show some respect, lawyer. While my father may be retired, I can definitely ensure you're banned from practicing law. Mary, call security.

"Right

away, boss, the secretary replied, reaching for her phone."

Wait, I-I think this is just a misunderstanding, Cameron stammered, beginning to panic as the situation spiraled out of control.

Now give me back that keychain you stole, Deborah demanded, extending her right hand.

This wasn't part of the deal.

The deal was illegal to begin with, Christian said, stepping into the room and standing beside Deborah. Tell me something-why are you forcing my client to sign dubious documents without her lawyer present?

This... this is a trap...! Cameron muttered, eyes wide with fear as he tried to bolt, but he froze when he saw more people blocking the exit.

Obviously, Jayden said, entering the room with a smirk. "My father and Mr. August Sr. are friends. When they heard this signing would take place in your office, they were suspicious- especially since your older brother and the actual owner of this office were in court at that very moment, so they agreed to help us investigate this irregularity." Jayden slipped an arm around his partner as he spoke.

You wretched bitch, this was your plan all along?

[Obviously.] Deborah replied, her expression hardening

You you ratted-me out? Cameron's voice shook.

[Of course, and now I hope you understand that nothing will stop me. I'm going to reclaim everything those thieves stole from me.] Deborah stepped forward until she was inches from him snatching the keychain from his hand. [Because there's nothing wrong with taking back what's rightfully mine.]

You damn bitch... Cameron snarled, clenching his fist to strike her, but he was quickly subdued as several officers burst into the room. "No! Damn it, let me go!"

It's a good day indeed, the detective remarked with a mocking grin as Cameron was restrained." Another one of those scumbags caught. And to top it off, we've nabbed Mr. Cameron Palmer-or should I say, Mr. Alan Miller."

What

That's right, the detective continued, his smile widening. "Your rat-like face seemed familiar, so we did some digging. Turns out, 'Cameron Palmer' is a fake identity. The real Palmer lawyer has been dead for over ten years, meaning you've been impersonating a dead man and practicing law illegally."

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Cameron's face went pale as he was handcuffed and led away. "Wait... you can't do this! If you let me go, I'll tell you everything I know!"

Oh, you'll tell us everything, all right, the detective replied with a sarcastic edge. "But that doesn't mean I'm letting a rat roam free in my city. Take him away, boys, and give him the VIP treatment."

Cameron tried to shout and struggle, but his words fell on deaf ears as he was shoved into a police car.

Father, I... I'm sorry... Jeremy whispered, his voice thick with regret.

Jeremy, I'm disappointed that you let the lure of easy money cloud your judgment. But despite everything, your own sense of right and wrong made you hesitate, his father said, allowing his son to embrace him. "I hope this lesson stays with you." "Yes," Jeremy replied, smiling through his tears.

Heh... looks like your case just got a lot more interesting. Jayden said, noticing how Deborah held the keychain close to her heart.

What do you mean? Deborah asked, looking up at him.

Deborah, Judge August Hunter Jr. will be presiding over the trial, Christian informed her.

That's right, Jayden added. Though I have to admit, I was debating whether to take your case or pass it to a colleague, but now that we're caught up in this drama... I'm definitely sticking around to see how this story ends."

Not to mention, the detective chimed in with a chuckle, "I'd love to see the look on their faces when they find out they're down a lawyer just three days before the trial."

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That idiot's taking too long. Frederick grumbled as he paced back and forth in his cell. "He said everything would be ready before lunchtime."

He's probably got diarrhea again, so that's why he's not here, Vanessa sighed.

The police had placed them in adjoining cells, which was a small comfort, though it was obvious they were kept together so they could be more easily watched. Still, it was better than being thrown in with the general prison population.

Tch... how long does it take to get a signature? With each passing minute, Frederick felt time dragging on. He couldn't understand why this was taking so long-he had always secured those kinds of signatures in seconds from his previous victims. "Relax, love," Vanessa said

optimistically. "He'll be here soon with the good news. He's probably just finalizing the paperwork to get us out of here."

You're right, my love, Frederick sighed, finally stopping his pacing. "And once we're out, we'll figure out how to deal with those two idiots and give them a punishment they won't forget for being so careless."

Come on, Frederick, don't be so harsh... I think being in prison is punishment enough for my poor babies.

but they're not babies anymore."

"Maybe

They're still my children, and I'll always see them that way.'""

Frederick smiled and shook his head, amused by how much his wife loved and spoiled their children.

Pfft... you two are hilarious, a voice sneered. The couple frowned as they realized they weren't alone. A policeman was standing right outside their cells, and they hadn't noticed him approaching them. It unnerved them. "Do you seriously think you'll be released before the trial?"

Obviously, Vanessa snapped, her frown deepening.

What a naïve woman.

"Mind

your own business, Frederick growled, stepping up to the bars to glare at the officer. "'Now get lost."

Oh... that's a shame. I was going to give you some good news, the officer replied, hands in his pockets. But since you don't want to hear it, I'll just be on my way....

Wait... Vanessa called out, biting her lip. "Sorry... but can you tell us? What's the news? Has our lawyer arrived? Are we being released?" she asked, hopeful. "Hm... well, it does have to do with your lawyer, but..."

But? What? Spit it out! Frederick ordered, gripping the bars tightly, teeth clenched.

Heh, seems like you're pretty anxious... poor things. But don't forget, you're in no position to give me orders. Why should I tell you anything when you're being so rude? "Tch... please, just tell us," Frederick ground out, teeth still clenched.

"See, that's how you should always talk. You're just miserable rats, and I'm your benefactor and warden,

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also known as the one you need to keep happy, the officer mocked."

The couple scowled, feeling humiliated. The exchange gave them a sense of déjà vu, recalling how they used to treat a certain brown-haired girl when she first arrived at their home whenever she would try to complain about the twins' bullying, both at home and at school.

Alright, you've had your fun humiliating us, so just tell us! Vanessa snapped.

Oh... hm....Golly, what was I going to say? The officer grinned, clearly enjoying their discomfort as they scowled and clenched their fists. "Ah, yes... Now I remember. I came to tell you the bad news that you've been left high and dry-in other words, you won't be getting any help from your lawyer."

WHAT?! they screamed in unison, fear flashing in their eyes.

What do you mean by that?! Frederick demanded.

Why?

*Well... a little while ago, he was caught trying to blackmail Mrs. Deborah Anderson into signing some papers, and Detective Morgan found out that your so-called lawyer was actually using a fake name. He doesn't even have a law degree," the officer explained, noticing that they didn't seem surprised by the revelation. They'd known this all along.

But... but they can't detain him, Vanessa stammered as the officer frowned at their lack of shock. "I mean... the trial is in three days. What's going to happen now? Who's going to represent

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I don't really care, but I suppose you two will need to find yourselves a new lawyer to deal with this mess," the officer remarked nonchalantly. "Anyway, I've delivered the news, so you can go back to imagining your freedom," he added, turning on his heel to leave them alone once again.

Frederick and Vanessa were seething with anger. That cop had only come to humiliate them, mocking them with such grim news.

That bastard couldn't even do that right?! Frederick shouted, slamming his fists against the bars. "How hard could it have been to get the mute girl to sign? Damn it... I never should've trusted a fool like him." "I told you we shouldn't have trusted that idiot!"

Alright, alright, woman... I admit it was a mistake. But how did they find out?

Forget that... We've got a bigger problem now.

You told him about our plans yesterday. What if he spills everything to Detective Morgan about what we wanted to do to Deborah?

*Shut up. He knows better than to talk. It would be worse for him if he did."

Vanessa grimaced. "Well... now what do we do?"

Don't bother me... I'm thinking. Frederick said, running his hands through his hair in frustration.

Think fast, because I have no idea where we're going to find a new lawyer to represent us three days before the trial.

Tch... well, without a lawyer, they can't hold the trial.

You're wrong about that. They'll obviously assign us a public defender at the last minute, she said, annoyed. "And I'm telling you, I don't want some cheap lawyer representing us. That would be admitting defeat.

Ah. be realistic, woman. We're screwed... We've got nothing, and we're worse off than when we started.

Well, that doesn't matter to me, because YOU promised me everything, and you need to keep your word.

I know... How about you use your charms to seduce one of the guards into unlocking our cell?

I'm not some cheap floozy, she retorted, offended.

Come on, you got your body done to look like one, he mocked, but his satisfaction was cut short when she slapped him hard.

Let me remind you that I did it to please YOU.

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Frederick tried to pull her closer, though the bars were in the way. "I know... because I love how sexy, Irresistible, and desirable you look..."

Don't think sweet-talking me is going to make me forgive you,

Right now, I wish these bars would just disappear so we could take out our frustrations... or don't you feel the same? he asked, starting to run his hands shamelessly over her body.

"Well, if you put it that way. I suppose I do

If you two remember where you are. came a voice that snapped them out of their moment. They quickly pulled apart and turned to see a guard standing in front of their cells with two trays of food. "Anyway here you go, enjoy the chef's special," he said mockingly, dropping the trays on the floor before walking

away.

They scowled at the way they were being treated, but swallowed their pride and picked up the trays. On the trays was a purple mush they had to eat lest they starve.

As Frederick took a bite, he noticed something hidden in his tray. He pulled it out and discovered a burner phone, which immediately started ringing.

They exchanged a look before huddling together to answer the call.

Hello...? Frederick said, a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

Seems like you're having a rough time, a distorted voice came from the other end of the line.

Who are you...?

You already know the answer. I told you I'd be keeping an eye on you.

Vox... Frederick whispered in fear.

Looks like you ignored my warning about mentioning me to Detective Morgan.

Wait... we didn't say anything. Vanessa protested, panic creeping into her voice.

Not you, but your son bragged that I was his best friend... and you know I hate lies. Besides, you both still owe me after betraying me to get your cop buddy promoted to commissioner. They were both terrified now. "There's no way you're Vox..."

"Unfortunately for you, I'm immortal and out for revenge... Unless, of course, you have something to offer

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If you know anything, help us,"" Frederick pleaded."

If you help me win the case against Alexandra's daughter, I can give you anything you want.

Anything?

"Yes..

Deal. I'll send you something in a few hours,"" the voice said before the call ended."

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One day before the trial, Christian was organizing his papers while explaining the plan to Deborah. They had heard that Frederick and Vanessa had found a new lawyer, so they wanted to be prepared for anything as they were unsure of what to expect from this new opponent.

They were gathered at Deborah's house, trying to make the most of their time to go over their strategy. even though it meant working on a Sunday.

Though "working" was a loose term; their partners were busy in the kitchen, completing the meal. Jayden had mentioned he wanted hamburgers and fries drenched in various sauces for dinner.

And look, this is the evidence... well, you know, the forged orders and documents Frederick used to get Debbie's grandpa and mom... uh, well... Christian trailed off, making a face before glancing over to the shelf on the right, where they had placed the recovered keychain next to a photo of Deborah's grandfather and mother.

Relax, son. It's a terrible truth... but at least now my father-in-law is by his beautiful granddaughter's side, Nicholas said as he arranged a vase of flowers and a candle next to the photograph.

[Thanks for the photo, Dad. It's been so long since I've seen their faces.]

"I told you I had some stored away, and now that I've found them, we can use them to make a small altar, Nicholas said, lighting the candle,

It's beautiful, especially with the flowers from the garden," Caroline added. ""By the way, Debbie... what will you do with them once you get your mom back?""

I'm going to ask Elliot to make a beautiful locket so I can always carry them with me. And when I die, I want to be buried with them, so they can finally rest in peace.

Wow... easy there, love, you're getting ahead of yourself, Jayden said, handing her a glass of juice. Instead of thinking about that, why not focus on planning our wedding after the trial and waiting for James's arrival?" he said, giving her a kiss. [Well, it's just something I was saying, love. I also want to see this little one grow up and maybe scare off a few of his girlfriends.]

Our poor son, he joked.

Haha, sounds good to me. Anyway, back to the topic at hand, Caroline said as she finished assembling the hamburgers. "Have you decided on a design for the locket yet?"

[Not yet. After this is over, I'll either draw something up or let Elliot's creativity surprise me.]

Both options sound great. I've seen the jewelry that guy makes, and wow... what stunning designs, Caroline gushed. "And the best part is that his three collections can be mixed and matched perfectly. he even has a 'budget' line for us paupers." and

Well, 'budget' is just in the name, Christian said with a hint of irony, having seen the price list with her.

Hey, we're talking about jewelry here, but it's cheaper than the other ones made of more expensive metals, Caroline said with a playful grin. "Debbie, do you want me to add the condiments, or do you want to do it yourself?" she asked, holding up a plate with two hamburgers.

[I'll do it,] Deborah replied with a smile. (And, uh... Carrie, if you want, I can talk to Elliot about giving you a discount or setting up a payment plan.)

Wow... yes, please! That's why I love you, Caroline declared, rushing to hug her. "With a payment plan, I'll be happy! There's a necklace that's been calling my name, just begging me to buy it!" she said, making everyone laugh.

Christian stayed silent, knowing that he had already spoken with Elliot and had secretly paid for that very necklace Caroline wanted.

Well, we've strayed far from the main topic, Christian said, amused.

Relax, man. Have a drink, Nicholas said, handing him a beer. "You guys did a thorough review of the case yesterday and rehearsed the questions and answers, so I say you've earned a break."

Ah... I suppose you're right. Thanks, Christian said, taking the beer and drinking deeply.

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Deborah smiled and nodded in agreement, reaching for her juice.

Come on, chubby, help me get the burgers onto the trays, Caroline called.

Here you go, father-in-law, take this to the table, Jayden said, handing him a bowl of fries.

Got it, Nicholas replied with a grin, amused by the joy on his daughter's face as she eyed the food.

[Don't forget the sauces, please,] Deborah requested.

Haha, that's my grandson talking, Nicholas teased, making Deborah blush.

Come on, don't give them a hard time, Jayden laughed, carrying a tray with the sauces.

Caroline and Christian brought the burgers to the table, and soon everyone was eating.

The five of them enjoyed a pleasant moment, chatting about the arrival of baby James and the nursery's decorations.

After the meal, Deborah fell asleep, and Jayden carried her to the bedroom for a more comfortable rest.

Alright, we're going to follow Deborah's example and head out, Caroline said, taking her husband's hand.

Thanks for coming, and have a good rest, Nicholas said, watching the couple wave goodbye as they left. "Where did the others go?" Jayden asked when he returned to the living room to find only his father-in-law there. "They've already left, and Caroline helped with some of the dishes too."

In that case, I'll finish up cleaning, Jayden said, putting on an apron. "Father-in-law, you should rest too if you want."

Don't worry, I'm fine. I'll help you. Besides, this is a good time to talk without any interruptions, Nicholas said, collecting the remaining dishes from the table. "Sure. What's on your mind?"

Well, first of all, I want to thank you for loving and taking care of my daughter... and for saving her from that beast who kept her locked up in that apartment. "There's no need to thank me. I helped her because I fell in love with her at first sight, and also because I couldn't stand seeing her mistreated by that monster." "But that monster is James's biological father."

You're mistaken, I'm his father because that man never wanted anything to do with that baby.

"Damn, Jayden, you're making it hard for me to do my job as a father-in-law because it's impossible to hate you

What? Why?" Jayden asked with a chuckle."

Because I'm supposed to want to punch you and give you a hard time for taking my daughter and grandson away. Chapter 155

Oh... I get it now. Haha, well, I'm not sure how to respond to that, Jayden laughed.

Don't worry about it, but I have to tell you, I'll be visiting often to see my daughter and grandson, Nicholas said.

Actually, I'd appreciate that. As first-time parents, we'll need a lot of help. My mom even suggested that once things settle down, I should talk to Deborah about moving her to the Cooper mansion and maybe hiring some staff to help with the housework since James will keep her very busy in the first few years.

Hm... that sounds good. With everything that's happened, Deborah probably won't want to return to her childhood home, Nicholas said.

If that's what she wants, I'll support her. What matters most is that she feels safe and comfortable.

You're doing the right thing. And speaking of that, since we're alone, I want your help to prepare a big surprise. In a few days, it will be your mother-in-law's anniversary.

What? I didn't know that, Jayden said in surprise.

It's okay. I understand that you didn't know because Deborah doesn't like to talk about it, especially now that we know why she was never allowed to take flowers to her grave.

Yeah... Jayden winced at the thought but quickly shook it off. "Let's forget about that and focus on the plan. It has to be something really special, especially since this will probably be the first anniversary celebrated for my mother-in-law since she passed." Nicholas looked at his son-in-law in awe, touched by the sentiment, and began sharing his plans for a meaningful anniversary, including creating a symbolic grave for his beloved Alexandra and her father.

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The big day had arrived. It was time to determine who was lying and who was the real victim in the Anderson family.

The truth behind this mystery was the scandal of the moment, with all the news and media outlets closely watching the trial. After all, today would finally reveal how the third most powerful family in the city had suddenly fallen, only to reappear mysteriously as a wealthy family led by a pair of strangers

One particular couple, eager for the spotlight, planned to make the most of this grand stage. They were confident that after today, once they had crushed that stupid girl, they would have all the money in the world, and those fools who had rejected them at first would come crawling back, begging to become their partners and increase their fortune even more.

At that very moment, Frederick and Vanessa were dressed in the clothes their new lawyer had provided- clothes they had specifically requested, as today was a celebration. Today would mark the end of their long ordeal because they were certain they would destroy that girl and finally get their hands on the great fortune that the idiot Alexandra had denied them.

Let me help you with your tie, darling. Vanessa said sweetly, moving closer to assist Frederick in fixing his outfit, even adding a red handkerchief to his jacket pocket.

Thanks, and you know, you look more beautiful than ever today, he said, taking her hand and spinning her around to admire her long red dress, which was tight and backless, accentuating her curves.

All I'm missing is a diamond necklace to complete the look, she teased, playfully shrugging her shoulders to highlight her plunging neckline.

Once this show is over, we'll stop by the nearest jewelry store and get you one, Frederick declared, pulling her by the waist to kiss her.

The police officers watching them had to stifle their laughter. The couple was acting as if they had already won the trial, an assumption that seemed utterly ridiculous. However, the officers didn't correct them; they had orders to let the couple enjoy their delusions. The boss was looking forward to seeing their public humiliation later that day.

As they watched, they noticed someone approaching and quickly straightened up, offering a discreet nod of respect as their superior passed by, entering the room where the couple was getting ready.

Are you two ready?

Frederick and Vanessa

turned to their right and saw that their new lawyer had arrived.

Absolutely, Frederick replied, linking his arm with Vanessa's as they walked toward the exit. Meanwhile, Deborah was feeling a bit nervous as she gazed out at the city through the car window. "Relax, my love," Jayden said, taking her hand as the traffic light turned red.

[Thank you, Jayden. It just feels like a dream that this day has finally come....I'm a little scared.]

Well, the day is here, but you're not alone. Your men are here to protect you from those people, he said, giving her hand a reassuring squeeze.

[My men?] she asked, amused.

Yep, because I'm going to teach James how to watch over you and take care of you.

[Haha... what are you going to teach our son?]

That his mom is a precious treasure that we need to protect, Jayden declared, noticing how she blushed at his words.

Deborah, cheeks tinged pink, leaned over to kiss him on the cheek.

Jayden blushed as well, but before he could respond, the light turned green, and they continued on their way.

When they arrived, they saw a crowd of reporters. Fortunately, Deborah had never been a socialite, so they easily slipped through the crowd and into the courthouse without anyone stopping them for an early interview.

Hey there, Caroline and Christian called out as they entered. Deborah went to sit next to her lawyer. "That dress looks great on you," Caroline complimented, admiring the maternity outfit her friend was wearing: a long-sleeved royal blue dress adorned with lace and pearls. [My mother-in-law sent it for today.] Deborah signed back. [She said it would be best to wear a dress since we don't know how long we'll be here, and it's better to be comfortable than to be stuck in pants.]

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That's true, especially since James might get uncomfortable, Caroline agreed.

Hey, don't whisper secrets like this. Remember, everyone's watching us, Christian teased with a grin. "Shh, this is girl talk," Caroline chided him playfully.

Christian and Jayden exchanged amused glances, shaking their heads. It was true that several reporters had noticed Deborah's presence in the courtroom and were paying close attention to her conversation. However, upon realizing the discussion revolved around motherhood, they lost interest in digging deeper.

Suddenly, a buzz of excitement rippled through the room. The doors swung open, and the "Anderson couple" entered, dressed to the nines. Despite their handcuffs, they strutted in with the confidence of victors.

Deborah's eyes narrowed at their smug display, all her fears vanishing in an instant. These monsters were not, and never had been, her family. They were nothing more than murderers who destroyed her real family and kidnapped her for their own gain. Any lingering attachment she once had had been converted into pure hatred, fueled by the truths she had uncovered.

She was here to confront them, to take back what was rightfully hers. One thing was certain: as long as this pair was free, she would never find peace. They were after her money and had shown they'd do anything to get it.

Deborah felt a small kick from within her belly.

I know, sweetheart, she thought, placing a protective hand on her stomach. "Mommy's going to protect you, just like your grandma protected me. But this time, they won't win."

As they approached their seats, Vanessa shot Deborah a smug smile, relishing her own beauty in contrast to the "whale" sitting beside her.

Christian's brow furrowed as he recognized the new lawyer with them. This man was the top attorney from the city's most prestigious firm. The question nagged at him-how had they managed to secure his services, and what had they promised him in return? "Attention, please," a police officer announced loudly as he entered the room. "The Honorable Judge August Hunter is entering."

The room fell silent as a red-haired man made his way to the bench and took his seat.

Good afternoon. We are now beginning the case of Deborah Anderson versus the Andersons...

Objection. Christian interjected. "Apologies, Your Honor, but I must insist we start this trial on a truthful note. These individuals are not the Andersons and have no legitimate connection to my client." He approached the bench and handed the judge a set of documents. "Mr. Frederick Turner had never married or had any relationship with my client's mother. They're impostors who exploited a child's ignorance to strip her of her rightful name."

The courtroom erupted in murmurs at this revelation, while the couple's expressions darkened.

Order, the judge demanded, banging his gavel as he reviewed the documents.

Your Honor, the opposing lawyer began, "I believe Mr. Collins is overstepping by using this court to

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launch an unwarranted attack on my clients before the trial has even begun."

Actually, Mr. Roberts, the correction is valid, the judge replied, looking up to meet the lawyer's gaze before glancing at the couple.

What...? Vanessa muttered, rising to her feet.

The documents provided by Mr. Collins include a DNA test confirming there is no biological relation between the parties. Additionally, there's an attached statement from Detective Alistair Morgan, where Mr. Frederick Turner confessed at the police station that he is not Deborah Anderson's biological father. So, what right do they have to use a name that isn't theirs?

Vanessa's face went pale as she turned to her husband, who was now avoiding her gaze. It was clear he had screwed up, admitting to something he hadn't even told her. All this time, she had believed Deborah was her husband's illegitimate child.

Their lawyer glared at them, clenching his fists, causing them to squirm in their seats, remembering the stern warning letter he had handed them on his first visit.

Ahem... In that case, I'll amend my opening, and we'll proceed with the trial of Ms. Deborah Anderson versus the Turner couple.

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Please take your seats. We'll begin by hearing from Attorney Herman Roberts, the judge announced, adjusting his papers.

Thank you, Your Honor, Herman said as he stood and began addressing the jury and the gallery. "First, I'd like to clarify the misunderstanding regarding my clients' use of the Anderson name. You see, they loved Ms. Anderson so much that, to make her feel like she truly belonged to their family, they decided to adopt her surname. They wanted to create a harmonious, safe, and loving environment for her."

Deborah crossed her arms and rolled her eyes at the blatant lie.

Objection, Christian called out, standing up.

And why is that?

Well, I hate to interrupt your little soap opera, Christian said sarcastically, glaring at his opponent, "but nothing you've said is true. This pair of lowlifes never loved Deborah. They kidnapped her, robbing her of a life with her real father, all to steal the Anderson family's fortune. A fortune they failed to obtain when Ms. Anderson secured everything with passwords and keys, only to be revealed to her rightful heir through her will"

Frederick and Vanessa clenched their fists, anger boiling beneath the surface. This damn lawyer knew too much, confirming that Deborah had already reclaimed the fortune Alexandra had hidden away.

Well, Mr. Collins, it's only natural to ask for money when supporting your client, Roberts countered. "Supporting her?" Christian sneered. "I think your clients have misled you, too. They kept Deborah with them out of greed, not love, using her as a cover to exploit the Anderson family's assets under the pretense of caring for her. But that's a complete lie," he said, as his assistant began displaying slides to reinforce his point. "Here, you'll see records proving that Deborah Anderson attended public schools, while the Turners' biological children attended private institutions. How does that make sense when neither of them has a job? So, where did the money for those schools come from?"

The spectators erupted into hushed conversations.

God...

What monsters...

Miserable scum."

Now I understand why my parents called them rats and kept us away from them.

Right? They took advantage of her being all alone.

To abuse a child, you have to be...

Frederick and Vanessa gritted their teeth, hearing every harsh whisper clearly.

Objection! Frederick shouted.

Mr. Roberts, I suggest you instruct your client to remain silent until it's their turn to speak, the judge said, his voice stern as he stared down the blonde man. Intimidated, Frederick reluctantly sat back down. Chapter 158

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And the biggest proof that their 'loving family' act is a sham, Christian said, making air quotes, "is that they never cared about my client's health. They let her live as a mute instead of providing the medical treatment that could have healed her throat." "That's a lie! After the accident, she was left mute for life!" Vanessa shouted, standing up.

Exactly! The doctor said there was no hope! Frederick added.

They wanted to keep arguing, but a glance from their lawyer made them fall silent.

Your Honor, Christian said, "to prove my claims, I'd like to call my first witness, Dr. Jonah Martin, the country's leading otolaryngologist."

At this, the courtroom doors opened, and an older man entered, making his way slowly to the witness stand.

A doctor? Vanessa muttered, confused.

Objection, Roberts said. "What relevance does a doctor's testimony have here?"

You'll find out soon enough, Christian replied, a smirk playing on his lips.

This way, sir, a police officer guided the doctor to the stand, helping him up. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

I do.

"You may ho

seated, the judge said, watching as the older man smiled and took his seat."

Thank you for coming, Doctor, Christian began, turning to address the jury. "First, I'd like to inform you that Dr. Martin recently examined my client to assess her voice condition. Doctor, what did you discover?"

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Well, when she requested an appointment, I reviewed her medical records and discovered that her last visit to the hospital was when she was discharged at the age of ten after the accident.

That statement caused many in the courtroom to start murmuring.

Silence! the judge ordered, striking his desk with the gavel.

Objection, Herman interjected with a hint of sarcasm. "This information is relevant because...?" he questioned, raising an eyebrow. "And no offense to your expertise," he added, addressing the doctor, "but there are many children without detailed medical records, and that doesn't necessarily indicate neglect."

Perhaps my specialty is different, but as someone who studied general medicine, I know that after an accident, a patient should have at least a year of follow-up care to prevent any long-term issues that might not be immediately apparent due to swelling of muscles and organs, Dr. Martin responded, frowning. "For instance, when a child breaks an arm, they don't just get a cast and that's it. They need regular check-ups to ensure the bone heals properly."

Well... yes, that's true... Herman grimaced, understanding the point.

So, doctor, what about the specific case of Ms. Anderson? the judge inquired.

Upon examining her, I noticed that the doctor who treated her initially had deliberately misled her. He gave a diagnosis without the necessary qualifications, as Deborah was never seen by an otolaryngologist. This means that the doctor either lied on his own, or was paid to say she had permanently lost her voice because the family didn't want to spend the money for her proper treatment and full recovery.

Which aligns with what we've presented, Christian chimed in. "They stole my client's money to fund their own lavish lifestyle."

That's a lie! Frederick shouted, slamming his fists on the table. "My poor Deborah will never regain her voice! How dare you give her false hope with your charlatan nonsense!"

Pfft... A sudden laugh interrupted his emotional outburst.

... Frederick glared at Christian's assistant, assuming she was mocking him, but noticed her stern expression, which only confused him further because the laugh had sounded so close.

My poor Deborah? A voice echoed through the room, capturing everyone's attention as Deborah adjusted in her seat and locked eyes with the Turner couple. Do you realize how ridiculous it sounds for you to call me by my name? You always referred to me as 'mute,' 'nuisance,' 'freeloader,' 'bastard,' 'useless'

and those were just a few of the "loving' nicknames you used."

You... spoke... Frederick stammered in fear.

Impossible....How...? Vanessa was equally terrified, knowing this meant trouble.

Of course, I operated on Ms. Anderson, Dr. Martin confirmed. "And as you can see, it was a successful operation. She has regained her voice."

And I'm very grateful, doctor," Deborah said, glancing at him before turning her cold gaze back to the couple. "Heh, what's wrong? Why are you suddenly so quiet?" she asked sarcastically. "Oh, that's right, the 'stupid mute' can now speak and defend herself because now everyone can understand me, right?" she

added with a smirk, her tone icy.

Frederick was paralyzed with fear. The way Deborah spoke was eerily similar to how Alexandra had always treated and despised him. The original plan had been to win her over, but she had never given him the time of day, which only fueled his obsession. He had ultimately resorted to kidnapping her with the intent to violate her, though in the end, he hadn't succeeded.

"Impossible... This must be a nightmare... Yes, yes, that's it... because you can't talk! This is some kind of trick to fool us!" Frederick shouted, clutching his head in denial.

Silence! the judge bellowed. "Attorney Roberts, please control your client."

Apologies, Your Honor, Herman replied, clearly irritated by the reprimand. He turned and discreetly grabbed Frederick's arm, applying just enough pressure to cause pain and snap him out of it. "Get a grip. What's wrong with you?" he hissed through clenched teeth. "Frederick bit his lip as he felt the lawyer's grip tighten. He simply glared back, his brow furrowed.

"Calm down and don't lose control... This isn't over yet, Herman whispered before letting go

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"Thank you for your testimony, doctor," the judge said, dismissing the doctor."

"Congratulations, my dear. I told you I'd cure you, the doctor said as he approached Deborah, taking her hands and smiling warmly. She responded with a soft thank you and a grateful smile.

With that, the elderly man found a seat among the spectators to listen to the rest of the trial.

"Attorney Roberts, it's your turn," the judge stated."

"Let's hope it is, and that I'm not interrupted again by Attorney Collins, Herman replied, still a bit irritated.

Christian merely smirked, crossing his arms, relishing the feeling of outmaneuvering Herman.

Maybe my clients were complete idiots for not taking you to a doctor, Herman said, approaching Deborah and ignoring his clients' protests, "but they believed they were doing the right thing because your mother named them as your legal guardians," "That's a lie," Deborah snapped, glaring at the lawyer..

Order.

Deborah, calm down... Christian urged, gently taking her hands. "Remember, you mustn't get agitated."

... She grimaced but let out a sigh, regaining her composure.

I'm sorry to tell you it's true. Here, I have written proof of the late Mrs. Alexandra Anderson's own handwriting, stating that my clients would become your guardians, Herman continued, displaying a projection of the document.

Objection! Christian stood up. "Tell me, attorney, how is a hastily written note supposed to be definitive proof for someone to take custody of a minor with no blood relation, hmm?"

"Attorney Collins, I understand you want to annoy me at every turn, but as you can see, this document bears the official seal of a certified notary, and-

Now I'm going to interrupt you, attorney," the judge cut in. "Because that notary was recently imprisoned after it was proven that all of his work was fraudulent. He also accepted numerous bribes to stamp his seal and signature on documents of dubious origin," Herman grimaced at the judge's revelation, now genuinely worried, realizing that all the evidence provided by the Turners might be fake."

So, please provide us with legal and legitimate evidence that the Turners had the authority to be Deborah. Anderson's guardians, because if not, it would mean that the Turners held a minor captive until she reached adulthood, the judge demanded, frowning. "They

ey were n

never my client's guardians and never should have been," Christian quickly added. "Because they, with the help of their friends, sought to imprison Deborah's real father and attempted to have him killed in his cell by hiring someone... but that person was saved by a friend."

"Now you're just exaggerating. Mr. Collins, Herman snapped.

I'm not. As further proof, I have two forged birth certificates for the Turner twins, which were created to"

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pass them off as the children of Alexandra Anderson so they could claim the inheritance by pretending to be her offspring." Christian declared, locking eyes with the couple. "But this plan would only succeed if they managed to kill both Alexandra and Deborah, correct?" "Attorney Collins, be careful with your words. You're talking about homicide, and that's a serious accusation," Herman warned. "Do you have any evidence to support your claims? Because if not, you will be liable to be sued for defamation."

Of course I have the evidence to back up my claims, Christian asserted. And that's why I would like to call on my second witness, Detective Alastor Morgan.

Upon hearing those words, Christian's assistant began projecting the evidence for everyone to see, just as the courtroom doors opened once more to admit Alistair Morgan.

The court officer directed Alistair to the witness stand and administered the oath before the questioning began.

Good afternoon, Detective Morgan, Christian greeted. Thank you for being here."

My pleasure.

Now, could you please tell this court what was discovered upon reopening the case of Ms. Alexandra Anderson's so-called car accident?

What we found were numerous irregularities, Alastor began, pulling out a file from his coat and reading from the report. "Firstly, we discovered that the vehicle in which Ms. Alexandra Anderson supposedly died was never processed or examined. Additionally, the final report claimed that Ms. Alexand Anderson was driving under the influence of alcohol, but no test was ever conducted to confirm this assumption. Furthermore, two death certificates were created: one for the public, stating she died due to drunk driving, and another, which was given to the insurance company, claiming she died in a car accident. The latter also contained several irregularities regarding the disbursement of funds to the beneficiary, according to the policyholder's wishes." Upon finishing his report, Alistair looked up to lock eyes with the Turner couple.
