

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 161-170

Chapter 161

That's right, it was in the news. She got drunk and crashed the car with her daughter inside.

I thought she did it out of spite when she found out Frederick had kids with someone else. "Poor woman."

Vanessa scowled when she heard the gossip. She hated being labeled as the mistress, especially since it wasn't true.

Order in the court, the judge demanded, silencing the murmurs from the audience.

First, we investigated what we had at hand, Alistair continued, setting his folder aside. "Luckily, the vehicle and the evidence collected were still intact. When we reanalyzed the car, we found that its operating system had been damaged, and the brakes were completely non-functional." "Was that damage caused by the crash?" Roberts asked skeptically.

No, Alistair replied, as photos of the wreck were projected onto the screen. "Based on the way the vehicle crashed, there was no way the brakes and control panel could have been damaged in that manner.

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Deborah felt a lump form in her throat as she saw the images. She fought the urge to cry, but Christian's assistant noticed and handed her a tissue, gently squeezing her hand.. *So the car was sabotaged?" Christian questioned.

That's correct, Alistair confirmed. "And when we tried to retrieve Ms. Alexandra's body for a new autopsy, we were shocked to find that this scumbag." He pointed at Frederick, "had reduced her remains to this." He pulled out a small evidence bag, revealing a pair of earrings and a ring.

Jewelry? the judge asked, examining the bag.

As some of you may know, a recent trend allows people to transform the ashes of pets or loved ones into diamonds, Alistair explained. It's a process that's supposedly regulated by law, but Frederick Turner, who wasn't a relative of Ms. Alexandra Anderson, had her remains and those of Mr. Alexander Anderson turned into diamonds. He wore Alexandra daily as a twisted trophy, and kept Mr. Anderson as a keychain."

That's a lie! Frederick protested.

Not at all. You dug up Mr. Anderson's body and sold the grand mausoleum he had purchased as his final resting place just a month after Alexandra's death, Christian countered, his expression hardening.

I think you've been watching too much TV, kid, Vanessa sneered, her voice dripping with arrogance. Those are just cheap, ordinary diamonds."

Don't you dare insult my mother, Deborah retorted, her voice trembling with anger. "I know everything. I know you paid off your judge friend to forge all the papers you needed to deceive everyone and pretend you were my family."

What is she talking about, Ms. Anderson? the judge inquired.

Here, Christian handed over the documents. "These are the papers this couple used to turn the ashes into diamonds. As you can see, the signatures are irregular. Alexandra Anderson's signature is a forgery,

and the witnesses were a judge and a notary who are now in prison for corruption."

And that's something I can verify, Alistair added. "When we interrogated those corrupt officials, they confessed to being part of a scam ring. Frederick and Vanessa would choose the targets, and they manipulated all the necessary documents so no one would suspect that their victims were being stripped of everything they owned, and then conveniently disappearing from the face of the earth. Once the victim was out of the picture, they would split the profits."

Chapter 162

Chapter 162

That's a lie- Frederick began to protest, standing up in an attempt to keep up his act, despite being backed into a corner.

It's true! someone shouted from the crowd, leaping to their feet. "Now I remember you! You're the miserable bastard who took advantage of my uncle. I couldn't find you because you changed your name and dyed your hair!" The person pointed accusingly at Frederick as they tried to push through the crowd to reach him, intent on giving him a beating.

Order! Officers! the judge called out, signaling the police in the room to restrain the person disrupting the trial.

I remember you now too! a woman shouted, pointing at Vanessa. "You're the filthy witch who tricked my grandfather, pretending to be a nurse so you could kill him, steal his pension, his savings, and everything of value in his house. And now I see where all that stolen money went," she spat, glaring at Vanessa with disgust and hatred.

That scumbag played my aunt the same way. He pretended to be her boyfriend just to kill her so he could take her money and her house!

Same thing happened to me!

And me!

Suddenly, about twenty people in the audience sprang up, all trying to reach Frederick and Vanessa to exact their revenge.

Seeing this, more police officers flooded into the room to escort the angry crowd out. Some left willingly, while others were arrested for resisting.

The courtroom was now filled with loud chatter, and the tension was palpable.

Order! the judge demanded, banging his gavel. "Please, everyone, silence in the court."

Judge, I must inform you that we're already processing cases for these people. Fortunately, all these frauds that led to disappearances and deaths were investigated by former Commissioner Randy. When we looked into his past, we discovered he was a friend of the Turners, Alistair informed the court. "Send me those reports, Detective," the judge said, his brow furrowing.

It was a very well-organized group, Alistair continued, with members infiltrating various legal branches to ensure their plans succeeded. Unfortunately, their last big hit strained their friendship. Ms. Alexandra Anderson sensed something was wrong and, with her dying breath, did everything she could to protect what was most precious to her-her own daughter." As he

spoke, the forensic photos of the crash scene were displayed. “Even in her final moments, she shielded her daughter. The paramedics wrote in their report that they needed assistance to separate them because Alexandra was holding onto her so tightly.”

Hearing this, Deborah felt an overwhelming urge to cry. She had known her mother sacrificed her life, but she hadn’t understood just how much. Seeing that image, the pain she was experiencing welled up in her chest, threatening to spill over through her tears. Her mother had used her own body to protect her. She had given her life, but Deborah hadn’t realized the extent of it.

Debbie... Christian’s assistant saw her crying and immediately pulled her into a comforting embrace,

understanding how difficult it was to see such an image.

Jayden longed to go to his beloved and comfort her, but he couldn’t approach, so he silently thanked the young man for supporting her at that moment.

Everyone in the courtroom felt a lump in their throat at the sight of the image. It was a powerful testament to a mother’s unconditional love. Alexandra’s body was mangled, the car’s wreckage embedded into her, but her daughter had been spared from deep injuries-the most severe one was to her throat.

Take that image down, the judge requested, his own discomfort evident.

Christian nodded to his assistant, who quickly removed the image from the projector

Just as Ms. Alexandra gave her life for my client, Christian began, “she also sought to protect everything this pair of monsters wanted, creating two wills. One real, which was given to her ex-partner, Mr. Nicholas Foster, and one false, which she left where Frederick could easily find it. Thanks to that, my client was saved and not murdered as a child, because the false will stated that everything could only be claimed by Deborah when she reached adulthood and presented a special key left by her mother.”

We would never have done something so horrible to... to Deborah, Vanessa said, quickly correcting herself.

You didn’t because you needed me, Deborah said, wiping her tears.

Detective, about that list of accomplices... the judge began.

It's already been confirmed. As of now, all of them are in prison. The last rat was still on the loose until a few days ago, impersonating a deceased person and pretending to be a lawyer, Alistair replied, glancing, at the couple, who were visibly frustrated. "And that man had been trying to blackmail Ms. Deborah into signing a pardon that would allow these two to escape this trial."

Chapter 163

Chapter 163

Objection! Frederick stood, fists clenched.

Mr. Turner, be quiet! One more outburst, and I'll have you thrown back in prison. You're not a lawyer, so you have no right to object, the judge reprimanded him sharply.

Frederick felt cornered, and he loathed it. To make matters worse, the idiot they had for a lawyer wasn't helping at all; he was just sitting there, silently listening to everything being said about them.

Don't worry, Frederick. Even if you wanted to object, your friend has already confessed his crimes and even provided us with some very interesting information that I'd like to share with everyone here, Alistair said, pulling a voice recorder from his coat and pressing play. "Welcome to your new home, Alan-or should I keep calling you Cameron?"

Bastard! What you're doing to me is inhumane.

Inhumane? I think you're confused. We're just giving you a little lesson. The real inhuman ones are you and your little group of friends, who harmed so many innocent people for money."

Innocent? How do you know they earned that money honestly?

That's irrelevant. You had no right to steal from them just because you were too lazy to work for a living like normal people.

"Well, it's their fault for leaving so much money sitting in the bank when there are so many people in need

Sure... keep telling yourself that. But I wonder..."

Wonder what?

I wonder if the relatives of your victims feel the same way.”

Oh, you didn't know? Some of the inmates in the state prison are relatives of your victims.

That's not...

And by the way, the scapegoats you used to take the fall for your crimes? They're in there too.

You're lying!”

Of course not. In fact, I heard that Randy is in critical condition after getting into a fight during lunch. “What

They stabbed him fifty times, poor guy. We still don't know who did it-or if we ever will, since, as you know, our police department is too inefficient. I doubt we'll solve that case before you're admitted to prison. So, I'm afraid you might meet a similar, or even worse, fate.* Is this threat?

“Not at all. Just a friendly warning. You see, the real Cameron Palmer's son is in that prison, and you

Chapter 163

might remember him. He's the poor teenager who was left to die in jail because he was framed for his father's murder-so you could steal his life and property.”

There was a long, uncomfortable silence, and Cameron's breathing grew louder.

Well, I think that's all. Since you don't have anything interesting to offer, I'll...

Wait, please! You can't send me to prison... That guy will kill me!

And? That's the least you deserve for all the harm you've caused.

If you want, I'll tell you everything I know, but please, don't send me to my death!

I doubt you know anything that would interest me; we've already uncovered almost everything...

Frederick and Vanessa are planning to steal Deborah's baby and sell it!"

How can you be so sure?

They already have a buyer lined up-a foreign couple who's willing to pay a fortune for the bastard. If you help me, I can give you all the details.

Before I commit to anything, I need to verify that you're not deceiving me.

The proof that I'm telling the truth is that kidnapping babies is Vanessa's specialty. She started by working in maternity wards, and if you remember, about twelve years ago, there were news reports of babies supposedly being born dead or dying in their incubators... In reality, all those children are alive and were sold to other families. Although, only a few with rare blood types were sold to the black market for organs.

Okay.. and tell me, how are they planning to steal Deborah's baby? She's currently with Jayden Cooper, and he's very protective of her.

So what? They've already paid off someone who will approach her in a few months, drug her, and kidnap her easily. They'll take her to a motel, where a doctor will be waiting to deliver the baby. They'll hand the child over to the couple while letting Deborah bleed out in that room, creating a scandal that will give the foreigners time to flee with the child, and them to escape the city.

Chapter 164

Chapter 164

As the tape ended, the courtroom fell silent as everyone tried to process what they had just heard. "It's worth noting that Alan Miller was kind enough to provide us with the name of that doctor. He's currently in police custody while we conduct the necessary investigations," Alistair said.

Frederick and Vanessa were terrified. That idiot really had betrayed them by spilling everything to Alistair. They could feel their victory slipping through their fingers. All their so-called friends had betrayed them, and on top of that, they were stuck with a useless lawyer who was doing nothing to help.

You... you were going to do what?! Jayden's voice broke the silence, his shout reverberating through the courtroom as he stood, fists clenched, ready to attack the bastards who had

planned to destroy his fiancée and steal his child. "Jayden," Deborah called, standing up as well.

*Jayden, calm down, please. They're not worth it," Caroline said, rising alongside Christian and the assistant to restrain him before he did something reckless.

Jayden hesitated, seeing everyone holding him back and noticing a police officer approaching.

Tch..." Jayden let out a frustrated sigh and reluctantly sat back down:

Meanwhile, Herman was growing increasingly frustrated. He was tired of this circus, and as he glanced around the courtroom, he noticed someone signaling to him. When their eyes met, the person silently mouthed a message, causing Herman to smile-it was time. Acknowledging the message with a slight nod, he returned to his seat beside his clients.

Hey, idiot, don't just sit there... Do something! Vanessa hissed under her breath.

We're starting to look like the bad guys... Frederick muttered nervously.

And aren't you? Herman asked, raising an eyebrow as he glanced at them, his words clearly striking fear into their hearts.

Attorney Roberts, do you have any questions for Alistair? Or... do you have anything to say in defense of your clients? the judge asked, already convinced of the couple's guilt.

Yes, I do have a few questions for him, Herman said, standing up and approaching Alistair. "Detective, according to the recording you presented and the confession of this supposed accomplice, how certain are you about my client's involvement in the criminal activity, specifically the disappearance of babies. from hospitals?"

It's completely accurate, Alistair replied, adjusting himself in his seat. "When we reviewed old case files and unsolved cases, we found that about thirty years ago, there was a period when hospitals were deemed unsafe because infants were mysteriously dying at birth or in their incubators. At the time, a thorough investigation was conducted, but nothing was found. However, upon reviewing those documents, we uncovered numerous Irregularities-key points that were deliberately overlooked. This suggests that even back then, they had people covering for them... And I must say, your client has a long history, starting her career when she was just sixteen."

“I see... but tell me something: if that was their modus operandi, why did they stop doing what was

1/2

Chapter 164

making them easy money?”

The answer lies in their last case, in which they killed a child. We believe it was someone they weren't supposed to touch because the next day, some of their accomplices were found mutilated in their homes after the bodies of the mother and daughter were discovered, Alistair explained, glancing at the couple, who looked visibly nervous. “But as you know, they loved easy money, so they found another way to get it.

I understand. Thank you, Herman said, looking at Alistair. “I have no further questions.”

Those weren't even questions, Vanessa muttered in frustration.

Order, the judge said, clearly irritated.

Deborah stared at the lawyer... for once, she agreed with Vanessa-those weren't questions. It was more like the lawyer was trying to confirm something.

Chapter 165

Chapter 165

kidnapped.”

Deborah's gaze landed on the policeman standing next to the judge, and she froze. Something about him. was eerily familiar. It didn't take long for her to recognize him-he wasn't a policeman at all. He was the bodyguard who had been with Brandon the day she was Realizing this, she quickly turned to scan the audience. If that man was here, then maybe he was too.

Debbie, love, what's wrong? Jayden asked, noticing how she had suddenly turned to look at the crowd. “Well, since there are no further questions, I believe we've seen enough,” the judge began, drawing everyone's attention. “It's clear,” he said, glaring at the defendants, “that you two are guilty.”

What?! Vanessa exclaimed.

This trial is rigged! Frederick shouted, jumping to his feet. “You can’t just declare that outcome yourself; it’s the jury who decides!” He pointed an accusing finger at the judge, desperately clinging to their last backup plan.

Heh, now you’re suddenly an expert on the law? Christian sneered. “How convenient...and suspicious. Why are you so eager to send this to the jury? Could it be that some of them have been ‘motivated’ to see you as innocent doves?” He looked pointedly at the jury, where some members averted their eyes, and others fidgeted nervously.

I’m inclined to agree with Mr. Collins, the judge remarked, his eyes narrowing as he observed the jury’s reactions. “But I regret to inform you, Mr. Turner, that I have the final say here, and I see no need for jury deliberation. The verdict is crystal clear: you are guilty. I hereby sentence you both to life imprisonment.” His gavel struck the block with a resounding thud.

Noooo! Frederick and Vanessa screamed in terror. This couldn’t be happening. They had always been flawless in their scams and thefts-how could they have failed now?

This is all your damn fault! Frederick raged, pointing at Deborah. “You were supposed to die!” With a crazed look in his eyes, he grabbed a pen from the desk and lunged at her, aiming to stab her in the stomach.

Jayden sprang to his feet, vaulting over the barrier to intercept him, followed closely by several police officers.

Christian and his assistant immediately shielded Deborah in their arms.

At the same time, the audience erupted in chaos. People stood up, shouting, panicking, and rushing to flee the courtroom.

Order! the judge called out, his voice edged with worry.

Alistair drew his gun, firing a shot into the air to restore order and stop Frederick, who was now brawling with the officers trying to restrain him.

Vanessa, frantic and overwhelmed by the mayhem, suddenly felt someone grab her arm. She whirled around, terrified, only to find herself face-to-face with a policeman.

For a moment, she thought he was going to arrest her, but instead...

Move! Get to the exit, he whispered urgently. "There's a car waiting to get you out. Hurry!"

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Confused but desperate, she realized that Vox was helping them escape. Without hesitation, she seized the chance, slipping through the crowd and making her way toward the getaway car. There was no way she was going back to prison. Within minutes, the courtroom was in utter chaos. Alistair fired another shot into the air.

Freeze! he shouted. "Everyone, calm down!" As he scanned the room, he suddenly noticed the absence of the defendants.

Wait... where did they go? Caroline asked, her voice trembling as she realized the couple had vanished. The police officers immediately began searching the crowd.

No... Deborah gasped, clutching her stomach protectively. "They're gone."

Seal all exits and surround the building! Find them! Alistair barked. "I want them here, now!"

Chapter 166

Chapter 166

Once the crowd had calmed down, the officers guided everyone out of the courtroom one by one, thoroughly checking each person to rule them out as suspects. "My love..." Jayden pulled Deborah into a tight embrace as she trembled in his arms.

They'll go after James, she whispered in a panic, her breathing growing increasingly erratic with fear.

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"Debbie... sweetheart, that won't happen. You need to calm down. Do it for James, Jayden urged, gently patting her back.

Jayden, Deborah,"" Caroline called out as she approached with a few paramedics."

Come this way, one of the medics instructed, guiding Deborah to a chair so they could check her blood

pressure.

Breathe slowly. Try to relax.

Jayden, it's best if you take Deborah to a private room where they can finish examining her. I'll also post some officers outside to keep watch, Alastor said. "Don't worry. We'll catch them." "Jayden, Deborah," Nicholas arrived just then, looking flustered.

Dad... she hugged him tightly, tears streaming down her face.

But how did they escape? Nicholas asked, baffled.

I think they had help, but we'll catch them soon, Alastor assured him confidently

I'll help with the search, Nicholas declared, determined.

With that, Deborah and Caroline were led to a room in the building so that Deborah could calm down and receive treatment for the panic attack she was experiencing.

Once they were sure the women were safe, the others left to join the police in the search for the fugitives.

Don't worry, my friend, they'll catch them, Caroline said, holding Deborah's hand.

I know... but I'm also scared they won't. You heard them too... They don't care about anything-they just want to keep hurting people, and now they've threatened my son. "That won't happen. You're not alone. You have so many people who care about you and will protect you. No one will let them get close enough to hurt you," Caroline assured her. "Yes... you're right."

Of course I am. Now, how about we ask for a- Caroline started to say, but her words were cut off as the door swung open.

Both women tensed up, but quickly relaxed when they saw it was just two policemen.

Ladies, please come with us, one of the officers said.

Is something wrong? Caroline asked.

The chief asked us to move you to another location for your safety.

Thank you, Deborah replied, feeling a small wave of relief.

See, Debbie? They won't hurt you now, Caroline encouraged. "And when we get there, we can find something refreshing to drink."

The two women were escorted to the police car and helped inside, where they were made comfortable.

Here's some juice to keep you hydrated, one of the officers said, handing them two bottles of chilled flavored water.

Gratefully, they both drank, quenching their thirst.

After about ten minutes of driving, Deborah noticed they were arriving at a strangely familiar location. Her heart pounded in her chest as she recognized the area they were at the warehouse district by the docks. "C-Carrie..." She turned to her friend, but Caroline was asleep. Panicking, she tried to shake her awake." Caroline, wake up! What did you do to her?" she demanded, turning to the officers.

Calm down. She's just sleeping. This doesn't concern her, one of the officers replied coldly.

He was involved in the escape, wasn't he? Deborah asked, dread settling in as the car came to a stop. "He wasn't the only one, ma'am," came a voice from her right. Deborah turned to see the door being opened by none other than Herman, the lawyer. "You?"

Hello again, Deborah, said Brandon, approaching and standing beside Herman.

First things first, Deborah, allow me to introduce you to the black sheep of my family-my brother, Herman Roberts, Brandon said with a smirk.

Black sheep? Hardly, Herman scoffed, adjusting his jacket. "I simply chose not to follow in our parents' footsteps."

Chapter 167

Chapter 167

I don't understand, Deborah said, her confusion evident

Deborah, I'll just tell you this, Brandon said firmly. "What happened today was meant to happen. It was all part of the plan. Right now, the three of us have a common enemy."

A common enemy? Deborah asked, her gaze shifting to Herman.

Do you remember what I asked that detective during the trial? Herman asked.

Deborah paused, her eyes widening as realization dawned. "Is it about the girl they killed?"

At that time, I was a troubled young man living on the edge, helping my family, Herman explained. Despite being only sixteen, I was about to become a father and was incredibly happy about it. But then I suddenly lost both my beloved and my baby girl. They kidnapped her because of her blood type, intending to steal my baby girl from her mother's womb. And because they were careless in their procedure... they killed both of them. Out of fear of the consequences, they abandoned their bodies in a rundown motel." "That's exactly what they planned to do to me..." Deborah murmured, placing her hands protectively her belly.

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That's right, Herman said. "That's why I became a lawyer-to seek revenge and justice for those who suffered the same fate as I did. Despite my drastic decision, my parents supported me. That's why I stayed on to lead the gang after what happened to my father, not realizing they were the ones who had harmed me."

I still don't understand. What are you talking about?

These people hired us twice, Brandon explained. "The first time was to kill your grandfather, and the second time was a trap that ended with a police ambush. At that time, my father managed to escape the trap, but a bullet injured his back, leaving him in a wheelchair for life."

It seems that pair always leaves chaos and destruction in their wake, Deborah said, grimacing. "But I don't understand. Why did you bring me to your hideout again?"

Do you remember what I said about special help? Brandon asked.

Yes, but

Let's just say we brought you here because you also deserve to see what's going to happen to them, Herman said, pointing to the screen behind him.

The screen flickered to life, revealing Frederick and Vanessa asleep inside a high-end car.

So you were faking to help all this time, Deborah remarked, noting the malicious grins on the brothers' faces.

They promised me anything for my help. Brandon said. "And what I want is their lives-to teach them that no one is superior to us."

Also, Deborah, Herman said, his voice serious. "Tell me honestly, don't you want to make them suffer as they made you suffer? I'm asking because given everything they've done, I don't think it's fair for them to die peacefully in prison."

I have certainly thought about making them pay for everything they did, Deborah admitted. "But if I kill them, I'll just be as bad as they are."

Come on, Deborah, keep talking like that and I might consider stealing you to make you my second wife, Brandon joked. Such words are quite charming."

Deborah bit her lip, blushing slightly and looking away.

Don't be embarrassed, Herman said with amusement, "What you're saying is all the resentment you've kept inside for years."

Maybe, but let's say I'll be content just seeing them pay for their crimes.

Don't worry, Deborah. We won't force you to do anything you don't want to, Brandon said, gesturing to the screen. "We prepared this special scenario for your revenge." "What do you mean?" Deborah asked, puzzled.

They're in a car identical to the one your mother was driving the tragic day she lost her life, Herman explained.

Deborah's eyes widened as she looked back at the screen in shock.

So, this will be a gift for you, for helping us catch them, Brandon said, handing her a button. "Would yo

like to do the honors and start the show?"

Chapter 168

Chapter 168

Slowly, Frederick and Vanessa began to wake up, disoriented and confused. None of them could recall what had happened or how they ended up there. Everything was a blur-their last memory was fleeing through the crowd to avoid going to prison after losing their case. As they opened their eyes, Frederick and Vanessa noticed they were inside a luxury car equipped with state-of-the-art technology.

, where... where are we? Vanessa asked, looking around in an attempt to recall.

I don't know, Vanessa, Frederick said, his mood brightening as he saw they were alone in the car. Looking back, he saw two gym bags. When he opened them, he found stacks of money inside. "Yes!"

, is this a dream? she asked, excitement in her voice. "It looks like Vox set up the whole trial to make that idiot think he won, and he's helping us escape."

It seems so, Frederick said, closing the bag and settling back into his seat. "Who would have thought he'd be stupid enough to give us all this?"

Maybe it's our lucky break. This new Vox is probably his son, and he never knew what we did to his father.

Better for us."

Though I'm a bit worried. How do we repay him for all this, or what will he ask in return for his help?

Nothing.

Huh? What do you mean?

We're getting out of here before he comes to collect, Frederick said confidently. "Remember, that idiot left us with nothing."

But love....

We're leaving because the police are likely looking for us. We'll let things cool down, then return to take revenge on Deborah by kidnapping her little brat and asking for ransom, Frederick explained. "Once we have the money, we'll send half to Vox."

I like that plan, love... But I still don't understand how that idiot has so much luck. How did she end up tangled with the most powerful family in the city if she's nothing special?

Forget about that, Vanessa. What matters is that it benefits us because we can demand a large ransom. And it's guaranteed to be a high amount.

True, and when we have the money, we'll return the dead kid so that she knows who's in charge and that we'll never let her be happy. "Exactly. That idiot should have died, and we would have been living a luxurious life, leaving our past behind... but no, she clung to life." "What matters is that this will be our new beginning, though that will only be reality once we save our children."

Everything in its time, love. Now help me find the car keys, Frederick said, opening the glove compartment to look for them, but finding nothing. Vanessa also began searching, realizing they were locked inside the car. Being a new model, only the keys could activate the vehicle and open the doors.

I can't find them...

Neither can...

Just then, the car's screen lit up, showing an old security tape.

What's that? Vanessa asked, confused, until she recognized herself in the old footage.

The video showed a younger Vanessa kidnapping a pregnant brunette teenager, who was desperately trying to resist. A young Frederick then emerged from the car and kicked her in the belly out of frustration for her resistance. They forced her into the vehicle and drove away quickly. "Wow..." Frederick was equally shocked by the old footage.

The video feed then changed, to show their younger selves fleeing from a motel, their clothes stained with blood. They climbed into a car and sped away from the scene.

Chapter 169

Chapter 169

169

The tape sped up, and after ten minutes, several cars arrived, from which emerged people dressed in black, accompanied by a blonde teenager. They all entered the room, and minutes later, the teenager reappeared carrying the lifeless body of the previously kidnapped girl.

It looks like you remember that day quite well, a voice came from inside the car, sounding eerily familiar. The screen now showed their lawyer, accompanied by Deborah and a strange blonde.

You... what the hell does this mean? Vanessa demanded, frowning.

Damn it, was this your doing, you mute? Frederick's voice was distorted.

First of all, your insults are no longer valid because I can speak now. And second, this wasn't my doing. I'm just a mere spectator, Deborah replied calmly.

What... what do you mean? Vanessa's voice showed growing concern.

I believe you said you'd pay whatever it took, Brandon said through the voice distorter.

Wait... you... Frederick's fear grew as he realized they could hear him, which meant they might have overheard their earlier conversation.

I think it's time to collect on the favor you received, don't you agree? Brandon said.

And what do you want in exchange? Vanessa asked.

We want your lives, Herman stated flatly.

It's the least we can ask after everything you've done to all three of us, Brandon declared.

All three of us? Frederick repeated.

That poor girl you murdered was my girlfriend, Herman said.

Not to mention what you did to Deborah's mother and grandfather, Brandon added. "And let's not forget the betrayal you inflicted on my father with that fake job," he said.

Father... Vanessa whispered, terrified.

That's right. As you can understand, it took me years to set up this grand scenario... but now it's time for the curtain to rise with you as the stars in this play called my revenge, Brandon

declared, noticing how his words frightened the couple. "It seems you've managed to anger the wrong people, Deborah said.

Ah... I see, Frederick said, glaring at Deborah. "This is all your fault. You hired Vox to have us killed, and that money-hungry fool accepted your request, ignoring our previous arrangement."

You're exaggerating. You're giving yourself too much credit, Brandon said.

"There was no need for her to invest any money in this lite fu

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Chapter 170

Chapter 170

The engine roared to life, and the video call cut off, replaced by a countdown clock showing 30 minutes.

Goodbye, monsters," Deborah said, watching the screen where Frederick and Vanessa were visibly excited, buckling their seatbelts as Frederick stepped on the accelerator to get the car moving."

Thanks for kicking off the torture, Deborah, Brandon said with amusement.

You're welcome... and honestly, I don't want to see the end of this race. I still have fresh memories of the photos shown during the trial, she said, clenching her fists as she remembered the state of her mother's body after the accident. "And we respect your decision," Herman said. "No strong emotions. You need to take care of your baby."

In that case, let my sweetheart take you out for a bite while we enjoy the show, Brandon said, snapping his fingers.

Deborah thanked him with a slight nod and saw a girl approaching her, extending her hand.

Nice to meet you, Debbie. Come with me. I've ordered some delicious ramen and some fizzy apple juice, the girl said, taking her hand. "On the way, I'll show you to your friend. We've put her in a more comfortable place instead of that old patrol car." "Thank you," Deborah said, glancing at the brothers before following the

Hey, how about giving me some baby tips while we wait? I'm thinking of giving Brandy a baby, the girl

said.

Deborah laughed at the girl's comments, and they began chatting as they walked away.

The two brothers smiled as they watched them leave. Everything appeared to be in order.

Boss, one of the henchmen approached with three glasses and a bottle of red wine.

Thanks, Brandon said, taking the bottle and handing it to his brother to open. "Place the tray on the table and give e the report from everyone. I want this event to be perfect."

Yes, sir. I called recently, and everyone confirmed their positions. They'll start moving soon...

And Deborah? They noticed someone arriving with a look of concern.

Mr. Nicholas Foster, you arrived just in time, Herman said, handing him a glass of wine.

It was difficult to throw off my son-in-law and Alistair, Nicholas said, accepting the glass and taking a sip. "But I'm here to witness their deaths."

Don't worry, the fun has just begun, Brandon said, pointing to the screen.

In a moment, we'll see the grand final show of the Turner family, Herman said.

At this, the large screen showing the couple driving split into two.

The other half revealed ten small screens, each showing men and women wearing animal masks to conceal their identities.

I know you'll give us a great show since we've all done our part, said a man with a bear mask over his face.

I want to see them suffer slowly... only then will I feel justice for my son's death at the hands of those wretches, said a woman with a rabbit mask.

The other guests on the call shared similar sentiments, all eager for the moment to come and ensuring the show would live up to the saying: eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.

And so it shall be, Brandon said, noticing that even Nicholas was watching the screen intently. He had been the one to suggest the pursuit using a car with the same modifications they had made to Alexandra's car.

Meanwhile, Frederick and Vanessa drove at top speed, feeling victorious as they quickly determined their current location. They noted that they were about ten minutes from the city's edge, which meant they would easily win the game.