

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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Chapter 171

I can already smell our freedom, Vanessa declared with excitement as she adjusted her hair.

I know, love. Soon, all of this will be a thing of the past!

Just as they were nearing the exit, they spotted a barricade with about ten patrol cars blocking the street.

What the-1”

Frederick...

Pull over now! one of the officers shouted.

Tch... Frederick wasn't about to comply. He executed a dangerous U-turn, steering back into the city. The sound of sirens blared behind them, making it clear they were being pursued.

My love, what do we do? Vanessa asked, her voice filled with panic. Bullets began to strike the vehicle. "Those bastards won't catch us," Frederick declared, swerving the car from side to side to make the officers miss their shots.

The officers fired at them, aiming to puncture their tires. But with the speed they were traveling, their aim was off. "Frederick, watch out..."

Calm down, I'm taking a shortcut to throw them off, he said, glancing at the clock. "We've got ten minutes before we lose. Don't think this sneaky trick will work, Vox. I will win," he told himself, pressing the accelerator even harder.

He sought out a faster, shorter route to another street leading out of the city, but noticed two patrol cars still tailing him. He took a risk and entered a narrow alley, causing the car's side mirrors to shatter and sparks to fly from friction against the walls. One patrol car followed him into the alley while the other tried to block him from the other end.

Frederick!”

Be quiet! You’re distracting me, he shouted, trying to accelerate even faster to get out of the alley.

As he emerged, the other patrol car was just about to block their path but couldn’t. Frederick brushed against the vehicle, and without slowing down, he sped away.

The patrol car was left in a bad position, blocking the alley’s exit and causing the following car to crash

into it.

Frederick glanced in the rearview mirror, laughing as he saw their defeat.

Haha, I won! No one can beat me! Ahahaha!

Just then, a loud alarm blared, signaling that only ten seconds remained to win.

Frederick was about to complain, but seeing Vanessa pointing ahead, he turned his gaze to the road and

saw they were mere meters from a large tree they could no longer avoid.

In desperation, Frederick slammed the brakes, but they didn’t respond.

He tried again, realizing they were failing, but there was nothing left to do. He braced himself, covering his face with his hands as the car crashed head-on into the massive tree. As the impact occurred, everyone watching the scene celebrated.

My love, I hope you’re watching this. Soon, they will suffer three times more than what you and our daughter endured the day you died, Nicholas said, taking a sip of his wine. Nicholas hadn’t attended the trial because he was preparing everything for the proceedings that would take place after the trial.

He knew Christian would win the trial, but he wasn’t satisfied with just knowing they’d be locked away for life.

No...

He wanted these wretches to suffer the same way he'd silently suffered for not protecting his beloved. That's why when Brandon contacted him for help with his plans, he accepted immediately. Because he, too, wanted to torture them, to make them pay for everything they had done and more... to the point where they would wish for their own deaths.

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Their ears were ringing as they slowly opened their eyes, their eyelids heavy and their bodies in excruciating pain.

Pain dominated their senses, but Frederick forced himself to keep his eyes open.

Everything seemed to spin, but as he managed to focus, he saw that his wife had a head wound.

Vanessa... he began, trying to touch her face and wake her up.

Vanessa, feeling the contact, slowly opened her eyes. "Ah... Frederick?" She was so disoriented that it was hard for her to keep her eyes open.

No... don't fall asleep, wake up and help me.

I can't feel my legs.

At his words, Vanessa snapped awake. As she looked around, she saw the chaos left behind after crashing into the tree. She noticed she had only a few superficial injuries, but when she looked at Frederick, she saw a metal rod impaled in his right leg. She gasped and tried to scream, but Frederick's stern look silenced her.

"Don't you dare. I'm not in the mood for your screams. So instead of wasting your energy, move and help

me."

Vanessa trembled slightly but nodded and tried to unbuckle her seatbelt to get out of the vehicle.

The door was jammed, but after several hard knocks, she managed to force it open.

As she tried to get out, her legs gave way, and she fell to her knees on the ground.

Don't just lie there-do something and help me! Frederick ordered as he struggled to remove the rod. stuck in his leg.

I'm trying! she complained, frowning as she gathered all her strength to stand up.

Once on her feet, she moved slowly, using the vehicle for support, and managed to open the driver's side door to assist her husband.

Hurry up.... help me, he said, trying to use all his strength to pull the rod away from his leg.

Wait, don't try to pull it out or you'll bleed out too quickly, she warned, holding the rod in place.
"Then "

We'll just detach it from the seat, and then I'll remove t. You might die if we don't, she explained, tightening her grip on the rod.

Frederick grimaced but followed her instructions, shifting the rod so it would come free from the seat, allowing him to get out of the vehicle. Once his leg was free, he unbuckled his seatbelt and, leaning on Vanessa, they managed to get out of the

car.

Damn it... they'll pay for this, Frederick panted as he saw that the patrol cars that had been chasing them had disappeared as if by magic.

Suddenly, they heard a loud screech, and the car burst into flames as gasoline spilled onto the ground from the impact

Wait! The money! Frederick shouted as they moved away from the vehicle.

Move, you idiot. Go get the money, we need it.

I'm not risking my life for some worthless papers, she retorted, frowning.

Go! he yelled, grabbing her arms tightly. "Don't you understand? Go and save our future, or do you want to beg on the streets for the rest of your life?" he said, shoving her and causing her to fall to the ground. Vanessa grimaced, and despite the pain, she knew he was right. She got up quickly and ran back to the car to grab the two bags of money from the back seat.

The door is stuck, she said, trying to open it.

Get in through my seat and get them out, quickly!

Vanessa panicked as she tried to get back inside the vehicle. She noticed the fire was spreading rapidly but focused on retrieving the heavy bags.

As she struggled, the flames reached her arm while she was pulling out the second bag, causing her to scream in pain as her skin began to melt.

Seeing this, Frederick desperately removed the rod from his leg and ran to help her retrieve the bags.

With the bags in hand, they tried to run away from the fire, but they couldn't escape in time. The car exploded, and the shockwave knocked them to the ground. The heat wa

was intense, and despite the new burns, they held onto the bags of money and supported each other to get up and move away.

Help! Please, someone help us! they began to hear desperate cries coming from inside the car as they moved away.

What? Vanessa stopped and looked back at the car, recognizing the voice,

Stop wasting time and keep moving, or do you want the explosion to kill us?

But that voice...

It must be a trap set by Vox... It's a recording, and even if it's real, it's not our concern, Frederick said, pulling his wife along to continue their escape.

Meanwhile, the cries from the man inside the car grew louder.

Suddenly, there was another powerful explosion, and a new shockwave threw them to the ground, leaving them stunned. This time, several pieces of the car flew out, and one of them impaled Vanessa's left shoulder. The hot metal pierced her skin, making her scream.

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What... The couple stared, bewildered and confused. The sight of the burning person meant the cries they heard were real and not just a recording. But they had no time to process this revelation because the human torch was running toward them.

Help me... please... please... The person didn't make it to them, collapsing face down on the ground, lifeless, as the heat caused a cardiac arrest. Frederick and Vanessa trembled as the body fell just a few steps away.

They watched as the fire naturally went out, leaving behind a nearly unrecognizable figure. Vanessa thought she was used to what bodies looked like, but something inside her urged her to approach. "Vanessa, no..." Frederick tried to stop her.

Ignoring him, she turned the body to see its face, or what was left of it...

When she saw who it was, a deep pain gripped her chest as she shook her head and began to tremble. "Nooooo!" she cried, covering her face with her hands and pulling at her hair before reaching out to touch the burned body.

Vanessa, calm down, Frederick said, embracing her to prevent her from touching the body.

No! Let me go! It's Ernest-It's my son! She broke down in tears in her beloved's arms.

What... Frederick turned and felt his breath catch in his throat as he saw the charred body of his son. No!"

Both of them screamed, struggling to accept the reality before their eyes. How had their son ended up here? He was supposed to be in a prison in another city... so why was he in the car with them?

They couldn't understand, and as time passed, they noticed something even stranger about the situation. The accident was severe, and even the tree was catching fire... but no one had come near the scene. The nearby street was empty, and despite the thick smoke, they couldn't hear any fire truck or ambulance

sirens.

Realizing this, Frederick understood: it was a trap.

He pulled away from his wife and moved to retrieve the bags of money.

, wait... an ambulance will surely come...

No one is coming...

“But my

son...”

Forget it! He’s dead!

How can you be so heartless?

There’s nothing more we can do. We need to get away, it’s clear no one will come to help us.

Let’s check if there’s a phone or something in the suitcase that we can use to call for help, he said, opening one of the money bags. But instead of money, it contained.

Ahh! he shouted, abruptly dropping the bag and letting some of its contents spill out.

Vanessa turned to look, noticing the suitcase on the ground along with its contents, feeling her world crumble again as part of an arm became visible.

Frederick, what... Her words caught in her throat as she recognized the arm, which had a simple gold bracelet and a star tattoo. She knew that arm all too well and rushed to the suitcase to open it.

N-no! This can’t be real! she cried, pulling at her hair and weeping. Inside the bag was Cassandra’s dismembered body, with a note stuck to her face that read: “Thanks for the money, but this is a reminder of what happens when you try to deceive us. We know you tried to tip off the police.”

Vanessa covered her mouth with her hands to stifle her screams. The note, written in her own handwriting, was yellowed with age, making it clear that it had been around for some time.

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Frederick’s face darkened as he glared at the note. He recognized it immediately-it was something they used when families of their victims didn’t follow their instructions to the letter.

In such cases, even after receiving the ransom, they would kill the victims to remind everyone of their power.

“No, no, n

my children! Vanessa cried, pressing her daughter’s head to her chest. ““My babies... n”

Why are you crying? a voice cut through her anguish. no...”

As they turned, they saw about ten people standing before them, dressed in black suits and hiding their identities with motorcycle helmets and body gloves. Each held a baseball bat or metal pipe.

You Frederick started, his anger bubbling over,

Hey Vanessa, tell me, did you enjoy how I handed over your daughter? one of the masked figures asked, ignoring Frederick entirely.

Monster, how could you? Vanessa shouted, her face twisted with fury as she set her daughter’s head down and stood, fists clenched, ready to confront the killer.

Haha, seriously? I’m the monster? the person mocked with a sarcastic laugh. “I just followed your example. I got my five-year-old son back with that note. Remember him? The one you kidnapped a few years ago?”

A cold shiver ran down their spines as they recalled that day. They knew now they were in deep trouble.

My son had a whole life ahead of him, and his only ‘crime’ was being my child. All because I had a substantial amount of money saved in the bank.

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What? Now that I’ve avenged my son by taking your daughter’s life, you want to apologize? the masked figure taunted, brandishing the weapon in their hand. “And don’t worry, for your personal comfort, I tortured her just like you tortured my little boy.” “Interestingly,” another person spoke up, “we will be eternally grateful to Deborah Anderson for giving us this valuable gift?”

What? Frederick looked terrified. “What are you talking about?”

*Because we were all waiting for the perfect moment to get our revenge on you,” another person said.

And it was a relief for us to know that this girl had more power than you and decided to take revenge for all the pain you caused... so we came together to support her in secret because we all share the same goal: to end you and your rotten family. “And luckily for us, we only had to cooperate with our skills and perform a minor favor in return to enjoy this great moment.”

You’re despicable. I understand you hate us... but my children were innocent! Vanessa shouted.

That’s a lie.

They were never innocent.

They deserved to suffer because they were your children.

It’s the only justification we need. But if you want to put it in human terms... they weren’t exactly angels, were they?

They followed in the footsteps of their beloved parents.

And that’s a danger to the rest of the world.

You resentful wretches, Frederick said, “your pathetic revenge was to hunt down my children?”

Not just that... And besides, you might be complaining now, but our reason is more noble than yours, given that you killed our children and relatives for money.

You hunted them for money.

And now you’ll understand that that money was a loan. It’s time for you to pay it back with interest.

Both Frederick and Vanessa trembled as they saw they were surrounded, with everyone readying their

weapons.

This is something I'm going to enjoy more than you can imagine, one of them declared, smacking his baseball bat against his hand.

Wait! Frederick yelled. "You've already killed our children. You've been repaid."

That's right. Now leave us, Vanessa pleaded.

Leave you alone?

Of course not.

The party is just beginning.

With that, they all slowly advanced towards the couple, weapons in hand.

That afternoon, the only sounds that could be heard were Frederick and Vanessa's screams as they were beaten by the masked figures. At long last, life was making them pay for all the atrocities they had committed in their youth in pursuit of easy money.

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The search for the fugitives stretched into the late afternoon until an anonymous tip that night led the police to something peculiar on one of the roads out of the city.

Following the lead, Alistair and his team arrived at the scene, which resembled a horror movie set: a tree, a charred corpse and a burned car, a mutilated woman inside two suitcases, and two distorted, wrecked bodies. "Chief..." a police officer said, his voice trembling as he took in the scene.

Some officers felt an intense urge to vomit upon seeing the bodies, they were so mangled it was hard to believe they had once been human

I see it, Alistair sighed. "Secure the area, check for nearby cameras, and..."

Chief! One of the officers ran up to him. "The mutilated body belongs to Cassandra Turner."

What? That's impossible. She's in prison, another officer said.

Chief!

Now what? Alistair asked, looking at the new officer who had approached.

“We’ve just been notified that Cassandra Turner disappeared from prison. It seems someone helped her escape.”

In that case, tell them we’ve found her, Alistair said.

But how did this happen...?

No idea, but...

Sir, a forensic team member approached them. “We’ve confirmed that the burned body belongs to Ernest Turner.”

What? the officers exclaimed in shock.

“But, that’s impossible. Ernest Turner was supposed to be heading to the neighboring city for what he did.

Well, it seems he escaped,” Alistair said. “And something tells me the deformed bodies belong to Vanessa and Frederick Turner.” The officers were horrified as they looked at the bodies again.”

But...

Have your team confirm it, Alistair instructed the forensic expert.

Yes, the expert said, moving closer to take their fingerprints for quick verification.

This doesn’t make any sense.”

Yes, this scene is...

Chief, it’s them, the forensic expert declared. “Fortunately, their fingerprints were intact. That was the

only thing not broken on their bodies.”

They met the most horrible death, Alistair said.

That's what we can see, but the pieces of Cassandra show bruise marks, and Ernest's body smells faintly of gasoline, the forensic expert added. "So the plan was to kill all four of them."

But whose plan was it?

Chief, we need to investigate who the monster behind this is.

Yes, I'm going to...

You're not going to do anything. Alistair said, frowning

We need to investigate! Whoever did this might be a danger to society, and...

Whoever did this is a danger to no one, because what happened here was karma, Alistair said with sigh.

Who among you read the Turner couple's files?

Everyone did, but..."

Then you know that no matter how much we dig through the grass and dirt at this location, we won't find a clue pointing to who or what did this, Alistair said. "What do you mean, detective?"

Chief, we found a clue, an excited officer said, showing a note. "It was found on Cassandra's body."

Alistair took the note and read it, then sighed deeply. "This is what I'm talking about," he said, handing the paper to his colleagues. "Read it and tell me what you see."

The officers read it and were even more confused as the content had nothing to do with the current situation. They noticed the paper was yellowed, indicating it was old. "This..."

This pair of psychopaths began their criminal career as teenagers, but their group always cleaned up their messes... The only problem is that they made many, many enemies. People who were dissatisfied with the corrupt police system, Alistair explained. "So you're saying their victims were behind this?"

Then we have a clue and.. one of the officers began excitedly.

“Even if we know the truth, there’s nothing concrete linking anyone to this place. We’re still investigating their crimes, and we have about fifty victims so far, with even more popping up.

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Still, it’s a start.”””

*Yes, but you know, us humans are complicated... Some forget and forgive sins, but others are vengeful. It’s obvious that the ones who did this waited for the perfect moment to act.”

“”But...”

This note... I saw it in a file. It was received by a woman along with the body of her five-year-old son even after she paid the ransom, Alistair said, taking the note again. “So, we go to her and...”

Are you going to go to the current police chief and accuse her without evidence of her possible involvement in the deaths of the killers of her son? Alistair asked, his tone dripping with sarcasm, Everyone quickly shook their heads, as doing so would mean the end of their careers.

That’s what I thought, Alistair sneered.

But still, Chief, it’s not acceptable for anyone to take justice into their own hands.

Guys, this is where the saying applies: He who kills with the sword, dies by the sword, Alistair said, pulling out a cigarette to light it. “Anyone who loses a loved one violently harbors resentment inside... so what we’re seeing here is the result of that accumulated hatred.” “I think I understand it to some extent,” said another officer, who had once sought revenge against a criminal who had harmed his younger sister.

At that comment, some grimaced, realizing they had become police officers seeking vengeance against criminals.

Well, finish the formalities of clearing everything up and announce that these four are deceased. Case closed.

But... Chief, I feel it’s my moral duty to investigate their deaths because they were a family and...

Then look at it this way, Alistair said, staring into the officer's eyes. "They were already guilty and would have died in prison anyway, but they chose to escape and ended up serving themselves up on a silver platter to their enemies."

With that comment, all the officers fell silent. Justice had been served, but they had escaped voluntarily, so it was no longer their responsibility.

With that said, no one offered further opinions, and they just focused on collecting the evidence and removing the bodies from the scene.

Back at the department, the report was finished and given to their superiors as well as the media with the news that the Turner family had been found dead.

Reporters were promised an investigation into what happened to them, but they were all empty words; no one would be searching for the anonymous vigilantes who ended the lives of these criminals..

Chapter 176

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Ever since Jayden, Christian, and Nicholas escaped the chaos in the courtroom, they had joined the search for Frederick and Vanessa.

They became part of the detective's team and were even given bulletproof vests for their protection, as it wasn't clear whether Frederick and Vanessa had taken advantage of the situation on their own or if someone was helping them. During the search, Nicholas disappeared from sight. They assumed he had gone to rest without telling them due to his age, so they didn't think much of it.

As the sun began to set, they still had no news of the pair or any clue about where they might be hiding.

Given the time, Christian and Jayden decided to leave the matter in the detective's hands, as they were worried about their wives.

The detective understood and assured them that he would keep them informed of any developments.

But when they returned to where they had left their wives, they found that both the women and the officers assigned to guard them were gone.

They first tried to reach them by phone, but all they got was a message that the phones were off or out of

service.

“Do you

think something happened to them? Jayden asked, panic rising in his voice.”

C’mon, Jayden, calm down... Maybe their batteries died, and that’s why they’re not answering, Christian tried to reassure him.

Even so, I won’t be at ease until I have Deborah in my arms.

I get it; I’m a bit anxious too. Wait, let me call my in-laws.

They live nearby. Maybe Carrie took Deborah there to rest.

Right, good idea. Ask them.

Christian sighed as he pulled out his phone to call his in-laws... only to find out the ladies hadn’t gone there either, and now his in-laws were worried too. “Now what?” Jayden groaned.

Now I’m in trouble because my in-laws are on their way, and they sounded pretty worried, Christian replied, frowning.

Oops... sorry. Ah! Wait, I know... I’ll call my parents and... Jayden began, reaching for his phone.

No, Christian stopped him. “Don’t. They’re your parents... You already know how they’ll react if they find out, right?” “Uh... I guess.”

Don’t call them, or you’ll just make them worry.

*Tch... so what do we do? Because... oh wait, do you think they went home?”

“It’s a bit far, but it’s possible-

Alright, then let's go," Jayden declared, sprinting toward his car before Christian could finish speaking."

Hey! Wait for me! Christian called out, running after him. "I'll let my in-laws know to meet us at the house.

The moment Christian sat in the car and closed the door behind him, Jayden stepped on the gas, his nerves getting the best of him. He couldn't shake the thought of the Turners' twisted plans-to steal James and leave Deborah to die. He wouldn't be at peace until he held his beloved in his arms.

When they arrived at the house, they noticed the lights were off, but they still went inside to check the place.

After searching all the rooms, they came out more frustrated and anxious than before, as they had no idea where the women could be.

Chris... Christian's in-laws arrived, looking concerned,

Son, what happened? Any news about them? his father-in-law asked.

No, sir... the houses are empty.

Oh God... where could those girls have gone? his mother-in-law wondered aloud. "Leaving you worry like this."

two to

The problem isn't that they went off on their own, Jayden said, "but with those killers on the loose, I'm really worried about their safety."

Don't worry, I'm sure they'll turn up soon, Christian's mother-in-law said, trying to comfort her son-in-law and Jayden.

Christian accompanied his in-laws back to their house, while Jayden made several calls trying to find out what had happened to the women.

A few minutes later, Christian rejoined him.

How are your in-laws?

They offered to make dinner while we waited for Debble and Carrie to show up, Christian said with a sigh. "Any news?"

"No... but I called a few people who might be able to help us find them and Jayden started to say when he noticed his father-in-law's car pulling up in front of them.

Good evening, boys," Nicholas greeted them cheerfully as he got out of the car, which surprised them."

Nicholas, where were you? Jayden asked, puzzled. In all the time he'd known Nicholas he'd never seen him this happy.

It's a secret, but instead of questioning me, help me out because I can't carry them, Nicholas replied, opening the backseat doors.

What? Christian and Jayden rushed over and saw Caroline and Deborah sleeping inside.
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But... where were they? Christian asked.

Their phones ran out of battery so I picked them up because Deborah said she was hungry.

Oh... I see. Thanks, Nicholas, Jayden said, carefully getting into the car to lift his beloved out.

Careful, son, Nicholas said, watching him closely before helping Christian with Caroline.

Christian, what... oh, my love, look, she's back, Christian's mother-in-law exclaimed, rushing over to see her daughter.

Gosh... that girl really gave us a scare.

I was just having fun with both of them.

Even so, Nicholas, you should've called. Christian and this kid were worried sick because they couldn't reach them, his sister scolded him.

Sorry, I swear it won't happen again.

Christian said goodbye and returned home with his in-laws' help to tuck Caroline into bed.

Jayden did the same, with Nicholas's assistance, taking Deborah to her room so she could sleep comfortably.

Nicholas, can you finally tell me where they were?

It's a secret, son. All I can tell you is that they were in a very safe place, Nicholas said, heading to the kitchen, where he grabbed a bottle of whiskey, opened it, and drank straight from the container. "Even so, I'm worried because the Turners are still-"

They don't exist anymore, so don't worry.

What... Jayden stared at him, alarmed.

Forget what I said and just go to sleep, Nicholas said, walking over to a wall with a picture of Alexandra. "My love, I finally did it," he whispered, taking another drink. Nicholas had witnessed firsthand how those people met their end because that's what he wanted. Now all he wanted was to drink and forget so he could move on. Jayden could only grimace at Nicholas's strange behavior but knew that it was best to ask his questions

tomorrow.

He entered the bedroom to sleep, wrapping his arms around his partner, feeling the fear he'd felt earlier dissipate as he left behind what had felt like an endless day.

Chapter 177

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The next morning, Deborah woke up feeling a little disoriented and scared, as her last memory was lying down to rest in the room that girl had offered her,

She felt someone holding her, so she quickly turned around, a little startled, but the fear vanished when she saw it was Jayden.

This confused her, but as she looked around and analyzed her surroundings, she realized she was in her own bedroom.

"Good

morning, she heard Jayden say, and she looked up to meet his warm, chocolate-colored eyes, filled with love.”

Good morning, she replied, shifting slightly to give him a kiss on the lips.

Are you okay?

Yes, why do you ask?

It’s just that you disappeared for a while yesterday, and I was worried about you especially since your phone was off.

Don’t worry, we’re fine, she said, taking his hand and placing it on her belly so he could feel their little

one.

Heh... I see someone else is awake, he said, feeling the baby’s kicks. “Good morning, son.”

He’s awake and craving a delicious breakfast.

Well, say no more. Tell me what you want to eat, and I’ll make it, he said, getting out of bed and helping

her up.

Deborah appreciated the sweet gesture, and as they were leaving the room, they noticed Nicholas asleep on the couch.

Why did my dad sleep here?

Long story short, he got drunk and passed out, Jayden said, noticing three empty liquor bottles on the floor.

* Deborah felt a bit worried. “I’ll look up some hangover remedies,” she said, grabbing her phone to search for recipes..

I’ll make him more comfortable, Jayden said, adjusting the couch so it could extend, then moving his father-in-law’s body so he wouldn’t be stiff from sleeping in one position..

I’ll get a blanket, Deborah said, returning to the bedroom to find a blanket to cover him. Here.”

Thanks, love, and here, Jayden said, taking the blanket and handing her a photo.

He fell asleep holding the picture, she said with a smile, placing it back on the small altar she had set up. "I'll change the flowers later," she added, looking at the photo with love and affection. "Although it's the first time I've seen my dad get drunk." "Well, yesterday, when he brought you back, he seemed unusually happy. Maybe that's why he drank so much"

What? He brought us back?

Yeah, he said you called him for lunch and spent the whole afternoon with him.

Eh? Ah... yes... right, she replied, a bit unsure.

Debbie, are you lying to me? he asked in a playful tone, noticing she wasn't good at it.

More like I feel like I'm leaving things out.

And can I know what those things are?

The part about how I got home isn't very clear because I fell asleep, but it turns out that Frederick and Vanessa's lawyer is Brandon's brother... so you can guess the rest of the story.

Oh... well, that explains why none of my contacts could locate you, he said, feeling a bit relieved. "But... why did they take you with them?"

Apparently, it turns out the teenager who was mentioned during the trial was Brandon's brother's partner.

I see... now I understand why your dad said I shouldn't worry about them anymore.

Hm.... From what I gathered, many people took advantage of my actions against the Turners to plan their own revenge against them.

I get it, but are you okay?

Oddly enough, I started this whole thing, and despite everything. I feel fine because, no matter the danger, they kept threatening to harm James, and that was something I couldn't tolerate or allow to happen, she explained, frowning. "Brandon explained the whole plan to me in

advance, but even though I started Frederick and Vanessa's downfall, I didn't stick around to see how they died. Brandon and his brother did while I spent the afternoon with Brandon's partner-we had some ramen together. Then, I got tired and accepted their offer to rest."

I see, Jayden said, leaning in to kiss her. "I guess that's why Nicholas was acting all mysterious last night -he probably joined in too."

Deborah grimaced and nodded, as that would explain why he drank so much.

Just then, the doorbell rang, and they looked at each other in confusion.

I'm not expecting anyone, she said.

Maybe it's Caroline or Christian. Let me check, Jayden said, walking to the door. "Oh, hello, Detective. Good morning," he greeted, stepping aside to let the older man in.

Good morning, Jayden, and... good morning, Deborah, Alistair greeted as he entered the house. I'm glad I caught you because I have something to tell you."

What's going on? Deborah asked, walking closer.

Last night, we found the bodies of the Turner family on the outskirts of the city, he said, but when he saw no reaction from them, he raised an eyebrow. "Though it seems my news is a bit late."

"A little-we found out last night through one of my contacts, Jayden replied.

I see, then I don't need to go into the details. I'll move on to the second piece of news,"" the detective said, reaching into his jacket pocket."

What news? Deborah asked.

Here, dear. With their deaths... she can return to your side, he said, handing her a small jewelry box.

Deborah looked at it in amazement, her hands trembling as she opened it and saw the jewelry made from her mother's remains.

At last, my mother-in-law is home, Jayden said, moving closer to hug Deborah.

Thank you so much, Deborah said, handing the box to Jayden and stepping forward to embrace the detective, grateful for all the help he had given her.

I told you I'd help, the detective said, patting her on the back as he pulled away.

Now Alexandra has returned to her beloved Deborah's side, Nicholas said as he stood up.

Did we wake you? Deborah asked.

It was this kid who stirred me, but it's okay. It's breakfast time anyway.

Well, in that case, I'll take my leave, Alistair said.

Would you like to stay and have breakfast with us? she offered.

Thanks, but I have a lot of paperwork waiting at the office, Alistair said with a smile. "Take care, and if anything else comes up, you know where to find me," he added, saying goodbye to the family.

Chapter 178

Chapter 178

That same morning, every news outlet was talking about the horrific deaths of the Turner family. Many news channels even claimed to have exclusive photos of the state in which the bodies of the four family members were found. There was much speculation about how the events unfolded, but since the police didn't provide further details, the topic gradually faded from public attention

Days began to pass, and everyone was waiting for some new scandal or news to feed the city's curiosity. Fortunately, they didn't have to wait long. With the arrival of a new season, people were kept entertained by new trends and fashions that began to emerge. But not everyone was happy. One of those discontented people was Roger.

At that moment, he felt incredibly frustrated because he had gone from having everything to being just a simple appraiser in a pawn shop.

It was the only job that recognized any of his qualifications... and that was simply pathetic.

Damn the moment his perfect life went to hell, all because he was an idiot who blindly trusted Sophia's words. After the scandal at the Spring Jewelry Showcase, she vanished, and he hadn't heard from her since.

To make things worse, when he got out of jail, his father made it clear that he wouldn't give him any more money and told him not to contact him again.

Tch... he muttered, shifting in his seat.

Sir... a voice interrupted his thoughts. He looked up to see an older woman. "Can you tell me how much I could get for this jewelry?"

Of course, he sighed, taking the piece from her to examine it, since he was on duty and needed the money. "It's a lovely ring, though it looks a bit worn," he commented as he observed the piece with his magnifying glass. "Well, it's been with me for over 30 years, young man."

I see, so it's a relic, he joked. "Um... could I have your customer card to proceed with the transaction?" "Oh yes, here you go," the older woman said, handing him her card.

Let's see... Roger registered the card and entered the jewelry description. "You have a good history, ma'am. The shop can give you 1,900. How does that sound?"

Oh, that's perfect. It'll be enough to buy something special for my grandson and throw him a party to celebrate his graduation and honor roll achievement.

In that case, congratulations, Mrs. Anthony, and here you go, he said, handing her a form. "Please sign the contract.

The lady complied, and after receiving her receipt, she said goodbye to Roger and went to the cashier to collect her money.

Everyone's pawning stuff lately to splurge on end-of-school-year celebrations, one of Roger's coworkers

remarked.

I guess...

Don't worry, you're new here, but you'll get used to it. This back-to-school season and Christmas are the busiest times for pawn shops.

Yeah... Roger grimaced. He had never pawned jewelry to get some extra cash.

His current life wasn't so bad. The job was easy, and the pay was decent. And like any business, there were kind and understanding customers... and others who were unpleasant, but that was normal.

Looking back, he realized what an idiot he had been. He could've teamed up with his brother to run the company. He had to admit that Elliot had a great talent for jewelry design, but since childhood, he was terrible at pricing the items he created... and that's where Roger excelled.

His father was right. If he hadn't been so envious and insecure because of his mother's words... they could've done great things with the company. Now, Elliot was shining with someone else's help.

The bell above the door rang, announcing the arrival of a new customer.

It was a woman wearing a hat and dark sunglasses, with an air of mystery as if she was trying to hide her identity. She hurried over to the counter,

Hey, worker, tell me, how much will you give me for this jewelry? she demanded arrogantly, pulling out a diamond necklace and placing it on the counter.

Roger frowned at the woman's attitude, but her voice sounded somewhat familiar... Reluctantly, he took the necklace, which he recognized because he had given it to... "Sophia?"

What? The woman looked at him closely, stepping back in surprise. "Roger?" she said, removing her sunglasses. "What... what are you doing here?"

I work here, he replied, frowning.

Ah... I see... um... this is awkward and... um... so? How much will you give me? she asked nervously, glancing down at the diamond necklace.

Chapter 179

Chapter 179

Your card?"

Sophia grimaced and handed it over.

Roger took the card and entered the details into the system. "I can offer you 1,500."

What? Why? That necklace is worth at least 5,000! Or don't you know how to tell a genuine diamond?

Of course I do, but in its current state, the diamonds look dull due to wear, sweat, and makeup residue, he explained, showing her the flaws he mentioned. "And here, you can see where the metal has been scratched by other pawn shops, so this piece is already damaged and won't fetch much in resale. Plus, your history shows you've never reclaimed any of your pawned items."

Sophia gritted her teeth, feeling humiliated as she noticed the other employees snickering at Roger's words. "Are you trying to get revenge on me?"

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just telling you what the system says.

"Liar.

I'm not, but don't think I don't want to get back at you for stealing and scamming me out of a lot of money. Now that I think about it... with everything you took, why are you getting rid of the jewelry I gave you?" "That's because the amount you gave me was so little it didn't last long."

Hm.... whatever. Do you want the money or not?

Obviously not! I'm not leaving my valuable jewelry in this trashy place! she snapped, grabbing her things and storming out, slamming the door behind her.

God, she's nuts, Roger's coworker commented.

Sadly, she's not the only one like this, the manager added. "We have plenty of clients like her who think they're royalty but always argue over the price of their jewelry, and sometimes it's just costume jewelry." "So #t

they're just lying women." Roger's co-worker chimed in.

The worst kind, really. They're gold diggers who latch onto rich men to live off them, usually destroying marriages in the process, the manager explained. "The sad part is that the man always ends up the loser because society always sides with the wife. When a divorce happens, the mistress robs him blind before leaving to find her next victim."

Yeah I know, Roger said bitterly.

More customers came in, and Roger and his coworkers returned to work.

Roger reflected on his bad luck. He truly had been a fool, losing everything because he believed in Sophia's supposed love. Now he could see that he had also been deceived by his own mother's prejudices, which ruined not just his marriage but his family life as well. That's why he no longer spoke to her and ignored her every time she tried to contact him

As for Sophia, she was seething. She had no money left, and to top it off, Roger worked at that cursed

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place so she couldn't pawn anything there.

Then she noticed the news playing on the TVs in the store across the street.

And in other news, here we see the couple of the moment, aw... they look so cute together, the anchors commented, showing a picture of Jayden and Deborah at a baby store. "Our photographer spotted them on an outing, and it seems they're getting ready for the arrival of their little one."

Jayden is such a man, aw... she's a lucky woman.

And not just that, I also heard she's now reclaimed everything those thieves stole from her.

Right, I heard there was a strong rumor that she's preparing to revive her family's business.

"Damn it... Sophia thought, grinding her teeth. 'She has everything, and I have nothing... that's not fair. I should be the one swimming in jewels and riches, but no...."

And all because she rejected her family's fortune and refused to associate herself with them. She wanted to be famous and left her family to achieve her glorious future.

then in his

Sophia managed to climb her way up until she found Roger... 'But that mute idiot had to complain and ruin everything I had worked for. Now, that man is useless to me because he had been cast out of his family with no money to his name.'

To top it off, her siblings no longer supported her and didn't want to see her.

'No... I should be the one at the top of society, adored by everyone... not Deborah. That idiot should go back to being the despised and forgotten mute maid she was... yes... that's what needs to happen to set things right.'

Chapter 180

Chapter 180

Meanwhile, at Peterson Group, things were bustling as they began preparing the small summer collection..

At that moment, Deborah arrived at the company, helped out of the vehicle by her beloved.

My love, are you sure you'll be okay? Jayden asked.

Yes, I already told him I've arrived, so he should be down from his office any minute.

Okay, and sorry, my love, but I won't be able to join you for lunch today.

It's fine, don't worry. Just focus on your work.

Okay, love, Jayden said, giving her a kiss on the lips. "Hey, if they can't drive you home, call the company and have them assign a driver to pick you up, alright? I don't want you taking a taxi." "Okay."

Promise me."

I promise, love. I'll call to ask for a car since you and my dad are busy, she repeated playfully.

Jayden laughed and, after giving her one last kiss, returned to his car while waving goodbye as he headed to the construction site since they were close to finishing the hotel.

She waved back until the car disappeared from view,

Once he was out of sight, she turned to enter the company, where some employees started whispering as they saw her arrive.

They recognized her from the trial, and many felt bad for having mistreated and humiliated her when she was Roger's wife, unaware of her true identity. Even their boss had never treated her well... At the start of their marriage, Deborah used to come to the company to invite Roger to lunch, but they never let her in. On the few occasions the ex-couple met, he would yell at her and have security escort her out.

With a calm and slightly slow pace, she made her way to the reception.

Good morning. Do you have an appointment? the young woman at the desk asked.

Yes, I'm here to see-

Debbie! Elliot suddenly came running out of the elevator, rushing to her side. He hugged her around her belly but quickly pulled away. "He moved! Hello to you too, nephew," he said excitedly, touching her belly and feeling a slight movement. "You must be happy to hear from your favorite uncle."

It seems so, she replied.

Come on, everything's ready, he said happily, taking her hand to guide her to the elevator. "By the way, who brought you here?"

Jayden, and he sends his regards, she said as they entered the elevator.

Why didn't he stay?"

He's busy with the final stages of the hotel construction.

I guess it's that time of year. We're in the same boat here, Elliot mentioned as the elevator doors opened and they stepped out.

A new collection?

Yes and no. I'm saving my designs for winter and Christmas, Elliot explained. "But to motivate all the employees, we held an internal contest for them to design a summer-themed necklace, bracelet, and ring. "That sounds great, giving them a chance to shine."

Exactly, and it also means I won't be overloaded with work, plus the public won't get too used to my designs.

That's a smart strategy.

"Dad and Mr. Edgar from public relations suggested the idea to keep interest in our main jewelry line while also ensuring the company has fresh new pieces.

Deborah smiled at the teenager's excitement as they entered his office.

Inside, George was reviewing some documents.

Debbie, you're here," he said, standing up when he saw them enter. "And oh... I see my grandson is getting big."

And very active, she added, approaching to hug the older man.

I can imagine. How much longer?

Just two months left.

Time has flown by. How are your preparations going?

Actually, today the gynecologist asked me how I wanted James to be born.

I see. Whatever you choose should be what makes you feel most comfortable, he said, taking her hand. and guiding her to the nearest chair.

I'll ask Fabian to bring us something to drink, Elliot said excitedly.

Elliot's thrilled to have you here.

Yes, and it's been a long while since I promised to visit.

It's understandable, given how busy you were with everything related to your mother's inheritance.

And my mother-in-law helped me find a good buyer, so the house is already sold.

I figured you'd do that since it wasn't worth keeping a place filled with bad memories.

Hm... Now I'm starting to create new memories in my home, and once James is born, I'll move into the Cooper mansion.