

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 21-30

Chapter 21

I guess he's busy today.' Deborah blushed, realizing what she was thinking. 'Whoa... Deborah, get a grip. You're not divorced yet and you're already thinking about someone else. Flustered, Deborah hurried into her house and put away the groceries. Just as she was about done, Caroline and Christian arrived with dinner.

[Welcome.] Deborah greeted them at the door, letting them in.

Hi, Deborah, the couple replied as they entered the house. Christian placed the bags on the table.

It looks like you've settled in, Caroline joked, seeing a corner of the living room with the laptop and some open notebooks.

[Well, it's my house. Besides, I like the view from the window, so I made it my workspace.] Deborah replied.

That's the spirit, Christian praised her.

Dear, clean your hands and help us set the table, Caroline instructed, taking the bags to start unpacking the food.

Christian obeyed. When he returned, his partner asked him to open the wine bottle. and serve some juice while they arranged the dinner on plates.

Try it and tell me if you like the taste. Because for me, the meat is finger-licking good, Caroline said, taking a seat to start dinner.

[Thanks.] Deborah replied.

Alright, let's get to the serious matters, Deborah, Christian said.

[What happened?] Deborah asked.

Roger's lawyer contacted me, saying the former doesn't want the divorce. In fact, he demanded that you go back home and that he is willing to forgive you for your relationship with me, Christian explained. "WHAT?!" Caroline exclaimed. "Wait... he implied that you..."

"His exact words were: 'She must have slept with you. Why else would you be representing her? She doesn't have a penny to her name.'"

Ugh... that d*mn b*stard,"" Caroline cursed."

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I know, my love. I also wanted to punch him, but I managed to remain calm, remembering that this guy was just repeating his client's words, Christian said.

[He's the real traitor.] Deborah signed, frowning.

I know, and since I refused his demands, he got furious. But I stood firm with your decision not to go back, Christian reassured her.

[Thanks, Christian.] Deborah signed.

So, the trial will be in two weeks, Christian continued.

[I'm ready to fight for my freedom.] Deborah remained firm.

My friends helped me gather evidence so we're ready for the big moment, he said as he added some sauce to his sandwich. "By the way, have you talked to anyone about this?"

[No, why?] Deborah asked.

According to a friend, your family hired an investigator to find you, Christian informed.

They must want something, they're always like that. Caroline frowned.

[They've been sending me messages, but I delete them right away. I never opened a single one.]

Good, because that's another problem we could handle legally, Christian. suggested.

Honey, you're already excited about the lawsuits, Caroline chuckled.

Oops...

[Thanks, Chris. I was thinking about a lawsuit against the Andersons too.] Deborah admitted.

Really? They both looked surprised at her statement.

"Now that I'll have time and my freedom, I want to investigate my mom's death because that accident was very strange. And she had step-siblings who were a year apart.] Deborah explained.

I was wondering about that too,"" Caroline nodded."

But well, one thing at a time, or we'll get confused which could affect the divorce,

Christian reminded her of what they had discussed previously.

By the way, Deborah, Caroline told me you're pregnant. Congratulations, Chris smiled at her.

Hey, are you going to keep the baby, or will you abort? he asked.

[I'll keep it.] Deborah replied.

Do you want me to ask for child support in the divorce? Christian inquired.

No.

Sure? It's your right and the baby's to have that good-for-nothing support you both, he insisted.

[I don't want anything from him. I can raise my baby alone.] Deborah was adamant.

My dear, respect her decision. Besides, she won't be alone because that baby will have two handsome and great uncles who will help her mom make sure she doesn't lack anything, declared Caroline, making her friend smile. "Alright, Deborah. I won't mention your pregnancy in the divorce." Christian. respected her decision.

After this, they continued to chat over dinner as Caroline wanted to know all the details of how Deborah would start teaching there.

The conversation was so engaging that they never noticed someone had been standing at Deborah's doorstep, intending to visit her, only to overhear her secret.

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The day before had been very relaxing for Deborah. So today, she was determined to work towards properly owning this house, to make it her new home. After breakfast, she calculated how much savings she needed to buy the house from Jayden. She also wanted to make sure she had enough to get him a thank-you gift.

Her calculations were interrupted when she checked the time-she had an online appointment with a client to discuss their tax declaration for this bimester. Deborah closed her notebook and logged into the online platform.

'Now that I have more time on my hands, I can easily handle four clients a day.' She smiled-she had been handling a total of 20 clients per week without any issues

before this.

Once the appointment was over, she started drafting her report to send it to her boss.

With this increase in clients, and if she saved her money well, she could have enough to pay for the upcoming hospital bills; the necessary clothes, furniture, and other items for her baby; the current house rent; and Christian's lawyer fees. Deborah was happy because she was finally financially independent.

After a while, she stretched and saw that it was already noon, so she went into the kitchen to prepare her lunch. Just as she was about to take the meat out of the fridge, someone knocked on the door. She was met by Jayden at the entrance. [Hi.] She greeted him with a smile.

Good afternoon, beautiful. How are you? he asked.

[Good.] She replied.

Tell me I arrived in time before you started cooking, he said, noticing some vegetables on the table.

[Yes, you're just in time. I was just about to make lunch.] She replied.

Excellent, because I'm here to invite you for lunch, um... if you want to, he said.

[Of course, I'd love to.] Deborah chuckled.

By the way, sorry for not coming by yesterday. It was a busy day at the company, he apologized.

[Don't worry, I figured as much. And it's OK for you to skip work today?]

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Well, it may not seem like it, but I've already finished my tasks for today, he replied.

[Good.]

Shall we go for burgers? Jayden suggested.

[You read my mind, that's exactly what I was going to make.] Deborah let out another chuckle.

Then I've hit the jackpot. He smiled.

[Yeah.]

Deborah put away the vegetables she had taken out and grabbed her bag that contained her wallet, phone, and keys before heading out with Jayden.

They walked since the restaurant was close to the gated community. It was a family - restaurant, so it was somewhat crowded, but they didn't mind. After ordering their

food at the counter, they found a table to sit and enjoy the moment-they sat at quite a distance from the play area, so they could chat comfortably.

So, you like extra cheese, Jayden remarked.

[That's how I used to order them when I ate with my mom.] Deborah explained.

I see. And tell me, how do you like the place? he asked.

[It's a wonderful place. In fact, I'll be giving my first class here at five later today.] Deborah told him about the classes she would be teaching. "Wow... congratulations! Can I be your student?" Jayden joked.

[Yes, actually, it's for the general public.]

Then I'll be there with my notebook to write down everything the beautiful teacher teaches me, he teased.

[Jayden...] Deborah smiled, blushing a little.

By the way, Deborah, what do you think about kids? Jayden suddenly asked.

She looked at him, confused by the sudden change of topic, but then she saw him looking towards the play area.

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You know, have about being a mother in the future? he clarified.

[Well... yes, I have thought about it.] Deborah was still confused by the question. [And you? Have you thought about having kids?]

I would love to have a child with you, he replied quickly.

Deborah blushed at the sudden declaration but she felt the need to be honest with him since he had been so good to her; he deserved the truth. [Actually... Jayden, 1-]

If you let me, I'll raise him as my own because I love you, he quickly interrupted her.

[Wait... what...?]

Last night, I overheard you when I stopped by your place, he confessed.

Deborah grimaced upon hearing that because she didn't want him to find way.

She remained silent for a while, feeling a bit uncomfortable. “Jayden...” ut that

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I don't care.

[What?]

I don't care if the baby isn't biologically mine. If you allow me, I'll treat that baby as my own because I really like you, Deborah. And my feelings for you are sincere. [Jayden, I couldn't ask you f

that.]

Why not?”

[It's just... no... it wouldn't be right. This baby is Roger's, it's not yours-]

That baby is yours, and if you give me a chance, I'll strive to be a great father to him or her.

[Jayden... but I'm not-]

“I know, you're not divorced yet, but soon you will be, so I'll continue my fight to win a piece of your heart.

[I don't think you need to fight for that.] Deborah looked away with a slight blush.

Jayden was surprised by her reaction, and his smile widened. I'm delighted by your words.””””

[I still don't know exactly how I feel about you, but I think about you a lot.] Deborah

admitted.

I know, let's take it one step at a time, he said, taking her hands. “But I like how things are starting.”

Deborah nodded, smiling at him.

After that, they continued eating, and Jayden told Deborah about his previous day while she did the same. When they finished their meal, they bought ice cream and ate it while walking back home.

They didn't separate for long because just an hour later, they headed to the communal area where Charlotte was already waiting to show Deborah the room she would be using for her classes that afternoon.

Welcome, Deborah, here we have everything you need for visual support: there is a projector, flip charts, and a whiteboard. Feel free to use whichever you prefer,

Charlotte explained.

[This place is well-equipped.] Deborah was impressed as she looked around the room.

Yup, you see, the classes given here are paid courses, so we take good care of the rooms, Charlotte further explained.

Paid? Jayden raised an eyebrow.

[Yes, but mine will be a free trial class first.] Deborah wrote in a notebook.

Why? Jayden frowned, thinking they were discriminating against Deborah.

We give an opportunity to all neighbors to teach classes. Their first is always a trial class. If there is a lot of interest by the end of the class, then the course will be formalized and classes will be charged so that those like Deborah can earn some money for sharing her knowledge, Charlotte continued to explain.

I see, so it depends on the attendees' interest. Jayden understood.

[Yes, but giving this trial class already makes me feel rewarded.] Deborah wrote, smiling.

Okay, beautiful, Jayden noticed she was happy, so he dropped the subject.

Well, I'll let you settle in, Charlotte said before turning to greet the people who were arriving for the class.

Can I help you with something? asked Jayden.

Deborah had him help set up the projector because she had prepared a visual presentation for her class.

About five minutes later, the clock read 4:58 PM and they were ready, two minutes away from starting the class.

[I'm nervous.]

Don't worry, I know you'll be great, Jayden said, winking at her as he took a seat at one of the tables in front. "If you're nervous, just look at me and forget about the others."

Deborah smiled, and then she saw Charlotte signal her to get ready as people started coming in.

Deborah took a deep breath, surprised to see that all the chairs were filled. She took

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another breath before starting her presentation, writing her name on the board and using a computerized voice to communicate with everyone.

Jayden smiled as he watched Deborah forget her nerves and become more fluid in her movements to communicate with the class.

'You'll gradually forget your fears and become a very confident woman, Jayden thought, smiling at the sight of Deborah's smile reaching her eyes as she taught some basic words to the class. Just then, he received a message: [What you told me is true, so I'll use it for that.]

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Chapter 24

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Meanwhile...

Roger wasn't having a good time. His father had followed through with the threat and demoted him he wasn't a department head anymore. Now he had less money because his salary

reflected his new roles a basic employee, That only meant more problems and stress for him because Sophia couldn't be bothered about any of that she wanted to keep spending money as usual and now she was asking him for more, using her pregnancy as an excuse,

After leaving work, he went home because he didn't feel like seeing anyone at the moment. He had been ignoring Sophia's constant calls all morning-she had truly become a nuisance,

Ah... give me a break... he complained, throwing his phone on his bed. He was tired of seeing messages like [Roger, my love, I need you. Can you give me money? Why aren't you here? I feel lonely... Hey, when will you give me a little gift. And that was only the tip of the iceberg in the number and types of messages she sent him.

He cursed himself... he should have been grateful for Deborah always keeping the house in order, never giving him any trouble, or complaining about his actions or the fact that he was never at home.

Now that he thought about it... Deborah did have her charm. She knew how to cook and make the best coffee he had ever tasted. Now, he could only sigh while lying back on his bed, closing his eyes for a moment.

Then he glanced down the hallway at the wall where their wedding portrait hung Upon closer inspection of that image, he could see his forced smile and the sadness that filled her eyes... Their expressions didn't match the theme of their photoshoot, and it was because he ruined that great moment by telling Deborah that he would never love her, nor would he spend the honeymoon with her. Instead, he would be

with his lover.

Thinking back to that memory only made him more frustrated because now he realized how badly he had been treating her. Back then, he thought he had lost everything because of her. But it turned out that her presence in his life had allowed him to gain much. How ironic.

He still didn't understand why his grandfather protected her, but the important thing was that he needed to win her back so that he could regain his social status.

The idea of getting Sophia to have an abortion no longer sounded like a bad idea-he couldn't stand her anymore. If he had to make a choice right now, he would choose Deborah.

The more he thought about it, the deeper his sigh. He turned around and tried to get comfortable in bed, hoping to catch some sleep. But he felt a slight discomfort in his leg, so

he reached into his pants pocket and found Deborah's wedding ring... which was a fake ring he got from a vending machine.

Maybe he went a little too far in treating Deborah like a punching bag when she did nothing wrong to him. He also remembered the night he raped her and realized that was when she lost her virginity too... which meant someone set them up because nothing happened that supposed night they spent together. Yet they ended up having to marry each other.

Remembering that, he grabbed his phone to message that investigator to find out what exactly happened that fateful night. But as he was about to send it, a phone call came. He smiled when he saw it was his lawyer, so he quickly answered.

What's up? What news do you have for me?

Boss, well... it's bad news, the voice on the other end said, sounding very distressed.

How bad is it? Roger frowned, starting to feel nervous.

Well... I couldn't stop it from escalating. The trial will be in two weeks.

WHAT?! WHY! I told you to resolve it quickly.

It seems that her lawyer presented evidence supporting the divorce and indicated that Ms. Deborah no longer wishes to return to you.

That's ridiculous! That stupid woman loves me! Why is she betraying me now? What did I do to deserve this?

Don't worry, sir, I'll be with you throughout the process, and we'll prove that you're a great husband who was abandoned for no reason.

Perfect, I'll entrust that to you because we have to show that she's the bad one who abandoned home, he said before ending the call, annoyed. After hanging up, he sent that text message before sighing and closing his eyes. He had to get Deborah back no matter what.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, but he didn't move from his bed, ignoring

the noise because he didn't feel like seeing anyone.

However, those plans were ruined when he heard his phone start ringing again. "Son, open the door..." was what he heard from the entrance of the house. Roger rolled his eyes and got up to open the door, finding not only his mother but also Sophia, who was carrying some suitcases and looking very excited. "My love." the blonde threw herself into his arms while kissing him on the lips.

Sophia, what... wait, what are you two doing together?

Oh, my love, it's just that since you weren't answering, I got worried. So I called your mom to help me find you and she gave me the great news that the mute girl left the house, so I took the opportunity to move in to live with you.

COMMENT

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Chapter 25

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Upon hearing those words, Roger's eye twitched as he turned to glare at his mother. "That's right, son, you shouldn't neglect Sophia and my grandchild," she insisted. "What... but-"

While you two chat, I'll go unpack my things, declared Sophia, quickly detaching herself from him. She entered the apartment with her suitcases and started exploring the place while murmuring to herself. "Mom,

are you crazy oru

Roger complained quietly.

Don't talk to me like that, Roger.

How could you bring her to my house?

But I'm not doing anything wrong, since you two should be living together because of the baby and-

Mom, forget that because I'm going to bring Deborah back.

What?! Why? The women exclaimed in unison.

Because I want to reclaim everything that was mine, he declared, crossing his arms..

What do you mean by that? Sophia asked, unaware of the business matter.

But your father...he didn't mention-

He was dead serious, and in case you don't remember, mother... I'm on probation at the company. Since I missed work yesterday, they gave me an ultimatum that if I miss again, I'll be fired. "That... that can't be..." Sophia was scared because that meant all her plans for a life of luxury were ruined... this was unthinkable for her. She was about to ruin her body for nothing.

In an attempt to escape from reality, Sophia distanced herself from them, continuing to explore the apartment and stake her claim on one of the rooms. No one could move her from her new home because she had worked hard to get that place. She wouldn't give it up so easily.

"Son, calm down, don't-scare your girlfriend. Remember, she shouldn't get upset

because of the baby, Isabelle said as she saw Sophia walking away."

And don't worry, I'll talk with your father because these measures he's taking are utterly ridiculous. I'll make him come to his senses to give you everything back. God... leaving the presidency to Elliot, he truly has senile dementia.

Well, good luck with that, Mom. In the meantime, I'll continue with my own plans.

You don't have to do that, I'll make your father change his mind in no time, she declared, turning around to go talk to her husband.

Roger rolled his eyes before bidding her farewell. However, his words were cut off when he heard something fall behind him. He closed the door and went to see what was happening, finding Sophia moving some furniture and throwing some things on the floor. "What are you doing?" he asked, frowning.

I'm moving some things because we need to remodel this place a bit to suit my tastes, she replied.

Ah... and with what money do you plan to do that? he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Well, with your money, silly, she said, smiling at him. "We need to erase the mute girl's existence from this house," she said, advancing toward the wall where the wedding photograph was hanging to take it down.

You are not touching anything, declared Roger, grabbing her arm to stop her.

Because you're not going to change anything in the house.

But why?

Let me say this clearly: I DON'T HAVE MONEY.

That's a good joke, my love. You're Roger Peterson, the current CEO of the largest jewelry company in the country, and-

"And that was all because I was married to Deborah Anderson.'

What... that's not..." Sophia looked at him incredulously."

It's true. So, now that you know, I have to get my mute wife back if you want to continue living in luxury.

But what about me? Where do I fit into all of this? Am I just your mistress again? she asked furiously.

"I don't know. All I know is that I must first regain my position as CEO and

BUT I'M YOUR PARTNER!"

Well, if you want to be my partner so much, from now on, you'll do the same thing Deborah did: take care of the house, clean, do the shopping, cook for me, and have everything ready when I come home from work. "What..." Sophia was shocked to hear those words. "Why are you asking me to do the work of a maid?"

Because that's the job of a good wife: to keep the house in order and be ready to attend to and make your husband happy, right?

Sophia frowned at those cruel words; he had never treated her like that before. Well, guess what, I refuse. As your wife, you will respect me, and you'll hire a maid to

do all that."

Well, since you don't want to, then go back to your house because those will be the rules if you want to live in this apartment right now.

Sophia was furious as she spun around silently, grabbed her suitcases, and headed for the door. "Fine, I'm going, don't stop me," she declared melodramatically.

But the moment the door of the apartment shut after her, she felt scared because that meant she could lose everything. She refused to go down without a fight because she had invested a lot of time and energy into winning over that idiot. Maybe she should change tactics-and quickly-because she refused to lose. everything. Maybe she should figure out how to get rid of the mute girl because she was still a nuisance to her.

Chapter 26

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Those who once despised Deborah and wished her dead were now desperately searching for her because they realized she was more than a nuisance. She was the key to a comfortable life-a life they had taken for granted and no longer wanted to live without. However, the ones who suffered the most from her disappearance were Deborah's relatives. They had conveniently claimed to be her family but had never cared about her well-being. And now they were going crazy, moving heaven and earth to find her. Unfortunately for them, they had no idea where to start looking or who to ask about her whereabouts. Because, to them, Deborah didn't have any friends.

Still nothing? Frederick asked, nervous because he didn't have the money to pay his share of that supposed big business he was investing in.

No, Dad, Ernest grimaced. "My friend can't do a proper investigation because that stupid woman doesn't even have a social media presence to start an internet search." "What about the email she created for school?" Cassandra remembered. "That doesn't help us much because we need to have an email she sent us recently to track her IP address," explained

her blond twin. "And the problem is she never had a cell phone-Roger never bought her one; you know, we always called the apartment whenever we needed to reach her." "Tch... this idiot. How can a person live like that?" Vanessa complained, scratching her head in frustration.

No idea, Mom, but now it angers me to know it's because of us that we can't find her. After all, we were the ones who wished she would live like a ghost, Casandra said, making a face.

The important thing now is to find her so my beloved son-in-law can regain his status and give us that loan we so desperately need, Vanessa voiced.

That's right because I was counting on that money, which I've already spent, Frederick declared in frustration. The calls from debt collectors would start soon, something he wished to avoid because it could ruin their image as a wealthy family.

Amidst this desperation, they had gone to Deborah's old room to see if she had left any clues or hints about where to start looking.

Meanwhile, Roger was also struggling, feeling immensely frustrated with the whole

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situation. He had another argument with Sophia and no longer wanted to answer her calls for the time being... He was starting to wonder: Was she always this demanding and needy?

But he couldn't dwell much on that or try to fix the problem because he had other issues at the moment: Work. It was terrible-being a simple employee was

something he couldn't tolerate anymore, especially knowing that his younger brother would now be the CEO of the company.

He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't realize someone had approached him. The person knocked on the door to get his attention.

Hey, Roger, spoke a guy with short hair of a peculiar blue color. "I'm still waiting for your proposals for the new collection, and you know time is ticking." Roger frowned upon hearing the call, knowing that he hadn't made much progress." I'm working on it, boss," he said begrudgingly.

Okay, the guy said, turning to check on the work of the other team members.

Roger simply rolled his eyes and looked at his sketchbook with frustration because he still didn't have anything new and innovative to show, just simple doodles..

Tch... he was really in a tight spot because he wasn't good at designing jewelry. He knew the difference between real and fake jewelry, but designing wasn't his forte. The designs he had shown before were ones his mother had gotten for him, and he doubted miracles happened twice. Roger felt cornered.

He needed some words of encouragement or support right now, but since he was fighting with Sophia... he couldn't count on that.

Then he remembered how Deborah had encouraged him when he was working on these difficult projects, and she would sometimes give her honest opinion or even help to correct a design to make it look better.

Chapter 27

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I was such an idiot for never giving you anything from all those jewelry collections you helped me design, Roger grimaced, truly regretting now that he had lost Deborah. He knew the reason for the divorce, but his pride refused to accept that she was the one who left him. "Tch... maybe I should change a little. Maybe I should make a baby with you won't be alone at home once I get you back." "Who are you talking to?"

Roger raised his gaze and found his younger brother staring at him. The former's eyebrows immediately knitted together. "What do you want?"

I came to see you because Dad wants to know if you've found my sister-in-law yet.

Obviously not, or you wouldn't be here at the company.

"Hm... you know, I still don't understand why you hate me.

Because you were born to take everything from me, just like Mom said."""

"Well, that's a shame, because I used to admire you, brother, but now I just pity you.

You...”” Roger stood up to hit him, but just as he was about to close the distance...”

Their father appeared. “Don’t fight in the company.” George was not looking pleased to see them quarreling.

Sorry, they both said, grimacing.

Elliot, back to your office, said George, crossing his arms.

Yes, Dad... he replied, though he didn’t move.

And you, George said, turning to his eldest son, “I hope you have that great. collection ready because I want it in my office by tomorrow at the latest, or I’ll fire you, understood?”

In fact... it’s already done, Roger said, trying to sound confident in his words.

Really? Elliot said, surprised.

Show me, George requested.

Roger went to fetch the drawings he had hidden, which he copied from a former employee’s proposal, and showed them to his father as his own.

The elder analyzed them and noticed it was an interesting design, but the drawing style was very different from the previous one his son had shown him, which made him doubt if it was his or not. Still, he let it pass for now, planning to investigate it later. “Well, it looks good on paper. I look forward to seeing how you bring them to life,” George commented, returning the drawings to his son.

You’ll be very satisfied, Roger spoke, giving his younger brother a look of mockery.

So... what happened with Deborah, did you find her?

No... I’ll see her at the trial, Roger said, grimacing and crossing his arms.

I hope the judge rules in her favor, Elliot said.

Shut up.

Roger, enough, George scolded him.

But he started it...

Remember you're an adult, and he's still a teenager, George said, annoyed. "Don't forget, your fate depends on the outcome of that trial."

Will you really leave your future grandchild on the street? Roger frowned.

"Yes, because I don't trust that woman, and there's no proof that the child is yours.

What?" George's comment filled Roger with doubts."

I mean, if she has no shame in getting involved with a married man, what makes you think you're the only one in her life? Women like these go wherever there's easy money. Roger was astonished because he hadn't thought of that possibility. "That can't be... she wouldn't..."

I agree with Dad, how do you know she's not with you just for your money? Elliot mentioned.

Shut up! That's not possible, she loves me, he said angrily before leaving to speak with Sophia.

Hey, Roger, you're still on working hours, the blue-haired guy complained as he left. "Uh, boss..." +16 BONUS

Let him go, Edgar. Let's just say I permitted him to leave, George said, sighing." But tomorrow, make him work twice as hard to make up "Understood, boss."

for

these lost hours."

Meanwhile, Elliot let out a sigh-his brother disappointed him more each day. Suddenly, he received a mysterious email.

Upon opening it, he was surprised to see the sender's name.

'No way!' was his thought as a smile formed on his lips.

Chapter 28

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“Dad, I’m heading out too,” Elliot said, trying to disguise his excitement.

“Alright, son, it’s almost lunchtime anyway,” George said, noticing what Elliot was trying to hide. “Do you want to eat together?” “Sorry, Dad, I already have plans.”

“Okay, be careful. Remember to come back on time because as a boss, you should set an example.”

“Got it,” Elliot declared happily, then turned around and started running to the designated place mentioned in that message.

The meeting place was a restaurant, so when Elliot arrived, he asked for a table for two in a somewhat secluded area for more privacy.

Once seated, he sent a message to that person to let them know he had already secured a table.

Elliot felt a little anxious yet happy because his sister-in-law had finally contacted him. He enjoyed her company and saw her as the sister he never had.

While waiting, he ordered food for both of them. After about five minutes, someone tapped his shoulder, startling him a little. Elliot whipped around and found himself looking into the blue eyes he liked so much. “Deborah?” he asked, amazed at how she looked.

[Hello, Elliot.] She greeted him with a smile,

“Wow... you look different,” he said, hugging her. Come, sit down; they should be bringing the food soon.”

[Thank you.] The brunette smiled as she sat across from the younger one. [How have you been?]

“Good, I was the top student at college and I have my diploma now.”

[Congratulations, I knew you could do it.]

“Thanks, Debbie, you and Dad have always believed in me... unlike my mother,” he said, grimacing as he averted his gaze slightly.

Deborah grimaced too because she didn’t understand why their mother would play

favorites between her children; she understood Isabelle's hatred towards her... but not towards her son. [Well, let's change the subject. How have you been?] "Good, although I'll be busier now."

[And why is that?]

"Well, Dad demoted Roger from president, leaving it vacant for me to fill it in soon."

[Why?] Deborah was surprised and confused because she didn't think Roger would lose his position.

"Dad said he took it away because of Grandpa's will-apparently Roger had to fulfill certain criteria to become president, which he failed too."

[I see....He must be having a tough time right now.]

"Yeah, and I guess you left the house because of Sophia's pregnancy, right?"

Yes and no.] Deborah sighed.

"Excuse me, your dishes." They were interrupted by the waiter who arrived with the food and drinks they ordered.

The two smiled as they waited for him to serve the dishes before resuming their conversation.

"Can you tell me more, Deborah?" Elliot asked.

[I left because I was tired of the abuse, which I knew would have intensified because of her pregnancy.]

"Yeah, I agree with you. And don't worry, I'll never acknowledge Sophia's child as my nephew."

[But you can't deny the fact that you'll be an uncle.]

"No, I hate Sophia because she's fake," he said, frowning. "Once, she tried to come. to a family party, and I confronted her because she was taking your place as my brother's partner." [Thank you, Elliot, but the act that you're going to be an uncle is the reason I left Roger.]

“What?”

[I’m pregnant.]

“What...?!”

[That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.]

“Really?” he asked excitedly. When Deborah nodded, a big smile spread across his face. “Yesss! I’ll have a little nephew or niece to spoil and play with.” He stopped for a moment and remembered something important. “Does my brother know?” [I found out on my birthday and didn’t tell him because all I received was shouting from your mother and Roger.]

“I see. He doesn’t even deserve to know about your pregnancy.”

[That’s what my friend told me.]

“Now I understand why you left it until now, but I’m glad you did. You seem different but you still look very beautiful.”

[Thank you.] Deborah blushed a little.

“Well, let’s eat because my little nephew or niece needs their daily nutrients.”

Deborah laughed at that comment. Indeed, the only good thing about her marriage was that she had gained a lovely little brother.

Chapter 29

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So, where are you staying right now?

[That’s a secret.]

Aww, that’s mean.

[But if you want, I can give you my phone number.]

Well, that works.”

[I still can't tell you where I am because I want to be off the radar until the trial.]

I understand, Debbie. For now, I'll settle for your number, he said, jotting down the number. "And do you know the gender yet?"

[I'm only two and a half months along.]

Ah... I see, but you'll tell me as soon as you know, right?

[Of course, you'll be one of the first to know.]

Elliot was happy to hear that, reassured that his sister-in-law hadn't forgotten him.

After finishing their meal, they decided to take a stroll through the streets to spend more time together. They eventually had to say goodbye when it was time for Elliot to return to the office.

I'll text you later, he said, looking into her eyes.

[Sure, I'll be waiting for your message.]

See you later, Debbie, he said happily, leaning in to kiss her on the cheek before rushing off to the company.

Deborah smiled as she watched him go; she loved that kid.

Are you sure he won't say anything? someone asked behind her. She turned to see Jayden looking at her. "That boy is his brother."

[Elliot is different, and I love him like a little brother.] Deborah replied.

Jayden simply sighed. "Alright, if you say so; I'll trust him too."

"And I guess if you compare them, that kid is very different from his insufferable brother."

"[Did you hear everything?] She realized he might have been close by.

Yeah, and you know, I think the company should be left in his hands. I've always doubted Roger's leadership abilities."""

[Hm... you're right.]

Aren't you worried or feeling bad for your soon-to-be ex?

[No, because I learned the hard way that he's not worth worrying about.]

But... you will worry about me, right?

[Maybe.] She teased.

Jayden chuckled at her response as they continued walking back home.

During their walk, Deborah got a bit scared when she saw her stepsister walking in their direction.

Relax, just act natural, and she won't recognize you, Jayden whispered, taking her hand.

She obeyed and tried to act naturally. Cassandra was walking while talking on the phone, so focused on her conversation that she didn't notice them passing by. Deborah was amazed and happy about it.

You know, I can't wait to see their faces when they see you at the trial.

Hey, I also wanted to ask you, what gender do you want the baby to be?

[Whoever the baby turns out to be, I just hope he or she is healthy.]

"Alright, well, I just hope the baby looks like his or her beautiful mom. Oh, by the

way, gorgeous, he said, stopping for a moment. "I haven't asked you, but were you born mute?"

So, you lost your voice? he asked. When she nodded, he asked again, "Can you tell me how it happened?"

[It's a delicate issue and it still hurts to remember.]

I understand... but does that mean the baby will have a voice?

Yes, so I hope you're ready to hear my baby's cries at night.] Deborah was amused by his question.

“I’ll be delighted to help you every night.

...have you tried to regain your voice?”

When I was little, they took me to a psychologist, and he said It was a mental trauma because my vocal cords were never damaged.¹

Hm... I see, he said thoughtfully. “Would you like to go see another doctor for a second opinion?”

I guess so because I would like to regain my voice for when the baby is born. 1

Sure, and maybe now they’ll give you a different diagnosis since the medical field advances every day.

[I like that plan.]

Then it’s a promise we’ll work on getting your voice back as soon as the trial is over.

[Hey, speaking of that... I wanted to ask if you’ll accompany me to the trial?]

Of course, I’ll be by your side to support you.

Deborah smiled and slipped her hand into his as they continued walking. She couldn’t help thinking about how she was just days away from facing Roger again, and this time she wouldn’t be the pitiful woman he had always bullied and underestimated.

Chapter 30

Chapter 30

reporters.

The days began to pass quickly, and despite Roger and his lawyer’s best efforts to prevent it, news of the trial became public. Now, all the media were digging for details about the big scandal, which meant that the families involved started getting harassed by curious. In addition, gossip spread quickly within the Peterson Group.

So...now he’s just an ordinary employee.

He deserves it.

Yeah, God, it was disgusting to see that stupid blonde parading around like she owned the place.

It's good that traitors get what they deserve.

'Now that he doesn't have money, he doesn't feel so untouchable anymore.'

Roger frowned, gripping the pencil tightly and breaking it in the process-those 'idiots' were talking as if he wasn't just meters away from them.

'When I become president again, I'll fire all of you. You'll see, I'll make you suffer,' Roger thought, cursing his so-called colleagues.

Hey, you're here to work, so cut the gossip,' Edgar's voice came, scolding his subordinates, who quickly apologized and got back to work. Roger silently thanked his boss for that and returned his attention to his current problem: crafting the jewelry depicted in the drawings.'

The company's large workshop was one of the best, equipped with the necessary tools and machinery to shape precious metals. They also had a special vault stocked with the finest gemstones to create all kinds of jewelry. But Roger wasn't good at craftsmanship-he was only good at judging the authenticity of jewelry, not creating it.

Why the hell didn't I go to the authentication department? Ugh... he muttered, looking at the tools with hatred as he struggled to shape the gold as desired.

Then he remembered a childhood friend who always encouraged and motivated him with warm words to keep him going, despite her having different life goals.

As he recalled this, he sighed, as memories of his childhood were very blurry after

that accident where he almost lost his life. Luckily, he managed to survive because his friend was also kidnapped at that moment and she protected him during the impact... if he remembered correctly, she got a horrible scar on her right leg from that accident. But he didn't understand how that sweet girl changed so much-now she was just a materialistic girl. He knew this because Sophia was the one who saved him. And to prove it, she showed him the scar she got and was able to tell him things. about that day.

'Can people change so much? Roger wondered as he tried to force himself to remember. But his friend's face was still blurry and he could only recall her sweet,

soft voice.

After a few hours, he stood up, took a look at the time, and went home. He didn't even go out for lunch anymore because he wanted to make those jewels. Besides, he also wanted to avoid all those reporters who kept harassing him and asking about Deborah.

Meanwhile, a certain brunette was watching the chaos unfold on TV, as it was the hottest topic of the year and almost all news programs were covering it.

As she listened to the reporters, she sighed.

'How interesting. More people are starting to take my side.' Deborah thought as she took her folic acid pill.

And according to our correspondent, the trial will take place next Monday. With the way things are going, this trial will be quite a show. And of course, our channel will be there to bring you live coverage of the entire proceeding. Now back to the studio, the reporter said, smiling.

'Well, my baby, seems like we're going to be a spectacle for a lot of people,' she thought as she caressed her still-flat belly. I can't wait to see you grow a little more and know who you'll be

Just then, Deborah's phone rang, notifying her of a text message. She smiled when she saw the sender's name.
