

# The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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Chapter 221

And so what? Deborah frowned.

That....

And what does it matter to you what we do or don't do? Deborah said, stepping closer to her beloved and placing herself between them. "And though it hurts, Jayden is the father of our child, and..." "Actually, you're mistaken there," a male voice interrupted from behind them.

Deborah turned around in surprise to see Roger approaching.

I'm James' father, and I hope you haven't forgotten what we agreed on last night."

What? Jayden exclaimed angrily, grabbing her arm. "Deborah, what does this mean?"

Jayden... I... I actually made an agreement with Roger last night and...

...

What? Are you serious? he yelled, releasing her and stepping back. "Are you really going to let him near James? He never cared about him!"

Cooper, stop whining. No matter what you do, that child has my blood, so he will always be my son, no matter how much you try to deny it, Roger said with a smile, moving closer to Deborah. "Stay away from them," Jayden said, positioning himself between Roger and Deborah.

Marie was irritated by being ignored, but had no choice but to wait.

I told you they'd be with me today, so face it, Cooper... you'll never be loved as you want.

Same goes for you, Peterson. I see that becoming a pauper has affected your brain, or did you forget that you used to say you hated Deborah and wanted nothing to do with the kid? “Well, I’ve changed and matured, so I want to recover what I lost.”

Good one. Let me laugh, Jayden said sarcastically.

Think what you want, but today Deborah and James will come with me for a stroll, Roger said, grabbing Deborah and pulling her toward him.

Deborah... if you go with him, this is over, Jayden said, locking eyes with her.

What... Deborah looked at him, stunned.

Ha.... well, that’s better for me. I can get back my beloved wife, Roger said, wrapping his arms around her waist.

Let me go! Deborah ordered, struggling and trying not to wake the baby. “What’s wrong with you?”

Admit it. Last night you made it clear that you miss me because Cooper doesn’t measure up.

What?! Deborah flushed, pulling away slightly. “I never wrote that.”

Deborah, is that true? Jayden asked.

Of course not!”

Come on, my love, don’t lie.

Yes, Deborah, don’t lie. Besides, as they say, where there was fire, ashes remain, Marie said mockingly. “Stay out of this, you tramp.”

Stop insulting Marie. It’s clear that the tramp is someone else, Jayden said furiously. “I won’t forgive you for this, Deborah.”

But Jayden, Roger is lying. I never wrote that, she said, distressed.

Don’t be modest, my Debbie, Roger said, hugging her from behind and kissing her on the cheek. “And let Cooper continue with his tantrums because we have an appointment at the registry to register James as our child.” “What? Deborah, is he serious?”

Jayden. I... She seemed nervous, pulling away from Roger's touch. "I've been thinking a lot, and I believe this is the fair thing to do." "Perfect. In that case, don't bother coming back home, I don't want to see you in my life again," he declared, turning his back on her.

Jayden... Jayden, wait... she called, but saw that he was ignoring her.

Ha... ha.. well, you heard him. It's better for you to leave because they no longer want you, and as you noticed, your trick didn't work because they're not interested in adopting your bastard, Marie said with a mocking smile as she turned and ran to catch up with Jayden. "Jayden, darling, wait for me."

Bitch... Deborah tried to grab Marie's hair, but was stopped.

Deborah, Roger grabbed her hand, pointing out that their argument had attracted a lot of attention, and people were recording them.

Deborah bit her lip and took Roger's hand to quickly leave the area.

Chapter 222

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At a safe distance from the commotion, Sophia and Isabelle watched the entire scene with smiles on

their faces.

Poor thing, she's lost her golden goose, Sophia mocked, sipping her juice.

And now we just need to get rid of that kid, Isabelle said, finishing her coffee.

I guess... but there's something I don't understand.

Roger is going to register him as his son?

Obviously, Isabelle said as she stood up and tossed her empty cup in the trash. "I need George to see that Roger is interested in the kid, so he can get his position back as president."

I suppose you're right, but what about me? Sophia asked, mimicking her and throwing away her trash as they started walking to their vehicle.

For now, you'll act like a loving stepmother and...

Forget it... I don't want to be changing diapers, especially not for a kid who isn't mine.

That's already the case, you fool, Isabelle snapped, annoyed. "But you need to say that to bother Deborah."

Ah... got it.

Once we have that child, we'll get rid of him.

But... what will you tell his ex when she asks about the kid?

That the poor thing had a terrible accident, or I'll say that De

wasn't fit to be a mother because she

neglected him, causing his death.. or whatever comes to mind when she asks."

Well, Sophia said, not too sure about that part of the plan. "By the way, earlier... what did you give Marie?"

A bit of aphrodisiac to ensure she ends up in Cooper's bed.

Interesting. You seem well-prepared.

Of course. You need to be ready for anything.

They arrived at the registry and saw Roger and Deborah just getting into the car, so they quickly went to their own vehicle to follow them.

Are we being followed? Deborah asked, trying to check the side mirrors discreetly.

Hm... since we left the mall, Roger said, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Don't take this the w

I recently noticed."

No network available now. Please check your network.

By the way, you did

a great job... haha, you almost convinced me,” Roger said, trying to change the topic.

I practiced a bit at home, she admitted, embarrassed. “And by the way, is he...?”

Don’t worry, he should be arriving at that safe place by now, Roger said, and Deborah cradled her “baby” in her arms.

After a few minutes of driving, they arrived at the registry, where Roger held Deborah’s arm to give the appearance of forcing her to get out of the vehicle and enter the building. Isabelle and Sophia arrived just as they were going in, so they waited for them to come out, not wanting to alert Deborah and have her back out of letting Roger register the kid. After about 15 minutes, they emerged, with Roger carrying a folder.

That was the signal they had been waiting for to make their move.

They approached immediately.

Well, what a coincidence, Sophia said as she walked up to them.

Roger, what’s going on? Deborah asked, frowning.

Isn’t it obvious? Sophia said, hugging Roger. “I’m here to take my stepson for a stroll.”

Oh no, that’s not happening. Deborah said, scowling and holding James tightly. “You’re not taking James.”

Deborah, stop causing a scene, Isabelle ordered. “Hand over my grandson.”

Deborah... Roger said.

“I won’t let you take my baby because I don’t trust you, Deborah said, clinging to her sleeping child.

Why don’t you trust me? Do you think I’d harm my own grandson?””””

Of course, I know you could harm him because you never saw him as a real family member.

Enough of this. Roger, take the kid, Isabelle commanded.

What! Deborah gasped at the order and saw Roger approaching, trying to forcibly take her son, causing him to wake and start crying. "Roger, you're hurting him!"

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Let him go! Isabelle demanded, moving in to help her son. She slapped Deborah, sending her to the ground and making her release the baby.

Deborah scowled, glaring hatefully at Isabelle, who flinched under the intensity of that look.

Say another word and I swear you'll never see your brat again, Isabelle warned.

Talk about a hypocrite. Just a moment ago he was your grandchild, and now he's just a brat.

sprawling

Obviously, because you're so useless you couldn't even give birth to a child who looks like my baby. Therefore, I can't recognize him as my grandchild. "Mom, enough."

You shut up, Roger. I'm doing this for your own good, Isabelle snapped. "With this brat on our side, we'll reclaim everything that belongs to us."

I'm not going to let you use my son as a bargaining chip! Give him back! Deborah said, trying to advance towards Roger to take him back. But Sophia intervened, shoving her away.

Listen to my mother-in-law and step back, Sophia ordered, laughing. "Maybe you might not be mute anymore, but you're still pathetic. To think Roger would be interested in you again, ha!" "What... Did you deceive me?" Deborah asked, noticing Roger avoiding her gaze.

I'm tired of starving, and I know James will help me regain my money and status.

Well, you heard him. If you want to see the brat, you'll go back to being the obedient mute you were before.

Do you really think this is going to work? I'm not going to let you steal my child.

Your child? Sophia repeated, taking the folder from Roger. "These papers say Roger is the father, so he's not just your child."

And I've seen how you're an idiot who doesn't know how to care for my grandchild, so they won't hesitate to leave custody in my hands, Isabelle declared.

You're delusional, so stop talking nonsense, you ridiculous old woman, Deborah said, noticing how much this angered Isabelle.

What did you call me?"

Ridiculous old woman. Do you really think they'll give you me my child when you tried to kidnap your second child and seriously injured your first one? "Wait... How do you know that?"

Mr. George told me. And God... if the press finds out, you'll be torn apart by vultures.

Shut up! Isabelle screamed, approaching to slap Deborah again. But Deborah stopped her hand and shoved her away. "Ah... you..." she said through gritted teeth.

"I don't think you understand yet, but I am not that Deborah who used to be walked all over.

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Mom..." Roger approached to help. "Deborah, you're crazy. You could have seriously hurt her... Apologize to her," he ordered, frowning."

Orh, what?

Roger was about to say something when he felt his mother snatch James from him. The baby, who hadn't stopped crying since being taken from his mother's arms, was now held high above Isabelle's head. "Or you won't see your brat alive again," Isabelle declared, standing up.

Ma'am... Sophia noticed that Isabelle was serious, and her concern grew. She hadn't expected this to happen now.

First, you'll have to kill me, Deborah said, clenching her fists and advancing toward Isabelle with the intent to strike her with all her might. But Roger grabbed her and stopped her from getting close to Isabelle. "Let me go!" "Good job, son. And you, right now, are losing the bastard."

Mom, stop provoking Deborah, and get James down. You're scaring him, Roger said, trying to calm them down. "Sophia, help me."

Uh... Yes, Isabelle, how about you hand over the baby and relax a bit?

No... you know what, screw the plan, Isabelle declared, looking at the confused expressions on both: women. "I'm going to teach this idiot a lesson to see if it knocks the arrogance out of her," she said, violently lifting the baby over her head. "Noooo!" Deborah screamed in fear, struggling with Roger to free herself.

Now you'll suffer what I felt when I lost everything. Isabelle declared, throwing the baby to the ground with all her strength.

James!

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Isabelle smiled triumphantly as she saw the small lump on the ground, which had stopped crying after the impact.

Sophia was in shock, staring at the baby's body. It was one thing to say they'd get rid of him and another to make it a reality...

Roger was equally stunned by what had happened, not believing his mother was capable of such an act.

Deborah had fallen to her knees, her head lowered, silent and motionless.

Well, I think I'm satisfied now, Isabelle said with a smug grin, dusting off her hands.

Yeah, I suppose you are, Deborah said, struggling to stand while discreetly pulling something from her

clothes.

like his

Oh, come on. You're still young, and I hope next time you'll give birth to a child who actually looks like father, Isabelle said, adjusting her clothes.



You know, it's funny what you're saying. Deborah said, lifting her gaze to meet Isabelle's eyes. "Because if we follow that logic..." she said, pointing a gun at Roger, "then we should kill Roger because he doesn't look anything like Mr. George." Sophia gasped, startled by the sight of the real gun. This wasn't some ridiculous joke.

What the hell do you think you're doing? Are you insane?

No, I'm just following your twisted logic. Since you just killed my child who looked like me, I'm going to do the same by killing your failed son because he doesn't look like your husband.

I'm not letting you do that! Isabelle screamed, furiously trying to approach her, but Deborah shot into the air, frightening her companions and making them scream in terror.

Are you crazy? Roger asked, worried as he felt his mother clinging to him.

Ah, I get it now. Not only are you crazy, but you're also a narcissistic piece of work, Deborah said, frowning. "That explains why you never loved your second child who actually looks like his father."

Obviously, because I am the personification of perfection in life, and- Isabelle started to say but screamed in fear as Deborah aimed the gun at her.

Deborah... calm down... put that down, we can talk this out, Sophia said, terrified.

Sure, I'll calm down when my son is safe in my arms, Deborah said with sarcastic finality. "But that won't happen, will it? Because I'll never hear my little one's beautiful laugh again, as he's now an angel who has returned to the heavens." "Deborah, calm down... I... I'll find a way to make it up to you," Roger said nervously and scared.

Of course, you'll make it up to me-with your own life, she declared, cocking the gun to shoot him.

No! Isabelle screamed, pushing her son aside to save him from the crazy woman, taking the bullet for him.

Sophia and Roger watched in horror as Isabelle fell to the ground, her clothes stained with red.

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Ma'am! Sophia cried out, rushing to her. "Roger, quickly, call an ambulance!" she said, searching through the blood for the wound. "Hurry, Roger..." she repeated, but Roger remained still, looking calm and bored. Roger?" "You know... you really went too far, Deborah," he said, smiling slightly.

I don't see it that way, she replied, letting out a sigh.

What? Sophia asked, her face a mask of confusion.

Oh... Sophia turned and saw that Isabelle was alive despite the large bloodstain. "Oh... my hip," Isabelle complained, touching the part of her body that had hit the ground.

"Ma'am... you..."

Relax, Sophia. I just filled old Isabelle with paint,"" Deborah said, showing that the bullets were paint rounds, firing another into the ground to splatter a bit."

Yes. Despite everything, I would never let anyone shoot my mother for real, Roger said, putting his hands in his pants pockets.

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wait you knew h

this?"

What the hell is going on? Isabelle demanded furiously as she struggled to stand with Sophia's help.

I think it's pretty obvious, Mom.

We organized this to teach you a lesson, came a sharp voice from behind them.

The voice was so familiar that it made Isabelle tremble. She spun around to find George, Elliot, and several police officers staring back at her. "So..." Elliot said, glancing sideways at the detective, Allstair.

With all this evidence, we can place Isabelle in a psychiatric facility where she will be safely confined without harming anyone, Alistair stated. "What...? A psychiatric facility?" Sophia echoed, her voice trembling. "But she... she just killed the baby..."

Sophia, be grateful that this beautiful baby only represents a financial loss, Deborah said, approaching the bundle on the ground to pull back the blanket. Beneath it were shards of porcelain and a sound box. If it had really been my James, you and this old hag would already be dead," she declared in a cold tone that sent shivers through both women,

So... this was all a trap? Isabelle asked, frowning as she saw that the sound box was playing the cries she had heard earlier.

Of course it was a trap, Elliot replied, frowning.

Mom, I told you I'm no longer interested in the company, and I must acknowledge that Jayden has earned the title of James's father.

Roger... did you betray me?

Yes. I didn't agree with what you wanted to do to James and Deborah.

But son, I'm doing all this for your own good, and No, what are you doing? Let me go! Roger, help me! Roger! she complained as the police began to restrain her and put on the handcuffs. "Shut up and walk," the officers instructed.

No! Roger, help me!

Miss, you need to come with us as well, said an officer, grabbing Sophia.

What? Why? I didn't do anything.

Nothing? You were an accomplice to this woman, they said as they handcuffed her and led her away. "Debbie," Elliot ran to embrace Deborah, who returned the hug.

Good to see you again, Alistair said.

Seems like it.

Hehe, looks like you enjoy drama and excitement, Alistair remarked, holding out his hand for her to

return the gun he had lent her. "By the way, congratulations, you acted well. For a moment there, I really thought you had lost it."

I just let all my pent-up frustrations out.

By the way, Debbie, where's my grandson? George asked, looking at the fragments of the fake baby.

He's with Caroline and Christian. She went to fetch him from the mall before Marie conveniently showed up to cause trouble, Deborah replied, watching as Isabelle and Sophia were shoved into a van and it began to pull away. "It's a relief to hear that. And God..." George sighed, placing his hand over his heart. "I never thought it would end like this," he said sadly, reflecting on how the person he once loved and lived with for many years could be so cruel and narcissistic, willing to kill her own grandchild for not meeting her standards.

Come on, Dad, let's go home, Elliot said, moving in to embrace him, worried to see him so distressed. "Yes, Dad, I think you need to rest and stop thinking about this," Roger added, joining Elliot to help the older man back to the car.

Ah... son, it's good to hear you say something sensible the older man said, smiling at his eldest. Well... even though it's not a happy ending for them, I think they'll get through it," Alistair said, watching as the Peterson family got into their car and drove away. "I agree. I know Roger and Elliot will help their dad get through this," Deborah said.

Hm... well, let's go wrap up Show Number Two, Alistair said, walking to his vehicle with Deborah.

That will be just as entertaining as this one, Deborah replied with a smirk.

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Chapter 226

A little while earlier, Jayden had quickly walked away, pretending to be hurt by Deborah's 'betrayal.'

He also noticed a reporter following them closely, which meant Marie had paid someone to record everything happening to create a scandal around their breakup. "Jayden..." Marie called out as she ran to catch up with him, grabbing his arm.

Marie, seriously... I want to be alone, he said, stopping to look at her, trying to hold back tears.

“No, my love, don’t cry. That woman doesn’t deserve it, she said, moving closer to touch his face and trying to dry his tears.

This close moment was discreetly photographed, just as Marie had planned. She continued playing the role of the supportive shoulder for her beloved.

But I loved her, and... and I thought the three of us...”

If what you want is a family, I can give you that, she said, taking his face in her hands.

What... Jayden looked at her, confused.

Yes, Jayden, you know, all this time we’ve been apart, never stopped thinking about you.

If that’s true, then tell me, why didn’t you ever look for me? Why did you move to another country? he asked, pulling her hands away.

That was beyond my control, she complained. “It happened because of my parents.”

Right after we broke up, my parents had a huge fight that led to their divorce, and my mom took me abroad, she explained with a grimace. “And because she was hurt, she wouldn’t let me call you or look for my friends because she didn’t want anything reminding her of the place where she suffered so much.”

I see, he said, grimacing. “I’m sorry to hear that, but...”

But what?”

The fight back then really affected me, and when you decided to ignore me, I figured you just didn’t care anymore, and that’s why...

No, no, Jayden, don’t jump to conclusions, she said, a little desperate. “What happened then was because I was jealous that your hobby seemed more important than our relationship, and...”

What? That doesn’t make any sense.

I know, now that I'm older, I realize it was stupid. But at the time, I was a kid, and I acted very immaturely by trying to force you to change your interests for me, she confessed, grimacing as she hugged him. I've been living in regret and guilt ever since." Jayden tried not to make any gestures or movements, even though he wanted to roll his eyes at her obviously false speech.

Jayden, give me a chance to show you that I am the woman who will make you happy forever, she said,

looking into his eyes.

I don't know...

Don't think about it, just go with the flow, she said, standing on tiptoe to try to kiss him, but Jayden quickly pulled away to avoid the contact, leaving her feeling a bit frustrated. "Jayden..."

I think it's too soon for that, Marie... I really do want to be alone.

No... the last thing you should do right now is be alone, she said, taking his hands. "Instead, let's get out of here," she declared, guiding him toward the parking lot. "Come with me so you can get away from everything because you won't find the peace you need at home right now. I suppose you're right."

I am because I care about you," she assured him as they headed out of the mall.

At that moment, the reporter stopped following them.

I'm going to get filthy rich with this exclusive, the reporter said excitedly, but then he ran into two people who looked at him angrily.

If you don't mind, hand over your camera and phone, Max demanded.

Unless you want to lose more than just your career, Danielle added,

What? Who are you?! the reporter asked angrily, protecting his recordings. "You can't do this to me. Don't you know about freedom of speech, and..."

In that case, I have the freedom to sue you for recording my son without his consent, said Samantha, who was with the siblings and holding several bags of children's clothes.

The reporter was terrified because he knew that this woman's word was law-just one word from her could cost him his job. So, reluctantly, he handed over all the material before getting dragged out of the place.

Phase one complete, Danielle said.

Excellent, everyone. Now let's take these purchases to the car before we follow my son, Samantha said. "Yes, ma'am," the siblings responded enthusiastically, following Samantha's orders.

Samantha took the reporter's phone and sent a message to Marie, telling her that the scandal would be on the evening news so that she wouldn't suspect anything was amiss.

Meanwhile, Marie had managed to get Jayden into her car, and now they were headed to her house, where the scene was already set for them to 'accidentally' end up in bed together and have several reporters photograph them.

'In a few minutes, you'll be forgotten, Deborah... and I'll become the new Mrs. Cooper," Marie thought, adjusting her clothes to reveal a bit more of her cleavage and pressing herself against Jayden to tempt him.

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After adjusting her clothes, Marie tried to cling to Jayden's arm, hoping to tempt him with her body.

Unfortunately, she noticed that he wasn't interested or reacting to her flirting; he was just staring out the window, which frustrated her a bit... but she wouldn't give up. She was determined to make him forget that woman and become the only owner of his heart.

Jayden, on the other hand, was holding back the urge to push her away because he was disgusted by women like her, especially when he knew the real reason behind her sudden persistence.

To distract himself and ignore Marie, he kept his mind busy thinking about Deborah, knowing they should be on their way to the key point where the police were waiting to arrest those women. Roger had better protect her, or he'd have to answer to him.

Just then, he received a message, which he discreetly checked, noticing it was from Caroline with a picture of James playing with Christian and two stuffed animals. The image was accompanied by a text that read: "As Debbie said, he likes stories, especially if you pretend the stuffed animals are telling them."

Jayden resisted the urge to smile at the message and quickly put his phone away so Marie wouldn't suspect anything.

Is she messaging you? Marie asked, noticing his movements.

Yeah, but I don't want to respond.

Why don't you turn off your phone so she can't bother you?

No, because I need to be available in case one of my parents calls.

Oh, okay, she said, making a face. The plan was for him to be unreachable... but she couldn't argue with that.

They fell into silence until they arrived at her house.

Make yourself comfortable, love, she said, pointing to the couch. "I'll go get you something to drink so you can relax a bit." "Thanks," he said, closing the door without locking it, then sitting down.

Marie smiled and immediately went to the kitchen to pour two glasses of cola, adding something special to one of them.

'If this works like that old woman said, I'll become Mrs. Cooper tonight, Marie thought excitedly, having taken several pills to ensure she'd get pregnant if they had sex that night.

Jayden glanced at her out of the corner of his eye, noticing she wasn't being very discreet, but he pretended not to see anything. Just then, he received a message from Deborah saying: "All clear on my end, I'll be there in five to rescue my beautiful blonde princess." Jayden shook his head with amusement and quickly put his phone away.

Here you

go, love," Marie said, sitting next to him and handing him one of the glasses.



Thanks, he said, accepting the drink but setting it on the coffee table. "Hey, can I ask you something?"

"Sure,

go ahead."

So... have you missed me?"

Of course... actually, after everything that's happened, I'd really like us to give it another try.

Another try?

Yes... because what we had back then was something really special and romantic, so I think we should start fresh.

I think you're right because I really want to forget Deborah.

And I promise you that with me, you'll forget her, Marie said, leaning in to kiss him.

Jayden looked bored at yet another attempt and moved slightly to put some distance between them.

Jayden? Marie was confused because she thought she'd gotten closer to him, so she didn't understand why he was still rejecting her.

Before we even consider thinking about something like a relationship between us, he began, looking her in the eyes, "I'd like to ask you a few questions about some things I noticed after our breakup." "Um... sure, go ahead," she said, a bit confused.

Why did my mom hate you?

Why couldn't my mom stand you?

Um... well, to be honest, I never really understood her attitude toward me, but...

But she treated you badly because she quickly saw how fake, arrogant, and spoiled you were, right? Jayden said, frowning.

Uh... Marie backed away a little, scared. "J-Jayden, what...?"

And now you're conveniently coming back to force me to be with you, caring very little about my happiness... just like you always did because your whims were all that mattered, right?

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Chapter 228

No, of course not.

Then... why are you so insistent on being with me when you know I already have my own family?

But she's betraying you with her ex, and...

Whatever, that's not your problem, Jayden declared, standing up.

Of course, it is, because I love you, she said desperately, grabbing his hands. "I care about you, and that's why I stepped in-I don't want to see you suffer."

And what about the suffering I went through when you left me over a tantrum? Doesn't that count? he asked, pulling his hands away from hers. "That's exactly why I want to protect you and-"

Protect him, or the Cooper fortune that could save you from bankruptcy? At that moment, a voice startled Marie.

When she looked toward the entrance of the house, she saw Deborah walking in

You... what are you doing here?

Obviously, protecting my husband from a gold-digger like you, Deborah said.

"And also making sure you don't get any ideas about my family's money, Samantha added as she entered with Deborah.

"That's not..."

Just save it, Jayden said. "Did you really think I wouldn't investigate you?"

Seriously, you thought I'd buy that story about being the girlfriend who comes back out of love after nearly ten years? Jayden asked sarcastically.

It's obvious you're only interested in the fortune that wasn't yours because you refuse to accept the reality of living humbly now that your parents have lost their wealth, Deborah said, moving closer to hug Jayden. 'Because your mother made bad investments, and your father ended up ruined after putting all his assets in his mistress's name.'

'Shut up! You don't know anything...'

"Off

f course I do, Deborah replied, showing Marie the investigation papers Jayden had gathered."

Tax evasion, money laundering, and embezzlement from your own company, a man began to say as he entered the room. "I believe those are crimes punishable by law. And the worst part? You're complicit in

all of it."

Who are you? Marie asked, confused and a little worried.

He's Detective Alistair Morgan, and as you can imagine, he knows what he's talking about, Samantha chimed in.

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No... Jayden, please... help... Marie pleaded as two officers grabbed her.

As my mother once told me: I'm glad you left me because it made me realize you weren't the sweet girl you pretended to be. And let me tell you some sad news: I still play with those 'childish' pieces you claimed to hate, and I will never change, not for you or anyone else. Marie frowned, and as she was forced to walk toward the police car, she called out, "Jayden, my love... Ah!" Her complaints were cut short by a slap from Deborah.

I told you to stop calling my husband that.

\*You... did you just hit me?"

And be grateful that's all I did, Deborah replied, her voice sharp. "Because Isabelle wasn't so lucky-she got shot without a second thought," added the detective, amused. "What..." Marie said, now scared, looking at Deborah with newfound fear.

So take this as a warning, Deborah declared, grabbing Marie's chin. "When you get out of prison, think twice before you try to destroy a family again. Because if you don't, you'll meet another side of me-the one who won't hesitate to use everything she has to destroy you and protect her family."

Hah, Marie scoffed, shaking off Deborah's grip. "You're just a divorcee; you don't have the power to threaten me."

True, I may be a divorced woman, but I'm also an Anderson.

What... but they...

That was a problem that's already been resolved, so I hope this is the last time I see you anywhere near my family. "That's a lie..."

Believe whatever you want, Deborah said, bored.

Marie was about to complain again, but one of the officers gagged her with a piece of cloth, tired of hearing her talk. "Alright, enough with the chit-chat. Take her away," ordered the detective.

## Chapter 229

As they watched Marie being arrested, everyone let out a sigh of relief.

Finally... Samantha said. It's over."

Yeah... unless...? Deborah began, turning to look Jayden in the eyes.

What? he asked, a little nervous.

"There aren't any more crazy ex-girlfriends, are there?"

Don't worry, there aren't," he replied, taking her hand and pulling her into a hug. "After her, I didn't get involved with anyone else. I wanted to focus on my studies and my passion for construction." "That's true, dear, I can confirm that," Samantha added,"

Well, in that case, yes... it's finally over, Deborah said, lifting her face to kiss Jayden on the lips.

By the way, how did they behave? Jayden asked.

In the end, it was clear that Isabelle was out of her mind. She didn't hesitate to throw her grandson to the ground, Deborah said with a grimace.

What... Samantha said, horrified. "But... why?"

For a narcissistic reason.

What do you mean? Samantha and Jayden asked.

She said it was because my son didn't resemble her son, who was her pride and joy because he looked like her.

God, she's insane, Jayden said, grimacing.

Absolutely, Samantha agreed, amazed at what she had heard from Isabelle's mouth too.

The good thing is, we received that toy we ordered that looked like James just in time so we didn't have to expose him to that woman's madness. "Oh... that's not good," Samantha said. "Because I liked that doll and was going to ask for it as a keepsake of my first grandchild."

Come on, Mom, you don't need a doll for that, Jayden said, encouraging her. "You can make many beautiful memories with your real grandson." "That's right, Samantha. How about joining us to pick him up?" Deborah suggested.

Of course."

In that case, all aboard, Danielle said, entering the house.

You know, I was starting to wonder where you two were. Deborah mentioned, looking at her bodyguards.

We were undercover, as requested," Max replied.

And you did a great job with that reporter, Samantha praised them. "By now, Eric should have settled

everything with the press regarding that woman's false statements. The truth about her will be revealed so no one will bother you with silly questions."

Thanks, Mom, Jayden said, looking her in the eyes before turning to Deborah. "Shall we go?"

Of course, she said, taking his hand.

With that, they all got into the car and headed to Caroline's house.

When they arrived, they saw Christian and Caroline returning home, pushing a stroller.

Hey! Christian greeted them as they got out of the vehicle.

Look who's here, James, Caroline said, lifting the baby out of the stroller.

James babbled excitedly when he saw his parents, waving his little hands up and down.

Deborah and Jayden smiled at the sight and quickly approached to hold their little one.

Hello, my son, Deborah said, hugging him and kissing him on the cheek, feeling a bit emotional after seeing that model of James destroyed. "Did you behave well with your aunt and uncle?" Jayden asked, ruffling the boy's hair.

T'd say he did. He's such a sweet baby, isn't he, love? Caroline said, holding her husband's hand.

Yes, it was nice playing with him and hearing his laughs.

Aw... someone already wants to be a dad, Samantha noted, seeing the smile on Christian's face.

And we're already working on it, aren't we? Caroline said, looking at her husband.

Hm... maybe next year, James will have a cousin, Christian declared, wrapping his arm around his wife's waist, who blushed immediately. "Congratulations," Jayden said.

So, are the problems resolved now? Caroline asked, looking at her friends.

They sure are, and in fact, that's why we're going to celebrate this victory tomorrow, Jayden said with a big smile.

Chapter 230

Chapter 230

Really? Deborah asked, confused,

Yes, Samantha said, amused.

And I'll help, Caroline added excitedly.

Hey! What are you all hiding from me? Deborah demanded, realizing she was the only one not in on the plan.

You'll find out tomorrow, they all replied in unison.

This made Deborah a bit nervous, but then she laughed, seeing how everyone had gone to great lengths to keep the surprise from her.

Since the weather was nice, they decided to stay at Caroline and Christian's house that night to celebrate finally giving those women the lesson they deserved.

They ordered food and called Eric and Nicholas to join the celebration.

Since they ended up staying late, Jayden and Deborah decided to spend the night at Nicholas's to avoid moving James. It was also so that the little one could spend his first night at his grandpa's house.

The next morning, Deborah woke up a bit late, noticing she was alone in the room. When she went out to look for everyone, she didn't get any answers

Dad... Jayden... James, she kept calling, but she realized the house was empty.

Just as she picked up her phone to call them, she heard a knock on the door.

I'm coming... she said as she went to open it, thinking they had gone out to get breakfast, but she found Caroline standing there, dressed in a beautiful royal blue dress.

Well, finally, you're awake, Caroline scolded as she walked into the house. "Come on, let's go, we're running late," she ordered, placing her makeup kit on the table. "Late?" Deborah repeated, confused, and noticed that Caroline was holding a garment bag.

Yes, hurry and get dressed while I get everything ready to do your hair and makeup, Caroline said, handing her the clothes and turning to open her kit. "What..."

Come on, Debbie, wake up and move it, Caroline declared, pushing her friend back into the bedroom. You've got five minutes, don't be late." Deborah was confused, but she obeyed and opened the garment bag, finding a beautiful bottle-green dress with matching shoes and accessories. On top of the dress was a note that read: Get ready, my love, to join us at a very special place. With love, your men,D

The note made Deborah smile, and she started getting ready. Once she was dressed, she went out of the room to let her friend do the finishing touches.

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