

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 51-60

Chapter 51

Déborah's eyebrows furrowed as she noticed Isabelle and Sophia smiling at her mockingly.

What do you mean? Samantha asked, looking at her friend in confusion.

Well- Isabelle began.

Mom, Jayden interrupted, sensing the obvious distasteful intentions of Isabelle and Sophia. "Ms. Isabelle was trying to say that, unfortunately, Deborah is a divorced woman. The animal she was married to abandoned her over the vague excuse that her ability to speak made her useless. Instead of valuing the beautiful personality she possesses, he left her."

Roger glared at Jayden for the way the latter had addressed him. But when Roger noticed the look of warning from his father, he quickly controlled himself.

What an idiot your ex is, Eric said with furrowed eyebrows. "To judge a beautiful lady in such a way only shows the poor upbringing he received."

I agree, Jayden smiled, noticing his father's comment further annoyed Roger and Isabelle.

Well, but surely you agree that having mute grandchildren would make things complicated, especially in our world, Isabelle persisted.

I imagine raising any child is a great challenge, Samantha began, "After all, each child is unique in their own way."

But Isabelle, I'm surprised to hear you judge someone in such a superficial manner, Samantha continued.

That's right. Because what people lack in one sense, they usually make up for by possessing great talent in other areas, Eric said. "After all, knowing what one lacks only makes them strive harder to prove they are not that different from 'normal people.'"

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agree with you, Eric, George added as he glared at his ex-wife. “”And in this world, one’s character cannot be determined purely by their education or”

appearance. Therefore, it’s not good to judge a book by its cover.”

Isabelle gritted her teeth as George’s words struck a nerve, but she couldn’t say anything because a sound caught the attention of the guests.

As everyone looked to the center of the hall, the governor appeared. He began his welcome speech to officiate the evening, reminding everyone why they had gathered on that beautiful night.

However, Sophia paid little attention to the speech. She was too focused glaring at Deborah...

Why did this mute woman have so much luck? What did that bitch have that she didn’t? How was it that she could make the richest men drool over her?

Jayden was worth millions more than Roger Moreover, with Roger stupidly allowing himself to lose his inheritance, he was essentially as poor as she was.

She sighed, trying to calm herself by thinking of something else. When she looked to her right, she realized she wasn’t the only one glaring hatefully at the mute.

Hey, darling, Sophia whispered as she tried to get Roger’s attention.

Shh... shut up, Sophia.”

Who’s that brunette watching the mute so intently?

Roger stopped paying attention to the speech and discreetly looked in the direction Sophia indicated. “That’s Cassandra, Deborah’s stepsister.”

Oh...

Now be quiet, he said in a low voice, returning his focus on the governor’s words.

Sophia fell silent but not because of Roger’s words-she had just formulated a brilliant plan...

She would use everything at her disposal to exact revenge on Deborah. The mute bitch didn't deserve to live happily, not after making Sophia go through such hard times with Roger and Isabelle. Sophia wouldn't rest until she saw Deborah miserably ruined. After the speech concluded, the guests were invited to enjoy appetizers and music.

My lady, will you dance with me? Jayden asked flirtatiously as he turned to look into his companion's eyes.

[Of course.] Deborah smiled as she took his hand and led him to the dance floor.

Roger watched them closely, irritated to see how happy and comfortable they were with each other.

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My love, shall we dance? He snapped out of his thoughts when Sophia asked him.

Hm... was all he said as he headed to the dance floor and started moving to the music. But it was obvious he was not enjoying it because his gaze was still fixed on Deborah and Jayden.

Looks like everyone's watching us, Jayden remarked, noticing many eyes on them.

[I think they're looking at you.] Deborah replied, moving her lips.

I don't think so; they're interested in the beautiful woman before me.

[I doubt it. They're already gossiping about my past.]

Ignore them. They're just dying of envy because they wanted to see you ruined after the divorce, Jayden said, spinning her around. "But you haven't given them that satisfaction because you look happy, and that's driving them crazy." [You're right, Jayden. Although I'm worried about what they might say to your parents.]

Don't worry. As you may have noticed, my parents don't share Isabelle's crazy opinions.

[Hmm... May I ask why your mom said what she said to me?]

Oh, well, my ex-girlfriend and I broke up about five years ago, so my mom was getting worried. At one point, she even asked me if I was gay. [What...] Deborah chuckled in disbelief. [You?]

Well, she saw that her friends' kids were getting married, yet here I was, happily single and playing with my Lego blocks, Jayden said, amused. [Well, maybe you just hadn't found the right one.]

Or maybe she wasn't available. But now she's in my arms, Jayden said flirtatiously and Deborah blushed.

[Jayden.]

I know, I'll wait a little longer because you just got a divorce. But I want you to know that I'm not going to neglect you.

[I know, you never did and never will, and I appreciate it. In fact, I want to repay everything you've done for me.]

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That's not necessary.

Just seeing your smile is payment enough for me.

Deborah smiled, and they continued dancing while enjoying the music.

Meanwhile, the Coopers, George, and Elliot moved to sit at a table.

Aww... They look so cute together, and here I am without a decent camera to take pictures of them, Samantha complained, pouting as they watched from their table. "Don't worry, darling. The reporters are taking plenty of photos of them," Eric said, trying to cheer her up.

It's not fair. He's hogging Debbie, Elliot complained, pouting as he glared at -Jayden.

Jayden...

You're right, Dad, Elliot declared, standing up. "I'll go claim my turn," he said. excitedly before running over to pull Jayden away from Deborah. George simply shook his head amusedly.

Um... George, why did your younger son call Deborah 'Debbie'? Samantha asked.

That's because she's my ex-daughter-in-law and they were quite close. She had only recently divorced my eldest son, George explained. "What?!" Samantha and Eric exclaimed, astonished.

Wait... the lady dancing with Roger right now isn't your daughter-in-law? Samantha asked.

No, that's his mistress."

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The Coopers were taken aback by the revelation especially since they usually saw the blonde with Roger at every party they had attended.

Well, we've certainly missed out on a lot, haven't we? Eric sighed heavily.

Quite a bit, especially since everything happened so quickly. Now, my second son will inherit the company while I'm currently going through a divorce with Isabelle, George lamented.

I'm sorry to hear that, Samantha commented sympathetically.

But I think these are things that should have happened a long time ago... I should have been tougher the moment I noticed Isabelle favoring one of our sons over the other, George admitted sadly as he glanced over at Elliot teasing Jayden away while embracing Deborah. "I guess I was naive to think she'd change."

Cheer up, my friend. You have your other son, so there's no need to be sad, Eric reassured George.

And my future grandson, George added with a smile.

Indeed, said Eric.

Hey, how is Roger going to handle that? Samantha asked, trying to shift the conversation away from the gloomy topic.

That's another headache because Roger, that stupid son of mine, impregnated his wife and his mistress almost at the same time.

Wow... you really have quite the problem on your hands, Eric commented before delving into stock market trends and other work topics, in an attempt to lift his friend's spirits.

Meanwhile, Roger sought refuge back at his table after dancing to two songs. His mood soured at the sight of Deborah looking so beautiful and happy with another man. Roger's demeanor frustrated Sophia a little, but she refrained from getting upset this time. Instead, she seized the opportunity to engage with Cassandra, the girl she had noticed earlier

Cassandra was seething with anger over the same reason as Roger.

Damn... how can she be so lucky, Cassandra muttered furiously as she tore apart the flowers arranged at the table she sat at.

Hello.

Cassandra's eyebrows furrowed upon hearing her name. When she turned, she noticed a blonde woman with an arrogant smile approaching her with her lips curled. "Who are you? What do you want?" Cassandra asked.

My name doesn't matter, does it? Sophia replied, casually taking the seat next to Cassandra.

True, a mistress is nameless, Cassandra retorted arrogantly after recognizing Sophia.

Says the daughter of one, right?

Cassandra scowled at the remark.

Come on, it's no secret you Andersons are imposters-none of you have the real blood of the family name-reflecting how bad your financial state is, said Sophia -mockingly.

Well, for a cheap slut, you seem to know a lot about our world.

I use my brain, unlike others who leave the dirty work to men.

Cassandra frowned deeply, clearly offended on behalf of her mother. "Alright, just tell me, what do you want?"

An alliance to destroy your beloved elder sister.

And what do you have against Deborah?

That's my business, but the point is, we both hate seeing that stupid girl happy and getting the best men in town.

So what do you have in mind?

To make her miserable. Also, that brat growing inside her is a nuisance.

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And what do if we help you prevent the brat from being born? At that moment, Cassandra's twin, Ernest, joined the conversation.

I can tell you the location of what your father has been searching for and claim all of the Andersons' money, Sophia said with a malicious smile.

Wait, how do you... Ernest was startled because no one was supposed to know about that.

As I said, I know things that will help you in your terrible financial predicament.

You didn't choose Roger at random, did you?

That's right, I might not come from a famous and rich family, but I have my wits about me to make up for that, Sophia proudly said. "So.... do we have a deal?"

Before giving you an answer, I want you to give us proof that the knowledge you. offered to help us is true and not a hoax, Ernest said.

Proof? Well, do you know why your father didn't get any money despite being the widower of the Anderson heiress? Sophia asked playfully as the twins shook their heads. "Because Deborah's grandfather never trusted a poor waiter." "What?! Take that back!" Cassandra ordered, scowling. "My dad was always a great executive and... Ernest, why are you silent?" Cassandra asked, expecting him to be angry as well.

Because that's true, Ernest said, frowning.

That... that can't be...

I found out by accident one afternoon going through his things. That was also when I found out why we don't have a penny to our name, Ernest said, annoyed. "But tell me, how did you know?"

I told you, I have my ways... so, do we have a deal?

How can we help you? Cassandra asked, looking into Sophia's eyes.

For now I want...

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After the dance ended, Deborah, Jayden, and Elliot took their seats to enjoy dinner. While eating, Jayden and Elliot realized that they were fellow online gamers. They agreed to meet at Deborah's place the next day for a gaming session. Soon, the evening ended peacefully and without any issues.

The real scandal erupted the following day when the media began circulating what had happened at the party, highlighting the confirmation of the long-standing rumor about the Petersons. The icing on the cake was Roger's ex-wife being seen with the heir of the Cooper family.

In gossip and entertainment shows, everyone praised how beautiful Deborah looked and how blind Roger must have been to trade her for the woman he was now with.

Imbeciles, Sophia muttered furiously, biting into her toast.

But they're right. The mute totally eclipsed you with her jewelry and outfit, Isabelle mockingly said while sipping her coffee.

And did I ask for your opinion? Sophia snapped at Isabelle. "Besides, it's your fault for not giving me money to buy a new dress and jewelry. I'm sure Deborah got all that with the money Roger had given her instead, right?" Sophia asked, looking at her partner. "I haven't even paid her anything yet," Roger commented as he took a seat beside Sophia.

Does that mean she's already receiving money from Cooper? Sophia asked jealously. "How else do you explain that new outfit?"

No idea, but don't think for a moment I'm going to pay her any alimony when I don't even have a job.

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Roger, to do now? Isabelle asked worriedly.

I'm going to the company shortly to demand my job back, Roger said angrily. "I'm not going to let them sideline me, because that company is mine."

The women smiled proudly at the determination in Roger's voice. But internally, Roger wasn't sure how he would achieve it.

Meanwhile, Deborah was enjoying her quiet Saturday morning, taking the

opportunity to clean the house and do laundry since she lived alone and could afford to do these things once a week.

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And did I ask for your opinion? Sophia snapped at Isabelle. "Besides, it's your fault for not giving me money to buy a new dress and jewelry. I'm sure Deborah got all that with the money Roger had given her instead, right?" Sophia asked, looking at her partner.

I haven't even paid her anything yet, Roger commented as he took a seat beside Sophia.

Roger, what are you going to do now? Isabelle asked worriedly.

Meanwhile, Deborah was enjoying her quiet Saturday morning, taking the opportunity to clean the house and do laundry since she lived alone and could afford to do these things once a week.

'Right, now that the doctor says you've stabilized in the womb, I can start decorating this room for you,' Deborah thought to her baby as she tidied up the house.

After cleaning, Deborah went to buy some groceries from the supermarket. As she walked, she remembered how excited Elliot and Jayden had been talking about their hobbies.

'I think it's time I picked up my own hobbies again,' Deborah thought as she passed a fabric store, entering to buy some supplies. She decided to start practicing knitting to make baby clothes.

Then she remembered her mother's special chest of sewing materials, including the little booties Alexandra had knitted for Deborah. She started to feel sad because it was one of the

first things that disappeared from the house when Vanessa arrived- Deborah's stepmother took it upon herself to destroy and erase every trace and memory of Alexandra in the house.

face and continued selecting yarn.

After getting everything she needed and paying for her purchases, she headed back home.

Just as she finished unpacking, Deborah's phone buzzed. She noticed she had been added to a group chat named "Game Night," which brought a smile to her face. She began discussing with the other members-Jayden and Elliot-what to order for dinner. They eventually settled on pizza, pasta, and garlic bread.

Once the conversation wound down, Deborah returned to her routine and passed time by practicing her knitting to make baby booties while she awaited their arrival.

Meanwhile, Elliot was excitedly packing his games into a box.

Try not to stay up too late, someone reminded him.

Dad, I'm not a little kid anymore, Elliot retorted.

But you'll always be my little boy, George teased, handing him an envelope." While you're out, give this to Deborah," he instructed.

What is it?"

It's the card for the new account I opened for her alimony, George explained.

But Dad, shouldn't Roger be doing this? Elliot questioned.

I have to be realistic, son. I doubt he'll ever give Deborah any money. And even though part of me wants to let him face the consequences of his actions, I can't leave her high and dry like this, George replied sadly. "Dad, it's not your fault. As you said, a marriage involves two people, and we can't control everything," Elliot reassured him.

I know, but in this situation, I know your mother bears much of the blame, George admitted.

You know... I still don't understand why my mom doesn't love me, Elliot said, his voice tinged with sadness.

George felt saddened and sought to comfort his son, as he too couldn't understand why things were this way. After ensuring everything was ready, the teenager bid farewell to his father and got into the car that would take him to Deborah's house. Elliot was not aware that a car was following him.

You were right, Ernest. That kid knows where your sister is, and I've got her address now, said the driver following Elliot.

Excellent. So, we just need to figure out how to start bothering her, and-

I doubt that plan will work, said the driver.

Why's that? Ernest asked.

She's living in those new private places boarded up with their own security protocols. You can only enter with a passcode or if the person you're visiting has given their approval. I doubt your sister wants to see you, said the driver. "Damn it, I didn't think she'd be that clever."

Look, it's going to cost you more money than you gave me cause I have to wait for her to leave the place.

"What?! I refuse to give you any more money.

Well, I'm out of here then. You can come keep watch instead."""

"Fine, but keep me informed of everything, Ernest declared, ending the call.

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Chapter 54

Chapter 54

Jayden was the first to arrive at Deborah's house. Just as he rang the doorbell, he saw Elliot arriving too.

Good evening, beautiful,"" he said as Deborah opened the door."

Hey, Debbie! Elliot chimed in, rushing to hug her.

[Good evening. You arrived at the same time.] Deborah greeted them with a smile before ushering them inside.

So it seems, Jayden said, leaving his console in the living room. "Sweetheart, I'm taking over your TV."

[Go ahead.]

Mr. Elliot, said a person standing at the door with paper bags. Jayden and Deborah noticed that Elliot had arrived with someone else.

Oh, yeah, sorry. Gabriel, could you please put those on the table? Elliot said. "Debbie, I brought some snacks for tonight." "Excuse me," Gabriel said, entering the house to leave the purchases before turning to Elliot. "What time should I pick you up?" "Hmm... well, if Debbie doesn't mind, maybe I'll stay the night here."

What?! Jayden exclaimed with a frown.

[If your dad doesn't mind, you can stay.]

Yay! Elliot exclaimed happily, hugging her.

In that case, I'll come by around 10 am tomorrow. Have a good night, Gabriel said, leaving the place.

Can I stay over too? Jayden asked, giving her a pleading look.

You have your own house. Elliot shot back a challenging stare..

I didn't ask you, Jayden said, frowning. "Debbie?" he looked pleadingly into Deborah's eyes.

[Both of you can stay.] Deborah didn't want them to get into a fight. She already saw how they were glaring at each other.

Fine... Jayden and Elliot said in unison.

The boys got back to setting up the TV and connecting it for gaming, while Deborah plated the snacks. Dinner arrived around the same time. With everything prepped, the game night began. Around midnight, the games ended because Elliot fell asleep.

Jayden observed as Deborah set up the sofa to serve as a bed for Elliot, covering him snugly with a blanket. "I see now why you offered to let him stay overnight," Jayden remarked, pausing his game..

[If I recall correctly, he had karate class today, amidst all the other lessons he had to take to eventually take over the company.] Deborah tried to recall Elliot's routine.

Now I'm starting to get jealous because you seem to know a lot about him, Jayden teased.

[Before he went abroad to study, Caroline and Elliot were the only ones who visited me in that apartment.] Deborah explained.

I see. Compared to your so-called 'family, I understand why you treat this kid like, a little brother.

Well, practicing a sport is definitely something I support.

[Do you practice any?] Deborah asked.

Hmm, Jayden pondered for a moment. "Currently, I dabble in karate and swimming, but when I was younger, I did a lot more... well, when I had plenty of spare time." [Wow, it seems you love trying new things.]

Well, as a kid, I was mischievous, and my mom decided it was best to channel that energy into something productive, so I ended up taking up sports.

[Your poor mother, you must have given her a hard time.]

A bit, but I've always admired how she raised me, fulfilled all my whims, and still helped Dad with the business.

[Does your mom work in the company too?] Deborah asked, amazed.

Yeah, actually, my dad created several businesses for each new idea she had: interior design, brick manufacturing, tiles, and ceramics, Jayden declared excitedly, recalling those moments. "In fact, look," he said, pulling out his phone to show her some images of materials with different designs, colors, and shapes. "She designs them and the artisans bring them to life."

[They're beautiful, and it's lovely to see a couple supporting each other like that.]

Yeah, I hope to have a life like theirs, Jayden said, winking at her. “Hey gorgeous, want to go for a walk?”

Deborah nodded and grabbed her keys, leading them out of the house but not before flicking off the lights for Elliot’s comfort as he slept. They strolled aimlessly through the quiet streets until they reached the park. They opted to sit on one of the benches. “Do you feel cold?” Jayden asked, sensing the night breeze.

[I’m fine.] Deborah replied with a smile before gazing up at the sky. [It’s a beautiful night.]

Hey, why was there a ball of yarn in a corner of the table? Jayden asked curiously.

[I’ve been practicing knitting clothes for my baby.] Deborah confessed shyly. “Oh... I see.”

[Is something wrong?]

Well... since winter is approaching, I thought maybe you were knitting a scarf for me.

[Do you want me to make you a scarf?] Deborah asked, raising an eyebrow.

[Okay, I’ll look up the instructions to make you a nice scarf for winter. How does that sound?]

I like that idea, but um... this might make me sound like a jealous man, but did you ever make any for Roger?

[No, but I did buy him one as a Christmas gift. He never used it and just threw it away.

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What?! He threw it away? Jayden was annoyed.

[Yeah, I bought him a scarf with the little savings I had at that time, but oh well...]

That idiot really deserves everything that’s happening to him, Jayden said angrily. “I promise you, I’ll treasure everything you give me-” His words were cut off as she placed her hand over his mouth.

[I know, Jayden, you’re different and special.]

Jayden blushed at her words. “Can I ask what ‘different and special’ means?”

[That your struggle is over.]

Huh? Deborah, does that mean what I think it means?

[Yes, um... if you don't mind that I'm expecting another man's child, I...] She was nervous about what she was about to say.

Don't be silly, that baby is yours and that's enough for me, he said, embracing her. "I promise to make you the happiest woman in the world."-

[You've already demonstrated that.] Deborah closed the distance between them to cup Jayden's face in her hands before kissing him.

Chapter 55

Chapter 55

The kiss was simply a gentle touch between their lips, but it was enough for both of them because it marked the beginning of everything. In their eyes, the love they felt was unmistakable. "Deborah..."

[Would you like to be my boyfriend?] Deborah suggested.

Of course. Can I call you 'my love'?

[You already express it in so many ways.]

But calling you 'my love' makes it more official, don't you think?

[I suppose.] Deborah blushed and glanced away shyly

"What's wrong? You don't seem very happy."

[I'm happy about what's starting between us, but... I'm afraid of...] Things will be very different, and nothing bad will repeat, I promise." [Well, now we just have to see if your parents... well, accept us.] ""What are you saying? They'll be thrilled with the news.""

Deborah smiled upon hearing his confident words which quickly dispelling her fears. They talked for a couple of hours under the night sky until the cold air prompted them to return home. "Hey, my love, would you let me do something special for you?"

[What is it?"]

You mentioned before that you're like this because you lost your ability to speak, and now I'm curious about what your beautiful laughter would sound like, he said, gently caressing her cheek. Deborah blushed at his subtle touch. [Well, I don't know if I can recover it, since the doctor who treated me said I would be mute forever.]

Was it by any chance a doctor who had spoken to your father and stepmother beforehand? Jayden asked, a little concerned.

[Yes...] Deborah felt frightened as she realized what he was implying. [Wait, are you

—

suggesting that...]

With everything you've told me, I think you suffered from medical negligence- they probably didn't assess you properly just to save money on your treatment.

[That would make sense.]

"Would you let me find a specialist to see if your voice can be recovered? I won't force you to do anything.

[Yes, I would like to see if it's possible, because I want to sing lullabies to our baby.]

In that case, I'll start looking for a specialist to examine you," he said, taking her hands and kissing them."

That night, they returned to Deborah's house and slept in each other's embrace.

The next morning, Elliot woke up slightly disoriented. As he looked around, he recognized the place, which made him very happy because it meant he had stayed over at Deborah's house. A sweet aroma caught his attention, and he saw her in the kitchen preparing breakfast. "Good morning, Debbie!" Elliot exclaimed, running to hug her.

[Good morning. Did you sleep well?] Deborah asked.

Yes, and I see we are the only ones in this house, Elliot happily noted, since Jayden wasn't there.

You wish, kid. Jayden teased as he entered the house with a shopping bag. “But unfortunately for you, I also stayed overnight with my beautiful girlfriend.”

Your... huh? Wait, girlfriend? Elliot said sadly, looking at Deborah. “Why, Deborah? If I...”

Jayden raised an eyebrow, confirming his suspicions that the boy was in love with

Deborah.

Deborah smiled and approached to hug him. [Elliot...]

Deborah, why? If I love you and...

[I love you too, but you know I’ve always seen you as a little brother.] Deborah gently interrupted, wiping away his tears. [To me, you’re my precious little brother whom I’ll love and support in everything.] Elliot hugged her while holding back his tears. “In... in that case,” he said, now

pulling away to glare at Jayden, “Listen well, blondie. You may be good at battle royales, but if you ever make Debbie cry, I’ll destroy you.”

I’ll gladly accept your revenge if I ever wrong Deborah, Jayden said, ruffling Elliot’s hair.

Elliot didn’t want to admit it, but he had already treated Jayden as an older brother. Hence why he couldn’t stay mad especially he very well knew that Jayden would take good care of Deborah and his nephew.

After finishing breakfast, Elliot stepped out to get into the ride that had come to pick him up. Before getting into the car, he handed Deborah the envelope from George. Then, Elliot got into the car and bid the couple farewell, promising to repeat their night of games in the future.

You know, I thought it would leave with a bit more drama, Jayden remarked once they were alone.

He’s a mature kid,] Deborah replied.

Yeah. You know, I did have a slight suspicion he liked you romantically, but I guess I won’t have to worry about getting jealous since you handled it so maturely.

[Jealous? Were you jealous of Elliot?] Deborah arched an eyebrow playfully.

Maybe,” Jayden admitted with a grin. “And what’s that?”

[George sent me a bank card, saying he’ll deposit my alimony there.]

Oh, I see, Jayden said as she put the card back in its envelope and tucked it away.” Well, I’ll go change so we can head to my parents’ house.”

[Sounds good, I’ll do the same.] Deborah headed to her room since she was still in her pajamas.

Once ready, they set off for the Cooper mansion, unaware that someone was following them though their pursuer didn’t get far because the Cooper’s place had its own security system- the pursuer had to turn around quickly.

As soon as they stepped out of the car, Jayden’s parents greeted them with warm smiles and ushered them inside.

The hosts led Jayden and Deborah to the dining room, where snacks were already set out to accompany their conversation.

So... Eric began once they were all seated, “What brings you here today?”

We came to tell you something very important, Jayden said, taking Deborah’s hand, causing her to blush slightly.

So, what is it? Eric and Samantha asked though they could already tell what the news might be.

Yesterday, we became a couple! Jayden announced.

Wow, really? Samantha exclaimed excitedly.

Congratulations to both of you, Eric said warmly.

Finally, now I have a beautiful daughter, Samantha stood up and hugged Deborah.

[Are you really happy?] Deborah asked, surprised.

Of course, because you two look adorable together. I can see that my son is happy with you, and that’s what matters most to a mother.

Deborah looked at Samantha in amazement, not expecting that response. Deborah felt tears welling up in her eyes before she embraced Samantha again. Everything felt so different now, like she was in a beautiful dream she didn't want to wake up from.

Meanwhile, in a hidden corner of the mansion, a maid was talking on the phone with a mysterious man.

This is going to be explosive! Is the news reliable? the person on the other end of the line asked eagerly.

Absolutely, it's a scoop, the maid declared proudly. "So don't forget what you promised me."

Don't worry, the money will be in your account tomorrow...

Chapter 56

Chapter 56

Damn old man, you ruin my plans even from beyond the grave, Sophia muttered furiously, clenching her fists. "Is everyone conspiring against me?" She glared hatefully at the television screen tuned to a tabloid channel.

She couldn't understand... how was it that a boring mute woman without grace or elegance managed to snag the richest men? What did Deborah have that Sophia didn't?

Sophia looked at herself in the mirror and remembered the words of her so-called friends: "You may be pretty, but you're still the daughter of a maid. Your last name isn't worth a cent."

No! I am worth a lot, she said, staring at her reflection. "I can manipulate any man to worship me."

She was absolutely furious, especially now that she had another problem on her hands. Sophia was supposed to have a baby boy. But the problem wasn't the gender at all. It was the fact that there was no baby in her belly. Her pregnancy was a lie she told to expedite the divorce. But now that things turned out this way, Sophia regretted rushing into it.

I think I'll have to buy some ultrasound scans. Luckily the idiotic mother and son are too busy with their own problems to notice anything, Sophia said to herself before glancing at her phone to see the report that the twins had sent her. She smiled.

'At least someone is doing their job right, Sophia thought. They had someone monitoring and following Deborah, so it didn't matter that she was safe in that house; it was only a matter of time before Sophia could strike.

But then the smile vanished from her face. The twins were expecting her to keep her end of the bargain. The problem was that she knew nothing about the Andersons. The little she knew was from some scandals she vaguely remembered. Moreover, the Andersons had never interested Sophia so she didn't know much about them in general.

Sophia knew Deborah wouldn't know anything about the special clauses that would enable Frederick to access the Andersons' money. Otherwise, Deborah wouldn't have lived in poverty all this while. The other alternative Sophia could think of was asking Isabelle. But how would she force the woman to cooperate?

Just then, she heard the apartment door open, and Isabelle entered, looking a bit angry and carrying several luxury shopping bags.

Sophia! Isabelle shouted as she closed the door and left her bags on the couch.

What? Sophia replied grumpily, coming out of her room to confront Isabelle. "Can you tell me what this means?" Isabelle demanded, spreading her arms to gesture around the place.

I don't know what you mean. I just see an insufferable old woman who's been abandoned, Sophia scoffed, crossing her arms.

No, idiot, Isabelle gritted her teeth at the insult. "I mean, why is the house still dirty?"

Well, I think it looks decent, Sophia mocked.

Isabelle walked over to the coffee table and ran her index finger across it, showing Sophia the layer of dust swiped. "You call this clean?"

Well, if it bothers you so much, you can clean it yourself.

You're mistaken. Keeping the house clean is the only reason you're allowed in this house, you cheap floozy.

You need to show some respect. I'm your son's partner, and-

And that's exactly why your duties are to take care of the home, cook, attend to me and my son, and find a job. You need to contribute to this household if you want to keep living here.

Sophia looked at her supposed mother-in-law, astonished and incredulous. Isabelle was the worst, but she was mistaken about one thing.

Listen carefully, you crazy old woman, because I'll only say this once: I'm not Deborah, the idiot who let herself be walked all over. You will respect me, or I will make you regret bothering me for the rest of your life, Sophia declared, giving Isabelle a look of superiority. Isabelle's eyes narrowed. "What a good joke. But tell me, how can a woman without a last name punish me?"

Perhaps I should reveal that dirty little secret to your husband and beloved son, Sophia retorted.

The tension thickened. "Wow, it looks like you're a real rat. Quite classic for someone of your kind, but for your information, I'm not -" Isabelle said before Sophia cut her off.

Listen carefully, you foul-smelling rat. This mission shouldn't be too complicated for you: I want you to go to my house today at this exact time and steal or kill that damned brat my husband forced me to bear.

The room fell silent. Isabelle's face drained of color.

What... Isabelle stammered.

Sophia's malicious smile widened.

Those were the exact instructions that caused the childhood accident of my beloved husband, weren't they? Sophia feigned concern.

How do you... Isabelle's voice trembled.

But what if my dear Roger finds out the truth? Sophia continued.

Impossible! How... Isabelle trailed off.

That's my secret, ma'am. Now, how about you keep me content? Behave like a good mother-in-law, clean the house, and maybe even prepare dinner. Otherwise, all the evidence I have

might end up in the hands of your ex-husband. And I don't think he would be so generous with those monthly allowances for your shopping sprees anymore, Sophia taunted.

Isabelle was terrified. How did Sophia know? She'd thought she had disposed of all the evidence before her husband concluded the investigation into those events.

Before she could ask more questions, Roger arrived.

Sophia! He embraced her, planting a kiss on her lips. "Hello, Mom," he greeted his mother with a smile.

Guess what, darling? Today, your mom just gave me great news. Sophia interjected, glancing at Isabelle. been cooped up here all day, so she's giving us money for a date. It's been ages!" "She's sorry!

Roger sighed. "Sophia, I'm exhausted from working like an ordinary employee."

"Cheer up, darling. Things will change soon. And your mom insists I rest for the

baby's sake while she handles cleaning and cooking."

What...? Isabelle tried to protest.

Thank you for this, Mom, Roger said cheerfully. "And Sophia deserves royal

treatment. After all, she saved my life once." He scooped Sophia up and carried her to their room, leaving Isabelle speechless.

What did her son just say? And how did Sophia know about that accident? She needed to find a way to get rid of this infuriating woman, and fast.

Chapter 58

Chapter 58

It was a new day at the Anderson family house, once a mansion that belonged to one of the country's ten most powerful families. Now, it was a mere shadow of its former self. The place had lost its sparkle and elegance, neglected without gardeners or maintenance crews

tending to its once-immaculate façade, simply because the inhabitant couldn't afford it anymore.

The family of four was having breakfast when they were interrupted by one of the few remaining servants.

Um, sir... the servant began nervously.

What do you want? Frederick snapped, his brow furrowed.

There's a gentleman here to see you, she replied hesitantly.

Are you expecting someone? Vanessa asked.

No, but I'll go see who it is, Frederick declared, rising from his seat and heading to the living room.

It might be a new business opportunity, Ernest commented casually as he poured himself more cereal.

That's good because I saw a new dress at the boutique that I want to buy, his twin sister chimed in, sipping her coffee.

I saw something I want to buy too, and-Vanessa was saying when...

What?! Frederick's shout signaled trouble. "Get out of my house, you damn idiot!" The outburst was followed by more commotion of furniture crashing and the front door slamming shut, followed by heavy footsteps heading toward the study. "Ugh..." Cassandra scowled, clearly disappointed.

Looks like another failed deal, Ernest sighed, bored. "Mom, seriously, how much longer are we going to live like this?"

Yeah, what about the money that rightfully belongs to us as Andersons? Cassandra complained.

I'll handle it, Vanessa said, standing up to go see her husband.

In the study, Frederick seethed with rage, re-reading the absurd document that had just been handed to him. No matter how many times he read it, he couldn't grasp it.

It was surreal-like a bad joke. After all these years, why was the insurance company now investigating the fraud and suing them?

Darling. the door opened and his beloved wife sauntered in, her movements deliberate and enticing. "What are you doing?" she asked coyly, settling into his lap and leaning against him.

Vanessa, I think we have a problem, he said seriously, handing her the papers.

Huh? What is... Her emerald eyes widened as she scanned the document." Frederick, what does this mean?"

I have no idea, but I don't understand why after all these years, the insurance company is suddenly probing into Alexandra's death.

"That's ridiculous. That fool has been dead for ten years.

I know, but..." Then he remembered what Deborah had said. "'Damn it... it was her.'" "What...?"

This is Deborah's fault!

Impossible... You made sure no one would doubt the story we created about that bitch's death.

I don't know how they did it, but I'm not going to let that stupid girl ruin my life, Frederick declared angrily. Tch... I should have killed her when I had the chance."

Well, I don't know how you'll do it, but your children and I are tired of living in this misery.

Huh?

So if this is your chance to kill your bastard daughter and take the money you promised me, do it!

Remember, it was your fault that Alexandra found out about our affair and changed her will to bar me access to her properties and money.

Well, find a way to get that inheritance now. I'm tired of being called a fake rich, Vanessa said angrily before she stood up and left the room.

Frederick clicked his tongue in frustration. He had been trying for years to take possession of that money, but Alexandra had outsmarted him and placed numerous obstacles to prevent him from getting his hands on any of it.

Angry, he got up and approached the wall to his right, lowering the painting that adorned the location of the safe. It certainly held something of great value, but even the best experts had failed to open it-its construction made it indestructible. "Damn you, Alexandra. You won't leave me alone even in death."

You will never be happy.

What? At the sound of that strange and familiar voice, Frederick was startled and quickly turned to look around the room, but there was no one there he was alone.

"You may have deceived and used me, but your mistake was underestimating me.

Who are you?" Frederick shouted, and then his gaze settled on the large mirror in the room. A beautiful woman with long brown hair and honey-colored eyes stood in it. "No... impossible."

It's not impossible. Remember what I told you before you killed me, said the reflection as she moved toward him and placed her hand on the mirror's surface. "I swear even in death you will remember me because I will make you live the life you deserve, you damn traitor." "You're wrong. I am the smart one because you died that day!" Frederick was agitated.

And my death didn't benefit you at all, did it?

"Damn it, you planned all this to ruin me.

All this coming from the man who pretended to marry me when he was already married to another," Alexandra reproached, frowning and pressing hard against the mirror's surface, creating a crack."

You... Fredrick was scared. Was she real? The Alexandra in the mirror looked like she was about to step out of the mirror, so Frederick moved quickly to the desk to retrieve the gun he kept in one of the drawers, aiming it at her. "Come out and I'll kill you again!" he shouted; trembling.

Dad? Fredrick snapped out of it when he heard his son, turning to see Ernest standing in the doorway and looking at his father with concern. Ernest had come to check on Frederick and

noticed the latter was having an anxiety attack. “I-I’m... fine...” Frederick said, lowering his weapon. When he turned back to the mirror, Alexandra was gone and there were no cracks.

Are you sure? Who were you shouting at? Ernest asked as he entered the office and looked around without finding anything strange.

No one... um... I think I need some air, Frederick said nervously, putting the gun away and rushing out of the room toward the garden. ‘What was that? It had felt so real.’

Chapter 59

Chapter 59

Unluckily for him, Frederick wasn’t just dealing with hallucinations and an insurance lawsuit. All his troubles seemed to have converged at once-one of his contacts in the police informed him that Alexandra’s death case was being reopened. Now, there was a real possibility that the truth about her death would come to light. Frederick was on the brink of a mental collapse. On top of everything else, George wasn’t joking-George had already sent his lawyers to demand repayment of the money borrowed during Deborah’s marriage. Plus, Frederick’s partners in his newly established business were pressuring him for a refund because the venture had failed.

This is ridiculous! I didn’t support you to live like this, Vanessa declared angrily, surveying the sea of papers on the living room table.

Dad... I’m tired of my clothes. I need money to buy new ones, Cassandra complained.

Hey, Dad, are you going to give me money to renew my club membership? It’s humiliating that everyone knows it got canceled due to non-payment, Ernest grimaced.

Are you listening, Frederick? What are you waiting for? You need to get money fast because your kids ne-”

SHUT UP! Frederick yelled as he threw all the documents to the floor. “I know we need money, woman. You don’t have to remind me every damn time!” Frederick glared at his wife before turning to his children. “And you two, if you need money so badly, work for it.” Silence fell as the twins stared in shock at their father. He had never denied them anything or spoken such harsh words before.

Oh, right, you can't, Frederick continued to say, pointing his index finger at his daughter, then his son. "Because you got expelled from school for inappropriate behavior, and the other dropped out because he's too dumb to understand his subjects, failing every course in his first year."

Don't take it out on my children, Vanessa interjected, upset at Frederick's words as she embraced her children who had visibly recoiled from his words.

I'm not taking it out on them. I'm just stating the truth: that I fathered two useless children.

Dad...

Cassandra was already in tears.

I'm not useless, and I'll prove it, Ernest said angrily with clenched fists.

Oh yeah? How? Frederick asked, stepping closer to grab his son's shirt collar. "Are you going to win the lottery, or will you... find a job?" "Frederick, enough already! Stop attacking us. Come on, be reasonable... we're your family," Vanessa said, frowning.

Oh... is telling the truth considered an attack now? he asked, exaggerating his hand movements. "Come on... how hard was school if Deborah managed to graduate as an accountant with a scholarship because I never paid her tuition?" Frederick could tell that his children were now furious at being compared. "And yet this pair, who I've always given everything to, barely finished high school."

Don't compare my children to that-

Well, at least she managed to use her brain to secure a juicy alimony and live comfortably. Meanwhile, tell me, what have your children done? Nothing. All they know how to do is stretch out their hands and ask me for money we don't have.

Dad, I'm not going to get angry with you because it's obvious you're going through a crisis, Ernest said, trying to sound calm. "And to show you I'm a good son, I can assure you I'm about to uncover those clues that prevent you from accessing your ex-wife's money." "What..." Frederick looked amazed at his son. "R-Really?"

Wow, Ernest, that's wonderful news, Vanessa said, kissing him on the cheek. "See, Frederick, our son is very talented, and instead of congratulating him, you've just been scolding him."

I guess I went a bit far. I'm sorry, kids.

Don't worry, Dad, I know you didn't mean it, Cassandra said, hugging him.

Despite their words, the siblings were internally angry and fed up with the situation. They were supposed to be rich but they were suddenly told to work. With a silent glance at each other, they vowed that as soon as they got their hands on that money, they would rid themselves of their father, the most useless of the four, a man who only knew how to lose money in business deals.

Chapter 60

Chapter 60

Meanwhile, Deborah was on a video call with Christian, who was giving her a brief summary of the new measures and methods being used to investigate her mother's accident.

Fortunately, much of the evidence is well preserved. In the year your mom passed away, they changed the evidence storage system to a more secure location, which means everything is intact. With the new analysis methods, it'll be easy to find those clues that were overlooked before, Christian informed, smiling. [That's great! So, there won't be any problems or doubts about the evidence.] Deborah was relieved.

Exactly.

Hey, Deborah, Alan interjected, joining the call. "From my end, I can tell you that the insurance company isn't wasting any time. They're sending their lawyers to your 'family's' house tomorrow, along with the police." [That fast?] Deborah was astonished at the swift action unfolding.

Yes, they're not messing around. According to the policy instructions, the money was supposed to be paid out to the beneficiary monthly, based on accredited academic expenses, with the remainder upon reaching adulthood. Your mom set everything up to pay for your education and ensure you had a comfortable childhood... something that obviously didn't happen because they paid out all the money at once, said Alan as he interpreted one of the clauses for Deborah.

In cases like this, the company obviously loses, added Christian. "Because they profit from managing your money, with the interests accumulating in their pockets. But in this case, they

stole all the money at once, and as you can imagine, the accrued interests over the years could have doubled or tripled the initial sum.”

Deborah started to cry, causing both men to feel a little guilty.

Oh... please don't cry, ma'am, Alan said apologetically.

'Are you okay, Deborah?' Christian asked.

[It's just... I'm glad to hear that my mom had always put my well-being ahead of hers... even though her wishes couldn't be fulfilled as she wanted.] Deborah explained. "Don't cry, ma'am. We will help you get justice," Alan declared, trying to cheer her

1. up.

[I know, and thank you both for this. By the way, since we're still on this call.... Christian, how much will your fees be this month? I'll transfer it to you.]

Oh my, what pleasant words! Alan chimed in excitedly.

Christian shook his head at his friend's antics. "It'll be the same as last time, Debbie.

[Okay, I'm sending it now.] Deborah tapped her phone a few times, and Christian received a notification.

Payment received, thank you, Christian acknowledged, noticing her happiness.

He had initially refused to charge her, considering her circumstances. But after Deborah insisted, he accepted payment for the services rendered throughout the trial. Since leaving Roger's house, she was fully committed to earning her own money, so Christian agreed because he could see it meant a lot to Deborah to pay with her money.

Woo! Today's dinner will be delicious, Alan joked, checking his bank account and seeing the payment deposited.

We'll keep an eye on the situation, and if there are any updates, I'll call you, Christian said.

[Thank you so much.] Deborah replied gratefully.

After the call ended, Deborah sighed before fixing her gaze on the folder beside her.

'It's good to know you always looked out for me, Mom. But now it's my turn to seek justice and reclaim everything that rightfully belonged to you.' Deborah's eyes reflected a strong determination.