

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

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Who-? the twins began to ask, but stopped when they saw a man with red hair standing before them.

You... Cassandra said angrily. "Dad, this was the guy with that idiot."

Frederick felt a chill run down his spine. Despite the years that had passed, Frederick recognized the man. It was him... and the hatred in his eyes was unmistakable. "Well, well, who would've thought? Finally, you and your disgusting family are where you belong." Nicholas remarked

Who the hell are to talk to us like that? Ernest demanded, sta

do you think you

I'm Nicholas Foster. And do you know who you are?

Of course I do. I'm Ernest Anderson and-

up to confront him.

Oh my god, I can't... haha. It's so pathetic hearing a lie told with such determination. Nicholas laughed.

"What's so funny? Cassandra snapped, clenching her fists.

You, Your whole life is a lie, thanks to the pair of thieves who brought you into this world," Nicholas replied, noting how Frederick and Vanessa bit their lips in frustration. ""Stop insulting my parents or you'll regret it,"" Cassandra said angrily."

Oh, I'm so scared. And tell me, how are you going to make me regret it?

Stop provoking my daughter, Vanessa snapped.

We are the Andersons, and we have many powerful friends who won't let you live easily if you keep bothering us, Vanessa said, locking eyes with him.

Oh, woe is me! But you know, I doubt anyone sane would join the losing side of history, Nicholas said, amused as he crossed his arms.

"Stop insulting us, Ernest said angrily.

I won't because you deserve this and much more for being accomplices of these murderers," Nicholas said."

Leave my children alone, Frederick said, standing up to face him.

No, because you never stopped hurting Deborah. So why should I have compassion for your children?

Deborah... Deborah... Cassandra muttered angrily. "Why is a bastard so important?"

You're really disconnected from reality. Deborah is the only legitimate heir to the Anderson family. You, on the other hand, are just the Turner family usurping an important name, Nicholas said angrily. "So wake up from that bubble you're living in, or do you enjoy being the laughingstock of society?"

Cassandra clenched her fists tightly, remembering how many of her so-called friends had mocked her behind her back.

"You're wrong I don't have such a common surname... Ernest began to say.

—

That is your surname because your father is an opportunist who got the Anderson heir pregnant just to steal her inheritance. When his plan failed, he murdered Alexandra and kidnapped her daughter just to access some of the inheritance since the child was still a minor."""

That's a lie, the twins said in unison.

Really? Nicholas asked, amused. "Then tell your father to look me in the eye and say I'm lying," he said, staring at Frederick.

Dad, say something. Correct this ignorant fool, Cassandra pleaded desperately.

Dad, tell this idiot he's slandering us and... Ernest trailed off when he saw the look of defeat in his father's eyes. "No..."

You see, he can't because it's true, Nicholas said. "He's just a parasite who, along with his wife, murdered my best friend and love of my life to steal the Anderson fortune."

No... that's a lie! Cassandra screamed in desperation

"Everyone knows you two are impostors because they see your mother as Frederick's mistress, Nicholas said, pointing at the twins.

That's not true. I am his legitimate wife!"

And that confirms you're the Turners, destined to stay in prison for the rest of your life, Nicholas said, frowning. "And I will personally make sure that happens," he proclaimed before turning to walk away. "Wait, you can't! My children are innocent...spare them at least," Frederick shouted desperately as he watched Nicholas walk away.

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Vanessa stared at the ground, biting her lips hard. This was the end for her.

Dad... Cassandra tremble. Nicholas's words made her realize that this was the reason for all the strange treatment she had endured as a child, including the bullying at school where many girls mocked her-they called her a freeloader or a bastard. "Tell me what he said is a lie."

Dad, we demand an explanation, Ernest demanded.

Are you satisfied now, Frederick? We're in this damn place because of you, Vanessa cried out in despair.

My fault? Let me remind you that you helped me plan how to kill her-you ar you share the blame because I never saw you complain when you spent that and luxury clothes.

with my actions. So, -y or wore her jewelry

What? No... don't you turn this on me! This all started because of you, preferring to steal money from a rich girl instead of getting a damn job.

The twins heard their parents' argument but paid little attention. They were too preoccupied with their internal turmoil, utterly disappointed because their entire life was a lie-they didn't belong to the Anderson family,

After hours of arguing. Frederick and Vanessa grew tired and decided to turn their backs on each other. They tried to sleep, hoping to forget the problem for now.

Once they ensured their parents were asleep, Ernest moved closer to his twin sister.

Cassandra, are you awake?

Obviously, I can't sleep in this disgusting place.

Yeah... me neither. Hey, what do you think of all this?

orst way what we

I'm furious because these idiots who claim to be our parents just confirmed in the worst way discovered months ago, Cassandra seethed.

Hm... by the way, you almost convinced me with your naïve girl act.

Thanks, I practiced in front of the mirror to perfect it.

It was perfect because even that guy believed it.

Ugh... don't mention him. Just thinking about him makes me furious... tch... why is everything bad that happens to us related to that stupid Deborah? Cassandra's mood worsened. "Yeah... I hate how everyone favors that bastard."

Hm... but tell me, what do we do now?

First, we keep acting like clueless kids to gain sympathy and get out of this filthy place.

Yes, I'm with you on that, Cassandra said, looking around in disgust. "But what happens after? I bet by now Deborah's knights have taken over the house and placed guards. "True... we're out on the streets. But we can do what our stupid father couldn't."

Ernest grinned. "Force that idiot to give us the money we deserve."

And how?

By asking that opportunistic slut to return the favor for paying her hospital bills.

"Do you

think that traitor will help us? Cassandra was a little skeptical,"

Yes, because at the end of the day, she hates Deborah too and will help us ruin her happiness.

I know, it angers me because she's always been annoying since we were kids it didn't matter that she had nothing... she was always happy even when she was alone... God, how luck with men despite being a graceless woman.

her. And she always had

I understand, sis. But let's take it one step at a time and focus on getting out of here first.

What do you have in mind?

Two options: appeal to sympathy with our act of being deceived children or demand Sophia to work her magic and get us out, knowing she has the right contacts.

I like that idea, Ernest. Just one last question, what about them? Cassandra asked, pointing at their

They need to serve their punishment, don't they? he said, smiling maliciously, a look mirrored by his twin

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The news of the false Andersons' arrest became the hottest gossip of the week, and no one could wait to start talking about it. All the news outlets began covering the story as a breaking report when Vanessa and Cassandra were seen being led out of the Anderson mansion in handcuffs.

And as a consequence, reporters immediately began searching for Deborah's residence to interview her, hoping to get her perspective on the situation. However, since she lived in a private location with tight security, they couldn't get in easily. No one knew her phone number to call and ask her questions either.

It seems you're quite the celebrity now, my love, Jayden remarked as they carefully drove away from their home.

[It appears so] Deborah was wearing a blonde wig to go unnoticed by the cameras.

You know, with that wig, we look like my parents, Jayden teased, causing her to laugh.

[But I'm not going to dye it]

Hey, I never said I wanted you to be blonde. I love your beautiful chestnut hair, Jayden complimented her, making her blush.

The drive to Dr. Martin's clinic was uneventful, as today was the beginning of Deborah's treatment to heal her vocal cords. When they arrived at the hospital, they headed straight to the doctor's office, where he was already waiting for them.

Dr. Martin wasn't surprised to see Deborah wearing a wig, but he asked her to remove it so it wouldn't interfere during the treatment-she needed to lie down for an extended period.

She complied, getting comfortable on the bed prepared for her. Jayden watched attentively, holding her hand for support and keeping her relaxed.

The treatment was experimental, but Deborah agreed to it because it was non-invasive-there was no use of medications that could affect James's health.

The three-hour treatment felt like an eternity for the couple. However, when the doctor finally stepped back and sighed in relief, they too could breathe easier. "And done, we're finished," Dr. Martin announced as the nurse wiped the sweat from his brow while he removed his mask. "You can drink some water now." With Jayden's help, Deborah sat up and took a sip of water, placing a hand on her throat, which felt a bit

strange.

For now, I recommend you only drink water for the rest of the day. I know it feels a little odd because your body had adapted to the scar tissue over the years, and now that it's gone, it feels like something is missing, right? [Yes.] She nodded, feeling her partner's comforting embrace.

Doc, does this mean she'll be able to start talking? Jayden asked, looking the doctor in the eye.

"Yes and no.

Deborah looked at the doctor, puzzled by his answer.

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As I mentioned, this is just the first step. Next week, we'll scan your throat to ensure your body hasn't recreated any scar tissue. If it hasn't, we'll assess your vocal cords for the next phase of treatment. From what I've seen, it seems you won't need further procedures since your vocal cords didn't appear damaged."

A broad smile lit up Deborah's face upon hearing this.

And if everything checks out, she will be able to speak again? Jayden inquired, noting that this was exactly what she wanted to ask.

If there's no damage, I'll refer you to a colleague to begin therapy so Deborah can regain her speech. Just like any other motor skill in our body, if you stop using it, it forgets how to function. Her voice has been dormant for a long time. Chapter 94

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Deborah couldn't resist and stood up, giving the doctor a big hug.

[Thank you for giving me hope.].

It's nothing, young lady, but I'll accept your thanks in a verbal form once this is all over. Deal? the doctor asked and saw her nod in agreement. "That's fantastic news, although I must say I'm feeling a bit stiff," Jayden said, stretching after holding the same position throughout the treatment. Thanks for the support, Jayden.] Deborah leaned in to give him a kiss on the cheek.

You're welcome, my love, but you know, I'd feel even better with a kiss ri-ht here, he said playfully, pointing to his lips and wiggling his eyebrows. "For now, no kissing on the lips. Zero contact for 24 hours," the doctor interjected with a chuckle.

Boo, now I don't like this treatment anymore, Jayden joked, pouting.

"It's just for today. And even if the baby doesn't like it, you'll have to only eat soft foods or purees, the

doctor instructed.

Both nodded, listening attentively to all the instructions before heading home. They were helping decorate Christian and Caroline's new house later that day.

But first, they stopped by the party supply store to pick up the items they had pre-ordered.

Once at the store, they started browsing to see if anything else caught their eye while waiting for their purchase to be packed,

Oh, by the way, love, I forgot to mention, while we were with the doctor, I got notified that the stuff for the salon had arrived. Charlotte kindly received everything and saw to it that they were installed,"" Jayden said."

[That's wonderful, my love! I know Carrie will be thrilled to see her dream come true.] Deborah responded.

Hm.... You know, I also want to make your dreams come true.

I want to make your dreams come true too, he said, brushing her hair behind her ear, making her blush.

[You already have.]

[My dream was to have a beautiful and happy family, something I am... or rather, we are, going to have with you, Jayden.]

Aww... now I really want to ignore the doctor's advice and kiss you.

[You can't]

Boo... he said playfully.

Excuse me, folks. Sorry for the del. Here's everything you ordered, the store

them the items

clerk announced, showing

I'll go check them out, Jayden said. "Meanwhile, take a look around and see if there's anything else we might need for the decorations," he added with a wink

Deborah nodded and began wandering through the aisles, noting that the store had decorations and items for all kinds of celebrations. She noticed several decorations for a gender reveal party, which she didn't need since she already knew her baby's gender, but the cute drawings caught her attention. "Maybe I can use these decorations next time," she thought, looking at the banner that said, "Is it a girl or a boy?"

Deborah, a voice startled her, and she turned around to see Roger standing there.

[What are you doing here?]

was just n

I by and saw you here.

[And what do you want?]

Since you've been with Cooper, you've been talking to me rather aggressively. Now I wonder, since when have you been cheating on me with that loser?

[Unfortunately, I was never like you, but if thinking that makes you happy, go ahead.]

And who the hell do you think you are to talk to me like that? Roger said furiously, grabbing her arms tightly. "For better or worse, you're still mine because the child you're carrying has my blood and not that idiot's,"

Deborah frowned, feeling the pain from his grip. But Roger was mistaken about one thing... she was no longer the scared, submissive woman he used to know.

She stomped hard on his foot, making him release one of her arms. With one hand free, she quickly reached into her pocket.

Help! Please, someone, help me! a woman's scream echoed through the store.

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Let go of me! Help!

Roger froze at the sound of the woman's scream, releasing his

grip on Deborah and stepping back in

shock. How had she managed to shout like that?

Unfortunatly, he didn't have time to figure it out because two store employees rushed over, closely followed by Jayden.

You again? Jayden said angrily, rushing to embrace Deborah. "Why do you keep harassing my girlfriend?"

Even if she is your girlfriend, I have the right to approach her because she's carrying my child, Roger retorted.

This baby is mine, and you need to stop stalking Deborah, Jayden der him.

That child is not-

Sir, please leave, or we'll call the police, the employees ordered.

Deborah, my love, it's okay, I'm here, Jayden said, holding her protectively.

She nodded, still not letting go.

feeling her cling tightly to

Jayden shifted her slightly and noticed the marks on her wrist. He immediately felt his blood boil.

You animal, she's pregnant and you still hurt her, Jayden fumed, struggling to keep himself from pummeling Roger.

Call the police, the manager began to say.

Hearing that, Roger scowled and ran off. He couldn't risk another scandal that would cost him the little support he still had from his father.

Coward, Jayden muttered angrily.

"We're very sorry, sir. We- the manager began, embarrassed.

It's not your fault. But could you bring us some water, please?"

The employees nodded and went to get some water for Deborah.

Are you alright? Jayden asked.

[Yes] Deborah replied.

You scared me, my love, but that thing Caroline gave you worked.

Deborah smiled and, stepping back from Jayden, showed him her phone.

After the last incident with Roger, Deborah had told Caroline about it. Caroline suggested they create a special weapon against him: a genuine cry for help. At first, Deborah thought Caroline was joking, but when she saw Caroline record a cry for help on Deborah's phone and hand it back, she understood. In an emergency, she could play the recording and move her lips to make it look like it was her voice.

The commotion would draw attention and create a chance for assistance to arrive, just as it did perfectly

this time.

Yes, and I'm definitely buying her a big present for that

We'll buy it together, Jayden corrected, helping her to stand.

Here you go, ma'am, one of the sales clerks said, handing Deborah a bottle of water.

[Thank you] Deborah took the bottle and sipped from it

Jayden smiled and helped her walk over to check on the decorations

Once everything was ready and packed into their car, the couple paid and headed home.

As a form of therapy, the two dedicated themselves to decorating Caroline's new house to forget about the unpleasant encounter with Roger.

At that moment, Deborah was finishing up with setting the table.

[My love, what do you think? Red or white?] she asked Jayden, showing him the napkins she wanted to use for the decor.

What if you combine them? Jayden suggested.

Deborah smiled and arranged the napkins to create a rose on each plate while Jayden hung a large banner that read: "Welcome Home."

[She'll be so happy when she sees her new house.]

And now that she's here, I'll feel more at ease when I go to work, Jayden added.

[Huh? Why do you say that?]

Well, my love, you're five months along now, I don't want to sound controlling, but I worry about your safety when I'm at work and you're home alone, Jayden admitted.

Deborah smiled at his words.

Well, you know, I understand you like to handle things on your own, but now that James is almost five months along. I don't want you to overexert yourself or put yourself in a risky situation/ Something bad might happen when you're out or at home alone. It get it and don't worry, I'm not upset.] Deborah leaned in to kiss his cheek. It warms my heart to have someone genuinely care about me like you do.]

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And that's how it'll be from now on. By the way, after what happened today, I think you should take self-defense classes once James is born.

[That sounds like a good idea.]

Yeah, because that lunatic is still obsessed with you, and I worry he might try something when I'm not around. You heard him, he still thinks you belong to him or something.

I think Roger always saw me more as an object than a person. It's clear he hasn't regretted his actions at all.]

He's so different from his father. Well, all the blame lies with his mother, oh, ex-mother. Thankfully, the other kid is normal and kind like George. [Yeah.]

Hey, I wanted to ask you something.

[What is it?]

So... um, can I call that man my father-in-law? Jayden asked nervously.

[Father-in-law?]

You know, Nicholas.

[Well, I guess so.]

Jeez, I'm glad I got that out of the way, Jayden joked, noticing Deborah laughing at his words. "Speaking of that, my love, where is your mom buried?"

[I don't know.]

Huh? What do you mean by that?

[I don't know where she's buried. Frederick never lets me visit her. When I asked Roger for help about it after moving in with him, he just ignored me.] Deborah felt tears escape her eyes.

Jayden hugged her while mentally vowing to find Alexandra's resting place so the mother and daughter could reunite.

That night, Jayden and Deborah returned to her home for dinner and sleep.

After Deborah dozed off, Jayden slipped out of the bedroom to make a phone call.

Hey Christian, I wanted to let you know that everything you asked for is ready.

[Thanks, both of you. Carrie's going to get a big surprise tomorrow.] Christian's voice came through the

earpiece.

Yeah... by the way, you're planning to visit those scumbags tomorrow morning, right?

[Yes, why? Does Deborah need something?]

Kind of. I just found out Frederick never let Deborah visit her mom's grave.

[What..? She doesn't-]

'Exactly. I need you to get the truth out of him because Deborah should be visiting her mother's grave with flowers, sitting to talk with her.'

[Don't worry, I'll handle it. In fact, I've been reading through the documents we recovered from that house.]

I'm counting on you...

[You sound worried. What are you thinking?] Christian asked from the other end of the line.

Judging by how Frederick treated Deborah, I wouldn't be surprised if he had discarded Alexandra's body somewhere, just to save money on a coffin, Jayden said with a grimace. Given everything Christian knew about Frederick, it was a plausible theory. [Don't worry, Jayden. I promise I'll get the information out of him tomorrow.] With that, Christian ended the call. Jayden put away his phone and returned to his beloved's side to sleep and rest for the night.

Meanwhile, Christian was rubbing his eyes after finishing the call.

He felt sickened. He had never dealt with a case so vile where a father would harm his own daughter for money.

Christian picked up the last pile of papers they had recovered from that house, hoping to find some useful information.

It looks like Deborah's mom did her own investigation, he said, noticing some documents written in code.

Luckily, he knew the code because it was used in an old spy program he watched with his grandfather as a child-he had learned the codes out of fascination.

Taking a pencil and paper, he began to decode the messages. As he finished, he felt a chill run down his spine.

Wait, this is-

Sweetie, come to bed. It's late and I have to get up early tomorrow, Caroline said as she entered his office.

That disgusting pig!! Christian yelled, standing up so quickly that he knocked over his chair.

Sweetheart... what's wrong? Caroline asked, scared. It was not like him to react so violently.

Sorry, Caroline, but I need to talk to your uncle now. I've just discovered something horrible about Fredrick Turner, he said, grabbing his phone to call Nicholas.

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Ah... this is the life, Sophia mused, enjoying a bubble bath with a glass of white wine in hand.

Just then, her phone buzzed. She set her glass aside with a grimace and reached for her phone.

Ugh... who could it be? she complained as she unlocked her phone. To her surprise, she found a message from Cassandra. It was unusual because she thought the whole family was in prison and thus couldn't send messages. Curious, Sophia opened the message to check if it was really Cassandra or just a nosy cop.

The message read: Hey, reply! We need your help to get out of prison.

Sophia: How do I know it's really you and not an imposter?

Cassandra: It's me, obviously.

Sophia: Prove it.

Cassandra: Let me remind you that we had agreed to cover your hospital bill in exchange for information from you to ruin Deborah.

Sophia: Okay... it's you. How the hell are you able to message me?

Cassandra: Because they didn't search me properly-1 had my phone hidden in my clothes.

Sophia: Haha. Clever, but you're asking for the impossible.

Cassandra: We know you can get us out of here.

Sophia: Are you threatening me?

Cassandra: Yes, because we know who your brother is.

Seeing what his twin had written, Ernest snatched the phone from Cassandra.

Ernest: Forget what my sister said. Listen, we need your help because we know you have the contacts for

Sophia: I don't know what kind of sick game you're playing, but you can't force me to help you.

Ernest: Well, since you're not willing to help, maybe we'll slip up and mention how you conspired against our older sister during the interrogation in a few hours, and that you threatened us with your brother, Vox if we didn't cooperate Sophia's eyes widened in fear as she read the message. She immediately blocked Cassandra's number.

'How did they find out? Was this family really dangerous?' Sophia panicked as thoughts ran through her head. Not many knew about her older brother's alias.

"No... that can't be." Sophia thought. She had always been very careful not to talk about her brother. She hadn't even mentioned her family to Roger. So how did they find out?

Another message came through: If you leave me on read and I don't get a response from you, you'll regret

1. it.

It was clear the twins weren't kidding. The potential of them running their mouths was high.

Given the delicate situation, Sophia decided to call her brother to inform him of what was happening

She quickly got out of the tub, wrapped herself in a towel, and dialed his number. After multiple attempts, her brother finally answered on the sixth call.

[What do you want?]

Hello, it's nice to hear from you too, brother,"" Sophia said sarcastically."

[Brother? Okay, I get it. So drop the pretense and tell me what you want, Sophia.]

You know, you don't have to be so rude.

[That's rich coming from the woman who ditched her family because she didn't to be part of the family business and wanted to be a high-society lady instead," "Alright, fine, I made a mistake and-

[Just one mistake?]

Alright, alright, I made several mistakes, but forget about that for now. I need to tell you something very important.

[I thought you were already doing that.].

Ugh, you're making it impossible to talk to you.

[Just get to the point; you're wasting my valuable time.]

"Okay, okay, geez...

[Sophia.]

Well, tell me, have you heard about the fake Andersons in prison?""

[Yeah, it's the news of the moment. What about it?]

Well, it turns out their kids... um, I don't know how, but they discovered my relationship with you and they're saying that if I don't help them get out of prison, they'll tell the police you're involved in the whole mess.

[What-?] Vox lost his temper and ended the call.

Yeah, so tell me, what are we... Hello? Vox? Ugh... this idiot hung up on me, Sophia fumed, staring at her phone screen before redialing, but the line was busy.

Frustrated and worried, she decided to get dressed and try to meet him in person.

Meanwhile, Fredrick and his family were in a state of panic. In just a few hours, the individual interrogations would start. Frederick was trying to think of an argument or a way to negotiate their release, anything that could help his wife and children avoid jail. "Don't you dare betray me, woman, Fredrick threatened when he noticed Vanessa growing nervous and anxious. "You mustn't tell them anything."

Are you saying that because you're afraid I'll throw you under the bus and make you the scapegoat? Vanessa stared him down.

Vanessa, are you seriously planning to betray me after everything we've been through together?

"I never imagined our union would end so disastrously.

Stop fighting." Cassandra interjected, covering her ears. Her parent had been arguing relentlessly ever since they woke up."

Yes, please do us that favor. My head is pounding from all your complaints, Ernest added, massaging his ears.

Stop being so arrogant. Don't you realize that we're in a dire situation? Fredrick began, but he was interrupted when the main door swung open and a police officer entered.

The officer's face was hidden in the shadow of his hat, making it diffic

see his features.

What do you want? Fredrick demanded, seeing the officer simply standing in front of their cells in silence.

In response, the officer slammed the bars with a loud bang, frightening the women.

What's his problem? Cassandra complained, trembling slightly as she clung to her mother.

Why did he do that? Ernest asked, frowning.

Because I can, and I want to, the officer said with a mocking smile. "Now be quiet and wait for your turn to be interrogated."

Seems like everyone here enjoys insulting us, Vanessa complained.

You won't just be insulted. If you talk too much during the interrogation, the Great Shadow of the Light will ensure that this is your last day alive, the officer said with a malicious grin. Fredrick and Vanessa were visibly shaken by his words.

Shadow of the Light? What kind of nonsense is that? Ernest asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Wait... what do you mean by that? We would never... Vanessa said, her fear escalating as she recognized the meaning behind the threat.

That's right. We would never do something so stupid, Fredrick insisted, his voice trembling slightly. He knew this 'police officer' wasn't one to make idle threats; the man kept his promises."

I'm just passing the message, a reminder that if you're going to play with fire, he won't hesitate to pour gasoline on it. So be careful with your words during the interrogation, the officer said before turning on his heel and leaving without another glance.

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Ernest and Cassandra observed their parents' newfound fear with growing confusion. It was odd. Just moments ago, Frederick and Vanessa had been defiant and insolent toward the police despite their imprisonment. Now, they were trembling as if facing the devil himself after the ominous visit from that strange officer.

Ernest...

I know. I hate their little secrets, and now I have no idea why they're acting like this, Ernest grumbled, frowning deeply.

And I doubt they'll tell us, Cassandra whispered.

Yeah... Ernest was growing increasingly frustrated. It was clear their parents hadn't shared anything to help their children prepare for this moment. The twins were left in the cvirk like naive children. Regardless, they were just as complicit in Deborah's mistreatment. The learned to despise her, and now, without the shield of their powerful name or money, they were facing the consequences of their actions a reality they were unwilling to accept.

The parents were oblivious to their children's conversation, consumed by their own dire situation. After the Great Shadow of the Light had fulfilled Frederick's request and received the payment, the couple lost all contact with him. This was how the Great Shadow of the Light worked, or so they had been led to believe. So why had he sent them a threat?

Did you ask for anything without telling me? Vanessa asked anxiously. "No," Frederick said.

Then...? The couple was baffled and worried. They couldn't understand why this messenger had been sent to them. But then something clicked in their minds and they exchanged worried glances with each other before turning to their children. If their children had been involved in any way, the couple would be in deep trouble. Even prison wouldn't protect them from the wrath of this mysterious figure.

What's going on? the twins asked, noticing their parents' sudden anxiety.

"Cassandra, Ernest, did you- Fredrick began, but before he could finish, the door swung open. Several officers entered, accompanied by Christian and Nicholas.

The interrogation rooms are ready. Take them in to begin the questioning," one of the officers ordered."

With that, the officers unlocked the cells and began escorting each family member to separate interrogation rooms. They were separated to prevent them from influencing each other's answers or having rehearsed responses to shift the blame. Fredrick was visibly agitated by the separation. He knew that the mysterious figure meant business. If his children were implicated, there was no doubt that this figure would not hesitate to ensure their demise, even

behind bars. Fredrick desperately scanned the room, trying to identify which officers were legitimate and which were aligned with this sinister force.

He had been given a warning and would thus be kept under close watch. The only connection they had was him being an accomplice in hastening Alexandra's inheritance of the family fortune. But Fredrick had ensured that all evidence related to that matter was erased. So why this threat? Had his children somehow sought the services of this figure?

As each family member was placed in small rooms, they were handcuffed to their chairs. They were left alone for over ten minutes, watched through the one-way glass. The aim was to make them anxious which should make it easier for them to cooperate during interrogation.

Do you think they'll talk? Nicholas asked Christian, still struggling to believe the phone conversation he'd had earlier.

That's why we're using this tactic-to make them desperate. We have plenty of evidence from Cassandra and Vanessa's arrest, but I want to see if they'll reveal anything about what I discovered.

We need to be cautious with this information. If it's true, it will help us catch this elusive individual as well, the detective said.

I know. I never expected things to get this complicated, Christian admitted, worried.

Well then... who do you want to start with? the detective asked..

"It's obvious the twins don't know much about the past, but I don't believe they're completely innocent."

I agree. Their reactions seemed over the top when I questioned them about their past, Nicholas said. Their performance made me think they know something and are trying to hide it."

That's why we're leaving them like this-to make them feel cornered, the detective said. "If you're open to it, we could start with Cassandra. She seems to be the weakest link in the family.

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The team agreed on the plan and entered the interrogation room where Cassandra was being held.

Cassandra was jittery and on edge, overwhelmed by the silence and being restrained. The door swung open, and Christian, Nicholas, and the detective walked in. Her frown deepened, wondering if they had already questioned her parents or brother “Let’s get started,” the detective said, taking a seat and placing a folder on the table.

Shouldn’t my lawyer be present? Cassandra asked, furrowing her brow.

Lawyer? the detective echoed with amusement. “Why would you need one? Aren’t you innocent?”

Of course I am.

Then why ask for a lawyer? We already know you and your brother had thing to do with Alexandra Anderson’s death.

If you already know that, then why am I here?

We just want to talk, Christian said.

Yes, Nicholas added. “You left us quite intrigued that day.”

What do you mean? Cassandra asked.

Well, on the day of your arrest, you kept insisting that we were liars and making a mistake by treating you like a common thief, said Christian. “Yes, I said that and-”

And do you still feel the same way? Christian interrupted.

Cassandra grimaced at the question, feeling the sting of their mockery. “No, I don’t think that anymore,” she admitted through clenched teeth.

It’s good to see you facing reality, young lady. Now, tell us everything you know about the shady dealings your parents have been involved in over the years, the detective said.

Why should I help you with that? Why don’t you ask them? Cassandra shot back, irritated.

Well, in that case, you'll be spending many years in prison... years you evaded thanks to your family's corruption and bribes, said the detective.

What... what are you talking about? Cassandra asked, confused. "I've never done anything wrong to end up in this awful place."

Are you sure about that? Christian pressed.

Absolutely.

The detective opened the folder and began laying out its contents on the table.

"Let's see. Here's the first case against you. Several teachers reported your violent behavior toward Deborah and her friends at school... in fact, these weren't typical bullying incidents. On several occasions,

Deborah ended up in the hospital, the detective said, showing images from the files. The photos depicted a young Deborah with a broken leg and, in another, a knife embedded in her arm."

Those were accidents. She's so stupid that she'd hurt herself just to get sympathy, Cassandra sneered.

Are you sure? Because there was a report and an order for a police officer to check for child abuse. But magically, the file disappeared. The teacher who reported it was fired and Deborah was moved to a different school as if nothing had happened, Christian said, his frown deepening.

"That-

And these were attacks that your father bribed people to ignore," the detective continued. "But now that the corrupt cops are falling out, we're finding all the things they conveniently omitted." Nicholas clenched his fists, his jaw tightening. He regretted hiding instead of fighting for little Deborah. He now understood why she had fled the house at the first opportunity."

Well, it's not really my fault. I was just mimicking what my parents say hit the mute girl too... so why should I respect or treat her kindly? She was just an outsider, so she got what she deserved.

You know, Cassandra, you should be grateful you're a woman and that we're in this place. Otherwise, I would have broken your face by now, Nicholas seethed as he slammed his fist on the table. "Do you have no brain or humanity? What makes you think it's okay to hurt another human being? Árgh!"

Calm down, Nicholas, Christian intervened. "She won't be getting away with it. With the new laws in place, all those crimes covered up by bribes are still valid."

What... what do you mean? Cassandra asked, her fear growing.

Now that we've uncovered this, you'll be charged with attempted murder of your half-sister and face many years in prison, the detective declared.

Chapter 100

Chapter 100

Cassandra's eyes widened with fear as she absorbed the implications of their words. The idea of ending up in prison because of Deborah was terrifying. Furthermore, she could see how much Nicholas was struggling to hold back his anger. "So, are you going to cooperate or continue to dig a grave for yourself?" the detective asked with a smirk.

I... Cassandra looked genuinely distressed as she felt cornered.

I should also inform you that the person you hired to track Deborah has already spoken to us and provided some interesting information about his employers, the detective continued.

"What he didn't. Cassandra remembered now that the tracker had been in prison. Who knew what he

might do.

Oh yes, he was quite the clever one, deciding to cooperate rather than

end up in jail for a poorly paid job."

Poorly paid? That idiot was demanding an outrageous amount just to keep an eye on her.

I'm glad to see you confirm that you hired him to monitor Deborah and let you know when she was alone and vulnerable so you could kidnap or harm her to eliminate the baby she was carrying, Christian said.

Cassandra's face turned pale as she realized the traitor had spilled everything to the police.

*So I'm sure you know by now that we are aware of what you and Roger's ex-mistress were planning for my grandson," Nicholas said, his anger evident.

Deborah isn't your daughter. She's my father's illegitimate child, Cassandra snapped.

And with that statement, you confirm that you're not as ignorant as you claimed, Christian said

mockingly

Now that we've established that you're not innocent and knew exactly what you were doing, we're going to add charges for abuse, theft, and usurpation to your sentence, shared with your family, the detective declared as he gathered the documents and stood up "What no wait..."

Calm down, Cassandra. We'll give you time to think over your answer, Christian said.

Wait, I... um.... if you promise to drop my charges, I'll tell you everything I know, Cassandra's voice was tinged with desperation.

Sorry, but I can't make that promise, the detective said.

Why not? Cassandra demanded, her brow furrowed.

Because your offer depends on how valuable and special your information is, the detective replied. If it's significant... then yes, I might be able to make that promise." Cassandra, though scared, was willing to do anything to save herself. She began revealing everything she and her brother had discovered while investigating their parents.

Meanwhile, Ernest was growing impatient. He had been locked in that room for over an hour with no one coming in to question him.

Hello! he shouted angrily. "Damn it... who do these idiots think they are? Hey! Are you going to interrogate me or what?!" Ernest glared at the window, and just then, the door opened to admit the detective, Christian, and Nicholas. "Well, about time," Ernest said, relieved.

Heh... what can I say, I enjoy torturing nasty creatures like you with waiting, the detective said with a smirk as he took a seat.

Damn... Ernest tried to stand up to punch him, but reality hit him hard as he remembered he was handcuffed to the chair.

You know, Nicholas, I think you might actually get to hit him in the face, Christian said sarcastically as he placed a folder on the table before spreading out the documents for Ernest to see.

And it's amusing that your father doesn't know his son is just as bad, if not worse than he is, the detective added, enjoying Ernest's discomfort.

I don't know what you're talking about, Ernest said, frowning as he looked over the papers.

Although now I'm curious, did he teach you the formula or is it already in your genes? the detective

mused.

I'll say it again, I don't know what you're talking about, so just let me go!

The funny thing is, you repeated the formula but failed miserably because you forgot it works only on children, the detective said, pulling out a photo of a young redhead, "Miss Jasmine White was fortunate to be so loved by her elder brother that he was quick enough to save her before you could kidnap and violate her. You planned to impregnate her and force a marriage, didn't you?"

Ernest frowned, bewildered. How could they have known about this, especially since it happened

overseas?

I bet you're wondering how I know, the detective said. "The police have something called a shared database, where alerts for dangerous criminals from other countries are recorded.

And you should know, the Whites have the same power and status as the Coopers, so they obviously have the money and resources to track down those who try to harm them.”

Ernest was furious, remembering the words of Jasmine’s brother who had vowed to destroy him no matter what it took. That’s exactly why Ernest returned home quickly and kept a low profile while he came up with a new plan.