

My Mute Bride Chapter 71-72

My Mute Bride Chapter 71-“Miss Burton, we’re going to kill her if we continue doing this.”

“Why should we be worried? If she dies in this situation, we’ll just feed her body to the fishes in the sea. I want her to pay for Henry’s death with her life!”

“Miss Burton, I wouldn’t say anything if it’d someone else, but she is Young Master Justin’s wife after

all.”

Tina was rendered speechless before she warned, “Rachel, you better learn your lesson this time. Our game has only just started!” Then, she left with her men after making her point clear.

Then, Rachel crawled back to shore in a drenched state. The sea breeze concurrently blew and sent a cold chill down her spine, making her slouch as she frantically looked around her. A few moments had gone by as she failed to spot a single soul. Soon, she knew why she was alone after she realized that she was on a sea coast that was under development.

It was already after dark when Justin left the company and returned to Burton Residence. As soon as he stepped into the house, Sue quickly approached and greeted, “You’re back just in time. Wash your hands and get ready for dinner.”

He removed his vest and asked, “Is Rachel back?”

“Nope, what’s wrong? Didn’t you pick her up from work?” she probed even though she was happy to see him return without Rachel.

He frowned and looked at the time, thinking that Rachel should have been back by now because it was already considered late by the time he had finished his meeting. Thus, he took off his vest and walked toward the living room while making a phone call. “I’m sorry. The number you’ve dialed is currently unavailable. Please try again later.” An intercept message was heard.

Sue added, "She is an adult, so what could possibly happen to her? Don't worry, Justin. Why don't you sit down and enjoy your dinner? She's probably returned to her maiden home or something."

Nevertheless, Justin seemed like he didn't hear Sue's words as he proceeded to make another phone call. "Hello? It's me. Is Rachel home?"

It was after hearing the other party's answer that he hung up the call and grabbed his vest before leaving.

Sue quickly gave chase and asked, "Where are you going late at night, Justin?"

A few moments later, he sped in his black sedan on the highway in Riverdale while Frankie's voice was heard from the earpiece. "I just asked the people from the library and they said Tina had a meeting about expanding their project there, in which she appointed Young Mistress Rachel to be the person in charge."

"Go on."

"After that, Young Mistress Rachel went to the Burton Group in the afternoon, but she was never seen again. Then, I requested the security department to show me the security footage, so I'm sure she was taken by someone from the engineering department."

"What about Tina then?"

"She was not in the office the whole day and it also appears that she can't be reached at the moment."

"Who took Rachel away?" The man's growl intimidated Frankie.

"I'll wait for you in front of Burton Group's entrance in twenty minutes. Bring our men with you!" Justin ordered with a glacial voice. Upon finishing his sentence, he removed his earpiece and tossed it onto the passenger seat next to him with a darkened expression.

Deep down in his heart, he reckoned Tina had a role in Rachel's disappearance, considering how lightly Tina regarded a person's life. After all, she had been spoiled until salt wouldn't save her since she was a little girl. In fact, his initial plan was to have Frankie oversee the City Council Library's

construction project that was funded by Burton Group as he wanted to avoid any unwanted attention and interference.

Justin thought that Tina would go easy on Rachel since she was his wife, only to realize he was wrong after the fact

Twenty minutes later, he arrived at Burton Group when Frankie came with Director Roland. Moments after alighting from his car, Justin shut the door behind him and took big strides toward them.

“President-“Before Director Roland could finish his sentence, a heavy kick landed on his chest, whereupon it sent him staggering backward before he toppled over with a painful scream.

“You kidnapped her, didn’t you?” Justin’s rage was uncontrollable.

“President Burton, it wasn’t Director Roland who took her away. It was his secretary instead.” As he was scared by what he saw and heard, it took Frankie a while to make sense of what was happening before he anxiously explained, “Since Sandy lives out of the way from here, I don’t think we’re going to make it on time.”

Justin fixed his gaze on Director Roland. “Your secretary?”

At this moment, Director Roland was frightened out of his wits. “President Burton, I swear I don’t know anything about that! I really don’t know what’s going on.”

“Is that so?” Justin walked closer to him and asked, “So, are you saying your secretary did all this behind your back?”

Director Roland repeatedly nodded. “I was in a meeting for the entire afternoon, so I have no idea what has been going on.” As soon as he finished his words, Justin grabbed him by his collar, towering over the director like a huge mountain and suffocating him with the intimidating aura.

“I’m going to ask you one more time. Where did Tina tell you to take her to?” Justin’s glacial eyes seemed as if he had the intent to kill.

Frankie, who was standing beside him, answered, “Director Roland, do you know who Tina kidnapped? It’s President Burton’s wife! Do you have any idea what you’ve done?”

As soon as Director Roland heard that, his face paled. “What? She is... President Burton’s...” The moment the man stammered, he had accidentally given himself away that he was in fact aware of Rachel’s disappearance..

“I’ll talk!” He decided to cooperate, knowing he couldn’t get away with his mistake. “I’ll give Sandy a call right now and ask her where she took Rachel to.” Then, he rummaged through his pocket for his phone in front of Justin and Frankie before dialing his secretary’s number. Once the call was connected, he desperately asked, “Where did you take President Burton’s wife?”

A few moments later, Director Roland turned on the loudspeaker, whereupon Sandy’s trembling voice

was heard. “East Coast. I took her to the East Coast, but I didn’t know she’s the president’s wife! You need to save me, Director Roland!”

Save you? He’ll need to save himself first from the way I see it! Frankie thought.

After learning the exact location, Justin immediately entered his black car to start the engine before driving across Riverdale at lightning speed in the night.

On the other hand, Rachel was walking barefoot on the highway for what seemed like an eternity. Her phone was also out of battery as she simply couldn’t switch it on. Then, she tried to flag a car down for help, but her sorry state had only scared every driver who approached her away. Because of that, she was forced to continue walking amidst the chilly wind as her entire body shook while she hugged her arms.

Not knowing how long she had been walking, her legs began to feel numb as she struggled to take a step forward. Soon, she felt so overwhelmingly dizzy that she had to stop and hold onto the railing by the roadside to take a rest. However, as soon as her hand came into contact with the railing, she felt as if the whole world was spinning around her shortly before she collapsed onto the ground.

In that instant, Rachel wondered how good it would be if she had just died there and then. After all, her death wouldn’t need to be faked and she no longer needed to worry about her grandma’s safety either.

While Rachel was absorbed in her thoughts, she was suddenly distracted by a car’s glaring headlight that forced her to raise her arms with the last bit of

energy to cover her eyes. Soon, the car pulled over by the roadside at a distance not far away from her, whereupon a tall silhouette emerged in the light and ran toward her.

The man anxiously called out, "Rae!"

Am I dreaming?

My Mute Bride Chapter 72-The tall figure ran toward Rachel. As the headlights shone on his back, it almost blinded her. Before she passed out, she could hear a familiar yet strange voice. She recognized it as a specific man's voice, but his panic and concern was alien to her. It must be me hearing things.

The black car then drove without a hitch on the highway toward Riverdale.

Rachel was roused by the warm breeze in the car. She drowsily opened her eyes to see the man driving at the front seat. He looked solemn from the side as his slender fingers were on the steering wheel.

"You're awake?" Justin saw her from the back mirror. "Are you all right?"

She moved her arms, only to realize that a coat was draped over her. It smelled of cologne and tobacco. After being stunned for a while, she clenched her fists before reaching out to sign. I'm fine.

"Are you hurt?"

No.

"I'll take you to the hospital."

It's okay, I just need to head home and rest.

Even though the heater in the car was already turned on, Rachel was drenched since she was at sea and her body still remembered the sensation of walking for 2 hours in the ocean breeze. As a result, she shivered at that thought.

Thank you for coming to rescue me. I'm a little tired; I want to sleep for a bit.

Justin frowned before he slightly nodded. "Go to sleep then."

There was no further movement from the back seat. Then, he glanced at the mirror to notice that she had already curled up into a ball under his coat. She looked like a stray cat that had been bullied and his frown deepened at that sight.

Rachel actually hadn't slept. She had buried her face in the coat, thinking that Justin knew what Tina was going to do to her since he was able to quickly locate her, yet he had allowed it to happen.

Justin and Rachel were still a long way from Riverdale and they had remained silent throughout the entire journey.

The car finally pulled up at the garage of Burton Residence. Then, he carried her out from the back seat. She was shivering as she hid under the coat and even her lips were pale.

"Young Master Justin."

"Where's Julian? Get him upstairs." As he left the cold words behind him, Justin carried Rachel away.

The servants in the Burton Residence couldn't help but stare with eyes as wide as saucers while they watched him carry her up the stairs.

"How did she end up like this?"

The moment Julian saw Rachel's condition, his face went as pale as a white sheet. "Justin, what did you do to her?"

Justin was indignant. "I just found her and brought her back. What do you think I did to her?" He balled

his hands into fists, the expression on his face shifting.

If it weren't for the fact that Rachel was still unconscious, Julian really wanted to pester her and ask what had happened. What was Justin trying to do?

Julian took a thermometer and checked her temperature. "She has a fever."

"Is it serious?"

"Depends on the person." He didn't even look at Justin as he explained, "If the person is weak, the fever can affect their brain or induce other symptoms. She

hasn't even fully recovered and her leg's still injured! How did she end up like this? Where did you find her?"

Upon seeing the filth on Rachel's face, Julian shouted as he could no longer control his anger.

As Sue and Mrs. Duncan eavesdropped from the other side of the door, his shout suddenly startled them. Sue hastily moved to open the door to go in, but Mrs. Duncan held her back.

Surprisingly, Justin was slow to anger. His gaze fell upon Rachel's tightly closed eyes before he pushed out two words between his teeth, "The beach."

The beach? Julian was stunned before he tried to calm himself down. "Get someone to change her into clean clothes. I have some fever medicine with me and I'll let her take some while observing how it goes. If her fever recedes by tomorrow morning, she'll be fine. If the fever persists, we'll have to get her to the hospital."

"Okay."

"Justin, I still want to remind you about one thing." Julian stood up and squarely faced Justin. "She is a real live human being. I don't care how you married her. She's a good girl, so even if you don't like her, you can't torment her."

Justin's voice was lowered as he replied, "Just get the medicine."

Julian thought that Justin didn't care about whatever he said, which caused Julian's handsome face to be distorted in anger. He then clenched his fists and left in fury.

It was deep into the night when a night breeze picked up on the balcony, which hinted at an incoming rainfall.

"Mr. Burton, Director Roland's a senior in the engineering department, so his skill in the profession is unquestionable. He was confused this time around and it really could be Tina who pushed him to it. It may not have been his intention to do it, so I'm afraid it wouldn't be appropriate to fire him just like that."

Justin's tone was cold. "So, you mean to say that he is allowed to do anything as long as he didn't mean to?"

On the other side of the phone, Frankie was so scared that he shuddered and lacked the courage to raise any objections again.

"Get the HR department to look for his substitute."

Justin turned his back to the wind and lit a cigarette. He didn't manage to get many puffs before the wind scattered it. "What about Henry's death?"

Frankie came around and responded gingerly, "We're still investigating it, so there should be some news soon."

"Get someone to keep an eye on Tina for the time being."

"Understood."

After the call ended, Justin extinguished the cigarette and he strode into the house.

Rachel had already taken the medicine and headed off to sleep since she was still in a drowsy and feverish state. Her pale cheeks were lined with fine beads of sweat, which reminded him of that day when she passed out after he had forced medicine down her throat.

He felt his heart turning cold and after a long while, he sat down by the bed to hold her hand. She whimpered. It sounded so pitiful and her eyebrows were knitted so tightly, as if she was trapped in a nightmare.

"Rae," Justin called her name, but he didn't receive any response.

It was true that Rachel was in the midst of a dream. She was dreaming about the fire-the one that had haunted her from her younger days up until now. Every time she had that dream, the more she suspected that it was not a dream, but a real memory hidden somewhere in her mind; yet, she couldn't clearly recall it.

It was already noon the next day when Rachel woke up. She reached out and felt for the alarm clock on the bedside table. 11am?

When she noticed that, she hastily threw the blanket aside and got out of bed.

Right at that moment, the door clicked to announce Justin's arrival-he was carrying a bowl of congee with his hands. "You're awake?"

Rachel felt a little awkward as she managed to plaster a smile on her face. I just woke up. Aren't you going to the office today? I have to head into work now.

"I helped you to take the day off." He placed the bowl down and replied earnestly, "So, you don't have to go to work today. You woke up at the right time. Here, have something to eat."

I can't. The library's expansion is especially crucial in its early stage. I cannot take leave just like that.

As soon as Rachel finished signing, Justin's large hand pressed on her shoulders until she surrendered and sat down. "I already said that I took the day off for you. You are not in the condition to do any strenuous work."

She would never have beaten him in terms of stubbornness, but she suddenly found it weird that he had the patience to convince her like this. In fact, she was bewildered at the fact and sat on the bed again in a daze.

"Have some congee." Justin pointed toward the bedside table. "It's with seafood."

Rachel shook her head. Thank you, but I'm not hungry. Just leave it aside.

He frowned as indignance crept onto his face-it was an obvious premonition to another outburst. She instinctively tensed as her face paled.

Upon seeing her so weak and frightened, Justin suddenly felt endless annoyance. After a while, he

suppressed his emotions and reached out with his long arm to take the bowl. "Open your mouth."

Rachel stared in disbelief at the spoon being brought right in front of her.

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