

The Revenge of the Mute Wife [Completed]

Chapter 31-40

Chapter 31

Elliot: Deborah, are you okay?

Deborah: Yeah, I'm just relaxing at home. Why? 0.0?

Elliot: Phew... that's good to hear. It's chaos over here X-X. Reporters are everywhere, and Mom is going hysterical about not being able to leave the house without getting harassed.

Deborah: Heh... that's new. Doesn't she usually love being the center of attention?

Elliot: She's crazy about being in the spotlight but not when it's a scandal involving her precious son.

Deborah: But this happened because she allowed Roger to have an affair with Sophia. So, I don't get what she's complaining about now. :/

Elliot: I know... Anyway, have the reporters been bothering you?

Deborah: Don't worry. I'm well hidden; they don't know where I live.

Elliot: Are you sure? With all the commotion, a neighbor might tip off the media about where you are.

Deborah: Even if a neighbor gives them a lead, the place I live has pretty tight security. They can't harass me that easily.

Elliot: That's good to hear, Debbie. I was worried they might show up at your place and bother you.

Deborah: But when the trial comes around, I wouldn't be surprised if your brother or my family has someone follow me to find out where I live.

Elliot: If you want, I can help get you a hotel during the trial.

Deborah: Thanks, but I'll pass... It's time to face this head-on. I'm tired of being everyone's doormat. It's time to stand up for myself.

Elliot: Alright, Debbie. Hey, would you like me to come with you to the trial?

Deborah: I already have someone else accompanying me. Besides, it's better if you don't. I don't want to cause you any trouble with your mom for helping me.

Elliot: I'm always in trouble with my mom 😊 But okay, I'll see you on Monday and give you all my support ;D

+15 BOHUS

Deborah: "Thanks :D. I'll leave you now; I have some things to do."

After sending that last message, Deborah put her phone aside and sighed. She settled more comfortably in her chair and turned on her laptop to start working. The world might be interested in her now, but no one would help her move forward after the trial. As she organized the documents her client had sent her for their tax return, she left the TV on a tabloid channel that was talking about the trial.

Hey, guess what? Our investigators have found a lot of dirt about this upcoming trial, one of the hosts said excitedly.

Really? Spill the tea, her co-host urged.

Well, it seems poor Deborah has been used by the Andersons all this time. And now the Andersons are facing a lawsuit. "What?! No way, seriously?"

Yep, it looks like they owe a lot of money to various banks and were living off money borrowed from their son-in-law. "What a scandal! They always acted so high and mighty in interviews, but it turns out they're poorer than us. "Gosh, what jerks."

And they used to call themselves the perfect family and all that.

Remember the last social event where we saw Deborah? They humiliated her because she wore an old dress. But now we know that was all she had because her husband gave everything to his mistress. Her family didn't even care about her. Miserable scum. They lived in luxury thanks to her but never cared about her health or well-being."

I call that karma.'

'Well, I agree with that.' Deborah smiled, thinking to herself as she looked up and saw the images the hosts showed to support their words. 'If Isabella can't stand this kind of attention, I can't imagine the drama Vanessa must be stirring up at home. Their friends must already be criticizing them.'

Chapter 32

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Amid scandals and rough times for both families, the dreaded day of the trial arrived.

It was the moment of truth, and everyone had one thing on their minds: getting revenge on Deborah. They swore that as soon as they saw her in court, they'd make her regret her stupid actions that had caused them so many problems. Isabelle was most upset because her friends were ignoring her, frustrating her to no end. –

Son, as soon as you see that mute, don't hesitate to punish her for what she did,

Isabelle instructed Roger as 50t out of the car. The entire family had

accompanied Roger to the trial.

You're not going to do anything, George scolded as he shut the car door.

Mom, it's embarrassing to hear you talk like that, Elliot said, standing beside his father after getting out.

Don't you dare judge me. Show me some respect, Isabelle declared angrily.

Then behave yourself, woman. God... it's true what they say: a woman's worst enemy is another woman, George commented, glaring at his wife.

Isabelle scowled at her husband's comment and said nothing more as she noticed many reporters approaching them for interviews.

They had to push past several reporters, ignoring the many who started asking confusing and complicated questions.

Upon entering, they saw that the room was already filled with people, mostly gossip lovers and reporters.

Following the Petersons were the Andersons, catching everyone's attention. People began pointing and whispering about the latter.

This is embarrassing, Cassandra whispered, noticing some of her so-called friends were present, seemingly mocking her. Cassandra was infuriated. "As soon as I see Deborah, I swear I'll hit her. I faced the worst humiliation

yesterday when my friends turned their backs on me and threw me out of the club like a bloody beggar," Ernest complained, clenching his fists tightly. "Shut up and stop talking," Fredrick scolded them.

Fredrick, why are you scolding our children? They're just speaking the truth.

Vanessa, use your brain. Some reporters can read lips, and I'm sure you don't want more scandals.

The Andersons discreetly glanced around and noticed several reporters watching them closely. With pursed lips to remain silent, the Andersons took their seats near the Petersons.

Rogersat in his assigned seat next to his lawyer. Looking to his right, he saw that neither Deborah nor her supposed lawyer had arrived.

Seems like the sex she gave her lawyer wasn't enough to make him show up to the trial, Roger remarked arrogantly, raising his voice slightly to ensure everyone heard. He was hoping to paint Deborah as the villain before proceedings began. His comment sparked another wave of murmurs among the audience.

Just then, the door opened, and Christian and Caroline entered. Roger scowled and rolled his eyes at the sight of Caroline. Of course the mute's friend would be present at the trial. Maybe she was the one who planted the stupid idea of divorce in Deborah's head. "Psst... boss," his lawyer called.

That man is your wife's lawyer.

What...? Roger now looked at the lawyer again and ground his teeth, quickly realizing that his attempt to frame the lawyer as Deborah's lover wouldn't work. If he remembered correctly,

that man was the insufferable Caroline's husband. "Ready to lose?" Caroline asked as she walked by.

I doubt that will happen, considering your friend is so cowardly she hasn't even shown up, he replied arrogantly.

The Andersons listened closely to the conversation and were now confused. Was that woman a friend of Deborah's? That meant Roger didn't share this valuable information with them. They could have investigated this woman to find out where the mute was and avoided the current drama.

What? What the hell are you talking about? Caroline asked, raising an eyebrow.

Your little friend hasn't arrived.

Hah, you're so dumb and predictable, Caroline mocked. "She got here before all of you, and you didn't even notice."

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Roger stared at her, puzzled for a moment, before noticing that Caroline was looking to her left. Her words also caught the attention of everyone else in the room. When they turned to look in the same direction as Caroline, they were surprised to see a beautiful brunette woman with short hair approaching them.

Roger felt as though he was in some sort of dream or a prank show because it wasn't possible that this beautiful woman before him was Deborah, his mute wife. This woman was well-groomed, wearing makeup, and dressed in new clothes: a white long-sleeved blouse and a black pencil skirt that accentuated her slim, well-formed body.

As she walked past him, he wondered if Deborah had always been this beautiful. In his memories, she had always worn the same clothes since they got married, which he found disgusting and unattractive. [Hello, Roger.] Deborah stood next to Christian.

Roger was now certain it was Deborah. He recognized those same blue eyes and saw her signing at him, confirming her identity.

Impressive, isn't it? Caroline said mockingly. "It's a shame the

you never t time to appreciate the beautiful woman you had by your side just because she couldn't speak. But karma's making you and everyone else who despised her pay." "Deborah, I

[Roger, I hope you grant me a quick divorce so you can be happy with Sophia and your child.]

I don't know what you're talking about, he said angrily, realizing she knew about Sophia's pregnancy. "I'm not going to accept this divorce. You are my wife, and I

you to stop this nonsense and come home with me right now," he demanded with a frown as he attempted to grab her arm to take her away by force. orda

Unfortunately for him, his plans were thwarted when someone grabbed him firmly and pushed him away.

Sorry for the roughness, but I thought I saw an stinkbug on you, Jayden said, stepping between them.

You... Roger said furiously, rubbing the spot where Jayden had grabbed him.

"You know, you haven't changed. You were about to hurt Deborah, forgetting where

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you are right now, Jayden said."

Yeah, he was about to yank her.

And he even ordered her around.

What a disgusting man.

That's why having too much money is bad-it turns your brain to mush.

Roger frowned at the sound of murmurs siding with Deborah, infuriating him further. "I treat my wife however I want, and you shouldn't interfere clenching his fists tightly.

he said,

Keep talking, because I must inform you that there are laws protecting spouses from violence by their partners. And right now, you're confessing to having mistreated and harmed Deborah during your marriage, Christian stated.

You've always been a gossip, Cooper, Roger said, glaring at Jayden before turning his attention back to Deborah. "And you, stop this now."

[I won't, because I'm tired of your abuse and I want to be free.] Deborah's determination was evident in her gaze.

Free? From what? Let me remind you that you were the one who wanted to marry me.

[Because I was in love with you and thought we'd have a normal married life... not that you'd jump at the first opportunity to mistreat and humiliate me for my inability to speak. I'm also fed up with enduring the physical and verbal abuse from your mother and you.] "Don't bring my mother into this, you bitch..." Roger was about to strike her but was stopped by his lawyer, reminding him where they were.

[I'm no longer willing to endure this. Either you'll end up beating me to death, or you'll force me to take care of your bastard.]

What did you call my kid?

[I want a divorce.]

Chapter 34

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Roger was momentarily relieved that she couldn't speak, thinking that no one would understand her. But then he heard some reporters repeating Deborah's words, indicating there were translators among them. "Deborah, you ungrateful wretch," Isabelle declared as she marched toward them, fed up with the mute's complaints. She refused to tolerate anything Deborah did and intended to help her son put her in her place. "Ma'am, step back. Only those involved in the trial should be here," Christian said.

Mind your own business, you insolent man, Isabelle snapped at Christian before turning to her daughter-in-law. "And you, end this charade. Can't you see you're hurting my poor son with your irrational complaints?" "Well, we'll see about that 'poor' part," a deep voice declared, revealing that the judge had arrived. He had a deep frown as he looked at the crowd.

Roger grimaced, realizing he could no longer avoid the trial. Still, he had several plans to ensure this circus wouldn't proceed fully, hoping to revert everything to how it had been before.

Calling Deborah's transformation surprising was an understatement. It wasn't just her appearance; her gaze and body language exuded strength and determination.

The Andersons were stunned by this new Deborah as well. She was so different from the girl they had always demeaned and humiliated. This new Deborah wouldn't listen to them, which only enraged them further. Fredrick was the most astonished. The way she was dressed made her the spitting image of his late wife, Alexandra. He was then reminded of her last words before she died, infuriating him.

Silence in the court, a police officer declared, snapping several out of their thoughts. "Presiding, the honorable Judge Carlos," the officer announced as he opened a side door through which an elderly man walked in. Despite his white hair, his walk and posture conveyed strength and authority.

Be seated, the judge commanded, taking his place. "Now, let's see. We are here for the divorce trial between Mr. Roger Peterson and Mrs. Deborah Peterson."

I refuse to... Roger began to say.

Silence! the judge barked, glaring at Roger for interrupting him. "Counsel, control your client. The trial is just beginning and he will have his time to present his case."

Yes, Your Honor, my apologies, the lawyer said before quietly pleading for Roger to control himself.

Roger merely rolled his eyes, crossed his arms, and sat down.

Now, returning to the matter at hand, the complaint was filed by Mrs. Peterson, who claims she wants a divorce to allow her husband to be happy with his mistress, the judge read, now glaring at Roger.

"Objection, your honor. My client is a faithful husband and

Caroline couldn't help but laugh.

Order"

Ma'am, keep quiet," the judge reprimanded.

Sorry, your honor, but the joke was too good, Caroline said, smirking at Roger.

Counsel, continue.

Thank you. As I was saying, my client is a faithful husband and doesn't understand his wife's reasons for filing the divorce. We also want to report that she abandoned their home. The lawyer threw a side glance at Christian. "In fact, my client finds the help she received from this lawyer to be suspicious."

Roger, panicking, tried to get his lawyer's attention. "John... no...." he whispered, attempting to stop his lawyer, but was ignored.

Are you insinuating that Attorney Collins has an ulterior motive in representing your client's wife? the judge asked, raising an eyebrow.

Yes, because Mrs. Peterson doesn't have any money. So, I'd like to know how she could afford to hire him.

Roger wanted to bang his head against a wall. The way his lawyer framed his words only armed the idiot Christian with ammunition to attack them.

Deborah frowned as she looked from the lawyer to Roger.

Now, I feel like laughing out loud at your comment, counselor, Christian said, standing and stepping forward so everyone could see him. "First of all, I love the soap opera plot the counselor has imagined, but I must clarify that I have not engaged in any improper or immoral dealings with my client," he stated, frowning.

I'm representing her because my wife," he pointed to Caroline, "asked me to help. her best friend escape her abusive husband."

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Chapter 35 "What...? That's ridic

But I'm glad you brought up that point, counselor. Now, I'd like to ask, why do you claim my client has no money if she is Mrs. Peterson? Christian turned his gaze to Roger. "Tell me, why does the wife of a multi-millionaire CEO not have a single cent in her pocket to hire

a lawyer?"

Everyone in the courtroom began murmuring, suddenly intrigued by this detail.

Um... well... John struggled to respond, feeling foolish for not wondering about this himself.

In fact, your statement is quite absurd, counselor, Christian continued. "How can you claim your client is a faithful husband while proudly stating his wife has no money? Did he treat her worse than a slave? Even a domestic worker gets paid for her services of taking care of the house." John and Roger scowled, realizing they were losing ground with this simple argument.

Order, the judge demanded, banging his gavel when the audience's voices began to echo louder. "Counselor," he addressed John, "I am also intrigued. Why did Mrs. Peterson have no money? Was there some kind of abuse that hasn't been disclosed or is being hidden?"

No... not at all, your honor. I believe I misspoke, John quickly replied.

Are you sure? It didn't seem like an offhand remark.

The truth is, your honor, my colleague may not have prepared well or was deceived by his client. This divorce is a result of my client's exhaustion from her husband's and mother-in-law's abuse and mistreatment. "Lies!" Roger shouted, slamming his palms on the desk.

Mr. Peterson, be silent. This is your first warning.

Roger...

Roger was furious, especially when it was apparent to him that Christian knew things he wouldn't hesitate to use to put Roger in a bad light.

"I must also add that the reason for all the mistreatment my client endured is

because Mr. Peterson favors his mistress over his wife. He showers his mistress with the luxuries and riches my client should be receiving, hence the argument that she has no money to hire a lawyer."

Objection, John said desperately, realizing they were losing the public's sympathy.

In fact, Mr. Peterson's affair is so blatant that it is almost public knowledge. Christian displayed photographs from various media outlets and magazines on a projector that wrote about Roger's affair. "It's no secret that he treats his mistress like a queen while keeping my client confined to a sad apartment, isolated from the rest of the world."

Lies!

Mr. Peterson, do not shout, the judge warned, scowling. "This is your second warning. One more and this will be over, ruling in favor of your wife," he said furiously. "Ah... Deborah, is he always like this?"

[Always. He only speaks kindly and softly to Sophia.] Deborah grimaced as she signed her response to the judge.

The judge noted that she was communicating through sign language and checked his documents. Christian had requested a translator, but there was none present in the courtroom. "It seems we have a small problem because Mrs. Peterson cannot communicate verbally, and I don't see any certified translator here to assist her," he mentioned, frowning as he despised such irregularities in his trials.

In that case, we will need to adjourn this trial, John said, a smile forming on his face.

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In that case, we will need to adjourn this trial.

'Gotcha, you idiot,' was what Roger thought, smiling maliciously. Thanks to his connections, he found out the name of the trial's translator and bribed him not to show up. This meant that today's trial would be postponed, forcing Deborah to return to the apartment with him.

Roger and John were pleased because, without an interpreter, the trial had to be postponed until further notice, giving them time to prepare their counterattack or seek to nullify the trial altogether. Christian noticed their smiles and deduced that they were behind the interpreter's absence, but Christian wouldn't give up so easily.

"Without an interpreter, I'm afraid I will have to..."

Your Honor, if I may, my wife can act as Deborah's interpreter," Christian interjected quickly."

Objection, John said, standing up. "That cannot be allowed because she is Deborah's friend. How can we trust she will be impartial in her interpretations?"

[Your Honor, please allow my friend to assist me.] Deborah pleaded, looking the judge in the eye.

Your Honor, this-

I will allow the lady to be the interpreter for this trial, the judge decided.

But she could distort Mrs. Peterson's words, John argued. "Since she is her friend, she will be biased."

"If she does, I will order her arrest because I will know if she changes Mrs.

Peterson's words-I also know sign language, the judge declared, speaking both verbally and in sign language."

[Thank you very much, Your Honor.] Deborah felt better supported now that the judge understood her.

You're welcome, Mrs. Peterson, the judge responded, looking her in the eyes." Now, counselors, present your arguments."

Roger was furious. His plan had failed. He never imagined the judge would know sign language. Damn it... Sign language was supposed to be a rare language spoken only by a few defective idiots, but it seemed he was surrounded by people who

understood it.

I'll start by making it clear that my client seeks an expedited divorce. She doesn't want any financial or material compensation. She just wants to end this marriage so she can be happy and- "Objection," John interrupted.

On what grounds? the judge asked, frowning.

Um... well...

“Counselor, this court is not a game. Only speak when you have something intelligent to say. Moreover, Attorney Collins is simply stating what his client wants.

Apologies...” John muttered, sitting down with a grimace.”

You’re making me look like an idiot, Roger whispered angrily, glaring at his -supposedly great lawyer.

Same to you, idiot, for hiding things from me, John retorted through gritted teeth.

Christian let out a light cough to call Roger’s and John’s attention. “As I was saying, my client wants a quick divorce, having recently discovered that her husband impregnated his mistress.” Once again, the courtroom buzzed with murmurs.

Order! the judge demanded, banging his gavel to maintain control.

Objection, this is-

Save it, John, Christian said, looking at Roger. “I have verbal proof to confirm this.

He activated the projector in the courtroom to play a video.

What? Why? Roger’s voice echoed from the screen. He was seen conversing with a blonde woman at a luxurious restaurant. “Are you sick or something?”

Not exactly, my love. I just received the best news in the world.

Oh? And what’s that?

I’m a month pregnant.

What...?

That’s right, handsome. We’re going to be parents, she declared with a broad smile that soon faded. “But... you understand this means goodbye.”

Because I don’t want our child to be called a bastard because of that mute.

Nobody will call my child a bastard, Roger growled.

But my love... she said, tears in her eyes, looking away.

Now that I know this, I will defy my father and divorce that thing.

R-Really?

Strong words, wouldn't you say? Christian asked, looking sternly at Roger.

Roger was speechless, wondering who had recorded him and how.

O-Objection, John stammered, trying to regain his composure.

On what grounds? The video supports my point, Christian stated. "Both parties want a divorce, so I don't understand why we even have to go to trial."

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That's not true. I need Deborah by my side, Roger declared, standing up.

To have your maid cook and clean for free? Christian retorted sarcastically. "The evidence of your infidelity is overwhelmingly clear. It's obvious this started right when your marriage began. You've never respected Deborah, so why not separate? It's clear you neither love nor respect her as a person." Christian handed the judge a folder containing more evidence of how poorly Deborah had been treated at home.

Roger scowled and clenched his fists, wanting nothing more than to punch this meddling fool, but he had to restrain himself.

John was also worried about the situation. The video alone was a bombshell against them, and he realized that all the arguments and evidence he had prepared were

Company now useless. Roger had flaunted his affair so openly that everyone in the knew the mistress was the favorite. She was always at the office, taken on shopping sprees, and showered with all the new jewelry releases.

It seems you're out of arguments, Mr. Peterson, the judge said, reviewing the documents. "This proof confirms that the words in the video are real. You opened an account for your mistress, making very generous monthly deposits, unlike the meager amount you gave

Deborah,” he read, looking up. “Did you really force Deborah to manage the household on just a thousand dollars a month?”

What...? Roger was terrified and glared at Deborah, never considering she’d use the bank statements as evidence.

A thousand a month? the public murmured in disbelief.

Mrs. Peterson, tell me, how did you manage to survive on such a paltry amount each month? I understand there are no children involved, but here are the receipts showing you covered all the basic utilities for the apartment.

[I managed by looking for deals and using coupons to get food and other basic necessities for the house.] Deborah signed while Caroline interpreted her words aloud for everyone to hear.

And I think there are housewives in the audience who will tell me how absurd it is to survive on a thousand a month, which leads to the conclusion that Deborah had no money for anything because her husband ensured it by preventing her from getting a job, said the judge.

Everyone turned to look at the Peterson family. Isabelle was horrified upon hearing

the public’s criticism and dreading what her friends would say. Fredrick was furious and Elliot was equally upset, understanding now why his sister-in-law never bought anything when they had gone out, only asking for a glass of water or merely window-shopping. “I never forbade Deborah from anything,” Roger protested.

[You always refused to let me get a job, despite my accounting degree, saying I shouldn’t neglect the house.]]

That’s what a good wife does.

And a good husband should provide and be grateful for the sacrifices his wife makes to take care of him. But in your case, you showed that gratitude to Ms. Sophia Hughes, Christian said, displaying photos of Roger and Sophia entering luxury stores and leaving with many shopping bags, looking very happy and in love.

Roger panicked and, looking back, saw the hateful glare his father was giving him. “I see only the plaintiff’s lawyer is speaking. Mr. Peterson, is your lawyer going to object or rebut these arguments?”

I... uh... John stammered, struggling to find the right words to object. But the information Christian had presented was so damning that he felt the lies he had prepared were now useless.

Idiot, do something, Roger hissed, furious. Losing was not an option for him; it meant saying goodbye to his position as CEO.

So, any objections? Or should I conclude this absurd trial?

Absurd? Roger repeated.

Yes, because it's clear that you two should get divorced.

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You can't do that, Your Honor, Roger exclaimed, seething with rage.

Then tell me, why shouldn't I approve the divorce? the judge demanded.

Roger glanced at John, allowing the latter to react and speak, as the humiliation was unbearable.

Apologies, Your Honor... John stood, trying to appear confident as he approached the judge with a folder in hand. "The dramatic and tragic story painted by the opposing counsel is a fabrication," he declared, locking eyes with Christian before handing him a copy of the documents. "As you'll see in these statements, my client deposits \$19,000 monthly into Mrs. Peterson's account to cover expenses. If she claims she only used a thousand, it was by her own choice."

Interesting, but I notice the account numbers are different, the judge pointed out. "Which means someone is lying."

It's obvious Mrs. Peterson is trying to play the victim. The account with the \$19,000 deposit is with the bank where all the Peterson family accounts are managed, John explained, projecting images of the comparison.

What do you have to say about this? the judge asked, turning to Deborah.

[Roger forced me to open

t separate account because he said he didn't want the

mute damaging his perfect image at the bank.] Deborah signed as Caroline interpreting aloud.

She's lying, John shot back.

Objection, Christian interjected.

Why? Roger demanded.

Because this can be easily resolved, Christian said, standing.

And how would that be, counselor? the judge asked.

Let's ask the assistant who recently worked with Mr. Roger Peterson, the one who handled his appointments, agendas, and expenses.

Roger looked worried.

I call Mr. Fabian Wood to the stand, Christian declared.

Objection.

Overruled. Let the witness come forward.

One of the side doors opened, and Fabian stepped in.

You traitor! a woman's shout echoed through the courtroom.

Isabelle, be quiet, George snapped, furious at his wife's outburst.

Order, the judge demanded, clearly irritated.

Fabian took the stand, feeling Roger's hateful gaze.

Mr. Wood, could you clarify for everyone present which account is false and which is real? Please indicate which account Mrs. Peterson's money was deposited into and the exact amount, Christian asked, handing over the documents. "Well..." Fabian examined both bank statements and, looking up, saw Roger grinding his teeth.

Your Honor, could you order Mr. Peterson to stop intimidating my witness?

Do I need to remove you, Mr. Roger? the judge asked, having noticed as well. "No..."

"Good. Mr. Wood, please answer.

The account where a thousand dollars is deposited is Mrs. Peterson's real account, "Fabian confirmed."

And why do both accounts bear the name Deborah Peterson? Christian inquired.

That's because Mr. George Peterson opened the account for his daughter-in-law to use, but Roger took that card to give to Ms. Sophia Hughes. She demanded money for her expenses and rent, so he found it easier to give his mistress the maintenance card and created a separate account for his wife, depositing what he deemed suitable for someone of her status.

Roger felt a chill run down his spine. He turned around and saw his father's furious glare, realizing the latter hadn't known about this detail.

Wow, Mr. Peterson certainly loves his wife, Christian said sarcastically.

John was visibly nervous again; he hadn't expected the secretary to betray them like this.

I think the point is clear. Thank you for clarifying, Mr. Wood. You may step down, the judge said with a sigh. "We now know which evidence is false."

Wait, Your Honor, I... I have a point to make... John frantically searched through his papers.

Your Honor, at this point, it's evident my client has every right to seek a divorce, and Mr. Peterson is merely wasting our time.

I agree, the judge nodded.

No, seriously, we have a point...

Then make it.

You see, Mrs. Peterson isn't the saint she pretends to be. Evidence of this can be seen in her negative and rude behavior towards her husband's family, John stated." In fact, her attitude

is so appalling that even her own family doesn't want her. "Pathetic..." Caroline muttered, glaring at Roger.

I call Mrs. Isabelle Peterson to the stand to corroborate this information, John said confidently.

The older woman smiled arrogantly and stood to take the stand.

Isabelle, her husband called, his voice laced with warning. "If you lie, you'll no longer be part of this family tomorrow," he whispered, locking eyes with her.

The woman looked frightened. Was he serious?

Please proceed to the stand, Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, the judge instructed, frowning.

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Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, please proceed to the stand, the judge instructed.

Isabelle approached the stand, took the oath, and sat down..

"Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, could you tell us how your son has suffered at the hands of

Objection," Christian interrupted. "'If he loves Deborah, how can she be cruel and abusive towards his mother? Isn't that contradictory?'"

Not at all. She bewitched my son, making him fall hopelessly in love, but in secret, she mistreated and insulted me, Isabelle replied melodramatically.

I'd like to know how some hand movements could insult you to the point of causing such offense, Christian said, glaring at the older woman.

Do not interrupt my questioning, John retorted angrily.

Counsel, wait your turn.

[Calm down, Christian.] Deborah signed.

So, Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, can you tell us what you know? John asked.

Of course, Deborah appears very kind and all that, but she's actually very cruel and rude. In fact, even her own family was glad to get rid of her, Isabelle stated, her voice dripping with concern. "It's a nightmare to be in her house, and she mistreats my poor son. Her family agrees with this."

Objection. What does my client's family's relationship have to do with this trial?

Sustained. Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, how does Mrs. Peterson harm your son?

Well-

In fact, Your Honor, if I may, I would like to ask Mrs. Isabelle Peterson a few questions, Christian interjected.

Go ahead.

Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, could you tell us what happened the last time you visited your daughter-in-law at her apartment? It was a very problematic incident, as even the police were involved.

His wife is ill-mannered, she said, pointing at Christian, "and she conspired with Deborah to insult and even try to assault me. God, if the police hadn't arrived in time to save me, I might have ended up in the hospital."

You foolish old woman... I was close to breaking your stuck-up face, Caroline muttered.

Caroline, Christian scolded.

"See... that woman mistreats me.

Order... the interpreter must control her language."""

Apologies, Your Honor, but she is a liar.

You bitch! What did you call me?

Order! Ladies, control yourselves!

In fact, Your Honor, this is the point I wanted to make, Christian said with a sidelong smile. "I want everyone to see that Mrs. Isabelle Peterson is not the sweet and kind woman she

pretends to be. According to the police report,” he said, holding up a document, “the police were called because neighbors reported excessive shouting and banging, as an older woman had been pounding on the door of apartment 228 for over 30 minutes. Then she caused a huge commotion when the apartment owner and her friend arrived,” he explained, looking Isabelle in the eyes. “It seems you came looking for trouble.”

I was angry because I had been knocking for a while and she wouldn’t open the door, Isabelle said, glaring at Deborah. “And at my age, I lose my composure. quickly.”

Why knock on the door for 30 minutes? I mean, most people would assume 5-10 minutes of waiting is enough. If no one answers, you either leave or call the to check if they’re home, Christian commented.

And why didn’t you call Deborah on her cell phone to ask if she was home?

That mute... um... I mean, Deborah doesn’t have a cell phone and...

person

Why? I don’t understand. Your family has significant financial status, and you’re saying that despite the money, your son couldn’t give his wife a cell phone? From what we’ve seen, he gives his mistress expensive and luxurious gifts. Why hasn’t he given anything to his wife, whom he supposedly loves?

Isabelle now looked nervous, noticing her husband’s furrowed brow.

weary. “To

Everything they’re saying is a lie... again, Christian said, sounding prove my point, I’d like to show this video,” he declared, playing a new video.

In the video, Isabelle was seen pounding on the apartment door, accompanied by Sophia.

After some more shouting, the door opened, and Sophia threw herself into Roger’s arms, kissing him on the mouth.

My love, Sophia said..

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

Oh, my love, I was worried because you weren't answering, so I called your dear mother to help me find you. Then she gave me the wonderful news that the mute had left the house, so I decided to move in with you. Hearing those words, Roger's eye twitched ever so slightly as he turned to glare at his mother.

That's right, son. You shouldn't neglect Sophia and my grandchild.

It seems she speaks quite disparagingly about my client, and it's interesting to see how the beloved mother-in-law is supporting her son's affair instead, Christian commented with a sidelong smile.

See.. that woman mistreats me.

Order... the interpreter must control her language.

In fact, Your Honor, this is the point I wanted to make, Christian said with a sidelong smile. "I want everyone to see that Mrs. Isabelle Peterson is not the

sweet and kind woman she pretends to be. According to the police report," he said, holding up a document, "the police were called because neighbors reported excessive shouting and banging, as an older woman had been pounding on the door of apartment 228 for over 30 minutes. Then she caused a huge commotion when the apartment owner and her friend arrived," he explained, looking Isabelle in the eyes, "It seems you came looking for trouble.'

I was angry because I had been knocking for a while and she wouldn't open the door, Isabelle said, glaring at Deborah. "And at my age, I lose my composure quickly."

Why knock on the door for 30 minutes? I mean, most people would assume 5-10 minutes of waiting is enough. If no one answers, you either leave or call the person to check if they're home, Christian commented. "Um... well..."

Everything they're saying is a lie... again, Christian said, sounding weary. "To prove my point, I'd like to show this video," he declared, playing a new video.

My love, Sophia said.

Chapter 40

Chapter 40

Fortunately, the video stopped there, but it was clear that Christian had the entire recording. Isabelle was now terrified, especially when she noticed her husband furiously texting someone. She could also hear the audience murmuring and pointing fingers at her,

disapproving of her double standards. This only added to her distress.

Well, I... it's not that I agree with my son's affair... but it's obvious that I will take care of my grandchild, no matter which woman gives birth to him, she declared, trying to appeal to the audience's humanity. With those words, many seemed to sympathize with the older woman.

Christian smiled subtly and discreetly glanced at Deborah, who made a face and nodded. They had anticipated this scenario and had come prepared.

Deborah sighed. Christian had predicted her ex-mother-in-law would use those words and thus planned a strategy to counter her argument. Flashback-

Alright, Deborah, we've gone over all the questions you might be asked during the trial, Christian said during a visit to prepare her for the trial. [Thank you.] Deborah signed.

But hey, won't there be problems because Deborah doesn't speak? Jayden asked.

Don't worry, I've already discussed this with the judge and requested a certified. interpreter for the trial, so we won't have that issue.

That sounds good. I also gave the judge the name of a great certified interpreter to be present that day, Jayden said, holding Deborah's hand and smiling at her.

There's one more thing I need your permission for, Deborah, Christian said, becoming slightly serious.

[What is it?] she signed.

I plan to reveal your pregnancy if they bring up the topic of that woman's pregnancy.

[Oh... well... I...]

"He's right, they'll probably say something crazy about how the child is the heir to the family and must be cared for, etc., Caroline said, annoyed."

[I suppose if it's necessary, you can mention it, but I'm still against asking for child support because I don't want anything from him.]

That's right, because you're a self-sufficient woman, Jayden said, winking at her.

[Besides, he never cared about me, and I don't want his false compassion, especially now that I know the real reason he wants me back.] Deborah recalled how Elliot had told her all about the family drama. "He's getting what he deserves," Caroline said. "To think you sometimes helped him with his work, and he never even thanked you."

That's why he's suffering the karma of his actions, Jayden added.

And thanks to the extra evidence our new friend provided, Christian said, glancing at Jayden, "we now have everything we need to counter every lie they might tell."

Deborah nodded, becoming serious as she placed a hand on her belly.

End of Flashback-

So I don't see why I'm being criticized, because as a grandmother, I'm just looking out for the well-being of my future grandchild, Isabelle added, noticing many were nodding in support of her argument. "The well-being of your grandchild? Can you be more specific?" Christian asked.

What do you mean?

You're openly saying you care more about your son's illegitimate child than your legitimate grandchild.

A profound silence fell over the room.

What...? Roger stood up, looking shocked at his wife. "Are you...?"

[Yes, I'm currently three months pregnant. I found out when I went to the doctor on my birthday... but I couldn't tell you because that day you only came to yell at me about your mother's drame, and that day Sophia also told you about her pregnancy, didn't she?] Deborah signed while Caroline verbalized it for everyone to hear. "That's impossible," Isabelle shouted. "You're lying!"

"Excuse me, but why would she lie? It's natural for a married couple to have a child,

isn't it? Christian stated."

It's impossible that my son slept with that mute and got her pre-

With whom? the judge interrupted angrily. "Mrs. Isabelle Peterson, I will not tolerate such derogatory terms in my court. One more time, and I will have you jailed.

Isabelle grimaced, wishing the ground would swallow her as everyone frowned at her.

Pregnant... Roger was astonished, not thinking that the one time he had slept with her would result in a pregnancy... but that wasn't important. This baby would be his salvation, as his father would have to reinstate him as CEO. "In that case, Deborah, come home so we can raise our child together."

[Liar, you said you'd never have children with someone useless like me. Wouldn't that mean you don't want our child?]

Come on, that's not-

[You used to wish for my death and always yelled that I ruined your life... so just divorce me already.]

That... was a joke. I can't believe you took it seriously.

[You think I don't know the real reason behind your sudden love and insistence on holding on to this marriage?]

What...? Roger looked scared, staring at her.

Mrs. Peterson, what are you talking about? the judge asked.

[Roger's sudden insistence and supposed love are because he's lost everything. It's punishment by my father-in-law who disapproves of his son's behavior. Without me, Roger has no privileges or money."

Who told you that? Roger asked furiously, clenching his fists.

I did, Elliot said, standing up. "I told my sister-in-law so she wouldn't believe your false words of love and repentance."

“You ungrateful, traitorous

Isabelle glared at her younger son.

Order!” the judge shouted, slamming his gavel forcefully. “That’s enough. Officer, take this woman to the holding cell for 24 hours.””

What?! Isabelle was scared as she was handcuffed and led out of the courtroom.

Mom...

And Mr. Peterson, it’s over. I will now put an end to this circus. I approve the divorce, the judge declared.