

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 19

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 19 A Whiff Of Fresh Air They were escorted into separate dressing rooms. Two stylists were busy tending to Savannah while she sat still without a word. When she finally opened her eyes, she was greeted by the refreshing sight of her freshly done makeup in the mirror's reflection. Perfectly polished and highlighted, yet not overdone in any way – it was indeed the work of professionals.

When was the last time I put on a full face of makeup?

They then directed her over to the dressing corner where a few sets of stylish clothing had been displayed on a rack.

She was free to mix and match each piece however she liked.

Her fingers lightly stroked through the fabrics for a minute, before she picked a flowy bohemian blouse and a pair of pleated culottes in soft grey color.

It didn't take long before she emerged from behind the changing curtains in her outfit of choice, strutting her new look in front of the mirror like an experienced model.

Both stylists nodded in approval, and one of them beamed with pleasure as she observed Savannah.

"You'll surely become popular if you join our team as a model, you know.

Good looks, the ideal height, a sharp eye for fashion – you've got them all!

" Nah, no thanks... Savannah smiled shyly and gazed at her own reflection.

As a fashion design graduate, styling herself was always a piece of cake.

While confident with her sense of fashion, she never once felt comfortable with the idea of being an actual model.

It would require her to be constantly active in social settings and be the center of attention at all times.

At the same time, she was still annoyed at Emmett's arrangements.

He had been quiet about his plans from the start.

She had woken up early that day and spent almost an hour styling herself up meticulously, only to be told at the last minute that they wouldn't be heading straight to Mashion.

That darned Emmett.

He could've told me about this earlier!

I wouldn't have to sacrifice my sleep if I knew we're gonna have a professional styling session like this.

"Do you have a pair of shades to go with this outfit?"

she asked.

The stylists searched around and found her a pair of gold-rimmed shades.

She slid them on, took a few more glances in the mirror, and walked out of the dressing room confidently.

Emmett sat waiting on a couch in the lounge, casually flipping through a fashion magazine.

He was done with his session a while ago.

Upon hearing footsteps coming from the direction of the ladies' dressing room, join telegram for latest update he looked up to find Savannah walking towards him.

Her heart skipped a beat as she saw him in his new appearance.

He had changed into a floral shirt and a pair of slightly cropped chinos.

His hair was styled differently this time, in a way that complemented his smart-casual look perfectly.

For a moment, she thought that he seemed unusually charming.

Not only that, both their outfits matched!

His eyes too lit up at the sight of her new look.

It felt like he was greeted by a whiff of fresh air.

Clutching onto the magazine, his fingers stiffened for a second as he gazed at her.

Savannah felt awkward as she stood in front of him.

“Do I look alright?

Should I change anything?

” “It’s perfect,” Emmett answered lightheartedly while putting the magazine away.

He stood up and took a quick glance at his watch.

“Let’s go, it’s time to do what we need to.

” The agency’s manager escorted them onto a van.

He had offered to be their personal driver for the day.

Savannah looked out the tinted window as they drove past Mashion’s entrance.

A mass had gathered outside the building with huge banners and placards.

She could make out what was written on them from the distance: Idiots can’t run the Company.

We need our income.

Wrong decisions from the management.

A sudden realization dawned upon her at the sight of the protest.

Emmett was right after all!

If they had come to Mashion directly through the main entrance, surely they would’ve been confronted or even attacked by these people.

A security guard stopped them as their van approached the entrance to the basement carpark.

“Who are you?

Show me your staff ID, please.

” The manager wound down his window.

“ These two are the models your company requested for,” he answered while pointing towards the back with a smile.

The guard peered into the backseat.

Seeing that there were indeed a stylish-looking young man and woman, he let them pass.

Emmett and Savannah got off the van as soon as they parked.

She followed quietly as he led the way towards the nearest elevator.

He had already familiarized himself with the building's layout long before this.

"We're going to the third floor.

Once we get off, walk to the right all the way towards the very end of the corridor.

Brooklyn's office is there in the corner," he explained as he pressed on the elevator's button.

"Let's give her a surprise.

" She nodded without a word.

She knew he would play dumb the second they stepped out of the elevator.

It would be her solo act from that point onwards.

Meanwhile, Brooklyn stood in the Managing Director's office, gazing out the window with a warm cup of coffee in her hands.

Her face glowed with a proud smirk as she watched the protesting mob on the ground below.

Let's see how you'll get in here, Emmett.

There was no way anyone would be able to blame her for what was happening.

It's only understandable that the company's staff were angered when they discovered news about the handover.

Clearly, such a thing would seem to be out of her control.

Agatha had told her yesterday morning that Mashion would be given back to Emmett.

Her mood was ruined for the rest of the day, yet she had no way to refute the old lady.

Over the past five years, there were a lot of corporate matters in which she didn't have much decision-making authority over.

Although she held the position of Managing Director, Agatha had placed her own men throughout the company, restricting her influence here and there.

Her mother's idea was brilliant.

Clara had suggested that they bribe one of the guys in the IT Department and make him come up with a post about the handover in the company's internal portal.

They had made sure that he specifically mentioned about how the company was going to be taken over by the intellectually disabled Emmett Quaker, and that there would be a mass retrenchment.

Of course, the sudden announcement soon sparked an outrage.

The majority of Mashion's staff were shocked and angered by the news.

By coaxing a few more people to fan the flames in the comment section under the post, the staff eventually organized a protest among themselves.

There was no need for her to do anything but to sit back and watch the drama unfold.

"Hello Brooklyn!

You're here.

" The door clicked open in a sudden.

She whirled around in shock as a female stranger stepped into her office.

"Who are you?

How did you come in here?

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