

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 36

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 36 Emmett Looks Solemn

The first time Cole laid eyes on Savannah, she was wearing a plain white t-shirt and dark blue jeans. With a light pink bow on her ponytail, she looked like a dainty spring flower in an open field. He quickly rushed to help her with her luggage, and since then, he had been deeply captivated by her.

Every encounter they had on campus was deliberately planned by Cole as he figured out her daily routine. Given that Savannah was a freshman that year, he thought he had plenty of time to pursue her. But unexpectedly, she was expelled during her first summer break, and she never returned to college after that.

Cole couldn't believe that he could no longer see the girl he had fallen in love with. He went to the office of academic affairs to find out why Savannah was expelled, but he was simply told that she had committed a serious crime and that he should not inquire any further. Regardless of how many times he demanded an explanation, the office of academic affairs did not reveal anything else. Left with regret, he completed his remaining years of college as Savannah slowly faded away from his memory.

However, to his surprise, he crossed paths with Savannah again just over a month ago. Though she was a lot thinner now, she looked exactly like how she was back in college, and her spirit was less energetic. Cole still couldn't believe that such a lovely girl would commit a serious crime; he was convinced that there was more to the story.

No matter how terrible Savannah described her situation to be, he still wanted to help her. Moreover, he hoped to realize the dream he had back in college and pursue her successfully. It wasn't easy for them to finally meet again, and he definitely wouldn't let her go so easily. "Savannah, no matter how complicated you think your life is, it doesn't bother me at all. Just tell me what's wrong, and we can face all your problems together!" Cole reached out to her and held her in his arms. Savannah widened her eyes and looked at him in shock. "Cole Christensen, what do you think you're doing?! Let go of me!" she yelled and struggled in his arms like a helpless bird. "Savannah, can you let me hug you for a while? Ever since

I first... laid eyes on you, I... I..." He mustered his courage and tried to profess his love for her. "No... Stop it. I trust you so much. I can't believe you would do this to me!" Savannah interrupted him. She immediately pushed him away as soon as he let go of her while tears rolled down her cheeks. Cole didn't bother to finish his sentence as he knew deep down what her answer would be, so he said softly, "I'm sorry. I didn't think we would have the chance to meet again, so I was feeling rather overwhelmed.

Can we still be friends?" Looking like a frightened little bird, Savannah took a step back and said nothing. Seeing that, Cole quickly raised both his arms to indicate that he

would not act so rashly again. Nevertheless, she hurriedly shut the door and avoided him as she went downstairs. He followed her from behind but maintained a certain distance. When Savannah reached the main road, she hailed a cab and quickly got in. Before she left, she said to Cole, “

You won't understand. My problems are far too complicated, and I will only drag you down if you get involved. We can't meet again, but in my heart, you will always be my most respected friend.” As he watched Savannah's taxi speed away, he became overwhelmed with a feeling of loss and heartache. He always felt that Savannah could use his help whenever she faced problems. I may have been a little impulsive earlier on, but can't we still be friends?

Meanwhile, Savannah wiped away her tears in the cab. She genuinely regarded Cole as her best friend, and she wanted to thank him for helping her during her most difficult times. However, because of her current circumstances, it was best for her not to maintain any contact with him. Cole was indeed a good person, and she did not want him to get caught up in her mess. Upon reaching the gym, Savannah rested in the lounge for a while until it was finally time to leave.

When the chauffeur saw her walking out, he quickly pulled up to the entrance to pick her up, then she instructed him to drop her off at Mashion. During the handover of the company, Emmett had found some discrepancies in the handover documents. The person who tried to kill him that day had intentionally tried to mess things up. Thus, Savannah wanted to point out these discrepancies to Javon so the company's future operations would not be disrupted.

Meanwhile, in his sea-front villa, Emmett walked out from the study and sat on the balcony as he watched the waves crashing in silence. Seeing that Emmett was in a rather bad mood, Nolan didn't say a word. Right then, the caretaker of this house, Dolores, had prepared some refreshments and placed them on the round table on the balcony. She then said with a smiling face, “Congratulations, Mr. Quaker. You finally got married, and your bride comes from a wealthy family. Ms.

Yona must be smiling down on you from heaven.” Nonetheless, Emmett continued frowning and replied without even looking at her, “Thank you.” Thinking that he was dissatisfied with his new bride, Dolores wanted to query him further, but Nolan quickly tugged the corner of her apron and whispered,

“He's not in a good mood. Just let him be.” Just like that, she left the balcony. The night before, Nolan had received a message from Emmett asking him to hire someone to track Savannah's whereabouts. Aren't they newlyweds? Could it be that Savannah is hiding something from him? I sure hope not. After some time, he could not help but ask, “Did the two of you argue last night? What did she do to make you so upset all morning?”

At the rate you are going, you'll have wrinkles before you grow old..." "Did you get someone to follow Savannah?" Emmett responded sternly. "Yes, I've already arranged for that," Nolan answered. Emmett then asked, "What did you manage to investigate about the years she spent abroad?"

"Nolan hesitated briefly before replying, "I couldn't find anything at all. I checked with the fashion design institute that was listed on the certificate provided by the Avery family, and I couldn't find anyone who knew her. On top of that, I couldn't find any credit card records, rental history, or traces of her previous life in Ferropene whatsoever..."

"There is only one other possibility then. Her certificate is fake." Emmett leaned backward and rubbed his temples. Nolan remained puzzled as he said, "That famous fashion design institute in Ferropene held an international awards ceremony two years ago. Savannah won an award, and her masterpiece was displayed in the college.

"Emmett was surprised to hear this, so he asked, "Could it be a mistake?" Nolan answered with utmost certainty, "I don't think so. The investigator managed to get in touch with the judges of the ceremony that year, and they confirmed that the winner was a lady from our country, though her entry was submitted online. The winner's name was indeed Savannah, and her ID number matches that of Mrs. Quaker's."

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 37 Rich Woman

"She won the first prize in the international competition, even though she never studied in Ferropene?"

"Yes, this is the information that I've gathered so far. Mrs. Quaker is so mysterious!"

Emmett was pondering. "Mysterious? I think this woman isn't that simple."

Nolan smiled and remarked, "Not only is Mrs. Quaker not simple but also rich. She's absolutely a rich woman!"

"Rich? What do you mean?" Emmett gave him a curious stare.

Nolan immediately took his phone out and showed Emmett a picture. "This is her award-winning work. I heard from the school in Ferropene that many fashion brands actually wanted to buy this design. However, Mrs. Quaker lost contact with the competition's organizing committee and the school after she received the cash prize. As a result, those copyright royalties couldn't be transferred to her account. Well, I think she was not aware of those endless royalties."

Emmett stared at that picture and took a closer look. The dress designed by Savannah combined the elements from both western and eastern cultures. The incorporation of an ethereal essence into the design made the dress very special and eye-catching. Not only that, but she even applied the blue and green shades to perfection, presenting bright and unique layers.

“Please check immediately if the design copyright for this work has been bought out. Do whatever it takes to buy it!”

“Alright!” Nolan then asked with a puzzled look, “Should I tell Mrs. Quaker about this? Why don’t we let her contact the organizing committee of the competition...”

Emmett ordered, “No, don’t tell her anything! Get someone to check the account that she used to receive the cash prize two years ago when she participated in the competition. It should be possible to find out where she had been if she was not abroad.”

Nolan agreed to do so. Just as he was about to keep his phone away, a sharp beep alerted him of an incoming message, and a photo popped up unexpectedly.

He glanced at the photo and immediately swiped it away. However, Emmett had already noticed the photo of Savannah hugging a man.

Damn it! She was so eager to meet her lover!

The incoming message ringtone of Nolan’s phone kept ringing. Emmett’s expression darkened as rage churned inside of him. It was the scariest thing that Nolan had seen in a long while. Crap, I’ve only just instructed someone to follow Mrs. Quaker today, and these photos are taken instantly. Why can’t she behave herself?

Nolan realized Emmett cared deeply for Savannah, even though he never said so. However, his cover was blown when he always seemed upset when something happened and would order Nolan to check on his newly married wife. This man wouldn’t be so nervous and kept investigating his wife if he did not care about her.

That was how well Nolan knew Emmett. The latter would never ask him to do so many things if he did not care about that particular person or thing.

“Send all those photos to my phone at once!” Emmett ordered impassively.

Thinking that Emmett was finally interested in a woman who happened to be his wife, Nolan hoped Emmett could get along well with the person he liked and stop making trouble. Thus, Nolan tried to persuade him, “These photos alone can’t explain much. Perhaps there’s a misunderstanding...”

“Don’t talk nonsense! Send them to me now!”

Seeing that Emmett was about to lose control, Nolan remained silent and dared not reject. Hence, he forwarded all those photos received from the investigator to Emmett.

Emmett unlocked his phone immediately and swiped through those photos one by one. The photos of Savannah hugging a man and playing hard to get pricked him so much.

In the photos, Savannah's eyes were bloodshot and puffy when they parted. Emmett fumed with rage that moment. What were they doing? Were they having a heart-to-heart chat or reluctant to bid farewell? Oh wow, aren't they like Romeo and Juliet!

Is he the reason why Savannah keeps pushing me away and feels sad or uncomfortable whenever I touch her?

All of a sudden, Emmett stood up and smashed his phone. Anger rose in him like a tide. "Who is the man in the photo, and where is she now?"

Nolan was frantic with fear. He immediately got up and answered with a slight tremble in his voice, "I've no idea. I'll get someone to check. Mrs. Quaker is in Mashion now."

"Why did she go to Mashion? Did she go there after seeing that man?"

Nolan was unsure of how to reply to Emmett. However, he was afraid that he would have a hard life if he failed to give Emmett a positive answer. "I... should think so."

"Send me to Mashion now!" Emmett walked into the living room and took his coat.

Just then, Dolores came out of the kitchen and asked, "Mr. Quaker, are you not going to have lunch here? I've prepared your favorite dish."

Emmett tried to suppress his emotions and responded in a gentle tone, "Something came up, so I can't have lunch here. Dolores, do take care of yourself. I'll visit you when I'm free."

Dolores wanted him to stay for lunch, but he was anxious to leave. It left her no choice but to let him go. Hence, she urged with her reddened eyes, "Fine. You must come over for a meal next time and remember to bring along your wife to pay respect to Ms. Yona."

Before leaving, Emmett approached Dolores and hugged her. After giving Dolores his promise, he left the seaside villa.

That villa was his mother's favorite house during her lifetime. Dolores was an old helper from the Bardsley family and used to taking care of his mother.

Yona had always adored the sea. Hence, they buried her on the cliff by the sea after she passed away, allowing her to gaze at the sea perpetually.

Emmett let Dolores stay in the seaside villa while looking after that house. Occasionally, he would stay there for a day or a half to calm himself down whenever he visited his mother's grave.

After they left, Nolan drove him to Mashion and remained silent along the way. Is this the Emmett whom I know?

The Emmett he knew would speak in a monotonous voice, and nothing could ever change his mood. He treated everything impassively, and his emotions had never been on the verge of losing control like what happened earlier.

Upon arriving at Mashion, he thought Emmett would rush out of the car to look for Savannah. Instead, Emmett had calmed himself down and asked Nolan to park the car by the roadside. Then, they waited silently in the car...

As soon as Savannah stepped into Mashion, Javon, who had been waiting for her, briefed her on the company's situation.

Though the handover had not been completed after Brooklyn left, it did not affect the normal operation of the company. There were some decisions to be made, and the top management of the company concurred that Savannah would be the most appropriate decision-maker.

She looked at Javon in surprise. "Mr. Watts, thanks for the support! I'm afraid that I can't make decisions as I've never run a company before. You should discuss with Emmett instead."

"I guess you're right. But still, you could make decisions for urgent matters and leave the not-so-urgent ones for your discussion with Mr. Quaker." Evidently, Javon was still not confident in Emmett.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 38 Kneeling Before The Mistress

Knowing that everyone thought Emmett was a mere fool and not capable of making decisions for the company, Savannah had no choice but to agree. "Mr. Watts shall make the decisions during the transition period. After that, Emmett and I will take over when we are more familiar with the business. What do you think?"

"Sounds like a plan! Thanks for being so understanding."

Right then, something important came to Savannah's mind. "By the way, there are some issues in the handover file. Mr. Watts, could you please verify them with the respective departments?"

Javon immediately searched for those handover files. Then, Savannah carefully recalled the issues raised by Emmett earlier and pointed each of them out. Once again, Javon was entirely convinced of her ability.

Old Mrs. Quaker has a good eye for getting her grandson a capable wife! Mrs. Quaker will definitely be a great helper to him.

No wonder Old Mrs. Quaker handed down the company to this couple as soon as they got married.

After they finished, Javon brought Savannah around the company to meet the head of each department. She learned that everyone was busy with the presentation of the upcoming spring-summer collections at Phillere Fashion Week.

That was a top priority project for the company. Thus, being shortlisted for the presentation was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to promote Mashion.

Although Mashion was a well-known brand locally, it was still rather difficult for them to enter the international market.

Just as Savannah was looking through the information about the fashion show, a lot of ideas formed in her mind. For some reason, she was not as satisfied with the recommendations put forward by Brooklyn previously.

Savannah was in the opinion that the proposed theme and collection were not suitable for the promotion of Mashion to the international market. They lacked uniqueness and looked merely like an imitation of some international brands.

Nonetheless, she remained silent after going through that information, only bringing some pages away to study. But in fact, she was planning on showing them to Emmett.

Savannah was unsure if Emmett knew about the fashion show and felt that she should discuss it with him to get some feedback.

When she left the company, the slanting rays of the setting sun gave a warm orange tinge in the sky. Savannah looked around for the car and the chauffeur of the Quaker family but to no avail.

As soon as she raised her hand to hail a cab, someone nearby rushed toward her suddenly. Thud! That person knelt before her, gripping one of her legs.

Savannah was stunned, and her eyes widened with alarm. She tried to break free of the grasp instinctively. "What are you doing? Go away!"

Lowering her head, Savannah tried to wriggle her leg free desperately. Much to her surprise, the person kneeling before her turned out to be a woman.

That woman's hair was permed, matted, and obviously uncombed. She looked haggard, and the dark circles beneath her eyes were so intense, it was as if she had not slept for a few days.

Is she a lunatic? Has she mistaken me for someone else? Why is she kneeling and gripping my leg so tightly?

Initially, Nolan wanted to get out of the car and bring Savannah over. Upon witnessing the scene, he turned to look at Emmett and informed, "Mr. Quaker, it seems like Mrs. Quaker has encountered trouble. I'm going to help her."

Emmett looked out the car window. At that time, Savannah had taken her phone out and warned that woman, "Let go of me, or I'll call the cops!"

At that, he grinned. "Don't go! Let's sit in the car and watch!"

Despite that, the woman kept gripping Savannah's leg tightly. She raised her head and begged, with tears streaming down her face, "Please let go of my husband! Don't sue him!"

"You've mistaken me for someone else! Who are you? Who is your husband? I don't even know you!" Savannah glanced around. Some passers-by stopped and watched because of curiosity.

"Is the wife kneeling before the mistress?" One of the passers-by remarked after overhearing their conversation about the husband.

"Mistresses nowadays are so ruthless! How dare they drive the wives insane?"

Upon hearing those remarks, Savannah was rendered speechless.

How the hell did I become a mistress?

Nevertheless, that woman kept on rambling and then replied with a quavering voice, "You know my husband, Glenn Zimmermann. He acted on impulse and hurt you a few days ago. I'm his wife, Maisie Graeme."

Ah! She is the wife of the man who came to the office with a fruit knife and hurt someone two days ago.

“Ms. Graeme, could you please stand up and talk? Don’t kneel! You will only attract more and more unnecessary attention.”

However, Maisie refused to get up and let go of her leg. She said with sadness in her voice, “I’ll only stand up if you promise not to sue him.”

“Your husband hurt someone with a knife and threatened to kill. He will definitely be punished by the law, even if I don’t sue him!”

Hearing that, Maisie rubbed her nose and tears on her pants. “Stop lying to me! I went to the police station and was told that my husband would be detained for a few days at most. They won’t take him to the court provided that you don’t sue him!”

Savannah kept her phone and decided not to call the cops. She then tried to help Maisie up. “Please stand up, and we’ll talk about it! There has to be a solution.”

Yet Maisie was so stubborn that she refused to get up. “I’ll stand up immediately if you promise not to sue him! Our family relies entirely on him. I’m just a housewife, and the kids are still schooling. We’ll be screwed if they put him in jail.”

Initially, Savannah pitied Glenn and did not want to sue him for such a serious offense when she made a report at the police station. However, Emmett was so uncompromising that she was not able to help.

Seeing that the wife kept begging and kneeling, Savannah decided to persuade Emmett later on. “All right! I promise you! Please stand up!”

“Really? You promised not to sue him?” Maisie looked at her in disbelief.

Savannah nodded and helped her up. “What was the dispute between your husband and Mashion? Why did he go to the office to kill someone and even wanted to die together? Are you aware of his problem? If you do, then please tell me about it!”

“Mrs. Quaker, I rarely ask him about things related to his work, but recently he complained that Mashion rejected a batch of goods. Not only did those apparels comply with your company’s quality requirements, but they were also delivered on time. Ms. Brooklyn, who placed the order, informed him that the company couldn’t accept the goods because there were changes in the company’s top management. When my husband heard it, he became extremely anxious at that moment, but I didn’t understand and couldn’t help him.”

“How did you know my name?” Savannah asked with a curious expression.

Maisie replied anxiously, “After my husband was arrested, I was so worried that I asked around to find out what happened that day. Fortunately, someone in your company told me about the incident. I then realized he hurt you...”

“Who told you about that? What’s his name? Which department is he from?” Savannah suddenly became suspicious. I can’t imagine what will happen to me if Maisie seeks trouble against me impulsively like her husband after hearing the story from that person!

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 39 You Lied

Furthermore, as soon as she left the office, Maisie showed up and kneeled before her. She felt terrified because it was a sign that the person had exposed her whereabouts in the company.

Maisie seemed evasive and shifty-eyed. “Well... I can’t tell you that because I promise I won’t risk that person’s job.”

Savannah heaved a sigh and asked, “What would you do if I don’t agree to it even after you kneel? I believe that person taught you about it, right?”

Maisie was surprised upon hearing it. At the same time, Savannah believed that she guessed it right. Given that she wasn’t interested in suing Glenn, she nodded as a gesture to agree to Maisie’s request. Nonetheless, she also knew that Maisie would definitely put on a good show if she refused.

“Mrs. Quaker, please be rest assured that we will be indebted to you as long as you don’t sue my husband. We’ll definitely not harass you anymore.” Maisie grabbed her hand, and tears began to stream down her face.

Meanwhile, Emmett witnessed everything from the car not far from them. He then instructed Nolan, “Call Javon from Mashion, and tell him that Mrs. Quaker is being harassed by someone at the entrance of the office. Also, ask him to call the cops and instruct the security guards to restrain that woman.”

“Do we really have to ask Javon to call the cops?” Since Savannah had probably comforted the woman, he felt that it was unnecessary. Moreover, the disheveled woman looked rather pitiful.

“Do you not understand what I just said? It seems to me like you should retire, and I should replace you with someone else,” Emmett said coldly.

Immediately, Nolan took out his phone and said, “I’m still young and will never retire at this age. Mr. Quaker, I’ll make the phone call right away!”

“Cut the crap,” Emmett growled as he watched Nolan made that phone call. After a while, the security guards came out and took the woman away.

However, Savannah wasn't aware that Emmett called the security guards and even the cops. She grabbed Maisie's arm and said, "Since your husband's company didn't violate the contract, it means that Brooklyn violated it instead by refusing to accept the clothes. In that case, he could actually take legal actions against Mashion for a breach of contract. Why did he resort to another extreme method instead?"

"Mrs. Quaker, there is something that you don't know. The partnership between my husband's factory and Mashion isn't something new. So... so, his factory would start producing the clothes as soon as he received orders from Mashion. They usually wouldn't wait until a formal contract was signed. In other words, his factory would directly manufacture the clothes based on the design and quantity given by Ms. Brooklyn every time."

Savannah finally figured it out. It all happened because Glenn produced the items without signing a formal contract with Brooklyn or Mashion in advance. Thus, after that, Brooklyn could easily deny that she had ever made the order.

She continued to ask, "In that case, do you know where the products are located? Can you show me some samples?"

Maisie gave it some thought and replied, "Since Mashion didn't accept the products, Glenn probably hasn't found another buyer, so I think they're still in our warehouse. I could go and take a look right away. But why do you need samples?"

"If what you said was the truth – where the quality of the products is acceptable, perhaps Mashion can still accept them. With that, your husband's factory won't be facing any losses."

"Really? Will you really accept the order, Mrs. Quaker? If it's true, Glenn and I will be immensely grateful..."

"That's her. Take her to the security control room now." Suddenly, several security guards rushed toward them. One of them stood before Savannah to protect her, while the other two restrained Maisie and yelled, "So, was it you who harass Mrs. Quaker? We're informed to call the cops!"

Feeling that her hope was shattered, Maisie glared at Savannah and yelled, "You liar! All you did was just to buy time so that you could call the cops. What you said earlier – they were nothing but lies! You vile woman! It's all because of you! You replaced Ms. Brooklyn, and that's why Mashion didn't accept our products!"

"It's not what you think. Please calm down. I didn't call the cops." Savannah was rather confused as well. She pushed the security guard who protected her and explained, "Since we were talking the whole time, you surely know that I didn't call the police."

After recalling her memory for a second, Maisie replied, "You took out your phone just now. I'm sure you texted someone at that time."

"I didn't even swipe the screen when I took out my phone." Since Savannah felt that it was difficult to vindicate herself, she questioned the security guards, "Who instructed you to restrain her? Let go of her. I know her..."

"Mrs. Quaker," Nolan hopped out from the car that moment and came up to Savannah. "Mr. Quaker is waiting for you in the car. Please get in."

"Nolan?" Savannah was surprised to see Nolan at the entrance of the building. "Is Emmett here too? Is he in the car?"

Nolan flashed a smile at her and replied, "Yes, you forgot that you have dinner with Mr. Quaker tonight."

Savannah stared at him bewilderedly. On the other hand, he turned around and instructed the security guards, who were restraining Maisie, "Take this woman to the security control room while waiting for the police's arrival."

Although the security guards didn't know Nolan, they guessed that he was a prominent figure as he spoke and behaved imposingly. As such, they immediately bowed before bringing her into the security control room.

Maisie, on the other hand, struggled grumpily and turned around to glare at Savannah before they took her away.

Savannah knew that she couldn't vindicate herself even though she had figured out what actually happened. Hence, she asked, "How long have you and Emmett been here? Did you guys see everything in the car? Did Emmett ask someone in Mashion to call the security guards and the cops?"

"Mr. Quaker is worried about you because the woman might become aggressive," Nolan spoke up for Emmett.

However, Savannah was infuriated by what they did. Since they witnessed everything, they were supposed to know Maisie wasn't "aggressive," as they claimed. Besides, she had even made a deal with Maisie, so she was upset when Emmett called the police.

Maisie is just a housewife who's desperate for someone to help her husband! How aggressive can she be? Who can she threaten?

"Since Emmett is here, why doesn't he enter the building? Why is he guarding the entrance?" Savannah questioned Nolan angrily.

Nolan wasn't sure what he had to say. After a while, he blinked at her and said softly, "Well... I'm not sure about it. I might be older than him and am his relative, but he thinks a lot more than I do. So, I can hardly understand him sometimes. Besides, this fella has always been more mature than he should be. He only looks cute when he plays the fool. Other than that, you should be careful because he can be terrifying."

When she heard what he had said about Emmett, she wasn't as furious as she initially thought she would be. To her own surprise, she even managed a smile.

Nolan could get along with anyone as soon as they met. Moreover, he had always followed Emmett everywhere he went. Apart from the employer-employee relationship, they actually treated each other as friends. Therefore, he dared to comment about Emmett secretly.

"Nolan! What are you doing? Why didn't you invite my wife to get into the car?" At this time, Emmett rolled down the window and yelled at them.

Nolan threw his hands up and said, "Mrs. Quaker, please get into the car."

She covered her mouth and stopped smiling. Deep in her heart, she knew that Emmett would be a little jealous because Nolan chatted with her.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 40 A Date

Savannah knew that Maisie wouldn't believe her now, no matter how hard she tried to explain.

Under such circumstances, she decided to get into the car and persuade Emmett against suing Glenn. She also hoped that he would accept Glenn's products so that his family could survive the crisis.

Furthermore, since Maisie mentioned that they had children, she hoped he could give them a chance.

After making up her mind, she quickly walked past Nolan and opened the door herself to hop in.

Nonetheless, she felt that the air was threateningly cold once she sat on the back seat. Is the aircon set too low?

"Mr. Quaker, where should we be headed now?" Nolan asked after starting the engine.

Meanwhile, Emmett opened his laptop as though he had to deal with his work and said, "Head to the restaurant in the private club, and use your VIP card to go in."

Nolan murmured a response and began to drive the car to the private club.

On their way to the restaurant, Savannah touched her laptop unconsciously. She wanted to check if there were any customers.

However, she couldn't use her laptop when Emmett was here. Hence, she had no choice and could only check on her online shop secretly when she was alone.

When she wanted to discuss the matter about Glenn with him, she noticed that he looked cold and wasn't in a good mood. Besides, he didn't even glance at her throughout the journey. As such, she felt that she had to look for another opportunity to raise the issue.

However, she was rather worried about Glenn's wife, Maisie. Would something bad happen to her if the police really take her away? What will happen to their children if both Glenn and Maisie are arrested?

The night had fallen when the car arrived at the private club. Savannah hopped out after Nolan opened the door for them. The building that stood before her looked like a pyramid with shining sphinxes on both sides. Apart from that, some ancient Egyptian words were used as decorations around the building.

Before today, she wasn't aware that a mysterious and high-end private club existed in Lightspring. Apart from the main road for vehicles to go in and out of the city, she didn't see any other buildings around the area.

"Mr. Quaker, dinner has been reserved. Please enjoy your meal in the private room, and I'll wait in another room," Nolan said.

Emmett took the lead and strode toward the club. Meanwhile, Savannah deliberately slowed down to walk alongside Nolan and whispered, "Can you help contact Javon and get him to explain to the police that there was some misunderstanding? Ask them to release Maisie as soon as possible because she has to take care of her children."

"Who's Maisie?" Nolan enquired.

"The woman who spoke to me outside Mashion earlier on..."

"Can you hurry up? Besides, what are you guys whispering about?" Suddenly, Emmett stopped walking and turned around to stare at them coldly.

Nolan reacted quickly and answered smilingly, "Mrs. Quaker was asking me about this place because she has never been here before."

Emmett dragged her over to his side and reminded her, "Ask me directly if you have any doubts."

After she mumbled a response, he brought her to a private room in the restaurant.

Nolan couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief once the couple stepped out of the elevator. He never thought that Emmett cared about his wife that much, to the extent that he couldn't even chat with her.

He shook his head and heaved a sigh yet again. Everyone has their own Achilles heel – and for most men, it would be the charm of a woman.

After entering a smaller private room, Nolan started a tug-of-war with himself.

Who should I listen to? But because Savannah mentioned that the woman had kids at home, he finally decided to dial Javon's number.

Whatever. Since a couple should have the same opinion, Savannah's words also represent Emmett's. I'll make sure that the woman goes home tonight, and I'll worry about the consequences afterward.

Besides, if Emmett really wanted to settle a score with him, he would have no choice but to confess that Savannah gave him the instruction.

Meanwhile, Savannah was surprised to see candles, wine glasses, and food neatly placed on the dining table in the private room. She found it difficult to believe that Emmett was that romantic to want to have a candlelit dinner with her.

Unbeknownst to her, Emmett was also surprised. At that moment, he knew that it was Nolan who did everything. Thus, he blew out the candles, turned on the lights, and said, "Nolan went behind my back again. Who permitted him to do this?"

She had guessed it – it wasn't Emmett's plan. Since he kept wearing a cold expression, she felt that he brought her here for a reason.

Thus, she remained standing still until he instructed coldly, "Sit down. We'll have dinner first."

"Alright." She sat down as instructed. Even though the delicacies were served before her, it felt like she was having her last supper as a prisoner on death row.

Emmett sat in front of her and began to swirl the wine in his glass. After taking a sip, he said, "The wine tastes best now. Try it."

"Okay." Savannah imitated him and took a sip of the wine.

Judging from the way she swirled the wine, Emmett could tell that she rarely drank. As such, he chuckled and said, "You don't drink wine?"

"I don't like drinking and rarely try it."

Emmett didn't dwell on it. Instead, he took the fork and knife and began cutting his steak.

Meanwhile, Savannah took a few bites of the bread with his fork. Deep in her heart, she didn't really like fine dining because the portion was not enough to fill her belly. Instead, she would be more delighted if she could have a simple meal.

Emmett, on the other hand, had gracefully put a small piece of steak into his mouth, chewing it slowly. He also took a sip of his wine from time to time.

Looking at how he dined across the table, she recalled that the Avery family members looked the same when they had their meal as well. At that time, she was ridiculed for not holding the knife in a proper way.

As soon as she thought about that, she lost her appetite instantly and began to slice up her steak carelessly. Also, she felt that she and Emmett weren't meant to be together.

Those are the tiny details that reflected an individual's social status. Apparently, Emmett received education from one of the best schools and was edified by a noble family's culture since he was young.

On the other hand, she developed her habits when she was young. Given that she couldn't be as graceful no matter how hard she pretended, she decided to be herself.

"Well, didn't you eat at a proper restaurant when you were overseas? Why do you seem to be having difficulties in using your cutlery?" Emmett gazed at her with his piercingly sharp eyes and asked.

As she was disgruntled with his remark, she wished to throw her cutlery away and questioned him. Aren't we here to have dinner? Why are you so mindful about the particulars? Food is meant to fill our bellies, regardless of how I eat it!

Nevertheless, she only thought about it but dared not speak her mind. She held in her anger and replied vaguely, "Yes, I usually just cook for myself."

Surprisingly, Emmett stared at her squarely and said, "Your certificate is fake, and you never stayed overseas. You firmly claimed that you're Sean's biological daughter, but the Avery family has never sent you abroad. Why did you, Sean, and the rest fabricate the story? Who did Sean get to hoodwink me, thinking that I'm a retard?"

Savannah was stunned as she looked at him. She wasn't sure how much he knew thus far and why he was so certain that she didn't stay abroad.

However, it proved that he actually had been keeping her background in check. As such, she began to worry that she couldn't hide her secrets from him for long, for he would dig out all the details about her sooner or later.