

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 41

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 41 No Other Men

Apart from fear, she couldn't help but feel a bit desolated. "Back then, Old Mrs. Quaker wanted a daughter from the Avery family to marry you. I'm Sean's biological daughter, and I've married you. Since I'm all yours now, what more do you want from me? Can't you just let this go? I won't ask you to stay with me, nor do I wish to get a portion of the Quaker family's wealth or power. If you're not satisfied with me, just get as many mistresses as you want... I won't mind. When the time comes, we could even file for divorce..."

"That's enough!" Emmett couldn't stand the thought of her not caring about him. A moment later, he suddenly looked up at her with a ferocious gaze. "If you don't want to anything from the Quakers, why did you marry me?"

She looked at him and explained pitifully, "To... to help my dad and the Avery family get through a crisis."

Suddenly, Emmett put down his cutlery and grabbed his phone. After standing up, he came up to her and showed her some photos on the phone. "Even if you lied about being abroad, I know that this must be the real reason that you asked me to get other women!"

Her mind suddenly went blank once she looked at the photos. She didn't expect that someone would take the pictures when Cole forcefully pulled her into his arms. Since they looked rather intimate in the photos, she found it difficult to explain what really happened.

Wait, this doesn't seem right. How did Emmett get the photos?

She shifted her gaze from the phone toward him. "Did you get someone to stalk me?"

"Since you were injured a few days ago, I was worried that someone would want to harm me again and hurt you by accident. So, I sent my men to protect you. However, I didn't think that I'd find out about your lover so soon," Emmett seized her neck and continued, "Are you afraid because I discovered your secret lover?"

"I don't have a lover. He's only one of my friends. It's not what you think..."

Before she could finish, Emmett's hand closed in on her neck. "Just keep lying! I hate those who lie to me the most. But perhaps you haven't known one of my habits."

“And what is that?” Savannah was in pain and began to feel out of breath because he was still tightly gripping her neck.

“I will torment everyone who lies to me.”

Savannah was horrified at that moment. This man is a monster.

She could admit that she had to hide something from him, yet she never lied to him. Despite that, he wouldn't believe her words because their marriage wasn't founded on mutual trust in the first place.

Initially, she thought that she would have an unfortunate marriage by marrying a fool. But instead, she married a monster.

“I... I met him coincidentally and chatted with him for a while.” The words barely left her mouth as she found it hard even to croak, and her lips were trembling.

After a while, he finally let go of her and asked, “Why did you visit an old house? Did you live there? Or did you two stayed in that filthy place before?”

As she gasped for air, she instinctively grabbed her backpack on the chair with both of her hands. The houses in the neighborhood might be a bit old, but why did he say that it's a filthy place?

At this time, she felt that Emmett, who had always thought of himself as a noble and graceful man, was ridiculous.

However, she wasn't in the mood to argue with him about this matter. Instead, she tried to explain again, “There's nothing between us. We are just friends.”

At that moment, Emmett noticed that she was a bit too protective of her backpack. All of a sudden, he grabbed the backpack behind her. Then, he unzipped the backpack forcefully and emptied everything in it.

Savannah wanted to take her backpack and laptop back, but she was not quick enough. In just a split second, her laptop fell to the ground, and she yelled, “Look what you've done! Why did you touch my bag without my permission?”

As soon as she finished, she crouched down to pick up her laptop, checking if it was damaged.

Emmett stole a glance at her laptop and thought that it was a second-hand item, which probably wasn't worth much. However, a thought suddenly flashed through his mind – that this laptop might be something memorable between her and the man. That thought alone raged up a fire within him, so he kicked the laptop furiously and sent it across the

room. With a loud crash, the laptop landed on the floor, cracked, and its screen shattered into pieces.

Aghast at his unreasonable behavior, Savannah lifted her head and stared daggers at him. She then slowly picked up the broken laptop and flung it at him. "Emmett! You're an a**hole!"

He dodged it and gripped both of her hands firmly instead. Then, he stepped on the laptop one last time, ultimately ending its life.

At this moment, she felt that her heart was shattered into pieces. After all, she used to make a living using this laptop. Also, it was the most expensive thing she ever bought after she was released from prison.

Unfortunately, he destroyed her favorite item due to his uncontrollable jealousy.

She didn't want to explain anything to him and only stared at him ferociously. "If there was an option, who would be willing to marry both a psychopath and a fool like you? You're a real retard because anyone with a sound mind won't be as difficult as you!"

Despite that, Emmett laughed darkly. The next moment, he grabbed her chin and kissed her, but Savannah bit his lips ferociously.

However, he quickly turned around his palms to pin her down, rendering her immobile.

"Emmett, don't..." She was fearful but understood what would happen next. "Not here!"

He patted her face and sneered, "Why not? This club prioritizes customers' privacy over anything."

When she nervously tried to wriggle free, Emmett looked at her in disdain and said, "Why are you disgusted with this place? I mean, at least it's a lot cleaner than the place where you dated the man."

Shaking her head, she regretted being rash because she didn't stand a chance in resisting him. "It's not what you think. I've given up a long time ago and never had any other men..."

"Enough of your lies! Stop pretending to be pitiful before me. You are certainly aware that Grandma bought you as a toy for me," At this moment, he was apparently lustful and continued coldly, "Don't pretend to be pure and innocent. You've lost your first night long ago, and so I can do whatever I want to you."

Although she didn't want to cry, tears couldn't help but stream down her face. From the moment she married him, she knew that she was nothing more than a bargaining chip that Sean used to deal with the Quaker family.

Nevertheless, she still tried her best to resist, for she didn't want him to trample on her last shred of dignity.

He put his face on hers and whispered, "Be a good girl if you don't want him to live in living hell."

Once he finished, she gazed at him in despair. She was upset because Emmett wanted to drag the innocent man into the mess due to some misunderstanding.

However, she wouldn't want Cole to be affected and lost the chance to gain a foothold in this city merely because of the trivial matter.

On the other hand, Emmett was even more infuriated when he sensed that she became weak and submissive. "Well, you seem to be willing to do anything for that man."

Once he finished, he began to force himself upon her mercilessly.

During the entire time, he had to keep reminding himself that he didn't love her but was only obsessed with her body. As such, he didn't have to care if she secretly loved someone else.

He could continue to forcefully have sex with her until he eventually grew tired of her. By then, he could mercilessly get rid of her like a piece of rag.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 42 What Is The Matter

Savannah didn't know when Emmett left when she got up from the floor. Looking disheveled and shivering because of her torn clothes, she sat by the dining table and gulped down the remaining wine.

If Savannah had been drunk, she wouldn't have felt so horrible. Wiping her tears away, she tried her best to refrain from thinking of her current state.

The only thing she remembered before tears pooled in her eyes and blurred her vision was Emmett's merciless receding figure. Afterward, dead silence ensued.

Chugging down the bottle of wine, Savannah steadied her shuddering body with all her might and assured herself to stay strong so that she could overcome anything even if Emmett continued to humiliate her.

Then, came a knock on the door.

“Who is it?” Savannah almost choked on the wine.

A lady’s voice sounded from the door, “The waitress.”

Savannah’s head was still spinning when she stood up, and she was in so much pain that she could barely walk a few steps.

After opening a gap in the door, she asked, “What is it?”

The woman handed a paper bag to Savannah and said, “Mr. Bardsley asked me to give this to you before he left.”

“Thank you.” Savannah closed the door as soon as she took the paper bag.

Mr. Bardsley? Nolan gave me this? No. Savannah was sure that Nolan was acting on Emmett’s orders.

She hurriedly opened the paper bag and dumped everything out. There was a set of clean clothes and a piece of note saying, “You have half an hour to change and come back.” It was Emmett’s handwriting.

Savannah grabbed the clothes and went into the restroom. Ignoring the bruises on her body, she quickly combed her messy hair, changed into the clothes that Emmett sent, and threw her torn ones into the dustbin.

After giving the smashed laptop one last glance, Savannah grabbed her bag and left the private club. She watched people going in and out of the club and saw luxury cars parking at the entrance, but there wasn’t a cab to be seen.

Anxious, she tiptoed and looked around her surroundings at the corner of the entrance while glancing at the time on her phone now and then. She didn’t think that a cab would appear.

Emmett was evidently making fun of her by only giving her half an hour to reach home.

Savannah was about to leave the club and walk by the roadside in hopes of getting a cab when she saw Osborn and Sydney getting down from the same car.

Osborn, dressed in a casual white suit, holding Sydney by her waist, who was wearing a backless evening dress. He had a cynical smile on his face as he teased Sydney at the entrance.

Savannah squinted her eyes unbelievably. Osborn and Sydney are hooking up together?

Based on her understanding, Sydney must have her motives for approaching Osborn. Could it be that she wanted to become Mrs. Quaker?

Sydney wanted to marry into the Quaker family, but she didn't want a fool for a husband, so her current goal was to marry Osborn, who had the highest status in the Quaker family.

As if sensing someone staring at them, Sydney turned around and looked in Savannah's direction.

Savannah quickly hid behind a big pot of plants because she didn't want to come face to face with Sydney and invite unwanted trouble.

Having noticed that Sydney wasn't paying attention, Osborn turned her over to make her face him and asked, "What's the matter, babe? Have you seen someone you know?"

Sydney only saw a pot of plants and nothing else. Thinking that she was just imagining things, she slapped Osborn's hand away playfully and laughed, "Nothing, I think it's just a stray cat at the corner."

Osborn kissed Sydney on the cheek in front of a concierge. "It's not unusual to see stray cats out here, but I don't think it is as dangerous as you are," Osborn said as he placed a hand around her waist.

Sydney got out of his grip but she didn't appear to be angry. Laughing, she teased, "You're so naughty," and they walked into the club together.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief after they walked out of sight. Osborn was treating Sydney frivolously as if she was a small-time model.

Thinking that it was better to leave immediately, Savannah had barely walked two steps when someone called out to her, "Miss, are you planning to go to the city?"

She stopped and turned around. It was a woman with heavy makeup on her face.

Savannah nodded in the woman's direction and said, "But I don't see any cab here."

The woman lit a mentos cigarette and walked toward Savannah, saying, "Of course, you won't find any cab near this place. You can't even find an e-hailing cab because it's not worth it for them to drive all the way here."

"Okay. I may be able to get a cab if I walk along the road."

With a cigarette dangling from her lips, the woman burst out laughing, "Stop dreaming. You have to walk at least a day to reach the city."

“So what should I do?”

Savannah thought of the time limit that Emmett gave her. He must have known that she couldn't manage to get back in time, but she didn't want him to get at her.

“Let's share a ride. E-hailing cabs may not be willing to come all the way here, but I've doubled the money and secured a cab successfully. Business isn't really good for me today, so I'll be able to save some money by sharing the ride with you.”

Savannah agreed, “Sure, but when will the car arrive?”

“Are you in a hurry? It should be here soon. Why don't you add me on WhatsApp?”

Savannah hesitated for a moment because her instincts told her that the woman was working in a certain industry.

The woman laughed, “How are you going to pay me the cab fare if you don't have my contact?”

In the end, Savannah added the woman on WhatsApp because she made sense. Her name was Linda Fahey.

Soon, the cab arrived and the two women got in. Savannah transferred half of the cab fare to Linda after she showed her the receipt for the booking of the cab.

When the cab arrived in front of Quaker residence, Linda exclaimed, “Oh gosh! I didn't know you live in such a huge mansion! You must be very rich. But why didn't you drive to the club?”

After Savannah got off the car and thanked the cab driver, she turned to Linda and sighed, “This isn't my house.”

Savannah trotted into Quaker Residence until she reached the front door to Agatha's quarters. After taking a while to steady her breathing, she pushed the door open gently.

Mary was tidying things on the ground floor. Savannah called out, “Mary, you haven't gone to bed?”

“Where have you been, Mrs. Quaker? Mr. Quaker has already returned, and Old Mrs. Quaker is already sleeping.”

“Oh,” Savannah replied, “I was held up.”

“Have you eaten dinner?” Mary asked.

“Yes. I’ll go upstairs first, Mary. You should rest earlier too.” Savannah tiptoed upstairs after giving Mary a polite smile.

After Savannah reached their bedroom, she placed her hand on the handle and took a few deep breaths before opening the door.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 43 I Must Not Behave Like This

Although the lights in the bedroom were turned on, Savannah didn’t see Emmett around.

As she spotted his laptop on the nightstand, she heard sounds of running water in the bathroom. Emmett must be bathing at that moment.

Savannah sat by the bed and ran her hand over the latest laptop. Judging from the laptop’s ultra-thin shape and virtual keyboard which was developed from the newest technology, it must be very expensive.

Savannah was secretly wishing for a laptop like Emmett’s when she accidentally touched the laptop screen.

She froze as the screen lit up. All of Cole’s personal information was presented on the screen.

Didn’t Emmett promise that he would let Cole off as long as she let go of her dignity? How did he manage to have all the information on Cole in such a short time?

Will he even keep his promise?

Savannah felt the world spin as she stared at the screen.

She didn’t feel anything when she drank the wine earlier, and she was still sober just now because of the cold wind outside the club despite the burning feeling on the insides.

However, now that she was cooped up in a room, all that wine that she had gulped down was starting to make her head throb.

As the headache worsened, Savannah felt a pair of hands around her. “I didn’t expect you to be back so soon. Did you win someone over with your charm and get a free ride?”

Scared and spiteful, Savannah shoved him away and spat, "Don't pretend as if you know nothing about how I came back. I know you've sent someone to follow me."

Emmett sat on a couch beside and dried his hair as he chuckled, "That's quite smart of you to share a ride with a prostitute."

Not wanting to reply to Emmett's insult, Savannah changed the topic by pointing at his laptop. "Why are you still checking on Cole? Didn't you promise me to let him off?"

"Cole," Emmett scoffed. "The way you call him is so intimate. I only said that I'll let him off, not that I won't check his background." Noticing Savannah's flushed cheeks and her red, swollen lips, he asked, "How much wine did you drink?"

"That would be such a pity if I didn't finish the bottle of fine wine." The headache was getting worse by the minute then, and seeing Emmett splitting into multiple images certainly didn't help.

"You finished the wine?" Emmett asked as his eyes widened.

Savannah could barely nod. As she began to lose consciousness, she managed to say, "Don't drag Cole into our fight... He's a good man... He's innocent... Innocent..."

Sensing her own tongue twist against itself, Savannah shook her head and tried her best to stay awake.

Emmett felt a pang of jealousy when he saw Savannah trying so hard to help Cole despite being badly drunk. "I've read his information. What's so good about him? He's just an inexperienced jock without any significant background or family!"

Savannah heard a loud buzz instead of Emmett's nasty remark. Finally, she lost her balance and fell to the ground with her face down.

Emmett was quick to hold Savannah and prevent her from falling, but she didn't respond when he patted her face.

It then occurred to Emmett that she had fallen asleep. "S*it! Wake up! Why can't you wait until you washed your dirty body?"

However, Savannah didn't bulge in Emmett's lap no matter how hard he tried to wake her up.

Emmett was deeply irritated by Savannah because not only was she oblivious to how gorgeous she was when drunk but also she was moving restlessly in his lap. Did she want him to lose control again?

Emmett carried the unconscious Savannah into the bathroom and drenched himself again in the process of bathing her.

After the bath, Emmett dried himself first before wiping Savannah's body dry. When he saw the bruises on her body and thought of his ruthless actions, his heart ached. Am I too cruel to her?

He carried her to the bed and dried her hair gently with a towel. Fearing that she might catch a cold, he dried her hair with an ionic hairdryer.

Meanwhile, he stared at the drunk woman's face intently, observing her flushed cheeks, her long eyelashes, and her dark red lips.

The sight of Savannah in a bathrobe and the hickeys on her fair neck made his blood boil again.

Emmett couldn't take his eyes off her until her hair was completely dried. After covering her with a blanket, he slept on the couch because he feared that he would lose control again if he lay beside her. She wouldn't be able to get off the bed the next day if he did it again.

When Savannah woke up the next morning, she felt as if her bones were dislocated. Her mouth felt dry as she registered the surroundings with a dizzy and throbbing head.

Struggling to get up from bed, she pulled off the blanket and realized that she was in a bathrobe instead of her clothes. The refreshing smell of shower gel was detected through a sniff on the back of her hand.

Wait, something's not right! I should be reeking of alcohol since I drank half a bottle of wine. Unless someone showered me?

Savannah tightened the bathrobe around her body. She couldn't remember what happened after she became unconscious last night.

After smacking herself on the head twice, she finally remembered that she saw Cole's personal information on Emmett's laptop and was arguing with him about it before blacking out.

Savannah turned toward the nightstand, only to find that Emmett's laptop was already turned off. Emmett was still asleep on the couch on the other side of the bed.

After getting off the bed gently, Savannah changed into a pair of jeans and a long-sleeved shirt with her back facing Emmett.

Right then, Mary's voice sounded at the door. "It's almost noon, Mr. and Mrs. Quaker. Old Mrs. Quaker said you should be up by now because it's not healthy to skip breakfast and lunch."

Startled by Mary's continuous knocks on the door, Emmett bolted upright from the couch and glanced at the window which was shielded by curtains. "Is it noon now?"

Having heard Emmett's voice, Mary replied, "Yes, Mr. Quaker."

As Savannah finished buttoning up her shirt, she added, "We're awake, Mary. We'll be joining Old Mrs. Quaker at the dining table shortly."

"Alright." Mary's receding footsteps could be heard.

"I thought you said you don't drink alcohol? You didn't seem to have a problem finishing that bottle of premium wine at all."

When Savannah heard Emmett's lazy voice from behind, she panicked and crossed her fingers nervously. Turning to him, she asked, "Who took off my clothes and bathed me after I blacked out?"

As Emmett watched the color draining from Savannah's face on the couch, he was reminded again of what happened at the club yesterday.

He purposely tormented and embarrassed her even when he knew that she was unwilling to be with him. However, when he saw her drunken state, he felt so bad that he bathed her and gave her some ginger tea for her to sober up. Curled up on the bed, she was muttering "Freddie" despite being drunk.

No, Emmett thought. She must be saying Cole's name. The alcohol must have caused her to start slurring.

However, Emmett was going berserk at the thought of Savannah in other men's arms and that she did not fully belong to him. What's wrong with me?

I mustn't behave like this!

Finally, he answered coldly, "Mary was the one who helped you."

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 44 I Want A Child With My Wife

Savannah didn't think Emmett would bathe her because he was the almighty piece of shit.

However, Savannah didn't have any memory of Mary bathing her at all. "Mary? Did you ask her to come to our room last night? So she knows that I was drunk? The bruises on my body..."

"You're not assuming that I'll help you bathe, are you? If not for Mary, who else would help you?" Emmett huffed as he tossed away the blanket on the couch and stood up. "You should accompany Grandma first. I'll join you in a moment."

Savannah would have blurted that she hadn't washed her face if not for her fear of him launching himself onto her because of a disagreement. "Alright," she hurriedly agreed.

She was about to open the door when a thought crossed Emmett's mind. "Did you ask Nolan to let that woman off?"

"Yes," Savannah admitted with her head hung low. "She has a child. What if the kid starves to death if she and her husband are both sent to jail?"

Emmett scoffed, "How much do you know about their family? Has it occurred to you that they may have a relative to take care of the kid?"

Stumped, Savannah muttered under her breath, "I don't know anything about them because unlike you, I'm not someone who will pry into someone else's background in detail."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing." Jumping on the chance, she continued, "There's something fishy going on with Glenn's case. Instead of wasting your time on irrelevant people, why don't you investigate this matter thoroughly and get to the bottom of what happened with the batch of goods for Mashion?"

"Go down to Grandma," Ignoring Savannah's words, Emmett ordered her with a menacing tone.

Savannah opened the door and rushed out of the room immediately. It was only when she arrived downstairs and saw Agatha listening to opera songs on vinyl.

After taking a glance at Savannah, Agatha went back to concentrate on her opera songs.

Savannah was worried that Mary had found out that her relationship with Emmett wasn't as chummy as they seemed on the outside after seeing the bruises on her body while bathing her last night.

She entered the kitchen knowingly and offered to help upon seeing Mary and two other maids who were busy with their chores.

“Why are you here in the kitchen, Mrs. Quaker? Please leave now!” Mary exclaimed as she tried to stop Savannah, who was chopping the vegetables skillfully.

Savannah shifted her body and blocked Mary. “It’s alright, let me do it. Thank you for last night, Mary.”

“Huh? What are you thanking me for, Mrs. Quaker?” Mary asked with a confused expression.

Savannah merely smiled in response because she didn’t want to talk about what happened last night in front of the other maids. “It’s nothing, Mary. What are you brewing on the stove? Is it boiling already?”

Mary threw the pot of herbal tea a glance and turned down the flame. “Old Mrs. Quaker specifically ordered me to prepare this herbal tea for you.”

“For me?” Savannah sniffed at the air, which was full of the pungent smell of various herbs. “What is this smell? What kind of herbal tea is it?”

Mary replied smilingly, “This tea mainly comprises of herbs that nourish the body and enhance blood circulation.”

However, the thought of drinking a concoction full of bitter herbs made her nauseous.

Noticing something wrong in Savannah’s expression, Mary glanced at her abdomen and asked, “Are you feeling unwell, Mrs. Quaker? Are you...” Mr. and Mrs. Quaker are only married for a few days, she thought. It’s unlikely to happen so quickly. “No, no. It won’t happen that fast,” she muttered.

It took Savannah a while to realize what Mary was talking about. Blushing, she laughed, “What are you thinking of, Mary? My stomach’s feeling unwell because of the wine yesterday.”

“Oh! No wonder Mr. Quaker went to my room at such a late hour to ask me where I store the ginger tea.” Then, Mary advised, “Try not to drink wine in the future, it’s not good for your stomach. You should take care of your health because Old Mrs. Quaker wants to have a great-grandchild as soon as possible.”

“Emmett came to you for ginger tea?” Savannah asked.

“Yes, I saw Mr. Quaker preparing the ginger tea and taking it into the bedroom,” Mary replied with a beam on her face. “Mr. Quaker is so caring towards you.”

Savannah didn't know what to do except to smile. "Did he ask you to come to our room..."

"Honey, didn't I tell you to accompany Grandma? Why are you in the kitchen?" Dressed in a casual outfit with cartoon prints, Emmett suddenly appeared at the kitchen door. The way he leaned against the door gave off a cheerful vibe, which was very unlike his usual cold and arrogant self.

Savannah stared at Emmett with her jaw wide open as she hadn't got used to his sudden transformation from a scary man to an innocent boy. Apparently, she also forgot what to ask Mary.

Mary hurriedly took the knife from Savannah and said smilingly, "I don't allow Mrs. Quaker in the kitchen, but she insists on taking a look in here. You're just curious, aren't you, Mrs. Quaker?"

"Yes." Savannah decided to play along because she didn't want to land Mary in trouble and even pretended to ask curiously, "What herbal tea are you brewing, Mary?"

Mary smiled again and looked back and forth at Savannah and Emmett. "Old Mrs. Quaker asked me to prepare this in hopes of the both of you getting a child soon, so you must finish the herbal tea later, Mrs. Quaker."

Savannah felt like a failure for blundering and asking about the herbal tea which concerned her.

Hearing that, Emmett entered the kitchen and embraced her happily. "That's great! I want to have a child with my dear wife."

As the other helpers in the kitchen covered their mouths and snickered, Savannah had an urge to bury her head in a hole because it was too embarrassing.

Emmett always made her feel embarrassed regardless of whether he was being himself or feigning innocence.

Agatha had already finished listening to the whole album by the time Savannah and Emmett exited the kitchen. After turning off the vinyl player, she waved at the lovebirds and said, "Come and join me. Next time, don't wake up so late and skip breakfast."

"It won't happen again, Grandma." Savannah straightened her back to get Emmett's hand off her waist.

Agatha asked, "Javon has already told you everything about Mashion yesterday, hasn't he? Feel free to ask him anything that you don't understand."

“Mr. Watts has told me everything clearly,” Savannah explained, “I also understand that Mashion’s current priority is to prepare for Ferropene Fashion Week, which happens after the new year. It is crucial to the company’s future development.”

Agatha nodded and continued, “Yes, this fashion week is a good opportunity for us, but it’s also going to be tricky at the same time. So you must organize the fashion week well and promote our brand to the whole world after taking over the company for Mashion to thrive and grow.”

“We won’t let you down.” After taking a deep breath, Savannah asked, “Grandma, can Emmett and I make the decisions for the fashion week?”

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 45 Are You Saying That I Am Embarrassing

“Of course, you can. Do you have any new ideas?” Although Agatha hadn’t overseen any project under Quaker Corporation for a long time after her retirement, she could still sense Savannah’s desire through her years of experience in the business industry when she was young.

Savannah continued, “I’m not aware of how to organize fashion weeks, but I have some ideas for the costume designs. Can I design the costumes for this fashion week personally?”

Agatha chuckled. “You are in charge of the company. You can do anything you want without asking me.”

“I’m sure that the fashion week will be a success if you are the designer, honey!” Emmett exclaimed in agreement.

Savannah found it weird for Emmett to agree with her because he had found out that her overseas degree was fake. Why will he believe that I can pull it off? In the end, she decided it was better to continue the act. “Thank you, hubby.”

Agatha held their hands respectively and beamed at them. “Perfect. I’m sure that the company will thrive as long as the two of you work on the same mission.”

“Lunch is served, Old Mrs. Quaker, Mr. and Mrs. Quaker.” Mary emerged from the kitchen with a plate of dishes.

Emmett was the first to stand up. “I’m hungry. Hurry up and serve all the delicious food!”

“Patience, Mr. Quaker. I’ll be there right away.” Mary went back to the kitchen with a smile on her face.

Meanwhile, Agatha was looking at Emmett with a motherly smile on her face as if he was still a little boy.

Savannah was reminded of Nolan’s remark about how adorable Emmett was whenever he acted dumb as she observed his innocent and cheerful face. She couldn’t help but sigh. Emmett might be happier if he was really dumb, but he didn’t seem to like people thinking him as adorable when he was faking innocence.

Savannah couldn’t imagine how terrible it must felt for someone perfectly normal to act like an idiot and be mocked by everyone.

Savannah, Emmett, and Agatha were eating happily at the dining table when Mary presented the herbal tea to Savannah. “The herbal tea is cooler now, Mrs. Quaker. It’s best to drink it warm. It’s very nourishing.”

Agatha set down her cutlery and urged Savannah, “Finish the tea quickly, it is specially made for you.”

Under the expectant eyes of everyone in the dining hall, Savannah could only pick up the mug and finish the bitter herbal tea as quickly as she could.

After a few mouthfuls, she handed the empty mug back to Mary. “I’ve finished it.”

After Mary showed the empty bowl to Agatha deliberately, the two women gave each other a knowing smile as if Savannah would get pregnant right after she drank the herbal tea.

Savannah faked a shy look, but deep down she knew that she wouldn’t get pregnant no matter how many types of herbal tea they prepared for her because she was secretly taking contraceptive pills.

Savannah had already thought it through before marrying Emmett. Even if they were regularly having sex, she didn’t want to have a child with a man who she didn’t love. Moreover, she already had a child.

As long as Freddie was able to return to her side and live with her, she was contented.

“Mom, are you having lunch?”

Savannah was about to eat a piece of honeyed pork rib to banish the bitter herbal taste in her mouth when Madelyn and Clara appeared at the dining table.

When Agatha looked up and saw them, she ordered a helper, "Prepare two more plates for them."

Madelyn hurriedly said, "We've just eaten lunch, Mom. We're not here to get a free meal."

At the sight of Madelyn and Clara, Emmett purposely put on a horrified expression and inched closer to Agatha.

Agatha put down her cutlery and straightened her back. Scowling, she asked, "What are you doing here if you're not coming for lunch? I'd prefer not to have anyone disturb my peace, so you should go to the main house if you're not here for anything."

Madelyn smiled awkwardly. If she was angered by Agatha's hostile attitude toward her, she definitely did a great job of keeping her emotions in check.

On the other hand, Clara didn't seem to care that their presence wasn't welcomed by Agatha. Pointing to a video on her phone, she said, "I know you don't use your phone much, Mom, but do you know how embarrassing Emmett's wife is?"

As Savannah finished the pork rib in two bites, she realized that the lunch was probably going to go wrong. She was pretty sure that Madelyn and Clara were up to no good.

"Are you saying that I'm embarrassing, Aunt Clara? What have I done to embarrass you?"

Clara scoffed, "See for yourself the trending news. You're now famous for being someone else's mistress!"

"Mistress?" Agatha asked, bewildered.

Clara showed the video on her phone to Agatha and said, "Please have a look at this trending video."

Puzzled, Savannah took out her phone and logged on to a website to watch the video Clara mentioned.

Emmett also took out his phone to watch the video, but not before pretending to click on the wrong website a few times.

The video with the most views that day was about a wife kneeling to her husband's mistress. Maisie must have ordered someone to film herself kneeling in front of Savannah and upload the video online.

In the video which was less than fifteen seconds, Maisie pleaded, "Let my husband off, let him off..." The video was also edited with misleading words and emojis.

About a thousand comments were accusing Savannah of being an evil homewrecker and describing that she was beautiful but vicious.

As Savannah scrolled down the comments and saw various types of accusations, it became clear that someone had hired a bunch of netizens to shame her online.

“Grandma, someone uploaded this fake video online to ruin my reputation!” Savannah explained hastily.

Agatha snatched Clara’s phone away and watched the video. Hands shaking, she gritted her teeth, “How did this happen?”

Savannah explained, “This woman is the wife of a supplier who has a conflict with Mashion. She came to meet me because of her husband’s case. I’ve only met her husband once, and that man was the one who hurt my arm with a knife. How will I be involved in their relationship? These are nonsense...”

“That’s hard to say!” Clara interrupted, “Assuming that you’re not lying, why didn’t the woman go to your office to discuss matters with you? Why did she have to kneel in front of you on the street if you aren’t her husband’s mistress?”

Clara tried to blame Savannah, but her words angered Agatha so much that she tossed the phone away. “How dare you? Kneel!”