

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 56

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 56 His Passionate Kiss

A major restructuring took place in Mashion. The company had to recruit another batch of employees to keep the flow of operation smooth.

As expected, a new broom swept clean. Those who were not on the list felt relieved that they were not connected to Brooklyn. Otherwise, they would've lost their jobs.

Savannah freed up some time to do some observations during the recruitment sessions at Human Resource Department. She was targeting the outstanding recruits.

Emmett aimed to reorganize Design Department. To do that, they had to recruit some talented designers available in the fashion industry. After that, they could launch Research and Development Department. Since Savannah was familiar with the fashion industry, he asked her to hunt some excellent designers.

The company managed to recruit a new batch of employees. Emmett asked Savannah to give a short speech to the newcomers.

When she arrived at the meeting room, she was surprised to see Cole standing among the newcomers.

Cole's face darkened when he saw Savannah.

"Mrs. Quaker... Mrs. Quaker, you may give your speech now." Her secretary elbowed her in silence and gently reminded her.

Savannah avoided Cole's gaze and proceeded to give her speech. However, she forgot the words of encouragement that she had drafted in her mind before she came in. In the end, she briefly gave her speech with an unstructured flow.

As soon as she stepped out of the meeting room, she instructed the secretary, "Show me the resume of the recruits. How did Human Resource Department filter the candidates?"

Her secretary, Emily, was puzzled by her complaint. "Is there any problem, Mrs. Quaker? Is there someone that doesn't fit the recruitment criteria?"

Savannah lost her temper and scowled, "No. That's not it! They should've shown me the recruits' resumes before making decisions, shouldn't they?"

Emily immediately explained to her, "Mrs. Quaker, the resumes had been sent to the President's Office. You were out but Mr. Quaker was there. I thought you two had gone through the resumes. Please tell me if there's anything wrong, I'll talk to Human Resource Department right away."

Savannah took a deep breath to calm herself down. "It's alright, Emily. I was just asking. You go ahead with your work," she replied.

Emily nodded and returned to her desk.

After giving it some thought, Savannah figured out that Emmett purposely took Cole in.

She had never read the resumes, but he had. What's Emmett trying to do?

She knew that a domineering and petty man like Emmett Quaker would not let her have some peace so easily.

She walked into the office and slammed the door hard. She looked at Emmett calmly, fighting hard to restrain her anger.

Meanwhile, Emmett was reading a document. He didn't even raise his head. "How are the recruits doing? You must be so satisfied with them," he said sarcastically.

Savannah slumped onto her chair. "You did it, didn't you? Did you do that on purpose? Why would you take Cole in?" she bellowed.

Upon hearing that, Emmett finally raised his head and looked into her eyes. "I did that for you. From now on, you two can see each other day and night. You don't have to suffer from lovesick anymore."

"Something's wrong with you. I told you we're just friends. He helped me and he's just a friend..."

"No, something's wrong with you!" Emmett stopped her mid-sentence. "Do you think I don't feel it? You are thinking of him while lying in my arms. You're lovesick and I'm just helping you out."

Emmett stood up and walked towards Savannah. He sat on the edge of her table and lifted up her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes.

Savannah had nothing to hide. She firmly looked at him and uttered, "You're overthinking things. I have no one in my heart. My heart died a long time ago."

Her heart died? There's no one in her heart, including me! Emmett's face turned grim upon hearing that.

“You’re lying to yourself.” Emmett didn’t believe her words. He knew she was thinking about someone. Without waiting for her response, he kissed her on her lips.

“We’re in the office!” Savannah was panicked and quickly pushed him away. She pushed too hard that she couldn’t steady her body.

Emmett pressed his body to hers as she fell backward. He held her wrist and the posture looked so suggestive as if Savannah tried to turn him on.

Emmett was on top of her and he pinned her down. “You rejected me, yet your body is inviting me.”

Savannah’s face was flushing red and she couldn’t explain herself. She was panting heavily and trying to break free from him. “I didn’t!” she denied. However, it felt like she was seducing him as she struggled.

“Move a muscle and we’ll have it on the spot.” Emmett’s warm breaths softly caressed her neck.

Savannah dared not move anymore, freezing in her position. “You get up first,” she said.

“I think we should finish the unfinished business.” Emmett dipped his tongue past her lips, caressing her tongue with his.

Savannah was overwhelmed by his passionate kiss. However, she had to stay put, or else no one could guarantee what would happen next. He would go all out if he was aroused. She couldn’t imagine how embarrassed it would be if someone came into the office at the moment.

Emmett continued to get his way and even got increasingly out of hand. He softly bit her lips while moving his hand on her body.

She would kick him hard in his face if she could.

However, she had only learned the basic self-defense technique. She was definitely no match for him. Thus, she had to put up with him unless he went overboard.

Savannah tried to keep her cool all the while. After some time, Emmett finally straightened himself up and loosened his grips.

Savannah got up straight in a wink. She tidied up herself and was about to talk to Emmett about Cole.

Before she could say anything, Emmett said, "You don't have to explain to me. If you have nothing to do with him, time will prove it. I'll see it with my own eyes. Action speaks louder than words. Don't you agree?"

Savannah wanted to leave Cole out of it, but there was nothing else she could do. Emmett had full control of her life. There was no other choice and she was not in a position to bargain anyway.

However, she couldn't figure out why Cole joined Mashion when he had already got a job elsewhere. He had secured his job in an advertising company due to his outstanding performance during his internship. Although the company was not as famous as Mashion, it was a great one.

Why would he sign up for Mashion's recruitment session? Did Emmett threaten him? What could the reason possibly be?

Looking at Emmett's red eyes flaring like a raging bull, Savannah dared not say another word.

Besides, Emmett would get the wrong idea if she responded sensitively to Cole's employment in Mashion. That would make things worse and Emmett would give Cole a hard time for sure.

But Savannah had nothing to be afraid of. She and Cole were just friends, nothing more, nothing less. She straightened her back, devoid of any guilt or shame.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 57 Her Voice Was Trembling

However, things happened sooner than she expected.

Cole was puzzled by thousands of questions when he saw her in the meeting room earlier. He decided to have a talk with Savannah.

In the President's office, Savannah was in a mess now. Just when she was about to go to the washroom to tidy herself up, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in." Emmett couldn't care less about his image. He was nothing but a retard in the eyes of others anyway.

Upon getting his permission, someone entered the room. He cast a silly smile at the person. "Yes?" Emmett asked.

It was Cole. He made an excuse to see the president, so the secretary let him through. After he entered the room, he gazed around and saw a man sitting behind a large office table. So he's Emmett Quaker, the president of Mashion.

Cole found Savannah beside a small table. She hadn't tidied up herself. Her unbound hair streamed loose over her shoulders, and her lips were red and swollen from the rough kiss earlier. Her blouse was not tucked in, with one of the buttons loosened, revealing her fair skin.

Cole was not a fool. He knew exactly what had happened in the office before his entrance.

Earlier, he had heard of the rumor. The current president of Mashion, Emmett Quaker, was a retard and he knew nothing about business. He was the president only because he was one of the Quakers. Words had been saying that it was his wife who managed the company's operation on his behalf.

His wife, the vice president of Mashion, was a talented businesswoman. Her high efficiency and skillful business tactics enabled Mashion to develop at a fast pace, conquering the market on a global scale.

Cole thought he finally had luck on his side. Although he had secured his job in the advertising company, he didn't get to show what he got. He had only been assigned to some small, insignificant projects, so he was thinking to look for another way out.

One week ago, Mashion sent him a recruitment invitation. Mashion was one of the leading fashion companies, whose brand received recognition across the globe. Every professional art student dreamt of working for this prominent company.

Cole couldn't believe his eyes when he received the offer letter from Mashion. It was too good to be true. Among the candidates, there were a number of famous designers. He was a nobody, so he didn't have much expectation from the beginning.

After he confirmed with Mashion's Human Resource Department, he immediately resigned from the advertising company and accepted the offer without a hint of hesitation.

However, he didn't expect to see Savannah there. He was dumbfounded when he heard the others addressing her as Mrs. Quaker.

So Savannah was the vice president of Mashion. Was she the one behind all these?

"I'm looking for Mrs. Quaker," Cole said.

Emmett played with a pen and casually asked, "What's the matter?"

For one second, Cole didn't know how to answer the question. He looked at the woman. It's Savannah. It's really her. She's Mrs. Quaker.

"I..."

Before Cole could finish his sentence, Savannah interrupted him, "Get out. Report to your manager if there's anything wrong. This is the President's Office. You can't just come here as you want." She gave him a cold look and her face was expressionless.

Cole got emotional. "You are Savannah, aren't you? Savannah, why did you marry him? What happened?"

Savannah's face was icy cold. She ignored his question and denied, "Who are you calling? I have no idea who you are. Get out! If you don't, I'll call the security guard!"

She wanted to stop Cole from saying anything further. They could have a talk somewhere else, but definitely not in front of Emmett. However, Cole couldn't take the hint.

Instead, her attitude made him feel insulted. He thought he was recruited because of his talent.

Moreover, he was hurt when Savannah pretended not to know him after she was married to a rich man. It seemed to him that Savannah wanted to cut him off.

"You've changed, Savannah. I get it. You're Mrs. Quaker and I'm a nobody to you now. You're such a disappointment! I didn't know you're a gold-digger," Cole scowled despite knowing he might lose the job. He paused for a few seconds before he dropped the words, "I don't want your pity, Savannah Gardner. So, just stop the nonsense."

Cole took down his company badge and smashed it on her table. "Don't worry. I'll show myself out." He gazed at her for a few seconds, then he left the office without looking back.

After he left, the office fell silent. Savannah noticed something was off with Cole's gaze. She lowered her vision and saw the loosened button on her wrinkled blouse.

She knelt on the floor to look for the button. "There's a set of office attire in the cabinet behind you. Go and get changed," Emmett said. He sounded superior and mighty.

Savannah kept looking for the button as if she heard nothing. "No! Why should I put on a new blouse? I can still fix this one. I just need to find the button."

Emmett was provoked. He strode towards her and pulled her up with force. "You couldn't bear to let him see your true self. Am I right?" She always behaved differently after she met Cole. How dare she deny her relationship with Cole Christensen!

“No! I’m just looking for the button!” Savannah shouted.

Emmett grabbed her collar and pulled her close. “It’s just a blouse. Just put on the new one!”

“No! I’ll find the button and fix this…” Savannah’s voice was trembling.

The next second, Emmett ripped her blouse forcefully and all the buttons popped out. The shiny crystal buttons scattered over the floor.

Savannah lost her sanity and gave him a slap, but he swiftly grabbed her wrist before she could do so. “You’re such a liar. You claimed that you have no one in your heart, but now you’re losing control of yourself just because he called you a ‘gold-digger’,” Emmett bellowed.

The vein on his forehead popped out, indicating his fury. He pinned her wrists with one hand and pushed her onto the sofa. He was going to rip off her bra.

Terrified by his roughness, Savannah burst into tears. “Stop it! Alright, I’ll do it! I’ll put on the new one.”

Emmett finally loosened his grip, then he sat at his table.

Savannah bound her hair and got changed in front of him. “I have to go to the washroom to fix my makeup.” She tried hard to hold back her tears as she said.

Without waiting for his approval, she lowered her head and left the office.

She was not heading towards the washroom. Instead, she walked out of the company. She gazed around and wandered aimlessly around the street. When can I have a life of freedom?

Right then, she was tired of explaining herself to Emmett. He wouldn’t believe her since he had jumped to the conclusion. If he thought I was lying, so be it. I’m done with it!

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 58 You Deserve Better

I have to talk to Cole and clear things up. It’s a rare opportunity to work for Mashion and he shouldn’t give that up because of me.

Savannah understood how tough it was for him to gain a foothold in a big city. Once he lost his job, he would struggle to survive.

The salary and benefits offered by Mashion were pretty good. He should at least secure a new job before his resignation. Making the decision recklessly would do him no good.

Savannah tried to reach Cole but he didn't answer her calls. After multiple attempts, he finally answered her call.

"Cole, where are you? I have something to explain to you. Listen, I have no idea about your employment, or else I wouldn't be so surprised to see you in the meeting room this morning..."

"I'm at the lakeside in the park opposite Mashion." Cole gave a brief reply.

"I'm on my way."

On the other side, Emmett didn't put much thought into it when Savannah stormed out of the office. He thought he could handle Savannah just like how he dealt with other women like child's play.

However, he came to his senses after a few seconds. She's not going to the washroom. She's going after that man!

He immediately got up from his seat. Anger and jealousy filled his heart. The pen in his hand was broken into halves. How dare she do that right under my nose!

Emmett quickly called Nolan and asked him about Savannah. "I told you to get a private investigator to tail Savannah. Is the person still having his eyes on her?"

"Yes. He has been tailing her as soon as she steps out of the house or the company. Aren't you two in Mashion now? Why do you ask all of a sudden?"

"She has left the company. Tell the person to report to me her location. I want to know her every move!" Emmett said.

"Understood." Emmett ended the call before Nolan could ask further.

Nolan contacted the private investigator and gave him orders as Emmett wanted.

When Savannah arrived at the park, she saw Cole standing beside the lake.

Cole was around six feet tall with broad shoulders. Although he was not well-built like Emmett, his presence made people feel safe.

Back when they were studying at the university, he had many admirers. Many girls were swooning over him. However, no one managed to win his heart.

Savannah carefully approached him. She kept a one-meter distance between them before she called him from behind. "Cole, please listen to my explanation."

Cole was furious with what happened. The girl whom he loved for so many years was married and she even became his boss. He couldn't bring himself to accept the harsh reality.

"There's nothing much left to explain. It's just that I knew nothing about your family background. Now, you're married to a wealthy man, living a good life." Cole's voice was full of sarcasm. Not only was he mocking her but also himself.

"It's a long story. Indeed, my biological parents are rich, but they don't love me because I'm an orphan..." Savannah told him everything.

As he listened to her story, he turned around and took a step closer to her. His eyes widened in disbelief. "How could your parents do that to you?"

Savannah gave a sarcastic chuckle. "I'd rather they never found me and took me into the Avery family. In that case, perhaps I'd stay in the orphanage, then I would complete my studies with the sponsorship, get myself a decent job, and live a normal life."

Cole heaved a sigh of relief as he understood that she didn't do that out of her own free will. He approached her and held her hand. "You should've told me earlier. I can help you and Freddie get out of here and get rid of them forever."

Savannah pulled her hand back. "It's useless. Freddie and I have no other choice."

She should've left the city with Freddie after she was released from prison. They should've hidden from the Avery family to stay out of trouble.

However, she was married to Emmett now. Both the Avery family and Quaker family would never let her go.

Besides, Emmett was a control freak. Unless he was willing to let her go, there was no way she could escape from him.

"I'm here for you. You don't have to be afraid..."

Savannah shook her head. Cole was bold enough to help her, but he could never outfight Sean nor Emmett. He would only get himself into deep water.

"I'm not asking for your help. I just... I don't want to drag you into this."

"I'll do anything for you. I'm not afraid of them. I can't let them hurt you!" Cole refused to listen to her.

Savannah patted him on his shoulder. "Thanks. I appreciate the thought. I'm fine. I can protect myself. It's you I'm worried about. You just give your best for your new job in Design Department, alright? Moreover, you have to pretend not to know me when you're in the company. Remember, always watch what you say. Please don't ruin your career because of me. Most importantly, never barge into the President's Office again. Otherwise, the Quaker family will do something awful to you. It's not as simple as losing your job."

Cole looked at Savannah sadly, "We're working in the same company. I can't let the retard bully you like that."

His eyes reddened as he got emotional. "Emmett didn't bully me. We're a lawfully wedded couple. Besides, he's not a retard. Don't ever say that again. Just give your best and get a good girl, Cole. Since you've decided to stay here, you should earn yourself a house and a car as soon as possible, then live a good life with your loved ones," Savannah replied.

"But..."

"You deserve better, Cole." Savannah smiled at him, then continued, "You have to harden your resolve not only for your sake but also for your family's. Think of the reason why you want to stay here in this big city."

Cole's hands are tied. He could do nothing other than giving her some words of encouragement. He was no match for a rich, powerful man like Emmett Quaker.

Cole cast a bitter smile at her. He made a clown of himself when he proposed to fight against the Quakers. "Take care of yourself, Savannah. Let me know if you need my help. I'll try my best to help you."

Savannah finally smiled as she knew he had thought it through. She nodded her head.

"But how are you going to keep yourself safe from harm if you are stuck in the middle of these politics? If things go south, they'll sacrifice you without hesitation." Cole was worried sick about her situation.

"Don't worry. There will be a way out of this," Savannah replied confidently.

Cole nodded. "I believe in you. You'll have your life back soon."

"I hope so. Soon, I'll have a life of freedom with Freddie." Savannah was relieved after clearing things up with Cole. "Well, I have to return to the office now. Don't forget to go through the employee entry procedure."

After saying that, she turned around and headed to the company.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 59 | Am Pregnant

Savannah went back to the office looking perfectly calm and thought it wouldn't raise Emmett's suspicion as she was just going to the washroom.

Besides, she didn't talk for too long with Cole and she had no guilty conscience.

The person who had been tailing Savannah had already sent the video clip of Savannah's chat with Cole to Emmett as though he was broadcasting a live stream.

When Savannah was not around, Emmett was watching the video clip which was like a live stream with bated breath. Fortunately, it was Cole who was reaching out to take Savannah's hand all along and she seemed to be deliberately avoiding any physical contact with Cole.

Emmett was rather pleased with this discovery. Nevertheless, the private investigator was afraid of being discovered so he kept a considerably large distance from them, making the content of their conversation inaudible.

Emmett felt complicated within him. Initially, when his grandmother insisted on arranging a marriage for him, he played along and got married, thinking that he wouldn't develop any feelings for the woman he was married to. He was okay with it as long as his nominal wife was subservient and sensible.

Nevertheless, things were getting out of hand. Not only did he actually have sex with this woman, but recently, he had been experiencing increased emotional fluctuations because of her.

Damn it! Turning off the video clip sent to his phone, he told himself that he shouldn't let it continue in this way. There are more important things for me to do and I can't just let myself be affected by this woman.

When Savannah pushed open the door to the office, she saw Emmett standing in front of her desk, looking at her laptop.

The way he looked was very focused. Anxious, she asked, "What are you looking at?"

He looked up at her and replied, "I'm looking at your design draft. It's not bad and it's a fresh idea. When are you going to get it cut and made?"

“Well, since you’ve seen it and have no issue with it, I’ll come up with the final product as soon as possible.” Seeing that he wasn’t suspecting anything, Savannah let out a breath of relief.

When she found Cole moments before, she had made it very clear to him and she was confident that after this, even if they were in the same company, there should not be any misunderstanding about their relationship anymore.

Emmett asked with a faint smile, “You know how to cut and sew outfits?”

Savannah walked back to her desk and answered confidently, “Of course. Every fashion designer knows how to make apparel from raw materials. Especially those for fashion shows, when they’re newly designed and not mass produced yet, the designers will be cutting and sewing them on their own. During the process, the details will be refined or improvised accordingly. Don’t you know all these?”

Emmett turned around and paced back to his own large desk as he replied with a rather hoarse voice, “I haven’t had the time to study your fashion design industry yet. Well then, you better speed up in completing it and let everyone have a look at your final product.

Savannah glanced around the office and said in an unnerved manner, “It’s not really convenient to make a garment here. I need to select the fabric and find a suitable model. Then, I’ll have to modify it when it’s fitted on the model. Starting from tomorrow, I’ll have to work at the design studio of the company. I should be able to find everything there.”

“No. You can’t move to the Design Department.” Emmett countermanded high-handedly.

Helplessly, Savannah argued, “But how can I make the apparel without going to the studio?”

“What you need is just a spacious and well-equipped studio, isn’t it?” Emmett disregarded her resistance and asked in return.

Savannah could only suppress her anger and answer, “Yes.”

“That’s simple. I can find you one outside. You don’t need to come to the company from tomorrow onward until the final product is completed.” Emmett’s tone was so overbearing that she wasn’t even allowed to refuse.

Accepting the bitter fact, she sat back in her chair and closed her completed draft. In her mind, she was grumbling about how narrow-minded Emmett was because all these hassles were just a result of trying to prevent her from staying in the same department with Cole in the company.

Still and all, it wasn't a bad thing because Cole could take the time to familiarize himself with the environment in Mashion on his own when she wasn't around at the company. Besides, she wouldn't have to worry about Emmett's ridiculous green-eyed monster as well.

Green-eyed? Is he really jealous because of her?

Thinking of that, Savannah couldn't help but turn to look at Emmett, trying to see if she could observe anything unusual with him.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Is my arrangement not good enough? I'm just trying to provide you with a studio free from disturbance and distraction where you can focus on creating your work. You must understand how important this fashion show in Phillere Fashion Week is to our company—"

"Yes, I know." Savannah turned away. All she saw was coldness from his face and his entire body. From within and without, he was all grim and chill to the core. I was thinking too much.

...

The next day, Emmett did find another design studio for her. Everything needed was provided and it met all her requirements in producing apparel.

After sending her to the studio, Emmett went to Mashion himself.

In an earnest manner, she started keeping herself occupied with her work. Taking the stack of fabric samples sent by Emmett as well as the models' details in her hands, she decided to start off by picking the fabric first.

She could not even remember how long she hadn't been making any apparel herself. The first time she made an outfit on her own was in her college days when she learned how to cut and sew from her instructor and the memory of it was still very vivid in her mind.

However, such an opportunity was no longer available to her after that. Even though she had participated in international design competitions when she was in prison, the most she could do was come up with the design drafts but not hands-on producing the final work of her design. She had not even the slightest idea whether the final product of her award-winning work was as aesthetic as the original conception she was trying to convey.

She spent a week in this independent studio and completed two ready-to-wear outfits. Also, she found a suitable female model over to the studio and let her put the clothing on to see if the results were consistent with her design.

Pacing around the model, she asked, “Do you feel it’s too tight around your waist? Should I loosen it a little?”

The gorgeous model slightly bent her waist and laughed, “Keeping it tighter show our shapely figure which is fine. You don’t need to make it too loose.”

Savannah gently smiled and returned, “The apparel I designed doesn’t take the route of showing one’s figure—” Just then, her phone started chiming.

She gestured to the model to take off the first piece of garment and try the other one. Then, she looked at her phone and saw that it was Sydney.

She counted and realized it was the time of the month to visit Freddie again but Sydney would never take the initiative to contact her because of such a matter.

“Hello, what is it?”

“Savannah, you must help me this round!” Sydney’s voice was piercing from the other end and it hurt Savannah’s ear.

She quickly pulled her phone away from her ear and walked out of the studio as she noticed even the model could hear Sydney. When she came out to the open space outside, she asked Sydney, “What’s going on? Is everything alright with Freddie?”

“Your child is perfectly fine.” With that, Sydney continued in sniffles, “But I’m not fine. I’m pregnant and I want to keep this child. If my baby can’t be born, I’ll make it difficult for your son...”

Sydney was blathering and Savannah couldn’t really catch what she said. She was only able to make out something Sydney said about giving Freddie a hard time and that fumed her. “You’re pregnant and you want to give birth to your child, huh? What does that have to do with me and Freddie? That’s your own business. I’m warning you to not involve Freddie all the time or we can all just die together if you make me desperate again!”

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 60 Give Me The Child

“Little one, come, say it!” Sydney seemed to be yanking someone over the phone. “Did you hear that? Your mommy doesn’t even care about you! Now that she’s married to some rich man, she gives no hoot about you anymore.”

“Mommy, this aunt is so fierce. She’s pinching me. Ouch—” From the other end of the phone, Savannah heard Freddie crying in fear.

In a split second, tears welled up in Savannah's eyes and she lashed out, "Sydney, touch my son again and you'll see!"

"Well then, let's see."

Smack! Right in the next second, Freddie was being slapped and he started wailing.

Sydney laughed lightly and started, "I've beaten him. What can you do to me? This is the last time I'm asking you. Are you helping me or not?"

"I'll help you! What exactly do you want me to do?" Savannah's feet turned wobbly as she was greatly frightened. In that instance, she yearned so miserably to run over and be with Freddie.

"Help me become a daughter-in-law of the Quaker family."

Regardless of what Sydney said at that juncture, Savannah would agree. She didn't even ask why Sydney wanted to become part of the Quaker family.

"You're simply agreeing for the sake of agreeing and I can't feel any sincerity. Do you want me to give your son another tight slap?" Sydney squatted down and looked at Freddie who was crying aloud and reached out her hand, ready to hit him again.

"I want Mommy! I want Mommy—" Freddie's shriek came from the other side of the phone again.

Savannah roared at her phone in anger, "Stop it, Sydney! You've conceived Osborn's child and you want to marry him, isn't it? What's so difficult about that? Since you're already pregnant with a Quaker child, you'll definitely be able to marry Osborn."

Upon hearing that, Sydney let go of Freddie and stood up. "That's right. Do you think so as well?"

"How do you want me to help you? Do you want the Quakers to know about this or do you want me to convince Agatha to agree to this marriage?" Savannah tried to soothe Sydney as she walked to the roadside to hail a cab.

Freddie's crying was still coming from over the phone every now and then which made her feel like a cat on a hot tin roof. She had to go to the Avery residence to see that her child was okay with her own eyes.

Sydney started laughing. "You've really become cleverer. You've guessed that Osborn isn't willing to marry me so you're targeting the elders in the Quaker family and make them pressure Osborn into marrying me?"

Osborn was a known womanizer so Savannah supposed that he was only messing around with Sydney. Since Sydney could come up with this idea of taking advantage of her pregnancy to pressure him, the only way this could be achieved was either through Agatha or Osborn's parents.

However, Sydney's move was futile against Osborn because with such a man who had been used to play the field, there must have been accidents with other women.

Therefore, ploys that she could come up with, other women would have definitely thought about them. Nevertheless, the other women would never have the opportunity to meet the elders of the Quaker family and even if they got to meet them, their status would be incompatible with that of Osborn.

"Yes. Let the elderly Quakers know and he'll never be able to shake off his responsibility to you."

Sydney replied, "We're on the same page."

"I'm coming back to the Avery residence now. Give me the report of your pregnancy test and I'll show it to Agatha or Osborn's parents."

"Alright, I'll wait for you at home." Sydney hung up on her and gave Freddie who was still crying a disdainful look as she shouted to the helper impatiently, "Lily, take this kid away, lock him up in the room and leave him there. Let him cry all he wants."

"Yes, Ms. Avery," Lily answered and came to take Freddie away.

Sydney sat on the sofa in the living room and didn't hear the child's crying anymore. That made her feel a lot more serene.

It was around ten o'clock in the morning and all the other members of the Avery family were not around. Sean and Nina had gone to the company early in the morning while Ford was on a business trip to verify a project allocation at the branch office.

She lay back on the sofa and took a short rest. Then, rather weakly, she took out the report of her pregnancy test from her bag.

The result above stated that she was pregnant. However, she wasn't sure about the identity of the child's father.

Anyway, the fact that she was pregnant should never be revealed to Ford. When she went to see Osborn and showed him the report the night before, she didn't expect that he would ask her to get an abortion without any hesitation.

At that moment, there was no difference in the way that Osborn was looking at her compared to how he used to look at those celebrities and models with whom he had fooled around.

She had never been in such a lowly position in front of any men before. In any case, she was from the Avery family. Therefore, she wouldn't listen to Osborn in this matter.

In order to make Osborn realize that she was no ordinary woman, she had to become his wife.

Savannah who was sitting in the cab was exceedingly worried. She couldn't wait to see Freddie and hoped that his pure puny heart and soul wouldn't be hurt anymore. She couldn't bear to endure it even for another day.

I have to bring my child away from all these troubles. This thought in her mind had been growing stronger and firmer by the day.

As soon as she reached the Avery residence, Savannah got out of the car swiftly and entered the residence. When she saw Sydney, she splurged, "I want to see my son! There's nothing to talk about if I don't see him first!"

Sydney raised her chin and looked upstairs. "Lily had brought him upstairs. You know his room. You can go upstairs yourself."

Savannah rushed to the third floor in quick steps and when she reached the narrow door, she pushed it open abruptly and saw Lily carrying Freddie in her arms and was coaxing him.

Freddie wasn't wailing anymore but tears were still trickling down his face as his eyes were closed. "I want Mommy..."

His voice wasn't loud but it was fearful and heart-rending.

"Give me the child." Savannah was greatly distressed.

Lily handed the child over to her and started with a heavy heart, "You need to comfort this child properly." With that, she left the room.

Lily was the helper who had worked for the longest time in the Avery residence. She had been obeying only the orders given by the other Averys and not Savannah. Lily had never taken Savannah who showed up in the Avery family from nowhere seriously.

That was because all the other Averys had never been fond of Savannah as well and they even treated her like the family's helper.

However, since this child was sent over to the Avery residence, Mr. and Ms. Avery had asked her to take care of him. She wasn't a heartless person and as the days went by, there were some changes in her.

She had developed a bond with the adorable and obedient Freddie. To her, he was just like her own grandchild and she couldn't help sympathizing with and feeling sorry for him.

Lily shook her head and could only wish that Freddie would not be locked up there anymore. She then went downstairs to the kitchen.

When he heard Savannah's voice, Freddie knew that he was in his mommy's arms.

He was no longer behaving like he used to in the past when he would pester and plead to leave with Savannah as soon as he saw her. This time, he was only burying his puny face in her arms and tugging firmly at her shirt with his tiny fingers.

Savannah knew very well that she owed this child too much and she uttered sadly, "Freddie, it's fine now. It's all Mommy's fault. Just bear with me a little longer and Mommy will bring you away from here very soon."

Freddie nodded his head in her arms and replied in a hushed voice, "Mommy, I'm a good boy but why is Aunt Sydney treating me so badly?"

"It has nothing to do with you, my child. That aunt has some mental problems. Before Mommy can take you away from here, you must protect yourself and not let anyone hurt you."

Freddie opened his eyes and looked at her perplexedly. It was as though he had understood something but then the way he looked implied otherwise.

Savannah couldn't hold it in anymore and tears streamed down her cheeks. How can I possibly ask a two-year-old child to protect himself? And what difference would it make to tell Freddie all these? I can only blame myself for I've been such a useless mommy.

Freddie reached out his tiny hands to wipe away her tears and, half-grasping what Savannah just said, he replied, "Don't cry, Mommy. I'll protect myself when you're not around and I'll wait for you to come."

The fact that her child was far more sensible than his peers agonized her. Her tears came gushing out uncontrollably and she could only hug Freddie tightly in her arms, saying to him apologetically, "Sorry, Freddie. Mommy's incompetence is the cause of all these. Mommy's to be blamed..."