

Marrying a Dumb Husband chapter 4

After putting on makeup and changing into the outfit Emmett set aside for her, they left the bedroom. When they were going down the stairs, Savannah recalled last night's events. She was aching all over, and her legs were still wobbly. Hence, she couldn't even walk properly. Luckily, Emmett sensed her discomfort in time and wrapped an arm around her waist. Meanwhile, the foolish grin on his lips remained unwavering.

The Quaker residence was still donned with last night's reception decorations. It was obvious that everyone was in a jubilant mood. There was a long table in the lavishly adorned dining room. Emmett's grandmother was seated at one end of the table, her face beaming in delight. There were at least eight relatives flanking her on each side of the table. Savannah was slightly cringing from having to join the formal meal. She had never seen so many people gathered just to have breakfast.

Putting on a meek smile, she greeted her elders warmly. However, the moment she lay her eyes on the delicious spread on the table, her mouth watered while her stomach rumbled in hunger. She gulped down her saliva silently at one corner while waiting to be seated. Just then, Emmett's grandmother, Agatha Wyatt, waved at them.

"My dear Emmett, come. Take a seat beside me." There were two empty seats by her side, obviously saved for the newly-wedded couple.

"Grandma!" yelled Emmett happily. He scampered to Agatha like a child and plopped down on the seat next to her. Savannah trailed behind him and sat down. "Can we eat now?" she inquired. "How rude! You woke up late and forced us to wait for you. Now, you're about to eat ahead of us. Don't you have any manners?" Savannah shot an indifferent glance at one of Emmett's aunts, Clara Hudson, who was reprimanding her sternly. She lowered her head and spoke shyly, "Grandma, Emmett and I... had a

rough night. So we...” Before she could finish, a helper in her fifties came up to Agatha and whispered something in her ear. A delighted smile appeared on Agatha’s face as she gestured towards one of the helpers. “

Now, now. You’re newlyweds, so we understand. Mary, why don’t you prepare some nutritious food for Savannah? She must be tired from last night’s events.” “Mom! How could you be so lenient with her...” Before Clara could finish, her husband, Lincoln Quaker, cut her off. “Shut up. How dare you criticize Emmett’s wife before Mom?” Seeing that her husband was reprimanding her, Clara fell silent and glared at Savannah. Clara had been sharp-tongued for years ever since she married into the Quaker family, so she was upset at how Savannah was dismissed by Agatha that easily. Glaring in return,

Savannah was no easy meat either. Hmph! Don’t think that just because you’re Emmett’s Aunt that I’ll be afraid of you. I’m not! If anyone in the Quaker family dares to go against me, I’ll be sure to retaliate boldly! “Alright now. Let’s eat,” announced Agatha. “My dearest grandson is married, and I’m so thrilled!” During breakfast, the Quakers congratulated the newlyweds warmly according to Agatha’s wishes. After greeting the relatives who were obviously masking their actual emotions, Savannah was certain they were no pushovers. Before she got married to Emmett, Sean had explained the

Quaker family’s history to her in detail. Nonetheless, their family was too dramatic and complicated to comprehend with just mere words. Emmett’s mother was already dead. Since he was intellectually disabled, his father cast him aside. Hence, he didn’t have any actual authority in the Quaker family. Luckily, Agatha didn’t mind the fact that he was mentally challenged. She adored him a lot, so everyone still respected him in the household. Unfortunately, Agatha’s health was declining

rapidly these few years. Thus, she could not protect him forever. Hmm, Emmett's life here seems miserable. Sometimes I feel like... we share the same fate, although we grew up in different families. As they locked gazes, Emmett shot her a silly grin.

As Emmett didn't even bother using utensils and was stuffing a sandwich into his mouth bluntly, she put on a concerned front and took his plate from him. "Emmett, let me help you. You don't want to stain your clothes, do you?" Hearing that, Emmett immediately clapped his hands and said, "Sure! Honey, feed me!" "Open your mouth," said Savannah as she cut

his sandwich into tiny pieces before feeding him carefully. Looking at the two "love-birds," Agatha sighed and nodded in satisfaction. This previously unknown daughter of the Avery family, who had just returned from abroad, is, no doubt, a perfect match for my dear grandson. After breakfast, Agatha told everyone to stay back as she had an announcement to make. It turned out that she was going to hand a fashion company under her name to Emmett as a wedding gift. At once, a heavy cloud of silence hung in the air and filled the entire room. Emmett, however, was blissfully ignorant and clapping like the fool he was.

Or so it seemed to the rest of the Quakers. As Savannah was his wife, she was about to thank Agatha when a young lady around her age rose to her feet. The young lady, Brooklyn Quaker, was clad in a fashionable outfit from a luxury brand. Her short hair hung in curls around her oval face, making her look both lively and professional. Right now, she was complaining in front of the whole Quaker family, "Grandma, I've been running Mashion all this while. How could you hand it to this retard?" "Who are you calling a retard?" Savannah jumped out of her seat immediately –

like the good and obedient wife she was. After realizing Emmett was just pretending, Savannah knew she had to please him in order to survive in the Quaker family. To gain his trust, she had to stand out and defend him when someone was bullying him. "I won't allow you to criticize Emmett. Apologize to him, now!"

she glared at Brooklyn angrily. However, Brooklyn shot her a disdainful look. "Just who do you think you are? Everyone knows that the Avery family sacrificed you in order to establish connections with our family. They can't bear to part with their own daughter, so they got a bastard like you to take her place. The person you're sold to is nothing but a retard!" Unwilling to back down, Savannah retorted without hesitation. "It doesn't matter who I used to be.

I'm now a Quaker, your sister-in-law, and Emmett is your cousin. As a Quaker, how could you say such a thing? Shame on you!" "Tsk-tsk... Uncle Lincoln and Aunt Clara, is this how you teach your daughter?" Savannah turned around and glanced at Lincoln and Clara with a faux surprised look on her face.