

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 46

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 46 I Did Nothing Wrong

Savannah was about to explain herself because she thought Agatha wanted her to kneel, but soon she realized that Agatha was glaring at Clara instead.

Clara widened her eyes unbelievably and pointed at herself, asking, "You want me to kneel, Mom? I'm not the one who embarrassed the whole family!"

"Kneel." Agatha's expression remained, but her voice became much sterner.

Clara eyed Savannah angrily. Reluctant to kneel before Savannah and Emmett who were younger than her, she retorted, "Why should I kneel? I didn't do anything wrong!"

"Fetch me the financial statement for Mashion in my room," Agatha ordered Mary who had just returned to the dining room.

Clara broke into cold sweat upon hearing that while Madelyn stood aside and watched the drama unfold quietly. After all, she was only here to join the fun and had nothing to do with it.

Savannah was puzzled as well. Wasn't she going to be attacked because of that video?

Why does Agatha reprimand Clara instead?

Agatha calmed down and smiled. "You're just in time, Clara. I will have invited you to come over even if you don't show up today. If you still refuse to kneel, I doubt that Brooklyn's punishment will be as simple."

"What's wrong with you, Mom? Savannah has only been your granddaughter-in-law for a few days whereas I have been your daughter-in-law for decades. How can you trust an outsider instead of Brooklyn and me? What have we done?" Clara faked innocence and hoped that Agatha was only scaring her.

When Mary handed a file to Agatha, the latter tossed it to Clara and spat, "See for yourself. What has Brooklyn done when I left the company in her hand?"

Turning pale, Clara's knees gave way the moment she saw the numbers on the financial statement which were highlighted with red markers.

"Forging financial statements, cutting costs on materials, stealing designs, and selling counterfeits to low-end markets! What the hell are you thinking? Are you planning to

destroy Mashion for your own wealth? The numbers on this statement are enough to sentence Brooklyn to jail for a good ten years.” Agatha didn’t mince her words.

By the time Agatha finished, Clara was already kneeling and hanging her head low. “This isn’t true, Mom! It must be somebody scheming to frame Brooklyn. She will never do such horrible things, please investigate it thoroughly!”

“I know Brooklyn isn’t capable of doing such things,” Agatha said, “How will she know such deceitful actions when she’s just a fresh graduate? Do you really think I’m unaware that you’re the one behind this?”

Clara sobbed undignifiedly for she had never imagined that things would turn out this way.

In fact, Clara and Brooklyn were the ones who instructed Maisie to get Savannah into trouble because they were jealous of her.

They even sent someone to follow Maisie and report to them, but Maisie turned out to be a disappointment because she made her peace with Savannah after talking to her briefly. In the end, Maisie was escorted out by Mashion’s security guard.

Luckily for Clara and Brooklyn, they managed to get a video from the stalker they sent. After discussing their plan last night, they got someone to post the video online and hired a group of internet trolls to spread the video to tarnish Savannah’s reputation. All that work was to make Agatha lose her trust in Savannah so that they can gain control of the company again.

The video went viral a few hours after it was posted in the morning.

However, Clara had to visit Agatha personally to show her the video because she didn’t use any apps on the phone. Also, Agatha hardly used her phone other than to call someone else.

As soon as Clara told Madelyn about the video when she bumped into her on the way to Agatha in the main house, the latter started to badmouth Savannah too.

Hence, both of them came to the dining room in hopes of witnessing Agatha’s disappointment in Savannah. To Clara’s dismay, she was reprimanded in the end.

As Clara realized that her plans backfired, she admitted, “I was wrong, Mom. Please forgive me and don’t call the police, I won’t do it again...”

Glaring at Clara angrily, Agatha scoffed, “You are incapable of doing anything else other than causing a ruckus ever since you married Lincoln! Thanks to you, my son has achieved nothing in life! How dare you ask for my forgiveness?”

Sprawling before Agatha and clutching her leg, Clara begged, "Please, Mom. We're family after all. What will happen to Lincoln and Brooklyn if something happens to me? Our family needs me!"

"Well, I won't pursue the matter if you return all the money you acquired from Mashion through illegal means," Agatha said.

Savannah was amazed by Agatha's ability to get the problematic financial statement because she was only discussing the handling of accounts with Javon yesterday.

Stealing a glance at Emmett, Savannah realized that he had probably known about it because he didn't seem surprised at all.

Clara gritted her teeth and said, "Okay, we'll return it, but some of the money was used by Lincoln on investments. We may not be able to return it at once."

"How much can you return?" Agatha didn't intend to let her off easily.

Clara counted, then replied, "I can only return two million."

Agatha didn't say a word. Glancing at the financial statement, Madelyn asked sarcastically, "Only two million? I don't believe that's all you can manage to return. No wonder you have so many luxury handbags and jewelry. I initially thought that Lincoln hit the jackpot, but now it's clear that the money came from Mom's company!"

"What do you mean?" Clara glared at Madelyn angrily because they made an agreement that Madelyn would help Clara.

However, Clara was betrayed by Madelyn before Savannah even said anything.

Madelyn didn't expect Clara's plan to embarrass Savannah backfired either, but she was jealous of Clara and Brooklyn who benefitted from Mashion.

Even though Madelyn's husband was in charge of Quaker Corporation, Madelyn didn't get much from it. How was she supposed to feel good when she found out that Clara had been stealing so much from the company?

"We may be family, but we have our own problems to settle. If everyone in our family blurs the line between work and personal matters like you, it's only a matter of time till Quaker Corporation goes bankrupt," Madelyn snapped.

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Carrying on with Madelyn's words, Agatha turned to Clara and said, "Do you hear that? Even Madelyn knows it is wrong to mix personal and business matters. Learn from her! I don't care how you do it, but you must return five million to the company first. As for the rest, you can return them afterward. Am I clear?"

"I understand." Seeing that Madelyn switched sides, Clara dared not defy Agatha anymore because the old lady might really call the police.

Clara would never allow Brooklyn to have a criminal record. Even if she wanted to take the blame for her daughter, it was highly unlikely for Brooklyn to escape punishment as she was in charge of Mashion.

Exhausted, Agatha rubbed her forehead and sighed, "I'm done with this. Just leave, I want to go back to my room and rest."

Clara struggled to get up from the floor. After agreeing to Agatha obediently, she was about to retreat when Madelyn began, "Mom, I believe that Savannah is framed. Someone must have done this purposely, but besides her reputation, our family's reputation is also at stake. Savannah is too young to deal with this and prevent people from taking advantage of her. Shall I ask Logan to think of a way to end this mess?"

"Yes, tell Logan to have his employees delete this video. We can't have it online any longer," Agatha concluded.

To Savannah, Madelyn sounded like she was indirectly telling Agatha that it was her fault for tarnishing her own reputation and humiliating the Quakers.

How could Madelyn criticize her for not having the ability to settle problems when she didn't do anything wrong in the first place? Angry, Savannah tried to defend herself, "Grandma, it's not like that..."

Suddenly, Agatha yelled, "I don't want to hear any excuses! Go and kneel outside."

Madelyn smirked at Savannah. If she had learnt anything after all those years of being Agatha's daughter-in-law, it was that Agatha valued her dignity and her family's reputation the most.

Agatha would definitely be mad at Savannah regardless of whether she was framed and embarrassed publicly through a video.

"Alright, I'll call Logan right away." Turning to Savannah, Madelyn continued, "What are you waiting for? Shouldn't you be kneeling outside now? It's for your own good, and you may learn a thing or two from it."

Savannah stared right into Madelyn's eyes. With Madelyn fanning the flames, Savannah might not be able to survive in the Quaker family if she were to lose Agatha's support.

At the moment, Mary crept toward Savannah and tugged at her arm. "I'll lead you out, Mrs. Quaker." Then, she gave her a little wink.

Savannah was still confused about Mary and Agatha's attitude, but she gave in eventually and followed Mary out. After that, she knelt on a marble slate that Mary pointed to her.

Having heard the commotion, Clara, who had already left the dining room, turned around to have a look. Upon seeing Savannah being punished, she felt much better and gave a mocking smile in Savannah's direction.

As for Madelyn, she walked past Savannah with a smug look on her face while marveling at her own ability to get Savannah into trouble. Compared to Clara, who had totally forgotten about scheming against Savannah after Agatha discovered her lies, Madelyn would never let such a good chance to sabotage Savannah's relationship with Agatha slip off.

Knowing Clara and Madelyn's true intentions, Agatha's headache worsened again. As she rubbed her forehead again, Mary scurried forward to massage her.

Emmett was standing by the door. As he watched the two women leave, he clenched his fists secretly and glanced at Savannah. Then, he turned to Agatha and put on his innocent look again. "What did my wife do, Grandma? Please let her off, kneeling is bad for the knees..."

Agatha waved dismissively and said, "Leave this to me, Emmett. Go back to your room."

"Grandma!" Emmett shrieked like a child.

That almost did the trick, but Agatha stood up and held Emmett's hand. "I know you can't bear for your wife to suffer, but she has to learn from her mistakes. Your father is a living example. Women cannot be spoiled."

Emmett pretended that he didn't understand a word. "What do you mean, Grandma? Didn't you tell me that wives are meant to be kissed?"

Agatha and Mary chuckled upon hearing that. Blushing and covering her mouth, Mary whispered, "You can only tell this to Old Mrs. Quaker, Mr. Quaker. You can't say this out loud when you're outside, okay? It's inappropriate."

"Okay," Emmett murmured.

After a hearty laugh, Agatha sighed, "Why can't I lead on my life peacefully? Lucky for your cousin Nolan for investigating thoroughly on the company accounts, or else Savannah's punishment wouldn't be as simple as kneeling. Do you understand?"

Emmett frowned. "I don't understand, Grandma. What was the thing that Nolan asked me to give you yesterday?"

"Forget about it, Emmett. It's best if you don't know about it. Just leave the rest to me and go back to your room. I'm tired, so I'm going back to my room too. Let Savannah kneel for a while and rethink her mistakes for not being careful enough." After letting go of Emmett's hand and patting his shoulder, Agatha went upstairs to her room with Mary's help.

Emmett's expression changed instantly. However, his emotions couldn't be read. After glancing at Savannah, who was still kneeling outside the door and staring at the marble slate with her head hung low, he suddenly turned around and went upstairs.

Why should I feel pity for her? She should have avoided the trouble and called the security guards yesterday. It's her own fault for being framed because she talked to the woman.

Grandma is right. She should reflect on her own mistakes and stop being sympathetic to others easily. It'll be a wonder if she doesn't get into trouble because of this, so she might as well get punished.

After Emmett went back to his room, he turned on his laptop and started dealing with his work. However, the documents that Nolan sent him kept slipping from his mind because his thoughts were occupied.

Agatha's demand for Clara and Brooklyn to return the money that they stole from the company was actually a light punishment. If not for Emmett instructing Nolan to keep an eye on Mashion, it would have been swept clean by them. The company, which was founded by Emmett's mother painstakingly, would have been gone forever.

When Emmett saw Savannah being pestered by Maisie yesterday, he knew that Clara was behind it and up to something.

He wanted badly to report Clara and Brooklyn to the cops, present the evidence of their illegal activities, and send them to jail for good, but it was not the right time to do that yet.

Clenching his fists under the table, Emmett convinced himself to wait until revealing the truth about their family's past. He swore to find out the truth and catch everyone who was behind his mother and the Bardsleys' downfall.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 48 Lucky You

When he thought about this, he gravitated towards the window and pushed them open. The scorching heat of the sun's rays hammered down ferociously upon the entirety of the garden. That little patch in front of the entrance to the house, too, was not spared its wrath.

Savannah was no fool. Even as she remained on her knees, she shuffled her position and inched herself toward whatever shade she could find. As the light crept menacingly onto the marble flooring beneath her and slowly snuffed out whatever room she had, she not only had to contend with the pain on her kneecaps but also worry about how not to be baked into stockfish.

Although Emmett was upfront about the woman having it coming to her, he reckoned that Agatha would have forgotten all about this by the time she awoke from her afternoon nap. He expected that the matron might not likely pursue the matter further.

He thought about going down to get Savannah to stop, only to spot Mary coming out of the house. She spoke briefly to Savannah before the kneeling woman got back onto her feet.

The moment Emmett ascertained that she was alright, he swiftly closed the windows, returned to his laptop, and began to work in earnest.

Savannah rubbed her knees when she set herself upright and trudged back into the house with Mary's help.

What Mary told her was, "Old Mrs. Quaker doesn't want to appear overprotective of you, Mrs. Quaker, as she feared that it might further raise the ire of the two against you."

Savannah had figured as much while she knelt as to why Agatha had listened to Madelyn's insidious recommendation.

Agatha was too discerning to be swayed easily by that woman's words.

The old matron punished Savannah out of consideration of the stepmother's seniority in the household, and also in the hope that it might somehow alleviate tensions between Clara, Madelyn, and the younger woman herself.

"I understand, Mary. It was my own naivety for falling prey to opportunists. Old Mrs. Quaker had to handle the situation as best as she could."

Mary's lips lifted into a smile. "I'm so glad to hear that. Hang on, let me get you an ice pack to put on it."

“Alright, thank you Mary.”

Even with the aid of the handrails, Savannah struggled with every step up the stairs as she waited on the helper.

Although she had not been down there for too long, her pain was compounded by the abrasion on her knees suffered yesterday from Emmett’s madness. As it had not healed, her stint on the cold and hard marble only made it worse.

Emmett had neither a look nor a word to spare as he continued to be immersed in his work when she limped onto the room.

She sat herself down before she rolled up her pants. Contact with the sapping coldness had her scrunch her face and grit her teeth as she massaged the ice-pack against her sore patellas.

Emmett turned to regard her out of the blue. “Is it swollen?”

“Yeah. The flooring outside was hard.” Her reply was halfhearted.

The man then left his seat, approached, and snatched the ice-pack out of her hand. “That’s not how you do it. Sit, and extend your legs fully. Stop massaging them!”

She lifted her head toward him. “I can do this without help.”

“Don’t make me repeat myself,” Emmett said before he bent down and elevated her feet onto a chair.

The woman asked warily, “What are you trying to do?”

“Keep still.” She was forced to straighten out her legs before he properly positioned the ice-pack on the tender parts of her knee caps. “Keep it there until the swelling subsides. You should only rub it when applying the ointment afterward.”

Savannah stiffened up in that L-shaped posture. “Okay, got it.”

Once satisfied with her compliance, he went back to his laptop and resumed his task.

The woman got bored after a while. “How did Old Mrs. Quaker come into that set of financial statements? Were you in possession of them long before?”

“Since it was mentioned to Javon when you went down to the office yesterday, I suppose she must have gotten it from him,” he replied staidly.

“Surely Mr. Watts can’t be that efficient, could he? I’m sure you must be in the know about all this...” Then the ringing of her cellphone cut her short.

The call was from Sydney. Savannah paused briefly at the screen before she rejected it.

She could not field the call with Emmett inside the room. When her thoughts went back to how intimately Sydney and Osborn behaved outside the club last night, she felt Sydney's goals for facilitating her entry into the Quakers cannot be that simple.

In college, Sydney used her against the lecturer. That had Savannah thinking whether she had similar plans for her with Osborn.

Recollection of fragments of the past sent shivers down her spine.

Lost in her own world, she was unaware of when Emmett's staring started. "Why won't you pick it up? Who was that?"

Savannah eked out a smile. "Telemarketers."

Emmett grunted before he got up. "Give that here. I'll put some fresh ice in it and bring the ointment up."

And so the ice-pack was passed along. "Okay, thank you."

Savannah immediately dialed on the missed call the moment Emmett was out of sight. "Speak quickly, while Emmett's not here."

"Fancy you two being glued to each other even during the day. Look like that simpleton got a lot going for him down there. Lucky you, girl." Sydney seemed to favor using that scornful tone with her.

She did not want to bicker with the woman as Emmett could step back in at any time. "Quit blabbering. How's Freddie?"

"He couldn't be better. I got him a dozen new outfits, a haircut, and some toys, just like I promised. What's the deal with you getting into that mess that's now all over the internet? Dad wants you to know that if you were to get yourself tossed from the Quakers, you can forget seeing your boy ever again!"

"Rest assured that I'll be fine as Old Mrs. Quaker's a very reasonable person. They'll have someone get rid of that footage pretty soon."

"Good to know. I'll pass that along to Dad." Sydney thought for a while before she continued, "One more thing. Do you get to see the retard's brother every day at the Quaker residence?"

Savannah's heart skipped a beat. "Only once so far, since the house is pretty huge. As I stay with Old Mrs. Quaker, I hardly run into any other member of the family. Why do you ask?"

She pretended not to know about the funny business between Sydney and Osborn.

Sydney, too, tried to play it cool. "It's nothing, really. If you don't mind, help keep an eye out and let me know first time if you see any woman hovering around Osborn."

"Got it." Savannah pulled the phone away from her ear and pressed down hard to end the call. She knew Sydney meant to piggyback on her to snare Osborn and weasel her way into the Quakers.

Unbeknownst to her, Emmett was outside the door and listening in.

He was contemplative as he made his way down the steps, and wondered if she was on the line with that chap Cole Christensen.

It sounded like they were up to something. The mention of the name Freddie seemed to have gotten her quite agitated as well.

That was likely a child's name. Could she and that man already have a kid together?

The ice had melted completely inside while the ice pack sat in his hands.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 49 Two Become One

Life after marriage only seemed to regain some semblance of normalcy for Savannah over the next few days.

Emmett had not been troubling her. Neither had he attempted to touch her. He packed her off to spend her nights on the couch away from his bed, citing that her injuries were mostly recovered.

They continued to act lovingly in front of Agatha every day, and would set off for Mashion together in the mornings.

But once the door to the President's Office was closed, they basically ignored each other as they variously busied themselves.

Apart from managing Mashion, Emmett seemed quite preoccupied.

Savannah had spent some time to observe how he worked from the moment they stepped in until everyone else had left. Day in, day out. Like his work was never finished.

For her, she had a small desk by the side where she mulled over how to come up with a series of designs that would take the upcoming Phillere Fashion Week by storm.

It was just as well for Savannah. Getting on with their own business by day, and putting on a masquerade for Agatha by night. And staying out of each other's way in-between.

She was quite content to crash on the couch, with Emmett taking no interest whatsoever in her. That was precisely the sort of life she envisioned for her marital life with the Quaker family.

On this particular day when they arrived at work though, Emmett left with Nolan shortly after. It seemed like they had a matter of urgency that needed to be attended to.

Savannah was still dissatisfied with her own efforts despite having spent the entire day at the drawing board. That was when the extension in the office came through.

It was from the front desk. "There's a unscheduled visit from a woman, Mrs. Quaker. Would you like to see her?"

"What's her name?"

The voice from the front desk checked back in shortly. "Maisie Graeme. She said you've met."

Savannah was astounded to hear that Glenn Zimmermann's wife had come around.

She initially considered turning her away but thought the better of it. "Send her in, but ask her to leave her stuff at the front desk before she comes up to the office."

"Understood, Ma'am."

After the receiver was placed back down, Savannah recalled the lessons she learned from the previous two occasions. She just wanted to hear the woman out and without incident.

It did not take long before she heard knocks upon the door.

"Please come in." Maisie entered with the secretary at the lead.

Savannah sent the secretary away to prepare some tea. "Were you aware that someone was by the side filming the last time?"

Maisie responded quickly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Quaker. I had no idea who were the ones observing us. Thank you for letting me off, and not pursuing murder charges against my husband."

Savannah was surprised that Emmett did not press more serious charges against Glenn, as she thought they were beyond her ability to help.

“In that case, you’ve already gotten what you wanted. What else can I do for you?”

“Please rest assured that I’m not here for trouble, nor at anyone’s behest.” Maisie’s reply sounded sincere.

Savannah acknowledged that under her breath and waited to hear what else the woman had to say.

The other woman then cut to the chase. “Previously, you mentioned that you could have a look at the backlog at my husband’s factory to see if its quality meets your expectations. Would Mashion honor our agreement and accept them if they do?”

Savannah nodded as that was what she had in mind. Even though she had not run this by Emmett yet, she felt that it was feasible.

It occurred to her that both Glenn and Maisie were merely pawns to Clara and her daughter. She supposed that the latter’s reasons for rejecting the stock must have more to do with thwarting Emmett than over actual concerns about the quality of the merchandise itself.

If Emmett and herself were to follow through on the agreement, it would not only resolve Zimmermann’s woes, and may also alleviate their anger. That made perfect sense to her.

Maisie broke out a smile upon seeing her response. “That’s great news. Thank you, Mrs. Quaker. I could take you over to the warehouse to inspect the goods right now if you like.”

Savannah closed up the sketchbook in her hands. Since she had not much else to do for the day, she thought she might as well head over with Maisie. It may be a good idea to have a few samples on hand to show Emmett at night so that he might be able to come to a decision on this issue.

“Alright, I’m available.”

The other woman was all smiles when she got up on her feet. “Then, shall we?”

After she picked up her bag, Savannah informed Emmett’s secretary and left the office ten minutes earlier than usual.

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Nolan was positively jubilant when Emmett and himself stepped out of the meeting with an important client.

He was buzzing about finally being able to bag this major deal for AX Group with the partner which had been holding out on them on the pricing.

Not only had their counterpart not haggled when Emmett's rewritten proposal was tabled, they had also yielded two conditions before they committed pen to paper. That was an unexpected and welcome outcome as far as he was concerned.

"That was absolutely brilliant, Mr. Quaker. How did you even come up with something like that?"

Emmett was conversely philosophical about the whole affair. "They were not fretting before because they could look to foreign companies should the deal with us were to fall through. When I took that option away, not only must they back down, they have to yield some margins to keep us in the fold. It is as obvious to them as it is to me that their sunken cost would prove far more costly should they fail to secure this project, which is what will definitely happen without us."

"That's very well-considered." Nolan was a simple man, so much so that he was a little lost just sitting through this lengthy explanation. "Nonetheless, I've done as you suggested and held them with my presence. Haha. I did well back there, didn't I?"

Emmett rolled his eyes. "You're a natural performer. Better quit squandering your talent around me and get yourself an agent."

"You're just teasing me. I'd probably only get to play some random old timer at my age. Would you spare me if I stop praising myself from now on?" Nolan shrunk as he pretended to grovel for clemency.

"Enough of that!" Emmett said as they walked back to the car. "Have you got what I've asked for?"

Nolan nodded as he unlocked the car remotely. "The newly released limited edition is hard as hell to get a hold of. It's worse when you are picky about the color. I've finally managed to acquire one through a few close contacts, and with the inscription that you've asked for. It's inside. Check it out for yourself."

The other man eagerly opened the door and entered. Right next to him on the backseat was that brand new pink-colored laptop.

He opened up the packaging for a closer look. At the back of the chassis was the inscription "Two Become One" and the date beneath it. His uplifted spirit showed on his face.

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Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 50 You Have Been Enlightened

Nolan caught a glimpse of Emmett's expression as he drove. "Who's that for? I assume that it must be for Mrs. Quaker? I'm sure she would love the color, they all do."

Emmett cleared his throat. "You're a mouthy one, aren't you." In reality, he was a little uncertain as to how he might be able to get this to her.

The other man clammed up and turned his attention back to the wheel.

This was when Emmett asked, "Have you ever given a woman a present?"

"Yeah, sure did. Had never failed to woo any girl or woman who has ever received presents from me." Nolan said with a certain pride.

"Then why aren't you married yet?" Emmett asked.

Nolan had not seriously pondered this question. "Marriage? Nah. It's so much better being single. No reason to lose the forest by getting hung up on one tree."

"Scumbag." Emmett did not hold back on him on that.

Nolan went on nonchalantly. "You're surprisingly old-fashioned for someone younger than myself. I guess that must have been the influence of Old Mrs. Quaker. Times have changed, Mr. Quaker. Even women out there are more easygoing than us guys."

"Oh." The man in the rear seat did not sound too impressed. "Do girls who did stuff before marriage usually dated many men before?"

"For sure. How would you know if the other person is a good fit if you didn't? It would be terrible to end up throwing one's lot in with someone who wasn't right," Nolan replied with some conviction.

Emmett looked outside. "Could one not divorce after that?"

"True. My dear Mr. Quaker, you have been enlightened," Nolan quipped.

Emmett tossed the pink-colored laptop to the side and fell into silence.

He started to brood. In Nolan's mind, it was a mystery why this younger man liked to brood so much. He imagined how bored women must be with the latter.

He reckoned that Agatha's arranged marriage for her grandson must be a source of woe for the young fella.

In consideration of his own position as a relative, Nolan bit the bullet. "Actually, it's pretty normal for husbands and wives to present gifts to each other. You could just straight up pass it along to her when you get home..."

"Whoever said that this is for her?" Emmett replied flatly.

"If you don't want to lose your sense of dominance in front of her, sure. Could do it in Mashion's office. Just tell her the company wants to gift her this so she would be able to work more efficiently on her designs."

Emmett's brows perked up at this suggestion. "How is it that I don't see you having these many ideas before? If you would just direct more of your energies toward AX Group's development, I'm sure we'll be doing much better."

"Oh, yeah." He preferred to avoid the complications of office politics. Life was much easier being a follower.

Emmett eyed the laptop beside him and decided how he wanted to get it into her hands.

With his eyes closed, he recalled how she looked at him when her worn-out second-hand laptop cracked beneath his feet. How she must have hated him for destroying her most prized possession.

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Savannah and Maisie had the chauffeur wait outside when they arrived on the outskirts of the economic development zone.

The two of them then entered Glenn's factory. Its three production lines were bereft of activity, with nary a soul around.

Maisie led the other woman around the back and to the warehouse. "It's only my second trip here as I was devoted to taking care of things at home, so I haven't really been to the factory that he managed. It was only when I visited for the first time two days ago that I've learned about the state of the place that had him so worried. I suppose I must have neglected him with all my attention being placed on the children."

Savannah was able to empathize. "It's not easy to be a full-time housewife. Taking care of children is by no means an easy job in itself. How old are yours?"

"You got that right. Have you any of your own?"

Savannah shook her head immediately. "Not yet." The mention of children had her aching for little Freddie.

"We have two. One's twelve and the younger one's three." Maisie brightened up as she must have thought of how adorable her children were.

Even without seeing the stock, Savannah was already determined to find a way to help her distribute them in the hope that the woman's family might be able to recoup some funds even if the factory were to fold.

"It must be really stressful to raise two kids."

Maisie cast a bitter smile at her. "It's right up ahead."

Savannah approached to give the woman a hand as it seemed the latter was not too familiar with the operation of the warehouse's door.

When the lights came on, she saw rows upon rows of mobile racks lined with clothing of various makes, backed by countless stacks of large cardboard boxes, which she assumed to be the unsold stock.

She walked up to the racks to browse through the pieces on display and found a thin veil of dust nestled upon them and between her fingers.

As she picked up one of them to have a closer look, something got her thinking. "These are the latest designs released by international labels this year and affixed with their tags as well. Is your factory authorized to supply them?"

Maisie smiled awkwardly by the side. "That, I'm not too sure. I've been kept busy enough by the kids to pay too much attention to these brand goods."

"Oh, I see." That made certain sense at first, but as Savannah saw more of the rest of the sample products that featured different major labels within the same facility. That roused her suspicion.

What exactly was Glenn's factory producing all this time?

She then recalled the tongue-lashing Agatha gave Clara the other day about the inside job she pulled, privately profiteering from manufacturing counterfeit goods to market under Mashion's brand to cater to lower-end consumers.

"This isn't right, Maisie. Your husband had been producing these fake branded apparel all this while..." As she looked up toward the other woman, she found herself surrounded by a few individuals donning the factory's worker uniform.

“Looks like you are quite informed. Not some simple trophy wife, are you,” Maisie said with a chuckle.

The alarms went off in Savannah’s head. “What’s this? What do you want?”