

## Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 61

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 61 | Am Her Husband

Coming out of Mashion, Emmett specifically asked Nolan to send him to Savannah's studio.

Other than Savannah, only he knew the password of the studio's door.

In fact, he brought this studio at a high price. He had seen Savannah's award-winning works and the collections she recently designed which were still in progress. He was confident in her talent.

Considering that, other than letting her design and produce the apparel this time, it was highly possible that there would still be other opportunities to let her continue working on fashion designing, he decided to purchase this studio exclusively for her use.

The studio was left by a fashion designer who designed clothing for films and television series. At that juncture, this senior designer happened to be planning to move abroad to stay with his daughter for his retirement. Hence, everything in the studio was ready for use and that would work perfectly for Savannah.

As Emmett stepped into the studio, he glanced around but couldn't find Savannah. There was only a female model tilting her head and lifting her hair in front of the mirror, posing as she tried the clothes on. That put a frown on Emmett's face.

"Where is she?"

The model who had been posing turned around. Here comes a male model?

Whoa! It was her first time seeing such a good-looking model.

She didn't answer Emmett but continue staring at him. This model is not only insanely handsome but also has a uniquely noble temperament. Despite that, his comportment is aloof and distant as though there's a chilly air wafting from him which keeps everyone at a distance.

Even so, she plucked up her courage and walked over to him. Placing her hand on Emmett's shoulder, she started, "Hey, handsome, the designer has left possibly because of something urgent."

Emmett totally ignored the pretty woman in front of him and jerked her hand from his shoulder. He sat directly on Savannah's desk and saw the messy half-cut fabrics, scissors, needles, and threads scattering all over.

It seems like this model was right. She left in a hurry.

Again, the model walked over to him persistently as she laughed and said, "The designer even told me just now that we'll only be testing two women's attires today as the menswear isn't ready yet. Who knows she's hired such a charming male model?"

"I'm her husband." Emmett had to suppress his repulse at the woman to utter the few words.

Surprised, the model instantly became envious of Savannah and replied rather sheepishly, "I'm sorry. Your extremely fine figure and gorgeous face had me thinking that you're working as a model like me."

With that, she returned to observing the clothing in front of the mirror. When is this designer coming back? Nothing can beat the awkwardness and boredom of being in the same room with the designer's husband.

Emmett couldn't figure out what kind of emergency would prompt Savannah to leave the studio, the model, and her work in such haste either.

"Did she say anything to you when she left?"

Seeing as the aloof gorgeous man had taken the initiative to talk to her, the model answered, "She didn't say anything but only asked me to put on the second outfit. It was after receiving a call that she went out. Aren't you her husband? You can call her and ask when she'll be coming back. I'm okay with it anyway since a fit model bills by the hour. I have nothing to lose but you will incur unnecessary costs..."

"You change back to your own clothes and leave now." Emmett didn't really care to pay more model fees but this model was particularly mouthy and noisy.

Nonetheless, the model didn't see it that way. This handsome is so penny-pinching and even more money-minded than the designer. With a flirtatious smile, she trod over to where Emmett was sitting and deliberately bent down with both her hands on the desk, exposing her undulating cleavage in front of Emmett, and blinked. "Well, then I'll just change here?"

"Suit yourself. I don't mind watching a free show." Emmett was still paying zero attention to her.

The model felt that she had finally seen what a saint look like with her own eyes. She straightened her body and said, "I'm just kidding, handsome." Then, she turned around and took her own clothes to the changing room. Regardless of how attractive this stunning man looks, I can't strip myself for nothing. That'll make me completely worthless.

Emmett rested his chin on his hand and was getting a little worried. He wanted to call Savannah but he didn't know her number because he had never asked and never thought that he would need it one day.

He made a call to Nolan instead. "Hey, send me the contact number of Savannah."

Nolan was a little baffled so he asked, "She's not at the studio?"

"Duh." Emmett ended the call and waited for Nolan to send him Savannah's number.

Meanwhile, Nolan was also dumbfounded. Neither had he saved Savannah's number.

Why would I save Savannah's number? She's not close to me. And who would have thought this dude would ask me for his own wife's number?

Oh please. He had no choice but to quickly asked the private investigator who had probed Savannah for her number. Very soon, the private investigator sent Savannah's number to him and he quickly forwarded it over to Emmett.

In addition to that, the private investigator told him that Savannah was currently at the Avery residence.

Hence, Nolan forwarded the message to Emmett as well so that he could decide for himself whether to give Savannah a call or go to the Avery residence directly.

Emmett looked at the series of numbers together with the location of Savannah that he received from Nolan after a full ten minutes and was trying to come to a decision.

Never had he felt so irresolute even when he had to deal with some of the biggest projects in the past. Fortunately, Savannah wasn't going on a date with Cole.

He knew that she didn't like the Avery family. Other than returning once to the Avery residence after their marriage, she had never mentioned her family or anything about going back to the Avery residence. Hence, since she was rushing back so hurriedly out of the blue, could it be that something serious has happened with the Avery family?

He entered Savannah's number but only to save it in his contact list. He didn't press the green calling icon.

Eventually, he decided to go to the Avery residence and wait for her at the entrance. Coming out of the studio, he locked the door properly, got back in the car, and asked Nolan to send him to the Avery residence.

Nolan parked the car by the roadside at the entrance of the Avery residence and waited in the car together with Emmett.

Emmett had been to the Avery residence once and he didn't feel good about the Averys either. Thus, he didn't want to see any of the Averys again.

Nolan was really anxious for him because he obviously cared about Savannah but he never showed even a wee bit of it all. What's the use of him paying such quiet attention to her all the time?

## **Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 62**

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 62 Mister Quaker Will Reach The Battlefield In No More Than Five Seconds

After seeing Freddie, making sure that he was fine, and watching him fall asleep, Savannah came down from the third floor.

Seeing that Savannah had come downstairs, Sydney smiled and said, "You can stop worrying now. It's almost lunchtime, why don't you stay and have lunch with me?"

"No need. I'm not hungry. Just tell me what you want. I still have work to do." Savannah looked at her dispassionately and didn't even sit down.

"Since you're being so frank, I'll not waste any time then." Sydney took out her pregnancy test report and handed it to her.

Glancing at the report, Savannah asked, "What does it show? Do you have anything else that can prove you're carrying Osborn's child?"

Sydney's expression altered in a split second. "What do you mean? Osborn is the only man I'm seeing!"

Savannah sneered, "Do you think everyone in the Quaker family is a retard and they'll just take what you said as it is? You need solid evidence to convince Agatha!" As she said that, Savannah eyeballed her belly which was yet to show any changes. In response, Sydney covered it quickly. "What are you trying to do?"

"I have an idea. You'll have to wait until your baby is older to do an amniocentesis DNA test. When you have the result of this test in hand, it'll be incontestable." Savannah suggested in an aloof manner.

Exceedingly terrified, Sydney rubbed her belly. "How can you ask me to take such a test with an unborn baby in my belly? What if the child is hurt?"

Savannah asked her in return, "Well, do you have any other way to prove to the Quakers that it's Osborn's child you're pregnant with instead of another man's?"

“I have only been with Osborn alone. There’s no one else other than him.” Sydney returned aggressively, “You’re just making excuses because you don’t want to help me!”

Savannah laughed. “Please. Think about how I became the daughter-in-law of the Quakers. Even when the man I’m married to is just a retard, Sean had to forge my academic qualifications and experience. And to prove my relationship with the Avery family, we did DNA tests with three different institutions. It was only after going through all of these that Agatha was assured and agreed to the marriage.”

Strained of energy, Sydney lay back on the sofa. She looked at Savannah and knew that she was right. Even with Savannah’s help to pass her pregnancy test report to the Quakers, she still had to prove that the child was in fact Osborn’s.

“Alright, I’ll do a DNA test when the baby is old enough. When the time comes, you show the Quakers both the reports and you must get the elders in the Quaker family to call the shots and let me marry Osborn.” Sydney calmed herself down and said.

Savannah negotiated with her. “As long as you can provide any documents that can prove the relationship of your baby with the Quakers, I’ll spare no effort in helping you get married to Osborn. But you have to return Freddie to me when you marry Osborn and you must help me leave this place with my child. I need to go to some place where no one knows me and no one can find me.”

“How dare you negotiate terms with me? It wasn’t me alone who came up with the idea of asking you to replace me and marry Emmett. It was Dad’s idea as well. Without him agreeing, I can’t—”

“If you can’t promise me, then I can’t help you with this matter either. Why don’t you tell Sean how you’ve fooled around with Osborn until you’re pregnant with his child and ask him to talk to the Quaker family? Isn’t it better that way?” Savannah was very firm on her stance.

Sydney was visibly flustered. “No! Dad, Mom, and Ford must not know about this. They can only be informed about this matter when my baby gets older and when the Quaker agrees to accept me as a daughter-in-law.”

“Why? Don’t they like to take advantage of their daughters and force them into a marriage of interest? They should let you marry another Quaker to strengthen the bond and enhance the benefits and interests they can get out of these marriages.”

Sydney smiled and replied, “They’re only taking advantage of you. They’ve never thought about using me. Dad and Mom told me before that they didn’t want to make me a bargaining chip and only wanted me to marry a good man and lead a peaceful life. He doesn’t have to be very wealthy as long as we can live contentedly. They’ll never agree if they know the man I’m going to marry is Osborn. Osborn has a reputation but I don’t care about this. What I want is to get richer and richer...”

Savannah didn't pay attention to what Sydney said after that because she was exceedingly upset. So these are my biological parents who used me as a bargaining chip for their own personal gains but in contrast, all they want for Sydney is a happy marriage and life.

She was envious of Sydney who was loved wholeheartedly by her biological parents. Nevertheless, it was a pity because Sydney wasn't satisfied, nor did she think the same way as her parents.

"So do you agree? I'll help you and in return, you have to do me a favor. It's only fair in this way," Savannah cut her off and asked. "If you don't agree, I'll relay this to Sean and Ford. And if you bully my son again, I'll make sure that you don't get to keep your child as well."

Compared to Sean, Sydney was more afraid of Ford. If Ford knows about this now, he might think that it's his child and reveal our unspeakable relationship recklessly. By then, not only will I not be able to marry Osborn, but I'll also be chucked out of the Avery family. The last thing she would ever want was to lead an adrift and aimless life with Ford in anonymity.

Gritting her teeth, she turned and looked at Savannah. "Alright, deal."

"Deal."

When she came out of the Avery residence, Savannah was in a daze. She was deeply affected by Sean and Nina's attitude toward Sydney's marriage.

When she walked past Emmett's car, she didn't even notice Emmett was waiting for her inside.

Seeing as such, Nolan honked the horn which shocked Savannah who was still in a trance-like state. She turned around to look at the car behind her. Astounded, she wondered why Emmett's car was there.

Emmett lowered the window in the backseat and said, "Hop in."

Thus, Savannah walked back to the car, opened the door, and got in. Before Emmett could say anything, she told Nolan, "Head to the studio."

However, Nolan didn't start the engine and instead, he turned around to look at Emmett, waiting for his instructions.

Emmett nodded in response. "Do as she said."

It was only then that Nolan started the car and sent them back to the studio.

Savannah explained to Emmett before he even asked, "Sydney was suddenly looking for me and that's why I've left the studio and gone back to the Avery residence."

"Was there anything important that made you left in such a hurry? Did something happen to your family?" Emmett pressed.

Savannah looked at him and pondered if she should relay the matter between Sydney and Osborn to him. Would he agree to let Osborn marry Sydney?

If he can help facilitate and make it possible for Sydney to get married to Osborn, then I'll be able to leave this place with Freddie.

Nevertheless, she was still in two minds on whether to tell Emmett about it so she glossed over it, "They're all fine and there's nothing much. She asked me to come just because something happened and she confided in me."

Emmett nodded and didn't continue questioning her. It suddenly turned into a dead silence in the car.

Savannah clasped her own hands tightly and was still racking her brains on how she should run away with Freddie with the help of Sydney and without letting Emmett find out.

When they reached the studio, Nolan didn't enter together and there were only the two of them.

Glancing around in puzzlement, Savannah asked, "Where's the model I hired? Why isn't she around?"

"I kicked her out," Emmett returned irritably as he sat down.

"But the two women's wears that I just came up with haven't finished being fitted on yet. How could you just throw her out?" Savannah blamed him for simply driving her model out and now she had to find another model to continue her work.

Seeing that she was actually blaming him, Emmett said with a dour expression on his face, "You better select your model carefully. What kind of a model did you hire? It was as if she's never seen any men all her life and... And she was so desperate when she saw me."

Savannah instantly understood him. She couldn't help but laugh and tease Emmett, "She threw herself at you? The criterion of hiring a fit model is whether his or her figure is ideal for the outfit. How do you expect me to find out the other attributes? Who knows which of them will be interested in you? Besides, I didn't even know you'll be coming over today."

## Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 63

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 63 Emmett Becomes Suspicious

“Bring me all the model’s files this instant!” Emmett scowled with an angry furrow on his face while he snatched the pile of documents into his grasp. It looked like he would pick the models on her behalf.

Now that the outfit fittings could not proceed as planned, Savannah was no longer bothered with the model selection anymore. She continued to cut out various fabrics at her workstation.

After a short while, Emmett placed a stack of files in front of Savannah. “Contact these models if you are looking for people to try on the garments.”

Savannah put down the scissors in her hand before she looked through the files. Both the female and male models that Emmett had selected were dressed very conservatively. Furthermore, the males presented on the files had rather strange features.

She chose not to comment on their looks, but a male model’s physique played a crucial role in outfit fittings. “How am I supposed to create the outfits if I can’t see the figure of the models that you picked? It’s alright. I’ll choose a new batch myself,” she said.

Savannah moved to dump the stack of documents, but Emmett caught her hand to stop her. “You’re only allowed to hire these models. I will not give you the authority to choose any new faces,” he said sternly.

“You’re interfering with my work,” Savannah argued with dissatisfaction.

“I’m not interfering. This is an order,” Emmett replied stubbornly.

“Fine,” Savannah did not wish to start a fight with him over this matter. She pushed the files aside and continued to trim the fabrics.

Emmett noticed that Savannah had been restless ever since she returned from the Avery residence. “Did Sydney look for you because of Osborn?” he asked her bluntly.

Savannah halted in her tracks at his question and looked at him with surprise. Does he have a clue about the issue between Osborn and Sydney?

“You don’t need to look so shocked. News about Osborn and various models or actresses are often plastered all over the tabloids. Recently, things have been quiet. It seems that he has acquired a change of taste,” Emmett explained calmly.



“Why do you have people tracking his every move? Is he your enemy?” Savannah asked as she was suspicious of his words.

“He isn’t even worthy to be my opponent,” Emmett replied disdainfully.

Osborn had left Savannah with a horrible impression the last time she met him. He was a good-for-nothing and spent most of his money on nightclubs and alcohol. Osborn was also entirely dependent on his family to get whatever he wanted.

Sydney’s heart must be blinded if she ever fell for a man like him.

Savannah put down the pair of scissors in her hand. “What if Osborn wishes to marry Sydney?” she asked him tentatively.

“Whoever he wishes to marry is none of my business. But it seems that Sydney will also be part of the Quaker family after the marriage. What plan has the Avery family been plotting this whole time?” Emmett glanced at her with a sudden look of suspicion.

Sydney’s marriage to Osborn wasn’t a part of an elaborate plan. It was due to her vanity and pride. She had always longed for the best in anything, and Osborn was the best choice that she could find in Lightspring.

“I have no idea if the Avery family are planning anything, and I have no desire to know either.” Savannah looked at him squarely in the eye as she spoke the truth. “Sydney asked for my help in marrying Osborn, so I agreed.”

“She needed your help? And you agreed?” Emmett laughed aloud. “Even if you could persuade Osborn and Madelyn... No, you have zero influence in the Quaker family. Yet you dared to accept her request.”

“She’s pregnant with Osborn’s child.” Even Emmett did a double-take when he heard her reply. This information was something that he did not expect.

“At the end of the day, we are siblings. I cannot turn a blind eye if she needs my help,” Savannah continued.

“Don’t play the sibling act in front of me. The last time you went home, your relationship with your family is even worse than the one you have with me. Is she blackmailing you?” Emmett asked with growing suspicion.

“No,” Savannah averted her gaze, “As a woman myself, I would have still helped her even if we weren’t siblings. I knew that she was pregnant, yet Osborn refused to take any responsibility for the child. Of course, I had to offer my help.”

“So you took pity on her? Have you experienced something similar before? You got pregnant with someone else’s child, yet the person refused to acknowledge it?” Emmett sighed heavily through his nose.

“I have not been in a similar situation! We are talking about Sydney and your brother here. Why are you always shifting it to me?” Savannah snapped back irritably at his questions.

She could only hope that her stubborn and insistent attitude would not ignite Emmett’s curiosity.

Who else would Sydney blame besides her?

She couldn’t even remember the details about the night that the incident occurred, let alone Freddie’s father. She had no clue where to find that man that was responsible for her pregnancy. How pitiful; she must be the most pathetic woman under the sky right now!

These secrets could not be revealed to Emmett until she left with her child. This would prevent any extra trouble from happening.

Emmett could tell that she hid the truth from him and his lips curved up thoughtfully. Sooner or later, he would find out about the truth regarding Savannah and Cole. He would finally understand the child’s past too.

“Since you are not hiding anything from me. Do you wish for my help with Sydney and Osborn’s marriage?”

If he could help her convince old Mrs. Quaker, of course, she would want his support. But Savannah placed a damper on her eagerness. “As long as you’re not against the help I’m giving Sydney, it would be fine.” She replied coolly.

“Why would I go against it? If Osborn marries a woman like Sydney, it brings me no drawbacks. I am delighted to see their union,” the edges of Emmett’s lips curved upwards as he smiled.

Savannah felt relieved when she heard his words. As long as she helped Sydney marry into the Quaker family, she would be able to leave this place with her child. Hope flooded her heart at the thought. She could only pray that Sydney would be able to obtain the baby’s DNA report a little earlier.

Very quickly, a month passed by. Savannah managed to design an entire series of outfits in preparation for the upcoming Fashion Week. She had already gotten most of the basics ready.

Today, she hosted a small fashion show in her office. The models wore her designs and catwalked around a small area that was opened in the lobby on the company's first floor.

Most of the higher-ups in the company had also arrived on the scene to watch the show. She and Emmett invited old Mrs. Quaker too.

Even Madelyn had caught wind of the news and brought Osborn along to Mashion. She wanted to see if Mashion was running successfully after their inheritance of the company. Madelyn was also curious to see if their reputation would live up to the rumors.

Due to Emmett's forceful model choices, most of them did not live up to her original plans. This left her no choice but to arrange the garments according to the models' figures and skin. She made changes to the details on various outfits.

As the miniature fashion show ended along with the music's rhythm, she saw that old Mrs. Quaker and the higher-ups had astonished looks on their faces.

Old Mrs. Quaker smiled in delight as she nodded her head in approval. "This is impressive! She designed the entire collection alone without any help from the company's designers," Javon exclaimed to old Mrs. Quaker.

"I agree. If it is presented on Phillere Fashion week, I'm sure it would leave a stunning impact on the show." The other higher-ups agreed with enthusiasm.

"Savannah, come here." Old Mrs. Quaker beckoned her over with a wave of her hand. "I never knew that you had such talent in designing. What is the name of this series?"

Savannah walked over to old Mrs. Quaker and was temporarily speechless to the question. She had been so busy designing that she forgot to name her collection.

"This... this..."

"Ethereal Charm," Emmett broke his silence to help her answer the question.

## **Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 64**

### **Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 64 Paternity Test**

"Ethereal Charm," old Mrs. Quaker repeated the name, "This is a good one. You should find a translator and translate this name to the languages of Ferropene and Anglandur. It will give the foreigners a taste of our culture and style."

Savannah agreed that the name suited her designs well. It also expressed the central theme of her designs. "Understood, old Mrs. Quaker," she replied.

“That idiot, Emmett even knows how to suggest a name.” Madelyn felt increasingly insecure when she saw how well-designed Savannah’s outfits were. She initially thought that letting a retard take over Mashion would create a laughing stock.

But she had never expected Savannah to help Emmett reorganize the company and even design such breathtaking collections. If this continued, the woman would eventually help Emmett become a threat to the interest of the mother and son duo.

“The name was not something that I thought of,” Emmett said with a dull look in his eyes. Even his voice wavered from a lack of confidence. “My wife thought of it earlier. I merely remembered because she told me about it before.”

“My foolish brother is really blessed to have such a stunning and competent wife,” Osborn sneered coldly as he mocked Emmett ruthlessly.

Osborn was shocked when he witnessed the fashion show but kept his silence due to the presence of old Mrs. Quaker. He could not keep his gaze off Savannah; she had produced such a wonderful surprise. Instinctively, he felt drawn to her.

He was utterly jealous that a retard like Emmett could marry such a capable wife. They were not suited for each other at all. Osborn was determined to hatch a plan to catch Savannah into his grasps. He was confident that she would not be immune to his charms.

His expression towards Savannah was like a predator fixated on its prey.

Savannah felt repulsed when she saw the perverted expression painted on his face. She could only hope that Sydney would marry this bastard as soon as possible and keep him under control to prevent him from inflicting harm on others.

“You are so much more fortunate as compared to Emmett,” she said to Osborn.

“That’s not true,” Madelyn replied modestly in front of the onlookers.

“Yes, it is! He has the luck of having multiple girlfriends,” Savannah replied with a small smile.

Everyone present on set had to stifle their laughter when they realized the true meaning of Savannah’s statement. They were too fearful of Madelyn to laugh out loud.

“Honey, what is the meaning of that?” Emmett asked under the pretense of playing dumb.

“It’s nothing,” Savannah smiled and placated him, “You do not have that type of luck.”

Both Madelyn and Osborn's faces turned green and white with anger. Madelyn glared venomously at Savannah with an intense urge to rip off her smart mouth.

Osborn remained quiet as he thought darkly. Once she belonged to him, he would take dirty pictures of her and post them all over the internet. Let's see if she still dared to mock him after that!

All of a sudden, he thought of a certain individual. It had been nearly a month since he last contacted her; maybe he would get a taste of Savannah with her help.

Emmett let out a small ah when he caught sight of the murderous looks directed to Savannah from Madelyn and Osborn. He felt a flicker of worry in his heart. It would be better if he instructed Nolan to dispatch more guards to protect Savannah in secret.

Old Mrs. Quaker chuckled at Savannah. "You tend to keep to yourself most of the time, but when you speak, your words are rather ruthless. You shouldn't tease Osborn so much. He is rather petty and would get angry if you continue."

"Old Mrs. Quaker, this is nothing. Osborn is kind and cheerful. How could he take such things to heart?" Madelyn interrupted with a forced smile whilst she clutched at Savannah's arm. "We are all just playing around to make the mood a little livelier," she said to the onlookers.

Savannah couldn't help but feel impressed at Madelyn's way with words. She was very convincing and could twist her words to persuade other people. Besides, everyone here was not close with Madelyn. They would not be able to tell that she was an evil mistress that destroyed families in order to raise her status.

At that moment, Savannah finally realized that a person's appearance could not be assumed to be their true color. Instead, it would be observed through their behavior.

Savannah kept the smile on her face as she secretly yanked her arm back from Madelyn's grip. She had no wish to ruin her fashion show because of Madelyn.

She did not retort against Madelyn's words and smiled. "I would welcome any ideas for improvement instead of just praises. If we are a success in Fashion Week, this would bring fame to Mashion's reputation and increase everyone's earnings in the company."

"You are right," Old Mrs. Quaker nodded in approval. "I think that your designs are not bad. But when it comes to model selections, you should not take this matter lightly. The models are the framework of your outfits so it is important to make a good choice," she suggested.

Savannah nodded her head in agreement and peeked a glance at Emmett. As expected, old Mrs. Quaker had excellent taste. She'd already argued that the models

Emmett selected were unsuitable. It was all because of his insistence that prevented her from making her own choices.

Emmett lowered his head and pretended that he hadn't heard what old Mrs. Quaker had said. If necessary, he was willing to discuss more on the female models. Nevertheless, he would not allow any changes to the male models. What if they were too good-looking or fit? Savannah might become foolishly charmed by their looks and physique!

After old Mrs. Quaker's advice, everyone else began to chime in with suggestions of their own. Savannah hurriedly jotted down their ideas with the notebook and pen that she kept along with her. Even if the propositions were not helpful she was determined to use them as a reference.

Such a small show was no big deal in the company. Madelyn and Osborn took the time out to watch the show with bad intentions. However, they did not dare to cause any trouble with old Mrs. Quaker present at the scene.

Once the show ended, Emmett accompanied old Mrs. Quaker back home.

Savannah remained at the office to clear up the show with a few coworkers. They neatly arranged the various drafts and pictures from the miniature fashion show in the office.

Savannah observed the pictures and videos that had been recorded of the show earlier. She couldn't help but imagine how her final designs would look like when presented at the Phillere Fashion Week. It was a pity that she most likely wouldn't be present at Phillere.

Once she left with her child, she would leave all the final products to Mashion. This way, she wouldn't owe the Quaker family anything.

Unconsciously, she scribbled a few lines on a piece of designed paper – we both owe each other nothing.

She felt a pang of sudden disappointment when she looked at the words that she had written. Yet, Savannah brightened her mood again and continued to clear up the files on her desk before she headed home.

The moment she stepped out of the company's doors, her phone rang with a call from Sydney.

"Where are you? Are you free to talk?"

"Yes," Savannah kept her conversations with Sydney curt and straight to the point. She did not wish to waste any time.

"I've consulted the doctor, I can take a DNA test once I'm over eight weeks pregnant."

“That’s great, you should hurry up with the test.”

She was not bothered by whatever Sydney said. All she wanted was for Sydney to obtain the results of the paternity test.

“I want to carry on with the test too, but I need a strand of Osborn’s hair or saliva. Anything that has traces of his DNA on it.”

“The two of you have already slept together,” Savannah asked her incredulously, “Can’t you get these things yourself?”

“Ever since I told him about my pregnancy, he hasn’t responded to my calls or WhatsApp in over a month. I haven’t even seen his face because he keeps avoiding me,” Sydney said in a teary voice. “I need your help; anything that could help me get a few strands of his hair will do.”

“I can’t help you with this,” Savannah rejected her firmly.

## **Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 65**

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 65 I Will Return Your Child In Secret

Sydney did not believe that Savannah could not carry out the plan. “You both stayed at the Quaker residence. It would be easy to steal a few strands of his hair,” she said.

“You well know that the Quaker residence is split into North, West, East, and South. Each region has its own house and we don’t even live together. I’ve never even met him on the estate before! How do you expect me to get his hair?” Savannah continued to reject the proposal stubbornly.

“You must think of something. Even if you don’t stay in the same house, it’s still the same mansion. Compared to me, I’ve never even step foot into the Quaker residence before. Think about your child. Don’t you want to escape with him as soon as possible?” Sydney pressed on despite her refusal.

Savannah was struck speechless as she hesitated for a brief moment. “I’ll think of a way. Once your marriage with Osborn is fulfilled, don’t you dare forget what you promised me,” she replied helplessly.

“I know. I’ll make sure to return your child and help arrange an escape route. Not a single soul will be able to search for the two of you,” Sydney vowed.

Although Savannah understood that Sydney’s promise was not entirely trustable, she was cornered and had no other ideas of her own.

Sean had married her off to the Quaker family because he wanted to use her as his bargaining chip in the long term. He would not let them go so easily. More importantly, she could not allow Emmett to know of her plans of escaping as well.

“Alright, remember what you promised, or neither of us will achieve our dreams.” Savannah dropped the threat before she hung up on Sydney.

Once she returned to the Quaker residence, she stopped in her tracks to look at the main house.

Once it was nighttime, the main house was lit up brightly. The light signified that Logan, Madelyn, and Osborn were present in the house. There was no way that she could sneak in at night.

She wrecked her brain for a way to get Osborn’s hair as she slowly made her way back to Agatha’s residence. Too immersed in her thoughts, she accidentally ran into a wall and staggered back with widened eyes as she lifted her head. It was then she realized that the “wall” was none other than Emmett!

“What was engrossed in your thoughts that you become oblivious to your surroundings?” Emmett asked her coldly.

Savannah returned to her senses. “I’m sorry, I didn’t notice you were standing here. Why aren’t you at old Mrs. Quaker’s building? Were you waiting for me in the garden? It’s nighttime and the lights at the garden are dim...”

“Who’s waiting for you? I was talking a walk after dinner and ran into you, little daredevil.” Emmett interrupted her rambling.

“Alright,” Savannah peered around the garden with curiosity. She was bewildered to find out about Emmett’s sudden habit of taking walks in the garden after dinner. He always seemed to hurry through the garden without even sparing a glance at the flowers.

She looked at his weird behavior. She would think that there was a ghost in the garden with how strangely he was acting.

“You should continue your walk,” Savannah said with a beam, “I’ve had a long day. I’ll return to the room for a rest first.”

Emmett grabbed her hand involuntarily to stop her from leaving. “I’m tired too. Let’s head back together. Have you eaten dinner? Mary has left a few dishes for you.”

Upon hearing his question, Savannah felt her hunger resurface as her stomach gurgled loudly. “Not yet,” she said and pressed a hand against her stomach in embarrassment.



"You should eat in the kitchen first. I'll wait for you in the room," Emmett walked her back to the building as he spoke.

Suddenly, Savannah thought of a brilliant idea. Tomorrow, she would pretend that she had an upset stomach. Instead of heading to work with Emmett, she would rest in the room until there was no one in the mansion. She could then slip into Osborn's room to search for a few strands of fallen hair.

"Why are you so happy all of a sudden?" Emmett asked when he saw the frown on her forehead disappear.

"I didn't think that Mary would save something for me. Of course, I'd be happy to eat when I'm hungry." Savannah grinned at him in response.

Emmett poked her forehead. "You are really unequivocal when it comes to the topic of eating."

Savannah ducked away from him and clasped her hands over her forehead to protect herself. "Humans will starve if they don't eat."

Emmett gave her an unbothered look before he headed upstairs.

Savannah massaged the spot where he poked her whilst she padded over to the kitchen. The strength behind his poke was not delicate, and he always managed to hurt her.

Not only did she finish the meal that Mary had left for her, she even ate the fast food in the fridge. Following that, Savannah also drank a few cups of cold water. If she wanted to persuade Emmett that she had a stomach ache, she'd better start tonight. By adding some truth to a fake sickness would be able to convince him.

The binge-eating began to make her feel unwell; she stopped drinking the cold water. With an uncomfortable feeling, she made her way to the room on the second floor.

When she stepped through the door, Emmett noticed that her face was slightly pale. "Was the meal that Mary left not enough? Are you still hungry?" he asked worriedly.

"It's not that, I actually over-ate. I feel so uncomfortable right now," Savannah said weakly as she clutched her stomach.

"You should have self-control over how much you eat. How could you overeat just because you were hungry?"

Before Emmett could finish berating her, she felt a rush of nausea, and her stomach flared up in pain. "You can talk later, my stomach hurts." She rushed to the toilet and slammed the door behind her.

That night, she made several trips to the toilet until Emmett dug out several anti-diarrheal pills for her. Once she had the medicine, she was able to sleep more soundly through the latter half of the night.

In the morning, she woke up to find Emmett standing by her bed as he looked at her. He was already dressed for work.

“My stomach still hurts. Why don’t you leave for work first? I’ll join you when I feel better.” She suggested as she pushed herself upright with some difficulty.

Emmett placed his hand on her forehead and found no signs of a fever. He guessed that she still suffered from an upset stomach after overeating last night. “There are a few more anti-diarrhea pills on the table. You should have the medicine before eating breakfast when you get out of bed.”

“Alright,” Savannah lay back down on the bed in relief when he did not insist that she accompany him to work.

“Remember not to eat anything oily for breakfast. I’ve already informed Mary to cook some porridge,” he advised her again before stepping out of the room.

“I’ve learned my lesson. I won’t overeat again,” Savannah replied hurriedly.

Once the door closed behind his figure, she listened to the muffled sounds of his footsteps descend the stairs before she relaxed her tense body.

She squeezed her eyes shut and covered her head with the blanket. Her stomach had begun to hurt the moment she woke up, but it wasn’t particularly uncomfortable. Although she managed to deceive Emmett, it was only the first step of her plan. She would have to think of a strategy to sneak into Osborn’s room without the maids’ noticing as well.

Why did Sydney have to give her such a difficult task? It’s so annoying and frustrating!

Even though she had no wish to help Sydney, the thought of Freddie’s adorable face prompted her to move out of her bed. She was determined to solve this problem.

After she ate breakfast, she headed out for a walk in the garden instead of going back to her room. Pretending that she had nothing better to do, she wandered around the garden aimlessly and observed her surroundings carefully.

Once she had a few trips around the garden, she casually swung herself on the swing. In reality, she was observing the actions of the various helpers.

Some of the helpers went outside in groups to buy groceries whilst the others stayed back to work dutifully in the kitchen. There were a handful of helpers that took the chance to rest as their masters were not present.

Immediately, she grasped the opportunity present before her. This would be the perfect time to access the main house. Savannah wandered idly to the main house in slow, casual steps. Once she scanned that there was no one around her proximity, she quickly slipped into the main house.