

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 51

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 51 Forced Down

The cheeriness on Maisie faded and melded into sorrow. "My little son has leukemia so I must have you accept them and forward us the payment due, regardless of whether Mashion wants them or not. Although you haven't pressed charges, Glenn would still be serving some time for causing bodily harm, at least. As my boy cannot afford to delay treatment and my workers haven't been paid in three months, I've no choice. Sorry about this."

Savannah sensed a presence behind her. Before she could turn around, she felt a sharp pain crack at the back of her head. She saw her vision blurred, and then nothing.

When she came to, her neck was killing her.

Damn it! The person who struck her did not hold back. She felt stupid for falling prey to Maisie Graeme's trickery once again.

With her eyes peeled wide, she surveyed the surroundings. It was a dimly lit room. She had no idea where the hell she was except she was certain she was no longer at the warehouse.

The woman intuitively got up, afraid that the blow might have messed with her head.

"You've got to be some special kind of dumb." A pair of hands on her shoulders then forced her back down onto the bed.

That caught her by surprise, and made her want to jump back up and fight back. However, she recognized the voice and paused long enough to take another careful look at the person by the side of the bed. It was Emmett.

"Why are you here? Where is this place?" Savannah asked.

Emmett said in a low voice, "The Seaside Villa."

"What? Why have you brought me here? I was knocked out at the warehouse..." She was stumped momentarily before an impulse to cry overwhelmed her. "Did anything happen while I was unconscious?"

Emmett just looked on and said nothing.

Savannah checked herself. The clothes she had on were the same ones she wore to the warehouse. Apart from her throbbing head, she felt no other source of physical discomfort.

“What happened afterward? How long was I out for? And why were you the one who brought me here?” It almost had her choked up.

Savannah was terrified of falling unconscious in an unfamiliar environment without knowledge of what has transpired, as she knew what something like this could mean for a woman.

“It’s a good thing that I got there in time.” When those words left his mouth, Emmett was taken by surprise. That gentle tone was totally out of character for him.

Savannah, however, was too caught up with her own hurt and fearfulness to notice that peculiarity in his inflection. “How did you manage that?”

Emmett then reverted back to his usual aloof self. “The chauffeur who drove you there immediately contacted Grandma after you did not reemerge. I overheard her and ascertained your location with him before I rushed down.”

“Did they just hand me over when you got there?” she asked.

“Could it have been that simple? Maisie and those workers were practically waiting for someone to come looking. They barricaded the door and would only let you go after discussing terms with me...”

“Did you buy out their stock in the warehouse?” Savannah had figured as much Maisie’s ploy by now.

Emmett nodded and looked severe. “Try to think over your actions next time. If you are going to exercise compassion for all the wrong reasons, you’ll not be the only one who will suffer the consequences!”

“Did you agree to their terms?” She was worried that he might have purchased those fraudulent goods in order to save her. “Have you see those samples? Everything they have been producing fakes. Not only are they of poor quality, but there will also be legal ramifications on top of the financial repercussions. We can’t acquire their stock or help them sell them. It’ll ruin Mashion.”

Emmett scoffed, “Hmph. You must have overestimated them if you think they’re capable of threatening me. I’ve already called the police on them on the way there. All those who held you hostage were arrested, and the batch of counterfeits seized.”

Savannah merely acknowledged that under her breath. It looked like she may have overthought this. There was no way Emmett would stake the fortunes of his beloved Mashion for hers.

Still it weighed heavily on her. Not because Emmett did not care about her, but that Maisie told her that her son was sick.

Because she had been deceived so many times by that woman, she could not bring herself to remonstrate on her behalf, even for the boy's sake.

"Yeah, it was the right decision, and they deserved to be punished," Savannah sighed.

The man laughed as he saw right through her. "Don't tell me that you sympathize with the Zimmermanns? How have they repaid us for showing them clemency before? They tried to hurt you when they weren't trying to kill me."

"No, I wasn't," Savannah said as she hardened herself. "But you may be right. Some people just aren't worth the effort."

"Glad to know that you could see sense." Emmett then got to his feet. "Take a rest, I've already had Nolan inform Grandma that we won't be home tonight."

Savannah reached out and tugged at his sleeve. She secretly hoped for him to stay with her, as she found the prospect of staying in an unfamiliar room by herself quite daunting.

In spite of it, she made no mention of her intent, but found another subject with which to make conversation. "Don't go yet. I still don't understand why Brooklyn commissioned them to produce high fashion yet refused to accept their stock. They aren't exactly getting at you, are they?"

Emmett returned to sit by the bed. It seemed time to properly explain everything to her.

"The reason why Brooklyn refused to collect on Glenn's stock is because she knew she would not be able to continue as Managing Director of Mashion for long. She did not want anyone to find out that she had been involved in the production of counterfeit merchandise when she eventually stepped down," Emmett said solemnly. "Do you really believe Glenn came to take it out on me simply because of this one failed transaction?"

"If this was not the case, why else would he do that?" With her arms tightened around a pillow, she got off the bed as she listened. All the while she was upset with herself for her simple-mindedness. It was not as though she had not experienced the dark side of human nature before.

Emmett continued, "Glenn intended to kill me the day he barged into the office. Brooklyn had evidence that he was producing counterfeits and was using it to manipulate him.

Saying he was taking me down with him because Mashion went back on our word was just an excuse, as he was more worried about his factory coming under investigation for forgery than anything else.”

“Then he was indeed guilty of attempted murder.” Savannah now realized that she had misunderstood Emmett. It was not that he was cruel, but his enemies were too meticulous with their staging.

“But his wife didn’t know about the web of deception within. Her only thought was about getting their son the money he needed for his treatment when she got you in to view the stock,” he explained. “Still, having a sick child at home doesn’t justify their wrong-doing!”

“I’ve been so foolish.” She lowered her head and thought herself laughable, assuming that everyone was guiltless just because she herself was sent to prison in spite of her own innocence.

She was now able to approve of Emmett’s handling of the issue. Even though the Zimmermanns deserved to feel the full brunt of the law, her thoughts were with their little boy. “Was it true that Maisie’s youngest son had leukemia though?”

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 52

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 52 Mother of Emmett

“That, she did not lie about. Don’t you worry, as I’ll be sending in an application with a charitable foundation for children with leukemia on his behalf. Next time, don’t be so trusting of strangers and go running off to some deserted warehouse in the middle of nowhere. Have a little bit more awareness for your own safety, would you?” Emmett said with a hint of anger.

Savannah was relieved to hear that the boy’s medical expenses would be taken care of. At the same time, she thought Emmett was not actually as cold and insensitive as he so often portrayed himself to be.

She nodded profusely. “Never again. I promise to take better care of myself.”

“Good. Now make yourself at home. I’ve something else to attend to,” he said as he got up to exit the room.

Despite being alone together, engaged in conversation for so long, he still did not make any moves on her. It would seem that he had not the slightest interest in her indeed.

She had a creeping feeling that he felt that she was tainted.

In the months she had been living with him, she learned that he was someone who was obsessed with cleanliness. Be it the place in which he stayed or objects he used, he liked for them to be spic and span.

He would shun anything that had even a speck of dust upon it. Even if he initially had an enthusiasm for a long-sullied woman like herself, it was only passing and burned out just as quickly as it began.

She felt it just as well that they might be able to get along cordially from here on out.

Lost in her own thoughts, out of place in a strange environment, and sleepless in an unfamiliar bed, the woman got out of bed and walked towards the window in the room. In the depth of night, the lighthouse in the distance stood erect over the pitch-black sea. The sound of the waves as they crashed repeatedly upon the shore and retreated was near and crisp. This was indeed the room closest to the ocean.

Residential construction by the seaside required a special permit in Lightspring because the spectacular shoreline had long been gazetted as a natural cultural heritage. No one would be able to build private properties here at will any longer.

To be able to own such a villa here spoke to the exceptional privilege that the Quaker family possessed in this city.

The dusky sea roared like a raging beast and was intimidating when beheld in its presence for an extended period. She shut the window and considered returning to bed, but her belly started to stage a protest. There did not seem to be anything inside the room that she could munch on to stave off those hunger pangs.

The woman cautiously pushed open the door with the intention of looking elsewhere inside the villa for food. The living room was situated just outside. Only the walls of the corridor were lit, but barely.

Where can I find the main switch? Where's the kitchen? Without any sense of direction, she could only hug the walls as she hunted for a way to turn on the lights in the living room.

Her hands found nothing despite being at it for some time. Thoughts about shouting for Emmett to come out and help find her something to eat then surfaced.

However, she considered that he might be quite annoyed should he be summoned out like this, so she thought the better of it.

A momentary loss of focus saw her run her abdomen into a hard object. Her fingers located what felt like a narrow table.

She wondered why a table would be placed against the side like this. Assuming that it might be a shoe cabinet, she continued on. This was when the entire living room became illuminated.

The woman raised her head to come face to face with a portrait of a lady which made her skin crawl.

Her eyes widened and were briefly transfixed. The lady in the photograph was all smiles and appeared kind and genial. She could feel the person's warm and gentle personality by her appearance alone.

On careful inspection, she found some similarity between her features and that of Emmett's, and had some idea who that might be.

"Is there something you need from the living room, Mrs. Quaker?"

Only that voice brought her attention to the elderly woman who stood in the corner of the living room. There, by the wall to that woman's side was the switch she had been looking for.

With both hands held over her belly, she spoke self-consciously, "I... I'm just a little hungry."

The elderly woman smiled. "Come with me to the kitchen. Mr. Quaker already had me prepare a bit of supper as he thought you might like some."

Savannah felt salvation for her rumbling stomach at hand as she quickly followed.

The older woman tabled a still warm almond porridge and some snacks. "Would these be enough?"

"Yes, thank you so much." The snack went headfirst into Savannah's mouth. That tasted so good. As she regarded the kindly old woman smiling at her, it made her a little bashful. "Are you from the Quakers? How is that we've never met before?"

The smile faded from her counterpart's face. "I'm not one of their helpers. There isn't one decent soul amongst them!"

Savannah held her tongue as it had her thinking if this woman had something against that family. Could it be that where she was at did not belong to Emmett, and this was not the property of the Quakers?

It might explain why there was a portrait of the late Yona Bardsley here, but not at the Quaker residence.

Upon seeing Savannah's response, the old woman mellowed down as she figured Emmett must not have shared anything with her. "Mr. Emmett calls me Dolores. I've been working for the Bardsley family from young. When Ms. Yona married into the Quaker family, I stayed together with her at their residence for a while. By the time she was gone, the Bardsleys was about done, so I've been staying here taking care of Ms. Yona's favorite house ever since."

When she finished, Dolores' eyes moistened as she looked toward Yona's portrait.

Savannah placed down the snack in her hand. She had gained a better understanding of the situation.

"Are you alright?" She did not know how best to comfort the older woman. "I've never met Emmett's mother, but I could tell from her photograph that she must have been a very special person, and both of you were close."

Dolores acknowledged that and contained herself well as she lamented, "Ms. Yona had too good a heart, which was why she was bullied to death."

Savannah was dumbstruck by this revelation, as she had been under the impression that Yona passed away in a traffic accident.

"Please forgive me. Since you're here for the first time, I shouldn't be yammering on about this. Come. Do finish the porridge before it turns cold."

"Thank you, Dolores." Savannah picked the bowl back up and continued eating from it.

The elderly woman went on to clean up before she regarded her. "Do turn in early when you are done. Mr. Quaker will like to take you along to visit Ms. Yona tomorrow. I'm sure she would be delighted to meet his son's wife."

"Alright, please go on ahead. I'll be okay by myself." Savannah smiled, and guessed Yona must be interred nearby.

The elderly woman pointed out where the switches for the kitchen were located before she took her leave.

Savannah felt more at ease now that she was free to explore on her own. She even opened up the fridge to check if there was anything ready to eat.

"Was that not enough?" A hand extended over to help keep the door open.

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 53

Savannah shut her eyes and grimaced before she reopened them. She thought Emmett had gone to sleep in another room and did not think he might show up.

She squeezed out an awkward smile as she turned to regard him. "I missed dinner and realized how hungry I was after I came to."

Emmett snorted before he used his considerable reach to retrieve a large carton of milk from the fridge. "It can't be good to eat too much this late at night."

"Yeah." She considered going to bed after she finished the porridge but it fell just that tad short on volume to satisfy her. It was not convenient for her to cook in this unfamiliar setting as well.

Emmett poured himself a glass of cold milk and appeared ready to help himself to it. "You should warm one up for yourself. Better for your stomach that way."

Before he could react, she had already taken his glass from him and popped it into the microwave. The timer was then set for one minute.

Emmett was not appreciative of that gesture. "No one asked you to warm it up. I'm already used to it."

"Would your stomach be able to take it for long?" she asked. "Have you never felt any discomfort before?"

He was stumped, as he actually had gastric problems since his adolescence. He even suffered from acute gastric ulcers when he attended high school overseas, but no one paid any attention to him back then. It was only when it hurt so bad that Nolan realized and had him admitted for treatment.

The doctor had advised upon his discharge that he must take long-term medication and be mindful of his stomach, which he duly did only for a year or two until he felt better.

His silence was telling. "I've guessed right, haven't I?"

The microwave's chime came timely for Emmett who shifted his attention away from the woman to the oven from which he retrieved the freshly warmed glass of milk. He was about to drink from it when his belly growled.

In the quiet kitchen within the stillness of night, it was audible enough for Savannah to hear with sufficient clarity. That drew a chuckle from her. "It looks like you might be hungry too. Shall we have something heavier?"

The man had taken nothing since afternoon as he went to the factory to look for her. He would not have come to the kitchen for milk otherwise. Still, he declined her offer.

Savannah knew he did not have a sweet tooth, so she fished out two eggs from the fridge. "An egg sandwich to go with that warm milk is sure to be filling and nutritious."

"Can you cook?" he asked in skepticism.

"Of course. It's easy for me so long as there are ingredients available," she replied as she found herself a frying pan and a few slices of wholemeal bread.

Emmett observed intently as she turned on the stove, heated up the pan and spritzed the oil. Every movement was fluid and well-practiced.

He leaned back leisurely against the kitchen cabinet. "That's nice. Perhaps I could have Dolores take a break and have you helm the kitchen for a day instead so I may taste your cooking."

"Sure thing." Savannah kept a watchful eye as the omelette sizzled in the pan. A dash of seasoning was added just before it was done for that extra pizzazz, just the way little Freddie liked it.

There were no words that could encapsulate Emmett's sentiments as he soaked in this virtuous expression of hers.

Nolan had already found out about the old residential area that Savannah visited. It was a place where she, or should it be said the other man and herself, had resided in previously. A child, too, lived alongside them.

It was not known where she had left the child, as the boy was no longer with either of them.

He thought the two of them were vicious, deserting her own kid just to marry into the Quaker family. She was a difficult woman for him to decipher.

Emmett wondered if this kind, virtuous, thoughtful demeanor of hers was all mere pretensions.

He could scarcely believe that his grandmother had chosen a woman who had cohabited and bore a kid with another man for his wife.

Savannah pressed the egg between two slices of bread before she used ketchup to create a simple cat face on top. The sandwich was placed on a plate before it was served. "Try it."

Emmett was brought back to earth. He picked up the sandwich while thinking that he would not expose her for the time being. It would be interesting to see what she might be up to in the Quaker family.

A bite from the sandwich unleashed a flavor that greatly boosted his appetite. "Not bad."

He drank and ate alternately as he watched her continue to busy herself. With her head bowed and tilted slightly, she went on to make more of the same. The completion of each new sandwich saw her lips raised in mild delight as she thought about what cute ketchup art to create next.

Emmett found her disposition irresistible. It had been such a long time since he last saw a scene like that.

His mother used to lovingly do the same for him when he was little. They had a mold for making sandwiches in the kitchen which could be used to cut them into the shape of bears, rabbits, dogs and other charming designs.

As he had his milk back then, he was always undecided with regard to which ones to eat first and which to finish last, as he could not bear to see any one of the lovely animal forms destroyed.

Savannah did not notice the change in his mood as she was focused on putting the final touches on a little sun design. "How many can you eat? I'm reserving this last one for sure, so you could have the rest."

The glass that was now emptied of milk was set aside. Emmett could not restrain himself as he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

When she felt his touch, Savannah froze for an instant before she reflexively resisted with her hands. "Could we just finish eating?"

"Sure." The man kept one hand around her while he popped another slice of sandwich into his mouth with the other.

"I can't eat properly like this."

"A bowl of porridge, snacks, and sandwich. You have quite the appetite, don't you?" He pulled her in and held her in a way that she could not face anywhere else. "Using your culinary skills to seduce me at night. A mature woman is indeed of a different breed."

Savannah drew a deep breath, bemused as to what had gotten into him.

He was in the opinion that since she was not a virgin on her wedding night, she must be an easy woman.

“What I’m doing was just a way to convey my thanks for saving me from the warehouse. Nothing more...”

He did not wait for her to wrap up her sentence before he propped up her chin with a light touch. It sounded about right, as he reckoned that her heart was with someone else. That rather fouled up his mood.

“There’s a way you could really show me how grateful you are.” When he stared into her eyes, he could clearly see himself being reflected back in them.

Damn it! The windows to her soul were pristine, unlike that of typical vixens and fraudsters.

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 54

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 54 She Wanted Him

Emmett lowered his head and kissed her fondly on her lips. His kisses and cuddles with her made him even more aroused. He firmly pulled her body against his and brushed her lips with his.

He lightly swept his tongue between her lips, pressing his warm, soft lips to hers.

Savannah drew a deep, staggered breath in response to the wave of heat she felt flushing through her. Her heart was fluttering as he kissed her passionately. She had never had such feelings before.

Emmett was pleased by her response. A wave of emotions flowed out of him. Impatiently, he swept down the dishes from the worktop and placed her onto it.

Every inch of Savannah’s body craved for his touch, yet she hadn’t lost her mind. She put her arms around his neck and whispered with a hastened breathing. “Dolores is still here. Let’s go somewhere else, please.”

Emmett swept her up in his arms and walked towards the room.

Staring at the man, Savannah obediently lay in his embrace with her arms over his neck.

She had never shown initiative in sex matters. But right then, she desperately wanted the man. Savannah couldn’t focus on anything else but Emmett.

The next morning, Emmett carried her into the bathroom while she was still half asleep.

He gently placed her into the bathtub filled with warm water, then he washed her body with rose bath salt.

They indulged themselves too much last night, so every muscle of hers was sore and aching. Awakened by his touch, Savannah opened her eyes and saw Emmett right beside her. "Please, let me go. I'm exhausted," she pleaded.

Emmett stood up straight and gave her a cold look. "Since you're awake, you can do it yourself. You deserve it. You should've expected the consequences before you went wild last night. Clean yourself up. I'm taking you somewhere."

Savannah was about to ask him about the place, but he strode out of the bathroom right after uttering the words.

Soaking in the bathtub, she thought of the passionate night they had.

Why would I do that? I must've become crazy. I should be afraid of Emmett Quaker. Is it because he saved my life? Am I holding out hope to him just because he's not a ruthless man whom I think he is?

Savannah held her breath and immersed herself in the water as if it would clear up the messy thoughts in her mind. She wished to have an ordinary relationship and marriage. When they made out in the kitchen, they seemed to be a loving married couple.

It would be perfect if there were no lies and schemes between us but only love. If that was the case, perhaps we would make a cute married couple.

However, Savannah knew it would only happen in her fancy, unrealistic dream. She was a woman with a kid. A man like Emmett Quaker would not accept her kid.

If the man she liked couldn't take in Freddie, she'd rather stay single for the rest of her life.

After a few minutes, Savannah couldn't hold her breath any longer, so she popped her head out of the water. Instantly, she felt refreshing.

"Why are you taking so long? Hurry up." Savannah was drying up her body when Emmett's voice rang out.

She quickly put on the clothes. She took a glance at the bathtub and a thought popped up in her mind. It felt familiar when he carried me into the bathtub. I had experienced that the other day when I was drunk.

But Emmett said it was Mary who cleaned her up. Was it really Mary?

After pondering over it for a few seconds, Savannah shook her head and denied her own thought. When she stepped out of the bathroom, Emmett had already suited up and he was waiting outside.

He was dressed in a black suit with a dark-colored tie.

Savannah lowered her vision and took a look at her dark-themed clothing. "Are we going to your mother's cemetery?" She made a guess.

Emmett had a gloomy expression on his face. "I always spend some time there to accompany Mom. If you don't feel like going, you can stay here and wait for me."

"I want to go with you," Savannah replied without hesitation.

She had heard a lot about Yona, a graceful woman from a prominent family. With a sincere heart, Savannah wanted to accompany Emmett to visit his mother's cemetery.

"Let's go then." Emmett led the way.

Dolores prepared a bouquet of daisies and handed it to Savannah. "Ms. Yona loves these light purple daisies. She'll definitely like you if you bring her this bouquet."

Savannah nodded and carefully held the bouquet in her hand. "Do you want to join us?" she asked Dolores.

Dolores smiled and shook her head. "It's alright. I can pay her a visit anytime."

Emmett brought Savannah to a place near the cliff. After he had his car parked, they stayed in the car for a while. Both of them remained silent.

Emmett's eyes were filled with sorrow and grief. He was gazing at a big marble tombstone not too far away. Behind the tombstone, there was a pile of beautiful sea stones.

There she is. But how did they build it here? However, it wasn't the right time to ask Emmett that.

After a few minutes, Emmett took a deep breath before he uttered, "Let's go."

Savannah hummed in response and held the bouquet of daisies in her hand with care. Could it be that Emmett still can't bring himself to accept his mom's death?

Savannah recalled how her biological mother had treated her. Savannah had never felt a mother's love from her mom. At least he has a mom who loved him very much.

They walked towards the tombstone and stood in front of it. Savannah took out a piece of tissue paper to clean the tombstone, then she placed the bouquet in front of it. She didn't know what to say to Emmett's mother, so she fell silent.

She took a glance at Emmett and he seemed to have a lot to say, but he just stood there and gazed at his mother's tombstone. Perhaps he can't say it aloud because of my presence. I should give them some private space.

Savannah stood up and bowed to Yona, then she walked away.

She wandered around the cliff for a while before she stopped at the side of the cliff. Looking at the blue sky and the roaring waves, she was absorbed with the beautiful scenery.

What an amazing view! At least his mom won't feel lonely here, for she has the sky and the sea as her companions.

Savannah had no idea how long she had been looking at the sea. She unconsciously took a glance at Emmett. He was sitting in front of Yona's tombstone and saying something with a faint smile on his face.

He was not a talkative person, but he seemed to have endless words to say when he was there.

At least he has someone to talk to. What about me?

Savannah turned around and continued looking at the sea view. After standing there for quite some time, she started feeling cold. She crossed her arms over her chest to keep herself warm. Standing in front of the choppy sea, she felt as small as an ant.

Suddenly, someone put a coat around her shoulders. She turned around and Emmett was gazing at her. "Have you finished chatting with her?" she asked.

"Let's go back," Emmett replied.

He still looked depressed and Savannah didn't know how to cheer him up. She looked at the view and unwittingly said, "The view is breathtaking. It feels nice, just by looking at the beautiful sea and listening to the sound of the waves."

Emmett pursed his lips and said coldly, "Mom never had the chance to enjoy the view with her loved ones."

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 55

Marrying a Dumb Husband Chapter 55 Terminate All Of Them

Savannah figured out that Yona might have loved the wrong person.

However, Savannah would be happy and contented if she could stay at a place like that. To her, it was like living in heaven. She turned to Emmett and asked him, "Can I be buried somewhere near the sea after I die?"

Emmett was stunned. "As long as you're my wife, I'll have you buried anywhere you like," he replied.

After saying that, his face darkened and he headed towards the car. Savannah followed after him while slapping her mouth.

What the hell am I thinking? No one's going to die. I want to live a long life. I want to see Freddie get married and have a family of his own.

Savannah got into the car and put on the seatbelt. Emmett was staring at her all the time.

She realized she had misspoken, so she quickly cast a bright smile at him. "I was just saying that for fun. You can have me buried anywhere after I die. It doesn't have to be a nice place like this..."

Emmett instantly pulled her closer and covered her mouth. "Stop talking nonsense! Don't say that word again. Say that again and I'll throw you into the sea right away."

Savannah shivered as she heard his words. She broke free from his arms. "Alright. I won't say that anymore. Don't worry. I'm not going to die..."

Savannah accidentally spat out the word, once again. She quickly covered her mouth with her hands.

What should I do with this woman? Emmett glared at her with anger. After a few seconds, he started the car and didn't say a word along their way back.

Why is he angry with me? Is he afraid that I'll die?

So, someone actually cares about me. She covered her mouth as she giggled.

When the car sped off, the strong wind blew and the petals of the daisies were like purple fairies, flying in the air.

After they went back from Seaside Villa, everything returned to normal.

They were trying their best to play their roles. To outsiders, there wasn't much influence on Mashion's operation after what had happened. In fact, the company had an increased profit that month and it was all credited to Savannah.

However, Savannah was well aware that the real contributor was Emmett as he sorted out everything for her. He was the decision-maker. She merely executed what he had planned.

Savannah had got some inspiration for the upcoming Fashion Week. She planned to design a fashion series under a vintage floral theme, complemented by bird-patterned embroidery, to bring out Mashion's unique fashion sense of gracefulness and transcendence.

She was working all day long on her new laptop. She created a sampler with professional design software.

The pink laptop was a gift from the company. She got it after they came back from Seaside Villa.

When Javon handed the laptop to her, she was dumbstruck. She never thought that the company would gift her a high-end laptop.

Before that, she was thinking to save money and get herself a secondhand laptop.

Savannah was excited. After she installed the system, she browsed through her online studio when there was no one in the office. There were a few comments left a month ago. Some online sellers wanted her to design small logos for their business platforms.

Savannah replied to the comments, hoping she could secure a few customers.

It was not difficult for her to design small logos. Besides, she could earn some side income from that. Therefore, she would never give up on her online studio.

After spending hours on the design software, she was exhausted, so she surfed the other websites for relaxation. She came across an article about the police investigating and prosecuting a factory that manufactured and sold counterfeit fashion brands. A large number of counterfeit products were seized.

Below the article, there was a video clip of the police destroying the counterfeits. Staring at the screen, Savannah couldn't help but think of Glenn and Maisie. She wondered if they had been sentenced.

Glenn had committed serious crimes. Firstly, he committed the crime of assault. Furthermore, he was charged with counterfeiting.

Savannah searched online for more articles about that news. There was nothing about Brooklyn. Glenn was held responsible for all the crimes.

Eventually, Glenn's crime of assault was perceived as an act of revenge against the person in charge of the brand after the company discovered his act of counterfeiting and held him responsible for the crime.

Brooklyn managed to keep herself out of the chaos. Most probably, the Quaker family had used its influential power to cover Brooklyn.

Despite what Clara had done, Agatha still let her go. Agatha just asked Clara to return the money. Although the latter promised to return two million, she had only managed to return half a million by then.

Who does she think she is? Why is she taking so long to return the money? And now Emmett and I have to collect the remaining debt from her.

As a matter of fact, Clara and her daughter had gotten themselves involved in commercial crimes. Perhaps to the Quaker family, it was an internal affair as there was nothing more important than the family's reputation.

Emmett must have taken it that way too. After all, he is part of the Quaker family. If anything bad happened to the family, it'd do him no good.

Savannah heaved a sigh and shut down her laptop. There was nothing else she could do about it. She felt unfair, but she couldn't think of a better solution.

She stood up and stretched herself. There was a document on Emmett's office table. It was about the personnel arrangement. She picked up the document and skimmed through it.

Savannah was shocked to find out that the company was going to dismiss more than twenty employees.

What is going on? Is the company in the red? But I'd have known if the company is at a loss.

Just when she was puzzled by thoughts, Emmett entered the room and saw her holding the document in her hand. "Since when have you been interested in the company's management?" he asked.

Savannah swiftly put down the document and gave a smile. "I was just stretching myself and looking around."

"I see." Emmett seated himself at his office table and handed the document to Savannah. "I want to see the manager of Human Resource Department. We have to get rid of all the employees listed on the document."

Savannah received the document. She froze for a few seconds before she asked, "Why are we dismissing so many employees? Is the company having financial problems?"

Emmett gave her a speechless look. "Do you want to deal with people like Glenn and Maisie again?"

Savannah shook her head vigorously.

"Then we have to fire all of them to get rid of the rats. After that, we can work with peace of mind."

Savannah finally understood what Emmett was trying to do. All the people listed on the document were spies that Brooklyn planted in the company. Looking at the name list, Savannah felt chills run down her spine. "Are you sure they're all Brooklyn's accomplices? Anyhow, you have to dismiss them with a valid reason, don't you?"

"I want all of them to be terminated, including anyone who seems to be suspicious. I will not condone anyone of such sorts in the company. Don't worry about it. Human Resource Department will come up with something to get it done. That's their job."