

Chapter 599 Feeling Embarrassed

Fortunately, Howell prepared a mask in advance to ensure that no one in the crowd would recognize him. He put it on, as well as the hat, and then swiftly made his way into the bustling throng. As soon as he reached Emily, he grabbed her hand and pulled her outside.

Thinking it was the hospital security guard attempting to take her away, Emily instinctively fought back, her nails unintentionally scratching the man's arm.

"Keep your hands off me! How dare you!" she lashed out.

Gritting his teeth in pain, Howell whispered, "It's me, hurry up and come with me. Let's not make a scene here."

"Howell?"

A moment of realization washed over Emily as she recognized Howell's voice, tears streaming down her face.

"Honey! I did all of this for our child. Arielle is suffering in prison. What if Melissa and Everett interfere with the trial and sentence our daughter to life imprisonment?"

Amidst her inconsolable sobs, Emily poured out her heart.

She continued, "Honey, we're left with no choice. I only want Melissa to let go of our daughter."

Emily's tears flowed freely, and the surrounding crowd couldn't help but be drawn to the two. Their attention shifted from Emily to Howell.

Howell felt the stare and grew restless. His face flushed with a mixture of embarrassment, frustration, and regret. He wished he could dig a hole in the ground and hide there forever.

"Emily, stop crying! We'll find a private place to talk. Come with me now!" Howell said, trying to maintain his composure.

"No, I won't go!" she cried loudly, refusing to leave with him.

Howell's patience wore thin. If this kept up and a video of the scene got posted online, he'd become a laughingstock. He stepped forward, intending to drag Emily away, and grew increasingly frustrated.

Emily resisted and flailed her arms about, which caused Howell's mask to fall off.

Surprised, someone pointed and exclaimed, "Isn't that Mr. Sherman? I remember a report about him a few months ago, praising his remarkable achievements in the medical equipment industry."

The mention caught everyone's attention, prompting some to record videos on their phones.

Howell hastily picked up the fallen mask and covered his face. "You've got it all wrong! I'm not Howell Sherman! I swear!"

He felt his cheeks burning with embarrassment. He'd never experienced such shame in his entire life. All he wanted was to escape from this place, but Emily refused to grant him that opportunity. She sat back down on the floor and began sobbing uncontrollably.

Anger and humiliation consumed Howell. He regretted marrying someone like her. Now he was the town's laughingstock and who would ever want to do business with him again? He was certain everyone saw him as a complete joke.

Overwhelmed by rage, Howell reached out and grabbed Emily's neck, delivering a hard slap across her face.

Emily was stunned, staring at him in disbelief. "You... You hit me?"

"Yes! I hit you. So what? I'm already humiliated enough. I couldn't care less about what they say!"

Howell's words dripped with disdain as he delivered another forceful slap to her face.

After enduring a series of slaps, Emily's cheeks began to swell, tears streaming down her face as she pleaded, "Howell, please don't hit me. I'll go with you, okay?"

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