

Marrying a Dumb Husband chapter 5

“B*tch, what did you-” “Shut up!” The sarcasm in Savannah’s voice was too obvious, making both Brooklyn and Clara contort in anger immediately. But just as they were about to curse out loud, Lincoln stopped them. “Savannah’s right. From now on, stop embarrassing the Quaker family.” “Yes, as a Quaker, we must always watch our language.

Don’t be a shame to our family,” said Agatha as she nodded in agreement. She seemed pleased that Savannah had addressed herself as a Quaker earlier. Then, Agatha added gently, “I told you to run Mashion on behalf of me. I’ve never said I’d hand the company to you. Now that Emmett is married, please hand the company over to them.” “Okay.” Knowing that her grandmother favored males over females and the fact that her father had yelled at her, she had no choice but to accept her fate for now.

Emmett might be a retard, but it was a well-known fact that Agatha still adored him over her.

Therefore, no matter how hard she tried, she knew she would never win her grandmother’s recognition. “I’ll do as you say, Grandma,” she said reluctantly, even though her heart was simmering with annoyance. After that announcement, Agatha dismissed everyone. Back in the room, Savannah thought she could finally rest. But the moment they were behind closed doors, Emmett turned into a different man. He wrapped his arms around her slender waist and pinned her to the door.

Tucking a strand of hair behind her ear coyly, he asked, “Why did you defend me back there?” His hot breath landed on her nape, tickling her gently and arousing her senses. She twisted her body in an attempt to escape from his clutches, but the man merely tightened his arms.

“Hmm?” he grunted, insisting on a reply from her. As his nasal twang reached her ears, a chill chased down her spine. “W-Well, we’re a

married couple now. You're my husband, so I won't allow others to bully you,"

Savannah stuttered while the tips of her ears turned red. "Is that so? So there's no ulterior motive?" Emmett pressed on. He brought her nearer, brushing his lips lightly over her ear as he spoke. "What else— Ah!" Savannah was going to retort when Emmett suddenly sucked on her earlobe and nibble on it lightly. "Think before you speak," he reminded with a ragged breath as he continued running his lips across her earlobe. Emmett's hot breath, coupled with his playful lips, caused Savannah to go numb right that instant. It was as if the man was controlling her mind, and her tongue was no longer her own. In the end, she blurted out truthfully, "I-I just want them to stop bullying us so I can live in peace."

She was so shy by now that her eyes were beginning to turn red, too. "That's more like it." Emmett let out a soft snicker. It seemed like he was finally convinced. Savannah heaved a sigh of relief. "Emmett, can you— Ah!" She was about to ask Emmett to release her when he suddenly picked her up. "W-What do you think you're doing?" Shocked, Savannah flung her arms around his neck as she was afraid that she would drop to the floor. "Ha! We're newlyweds, so of course, we should do something befitting our status." Emmett let out a soft chuckle and headed to the bed with Savannah in his arms.

"No! I don't want to!" Immediately, Savannah attempted to pry herself free. "Let me go, Emmett. You can't do this to me." Last night was an accident because she was drunk. Right now, she was clear-headed and refused to be treated that way. "Why not? We're married. Everything I do to you is practically legal." Ignoring her pleas, Emmett threw her onto the bed and crushed his entire weight onto her. "Don't you want to be intimate with me, Honey?"

Emmett's finger landed on the middle of Savannah's brows. A hint of warning flashed across his eyes. "Of course, I— Hey!" Savannah was in the middle of explaining when Emmett's finger pressed down forcefully, causing her to yelp in pain. "Mm? Think before you reply, Ho-ney," said Emmett, emphasizing the word "Honey." "I..." Savannah trailed off. This was clearly a warning, so she could only gaze at Emmett with her bloodshot eyes. "

That's a good girl." Emmett let out a satisfied laugh. His mouth then landed on her lips as he drowned her in a dizzying kiss. That very morning, Emmett ravaged Savannah once again. It was already afternoon by the time he was done with her. "Mrs. Quaker, Old Mrs. Quaker wants to see you." Soon after Emmett left, someone came knocking on the door. "Okay," replied Savannah obediently. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror and tidied herself up before leaving to see Agatha. Agatha was the only person in the Quaker family who sincerely adored Emmett, which was very clear to Savannah.

Everyone else thought of him as a fool and retard. Pushing the door open, she saw Agatha's helper, Mary, waiting for her outside. She then followed Mary down the stairs quietly. They went past the living room, drawing room, and a tastefully furnished hallway before arriving at a beautiful garden behind the Quaker residence. It was a vast space full of flora and fauna. There was also a pavilion, greenhouse, and a swing in sight. Mary pointed at a small house right beside the greenhouse and explained, "That building is where Old Mrs. Quaker lives." Coming to a stop,

Savannah pointed at the Quaker residence, which was as huge as a castle. She asked curiously, "Why did she move out to stay alone?" Mary flashed a smile. "Old Mrs. Quaker is no longer young, so she craves for peace. Besides, there are too many people living in the villa – you, Mr.

Emmett, Mr. Logan, that woman, and also Mr. Osborn. Old Mrs. Quaker doesn't like to see that woman." Her voice dropped as she revealed the last sentence carefully. Savannah nodded and continued. "

What about the other relatives? Don't they live here?" Mary shook her head. "They moved out into their respective houses after getting married, which, by the way, are all just a stone's throw away. Mrs. Quaker, we should hurry up. Old Mrs. Quaker is waiting for you." "Okay," came Savannah's reply. Their footsteps hastened. So the other Quakers only gathered for breakfast today. Thank God they don't live here. Otherwise, I would've argued with Clara and Brooklyn every day.

And the way Mary was talking about Logan, Emmett's father... That woman must be referring to his mistress, Madelyn Jenson, who came between his first marriage. Mr. Osborn is their son, who's also Emmett's half-brother. Strangely, the three of them didn't show up at breakfast today, even though it was the first day after Emmett's wedding. Stepping into the house, Savannah immediately spotted Agatha resting on a rocking chair by the window with her eyes shut tightly.

The sunlight shone through the windows and landed gently on her. It seemed like time had come to a still here. Mary gestured for Savannah to stay still while she went over to her employer gently. "Old Mrs. Quaker, Mrs. Quaker is here." "Where is Emmett?" Agatha opened her eyes and questioned. "Mr. Nolan just picked him up for his physiotherapy at the neurology department," answered Mary. Agatha grunted in response. Yet the moment her eyes snapped open, she barked at Savannah, "Get down on your knees."