

## Marrying a Dumb Husband chapter 8

On the other end of the phone, Savannah tried her best not to choke on her own tears while consoling him. "I need to work and earn money so you can buy delicious food and fun toys. I'll visit you in a few days. Can you be a good boy? Eat and sleep well, alright?"

"I'll be a good boy. Mommy, don't leave me alone. Come visit me soon."

"Take this brat away!" Sydney's voice appeared out of a sudden, while Freddie's cries grew faint.

"Sydney Avery! What did you do to my son?" Savannah demanded crossly into the phone.

Sydney merely sneered, "Don't worry. The nanny brought him to his own room. I was nice enough to let you hear his voice, so you should be thanking me."

Holding back tears, Savannah vowed, "If I find out he's hurt when I see him again, I won't let you off the hook!"

Sydney's tinkling laughter sounded over the line. "Are you threatening me? With your status as Mrs. Quaker? Don't you know Emmett is practically worthless?"

"Oh, really? If my status is worth nothing, why did you force me to marry him? How will my marriage benefit you?" Savannah retorted. Hearing that, Sydney snapped impatiently. "Dad wants me to remind you to treat that fool well. Pacify Old Mrs. Quaker and make sure you don't offend anyone there. Get it?"

"Yeah," answered Savannah half-heartedly. I'm certain Sean wants me to

get to Agatha to destroy the evidence that could put him behind bars.

“By the way, how was the retard last night? Did he find out who you are?” Sydney mocked.

Savannah retaliated promptly. “Well, aren’t you curious? Why don’t you find a retard and try it yourself!”

“You shameless—”

Savannah cut the line before Sydney could say anything else.

Toot... Toot... Toot... Toot... Sydney gripped her phone tightly as anger simmered in her heart. How dare you, Savannah! Fine, let’s see how long you can remain this sharp-tongued. Once you’re useless to us, I’ll make sure you and your annoying son disappear on the surface of this earth!

Back in her room, Savannah wiped her tears away and calmed herself down. I must be strong for my son. I’ve been through all the hard times in jail. Nothing else can bring me down. Not stupid Sydney, Osborn, or Emmett for all that mattered!

With her back against the door, she closed her eyes in exhaustion and fell into a deep slumber.

Meanwhile, after Nolan picked Emmett up, they entered the hospital, pretending to go to the neurologist. Instead, they exited the hospital through the back door and left in another car.

Arriving at a building in the central business district, they headed to the office on the top floor. Nolan brewed some coffee and shut the door behind them. He instructed the rest to leave them alone and started talking about the recent events in Quaker Corporation.

Emmett listened to him silently, deep in thought.

After that, Nolan retrieved a few files and called Emmett’s name a few

times. However, the man merely stared into space blankly. Curious, Nolan rapped his knuckles on the desk, trying to draw Emmett's attention. "Emmett, what are you thinking about? Are you going to go through the files regarding Quaker Corporation's recent projects?"

Emmett muttered a word of response and snapped back to reality. He then flipped through the files nonchalantly and asked, "Did my father realize we've taken control of Quaker Corporation through Tomorrow City?"

"I don't think Uncle Logan had realized it yet. He claimed to have gone to Southeast Asia for a site inspection. But in reality, he went there with Osborn and that woman on a vacation," Nolan explained while studying Emmett's expression carefully.

At his words, Emmett's brows knitted up as his jaw tightened.

Whenever his father's current wife and his half-brother were mentioned, irritation would flare within Emmett. Nolan knew him well.

In fact, Logan didn't even view Emmett as his son. He knew his son was getting married, but he used the site inspection as an excuse to take a vacation with his mistress and their good-for-nothing son. It was clearly a humiliation to Emmett, who got treated worse than an outsider.

Closing the file, Emmett uttered coolly, "Good. Tell the company in Southeast Asia to complete the act. When the time's right, I'll kick my father out. He'll lose his entire investment by then."

"Got it. Anyway, this isn't the first time we've done this, so don't worry. It's a fool proof plan."

Emmett gazed at him without a word. Strangely, Nolan felt an

indescribable sense of oppression in the air. He couldn't help but shudder at the sudden chill.