

My Mute Bride Chapter 4

Chapter 4, My Mute Bride

After Rachel spent the entire morning doing household chores, she had a dry throat and wanted to help herself to some water. As she walked past the turn of the staircase, she incidentally overheard two servants secretly talking about her. The first servant said, "I heard that Amber Hudson graduated overseas with a doctorate. Not only does she have a pretty face, she's very good at dancing as well; she even won the Riverdale White Swan Dance Championship last year."

The other servant replied, "Isn't that so? Just look at the woman Young Master Justin is currently married to. She can't speak and is submissive all the time; moreover, she married into the Burtons without a wedding. She's so cheap. Just what kind of a madam is she?" "Well, Young Master Justin has a scar on his face, but he is a man of great capabilities.

Besides, he is rich and powerful. A mute woman would never have the chance to be his wife, don't you think so?" "Oh, you're right. I heard that mute people like her are labeled as people with third-grade disabilities." *Third-grade disabilities...* Rachel's eyes flickered. In reality, she wasn't born unable to speak.

A big fire had damaged her throat when she was ten, but her father was reluctant to spend a lot of money to send her abroad for treatment. Hence, her medical treatment was delayed again and again. She didn't understand why when she was little, and it wasn't until she had grown up that Rachel realized this was only because she was not the beloved daughter who grew up by her father's side. Instead, she was an outsider who had been brought back to the Hudson Family midway.

Therefore, these comments had no effect on her at all. She smiled unconcernedly and was about to turn around and leave when an icy and harsh voice spoke outside. "Who allowed you to gossip about the Burton Family's matters as you please?" The two old female servants looked back sharply and saw the frosty-looking Justin, who could freeze someone to death with his eyes alone, staring at them with narrowed eyes.

They panicked at once and begged him by saying, "We won't do it again, sir! It's our fault! We'll never shoot our mouths off again! Please let us off, sir!" However, Justin still looked frosty and was not visibly moved at all. Frankie Beckham, his assistant who had been following behind him, stepped to the front and said to the two servants, "From tomorrow onward, both of you don't have to come to work anymore."

The two servants were immediately devastated. Suddenly, Justin looked in Rachel's direction. After glancing at the dirt on her hands and the apron on her waist, he knitted his brows slightly. "Why are you doing these things? You're the lady of the house." Rachel was somewhat baffled by the interrogative tone of his voice. *Is he really unaware that Sue has been ordering me about?* Justin frowned slightly at her silence.

"There are servants in the house, so you don't have to do these things from now on." A myriad of thoughts crossed Rachel's mind, but she nodded obediently without giving anything away. She untied her apron and put down the broom. As she was about to go upstairs, she inadvertently cast her eyes upon the two old female servants.

They had been fired, and they were currently kneeling on the ground. A thought came into her mind. *In reality, this man didn't do so to help me; he merely did so for the sake of the Burton Family's dignity*, she thought to herself. Cinderella's story existed only in fairy tales, not in her understanding of reality.

Therefore, she wasn't grateful to Justin since it would be too foolish to do so. She returned upstairs and had just opened the door to her bedroom when her cell phone suddenly registered an incoming phone call. She glanced at the screen and saw that Jefferey was calling her. After a moment's hesitation, she answered the phone. Unbeknownst to her, Justin received a text message from Frankie downstairs. It read, 'The Hudsons have called Mrs. Burton.'

Justin's eyes darkened slightly, and his expression was inscrutable. Rachel, who didn't know that her cell phone had been tapped by the Burton Family, listened quietly as Jefferey spoke on the phone. He said, "I need your help, Rachel—it's an emergency. Go to Justin's study, look for a business contract marked in red with the word 'Property', and take pictures of it for me. Be sure to photograph every page of it, and don't get caught by him."

He spoke like it was an easy thing to do, but it wasn't a trivial matter at all. Naturally, Rachel fell silent for a moment without agreeing to it. Since Jefferey had expected that she might be reluctant to do so, he added meaningfully in a colder voice, "I know that you're a filial kid. Don't forget that your grandmother is still waiting for you."

Rachel was stunned by the words, 'your grandmother is still waiting for you.' Her grandmother was still lying comatose in the hospital, and she knew from her understanding of her father's cold-blooded personality that he really wouldn't care about the former's life and death.

She couldn't bring herself to feel any familial affection toward him since she had long been thoroughly disappointed with such a cold-blooded father, but her grandmother was different. No matter what, she couldn't ignore her grandmother's safety. Which was more important?

She had made a choice deep down inside. When she returned to the room, Justin was leaving with an overcoat in his hand. Before he left, he took a glance at her. There was a dark glint in his eyes that she couldn't understand, but she didn't give it much thought and waited in silence until night fell.

After 11.00PM, the servants had gone to rest. Rachel stood outside the door to Justin's study, her hand already pushing down on the door handle.