

Marrying a Dumb Husband chapter 2

Chapter 2

Lightspring – that was where the wedding was held. It was a lavish and lively affair for the Quakers and Averys. The venue was decorated with fresh flowers of dusty rose and white. Romance filled the air, and it was a beautiful scene. Both families were beaming as the guests congratulated them on the happy occasion. Dolled up prettily in an ivory white wedding dress, Savannah watched on motionlessly. It was as if the wedding had nothing to do with her.

After the banquet, Savannah drank herself into such a stupor that she had no idea who brought or helped her into the room she shared with Emmett. As Savannah lay on the bed, all she could think was that the bed was so soft. After all, it had been ages since she got to sleep in such a comfortable bed. After spending three years in jail, she didn't get to have a good night's rest in the Avery residence. Hence, this bed was what she needed after all the

ill-treatment. Yet, just as she was about to fall asleep, someone grabbed her wrists. She was so drunk she couldn't even open her heavy eyelids to see who it was. However, the person's scent seemed all too familiar to her. Her memories fluttered back to the horrible night which happened four years ago. It was a flurry of blurred faces before she ended up spending a passionate night with a stranger. "It hurts!" Savannah struggled instinctively, trying to free herself from the man. "Let me go!" Nonetheless, the man paid no attention to her struggles and harshly conquered her entire being. When Savannah woke up, her body was aching all over. *Ughh... why does it hurt so bad?* She then shifted slightly into a more comfortable posture, thinking that she just slept on the wrong side of the bed. While turning around, her gaze landed on a devilishly handsome face beside her, giving her a shock. *Emmett's so good-looking. I bet he's comparable to those popular celebrities. If he isn't intellectually disabled, women would definitely flock after him. But wait... I was drunk last night. So... what happened?* Glancing around, Savannah realized her clothes were strewn on the ground. Feeling a sudden chill from the cool midnight breeze, she looked down at her own stark-naked body. *No, this can't be! It's impossible! Did the fool do that to me last night? Really?* Savannah was about to lose it.

In a panic, she jumped down the bed and picked up her clothes on the ground. Forgetting that there was still someone else on the bed, she started muttering curses under her breath. Meanwhile, Emmett had awoken from his sleep. He opened his eyes and flashed her an icy smile. Holding her clothes in her arms, Savannah stared at the man she called her husband in shock. Right now, he didn't seem like he was intellectually disabled. In fact, he looked like just any other person out there. "W-What did you do to me?" she demanded in embarrassment. Sitting up, Emmett reached out to hold her chin.

"I did what any married couple would do in bed," he uttered menacingly. Savannah shoved his hand away and held her clothes tightly against her body, trying to cover every part of her flesh. "Stay away from me, and don't you dare touch me," she ordered in a trembling voice. However, Emmett tugged her clothes away forcefully and sneered,

"I see... Still pretending that you're oh-so-pure and innocent, eh? Come on... I didn't even complain that you're not a virgin." Savannah fell silent at his remark. Indeed, she was no longer a virgin. "No matter what you did before our marriage, you are now technically my wife in name. So as a Quaker, I can't possibly let the outsiders mock us for this." Terrified at what he was about to do to her, she

pleaded, "No, please. Spare me..." Ignoring her pleas, Emmett growled at her, "My wife must bleed on our first night together!" With that, he hustled her onto the bed like a wild beast unleashed...