

Love at the Wrong Table

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 111-Around half an hour later, Emmanuel's car came to a stop before Terence Group.

Terence Group's headquarters was a skyscraper located in the business park. The entrance to the business park was marked by a sprawling field.

As Mackenzie gracefully emerged from between the two rows of trees, she seemed like a fairy traversing through an enchanted forest.

Emmanuel found himself captivated by her presence, his gaze fixated on her in a momentary state of awe.

Noticing Emmanuel was staring at her, Mackenzie hopped into the car and playfully asked, "Why are you staring at me like that? Do I have something on my face?" "Huh? No! You're too pretty, Ms. Quillen!" Emmanuel praised honestly.

He couldn't help but acknowledge that Mackenzie was, without a doubt, the most strikingly beautiful person he had ever laid eyes on.

"You're only realizing that now?" Mackenzie retorted with a self-assured grin, rather than exhibiting any shyness.

"No, but I only got the chance to say it now. The first time we met, I was already captivated by your beauty. It felt like we were from different worlds. You're an enchanting and ethereal fairy while I'm just an ordinary human being." A half smile nudged Mackenzie's lips as she listened to him talk. She was well aware of her beauty, but genuine compliments about her appearance were a rarity, as most people lacked the courage to express admiration for her beauty sincerely.

She was inwardly pleased to hear his praises.

Right then, Emmanuel received a call from Alessandra.

"Manny, what's going on with Milani? She's been acting completely out of character today. Did you know she unexpectedly showed up to help me at work?" "E "What? Seriously?" Emmanuel's jaw dropped wide open in shock.

Alessandra was a cleaner. Milani's unexpected offer of help after work was quite surprising.

She's serious, huh?

"Mom, ignore her. Based on what I know about her, she'll eventually give up after putting on an act for a while," Emmanuel responded helplessly as he didn't know what Milani was getting at.

"No, that can't be. I believe you must be the reason for her sudden shift in attitude toward me. Did something happen between the two of you? I won't allow you to cheat on Mackenzie!" Alessandra cautioned Emmanuel, her intelligence and strong principles shining through her words.

"Mom, nothing happened between us, I have no idea why she's behaving like this. I won't be unfaithful to Mackenzie, so don't worry!" Emmanuel blurted out, feeling agitated.

After her initial surprise, Mackenzie flashed an amused smile.

It looks like he's romantically linked with another woman, huh?

"Okay, I trust you." "Mm. I'm driving Mackenzie home now. Bye!" Emmanuel ended the call and immediately explained, "Ms. Quillen, I'm completely clueless about what's happening. The woman I met on my last blind date suddenly expressed her love for me in an incredibly intense and unconventional manner. Please understand that I have no intention of showing off or seeking attention. It's honestly quite alarming. I assure you that I will not become romantically involved with her." Mackenzie was strangely pleased to see him all nervous.

She was still holding a grudge over his claim that he had never waited up for her.

Finally, she could turn the tables today.

"If you don't feel guilty, why do you feel the need to explain things to me?" she deliberately asked.

Emmanuel calmed down instantly. "As long as we're married, you're still my wife. I don't want you to doubt me or feel uneasy in any way." Mackenzie broke into a beautiful grin.

She quickly composed herself and snapped, "You're thinking too much. I've never felt uneasy over you, Mr. Lowe!" Emmanuel was taken aback by her reply, but after returning to his senses, he found it amusing.

That was deliberate of her, huh?

Regardless, hearing that from her was a relief to him.

"Don't tell me you don't know why she reacted that way. I think it's because of the Maserati you drove today!" Mackenzie reminded him.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 112-She might not know Milani well, but she had seen Emmanuel and Milani together on their blind date.

It was obvious that Milani was a gold-digger.

It didn't take her long to realize why Milani's attitude did a one-eighty today.

"Ms. Quillen, that's smart of you!" Emmanuel was in awe.

He couldn't help but be impressed by Mackenzie's quick thinking. It was no novelbin surprise she held a high position in a prominent company. He couldn't help but acknowledge that he was no match for her in terms of wit and strategic thinking.

Emmanuel had thought Milani would give up quickly. Little did he expect her to go to great lengths to pursue him.

After he arrived home with Mackenzie, Roselynn gave him a call, requesting him to come home.

Emmanuel came out of the kitchen with the dinner he had prepared for Mackenzie. He placed the plate in front of her, then took off his apron and said, "Ms. Quillen, I'm afraid you'll have to eat without me. Roselynn has just summoned me home urgently." Mackenzie furrowed her brows slightly. Despite her reaction, she was pleased with how he reported everything to her. She gave him a nod but said nothing.

Emmanuel drove home in the Maserati. Soon, he came home and discovered Roselynn lounging on the couch to watch the TV instead of cooking dinner as usual. She lifted her mile-long legs and casually propped them up on the table in a rather unladylike manner.

“Roselynn, have you already had dinner?” “No,” Roselynn answered nonchalantly as she glanced at him.

“Is Mom cooking?” “Ha! Go to the kitchen and find out for yourself!” Roselynn didn’t answer his question directly.

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Emmanuel suddenly had an ominous feeling. He swiftly made his way to the kitchen, only to be greeted by the sight of Milani in an apron. She was helping Alessandra with the cooking.

Alessandra had told her to stop, but she had insisted on helping out.

“Milani, are you nuts?” Emmanuel snapped.

He had no idea Milani would come all the way to his house to help out just to win his heart.

No one in their right mind would do such a thing.

“Darling, you’re back?” Instead of blowing her top, Milani came over to welcome him warmly.

Alessandra swiftly positioned herself between them and dragged him out of the kitchen. “Manny, what is happening? Why did you allow yourself to be entangled with someone like her? what if Mackenzie finds out?” she chided softly.

Emmanuel rolled his eyes and replied in a low voice, “Mom, I didn’t do anything. She’s here because of my money.” “Your money? You’re making it sound as if you’re rich.” Alessandra refused to believe him. She gave him a forceful slap, reminding him to stop flirting with other women.

Seeing that, Roselynn felt bad for her brother for one second.

She rose from her seat and made her way to the kitchen, wearing a deliberately wide smile. “Ms. Zimmerman, I had no idea you possessed such exceptional culinary skills. You truly embody the qualities of an ideal wife. Your future husband is indeed fortunate!” Milani was delighted to hear that.

Emmanuel knitted his brows. What is Roselynn getting at?

Roselynn continued, “Unfortunately, my foolish brother won’t be the fortunate one. After his failed blind date with you, he went on to marry someone else. His wife would never set foot in the kitchen!” Pfft!

Milani was testing the taste of the soup, and upon hearing that, she spat out the liquid in her mouth.

Luckily, Roselynn had anticipated Milani’s response and swiftly evaded her, avoiding getting spat in the face.

“Roselynn, what are you talking about? That was a lie, right? Is Emmanuel really married?” Milani asked in disbelief.

Emmanuel had told her twice that he was married, but she had assumed he was imagining things.

After all, it was too quick for him to get married.

Marriage isn’t a simple transaction where one could pick and choose whatever caught their eye, like shopping at a market.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 113-Roselynn shrugged and said in a natural manner, “I’m capable of everything, but not lying.” She was telling the truth, so there wouldn’t be any flaws in her speech.

However, Milani was still unconvinced. She even thought Roselynn was deliberately saying that to test her sincerity toward Emmanuel. Hmph.

Petty tricks. My cousin, Ruby, has already given me various warnings. This tactic isn’t going to scare me now. It has only been such a short period since my blind date with Emmanuel, yet this dense man has already gotten married? Impossible!

Most importantly, there were no wedding photos hung in his house. Aside from Emmanuel’s mother and sister, there wasn’t a third woman there.

Milani figured that was obviously a lie.

“Hal Your joke is quite funny, Roselynn!” Milani laughed, glossing over the topic. “Let’s eat. I want to let you all assess my cooking skills.” When bringing out the food, she even deliberately looked outside the yard and saw a Maserati parked there.

Putting aside whether Emmanuel had indeed been promoted to the senior management of Terence Group, Milani was determined to marry him just for that luxury car.

Noticing Milani had braced herself this time and wasn't as easily dismissible as before, Roselynn could only watch helplessly.

She didn't care much about Milani's presence since there was someone to take the burden of preparing the dinner off her shoulder. She was merely worried about her brother. Hang in there, brother!

During dinner, Milani intentionally sat next to Emmanuel, causing him to feel extremely ill at ease.

He didn't have much appetite to eat and was only focused on how he could get rid of Milani so she wouldn't keep bothering him and his family.

"Dear, what's wrong? Is the food I prepared not tasty?" Milani put on an innocent and aggrieved expression.

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Although her cooking skills were mediocre, she had made her best dishes for that night's dinner to display her good qualities. The food can't possibly taste bad, right?

Emmanuel simply regarded her with a resigned look without elaborating.

Seeing that, Alessandra hastily flashed a courteous smile. "You're a wonderful woman, Ms. Zimmerman. The dishes you prepared are delicious. It's rare to find women who can cook these days." "How are we rare? Aren't I one?" Roselynn immediately pouted in displeasure.

Alessandra had to mind her manners, but Roselynn didn't.

Emmanuel quickly supported his sister. "That's right. Roselynn's cooking tastes better." Milani's mouth twitched as she took in how ungracious Emmanuel was.

Despite feeling very displeased, she still maintained a polite smile. "In that case, I should learn more from you in the future, Roselynn." A WN44745 "Why do you need to learn from me?" Roselynn snickered. "You're not my 4 sister—

in-law nor a part of my family. I have no obligation to teach you.” Women tend to make things difficult for other women.

Roselynn’s remark infuriated Milani. The latter gritted her teeth in annoyance while cursing Roselynn inwardly. What’s with her arrogant attitude? Does she think she’s so great just because she can cook? Serves her right for not being able to make her own living and get married!

“Roselynn, watch your language,” Alessandra hastily interjected and smiled at Milani apologetically. “Milani, Roselynn is just straightforward with her words. Don’t take it to heart.” Alessandra’s politeness was what kept Milani’s hopes alive.

After all, Ruby had taught Milani to adopt the strategy of capturing the ringleader first to round up their followers. If she could win Alessandra’s heart, she would be able to marry Emmanuel and be a part of the Lowe family soon.

In the future, I’ll be the owner of that Maserati!

Milani suppressed her anger and grinned. “Mom, I won’t take it to heart!” Pfft!

Emmanuel and Roselynn simultaneously spat out the food in their mouths.

“W–What did you just call my mom?” Emmanuel stared at Milani in astonishment.

A look of disdain also spread across Roselynn’s countenance. Why does a woman as shameless as she exists? Someone, please deal with this vixen!

“This-”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 114-Milani instantaneously felt a little self-conscious. Her brain had been so focused on that idea that she had inadvertently made a slip of the tongue.

Although Ruby had told her that if she wanted to win over her prince charming successfully, she had to adhere strictly to the three principles:

persist, be shameless, and persistently be shameless!

However, she found it really hard to persist in being shameless.

“Milani, I know what you’re thinking, but don’t get ahead of yourself!” Emmanuel once again clarified the situation to her. “Whether you believe it or not, I’m already married, and that Maserati belongs to my wife, not me!” Milani was slightly taken aback but still somewhat skeptical.

If Emmanuel hadn’t rapidly risen in the ranks within Terence Group, why would any rich and beautiful woman look at him twice?

Emmanuel didn’t care what she thought and continued, “Besides, my family can’t afford to pay you a betrothal gift of five hundred thousand. I’m also not rich enough to purchase a matrimonial house and car, so we truly aren’t suitable for one another!” Milani, who had been harboring doubts, immediately disbelieved him after she heard that.

She had come prepared that time under Ruby’s advice and wouldn’t be easily bluffed by Emmanuel like on the previous two occasions.

Therefore, Milani took the initiative and said, “Dear, material things don’t matter. It’s great if we have them, but it’s fine even if we don’t. I like you for you. Didn’t we go on a blind date together? I fully accept you for who you are!” Pfft!

Roselynn spat out the food she was chewing again, this time directly onto Milani’s face. Who helped her come up with these lines? That’s ingenious!

“Roselynn, why did you spray food on my face? Jeez!” Milani wiped her face in slight displeasure.

Emmanuel didn’t want to waste more time explaining to her, so he directly video-called Mackenzie, hoping that would make Milani give up.

Meanwhile, Mackenzie looked at Emmanuel’s incoming call with glimmering eyes, already guessing his intention.

She let the call ring and took out a piece of facial mask.

Emmanuel dialed Mackenzie’s number twice, but no one answered the call. What is she up to? Why is she always unreachable during crucial moments?

“Dear, who are you calling?” Milani noticed Emmanuel’s actions, and she regarded him with an amused expression. He’s still trying to put on a show? Does he really think he looks like someone with a wife?

While Emmanuel was stumped, Mackenzie finally returned the call.

9 “This is my wife. Let me show you!” He hastily answered, deliberately showing Milani the screen of his phone.

Once the call connected, Milani indeed saw a woman of extraordinary elegance on the other end of the video call.

Although Mackenzie had deliberately put on a facial mask, her graceful figure and innate distinguished temperament still managed to invoke intense envy to surge within Milani.

“Emmanuel, how dare you have dinner with another woman behind my back!” Mackenzie perfectly played along without waiting for Emmanuel to speak.

“Darling, don’t misunderstand! This is my last blind date. She suddenly wanted to see what my wife looks like, so I was just fulfilling her wish,” he quickly explained.

Milani was already dumbfounded at that point.

Never in her wildest dream did she expect Emmanuel to be really married.

Even the house his wife lived in appeared to be very high-end.

“Oh? Are you trying to show off your wife?” A hint of smugness flashed across Mackenzie’s eyes, but she swiftly resumed her queenly demeanor and ordered coldly, “Drive my Maserati and come back home at once!” “All right!” Emmanuel agreed and was about to end the call.

Alessandra hurriedly lunged forward, forbidding him from disconnecting the call and snatching the phone in agitation. “Mackenzie, long time no see! You look like you’ve lost weight. When are you free to come home? I’ll make you some nutritious soup to nourish your body.” Emmanuel and Mackenzie might be putting on an act, but Milani could tell Alessandra was being utterly sincere. Could that gorgeous lady genuinely be her daughter-in-law?

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 115-Mackenzie felt an inexplicable sense of warmth in her heart.

She had eaten some of the tastiest and most expensive foods, yet none novelbin had ever made her feel this way.

All in all, she could tell Alessandra truly doted on her!

“Maybe next time, Mom!” Mackenzie replied.

“What did you just say? What did you call me?” Alessandra blurted out excitedly, eyes almost brimming with tears.

Oh, my gosh. Even though Mackenzie came home with Emmanuel previously, she barely spoke to me and never once called me ‘Mom.’ I was so worried that she disliked me and didn’t want to acknowledge me as her mother-in-law... I can’t believe she’s finally addressing me properly!

Emmanuel began wagging his eyebrows at Mackenzie, hoping she could repeat herself and make Alessandra happy.

Mackenzie, however, was ready to change the subject. It had felt natural earlier to call Alessandra “Mom,” but to have her intentionally repeat it would be somewhat embarrassing. “How about next month? I’ll find time to drop by again!” Thankfully, Alessandra was considerate enough to stop probing, but she still couldn’t hide the enthusiasm in her voice. “Sure, sure!” she exclaimed.

“Let me know the day, and I’ll prepare your favorite foods in advance!” Oh... Just the thought of seeing my daughter-in-law again fills me with joy!

A sigh escaped Mackenzie’s lips as she suddenly recalled Emmanuel’s words. D’mn it. If he and I got a divorce, would his mother be able to take the blow? Argh! I hate how this feels... “All right, then. I’m hanging up now!” she quickly added before ending the call.

Meanwhile, Roselynn stared at the dumbstruck Milani and chuckled. “Ms.

Zimmerman, if you don’t mind, you can be my brother’s mistress instead!

Haha!” Milani instantly turned red, so angry and ashamed that she just wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

Argh! I can’t believe Emmanuel got himself a wife! Furthermore, it sounds like she’s the kind of woman who has wealth, beauty, and brains... “I’m heading home, Ms. Zimmerman. Do you need a lift?” Emmanuel asked, though only out of politeness. After all, it was much too awkward for him to stay behind.

A smirk crept across Roselynn's face. Oh, come on. I know Milani's thick-skinned, but she can't possibly still want to cling to Manny, can she?

To her horror, the latter did just that as she nodded shyly. "Yes. Please send me home." Roselynn stared agape, her eyes nearly popping out of her head. What the hell? Has Milani no shame at all?

Emmanuel, on the other hand, remained unfazed. In fact, he'd be surprised if Milani had rejected his offer instead.

Sure enough, Milani began exploring the Maserati as soon as she stepped into it, clearly having no regard for whom the car belonged to.

She even went so far as to take selfies, and judging by her character, it wouldn't be surprising if she secretly posted them on Instagram.

"Emmanuel, how old is your wife?" Milani suddenly asked.

The man froze momentarily. "Why do you ask? Wait a minute... Are you still interested in me? How many times must I tell you I'm a pauper? My wife doesn't share her money with me, and this car belongs to her," too. I'm only driving it for a few days." "Quit yapping, will you?" Milani said coldly. "Just answer my question." "She's twenty-seven!" Upon hearing that, Milani blanched. What? Mackenzie intentionally put on a facial mask earlier, so even though she had a great figure and beautiful skin, I still pegged her as an old lady. After all, a woman of her status shouldn't have any problems maintaining her youthful appearance, so who's to say she isn't already in her forties or fifties? Several celebrities in their seventies still look like they're in their early twenties, for goodness' sake. A sixty-year-old actress who visited an old folks' home was even mistaken for one of the residents' granddaughters!

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 116-Try as she might, Milani couldn't believe Mackenzie was only twenty-seven years old!

Now that she had completely given up on Emmanuel she no longer bothered to disguise her contempt for the man " don't get it What does she see in you ?*

"How would I know? You'll have to ask her? Emmanuel answered perfunctorily. "Hg. There's no way I'll tell her the truth that a secret between me and Mackenzie is "Hmph I still think this is all just an act Milani retorted "I too unbelievable None of this makes sense. Emmanuel only eams eighty

thousand a year How does he land himself a wife so far out of his league?
Fairy tales aren't

even this ridiculous!

Emmanuel merely smiled and said nothing. He didn't care what the woman thought and only wanted to send her home and call it a day.

When Emmanuel finally reached home, he wasted no time expressing his gratitude to Mackenzie. "Ms. Quillen, thank you for playing along tonight.

Not only have you helped me chase away a pesky woman, but you've also made my mother very happy!" Mackenzie tried to play it off with a casual smile, but no matter how much she tried, she couldn't hide the sliver of satisfaction she felt.

I can't believe it was so easy to win my mother-in-law over. I sure am a charming daughter-in-law, aren't I?

Seconds later, however, Mackenzie was back to being cold and indifferent.

"Don't overthink it. I'm only doing this to repay you for beating Gautier up.

That b*stard has been trying to plot against me over and over again. I should've dealt with him sooner!" novelbin Emmanuel flinched a little before looking at Mackenzie with a stiff smile.

"You already knew about it, Ms. Quillen?" "Of course. That said, you'd better be on your guard," Mackenzie warned.

"Gautier isn't like the clingy women around you. He's a lot craftier and harder to deal with. You never know when he's going to strike!" "Although I've made Gautier suffer many business losses, I've also almost fallen into his traps several times. The previous incident had to be the worst! I didn't even know he had drugged my drinks, and if it weren't for Emmanuel's timely rescue, I have no doubt Hubert would've taken advantage of me! Afterward, even if I wanted revenge, Gautier would use Hubert as his scapegoat while he gets away scot-free..." "I know. Please be careful too, Ms. Quillen. Feel free to let me know if you need any help. I may not be good at many things, but I'm confident in my fighting skills," Emmanuel proclaimed.

After all, he was a battle-tested soldier who would never cower from a fight for justice!

With that, Mackenzie smiled coldly and returned to her room.

The next day, Emmanuel was at work when he received an urgent call from Alessandra.

“What? Uncle Emerson has been detained overseas?” “Yes. I heard he was tricked into carrying out illegal activities abroad, but now that he wants to return home, his captors are demanding a ransom of one hundred and sixty thousand!” Alessandra choked out.

To make matters worse, her father, Hermann Cadigan, had called early in the morning and demanded that she chip in eighty thousand. Where was she supposed to get that much money, though?

After listening to Alessandra’s brief rundown, even the mild-mannered Emmanuel could no longer hold back his temper.

4/6 He had never liked his grandfather, and he especially hated his good-for-nothing uncle, Emerson Cadigan, who only spent his time lazing around and indulging in vices.

Unfortunately, Alessandra was born to a family in Greendale Village that favored sons over daughters, and marrying off the daughters was nothing more than a financial transaction to them.

Argh! I was told that when Dad wanted to marry Mom, Granddad had the cheek to ask for one hundred thousand as the betrothal gift! That amount of money would’ve been enough to build a big house back then, for goodness’ sake! Since Dad had just gotten out of the army, he had to part with all his savings before he could marry Mom. Worst of all, Granddad didn’t even attend the wedding dinner. Instead, he gave a flimsy excuse about the venue being too far! I’ll never forget how Mom always tears up when she talks about this... Alas, the more Emmanuel thought about it, the angrier he became. Just when I believed my maternal family had cut all contact with Mom, Granddad led a group of relatives to our house three years ago and insisted that Mom pay off Uncle Emerson’s gambling debts of thirty thousand! They wouldn’t stop guilt-tripping her by reiterating that she was his sister... Dad had already passed away then, and with me in the army, Roselynn couldn’t fend off those sc*mbags by herself. Granddad and Uncle Emerson never thanked us after

taking the money, and I can't believe they're doing it again! How shameless can they get? Are we just an ATM to them? Is that why they only come to us when they need money and treat us like dirt when we don't have any?

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 117-“What do you plan to do now, Mom?” Emmanuel thought he should at least get his mother's opinion.

He no longer felt a thing for his grandfather, Hermånn, his uncle, Emerson, and that side of the family, but he feared his mother still did. Blood is thicker than water, after all.

If his mother decided to rescue his uncle, he, as her son, would help her think of something.

“I don't know what to do. We don't have the money.” Alessandra was practical.

Despite the pressure exerted by her family, she would not ask her son for help, nor would she ask her daughter-in-law.

We already owe her too much!

“If Granddad calls you, Manny, just tell him you have no money. They must not know that Mackenzie own's a large enterprise, or I'm afraid they would force you to ask her for money.” Alessandra knew just how money-minded her father was. That was why she did not dare inform him of their arrival when Mackenzie visited them with Emmanuel.

If the old man knew how rich his granddaughter-in-law was, he would do everything he could to extort her.

In fact, her purpose in calling Emmanuel was to put him on his guard, not ask him for money.

“I know, Mom,” Emmanuel assured her.

He had decided not to aid his uncle, who had asked for help one too many times. Despite being a man in his forties and a father of two, Emerson had no sense of responsibility: the man would rather show off his wealth whenever he had money instead of spending it on his children.

Accompanying his mother, Emmanuel had on occasion visited her family and saw how shabbily those two children were dressed. Their parents had never been separated, and their father did not care about them. Often bullied in school, they had low self-esteem.

Uncle Emerson is arrogant and doesn't understand how fleeting life can be.

Emmanuel knew that his grandfather, Hermann, had set aside a betrothal gift worth a hundred thousand to his father which somehow went to Emerson for launching a business venture, who had lost it almost overnight.

Besides handling the business badly, he had taken up a gambling habit under the delusion that his fortune would turn around by the next hand.

As a result, he lost everything and incurred a mountain of debt. Hermann sold his land and took some loans to help his son pay it off. His mother gave him thirty thousand of her hard-earned savings. Even his sister had been forced via a guilt trip to give their uncle twenty thousand.

I can't believe he's pulling this cr*p again.

Emmanuel had known all along that was who his uncle was—a soul beyond redemption.

He'll probably survive decapitation before he turns over a new leaf.

Being a doctor, he knew that truth better than most.

Sure enough, Hermann came calling when he was about to take a bath that evening.

As Emmanuel had just drawn a hot bath, he opted to go ahead with the bath first.

Upon emerging, he picked up his phone and found a dozen missed calls.

"What's going on? More girls after you?" Mackenzie could not resist teasing him when she appeared.

With a smile that looked more like a grimace, he was just about to respond when the phone rang again.

This time, he picked up the call.

5 “What’s going on? How many times do I have to call you before you pick up? Are you intentionally avoiding this old man?” Like always, Hermann began accosting as soon as he opened his mouth.

“I’m sorry, Granddad. I was taking a bath.” “A bath? Hmph! I think you know why I’m calling, so you’re avoiding me. I’m telling you, you can’t hide forever!”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 118-Mercilessly, Hermann exposed him.

“I’d just filled my tub up, Granddad. I wasn’t avoiding you. Besides, would I need to resort to that?” Emmanuel’s expression darkened.

It was not often that Mackenzie saw him like that, so she was curious as to what had made him so upset.

“You’d better not! Emerson has been detained in South Manchernius, and his ransom is a hundred and sixty thousand. How much do you have on hand? Give it to me. Your uncle’s life is at stake.” Hermann spoke as if it was a matter of fact.

Emmanuel laughed. “I’m Uncle Emerson’s nephew, not his father! I have no obligation to wipe his *ss after he shts* the bed. Besides, I have no money to help him.” “How dare you, you little *sht!*” *Hermann’s rage erupted. “Your uncle has been a father figure to you since your father died, and you should treat him like one! How could you stand aside and watch when he’s currently in trouble? You disrespectful little sht.”* Those words drew Emmanuel’s own ire.

He had known who his grandfather was all along—a misogynist who treated his grandchildren through his sons well but not his daughter’s children.

Hermann never treated him and his mother with respect, so Emmanuel had never enjoyed visiting his grandfather.

I can’t believe he has the audacity to call me that.

“I will be coming over, so you’d better be prepared with a gesture of sincerity of at least eighty thousand. If something happens to your uncle, I’ll haunt you for the rest of your life. Your conscience will never be clear for as long as you live.” After making his point, Hermann hung up without another word.

Emmanuel was seething like a teapot on a boil. Why is my grandfather such a jack*ss?

“What’s wrong?” Mackenzie asked in concern when she saw how angry he looked.

We live together, after all. I can’t not care.

Emmanuel told Mackenzie everything.

Mackenzie frowned in disgust as he spoke. With her experience, she surmised that Emmanuel’s uncle must have been involved in some shady business to have been detained in northern Manchernius.

Unethical people like that would tear families apart for the sake of profits and are worse than sc*m. They deserve to die.

Unfortunately, such a person was Emmanuel’s uncle. Furthermore, he ” could not say no to his grandfather, who had personally asked him for money.

“Then what do you plan on doing?” Mackenzie was not concerned with his uncle’s life but only with how he was going to deal with it.

“I don’t have eighty thousand. I wouldn’t give it to him even if I did.” With his steely resolution, Emmanuel appeared like a different person from his serene self. “This uncle of mine has never cared for his children for as long as I remember, much less me and my sister. He always asks my novelbin mother for money and takes our things whenever he visits. We don’t owe him anything, and there’s no reason for us to make sacrifices to repair his mistake. We need to eat, too.” Mackenzie was relieved to hear that.

She was worried that Emmanuel would ask her for money again. Though she had plenty of it, and that eighty thousand was nothing to her, she did not wish to spend it on sc*m.

If I bail him out, he may harm many others in the future.

“Then don’t give him a dime. When your grandfather shows up, I suggest you and your mother ask him for the thirty thousand he borrowed.” Mackenzie’s suggestion was nothing short of savage.

Emmanuel was stunned by her words.

Though he did not intend to give his grandfather any more money, he never even considered doing such a thing.

Mackenzie knew from a glance how conflicted he was feeling, so she said, "People like your grandfather and uncle will not be grateful for the help you have once given them but will instead hold a grudge against you for being unable or unwilling to help them now. If that's the case, you might as well burn that bridge. Demand for that thirty thousand, and they will think twice before asking you for money again."

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 119-She is a frigid woman indeed.

Though Emmanuel thought her suggestion was cruel, it was practical.

He did not plan on giving away eighty thousand, and he said so himself.

However, he felt that it would be too harsh if he went through with it.

Mackenzie's words had somewhat eased his burden.

"Thank you, Ms. Quillen." Suddenly, Emmanuel thanked her with a smile.

Mackenzie was slightly taken aback before laughing. "Why are you thanking me for? I didn't give you any money!" Then, she turned coolly and returned to her bedroom.

I didn't want to see him brooding and moping about. Now that it's resolved, it's much better.

The following day was a Saturday.

Emmanuel did not go to work that day, so he rose at seven in the morning to prepare breakfast. When he was halfway through, he saw Mackenzie emerging from her bedroom and stretching like a kitten.

Her pajama top lifted slightly, and her waist was attractive like a lethal scimitar.

Her pink navel seemed to possess magical powers. He could not tear his gaze from it.

Her body was perfect.

"Aren't you going to the office today, Ms. Quillen?" Emmanuel emerged from the kitchen in his apron.

“Mmm.” Mackenzie nodded. This must be the first time I’m staying in on a weekend with him “I’m making breakfast. If you don’t mind, I can count you in.” “Sure.” Mackenzie nodded, and Emmanuel turned around and returned to the kitchen.

She did not want to marry for a very important reason—she did not wish to enter the kitchen.

The men worked, while the women stayed home. That was the tradition of Chanaea.

She never expected that her husband was the one in the kitchen instead, and she could go on not having to dirty her hands, having even greater convenience than before.

Soon, Emmanuel emerged with two items that looked like flatbreads and placed them on the dining table. Then, he produced some milk from the fridge to warm it up.

“What is this?” ” Mackenzie was curious. She studied the golden brown pancakes for a long time.

“Potato pancakes.” Emmanuel’s answer came from the kitchen. “It’s made with potatoes, eggs, and flour. It doesn’t cost a lot to make, but it doesn’t look bad. In fact, it looks and smells good.” Mackenzie tutted. “Are you praising yourself?” Despite her blunt remark, it did indeed look and smell good. However, the taste remained to be seen.

She had never eaten such a humble breakfast as she was worried about the poor nutritional value.

Soon, Emmanuel brought two glasses of warm milk and placed one of them in front of her. As though guessing her thoughts, he suggested, “Have a taste, Ms. Quillen. It tastes pretty good and is quite nutritious.” With a slight frown, she cut herself a small piece and placed it gingerly in her mouth.

Then, her expression changed. She took two more bites.

Emmanuel could not resist laughing at the way she ate. He felt a sense of accomplishment.

“It does taste good, but I’m not accustomed to having deep-fried food. I can only have them on occasion.” After having eaten half of it, she took two small sips of milk and touched it no longer.

He thought she ate like a kitten, having to measure her portion carefully with a scale before eating.

Emmanuel shook his head and wolfed down his potato pancake before pointing at Mackenzie’s half. “Aren’t you going to finish that?”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 120-“I’ve had enough.” Nodding, Mackenzie wiped her lips daintily.

The next second, she was stunned.

Emmanuel picked up her leftovers and ate them without hesitation.

Shocked, Mackenzie pointed a finger at him. “H—How could you do that?” “What?” Emmanuel blinked innocently. “Didn’t you say you’ve had enough?” “You shouldn’t have ate it even if I didn’t want it!” 1 Mackenzie felt as if he was on a different wavelength than her. She -scowled at his look of confusion. “You finishing my leftovers is the same as us kissing, isn’t it?” Comprehension dawned on Emmanuel’s face.

So that’s what she’s worried about.

Then, he laughed. “You almost kissed me that night when you were drunk, Ms. Quillen. How does this-” Before he finished his sentence, he sensed a whiff of danger.

The next moment, a pillow came flying.

Fortunately for Emmanuel, he reacted quickly by catching it. He gazed at Mackenzie in terror.

Her frigid glare was as cold as a blade forged with ice that was about to cut him down. He felt a premonitory pain all over him.

“Not another word, or I’ll kill you!” She had misandry and would get goosebumps if a man so much as brushed her skin.

She felt uncomfortable at the earlier sight of Emmanuel finishing her half-eaten pancake.

How dare he bring up the embarrassing thing I did? Is he sick of living?

Emmanuel fell hastily silent at the sight of the sharp cutleries in her hands, looking ready to fling them at him. His gaze fell instinctively on her unfinished glass of milk.

“What are you looking at?” Mackenzie snapped. Originally not intending to finish it, she quickly drained the glass in a gulp lest he had other ideas.

Emmanuel gave her a thumbs-up of approval. “That’s right, Ms. Quillen.

Avoid wastage.” “Get out!” Mackenzie leaped to her feet after setting the glass down.

If sharing the pancake wasn’t indirectly kissing, drinking my milk definitely 1. is.

That was not Emmanuel’s intention; he simply did not like wasting food. He shot a glance at the frigid woman like he was coveting her.

Emmanuel finished his own glass, then cleaned up.

Mackenzie suddenly turned to him. “Don’t you think living like this robs a man of his dignity?” “What?” Emmanuel gazed at her, nonplussed.

Noticing that he did not seem averse to discussing it, Mackenzie said bluntly, “The man is expected to earn a living while the woman runs the house. Living with me, you’re doing all the chores. Won’t you feel uncomfortable?” “Oh, so that’s what you’re referring to.” Emmanuel laughed. “I was never a pampered child. Whether I was home or in the trenches, I’ve always taken care of myself. Even back when I was living with Mom and Roselynn, I would often cook for them. I’m happy being able to care for my family. Why would I be uncomfortable?” #

Mackenzie smiled at those words. It turns out he meant what he said on the blind date. He thinks of me as family.

It was fortunate that he was of this type. It would be inconvenient if she had to hire servants if he did not do the chores.

Emmanuel’s phone rang as soon as he put the clean dishes away.

Emmanuel frowned when he saw it was his sister who was calling.

Something must have happened at home.