

## Love at the Wrong Table

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 121-“Come home right this instant, Emmanuel! Granddad and the others are here!” Sure enough, Roselynn was calling him to ask for help.

“All right; I’ll head home right away!” Emmanuel replied and hung up the phone without any further questions.

Having dealt with Hermann and those from his household, Emmanuel knew just how unreasonable they could be.

Fearing that Alessandra and Roselynn wouldn’t be able to handle them, he decided to head back immediately.

“I need to go home urgently, Ms. Quillen. I’m afraid I may not be coming back later in the afternoon,” Emmanuel told Mackenzie before leaving.

Mackenzie nodded. “All right. Just give me a call if you need anything.” Despite her casual attitude, her words filled Emmanuel’s heart with a warm sensation.

Meanwhile, things were starting to get out of hand at the Lowe residence.

Hermann, his wife, and their two grandchildren had been causing a ruckus since early in the morning.

“Well? Say something, Alessandra! Don’t forget that Emerson is your brother!” Hermann yelled while jabbing a finger at Alessandra.

Back then, it was the norm for people to get married and have kids at a young age. Hermann had Alessandra when he was eighteen, so he was only seventy-five years old at the moment. Not only was he still in decent shape, but he was also a lot healthier than Alessandra.

2/5 “I know Emerson is my brother, Dad! I want him to come back alive too, but we really don’t have that much money!” Alessandra exclaimed with a helpless look on her face.

As though they were faced with a powerful enemy, Roselynn stood behind Alessandra to back her up. They were determined not to pay Hermann the eighty thousand no matter what.

Why should we pay money to help Uncle Emerson? He only comes to us whenever he needs money, and he has never helped our family out even once! Why should we save him when he's the one who got himself into trouble?

"Hmph! Even if you don't have the money, your children probably do! Why don't you ask them for the money?" Hermann asked, getting straight to the point.

His wife, Olivia Lachner, played along and added softly, "Alessandra, I had a really hard time giving birth to your brother, you know? Our family will be done for if anything happens to him!" Alessandra's eyes teared up when she heard that.

Emerson may be a total bum, but he is still my brother!

"Roselynn, could you and Manny maybe help out a little?" Alessandra had no other choice but to ask Roselynn for help.

"Help? What for?" Roselynn was no longer the naïve and innocent girl she used to be. "We lent him tens of thousands to pay off his gambling debt three years ago, and he hasn't paid us back! That's our hard-earned money!" "What are you trying to say, Roselynn? Are you going to just sit by and do nothing?" a chubby guy shouted and gave Roselynn a hard shove.

That guy was Emerson's son, Jamison Cadigan.

He had just turned eighteen that year, but he had gotten really tall and strong over the past three years. One push from him was enough to knock Roselynn to the floor.

"Hey! What are you doing, Jamison? How could you hit Roselynn like that?" said Henrietta Cadigan.

She was Emerson's eldest daughter and had turned twenty-two that year.

She hardly spoke much due to her inferiority complex, but she was close with Roselynn and wanted to help her up.

Jamison, too, used to be bullied as a kid. That resulted in him being a coward when dealing with outsiders. When he was at home, however, he had a tendency to do as he pleased because Hermann doted on him.

Being the physically strongest person in the house, he had no reason to fear any repercussions. "So what if I hit her? Dad is her uncle! A heartless woman like her deserves to be hit!" "Well done! You need to hit women every now and then, or they'll forget their place!" Hermann complimented him.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 122-He then shoved Henrietta aside and jabbed a finger at Roselynn as he continued. "Men have been the head of families for thousands of years: novel young woman like you has no right to say such things: Now that your father is no longer around, you need to treat your uncle like your own father: Refusing to help him makes you an unfilial child!" Roselynn was so mad at them that she nearly exploded with anger. What year are these two living in? Why would anyone still think like this? It is precisely because of this mindset that Uncle Emerson ended up the way he did. Granddad has always treated Mom as a source of money for Uncle Emerson, but he ignored all of Uncle Emerson's misdeeds. This patriarchal nonsense is the root cause of all these problems. "Alessandra, you'd better have your children hand over the eighty thousand as soon as possible! Your brother can't wait much longer really. Don't have the money, then sell your house or something" pressed on her. He had raised his son for forty-four years, so he absolutely refused to let his son die.

As such, he was determined to get the money through any means necessary.

"Exactly! Men are the ones who call the shots at home! Hurry up and pay us the money so we can save my dad!" Jamison added with his hands on his hips.

Because he had been bullied a lot out there, nobody took him seriously. As such, the feeling of being in power at home felt amazing, and he took great pride in being a man.

Alessandra quickly bent over to help Roselynn up.

The latter was so mad that she wanted to call the police on them.

"Women are incredibly capable too! Who says men are the only ones who call the shots at home? If that's the case, then I'm the man of this house!" someone shouted angrily from outside the door.

“Manny!” Alessandra breathed a sigh of relief when she heard Emmanuel’s voice.

Roselynn, too, regained her confidence when she saw that Emmanuel had returned. As domineering as she might be, she was still at a disadvantage if things were to get physical.

With Emmanuel by their side, however, things would be very different.

Sure enough, Jamison, who was acting all smug just a moment ago, quickly stepped aside the moment he saw Emmanuel. “Hi, Emmanuel!” Although Jamison was much larger in size, the aura he exuded was far weaker than that of Emmanuel’s. After all, Emmanuel was a former soldier who had survived the battlefield.

When faced with someone more powerful than he was, Jamison couldn’t help but expose his cowardly nature for all to see.

“You dare lay your filthy hands on my sister?” Emmanuel asked.

His icy–cold gaze alone was enough to make Jamison tremble in fear.

“I–I–I didn’t! Hear me out, Emmanuel! I just got a little agitated, that’s all! I didn’t mean to hurt Roselynn!” Jamison stammered nervously, but Emmanuel ignored him and stepped forward.

Jamison was so scared that he tripped while backing away and fell to the floor. ~ Hermann stepped forward and yelled angrily, “What are you doing, Emmanuel? Are you trying to bully Jamison, huh? You want to fight, tough guy? Come on, then! Hit me!” Of course, Emmanuel wasn’t about to hit an old man like Hermann.

“Calm down, Manny! Let’s just focus on resolving this problem! Your uncle says he needs the money within three days, or they’ll…” Alessandra was panicking so much that she couldn’t bring herself to complete that sentence.

Emerson may be a total loser, but he is still my brother!

“Relax, Mom! I’m not going to hit anyone. I came back to help solve the problem,” Emmanuel reassured her before turning to face Hermann.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 123-“You want to solve the problem? Then hurry up and give us eighty thousand! They’re demanding one hundred and sixty thousand. Your granny and I dug into our life savings, and we now have a total of eighty thousand. Emerson is your mother’s brother, so it’s only fair that she helps pay for the remaining eighty thousand!” Hermann said in the most matter-of-factly tone possible.

Alessandra didn’t dare protest even though she had no money.

Roselynn, on the other hand, was on the verge of exploding with anger.

Uncle Emerson is nothing but a sc\*mbag who indulges in vices like drinking, gambling, and fooling around! I wouldn’t even pay one dollar for him, let alone one hundred and sixty thousand! He got a woman pregnant at the age of twenty-one and married her as a result. After she gave birth to Henrietta and Jamison, however, he divorced her with the excuse of her gaining weight. He never even bothered to look after his kids after the divorce. All he did was leave them with Granddad and Granny while he enjoyed his life of vice outside. He even took things to a whole new level by trying to make a fortune overseas, only to end up failing and getting himself in trouble with the gangsters over there! Serves him right! A person like him shouldn’t even be allowed to come back! His mere presence is going to pollute the environment here!

Although Emmanuel felt the same way about Emerson, he had to take his mother’s feelings into account as well. “We don’t have any money, Granddad. I only make eighty thousand a year, and we’re often strapped for cash. Mom wasn’t working before, but she took up a cleaning job to help cover some of the expenses. Even then, it still isn’t enough. There really is nothing we can do to help.” Anyone with a decent amount of self-respect would have backed off by then, but Hermann was not one of them.

“I don’t care! He is your brother, Alessandra! You have to give us eighty thousand, or I will disown you! If you don’t have the money, then get it from your kids! Roselynn is an adult with no financial commitments, so she novelbin should have no issues paying eighty thousand!” Hermann had set his sights on Roselynn the moment he walked through that door.

While Roselynn did save up quite a lot of money when trying to find Emmanuel a wife, she did not feel like handing it over to them.

Had Emerson not been such a despicable parasite who kept taking from them, she probably would have reluctantly agreed to pay up.

However, that was clearly not the case here.

“Just think of it as lending us money in our time of need, Roselynn.” Hermann only came over because he knew Roselynn could afford to pay them.

He decided to use lending money as an excuse so Roselynn would have no reason to refuse him.

Roselynn’s face burned bright red with frustration. She knew all too well that she would surely not get the money back if she lent it to them.

Seeing as Roselynn was struggling to come up with a response, Emmanuel took over and said, “Lending money, huh? Do you know how it’s good practice to pay back the money that you owe? Well, you borrowed thirty thousand from Mom three years ago to pay off Uncle Emerson’s gambling debts. I don’t think you’ve paid Mom back, Granddad!” Everyone fell silent after hearing that.

The truth was, Hermann and his family never intended to pay them back at all.

Even Alessandra didn’t think to ask them for the money, so she was surprised to hear Emmanuel bring that up.

“Just lend us eighty thousand, and I’ll have Emerson pay it all back later!” Hermann replied with a nonchalant wave.

Emmanuel and Roselynn exchanged glances when they heard that. They knew with absolute certainty that it would be near impossible to get that money back from Emerson.

“Just lend your granddad some money, Roselynn!” Alessandra couldn’t help but chime in as well. Although Emerson and Hermann had treated her poorly over the years, she couldn’t bring herself to be so heartless toward them.

She would never forgive herself if Emerson died because she refused to help.

Roselynn was on the verge of breaking down in tears at that point. Her job didn’t pay her all that much, and she was planning to use her meager savings for her own future.

N Life was short, and she absolutely refused to waste ten years' worth of savings on that sc\*mbag uncle of hers.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 124-However, she didn't want her mother to worry about Emerson's safety either.

"We're family here, Roselynn. You wouldn't sit by and do nothing, would you?" Jamison added with a smug grin.

He was determined to take full advantage of Roselynn's dilemma.

"Roselynn does not have eighty thousand, so you can forget about asking her for money! We still have three days, so let's try to come up with an alternative solution that doesn't involve money. Maybe we can make a police report or something!" Emmanuel suggested.

"You..." Hermann had assumed that his plan would work for sure, but Emmanuel foiled it completely.

"If you want Uncle Emerson to make it home safely, then tell us everything that you know, Granddad. There's no guarantee that they'll let him go even if we pay them the money. In fact, they might even hold on to him and demand more money!" Emmanuel made such a good point that Hermann couldn't argue with him at all.

"Fine! I'll tell you everything, but I will never forgive you all if he ends up dying because we don't pay them!" Hermann threatened before giving them a brief summary of the situation.

Alessandra had wanted to have them stay for lunch, but Hermann refused and stormed out of there with the others.

"What should we do, Manny?" Alessandra asked helplessly.

I can't force Roselynn to pay up, so selling this house might just be the only option... Emmanuel knew what she was thinking, so he quickly reassured her, "I'll take care of this, so you don't have to do anything on your end. We don't owe Uncle Emerson anything, so we are not responsible for the consequences of his own actions. He has only himself to blame for what happens to him." Roselynn felt the same way about the situation. "That's right! Uncle Emerson is forty-four years old, Mom! It's not like he's an underage teen who doesn't know what he's doing! We didn't put him in that situation! He

did it to himself!" 4 Of course, Alessandra understood all of that very well. She was simply too soft-hearted to sit by and do nothing.

It was almost noon at the time. Mackenzie had her driver take her to a restaurant for lunch.

Not only did she summon Beatrix to join her for lunch, but she also had Lexi come over.

"It's a Saturday, Mackenzie. Shouldn't you be staying home with Manuel instead? Why would you ask us out for lunch?" Beatrix protested.

She had been very busy lately after taking over some projects at work, so Saturday was her only chance to sleep in a little.

It's only eleven in the morning! I can't believe Mackenzie would drag me out of bed just to have lunch with her!novelbin "That man went home early in the morning. What's wrong with me asking you out for lunch? Why are you complaining so much?" Mackenzie snapped at her coldly.

Beatrix and Lexi shot each other glances and chuckled in amusement.

"Oh... So, you only asked us out because Manuel is busy, huh?" Beatrix teased her.

Mackenzie shot Beatrix an icy-cold glare, prompting the latter to shut up instantly.

Unlike Emmanuel, she did not have the freedom to speak her mind without consequences.

"If you don't want to eat lunch with me, then get back to work. You've got your hands full at the moment, right? I don't mind giving you more work if you'd like!" "Please don't! It is an honor for me to have lunch with you, Mackenzie!" Beatrix said while sticking her tongue out.

Honestly, how does Manuel even put up with Mackenzie? They've been living together for about two weeks now, right? I would've moved out long ago if I were him!

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 125-During the meal, Mackenzie's phone rang.



Beatrix and Lexi lowered their heads before glimpsing at her.

They didn't have the nerve to play with their phones while eating with Mackenzie. If their phones were the ones ringing, they'd need to ask her for novelbin permission to answer it.

Of course, Mackenzie usually never answered calls while eating. However, that one was an exception because she accepted it after seeing the caller.

After the person on the other side spoke for a while, she coldly replied, "Mhm. I understand." Then, she put the phone away.

Beatrix's head was still lowered as she mouthed a few words at Lexi. "It's Manuel." Lexi grinned in secret. It seems that man is always granted special privileges by Ms. Quillen.

When Mackenzie swept her gaze past them, they swiftly pretended to focus on their meals.

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"Help me look into something, Lexi," ordered Mackenzie abruptly.

It was why she asked Lexi out for a meal.

There were three reasons Lexi successfully became the personal assistant to Mackenzie.

Firstly, she also graduated with MBA. Thus, she was knowledgeable and capable.

Secondly, she was the daughter of a prominent family. While her family wasn't as influential as the Quillen family, they were still distinguished.

Thirdly, she was a hacker with a unique source of intel.

"Say the word, Ms. Quillen." Lexi revered Mackenzie. In addition to how she admired Mackenzie's success and her relationship with the latter, she genuinely respected and looked up to her employer.

"I want you to locate Emerson and see if he's imprisoned in northern Manchernius," requested Mackenzie.

Promptly, Lexi replied, "Roger!" This is a piece of cake for me. Since more than twenty years ago, plenty of people have illegally traveled to another country to perform activities deemed criminal by local law. It had gotten particularly bad in the past few years. Although, there're only a few methods one could utilize to leave the country in that manner. With Terence Group's resources and my personal intelligence network, it's not difficult for me to locate who had left the country through those secret channels recently.

A thought struck Mackenzie's mind before she relayed another order.

"Also, send someone to investigate Emmanuel's granddad." Beatrix was stunned and couldn't help but tease, "Have you started getting curious about Manuel's background? Are you learning more about him because you plan to live the rest of your life with him?" Without delay, Mackenzie shot a glance at her. "It seems like you're quite free, considering you have so much to say." "Not at all! I'm busy, actually!" Beatrix zipped her mouth immediately. I don't know if the same applies to someone else, but if I speak any further, she'll definitely increase my workload. I'm not Manuel, so I don't have special privileges!

"Understood, Ms. Quillen." Lexi nodded.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel called many people to save Emerson. He even visited numerous locations for that purpose, including the police station.

However, the police explained that they would need to cooperate with northern Manchernius' officers to rescue Emerson, and there was no guarantee they would succeed.

Emmanuel wasn't worried about Emerson's safety. However, he feared his uncle's death would cause his mother to feel bad and his grandfather's family to harass his family.

It wasn't until ten in the night that Emmanuel returned home, exhausted.

When he saw Mackenzie doing something on the balcony, he approached her, intrigued.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 126-Emmanuel didn't know how many hobbies Mackenzie had. However, on the rare occasion when she was free, she would engage in idyllic activities, such as tending to potted plants or drawing.

At that moment, she seemed tranquil and divine, much like the first time Emmanuel met her.

It's truly a blessing that I can return to a wife like her at home. In an instant, he felt his weariness had vanished.

"You're back?" asked Mackenzie without turning her head.

"Yeah. Have you eaten yet, Ms. Quillen?" Emmanuel always assumed Mackenzie was just an executive instead of the daughter of a rich family with housekeepers serving her. Hence, he couldn't help but worry that she would starve when she was alone for not knowing how to cook.

"I did. I bought food for you too. It's sitting in the microwave. If you're full, you can throw it away." The moment Mackenzie finished her sentence, Emmanuel headed into the kitchen.

He hadn't eaten anything yet. It was nine at night when he left the police station, so he thought about having instant noodles at home for dinner.

Thus, he was surprised she bought something for him.

As Mackenzie watched him devour the takeout she bought in the living room, she couldn't help but grin. He eats like a ghost who died of starvation. How unsightly.

After a while, she approached him. "Your uncle was smuggled to northern Manchernius thirty-four days ago. He's part of an online scam, baiting innocents into an online casino." Emmanuel was stunned before he turned to Mackenzie in shock.

Instead of commenting on his reaction, she continued, "There are others like him, dreaming of getting rich quickly. Among the eleven of them, seven have successfully returned to the country. The ransom was only thirty thousand. The one hundred and sixty thousand was just something your granddad made up!" "What?" Emmanuel was taken aback before rage colored his countenance.

"Are you doubting me? Do you not believe your granddad is lying to you?" "No, no! I believe you, Ms. Quillen! You're a hundred times more trustworthy than my granddad!" A giddy smile settled on Mackenzie's face after listening to his words and observing his expression. "Naturally. I don't like lying, after

all.” Upon ending her sentence, she felt guilty. Despite what I said, I still haven’t told him my true identity!

Emmanuel didn’t notice her micro–expressions and tightened his fists. This is exactly the kind of thing my granddad would do! If he weren’t a terrible man, he wouldn’t have raised my uncle to be equally horrendous, too.

“There’s one more thing. My friend working at a private university in Yeringham noticed something odd about a new student applying for sponsored admission. His name is Jamison Cadigan, and his father’s name is the same as your uncle’s!” As Mackenzie spoke, she sent Emmanuel Jamison’s application form.

In response, Emmanuel gandered at it. Yeah, he’s definitely my cousin, Jamison. His high school grades are awful, yet he still wants to study at a private university. The admission fee is exactly fifty thousand, and the novelbin latest payment date is in three days! I think I understand what’s going on now!

He was so engulfed in fury that he lost his appetite and punched the couch. I can’t believe I have such shameless relatives!

Meanwhile, Mackenzie wasn’t sure if he connected all the dots, so she continued, “Clearly, your uncle was blinded by greed and went to northern Manchernius. If he wished to return, he needed to pay the ransom of thirty thousand. As for the remaining fifty thousand, your grandfather was planning to use it to help your cousin enter a university!” Emmanuel nodded. No wonder Jamison seems so impatient today and pushed Roselynn. He’s not doing it for his irresponsible father but for himself!

“Thank you for helping me again, Ms. Quillen!” As furious as Emmanuel was, he still wanted to thank Mackenzie first.

In response, Mackenzie acted cool. “No need to thank me. I just so happened to learn the news. Besides, it’s not difficult to discover this.”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 127-Swiftly, Emmanuel replied, “How can it not be difficult? If not for you, I wouldn’t have found out about it, Ms. Quillen!” Mackenzie tutted and turned her sight away. I intentionally said that to conceal my powerful identity, yet this idiot just has to refute me!

To shift his attention, she asked, "What do you plan to do now?" I'm unsure what to say if he questions me about how I obtained this information.

Fortunately for her, Emmanuel wasn't a suspicious man. Expeditiously, he focused his attention back on his uncle.

"Emerson may be a b\*stard, but I still need to save him. He's family, after all! Although, thirty thousand ransom..." He sighed.

A grin formed on Mackenzie's countenance when she heard that. I knew this idiot wasn't heartless, despite his attempt at pretending he was. "Do you have the money? Should I lend it to you?" While Emmanuel was touched by Mackenzie's offer, he still rejected it.

"Thank you, Ms. Quillen. However, I've borrowed over two hundred thousand from you by this point, and I don't want to owe you any more money. I'll figure out a way to gather thirty thousand." "Suit yourself. Let me know if you can't do it." With that, Mackenzie returned to her room to sleep.

Emmanuel remained in the living room and sighed. I was going to use the twenty thousand Frederick returned me to buy a gift for Mackenzie. It sucks that I need to lend the money to Granddad first to save my uncle.

Mom will feel remorseful if Uncle Emerson dies in another country. Guess I'll have to wait until I receive next month's salary before I can buy Mackenzie a present.

The next day, he told his mother and sister everything. Additionally, he transferred twenty thousand to Roselynn so she could hand it to Alessandra.

Of course, Roselynn was furious upon learning the truth and didn't want to give a single cent to their grandfather. Knowing his sister's personality, Emmanuel ultimately transferred the money to his mother. She can decide whether she wants to hand the money over to Granddad or not. It's not like I'm doing this to save my awful uncle. I only want Mom to have peace of mind.

On Monday, he received news from Beatrix that he was getting transferred to headquarters. It delighted him because he had been driving Mackenzie to and from the company. If I'm transferred to headquarters, I don't need to go back and forth for my part-time job in the future. In fact, I can return home with my wife during the night!

When night arrived, after Emmanuel communicated with Mackenzie, he realized his goal of returning home with her together. In the car, he couldn't help but express his gratitude for Beatrix's arrangement in front of Mackenzie. "It's all thanks to Ms. Beatrix. Otherwise, I can only pick you up from the headquarters after I wrap up my part-time job at the branch company every day. It can be a pain in the butt to arrange sometimes." Mackenzie was amused. He doesn't know I'm the one behind this arrangement or that Beatrix is my sister! I rarely play games, but after marrying this man, I start to enjoy them. I wonder when this dummy will learn the truth about me.

Just as they were about to reach their home, Emmanuel received a text message from Beatrix asking him to drive her home.

In response, he furrowed his eyebrows. I'm not a driver. Why is she asking me to pick her up?

"What's the matter?" asked Mackenzie when she noticed his expression.

"Ms. Beatrix is currently in a banquet at a hotel, Ms. Quillen. She asked me to dress in proper attire and drive her home. It's a little odd, but she's my boss, so I can't deny her request." Mackenzie frowned. What the heck is that brat doing? Why is she asking my husband to pick her up when our family has so many bodyguards and drivers?

"Can I go, Ms. Quillen?" inquired Emmanuel.

While he signed the agreement and believed a divorce would eventually arrive, he still treated his wife respectfully.

"Sure." Mackenzie only agreed because Beatrix was her sister, so she didn't need to worry about something distasteful happening between the two.

"Thank you, Ms. Quillen!"

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 128-After Emmanuel sent Mackenzie home, he changed his clothes and prepared to drive her Maserati out.

Before he left, Mackenzie exclaimed, "Wait!" She strode toward him before personally tidying his collar and hair.

Emmanuel was pleasantly surprised because it was the first time Mackenzie had done that.

A few minutes later, she stared at her handiwork with satisfaction. “Now novelbin you can leave.” The person who understood Beatrix the most would always be Mackenzie.

She didn’t even need to guess why her little sister borrowed her husband, which was to use him as a shield.

Concurrently, a banquet for university students was held in a large luxurious room within Draco City Hotel.

The lights were bright and the atmosphere was lively.

All attendees were dressed attractively and exuded a vibe of youthfulness.

It was the birthday banquet for Jonathan Verkade, the heir of a branch Verkade family.

Jonathan’s status was, of course, incomparable to Gautier’s, who was the scion of the main family. Even Hubert wasn’t a match for his brother, though he was still the son of an affluent family.

Thus, the only men invited to the banquet were those with distinguished backgrounds. As for the women, they were either descendants of eminent families or absolute beauties.

At that moment, Beatrix had left the dance floor and sat alone on a bench.

Her best friend, Elizabeth Lenoir, hastily met up with her after spotting her.

“Are you returning already, Beatrix?” Elizabeth was Claudette’s twenty–one–year–old little sister. Like Beatrix, she was a fourth–year student at Yeringham University. In six months, she could either choose to further her studies overseas or join her family’s corporation.

“It’s about time, anyway. I’ve already asked someone to pick me up,” answered Beatrix with an excited smile.

“Is it your family’s driver? You’d rather have them drive you home than Jonathan?” Elizabeth was curious.

After all, not only was Jonathan a scion, but he was also a famous figure in the university. Countless women loved him.

“He’s not my boyfriend. Why do I want him to take me home?” Like her older sister, Beatrix disliked the Verkade family’s sons. They’re all either hypocrites, douchebags, or rakish. I ask Emmanuel to pick me up because there’s a chance a random driver won’t be enough to dissuade Jonathan from bothering me tonight.

At that moment, the door to the hall was pushed open. An elegantly dressed, charming man strolled into the building, instantly attracting many people’s attention.

“Look at him! He’s so handsome!” “His well–built figure is totally my type.” “Is he here for the banquet, too? Why don’t I recognize him?” A group of women promptly chatted about him.

The towering, mature man ignored their voices and ambled toward Beatrix.

That person was, of course, Emmanuel. “I’m here, Ms. Beatrix! Are you ready to leave?” He was already attractive in a suit, but his allure went off the charts after Mackenzie improved his appearance.

Beatrix was stunned after turning toward him. No wonder Claudette and Mackenzie took a fancy to him! He’s incredibly handsome after dressing up like that. Despite that, he doesn’t seem to notice how good–looking he “Ms. Beatrix!” Seeing that Beatrix didn’t react to his arrival, he waved his hand before her eyes.

Elizabeth was taken aback by the scene. I can’t believe this handsome guy knows Beatrix. Is he her boyfriend? No wonder she’s not interested in finding a partner!

## **Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 129**

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 129-Abruptly, Beatrix leaped, frightening Emmanuel.

In the next moment, she grabbed his hand and smiled at Elizabeth. “Let me introduce you to Mr. Emmanuel Lowe! He’s my escort tonight.” Emmanuel and Elizabeth were astonished.



What's this situation? Elizabeth was confounded. Beatrix should know Jonathan likes her, yet she intentionally asked a handsome man to pick her up! She's clearly trying to stir up trouble!

"The moment Jonathan noticed Emmanuel was speaking to Beatrix, he speedily approached her with his buddies.

Elizabeth was a tad fearful upon spotting Jonathan striding toward them fiercely. Emmanuel may be handsome, but he can't win against a wealthy individual in this materialistic society!

Before Jonathan could speak, his buddy, whose head was covered in hair wax, glanced at the brand of Emmanuel's clothing. Then, he threatened with contempt, "The most important quality a person should possess is self-awareness. If you wish to acquaint yourself with someone in high places, you need to be capable of it first. Otherwise, you'll get unlucky easily." So what if this man can wear his cheap clothing well? Our leather shoes are still worth more than everything on his body. He can act cool, but he can't pretend to be rich!

The surrounding youngsters loved to watch any drama unfold, so they promptly gathered around Emmanuel.

Plenty of men commented on him. While they were jealous of his impressive figure, they thought he wasn't a good match for Beatrix.

Emmanuel wasn't angry, but he wasn't a doormat either. Swiftly, he acted like a foolish jester. "In high places? I don't think the sixth floor is that high. I barely broke a sweat reaching here. Are you so physically weak that you think the sixth floor is a high place to reach by stairs? Tsk, tsk. Youngsters like you should exercise more." Plenty of people, especially the women, laughed.

Beatrix's eyes visibly lit up. He may look like a dummy, and my sister often novelbin calls him one, but he can be quite witty!

The hair-wax dude was humiliated by the laughter and roared, "How dare you call me weak! I'll have you know I can-" When he noticed everyone was staring at him, he interrupted himself and changed the topic. "Tsk, are you an idiot? Do you think a loser like you deserves to be Ms. Beatrix's escort? You don't have the right to covet her!" Ignoring him, Emmanuel turned to Beatrix. "Is there a standard I need to meet in terms of status and wealth to be your

escort, Beatrix?" His composed demeanor was a stark contrast with the enraged hair-wax man.

Elizabeth was captivated by Emmanuel as well. So that's the charm of a mature man! That hair-wax guy looks like an ill-mannered child in front of him!

"No." Beatrix grinned. "The only standards I have are for height and looks. I 3/8 want someone at least one hundred and eighty centimeters tall, which you achieved." Grimacing, the hair-wax guy turned to Jonathan, who winced because he wasn't that tall.

The edges of Jonathan's lips twitched as he cursed his hair wax buddy in his mind.

"In that case, he's definitely spouting nonsense earlier." Emmanuel sighed.

"The quality of modern education must've dropped, considering it produced this kind of student." Everyone laughed again, enraging the hair-wax guy.

Before he could do anything, Jonathan kicked him away. Not only did he miss the point every time he opened his mouth, but he also embarrassed me! I want him out of my sight!

Thus, Jonathan cut straight to the chase and sneered at Emmanuel. "I've no idea where your courage comes from. Don't you know who Ms. Beatrix is? Any of the objects on her body cost years of your salary! If I were you, I would've dug a hole and buried myself in there instead of embarrassing myself here!" 5/8 Following his words, plenty of people eyed Emmanuel with disdain. Indeed, his handsomeness is pointless as long as he's on a different social level, compared to Ms. Beatrix! We would've felt ashamed and left in tears if we were in his shoes!

However, Emmanuel didn't flee because he was never one to care about the differences between social classes.

Hence, he argued, "Why should I? I never felt ashamed for being poor, and since becoming a soldier, I've been living my life with my head held high! I fought on the battlefield, protecting my fatherland and its borders. While my contribution to the country is minor, I've never committed treason.

Thus, I'll always stand tall and with pride, no matter who I face!" His words bewildered the crowd and elicited respect from them.

Compared to a scion who only knew how to flaunt his wealth, Emmanuel was a truly admirable figure.

If not for brave soldiers guarding the border like him, the descendants of rich families wouldn't have had a comfortable life.

"Well said!" Beatrix applauded.

Elizabeth, too.

Eventually, everyone in the crowd clapped.

Emmanuel wasn't planning to argue with Jonathan, but he failed to hold back the urge to. Therefore, he didn't want to speak another word anymore.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was emotionally wounded by that turn of events.

He felt like the villainous antagonist when he saw everyone cheerfully supporting Emmanuel.

Suddenly, Beatrix didn't feel like leaving so soon, especially because she relished Jonathan's indignity by Emmanuel's hand. Since Emmanuel's 6/8 here, I may as well use this opportunity to develop my relationship with him! "Mr. Emmanuel, the brave soldier who cuts down our enemies and saves our people, let us dance." "I only know how to fight, not dance!" Emmanuel abruptly felt a little awkward when invited by Beatrix.

It was because he didn't know Beatrix was his sister-in-law and didn't want to be too intimate with another woman.

"I'll just have to teach you, hero!" Unreasonably, Beatrix pulled Emmanuel toward the dance floor.

He failed to escape.

After Beatrix and Emmanuel took the lead, Elizabeth and the others joined the dance floor as well. Just as the atmosphere in the hall had returned to normal, the door was opened again.

A woman no less beautiful than Beatrix sauntered into the room, instantly attracting everyone's attention.

Her fair skin gleamed under the light while her eyes drew everyone in like a black hole.

Even though her attire was unremarkable, she was the most brilliant person in the venue.

"Oh my goodness. The campus belle is here!" "It really is the most gorgeous campus belle in the history of Yeringham University, Xylie Tanner!" People in the crowd shouted.

Emmanuel was stunned, too. Isn't she the woman I met at the bar that night? I can't believe she's the campus belle of Yeringham University!

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 130-"Welcome to my birthday banquet, Ms. Tanner!" Jonathan promptly greeted Xylie with his buddies.

Everyone was shocked because Xylie kept a low-profile back at university.

Additionally, the only events she attended were organized by the university.

She wouldn't appear at any private gatherings.

Many scions pursued her during her time at university, but she rejected all of them. Hence, everyone was shocked she was present at Jonathan's birthday banquet.

Emmanuel was taken aback, too, and turned to Beatrix. If she knows Xylie is her senior and not a hostess, why didn't she help me clarify the truth last time?

In response, Beatrix grinned mischievously at him. I just wanted to watch Mackenzie getting jealous and angry. Besides, I didn't know what happened inside, so why would I explain anything? You should be glad I didn't kick you while you were down!

In the next moment, Xylie turned to Jonathan with a smile. "I'm sorry, but I'm not here to attend your birthday banquet. I'm just here to perform for my part-time job." It was then everyone else realized what was going on.

Jonathan scoffed instead of continuing to speak with Xylie. As pretty as she is, her family background is below me, so I don't like her. The person I want is Beatrix. If I marry her, I can trump the other men in the family with the help of the Quillen family!

However, he was still angry about embarrassing himself before Beatrix.

Subconsciously, he just wanted to steal back his thunder, which was why he was feeling conflicted.

Ignoring Jonathan, Xylie moseyed to the stage and smiled coyly at everyone.

The men in the crowd instantly felt as though they had fallen in love.

Even Emmanuel couldn't help but remark, "She's beautiful!" Yoel has a good eye. No wonder he visits the bar every day to glimpse at her.

Suddenly, Beatrix stomped on his foot.

'What are you doing, Ms. Beatrix?' Wincing, Emmanuel stepped away from her. Even if she's my superior, she can't just stamp on my toes without warning!

Pouting, she questioned, "Is Ms. Tanner prettier or your wife?" Emmanuel was puzzled. What a strange question. I know women can be competitive, but don't they usually compare themselves with other beautiful women? Why did she bring up my wife?

"Tell me! If you don't, I'll fire you!" Glaring at Emmanuel, Beatrix secretly used her phone.

"My wife, of course!" answered Emmanuel without hesitation. As pretty as Xylie is, she's not as beautiful as Mackenzie! The moment I met her, I knew I wouldn't encounter another woman more gorgeous than her.

Promptly, Beatrix grinned and sent a video to her sister. I wonder what her reaction will be.

Mackenzie, who was dealing with company matters on her laptop at home, received the video.

Upon watching it, a bright smile settled on her expressionless countenance.

“Why is that dummy stating the obvious? Of course, I’m the prettiest!” grumbled Mackenzie proudly.

Expediently, a cold expression returned to her face as she surveyed her surrounding, wondering if anyone spotted her smile. Why do I feel proud being praised by that dummy?

Meanwhile, in the banquet hall, Xylie began to sing. Her voice was soothing and moved everyone to their core.