

## **Wrong Table 161**

### Chapter 161

“What are these?”

Seated at the dining table, Mackenzie knitted her brows slightly when she saw the simple yet strange-looking dishes on it.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Quillen. I was so busy recently that I didn’t have time to go grocery shopping. I randomly cooked three dishes with whatever ingredients we have at home.”

Thereafter, Emmanuel introduced his dishes to her, saying, “This one is fried pork ribs, this is grilled baby prawns with carrots, and the last one is vinegared lettuce.”

I can’t believe this! Mackenzie had never heard of the dishes before, let alone try them.

It didn’t help that they looked extremely peculiar to her.

“Come, dig in. You have to eat on time!”

Emmanuel served Mackenzie a piece of lettuce.

Truth be told, Mackenzie wasn't keen on eating but was too shy to decline on the account that Emmanuel had prepared them for her.

As she took a small bite, she was pleasantly surprised by the taste.

After watching Mackenzie swallow the lettuce whole, Emmanuel broke into a vibrant smile. "That's my favorite dish, Ms. Quillen. During my army days, this particular dish will make me finish at least five plates of pasta when I come across it!"

"Five plates? At least?"

Mackenzie was stunned. Is he a pig? Who in the world eats this much?

"That's right!"

Unaware that Mackenzie was wondering if he was a pig, Emmanuel continued proudly, "That's why I went into the kitchen and learned how to cook this dish, hoping that I can let my wife try it someday."

The words brought a reddish hue to Mackenzie's porcelain-white face. She

could even feel her cheeks burning a little.

Little did she expect to become the wife of a “pig” who could eat more than five bowls of pasta.

“These two other dishes are also my favorite home-cooked food. Go ahead and try them!”

Although Emmanuel invited her to do so warmly, he refrained from serving her food. He was well aware that she didn’t like to be treated that way.

The sight of how enthusiastic Emmanuel was about the food whet Mackenzie’s appetite.

She then picked out a baby prawn from amongst the carrots. I’ve eaten lobsters that are a hundred times bigger than this seemingly stunted prawn.

Can it even be eaten?

After taking a small bite, Mackenzie was still capable of stomaching it despite it not being comparable to lobsters.

“I’m done. You should hurry up and finish. We’ll be heading to Greendale Village after this.”

Mackenzie put down her cutlery a short while after.

“That fast? Looks like taking care of you is easy.”

Disappointed to see Mackenzie stop after just half a plate of pasta,

Emmanuel resigned himself to finishing everything else on the table, and

Mackenzie could only stare at him in disbelief.

How much does he eat anyway? This amount of food is enough to feed me for three whole days!

“My friend, who has investigated the matter, has reported that the trending article was sent from Greendale Village. Since your cousin and granddad are incapable of writing something so melodramatic, someone must have helped them from behind the scenes.”

While Emmanuel was eating, Mackenzie took the opportunity to explain.

“Mmm–hmm, I think so too!” Putting down his cutlery, Emmanuel said, “Thank

you for the information, Ms. Quillen. We should head over at once to find the culprit and what their motive is.”

With that, both of them quickly set out.

Meanwhile, at Verkade Group, Hubert barged frantically into the CEO’s office, yelling, “Gautier, give me another two million. I want to continue boosting my article! I simply can’t believe this! After spending so much money, I still can’t get my confession to Mackenzie into the trending topics!”

Chapter 162

I learned that trick from reading novels online. The domineering male leads always use this method to confess their feelings to the female leads. The whole city will learn of their love story, causing the female lead to be inadvertently labeled as the male lead’s woman. Slowly but surely, the female lead will not escape the clutches of the male lead, so what went wrong?

Despite having spent more than a million, he still failed to boost news of his

romantic confession to Mackenzie into Yeringham's headlines. Instead, it was continuously subdued by news related to relatives accusing each other of being ungrateful.

"Even if you spend ten million, it isn't going to make a difference. All you'll end up being is a sideshow," Gautier stated the truth, showing no intention of being carried away by his emotions, unlike his brother.

"Why?"

Hubert was clueless to his brother's reasons.

"You fool! Don't you realize the top trending topics are filled with news and articles attacking Emmanuel? Do you even know how they ended up there?"

The money you spent has ended up shaping public opinion for someone else!"

While Gautier was giving his brother a dressing down, the latter walked over to take a look.

Only then did he see the headlines filled with news of Emmanuel's relatives accusing him of being an ingrate for forgetting about them.

Even the discussion about how the headline had pushed down Hubert's confession to Mackenzie had shot up into the top ten trending topics.

"F\*ck! Are they idiots? This headline is clearly a result of all the money I spent on boosting traffic to my article. How can they twist the facts now?" Hubert fumed.

Unable to help himself, Gautier slapped his brother on the backside and roared, "Don't you understand yet, you imbecile? Your confession to Mackenzie isn't controversial at all. Instead, only news that is morally contentious can spark a huge debate online. No matter how much money you throw at the problem, you'll only play second fiddle to such news."

When Hubert finally understood, he exclaimed in frustration, "In that case, what should I do, Gautier?"

"I can't believe how dumb you can be!"

Gautier continued in a frosty tone, "Don't you want the entire city to know about your romantic confession to Mackenzie? Since these trending topics can help increase traffic to your article, you should spend money to boost them instead. On top of that, I'm very sure that Mackenzie and Emmanuel enjoy a close relationship!"

Only then did Hubert realize what was going on.

That's right! Even though my article didn't become one of the top trending topics, I can use the existing trending topics to destroy Emmanuel's reputation in Yeringham. By then, he would be too ashamed to continue staying in the city, and I would be able to have my revenge!

"That's why you don't have to spend two million. Just boost the top trending topic with three hundred thousand, and it will automatically improve the traffic for your article."

Gautier proceeded to give his brother three hundred thousand before



dismissing him.

Thereafter, an insidious smile gradually emerged on his face.

After he was beaten up by Emmanuel, Gautier did a background check on

the man and discovered that he was an army veteran from the Northern

Region. Emmanuel was also the one behind Mackenzie's brutal strategy to

complete her warehouse project.

Those two are responsible for stealing the one billion contract that was

supposed to go to Verkade Group. There's no way I'm going to allow them to

live in peace!

As evening approached, Emmanuel arrived at Greendale Village together

with Mackenzie.

Due to the sensitive timing, Emmanuel was worried that Mackenzie's car

would be vandalized by those who were misled by the internet articles

maligning them. As a result, he decided that both of them should take a taxi

instead.

Moreover, worried that the driver would recognize them, Emmanuel and

Mackenzie even put on facial masks.

Unfortunately, they were immediately recognized the moment they stepped

out of the vehicle.

“Hey, isn’t that Emmanuel? What is he doing here at Greendale Village?”

Chapter 163

Mackenzie was taken aback by the voice, realizing that their undercover

mission in Greendale Village could be jeopardized if their true identities were

exposed.

Maintaining a calm demeanor, Emmanuel responded, “Oh, Remi, it’s you. Just

got off work?”

“Yeah, just finished. I heard some outrageous things about you, Emmanuel.

Your granddad and your cousin vilified you on the internet. They claimed that

you swindled them out of their money and even labeled you heartless for not

helping your uncle. How could they twist the truth so blatantly?”

Mackenzie felt a wave of relief wash over her upon hearing Remi's words. She didn't expect the people of Greendale Village to be so reasonable and understanding.

"The dividends of Greendale Village were distributed based on the names listed in the household registry. Your mother retained her status as a villager when she got married, so it's only natural for her to receive the annual dividends. How could they accuse you of conning them out of their money?"

Remi continued, her voice filled with righteous indignation.

Her words shed light on the motivations behind the slanderous accusations made by Hermann and Jamison against Emmanuel and his family.

Greendale Village would receive a lump sum of money each year for leasing their land out for construction yards and breeding farms. The village leader would distribute this money as an annual dividend among the villagers.

The amount varied from year to year, usually around seven or eight

thousand. At the very least, the villagers would receive a minimum of three to four thousand per annum. Alessandra, being a resident of Greendale Village, was entitled to a share of the dividend each year.

However, Hermann's family had been unlawfully taking Alessandra's portion for over thirty years, amassing a sum of over a hundred thousand.

Alessandra had chosen to overlook it until she found herself unable to afford surgery for her kidney stones. At that point, Roselynn took matters into her own hands and confronted Hermann and his family, demanding the return of Alessandra's rightful share.

After several heated arguments and intervention from the village leader, they were able to recover a little over forty thousand. However, Hermann's family was now falsely accusing Roselynn of maliciously taking away the old man's hard-earned money.

Infuriated, Mackenzie turned to Remi and asked, "Where can we find these people who helped Hermann spread those lies?"

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Remi replied, "They are the village's minions, spreading rumors for anyone willing to pay, regardless of truth or falsehood."

She then provided Mackenzie with their names and addresses, and with her exceptional memory, the latter memorized the information instantly.

Mackenzie planned to have Lexi send some men to have a conversation with these individuals.

Filled with a plethora of ideas on how to extract the truth from those men and turn the tables on Hermann, Mackenzie was eager to witness the Cadigans' reaction when the tide turns against them.

"Hey, you're not Roselynn, are you?"

It wasn't until then that Remi noticed that the tall, slender woman standing beside Emmanuel wasn't Roselynn. Curiosity got the best of her and she asked, "Emmanuel, who is she?"

“Um, she’s my wife!”

Surprised, Remi exclaimed, “Since when did you get married? Why didn’t you tell me? Hermann even called you useless because you couldn’t find yourself a wife...”

Remi had a tendency to talk nonstop once she got started.

Mackenzie gave Emmanuel a meaningful look, and he quickly found an excuse to leave the conversation.

To avoid being recognized, Emmanuel put on a cap and even walked with a hunched posture, making it difficult for anyone to identify him.

According to Lexi, the IP address responsible for defaming Emmanuel and his family was traced back to Greendale Village, West Road, House Number 105.

To reach their destination, Emmanuel and Mackenzie would have to pass by Hermann’s house first.

Hermann resided in a splendid house within the village setting. The two-story residence they had built for themselves stood proudly on a spacious plot of

land. It was undoubtedly more valuable and impressive compared to

Emmanuel's modest single-story house.

Chapter 164

"Hermann vehemently refused to sell his house back when Uncle Emerson owed a hefty sum of money. He even pressured my mom to sell our house and squeezed a substantial amount of cash out of her and Roselynn!"

Emmanuel's voice trembled with emotion as he shared his past with Mackenzie.

She, too, held a deep-seated disdain for such despicable individuals and vowed to help Emmanuel turn the tide.

As they strolled past Hermann's residence during dinner time, they were taken aback to hear the sound of clinking glasses.

Jamison gleefully exclaimed to Hermann, "Grandpa, Emmanuel and Roselynn are toast this time! Haha! Who would've thought our little tricks would have such a profound impact!"

In a soft voice, Olivia spoke up. "Jamison, we're still family at the end of the day. Isn't this crossing the line?"

Hermann sheered in response, "Crossing the line? No way! Not when we're dealing with such an ungrateful bunch! You ladies are too soft! Now, get out of our sight! Don't you dare interrupt us!"

Jamison chimed in, "Exactly! Grandma, have you forgotten how they brought people over and took more than forty thousand from us? My dad is their uncle, and they didn't even bother to fork out eighty thousand to bail him out when he was imprisoned abroad! They deserve every bit of this!"

"Jamison, that's not right of you to say. That forty thousand belonged to Aunt Alessandra. It was her rightful dividend. We've only returned a quarter of the money to their family. How can you accuse them of robbing us? Emmanuel and Roselynn are facing cyberbullying because of the things you wrote about them online. It's been a trending topic ever since," Henrietta voiced her



concern.

“Shut your mouth!” Hermann bellowed, delivering a harsh slap to Henrietta.

Slap! The sound reverberated through the house, audible even to Emmanuel

and Mackenzie who were standing outside.

To their dismay, Hermann continued his rampage by dragging Henrietta

away from the dinner table and subjecting her to a series of brutal kicks, all

because she had dared to defend Alessandra’s family.

Emmanuel had always known Hermann had a patriarchal mindset, but the

extent of his maternal grandfather’s cruelty caught Emmanuel off guard.

Mackenzie felt an overwhelming urge to burst into the house and give

Hermann a taste of his own medicine.

“Hmph! Women are nothing but trash, always taking the side of outsiders!”

Hermann shouted, his voice filled with contempt. “You can skip dinner

tonight! Get out of my sight! Shouldn’t older sisters live to support their

brothers? I raised your aunt, so what’s wrong with asking for some money for

your dad? How dare they demand the money back from us? I'll make them pay double the amount! I'm telling you, I won't stop until they cough up two hundred thousand! Those ungrateful bunch will live with cyberbullying for the rest of their lives!"

Emmanuel seethed with anger as he listened to Hermann's words.

He couldn't fathom how anyone could have respect for such an unreasonable and stubborn old man.

In his view, his mother wasn't meant to live solely for the sake of his uncle.

She had her own children and her own family, so why should she sacrifice everything for her good-for-nothing brother?

Mackenzie, too, had witnessed firsthand the toxicity of a patriarchal mindset, where daughters and granddaughters were deemed insignificant.

Although Terence had similar beliefs, he wasn't as extreme as Hermann. At that moment, Mackenzie felt a burning desire to confront Hermann and give

him a taste of his own medicine.

“Let’s go,” Mackenzie finally said, her voice dripping with determination.

Once they were out of Hermann’s domain, Mackenzie said coldly, “Don’t

worry, I’ll make sure they regret everything they’ve done.”

“Thank you so much, Ms. Quillen!”

Emmanuel took a deep breath, trying to calm his simmering anger.

He wanted to teach Hermann and Jamison a lesson but knew he couldn’t do

it alone. With Mackenzie by his side, he felt a glimmer of hope.

Having a strong and supportive wife during challenging times made the

future seem brighter.

Chapter 165

“Don’t be so polite all the time, can you?”

Mackenzie liked how Emmanuel would courteously express his gratitude, but

at the same time, she also felt a little irked over how cautious and rigid he

was.

“As I said, a couple is bound together for good and for bad. What concerns you concerns me too!” she remarked.

Wow. How nicely said. What concerns me concerns her too?

Touched, Emmanuel smiled and claimed, “Ms. Quillen, all of a sudden, I no longer wish to divorce you. It would be great if you can remain my wife forever.”

He had thought Mackenzie would reprimand him for indulging in the fantasy of being with her. Surprisingly, she muttered, “That’ll depend on your performance, you fool.”

“Huh? What did you just say, Ms. Quillen?”

She was too soft, so Emmanuel did not hear her well.

“I said you’re a fool! Is this the right time to talk about such things? Let’s go!”

“Okay!”

Emmanuel could only nod his head and swiftly catch up to Mackenzie.

Soon, the two arrived before a two-story-high standalone self-built house.

On the first floor hung a large signboard that wrote: Chameleon Studio.

It had been a while since Emmanuel last visited Greendale Village. Hence, he did not know when someone started an IT studio there.

“Ms. Quillen, what if there’s no one around at this timing?”

“You fool!” Mackenzie snapped. “Those articles that were badmouthing you online are all uploaded at night. Do you think there won’t be anyone inside now? Hurry up and knock on the door!”

“Understood!”

Emmanuel nodded and knocked the door hard.

Sure enough, someone came to open the door shortly after.

“Who are you? What do you want?”

The one who opened the door was a plump man. He looked like a homebody and was reeking of a foul smell from head to toe. As much as Mackenzie was wearing a mask, she still could not stand the stench and had to cover her

nose up.

“Yenyl Zerway, so it’s you?”

Emmanuel removed his mask at once, not bothering to keep his disguise on any longer.

He recognized Yenyl. Isn’t this fatso one of Jamison’s friends? I can’t believe someone like him is capable of starting a studio!

“It’s you?”

Even though Yenyl was good with computers, he only had an average mental fortitude. Upon seeing Emmanuel, he immediately shut the door and locked it tightly, almost as if he was feeling guilty.

At that, Emmanuel and Mackenzie exchanged a look. They were amused at how Yenyl gave himself away just like that. It was clear he was the one who helped Jamison spread those scandals online.

“Yenyl, don’t blame me for showing no mercy if you refuse to open the door!”

yelled Emmanuel before he cut to the chase. “You can call the cops now. But

once the cops get to the bottom of how you deliberately spread baseless

rumors to defame me, you won't be able to escape legal punishment!"

Having visited Greendale Village several times, Emmanuel more or less knew

about Yenyl's character—he was big-sized but barely had any guts.

As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. I bet he's just like

Jamison, only picking on the weak and fearing the strong. He wouldn't be

bold enough to put up a fight against a toughie, so I must intimidate him first.

Recognizing the lack of response from inside, Emmanuel pushed the iron

door upward, then pulled it strenuously.

Following a dull thud, the iron door was forcefully pried open!

What's going on?

Mackenzie had been watching from aside. Right then, her eyes went wide in

disbelief.

Is this man a monster? Or is it that this iron door is only for show?

A sudden thought crossed her mind. Wouldn't it be unsafe for me to sleep at night even if I locked my door? What if he suddenly gets lustful? A mere room door can't stop him from pouncing on me!

"Ms. Quillen, let's head inside!"

Not knowing what was going through Mackenzie's mind, Emmanuel whipped his head around and urged her to head inside.

Mackenzie was a capable CEO, after all. She swiftly controlled her expression and headed into the studio following a cold snort.

Chapter 166

In the place, there was a pungent smell that Mackenzie found unbearable.

If not for Emmanuel's matter, she would never have stepped into a place like that.

Even Emmanuel found it intolerable and pinched his nose. What has that fatso been doing in this studio? How is this a workplace? It looks more like an abandoned ruin!



While Emmanuel was searching around to see where Yenyl was hiding, a club swung toward his head out of nowhere.

“Go to h\*ll, Emmanuel!”

With a malicious expression, Yenyl hurled the club toward Emmanuel. His ferocious-looking eyes had a hint of smugness and anticipation.

Though Mackenzie was wearing a mask, her figure alone was enough to draw Yenyl’s attention and stir up his desire.

I’ll get rid of Emmanuel up first, and this gorgeous woman, who has turned up in my studio herself, will be at my mercy!

Having only fantasized about women on his computer screen all his life, he had long wanted to have a taste of satisfying his desire with a woman in real life.

Sadly, his wonderful dream was shattered in no time.

Smack!

Emmanuel casually lifted his left hand and grabbed hold of that club.

No matter how Yenyl struggled, he could not move the club, not even for the slightest.

What? This guy sure has some terrifying strength!

Without a choice, Yenyl accepted the harsh fact that Emmanuel's capability and strength were far more impressive than his. He released his grip on the club, intending to find somewhere to hide again.

Nevertheless, Emmanuel did not spare Yenyl a chance to do so this time. He smashed the club onto the latter's right leg, causing him to collapse on the ground at once.

"Yenyl, why are you so afraid of me? Did you do something shady and are worried that I'll find out about it?"

Unaware of the filthy and disgusting thoughts running through Yenyl's head, Emmanuel was still lenient toward him at that point.

In the next second, he walked toward Yenyl's computer, intending to find out

if he was the one who uploaded and shared those articles and photos online.

“No! Don’t touch my computer!”

Ignoring his injured right leg, Yenyl dashed toward Emmanuel frantically,

trying to stop the latter from looking at his computer.

Sensing that Yenyl was reacting out of his guilty conscience, Emmanuel

retaliated and warned, “You’d better stay still! Otherwise, don’t blame me for

not holding back!”

Yenyl was no match for Emmanuel and could only watch the latter continue

with what he was doing.

As Emmanuel moved the mouse, the computer screensaver disappeared

automatically. The image that popped up on the screen next left Emmanuel

immensely awkward, despite him being an experienced gynecologist

himself.

Seeing that, Mackenzie hastily walked over.

“Don’t look, Mackenzie!”

Emmanuel hurriedly stopped her. It turned out that Yenyl was watching erotic films earlier.

However, Mackenzie appeared rather indifferent about it. She even shot

Emmanuel a knowing look and curled the corners of her lips into a smirk.

Emmanuel felt his cheeks burning up. What the hell? What kind of expression is that? Why does it feel like she's laughing at me?

"M-Mackenzie? Gorgeous, is your name Mackenzie? You're Mackenzie

Quillen?" Yenyl gasped incredulously while staring at Mackenzie.

Emmanuel and Mackenzie furrowed their brows slightly. Why does this fatso make it sound like he knows her?

The next moment, as Emmanuel turned off the video player, he found many candid videos in an opened folder on the computer.

Emmanuel was not interested at all. However, just as he was about to close the folder, Mackenzie grabbed his hand.

Emmanuel felt as if he had been electrocuted. But before he started to have wild thoughts, he traced Mackenzie's line of sight and spotted a folder's name.

"Mackenzie!"

Emmanuel froze. What's going on? This fatso has a folder of candid videos saved under my wife's name!

Payment Failed

At once, a ball of rage rose within his chest.

Chapter 167

"You pathetic fatso!"

Emmanuel lifted Yenyl with one hand.

Filled with disgust, Mackenzie swiftly grabbed a cup from the nearby table

and forcefully smashed it onto Yenyl's head.

Bang!

The cup shattered, and blood gushed from the man's wounded head.

Emmanuel didn't see his wife's actions as violent but rather satisfying. He

tightly gripped Yenyl and demanded, "How do you know my wife? And when

did you start secretly filming her?"

Yenyl was both shocked and terrified!

He had no idea whether Emmanuel was telling the truth or not.

How can Yeringham's number one beauty turn out to be his wife? Is the

masked woman in front of me really Ms. Mackenzie Quillen from the Quillen

family?

What's happening?

In his eyes, Mackenzie was an ethereal goddess, far beyond his reach. How

could she possibly grace him with her presence?

Besides, all the information on his computer was purchased online.

"Emmanuel, don't waste time talking to him. Teach him a lesson!" Mackenzie

commanded, her voice filled with contempt.

"

She felt a surge of disgust and, with no bodyguards around, she turned to her husband for help.

Understanding his wife's revulsion and fueled by his own anger at the man's audacity, Emmanuel wasted no time. He swiftly took charge and punched the man in his face.

Having once been a Wolf Warrior in the Northern Region, Emmanuel was able to deliver powerful punches.

The impact from his punch was far more devastating than the cup Mackenzie had smashed. Yenyl's cheekbone caved in, and blood sprayed in all directions.

"You pervert! How dare you covet my wife! Rot in h\*!!!"

Filled with rage, Emmanuel unleashed a series of powerful punches, each one stronger than the last.

Fearing he might go too far and seriously injure the man, Emmanuel

redirected his lethal blows to the man's meaty body parts.

Despite the altered target, Yenyl still felt excruciating pain.

"That's enough. Don't actually beat him to death!" Mackenzie reluctantly

interjected.

Strangely, she didn't feel repulsed when she witnessed Emmanuel lose

control and resort to physical aggression on her behalf. In fact, she found it

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satisfying.

"Well, he didn't capture anything significant anyway. He can watch if he

wants to." Despite her claims, she still deleted the photos and videos.

However, Emmanuel couldn't help but caution her, "Ms. Quillen, you should be

more cautious to avoid being secretly photographed in the future. There are

countless despicable men like Yenyl out there!"

Upon hearing his words, Mackenzie turned her frown into a smile. "Oh, feeling

uncomfortable now, are you?"



She meant it as a playful remark, expecting Emmanuel to brush it off. But to her surprise, he nodded earnestly. “Yes, at that moment, it felt like a volcano erupted inside me! I felt so disturbed, and even now, I can’t shake off the feeling!”

“You fool!” Mackenzie chuckled and continued, “There’s no way you can prevent such things from happening. I promise I won’t let other men touch me from now on.”

She was also hinting that the rule applied to Emmanuel too.

After all, she was the CEO of Terence Group and the heiress of the Quillen family. As a prominent figure often interviewed by the media, she had to constantly deal with the attention of numerous men in Yeringham.

However, the man standing before her remained oblivious to her true identity.

When Mackenzie made that remark, Emmanuel felt an immediate sense of

relief. She was like a goddess in his eyes, untouched by the mundane world and someone no man could defile.

Emmanuel never entertained the thought of trying to seduce her.

In fact, he found himself unworthy of her.

“Let’s gather some evidence!” he urged.

“All right!”

Only then did Emmanuel regain his composure and began searching through Yenyl’s computer for any incriminating evidence.

Yenyl had never anticipated anyone delving into his affairs, so he hadn’t taken any precautions.

Mackenzie was initially skeptical of Emmanuel’s technological skills. Little did she know that he was surprisingly proficient, as though he had been a former secret agent. Within no time, he managed to uncover crucial information.

Not only did he discover that Jamison had paid Yenyl two thousand to post and spread the rumors, but he also found a mysterious account that had

been funding Yenyl's efforts to generate online buzz.

Emmanuel muttered in disbelief, "Thirty thousand in a single transaction.

That's quite a substantial amount!"

He had suspected that Hermann and his family lacked the resources to

orchestrate such a targeted smear campaign. Yet, the question lingered-

who was behind this relentless assault on his reputation?

After contemplating for a short while, Mackenzie deduced, "It must be the

Verkades!"

One of the trending topics was Hubert's love confession for Mackenzie. It was

peculiar for such a frivolous piece of news to gain much traction, thus

arousing the speculation that Hubert had manipulated online traffic,

strategically propelling the news to the top of trending lists. However, despite

Hubert's calculated efforts, it became apparent that the public's attention

was largely fixated on the controversy surrounding Emmanuel and the

allegations of his unethical conduct.

Gautier then immediately provided Yeryl with substantial financial backing

to intensify the ongoing controversy and exacerbate the situation.

Unfortunately, Gautier left no trace of evidence that could directly implicate

him. Mackenzie's suspicions about his involvement, while likely accurate,

remained unsupported for now.

Armed with this newfound information, the duo made the decision to leave.

While they weren't prepared to confront Gautier yet, they knew it would be a

breeze to shift the narrative and tarnish Hermann's reputation.

"It's getting late, Ms. Quillen, and Greendale Village is quite a remote location.

There are no available taxis in the area. What should we do?"

However, as they made their way back, they encountered an unexpected

obstacle.

This was a trivial matter to Mackenzie. With a simple phone call, she could

summon a fleet of drivers to transport her wherever she pleased.

However, in front of Emmanuel, she had to feign poverty and conceal her true

identity. She couldn't reveal herself as the daughter of the Quillen family.

"You are the man. What do you think we should do?" Mackenzie retorted

calmly.

"I recall there's a decent hotel outside Greendale Village. Why don't we stay

there for the night?" Emmanuel suggested without much thought.

His recommendation made Mackenzie uneasy as she recalled her

grandfather's message. She couldn't help but wonder if there were any

hidden motives behind his proposal.

Hmph! If he dares to force himself on me, I'll turn him into a eunuch!

"What do you think, Ms. Quillen?" Emmanuel asked again when he noticed her

lack of response.

"I already said you decide! Stop being wishy-washy. Are you even a man?"

Mackenzie looked at Emmanuel in annoyance.

Infuriated by her response, Emmanuel snapped, "I'm obviously a man! Do you want me to prove it to you?"

She didn't expect such a strong reaction from him. "Sure, prove it to me then!"

Emmanuel clenched his teeth and pulled out his identification card, eagerly

placing it in front of her. "Take a look! Can you see clearly? My name is

Emmanuel, and it states that my gender is male! The country has verified it

for me, so never doubt that I am a man again!"

Oh... So, that's what he meant...

Although Emmanuel had provided proof of his gender, Mackenzie regarded

him with heightened disdain, having expected him to provide more direct

proof.

Chapter 168

Emmanuel fearlessly stood his ground, arguing convincingly and emerging

victorious in the debate over his gender with Mackenzie.

However, his triumph did not grant him the respect a man deserved. Instead,

he had to run errands and arrange for their stay at a hotel outside the village.

“Sir, do you have any available rooms?” Emmanuel asked the middle-aged, frugal-looking innkeeper.

The man glanced at Emmanuel and then at Mackenzie standing by the entrance. He whispered, “Young man, just the two of you?”

“Yeah, that’s right.” Emmanuel nodded in confusion.

I’m here to book a room, not to partake in any illicit activities. Why does the innkeeper need to speak in such a suggestive tone?

Though the innkeeper couldn’t see Mackenzie’s face, he couldn’t help but notice her impeccable figure.

He discreetly swallowed his saliva before answering, “Well, young man, our single room is priced at ninety-eight, while our double room will cost eight hundred and eighty-eight. Both rooms need to be vacated by noon the following day.”

Hearing that, Emmanuel was stunned. “Why is the double room so much

more expensive than the single room?"

"Well, the double room has a large round bed."

"A large round bed justifies a tenfold increase in price?" Emmanuel furrowed

his brows. "What about the size of the room and other amenities?"

"Well, it's the same!"

The innkeeper was perturbed by Emmanuel's questioning. Is he really that

foolish? If he requests a double room, I'll offer him additional services. When

the lady enters, I'll conveniently claim that there are no more single rooms

-available. That way, he can share a room with her and indulge in the night.

"I'll have two single rooms then!"

Emmanuel used no time in making his decision, deterred by the significant

price difference.

The innkeeper wondered if Emmanuel was oblivious to the opportunity to

share a room with the attractive woman behind him at an affordable rate.



Although the innkeeper wanted to maximize his profits, he also wanted

Emmanuel to enjoy the night. Hence, he tried hinting once again. “Very well,

please present your ID. I’ll need one ID per room!”

Unfortunately, it seemed Emmanuel hadn’t grasped the hidden meaning

behind the innkeeper’s words. He simply turned around and asked Mackenzie

for her ID card.

What on earth is wrong with this guy? Is he impotent or just broke? It’s not

every day that such a beautiful woman goes out with him and he still insists

on booking two single rooms.

The innkeeper, who had been in the business for ten years, was completely

bewildered by Emmanuel’s actions. In all his years, he had never

encountered such a situation.

If that beauty is willing to sleep with me, I’ll not hesitate to pay eight thousand

and eight hundred, let alone eight hundred and eighty–eight. Spending a

night with a woman like her would be the pinnacle of my life.

“Do you have a room?” Mackenzie asked when she saw Emmanuel rush out of the entrance.

“Yes, there are rooms available. We need one ID card per room, so I’ll need yours as well.”

Mackenzie didn’t say anything and simply handed her ID card over to him.

Emmanuel’s eyes briefly scanned Mackenzie’s ID, and he couldn’t help but notice that her photo exuded the same stunning beauty, untouched by the need for makeup.

“All right, we’ll have two rooms,” Emmanuel said as he entered the hotel again and casually handed over the ID cards.

As Mackenzie entered the hotel behind him, the innkeeper couldn’t help but stare at her exceptional beauty.

The two of them don’t look like siblings. Doesn’t this man have any lustful thoughts? Has he lost his desires at such a young age?

“Here are your room cards.”

Despite wanting to make money from their stay, he had no choice but to

comply with Emmanuel’s insistence on booking two single rooms.

However, Emmanuel finally noticed the innkeeper’s puzzled gaze and unusual

behavior.

He was enlightened when he took the room cards.

Hold on, tonight is the perfect opportunity to share a room with Mackenzie.

Why didn’t I think of that? Was I trying to save money?

Emmanuel, who had been married to Mackenzie for a long time, began to

wonder if she deliberately entrusted him with the room booking to provide

him with a chance to seize the rare opportunity.

Chapter 169

Why didn’t I seize the opportunity?

Emmanuel couldn’t help but sneak a peek at Mackenzie again.

He had to admit that he was drawn to her physical appearance and body

since she was the only woman capable of instilling improper thoughts in a gynecologist like him.

However, quickly, he slapped himself secretly.

What are you thinking? She's Mackenzie! Do you think you can sleep with her just because you guys are sharing a room? Aren't you afraid she'll castrate you with her scissors?

Mackenzie suddenly turned around. "Why are you still standing there?"

"What? Oh, this is your keycard. See you tomorrow!"

Emmanuel quickly handed Mackenzie a keycard and left.

I must be insane!

Even though he had been living with Mackenzie for a long time, he had never developed improper thoughts toward her. Moreover, he hadn't taken advantage of her when she had gotten drunk twice. He wondered if Mackenzie was giving him an opportunity now and even entertained the thought of sleeping with her.

It would be embarrassing if Mackenzie knew what he was thinking about now.

After Emmanuel left, Mackenzie asked calmly, "Sir, do you have double rooms here?"

"Of course!" Bursting with anticipation, the hotel owner immediately asked excitedly, "You guys aren't related by blood, right? Why did he insist on getting two single rooms?"

Mackenzie furrowed her brows and responded coldly, "It's none of your business."

Jeez, she's so cold!

The excited hotel owner almost bit his tongue in shock.

Mackenzie had misandry, so it was obvious she wouldn't be pleasant to other men.

After taking the keycard, she went to her room and took off her jacket.

She entered the bathroom and checked for cameras. Upon making sure

there were no cameras, she took off the white lace underwear she had specifically worn for this day.

She knew Emmanuel didn't like cotton underwear, so she had specially bought it.

Sadly, there was no chance for her to show it to him.

"Is he really not interested in me?" Mackenzie stared at her naked body in the mirror. "Doesn't he want to take the opportunity and sleep with me? Doesn't he want to inherit Grandpa's fortune of ten billion?"

At this moment, Emmanuel was tossing and turning on his bed. Did

Mackenzie try to give me a chance tonight, or is it just my imagination as a

man? Although Mackenzie is cold, I'm sure her grandfather and mother would

be overjoyed if we had a baby. Unfortunately, I wasted this rare opportunity!

The next morning, Emmanuel waited outside Mackenzie's room.

Click.

Mackenzie opened the door and saw her husband waiting outside. She

walked out wearing the bathrobe the hotel had provided and passed him the keycard.

“You go ahead and check out. I’ll change my clothes and come down.”

When she bent down, Emmanuel caught a glimpse of her cleavage peeking out from the neckline of the bathrobe.

He tensed up upon seeing the shocking visual.

Oh, God! My wife is too attractive.

Mackenzie frowned and snapped, “Why do you keep staring at me?”

Emmanuel got a fright and quickly averted his gaze. He replied honestly,

“Sorry, Ms. Quillen. You’re too gorgeous that I got mesmerized staring at you.”

Mackenzie curled her lips into a smile as she enjoyed the compliment.

If other men stared at her like this, they would have received a punch from her. It would definitely hurt, as she had a black belt in karate.

However, she liked it when Emmanuel stared at her like this and sincerely

praised her.

Chapter 170

“I-I’ll go and check out first, then. See you later.”

Emmanuel took the keycard and once again fled in embarrassment.

He had explicitly expressed his interest in Mackenzie.

How am I supposed to face her in the future? If I take another glance at her

next time, won’t it imply that I want to sleep with her? What do I do?

After Emmanuel checked out, Mackenzie still hadn’t come down. It was then

he received a call from Terence.

“Manny, you’re still trending. The netizens are still scolding you. What’s going

on? Didn’t Mackenzie help you settle it?”

Terence treated Emmanuel well since he didn’t have any grandsons.

Although Emmanuel wasn’t used to it, he was still grateful to Terence. He

replied, “Grandpa, Mackenzie is already helping me! She even stayed with

me in a hotel yesterday while we investigated the situation.”



“What? You guys stayed in a hotel?”

Terence was incredibly excited upon hearing this.

He had known Mackenzie forbade Emmanuel from touching her at home, but

he wondered if it would be different when they were in a hotel.

He was perceptive and knew that his granddaughter treated Emmanuel

differently. As someone who had misandry, she would never stay in a hotel

with a man if it wasn't with Emmanuel.

His dream of having a great-grandchild would come true soon.

I've been waiting for this day for a very long time. My dream is about to come

true.

However, Emmanuel replied, “Yes, we stayed in a hotel, but we booked

separate single rooms.”

“What?” Terence couldn't believe his ears. He stomped his feet in anger and

scolded, “Emmanuel, tell me! Are you incapable, or is my granddaughter not

attractive enough for you?”

“I-I am not!”

Emmanuel was embarrassed.

3/5

Mackenzie had just questioned if he was a man last night. And now, Terence

was also doubting his manliness.

The former Wolf Warrior was mortified.

“If you’re capable, why aren’t you doing anything? Legally, she’s your wife!

Push her down forcefully! Take off her clothes! Sleep with her! Don’t you know

how to do that?”

Terence was enraged.

What the heck! What kind of grandfather would ask a man to do this to his

granddaughter?

“Sorry, Grandpa!”

“What’s the point of apologizing? You’re p\*ssing me off, you coward!”

Terence was scolding him so loudly that Mackenzie could hear him from upstairs.

Even the hotel owner heard it and silently agreed.

He felt that Terence's reprimand was justified.

He didn't know Mackenzie was Emmanuel's wife, so he thought it was understandable that they got single rooms. After all, it would be troublesome if the situation wasn't handled properly.

However, after learning that Mackenzie was Emmanuel's wife, he only felt the latter was a coward for not sleeping with her.

He had never seen a man as worthless as Emmanuel.

"Grandpa, Mackenzie is here! Let's talk later! Bye!"

Emmanuel took the opportunity to hang up the phone. He was blushing as if he had committed a sin last night even though he hadn't done anything.

"Let's go!"