

Wrong Table 191

Chapter 191

“Your sister is actually wrong about my profession, Manny. I may have majored in engineering, but I’m actually a project manager!” Jaxton said, correcting Roselynn’s statement.

Realizing that Roselynn was feeling slightly unhappy, Emmanuel replied with a smile, “That’s impressive, Jaxton!”

“I wouldn’t say it’s impressive, though. I only got where I am today through hard work.”

Despite what Jaxton said; he actually had a gleeful look on his face.

Emmanuel believed that it was all right to take pride in one’s hard-earned achievements, so he didn’t find Jaxton’s behavior inappropriate.

“By the way, what do you do for a living, Manny? How much does your job pay?” Jaxton asked.

As Jaxton was her boyfriend, Roselynn didn’t stop him from asking such

questions. She figured there was nothing wrong with him getting to know

Emmanuel better.

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“I work a full-time job as a gynecologist with an annual salary of eighty

thousand. I also have a part-time job on the side,” Emmanuel replied, making

no attempt to hide it at all.

Jaxton’s expression slid into a frown the moment he heard that. He then

patted Emmanuel on the shoulder and said, “What’s so great about a job like

that? How about this? You can tender your resignation tomorrow and come

work at my company instead! I’ll get you a job with an annual salary of one

hundred thousand and above!”

He had assumed that Emmanuel would be overjoyed and thank him

profusely for the offer.

After all, there was simply no reason for anyone to turn down such a great

offer.

To his surprise, however, Emmanuel simply rubbed his nose awkwardly

without saying a word.

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Jaxton's eyes lit up with glee as he continued, "You don't need to feel shy

about it. It's perfectly normal for people to upgrade themselves. It must be

really hard for you to find yourself a wife with that salary of yours, huh?"

may not look attractive or tall but I have a high social status. Besides, I

managed to get myself a gorgeous girlfriend like Roselynn. Her brother is tall

and strong, but what good has it done him? No pretty woman out there

would be willing to marry a poor guy like him!

"I'm already married, Jaxton."

Emmanuel's reply shocked Jaxton so much that he froze on the spot.

"You got married before your sister? Wow! You must've found yourself a great

woman, then! I mean, why else would you be so quick to jump into a marriage?" he asked with a smile after a brief pause.

Of course, Jaxton was obviously being sarcastic with that statement.

His wife must be a mediocre character if they got married so soon! It's a common practice among those who know they're not attractive or successful to simply settle for convenience.

Unable to stand his attitude any longer, Mackenzie walked up to them and asked coldly, "Do you have a problem with my husband marrying me so soon?"

Jaxton tensed up and found himself frozen in shock once again when he saw her.

He had thought Roselynn was incredibly beautiful, so seeing Emmanuel's wife look even prettier shocked him greatly.

Mackenzie's beautiful appearance, grace, and elegance had completely surpassed his expectations.

On top of that, he also found her to be rather familiar, but he couldn't seem to recall where he had seen her before. Even so, he didn't dare ask her about it as he didn't want others to mistake his question for a cheesy pickup line.

"Manny's wife sure is gorgeous, huh?" Roselynn asked, showing no sign of anger toward his reaction whatsoever.

After all, Mackenzie was indeed a lot more beautiful and elegant, so she had no reason to complain about him reacting like that.

"Haha! She sure is! Everyone in your family looks gorgeous, Roselynn!"

Jaxton's reply was flawless.

"Thanks for the kind offer, Jaxton. You see, my wife holds a senior executive position in Terence Group, and my part-time job is to drive her to and from work. Hence, I'm not looking to change either of my jobs anytime soon,"

Emmanuel said, shocking Jaxton once more.

If she is working in Terence Group, then she must earn a pretty high salary!

Manny sure is a loser for depending on a woman!

“Come on, Emmanuel! Let’s go get you changed right now! I told you others would look down on you if they saw you in this outfit!” Mackenzie said, exposing Jaxton’s thoughts without any hesitation.

The look on Jaxton’s face turned slightly gloomy, but he didn’t say anything in response.

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“We’ll head on inside, then. Drop by and visit Mom if you two have the time tomorrow, okay? She’s been missing you two a lot!”

“Sure thing, Roselynn!” Emmanuel replied.

He was planning on making a trip home tomorrow regardless of whether Mackenzie would go with him.

The four of them then went their separate ways after that.

As Emmanuel and Mackenzie both liked classical music, they enjoyed the concert and had a great evening.

The next morning, Mackenzie saw Emmanuel serving up breakfast that he had made her the moment she got out of her room.

“Hey, Mackenzie! Do you have time to make a trip home with me?”

“Of course! I did promise your mother I’d pay her a visit, after all. I will have to leave in an hour, though.”

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Since he had addressed her so intimately, she decided to say yes no matter what.

“Awesome!”

The fact that Mackenzie would spend an hour at his house was good enough for Emmanuel.

Meanwhile, Roselynn had told Alessandra that Emmanuel would be dropping by that day.

Feeling excited that her son would finally be bringing his wife home for a visit,

Alessandra got up really early to prepare some nutritious soup for them.

“Wow... Looks like you value your daughter-in-law more than your own daughter, Mom! I’ve been living with you for thirty years, and you have never made me such good stuff!” Roselynn said jokingly when she saw the soup that Alessandra made.

“Hehe... What are you saying? You’ll get to have some too!” Alessandra replied with a wide grin.

“Huh... Looks like I can only bask in Mackenzie’s glory, then. Oh, well... I suppose that’s what I get for not being as wealthy as she is!”

Roselynn had meant those words because it was an undeniable fact that Mackenzie was incredibly wealthy.

She never thought Emmanuel would someday marry a woman like Mackenzie.

In fact, she still found it somewhat surreal and felt as though it was a dream that she would someday wake up from.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

Their conversation was interrupted by a sudden, loud knocking on the front door.

Alessandra and Roselynn got excited as they thought it was Emmanuel and his wife at the door.

Their hearts sank when they heard Hermann yelling, "Open up, Alessandra!

We're here!"

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It wasn't hard for Roselynn to guess why they came, so she wasn't planning on opening the door.

However, Alessandra felt the need to open the door for her father since he had come over in person.

"Mom? Dad? What brings you two here today?" Alessandra asked as she opened the door, only to see a group of people standing outside.

Apart from Hermann and the other three, she also saw Emerson standing

there with a gloomy expression and his body covered in wounds.

That meant the Cadigan family had lied to gain sympathy when they said he had died overseas.

Emerson had also brought two of his friends with him. Just like that, the seven people barged right into Alessandra's house.

"What are you guys doing?" Roselynn asked while blocking their path.

"What do you think we're doing? We're paying you guys a visit! Since you guys never visited me, I had no choice but to come over instead!" Emerson yelled angrily.

He then shoved her aside and made his way into the living room.

Roselynn felt a little scared as there wasn't much she and Alessandra could do if those people decided to get physical.

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As the group entered the main hall, they were greeted by a delightful aroma.

"Aunt Alessandra, are you making soup? It smells amazing! Can I have a bowl

please?” Jamison’s mouth watered immediately.

Alessandra hesitated for a moment.

She made the soup for her daughter-in-law. If she served everyone a bowl, her daughter-in-law would be left without any to drink when she returned home.

Furthermore, she was well aware that her daughter-in-law had a busy schedule. The fact that she could spare an hour or two to be there was already a gesture of kindness. What if they finish the soup, and I don’t have enough time to make more for my daughter-in-law?

“What’s wrong? Can’t you serve my grandson a bowl of soup? Do you not think of us as your family?” Upon noticing Alessandra’s silence, Hermann directed a stern gaze at her, his face reflecting his disapproval.

“No, no, no. It’s not like that,” Alessandra stammered, her body trembling in fear of her father’s disapproval.

Undeterred by the old-fashioned and patriarchal mentality of Hermann,

Roselynn fearlessly stood her ground. With a cold expression, she retorted,

“My mom prepared the soup specifically for my brother and his wife, so

there’s no extra for you! What exactly do you want?”

“What? Manny is married?” her grandmother exclaimed.

Hermann’s family, too, was taken aback.

Hermann even raised his voice. “Well, well, it seems you don’t consider us as

family at all! Alessandra Cadigan, you’re such an ungrateful daughter. Your

son got married, yet you didn’t even bother to invite us to the wedding. You’re

such a heartless woman!”

Filled with grievances, Alessandra wanted to explain to him, but before she

could do so, Roselynn stepped in.

She said to Hermann, “How dare you scold my mom? She’s heartless? You

people are the heartless ones! Ever since my mother married my father ten

years ago, you have never visited her, not even once. When my father

passed away, you didn't even bother to come and offer your condolences.

When my mother underwent surgery, you didn't show any concern. You even

withheld her share of the village dividends, regardless of her well-being or

struggles! Since you'd never appeared on any of the occasions above, you

expect us to invite you to Manny's wedding?"

The lengthy speech rendered Hermann speechless, and all he could do was

glare at her in response.

"All right, Grandpa. We didn't come here to argue about this," Henrietta

interjected.

Although she did not like this family either, she was still a member of the

Cadigan family. Now that the online backlash had also affected her, she

knew she had to find a solution, even if it was for her own sake.

While her relationship with Roselynn was relatively better compared to the

other family members, interactions with Roselynn were still filled with hostility

and tension. Roselynn was known for her strong-willed nature and was not easily swayed by others. Engaging in a direct confrontation with her would not be a wise choice.

“Roselynn, we’re here to beg you to remove the posts on the internet!”

Henrietta pleaded in a soft tone, “I understand it was my brother’s fault, but he’s still young. Can you please forgive him?”

Roselynn let out a cold snort. “Young? He’s already eighteen years old. He’s legally accountable for his actions!”

She was not prepared to let them off so easily, especially considering that none of these men had shown any willingness to apologize.

“Roselynn, this is how you want to play, huh?” Jamison expressed his disdain upon hearing that.

“You step aside, Jamison,” Henrietta stopped him from talking.

Despite the anger on Hermann’s face, he chose to remain silent. They had previously agreed that their intention was to resolve the issue peacefully, so

at this stage, they entrusted Henrietta with the task of handling the situation.

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However, if Roselynn refused to cooperate, they were prepared to resort to more forceful measures.

“Jamison, apologize to Roselynn and promise her you’ll not repeat such behavior!” Henrietta ordered.

Jamison shot daggers at Roselynn. With his grandfather and father staying silent, he grudgingly muttered, “I’m sorry.”

“You’re sorry? Sorry for what?” Roselynn asked indifferently.

“Roselynn, it was not right for Jamison to twist the truth and cause harm to you all...” Henrietta said.

“Keep quiet, Henrietta. Let him speak for himself!” Roselynn was actually willing to let bygones be bygones.

If they genuinely acknowledged their mistakes and offered a sincere

apology, she would consider deleting the posts.

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However, Jamison felt that Roselynn was deliberately trying to show off her power and immediately started hurling insults at her. "Roselynn Lowe, you're taking advantage of the situation! Who do you think you are? You're just a vicious woman that no man wants to marry. I bet you're destined to be an old hag for the rest of your life!"

Boom!

Roselynn's anger was instantly ignited by his response.

Her mother's sufferings had deeply impacted her, leaving a lasting impression and fostering a strong resentment toward those who belittled or disrespected women within her.

Yet, every word uttered by Jamison revealed his contempt for her and his utter disregard for women. I won't allow him to get away with it so easily!

"Watch your language, Jamison!" Henrietta stepped in to stop him.

Suddenly, Hermann interjected, "Oh, shut up, Henrietta!"

He had reached his limit and would not allow Roselynn to trample all over them.

Emerson, too, directed his finger at Roselynn and issued a direct threat.

"Roselynn, let's not waste each other's time. Are you going to delete the posts or not?"

"Heck no!" Roselynn, unfazed by the situation, responded firmly and decisively.

"F*ck! If you refuse to delete them, I'll tear down your house right now!"

Emerson's face turned red with anger as he let out a roar. Being someone with a history of violence, he was prepared to roll up his sleeves and physically assault her.

"Go ahead, if you have the guts! I'll ensure you end up behind bars!" Roselynn defiantly stood her ground. If he dares to smash our house, I'll report him to

the cops!

“D*mn it, you’re just testing my patience!” Emerson, never known for his

virtuous nature, seized a chair with malicious intent, preparing to hurl it at

Roselynn.

“No! Stop, Emerson!” Alessandra quickly reached out to stop him but to no

avail.

With a powerful force, Emerson shoved Alessandra aside, causing her to

stumble and fall to the ground.

Alessandra, already in fragile health, almost suffered a life-threatening injury

from the fall.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Emerson and his friends started smashing things in the living hall.

Jamison, driven by rage, quickly made his way to the kitchen. With a

malicious sneer on his face, he said, “So you think you can deny us the soup?”

Well, then none of you will get to taste it, d*mn it!”

Clang!

He forcefully kicked over the pot of soup.

Alessandra quickly got up from the floor upon hearing the sound. She hurried

into the kitchen, her face filled with worry.

The soup that she made for her daughter-in-law was spilled everywhere.

What am I going to do when Manny and Mackenzie come later?

“Mom, we’re home!” Right then, Emmanuel’s voice came from the door.

Emmanuel, full of excitement, walked into the house with Mackenzie by his

side.

However, his joy quickly turned into rage as he laid eyes upon the chaotic

scene before him. He ran into the living hall.

“What the h*ll do you think you’re doing?” His voice boomed like distant

thunder, leaving everyone present stunned.

Emerson and his men turned around, only to be taken aback by the intense

look in Emmanuel's eyes.

"Manny, you've returned just in time. Show these thugs what they deserve.

Teach them a lesson! Beat them up!" Roselynn, who still had not recovered

from the shock, stood behind him.

Instead of immediately calling the police, she opted to make them pay the

price and unleash her frustration upon them.

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"Manny, it's good that you're back!" Emerson, who came to his senses, did not

choose to run away.

Despite Emmanuel's military experience and potential combat skills, Emerson

remained unperturbed by the thought of facing the former as he was

confident in his group of men who were by his side.

"We men should be the ones to handle family matters instead of wasting

time reasoning with a bunch of women!”

Emerson thought Emmanuel would connect with the notion of male authority

and take charge of the situation accordingly.

However, to his surprise, Emmanuel responded with a sneer of disdain, “My

mother and sister are my elders, and their authority holds sway in this

household. If you find it difficult to communicate with them, it’s because you

lack a fundamental understanding of human decency!”

Roselynn could not help but feel a sense of satisfaction. These individuals

assume everyone shares their sexist views. Do they really believe everyone

looks down upon women like them?

Mackenzie, standing behind Emmanuel, could not help but grin.

She, too, had a strong aversion to men who disrespected women, so his

response was definitely a green flag in her eyes!

“Coward!” Emerson sneered, his face twisted with a baffling smirk as he

issued a threatening ultimatum. “Let me ask you one more time, are you

going to delete the posts on the internet? It's your choice whether we remain

as relatives or become enemies!"

Jamison also emerged from the kitchen, positioning himself behind his father

with a show of force.

He wore a smug expression, convinced that he held the upper hand. He

believed that as long as Emmanuel was not a fool, he would not want to

engage in an endless battle with them.

Otherwise, their family would be doomed to a lifetime of unrest and turmoil.

After casting a quick glance at the kitchen and witnessing the anguish on his

mother's face, Emmanuel swiftly lunged forward, delivering a powerful punch

to Emerson's face.

Before Emerson could retaliate, Emmanuel then delivered a powerful kick that

sent him flying.

Boom!

Emerson landed heavily on the floor.

The house fell into silence.

“You’ve already treated us as your enemies. It would be foolish of me to consider you as family!” Emmanuel bellowed.

Hermann, who had shown no concern when Alessandra fell, immediately jumped out and exclaimed when he realized someone had hit his son, “Y–You b*stard! How could you attack your own uncle? You heartless jerk!”

Roselynn, not one for physical confrontations but skilled in the art of debate, gave a cold sneer. “And what about Emerson hurting his own sister earlier? I didn’t hear any objections then, did I? Isn’t it natural for a son to defend his mother when she’s being bullied? That’s not heartless—that’s standing up for family!”

“You–”

How could Hermann possibly win an argument against Roselynn?

Emerson’s men were quick to bully the weak and defenseless, but when

faced with a direct confrontation from Emmanuel, they all cowered.

The Cadigan family now found themselves in an awkward position, unable to win either arguments or physical altercations.

“Let’s just leave. There’s no need to let this family dispute escalate any further!” The grandmother finally stepped in.

“Shut up!” Hermann lashed out in frustration, directing his anger at his wife.

“It’s all your fault for failing to properly raise our daughter!”

“Watch your mouth, you stupid old man!” Roselynn could not watch him bully

her grandmother. “My mother has a kind and gentle nature. She never

engages in illegal activities or deceives others. On the other hand, your son is

involved in all sorts of vices like gambling, drinking, and cheating. He has a

laundry list of vices! He can’t even accomplish anything worthwhile, let alone

win a fight against my brother. So, what gives you the audacity to look down

on your own daughter? Why do you think you have the right to look down on

me and my brother?”

Hermann’s face flushed red with anger as he stomped in frustration. “You’ve really pushed me too far! I can’t take it anymore!”

Roselynn, filled with fury, pointed her finger at the door. “Get out of our house and die elsewhere, stupid old man!”

To Roselynn, these despicable individuals were never her family. She took great satisfaction in seeing them being taught a much-needed lesson.

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“Very well! Just you wait! I won’t let you guys off easily!”

Hermann left with the group of people in a huff.

It was only when they stepped out of the room did they notice Mackenzie.

Jamison was immediately drooling over her. Is she Emmanuel’s wife? It would

be so wonderful if I could spend a night with her!

Mackenzie didn’t even spare them a glance. Therefore, she naturally didn’t

notice Jamison’s lecherous expression or see through his improper thoughts.

Mackenzie walked into the room and asked with concern, “Mom, are you okay?”

Alessandra’s mood instantly improved when she heard Mackenzie call her mom. However, she felt more guilt than any other feeling.

“Mackenzie, I’m sorry! I promised to make soup for you, but the soup is gone now.”

“It’s fine, as long as you’re okay. Let’s sit down and rest.”

Emmanuel watched Mackenzie’s every move.

He didn’t expect Mackenzie to treat his mother so well since she was so cold to everyone.

He realized his previous concerns were unfounded. If Mackenzie were my real wife, this in-law relationship would be perfect!

However, Mackenzie glared at him the next moment. “Emmanuel, aren’t you going to clean the place up?”

“Uh, okay...”

Although my wife is perfect, she always wears the pants in our relationship.

While Emmanuel was cleaning things up, Mackenzie stayed by Alessandra's side.

With her daughter-in-law accompanying her, Alessandra felt much better.

She even promised to prepare soup for Mackenzie the next time the latter visited her.

Mackenzie smiled, puzzled by her mother-in-law's fixation with feeding her soup and making it seem like she had never had soup before.

"Roselynn, if we don't remove the posts, I'm afraid the Cadigan family will come to bother you again!" Emmanuel uttered his concern as he and

Roselynn cleaned up the living room together.

Roselynn bit her lower lip, her eyes filled with anger.

She didn't want to give in to the Cadigan family, but Emmanuel was right.

Since Emmanuel wasn't at home frequently, she would be at a loss as to

what to do if those people returned.

“Roselynn, why don’t we remove the posts? After all, we are still relatives,”

Alessandra chimed in with a sigh.

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Roselynn was still hesitating. Just as she was about to agree, Mackenzie

interrupted, “Why do you have to delete them? Why should we succumb to

those evil people?”

These words struck a chord with Roselynn.

Nevertheless, she asked, “If we don’t succumb to them, what can we do?”

“Of course, we can do something!”

Mackenzie wasn’t scared of scum like Emerson. She suggested, “Roselynn,

not only are you not deleting the posts, but you should also post what they

did today! Let them be cyberbullied even more! Punishing criminals

necessitates force instead of compromise. Making concessions will only

encourage more crimes!”

She's indeed an intelligent goddess!

Emmanuel agreed with her words wholeheartedly, but he was still worried about his mother's and sister's safety. What if the Cadigan family decided to do something extreme to them when they had nothing to lose then?

Mackenzie knew what he was thinking and continued, "You guys shouldn't stay here for the time being. Of course, we have to install cameras in case they come here and wreck things. We will collect the evidence and send them to jail!"

Roselynn thought Mackenzie's plan was brilliant. Nonetheless, she still had a concern. "I'm fine with it, but what about Mom? If she doesn't stay at home, does she live with you guys?"

Alessandra looked at Mackenzie, eyes sparkling with excitement.

She would be more than happy to stay with her daughter-in-law.

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Emmanuel would welcome his mother with open arms, but he knew

Mackenzie's personality.

She wouldn't be okay with it because she wouldn't even be living with him if her grandfather hadn't forced her to.

Therefore, he didn't say anything, as he didn't want to make things difficult for Mackenzie.

"My friend has a house in Meadowbrook Residence. She's currently working out of town and asked me to take care of it. If you're willing, you can move there with Roselynn. It's much bigger than this place too."

Mackenzie came up with a solution immediately.

Of course, the story was a lie. She had multiple properties, and the place she offered them was one of many.

Seeing Alessandra still hesitating, Mackenzie said, "It's also much closer to Yociam Residence, and it would be easier for Emmanuel and me to visit you!

Alessandra's eyes lit up. "Really? Then, will Manny and you visit me every

week if I move there?"

Roselynn couldn't help but roll her eyes. Mom is indeed Hermann's daughter

with their patriarchal mindset. Wait... Since Mom is dotting on her

daughter-in-law, it doesn't count as favoring males over females, right?

"Sure," Mackenzie promised readily.

Alessandra was delighted at the thought of being able to see her son and

daughter-in-law every week. She wouldn't even mind living in a doghouse as

long as they visited her.

"I know someone who can arrange the installation of surveillance cameras

by today!"

Not only was Mackenzie good at planning, but her execution skills were also

top-notch.

She immediately let Emmanuel drive them to Meadowbrook Residence so

Alessandra and Roselynn could settle in.

Then, when they came back home to pack their belongings, they realized

that the surveillance cameras were already set up.

Mackenzie had effortlessly resolved the Lowe family's troubles.

Roselynn couldn't help but whisper in her brother's ear, "Your wife is amazing!"

Emmanuel chuckled and responded, "Of course, her abilities are unquestionable! She's an executive of a large company after all."

Roselynn agreed wholeheartedly and felt that her sister-in-law's abilities surpassed those of her boyfriend, who was a general manager.

In the afternoon, Mackenzie parted ways with the Lowe family and went to a high-end restaurant to meet Beatrix.

This time, Beatrix was the one who invited her.

As they had lunch, Beatrix piled Mackenzie's plate high with food and gave her massages.

"Say it. What do you want?"

She grew up with Beatrix, so she knew what was going through the latter's mind.

"Hehe! You really are an intelligent goddess and the most beautiful CEO of Yeringham! You can practically read minds!"

"Cut it out! You are being too obvious. Do you think I'm as dumb as Emmanuel?"

Upon hearing Mackenzie bring up Manuel, Beatrix queried cautiously,

"Mackenzie, can I borrow something from you for one day?"

"What is it?"

Mackenzie became wary.

Beatrix had never been so polite when borrowing things from her before.

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Given that she had invited Mackenzie to lunch, it was most likely not an ordinary item she wished to borrow.

Sure enough, Beatrix eyed her cautiously and replied, "Manuel!"

“What?”

Mackenzie put down her cutlery.

Beatrix wants to borrow my husband? If this got out, novelists could create a

lengthy family drama about it!

Mackenzie furrowed her brows and questioned, “What do you want to borrow

him for?”

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“Oh, it’s not me who wants to borrow him. It’s my best friend!” Beatrix hurriedly

explained, “Don’t get the wrong idea, Mackenzie. I’m not trying to seduce

Manuel. Even though he’s tall, muscular, and handsome, I’m not the type to

swoon over men!”

“You’re not?”

Mackenzie suddenly chuckled. “Is that even possible? Whose room is filled

with posters of handsome men? Who is the person who constantly gushes

about certain male celebrities being domineering, manly, and suitable to be

her husband?"

Pfft!

She exposed Beatrix so hard that the latter gave her a pleading look. "That's

enough, Mackenzie. I admit that I swoon over men, but I will never harbor

inappropriate thoughts toward Manuel. I swear!"

With that, Beatrix lifted her hand as if taking an oath.

Only after hearing that did Mackenzie ask, "Which best friend of yours wants

to borrow that idiot?"

She knew that her cousin had a lot of friends, while she had practically none.

"It's Elizabeth! And it's not just her. Many of my friends are eager to meet the

superhero who took on Wolf Warrior Society alone as well!"

Beatrix's eyes widened and sparkled as she spoke.

I must say, Manuel was so cool that night!

"I can't believe that idiot can gain female fans from a fight!"

Mackenzie was even more determined to forbid him from going out at night to fight in the future. What will others think of him?

“Can you allow it, Mackenzie? I promised them to take him to a laser tag game and let him lead us! If you don’t agree, it’ll make me look bad!”

Beatrix clasped her hands together and pleaded.

Mackenzie rolled her eyes in exasperation. “Just ask him directly. It’s not as if you’re taking me there!”

“Gosh! As your cousin, do you think I’m unaware of your standing in your family? What he says doesn’t count!”

Beatrix’s words were like music to Mackenzie’s ears.

I’m the boss not just at work, but also at home!

“I promise I won’t let Elizabeth and the other girls get their hands on Manuel, Mackenzie! I’ll bring him home untainted!”

Beatrix quickly vowed, knowing just what her cousin was thinking.

“Go and ask him yourself. You’re making it seem as if I’m restricting his

freedom!”

“Thanks, Mackenzie!”

With her cousin’s words, Beatrix knew that the matter was settled.

Sure enough, Beatrix invited Emmanuel to the laser tag game next Saturday

using her status in the Quillen family, to which the latter replied that he had

to inform his wife.

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Naturally, Mackenzie would not stop him since she had already agreed to it.

Hence, the matter was set in stone.

“Good news, Claudette!”

Elizabeth immediately went to Claudette excitedly after confirming that

Emmanuel would participate in their activity.

“Dr. Lowe, my superhero, will be joining us for the laser tag game next

Saturday! Do you want to join us, Claudette? This is a good opportunity!”

Claudette was secretly surprised. I wonder what Elizabeth meant by good opportunity. Could it be that she knows I like Dr. Lowe?

“You don’t have to hide it anymore, Claudette. Beatrix told me everything. Dr.

Lowe is tall and handsome, and he provides a sense of security: I also like him very much!”

Claudette was even more shocked after hearing her sister’s words.

“Elizabeth, what did Beatrix tell you exactly? Also, doesn’t Dr. Lowe have a girlfriend?”

Claudette felt increasingly uneasy.

Firstly, she was hoping that Emmanuel did not have a girlfriend.

Secondly, she could not believe that her younger sister had become her love rival.

Elizabeth knew that her sister did not know as much as she did. It’s because

Beatrix and I are best friends!

“Don’t worry about whether Dr. Lowe has a girlfriend now, Claudette. He’ll be

single in half a year anyway. If you don't make a move now, I'll help you get

him!"

Claudette was rendered speechless.

Never have I ever imagined that my biggest rival in love would be my sister!

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Beatrix returned to the huge mansion of the Quillen family, acting as if she

had performed a great act of service. She went behind her grandfather with

her head held high and massaged his back.

"Grandpa, I've finished my work!"

"Are you sure?"

Terence was young at heart, his eyes twinkling as he spoke.

"Yes. Manuel agreed to go for a laser tag game with us next Saturday, and

then we'll spend the night out. Tsk, tsk. Such a great opportunity. The Lenoir

sisters will surely pounce on Manuel!"

Beatrix's eyes were sparkling with anticipation.

She had made a bet with Lexi earlier that Manuel would be kicked out of the family before the new year. If he isn't careful and the Lenoir sisters get their hands on him, Mackenzie will surely throw a fit! Hehe! Of course, he can't blame me for being mean. This is all Grandpa's idea.

"Yes, I hope the two daughters of the Lenoir family won't let me down and work hard to make Mackenzie jealous! Otherwise, she won't know how much she likes Emmanuel!" Terence said confidently, looking as though he had a winning strategy.

"Grandpa, are you sure Mackenzie truly likes that man?"

"Are you doubting your grandpa's judgment?"

"I wouldn't dare to!"

Beatrix quickly stuck out her tongue.

Over the years, my grandfather molded Terence Group into the leading enterprise in Yeringham with his brilliant mind and superb awareness of the

bigger picture. Who can compete with him in terms of judgment and

foresight?

Only then did Beatrix realize that her grandfather was not testing Emmanuel,

OX

2/5

but Mackenzie.

My goodne

When the time comes, it'll be even more fun!

On Monday, when Emmanuel went to work as usual, Claudette also showed

up "as usual."

"Is your illness acting up again, Ms. Lenoir?" Emmanuel asked with a frown, a

little surprised to see her.

"That's not it, Dr. Lowe. It's just that I couldn't sleep well last night and thought

that there may be something wrong with my body, so I want you to have a

look,” Claudette explained as she sat down in front of Emmanuel’s
consultation table.

Frederick, who was watching from the side, was envious of his friend’s
fortune. He’s already married to a perfect wife, yet, he still has a wealthy
young lady pestering him all the time. It’s funny that this dude is unaware
that Claudette’s biggest illness is unrequited love, and he’s still diagnosing
her seriously!

OX

“Let me take your pulse, Ms. Lenoir.”

“All right.”

With that, Claudette held out her hand to him.

Emmanuel found it amusing. I’m taking her pulse, not shaking her hand. This
woman’s behavior is so strange!

However, he still calmly pressed her hand on the consultation table and took
her pulse seriously.

“Dr. Lowe, is your girlfriend from Terence Group? Is her last name Quillen?”

“Um, yes. She’s not my girlfriend, but my wife,” Emmanuel answered with a nod.

Claudette chuckled. “It can’t be the eldest daughter of the Quillen family, right? Every man in Yeringham wants to marry her!”

Her purpose for coming was not to see a doctor but to find out whether what her sister said was true.

OX

“Of course not! Stop teasing me, Ms. Lenoir!”

Emmanuel appeared indifferent and did not seem like he was lying.

Claudette’s eyes lit up. Looks like he doesn’t even know his wife’s identity!

Here’s the question. What’s the deal about his marriage with Mackenzie?

“Ms. Lenoir, there’s nothing wrong with your body. You’re just a little weak due to a lack of rest. Go back, drink more water, and try to balance out work and

rest, and you'll be fine."

Emmanuel quickly gave Claudette a diagnosis.

Chapter 199

"Your medical skills are really remarkable when you know both traditional and modern medicine, Dr. Lowe! Even many veteran doctors are not your match! Why did you decide to be a gynecologist?"

In truth, Claudette had wanted to ask that question a long time ago.

Besides the fact that Emmanuel was tall, dark, and handsome, she found him different from other men because he emanated a mysterious aura. Like a storybook, he riveted her interest.

"You flatter me, Ms. Lenoir."

Alas, Emmanuel merely brushed it off without replying to her question.

The reason had something to do with his retirement from the military in Northern Region, but he did not want to tell anyone about it.

Perceiving that he did not want to answer, Claudette tactfully gave up

pursuing the matter further. Since she already had him look her over and had no other business there, she could only get to her feet and leave.

When she reached the door, however, she could not help glancing back over her shoulder. "Are you free this Saturday, Dr. Lowe?"

Frederick was right outside the door, pretending to be busy. In reality, he was secretly watching Claudette pursue his best friend.

Tsk, tsk, I always thought that she was reserved. Unexpectedly, she's so blatant this time! Is she openly asking a married man out?

"Sorry, Ms. Lenoir, but I have a prior engagement this Saturday. I'm going for a laser tag game."

"Oh, I see."

Claudette feigned disappointment despite actually having known about it.

She then added, "I also love playing such a recreational game. Do you mind bringing me along, Dr. Lowe?"

"Uh, I've got to ask the person organizing things first."

“Sure. Thank you!”

“No problem!”

Finally, Claudette left.

Emmanuel promptly texted Beatrix, asking whether he could bring another person. Naturally, his request was approved.

In fact, Beatrix furtively snickered.

Well, Claudette is really daring! She knows full well that Manuel is married, yet she’s still throwing herself at him like a moth to a flame. While she looks innocent and shy, she’s surprisingly bold in love!

Conversely, Emmanuel did not give the matter much thought after it had been settled. Being a dense man, he never bothered to postulate about women’s intentions. Of course, his wife was the exception to that.

After getting off work at the hospital, he went to Terence Group’s headquarters as usual.

Mackenzie had to attend a social event that night and did not need him to pick her up, so he went home alone when he finished his part-time job.

He was not a permanent employee of Terence Group yet. As such, he was not allowed to enter the office. Part-timers usually worked at night without any opportunity to interact with resident staff. Thus, he had no way of seeing his wife during working hours.

As he drove past an intersection, his Maserati was abruptly stopped by a Land Rover.

Hmm, this Land Rover looks somewhat familiar. Doesn't it belong to Quintus? Did he seek me out for something or other? But on second thought, I rode an electric bike back then. Hence, it makes no sense for him to know that this car is mine.

"I've waited for you for an eternity, Ms. Quillen! You claimed to have a social event, but..."

Quintus climbed out of the Land Rover with a smug expression on his face,

mistakenly assuming that he had successfully intercepted his goddess,

Mackenzie.

Ah, such a game is thrilling to the core!

But upon making out the man in the driver's seat, he was wholly stunned.

"How could it be you, buddy?"

Emmanuel was likewise amused. "Exactly! I also found it strange that you recognized my car!"

At that, Quintus guffawed. "Why does your car look so much like my woman's?"

Seizing advantage of that opportunity, Emmanuel ventured, "Your woman?"

You look pretty successful, Mr. Lenoir. Your woman must be something else, huh?"

"Haha, but of course! My woman is the most beautiful lady in Yeringham, the heiress of the Quillen family!" Quintus declared proudly.

“Oh, I see!” Realization dawned upon Emmanuel, but a hint of dubiousness showed in his eyes. “But I heard from my sister that she’s high and mighty.

That aside, it’s rumored that she has never been in a relationship. Some even say that she’s a lesbian?”

“Haha, those are all baseless rumors! I’ll bag her sooner or later! At that time, I’ll introduce her to you!” Quintus proclaimed confidently.

“Sure!”

Emmanuel was not rolling with the punches to say that. He had long since wanted to have a look at the heiress of the Quillen family and see whether her beauty really surpassed that of his wife.

Chapter 200

“Haha, since we’ve bumped into each other tonight, we’ve got to have a drink together!”

As though kidnapping Emmanuel, Quintus enthusiastically grabbed hold of the man and refused to let him go.

Emmanuel declined several times, but Quintus remained adamant. Having no other choice, he could only flash Quintus a wry smile and remark, "I've got to ask my wife first."

"Whoa! You seem pretty powerful, yet you're a henpecked husband? Can't you even handle a weak woman when you're a man?" Quintus mocked.

Chuckling, Emmanuel explained, "My wife is only keeping a tight leash on me now because I had been in three fights in the span of a month."

"Haha, how ironic, buddy! You can wipe the floor with men, yet you can't do anything about a mere woman?" Quintus teased him incessantly.

Ignorant about his situation, Emmanuel did not bother gainsaying him.

Shortly after, Mackenzie received a text from Emmanuel.

Upon learning that he had been strong-armed by Quintus into having a drink together, she was entirely speechless.

Good Lord! Quintus couldn't get me to go for a drink with him, so he nabbed

my

husband instead!

She texted back: Be home by eleven o'clock.

She did not restrict Emmanuel's freedom, but that was her stipulation.

Emmanuel glanced at the time. It's just nine o'clock now, and there are two hours more. I can have a drink with Quintus.

After deciding on the venue, the two men drove to Nightfall Bar.

It was a high-end nightclub in Yeringham. Although the atmosphere in the establishment was explosive, everything was orderly, unlike the chaotic ambiance at The Paradise.

Emmanuel followed Quintus to the door of a private room. At once, a man in a suit and leather shoes walked up to them from the opposite direction.

It was none other than Zane.

"I've reserved a private room for you long ago, Mr. Lenoir. But why did you bring a man over?"

It was only natural that he was surprised, for Quintus had repeatedly said that he would be bringing Mackenzie over.

He had thought that the man intended to get her sloshed, thus hoping for a glimpse of her beauty, but the person who came had turned into a man instead.

“Hey, I’ve naturally got to go for some masculine company when it comes to drinking. Let’s not talk about women tonight!”

“Understood, Mr. Lenoir. Please excuse me, then.”

There was a two-fold purpose in Zane visiting the bar that night.

Firstly, it was to help Quintus reserve a private room.

Secondly, it was because two women from his hometown asked him out for a drink through various channels. Thus, he agreed to meet them at the bar.

This reason was actually his main motivation.

He had heard that the sisters were exceedingly seductive. Since they offered themselves up to him on a silver platter, he planned to bed them there after

drinking. In other words, he would be killing two birds with one stone.

When he walked past Emmanuel, he greeted the latter politely, seeing that the man was Quintus' friend.

In return, Emmanuel inclined his head at Zane.

Just as he was about to enter the private room, he caught sight of two familiar figures stepping into the lobby downstairs out of the corner of his eye.

Isn't that Chloe and Abellyn? What are they doing here late at night?

A sense of foreboding swamped him, especially when the two women were dressed sexily. Abellyn was even wearing black shorts, her form-fitting shirt so tight that her breasts were in danger of spilling out.

Does Ryder know that his wife is patronizing such a place late at night?

"What are you looking at, buddy? Come in and have a drink! If you want to have a bar hostess for company, just say the word!"

Quintus draped an arm over Emmanuel's shoulder, mistakenly assuming that the latter wanted to have feminine company.

"I merely saw an acquaintance, Quintus. Also, I'm married. I don't mind having a drink and chatting with you, but we can't have any bar hostesses!"

Emmanuel made his stance clear.

There was an instant connection between Quintus and him because they

had both been in the military. That was the only reason he befriended the latter. He had no intentions of messing around.

"Haha, you're just like me, Emmanuel! Neither am I interested in those shameless women. I only like challenging ones!"

Having been in the military, Quintus did not sound at all like a wealthy heir in his speech. Nonetheless, Emmanuel liked his style.

The two of them had a great time drinking in the private room.