## 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. 2/6 "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. Chapter 192 "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!
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.

home.

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

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. Ox 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.

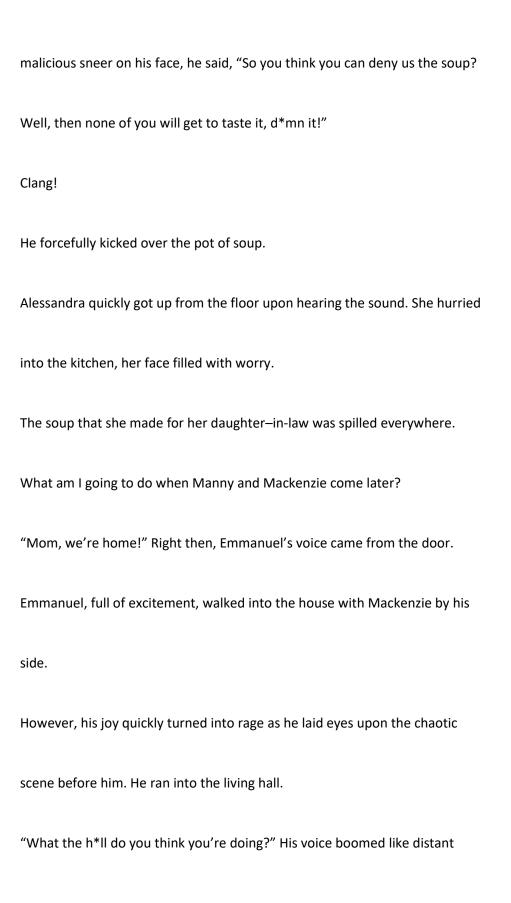
Her mother's sufferings had deeply impacted her, leaving a lasting impression and fostering a strong resentment toward those who belittled or disrespected women within her.

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



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.



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 doting 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.

 ${\rm ``Il}\ know\ someone\ who\ can\ arrange\ the\ installation\ of\ surveillance\ cameras$ 

by today!"

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

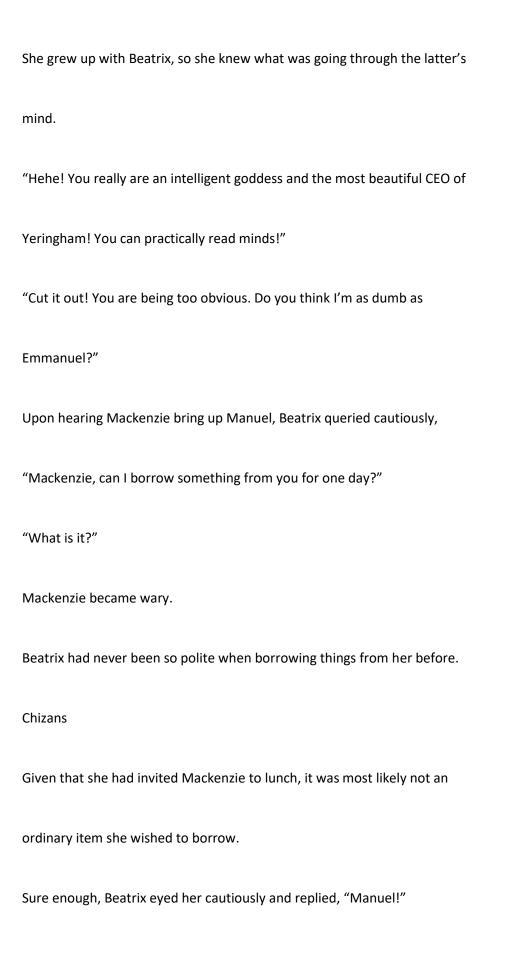
top-notch.

She immediately let Emmanuel drive them to Meadowbrook Residence so

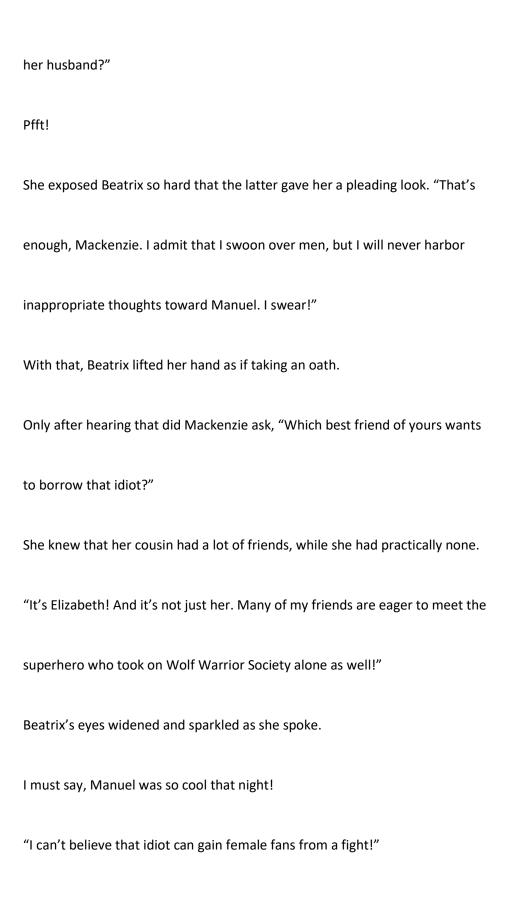
Alessandra and Roselynn could settle in.

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

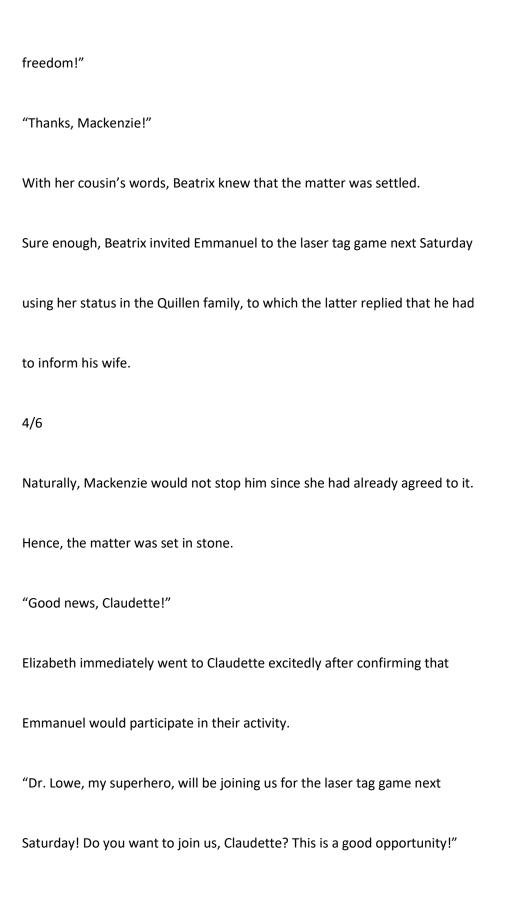
that the surveillance cameras were already set up. Mackenzie had effortlessly resolved the Lowe family's troubles. Roselynn couldn't help but whisper in her brother's ear, "Your wife is amazing!" Emmanuel chuckled and responded, "Of course, her abilities are unquestionable! She's an executive of a large 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?"



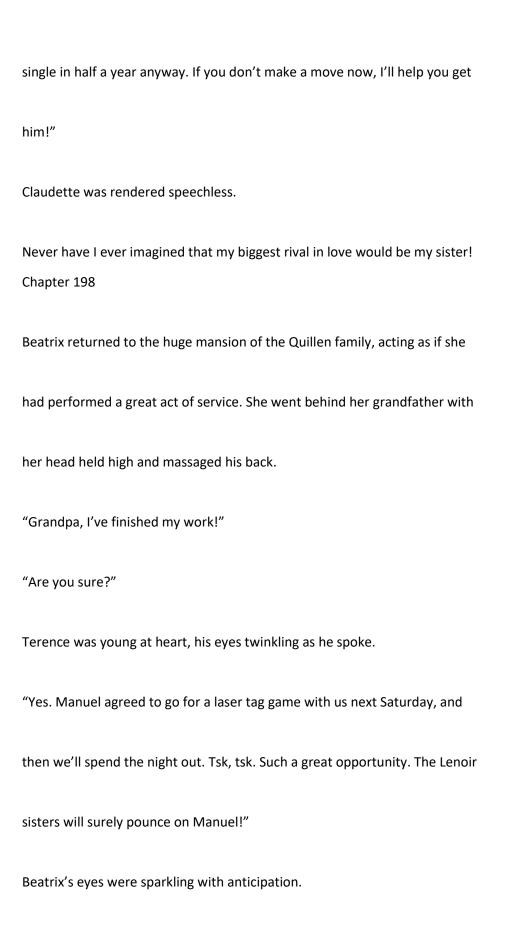




Mackenzie was even more determined to forbid him from going out at night to fight in the future. What will others think of him? "Can you allow it, Mackenzie? I promised them to take him to a laser tag game and let him lead us! If you don't agree, it'll make me look bad!" Beatrix clasped her hands together 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



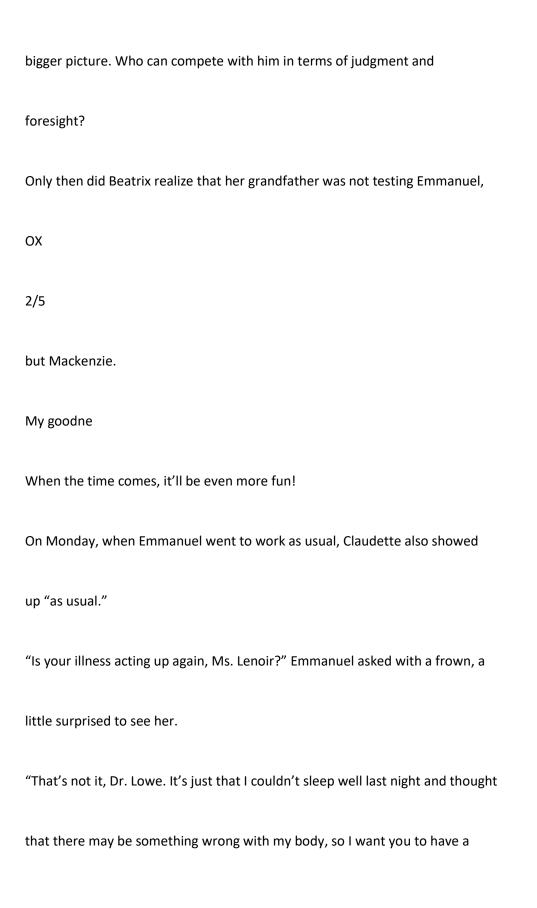


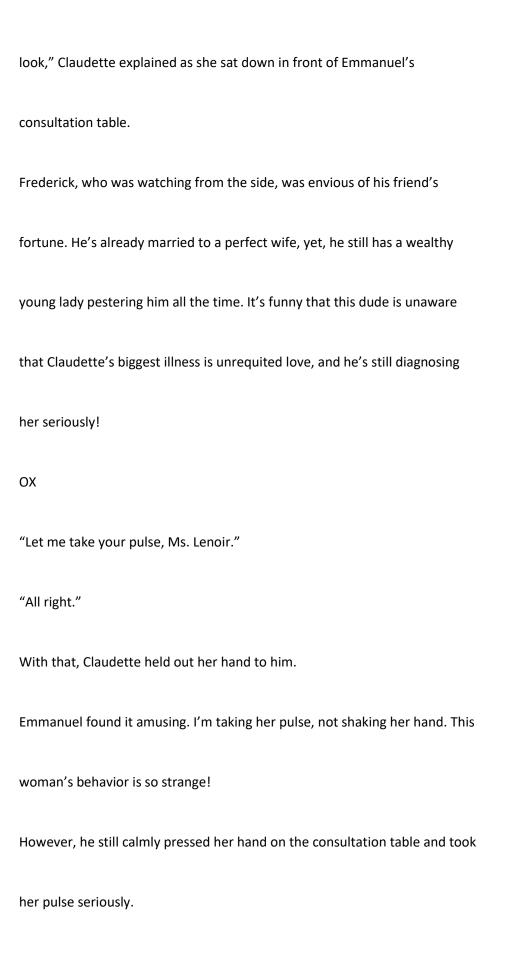


She had made a bet with Lexi earlier that Manuel would be kicked out of the family before the new year. If he isn't careful and the Lenoir sisters get their hands on him, Mackenzie will surely throw a fit! Hehe! Of course, he can't blame me for being mean. This is all Grandpa's idea. "Yes.,I hope the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

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

Beatrix quickly stuck out her tongue.





"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.

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"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?

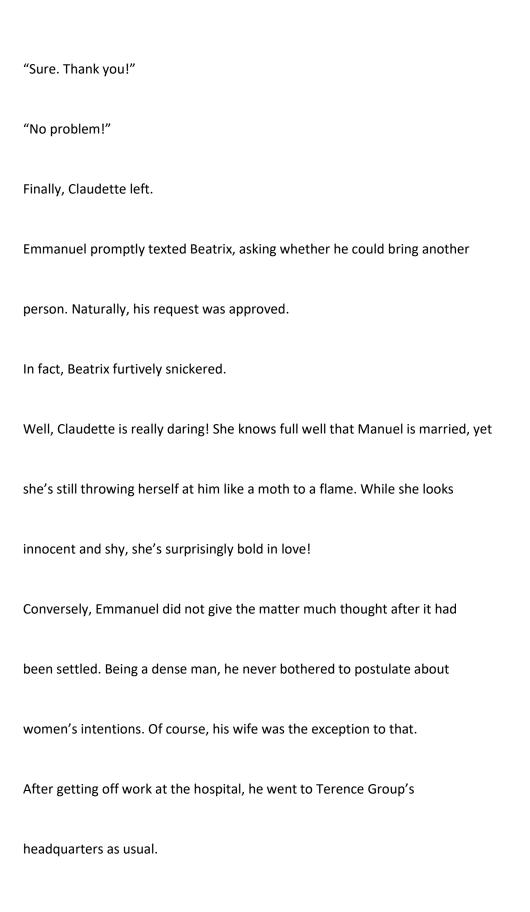
"Ms. Lenoir, there's nothing wrong with your body. You're just a little weak due

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."



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.

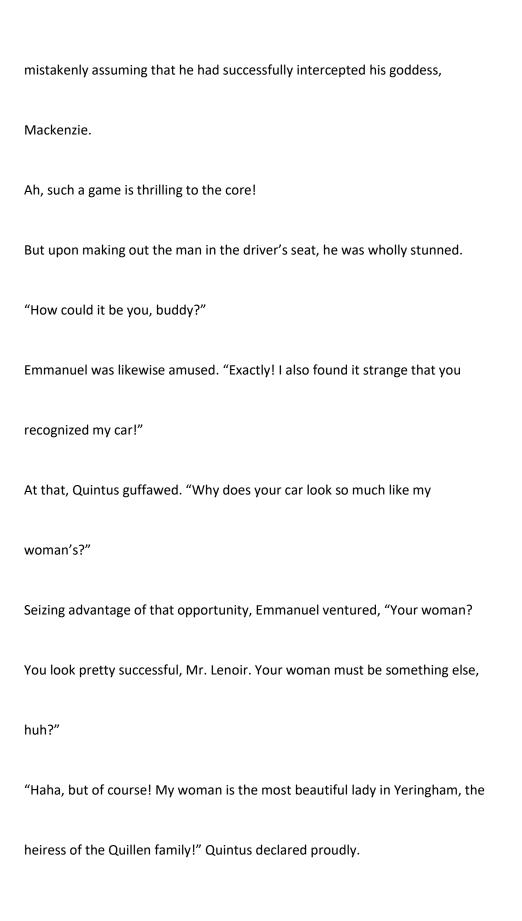
As he drove past an intersection, his Maserati was abruptly stopped by a Land Rover.

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,



"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.

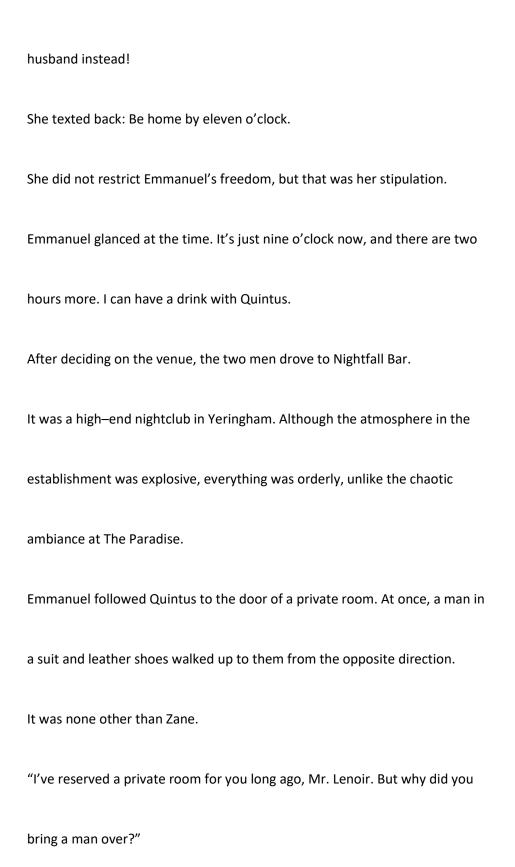
Shortly after, Mackenzie received a text from Emmanuel.

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



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.