

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 31-40

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 31-“Don’t be so quick to anger, Keegan,” cautioned Roselynn hurriedly.

After all, given the status of the other party, Roselynn was worried that her brother was going to suffer.

However, she truly disliked Keegan. Roselynn decided to use Emmanuel as a shield and take advantage of the situation. “This is Emmanuel, a good friend of mine.” Even though Emmanuel and Roselynn shared a last name, in Keegan’s mind, he had never even considered Emmanuel to be one of Roselynn’s relatives. Giving Emmanuel a condescending look, Keegan said, “Your physique isn’t enough to kill me, a seasoned soldier, with one punch. I’d advise you to know your place!” Keegan was a soldier. Since he was a child, he was fond of bullying others by exerting force over them.

Now that Roselynn was around, Keegan was going to go all out in showing off because he liked her. He assumed that Roselynn would fancy a domineering person like him who could give her a sense of security.

He then glanced at Emmanuel’s physique. How good could he possibly be? To top it off, Emmanuel is not someone of renown. I bet that a threat or two will send him scampering off with his tail between his legs.

“Well, soldiers are really awesome and deserve respect!” said Emmanuel, nodding.

As a soldier himself, Emmanuel also respected his fellow soldiers. However, he had little respect for the one before him.

“Hmph. I guess you’re smart!” Keegan did not comprehend the meaning behind Emmanuel’s words, assuming that Emmanuel had already been subdued. Even his very breath now seemed proud and disdainful.

After that, he took Roselynn’s fair hand and said, “Rosie, there are many unruly people about. Why don’t we go somewhere quieter for a proper chat?” Keegan felt sorry, having not been able to pursue this deity then. Since he encountered Roselynn again tonight, he was determined to kiss her, no matter what.

Roselynn's gaze wavered. Subconsciously, she coldly wrestled her hand free from his grasp and asked, "Keegan Doyle, what do you think you're doing?" She was Roselynn Lowe, not some shameless hussy.

However, Keegan was used to being domineering and had never allowed anyone to go against his will. Even if Roselynn was his deity, he was going to pursue her with greater force.

Emmanuel stood in front of his sister and grabbed Keegan's wrist with one hand. With a cold gaze, he said, "You're behaving so brazenly in public? You're so crass!" "You little piece of sh*t! You're courting death!" Keegan was so incensed that the only thing he retaliated with was a punch to Emmanuel's face.

After all, Keegan's punches were strong and powerful.

Even Chase, who was some distance away, was subconsciously startled by this. However, he couldn't help but gloat.

Milani was looking on expectantly.

I bet that rascal Emmanuel is in deep sh*t this time!

Who wouldn't want Keegan to beat the cr*p out of him?

Unexpectedly, Emmanuel easily caught Keegan's powerful punch with just one hand.

He was completely unscathed.

Keegan's heart sank. This little brat is quite powerful!

His fist, which few people in the army could stop, was somehow easily caught by this kid.

Lexi, who had been observing Emmanuel from a distance, was secretly taken aback. I think Ms. Quillen's husband is no ordinary man!

Upon knowing Emmanuel's strength, Keegan's expression immediately turned sinister and threatening. "You little brat. How dare you oppose me?" "My apologies. You don't interest me in the slightest," retorted Emmanuel mildly.

He then flicked Keegan's hand away casually.

This scene amazed Milani, Chase, and everyone else watching.

Everyone thought that Emmanuel was quite arrogant, for someone his size.

“Da*n it! You little brat! Do you dare look down on me?

Don’t you know who the heck I am?” scoffed Keegan disdainfully. He was so angry that he was breathless.

Keegan then noticed that Emmanuel still remained impassive. He shook his head in anger.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 32-“I joined the army at fourteen, made the field division at seventeen, and was awarded the rank of junior lieutenant at twenty!” hissed Keegan. “Now, there are many officers under my command! I’m not some small–time gangster! I’m a real, gun–wielding soldier who has killed before!” Keegan’s loud voice and imposing aura terrified everyone.

Having said that, the scorn returned to Keegan’s face as he looked at Emmanuel. “Now, do you dare display such arrogance before me?” Everyone assumed that Emmanuel was going to be quaking in his boots. However, nobody expected this gynecologist to look contemptuously at Keegan and retort, “Do you think it’s an honor to have killed before?” These words made Milani, Chase, and everyone else very anxious.

After all, if a man said that he had killed before, he wasn’t fooling around. This was not a game of Werewolves!

Is Emmanuel truly not afraid of being killed?

Milani had changed her opinion of Emmanuel after seeing the way he behaved tonight. For one to be this arrogant, he is definitely a genius. However, I think he won’t live for long!

There were already many people paying attention to the commotion, but after the two exchanged barbs tit–for–tat, more and more people gathered around them.

Lexi had also never imagined Ms. Mackenzie’s husband to be so plucky.

No wonder I heard rumors that he'd managed to impress someone like Mr. Webber! However, he didn't hesitate to pick a fight with Keegan to protect the woman behind him. I wonder what their relationship is.

If Ms. Mackenzie finds out about this, she's going to be so angry!

Right now, Keegan was extremely livid.

Keegan was a well-known figure among the upper echelons of Yeringham and had a reputation for a hot temper and behaving impulsively. There had been many young heirs of these families who had gotten into conflicts with Keegan, only to be defeated by his fists.

If even such rich and powerful people were afraid to take revenge on Keegan, what gave this poor nobody the audacity to pick a fight with Keegan?

The whole situation was preposterous.

Keegan wanted to pull out the gun from his waist in a fit of rage.

"Keegan Doyle!" yelled Roselynn.

When Roselynn saw what was about to unfurl, she hurriedly tried to put a stop to this. "I'm not your girlfriend or your woman! Why do you care who I'm speaking to? I don't want to go elsewhere with you either!" Keegan was already angry and paid Roselynn no mind. As such, he continued to draw his gun.

Emmanuel quickly shook off Keegan's hand and pushed him away, putting some distance between them.

Just as things were about to get heated, another voice was heard entering the fray. "What's the meaning of this? Who dares cause a ruckus at the Quillen family's novelbin banquet?" As soon as those words were spoken, an old man in a black suit walked in quickly with the staff stationed on-site.

The onlookers looked more and more excited.

"I never expected Mr. Smith to come over personally.

This is going to be such a treat!" "The Quillen family is the number one family in Yeringham. Mrs. Quillen was also promoted to deputy mayor! If the two of

them dare to make trouble at her banquet, nobody is going to let things slide.” A group of women immediately began to gossip.

Milani immediately leaned over and snorted derisively.

“It’s best to drive out this gynecologist. An intrusion to this banquet by the likes of him serves only to cheapen the atmosphere!” When Keegan saw Adam, he immediately lowered his hand and tried to take control of the situation. “Mr.

Smith, I am Keegan Doyle of the Doyle family. I assumed that tonight was meant to be an elegant affair. I never expected such unruly people to barge in.

It’s really disappointing!” Adam was taken aback.

The Doyle family was also quite powerful in Yeringham.

Keegan’s mother was an official figure, so Adam dared not offend the Doyle family so easily. Humbly, Adam replied, “I’m truly sorry about this, Mr. Doyle. If someone managed to sneak in, it’s definitely negligence on our part. Please allow me to investigate this.” After this, Adam turned to face Emmanuel with an icy look. “Sir, please show me your invitation!” Roselynn immediately became nervous and retorted, “Why do you want Emmanuel to show you an invitation just because of one accusation from Keegan? He’s not the organizer!”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 33

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 33-“Mr. Doyle’s mother is a good friend of Ms. Lorelei. Since he’s questioning the validity of someone’s presence, it’s naturally my job as the person in charge to sort this out!” replied Adam.

Adam then added, “Since I’ve never seen this gentleman before and his clothing seems quite out of place for a banquet like this, I need him to show me an invitation!” Given that it was a reasonable answer, Roselynn could not refute it.

What do I do?

What's more, someone suddenly shouted, "His name is Emmanuel Lowe, and he is a gynecologist. I daresay that he snuck inside without an invitation!" Milani had been waiting for this opportunity for a long time. How could she pass up a chance at revenge?

She really wanted to see Emmanuel being kicked out in full view. It was going to be satisfying, and it could allow her to vent her hatred.

"Right! Just look at his outfit! He claims that he received an invitation to this banquet. I refuse to believe it!" As soon as Milani spoke, the women surrounding her echoed in agreement.

The one thing a banquet like this did not lack were lapdogs and self-righteous women. They were fond of using someone's allegedly lowly status to elevate themselves.

Right now, Emmanuel was nothing but a lowly miscreant to them.

"Sir, please show me your invitation now. Otherwise, you can't blame us for being rude." Adam's expression had turned grim.

As the banquet manager, Adam could be blamed for negligence if someone slipped inside amid all this confusion. If the situation continued to escalate, it was going to be hard for Adam to explain what happened.

"I don't have an invitation," confessed Emmanuel.

Roselynn looked on helplessly because her invitation did not qualify her to be on the third floor, let alone bring in a stranger.

This scene caused an uproar.

"Ms. Roselynn, this man is ruffraff! He has no business being with you. Come over to my side!" An arrogant smile finally made its way to Keegan's lips.

Keegan was even showing off in front of Roselynn, and there was nothing to conceal the disdain he had for Emmanuel in his eyes.

This man is indeed good-looking and skilled, but so what? He has no identity or status. On top of that, he's just scum. What can he use to compete against me?

“This is an outrage! How did you sneak inside without an invitation?” asked Adam angrily.

If this became an even bigger deal, Adam, the person in charge, was going to have a hard time explaining this to his superiors.

Fortunately, this incident had yet to alert the bigwigs upstairs. Otherwise, it was going to be even harder to contain.

“Goodness, Emmanuel. What are you going to do this time?” Milani was very happy, and there was nothing but gleeful excitement all over her face.

Emmanuel could not explain. If he spoke the truth, Roselynn was going to be implicated too. As such, he chose to remain silent for the time being.

“Why is there such a ruckus? What on earth has happened?” Claudette was attending another social event at a different banquet hall. She had just ascended the third floor when she realized that a group of people was gathered in a corner.

She hurried over to take a look and noticed that it was Emmanuel and Roselynn who were caught in the middle.

“Emmanuel seems to be in a tight spot. What do I do?” muttered Claudette.

When she saw so many people deliberately making things difficult for Emmanuel, Claudette was quite anxious.

Claudette had a very unique illness back then. She had seen many female gynecologists but failed to find a cure. In the end, Emmanuel, a male doctor, was the one who succeeded in curing her.

A disease of that nature was not going to be cured after a single visit. To make a complete recovery, Claudette met Emmanuel many times in secret.

Of course, Claudette had undressed numerous times in front of Emmanuel too. It was quite embarrassing to think about.

Back then, she was barely twenty years old.

Since women had a sense of loyalty, Claudette’s heart vaguely affirmed this man’s character simply because he had seen her body so many times.

The most important thing was that Emmanuel bore no ill intent when he examined her. His clear eyes and serious expression were deeply imprinted into her mind.

Gradually, Claudette developed a liking for the tall and handsome Emmanuel, which was different from how she felt about other men.

Just then, Milani's voice rang across the room once more. "Everyone, do be careful. For all we know, he's a thief who snuck in to pickpocket us!" Immediately, everyone present started frantically checking their valuables for fear of anything missing.

When Roselynn saw this, she began to panic too.

With so many people present, she was worried that someone was going to announce that they had lost something. If that happened, Emmanuel was going to stand no chance of proving his innocence.

Emmanuel furrowed his brows. He didn't think that Milani was going to be so vicious.

"Everyone, please accept my apology. I was the one who brought him in!" Just then, Claudette finally strode in.

When she showed up, there was another uproar.

Although Claudette was a discreet person, she was still a scion of the wealthy Lenoir family. There were few present who did not know her.

Claudette was also a classy beauty who had plenty of admirers. Many people had mixed feelings when they saw her sticking up for Emmanuel.

Emmanuel looked over and saw that Claudette was smiling faintly at him.

It was quite a delicate smile.

Emmanuel immediately responded with a faint smile of his own.

Just as he was about to be swept away by everyone's accusations and insults, this young lady actually stood up for him, like a small boat going against the current.

Emmanuel was very grateful for her kind gesture.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Lenoir. Although you are a distinguished guest, you have no right to just invite an outsider!" "No. She was not the one who invited me!" Just as Adam was about to make things difficult for Claudette, Emmanuel stepped in to defend her instead. "Ms. Lenoir only wanted to help me out of kindness. This has nothing to do with her." Emmanuel was already prepared to be chased out of the venue and did not want to implicate anyone else.

Claudette sighed helplessly. She did not expect Emmanuel to say this.

Now, everyone was ganging up on Emmanuel and treating him like a thief. Even though Claudette had no right to bring him in, she could at least find a way to smooth things over. Why did he turn down this kind gesture of hers?

Does Emmanuel not think of me as a friend?

"Fine. If that's so, then you admit to sneaking in!" Adam had already lost his patience, not wanting to spare a second glance at Emmanuel. "Guards! Drag this riffraff out of here!" The crowd who was coldly watching the scene unfold immediately burst into a flurry of activity.

"Hmph. Imagine being a loser and still having the guts to sneak into a prestigious event like this. We can't let this slide! He needs to be handed over to the police!" "Indeed! He has disturbed the public order and should be subjected to administrative detention!" "Everyone, check and see if your valuables are still there. There's only one person to be blamed for this." If anything, a lot of the banquet's attendees merely came to show off their superiority.

However, this sense of superiority came at the expense of someone else. They saw how this person, who had no right to be here, had trespassed on private property to sneak into this banquet. Given that they had every right to stay as guests, they felt a sense of accomplishment. Some even took the time to spread this on Instagram to act cool.

Now that things have gone to this extent, Claudette could not do much else to help. She merely looked at Emmanuel's lone figure and sighed.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 34-Chase stood silently, his expression betraying a hint of smugness as he watched Emmanuel being encircled by a group of bodyguards.

Milani was inwardly delighted. Emmanuel, this should show you your place. Who are you to even think that you want to marry me? We're from two different worlds.

Keegan puffed his chest up, sending a clear message to all present that anyone who attempted to snatch his significant other away from him would result in dire consequences.

To their surprise, Emmanuel remained calm and unfazed.

He had no interest in status and prestige at all, so he didn't find this situation humiliating. Confident in the knowledge that he had done nothing wrong, he was not concerned with the potential of being falsely accused.

However, many people assumed he was scared senseless as he said nothing.

The bodyguards were about to take action when an icy voice resonated around the hall. "Wait! Who in the world would dare to kick him out?" Those present were ultra-wealthy, but they still felt chills running down their spines upon hearing the piercingly cold voice.

Not long ago, Adam was exhibiting a haughty attitude as he attempted to take control of the mayhem that had broken out at the party. However, he now seemed to resemble a child who had been chastised by an adult.

Adam nervously glanced in the direction of the voice and saw Beatrix Quillen making her way to the area.

His heart sank as he shivered in trepidation.

Everyone also turned to look at the young heiress.

Beatrix Quillen, who was only twenty years old, made a grand entrance accompanied by an entourage that lent her a certain degree of intimidation.

Tonight, she was dressed to the nines, looking absolutely ravishing. She had a few bodyguards by her side, magnifying her entrance and allowing her to outshine the other affluent people in the hall.

Wherever she went, people would make way for her as though she was royalty.

“Who is she? Her entrance was so grand!” Milani muttered curiously.

The manager from Cloud Construction gasped, covering her mouth with her hand as she chastised, “Stop acting like a fool! That’s Ms. Beatrix, from the Quillen family. They’re the wealthiest family in all of Yeringham, and this gathering is to mark the occasion of her aunt’s promotion to the deputy mayor of the city!” “What? Ms. Beatrix of the Quillen family?” Milani’s face paled visibly.

She was an ordinary woman who had just been promoted to a senior executive role at Cloud Construction’s project. Despite her newfound success, she was vain, just like any other woman, so she had heard a lot about the Quillen family.

I heard that the Quillen family is worth billions. Ms.

Beatrix might not be a real princess, but she is more influential than royalty in Yeringham! Why is she here?

“M—Ms. Beatrix!” Adam greeted hastily as dread filled his heart. He regretted his hasty judgment. If Ms. Beatrix had indeed invited this man to the party, I’ll be doomed!

However, his years of experience on the job were enough for him to regain his composure quickly. He then offered a flattering smile. “Ms. Beatrix, what brings you here? Can I help you with anything?” “Help me? You’re trying to kick someone from the Quillen family out of the hall. Are you sure you’re helping me?” Emmanuel is Mackenzie’s husband. How dare these people kick him out of the Quillen family’s party? They must have a death wish!

Beatrix’s frosty words caused everyone to gasp in disbelief.

Someone from the Quillen family? Did Ms. Beatrix just say that this man is part of the Quillen family?

Roselynn’s eyes widened in amazement as a thought crossed her mind. Could it be possible that Emmanuel’s wife is a Quillen, the wealthiest family?

Adam’s face turned as pale as a sheet.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 35-Those who laughed and enjoyed Emmanuel’s misfortune earlier felt their cheeks heat up in embarrassment.

None of them knew that the man who looked shabby was, in fact, part of the Quillen family.

When did the Quillen family have a man among them?

Milani's mind had gone blank, while Chase dared not utter a word.

Even Claudette couldn't hide her shock. Emmanuel has joined the Quillen family? Does he work for them? Or has he become a live-in son-in-law?

Despite being the center of attention, Emmanuel was confused as he didn't know who Beatrix was. Adam hastily explained, "Ms. Beatrix, I am deeply sorry for my error. I had absolutely no idea that this man was your personal guest, nor did I know he was a member of the esteemed Quillen family!" "If you don't know anything, why didn't you check first?"

Isn't it rude to kick someone out after allowing him entry?" Beatrix's retort struck Adam silent.

At first, he intended to look into the issue further, but upon overhearing people talking, particularly Milani's comment, he made an impulsive decision without conducting an investigation into Emmanuel's identity.

This is my fault. If Ms. Beatrix tells Old Mr. Quillen about this, I'll get fired tonight.

"I'm really sorry, sir. The inconsiderate treatment you received was due to my oversight. Please accept my apology!" With that, Adam gave a polite bow, seeking Emmanuel's forgiveness.

That sight caused everyone's jaws to drop open in disbelief.

Emmanuel is just a useless man. Who is he to get treated this way?

Milani bit her lip, refusing to accept what happened in front of her face.

Many shared her sentiment, too.

At first, Emmanuel was met with scornful stares, but now, the people who had regarded him with such contempt were casting him glances of surprise and admiration.

Some were even sneaking out of the hall as they were afraid Emmanuel would settle scores with them with Beatrix's help.

Emmanuel gazed at Beatrix in surprise, as he still had no idea who she was.

Beatrix merely winked at him smugly.

Before Emmanuel said a word, Adam kept his head bowed.

An air of awkward silence lingered in the air.

"It's fine. You were just doing your job, anyway," Emmanuel said.

He didn't blame Adam for treating him that way.

Nevertheless, he was a vengeful person and added, "However, this young man named Keegan was arrogant and insolent, so I don't think he should stay here lest he bullies someone else. Do you understand what I'm saying?" Hearing that, Keegan raised his hand tactfully and left the scene before Adam could take action.

No matter how much pride he had, he was not foolish enough to challenge the Quillen family while they were hosting a celebration.

Chills ran down everyone's spines as they started fearing their fates.

After all, they didn't side with Emmanuel earlier. If he were to nitpick on them, they would all have to leave the party.

Even so, Emmanuel wasn't that petty. He was not that foolish to use Beatrix's reputation to offend the guests.

After dealing with the situation, Beatrix turned to Claudette and Roselynn. "Ladies, I need to talk to him.

in private. Will you please excuse us?" Roselynn nodded eagerly. They were currently at the Quillen family's party, and Beatrix had just saved them from a very awkward moment.

Despite her reluctance, Claudette was polite enough to fake a nonchalant smile. "If he's part of the Quillen family, why would you need our approval to bring him away?" "Thanks!" With that, Beatrix tugged the socially inept Emmanuel away.

Emmanuel's brows furrowed together. Who is this young lady? Why didn't she seek my approval before tugging me away?

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 36—"Ms. Beatrix, we should keep a distance from each other and maintain the boundaries with the opposite gender. Where are you bringing me?" Finally, Emmanuel couldn't stand it anymore and shoved her away.

He was utterly confounded. How did she know me?

"How could you possibly utter such a vile statement?" Beatrix jeered, her voice dripping with disdain. "It's nothing short of repulsive!" To Beatrix, physical appearance was of the utmost importance when selecting a partner. She thought Emmanuel was attractive, and she had also learned about his valorous accomplishment from Mackenzie.

Mackenzie had relayed to her that Emmanuel's swift action enabled the Terence Group's project to continue moving forward without a hitch. These factors combined to give her a very positive impression of him.

However, when she saw him flirting with Roselynn behind her sister's back a while ago, her favorable impression of him disappeared into thin air.

Earlier, she showed up to help Emmanuel upon receiving Lexi's report as he was Mackenzie's husband.

"What are you talking about?" Emmanuel asked with a frown.

He was asking her to make herself clear.

"What else? You're married, right? How could you even think of flirting with someone else behind your wife's back? That's outrageous!" Beatrix exclaimed with her hands on her hips.

However, Emmanuel wasn't interested at all in her curvaceous body. He was amused and didn't bother taking another look at her.

"Why are you laughing?" Beatrix demanded.

It was time for Beatrix to demand an explanation. If his explanation wasn't satisfactory, she would definitely make him pay.

Members of the upper–class society in Yeringham were well acquainted with the Quillen sisters. One was an ice queen, and another was known for her fiery temper.

No one had the capacity to calm Beatrix’s temper when she was in the throes of a furious outburst.

“You’re funny.” Emmanuel finally deigned himself to look at her. “I don’t know how you figured out that I’m married, but you don’t even know that Roselynn is my real sister. Are you saying that I’m flirting with my sister?” “Huh? She’s your sister?” Beatrix gaped in disbelief upon realizing that she had just embarrassed herself.

I wanted to help Mackenzie catch her husband in the act and then teach him a lesson for cheating on her. It turns out they are siblings! Oh, how embarrassing!

“But you don’t look like her!” she insisted.

“Who says siblings must resemble each other?” Emmanuel was too lazy to explain that he shared the same physical features as their father, with Roselynn novelbin mirroring their mother’s appearance. No one would guess they were siblings with their physical appearances.

“Who are you, though? How are you related to Mackenzie?” he inquired.

“Huh? You don’t know who I am?” Beatrix was filled with a strange sense of excitement and was intrigued when she realized that he had no idea who she was.

I’m his sister–in–law, but he doesn’t even know it. This is unbelievable!

Emmanuel didn’t seem like he was lying, so Beatrix was certain that her sister had been keeping things a secret from him, particularly those relating to their family.

“I know who you are. You’re Beatrix Quillen, from the Quillen family. What I would like to know is how you are related to my wife,” Emmanuel stated curiously.

“Well, I won’t tell you anything. You can guess the truth yourself!” Beatrix stuck her tongue out and turned to leave.

Fortunately, Mackenzie and I have totally opposite characters. He doesn't know that we're siblings.

Emmanuel knitted his brows. They both share the same surname. Could it be that my wife is related to the rich Quillen family?

After chatting briefly with Emmanuel, Beatrix returned to the top floor and found Mackenzie.

Mackenzie had a productive discussion with a business owner. After she promised to enter into a collaboration, the owner expressed his gratitude and left happily.

Those who had the privilege of partnering with the Quillen family from Yeringham were exceptionally lucky as they would be rewarded with an abundance of wealth.

"Mackenzie!" Beatrix greeted and approached her.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 37-"What? Where did you go just now?" Mackenzie inquired casually after noticing her sister had disappeared for a while.

"Hehe! I went to help you spy on a cheating husband, of course!" "What?" Mackenzie frowned, and her gaze instantly became icy cold.

When Beatrix saw her sister's reaction, she appeared scared on the outside, but she was ecstatic on the inside. The stronger her reaction, the more important that man is to her!

If it were any other man, Mackenzie would not be bothered to spare them a glance even if he was hooking up with other women in public, let alone show any expression.

What exactly is that man capable of? I can't believe he can make my sister care about him.

However, to Beatrix's disappointment, Mackenzie merely frowned for a second before walking away with an expression of indifference.

On the contrary, the former pouted, thinking it was not fun, and ran after her. "Mackenzie, are you just going to condone that man's behavior?" Mackenzie

pretended to find it funny. “We agreed when we married that it was all for show. Hence, I don’t care if he cheats on me, let alone picks up girls!” Naturally, she hoped that Emmanuel would cheat.

When that happened, she would have a legitimate reason to get a divorce, and Terence would have nothing to say about it.

“Is that so?” Beatrix was a shrewd girl, and having lived with her sister for so many years, how could she not know her well?

She won’t even bother to explain herself if she truly doesn’t care.

Moreover, she could easily tell that Mackenzie’s carefree smile was fake.

For a woman with my sister’s personality, pretending to smile carefreely is already very telling. She genuinely cares about that man on the inside! Hehe! Maybe this is the power of marriage?

“Then I’ll go to that man again, say you don’t care, and let him continue what he’s doing!” With that said, Beatrix deliberately turned around and ran.

However, she had only run a little when she found herself stuck in the same spot. It turned out that Mackenzie had grabbed her from behind.

“Come back. You’d better mind your own business!

Otherwise, I’ll get Grandpa to give him to you!” Mackenzie’s tactic worked as Beatrix immediately stuck out her tongue and gave in.

The latter had just turned twenty and did not want to be tied down by love so soon.

After the two sisters finished chatting, Mackenzie continued socializing with the business elites but became a little absent-minded.

Even she found it very strange. Why do images of Emmanuel chatting and laughing with other women keep appearing in my mind?

Before the banquet was over, she felt disinterested and left the venue.

When she returned to Yociam Residence, she found that the house was pitch-black.

She glanced at her watch and saw that it would be eleven o'clock in twenty-five minutes. Emmanuel still isn't back yet?

"D*mn it!" Mackenzie was furious. She hated nightlife and disliked others disturbing her sleep at night even more.

My sleep will be disrupted if Emmanuel returns too late.

A woman's complexion will suffer if she doesn't get enough sleep.

Indeed, she had already explained clearly to herself that the reason for her anger was not because he was picking up girls outside!

When that man comes back, I must set some rules for him!

She was not expecting him to step into the house not long after she entered it.

"Eh? You're back so late too?" Seeing that Mackenzie appeared to have just returned, Emmanuel took advantage of the situation and asked, unaware that the two had attended the same banquet that night.

Mackenzie felt even more frustrated. She could rightfully set rules for him if he had returned after eleven o'clock, but now, she could not vent her anger.

"I will never return home after eleven as I must rest before that. Got it?" "Uh... Understood!" Emmanuel nodded, but he felt that she seemed angry.

Why do I feel like her words carried a hint of hostility?

"Where did you go tonight?" Mackenzie pretended to inquire casually in the next moment, but her gaze was sharp. Let's see how he responds.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 38-"What's the matter? Are you going to check up on me from now on, Ms. Quillen?" Emmanuel casually joked.

After all, Mackenzie had never asked him where he had gone in the past.

Mackenzie clenched her fists involuntarily, but she released them the next moment and said with a grim smile, "I don't have time to check on you. I just wanted to let you know that you are not permitted to return home after eleven in the future, even if you are dating another woman. Otherwise, just don't come back!"

Understand?" Emmanuel found it odd as he nodded. Why do I keep feeling that she meant something else? But I didn't go out with any woman tonight!

Mackenzie felt even more upset when she saw that he made an excuse to avoid answering her question. It looks like this man is truly hiding something from me.

Sure enough, men are trash. They are primitive animals that can't control their lower body!

However, after having that thought, she felt that it was not right. Although he's having an emotional affair, he hasn't done so physically, so he's not considered a failure to control his lower body. Even if I wish to expose him in front of Grandpa, I don't have any evidence at the moment.

Ding!

Ding!

Just then, Mackenzie received a few messages on her phone.

She assumed it was for work, so she took out her phone without any hesitation.

Only after unlocking the phone screen did she realize that they were images sent by her sister.

All of them were photos of Emmanuel and Roselynn chatting and acting intimate at the banquet earlier that night!

Emmanuel glanced at the photos inadvertently and immediately froze.

It took a while before he spoke. "Didn't you say you don't care who I was dating? But you sent someone to follow me and take pictures?" Mackenzie lifted her head and looked into his eyes. To her surprise, she did not know how to explain it.

"I didn't arrange this!" she responded after a long while.

However, after explaining, she felt that something was wrong again. An icy glint shone in her beautiful eyes, and her embarrassment turned into anger. "How dare you act so intimate with another woman after getting married?"

“Why can’t I? That’s the woman I love the most! What’s wrong with me attending the banquet with her?” Emmanuel asked, sounding amused.

“You...” Mackenzie had the urge to kick him viciously away at that moment.

One truly can’t judge a book by its cover. He looks gentlemanly, yet he’s actually so shameless! I can’t believe he said that he loved another woman the most in front of his legal wife!

“Actually, it doesn’t matter if you arranged it!” When Emmanuel saw Mackenzie was truly enraged, he only smiled and said frankly, “However, please send a more professional detective the next time. This one only takes pictures and videos of me and my sister.

What a waste of phone memory!” “Your sister?” Mackenzie was taken aback. She suddenly felt a little embarrassed.

My sister misunderstood and went to spy on my husband, but she ended up making a fool of herself by taking intimate photos of my husband and his sister.

And just got angry about it... “That’s right. Her name is Roselynn Lowe. Would you like to see her ID card?” As Emmanuel said that, he unlocked his phone, which contained the electronic copy of his sister’s ID card.

“How boring!” Mackenzie did not look at it and turned around, wanting to slip away.

That topic had embarrassed her too much.

Who am I? The indifferent CEO of Terence Group, a woman who is publicly acknowledged to have misandry! If the news of tonight’s incident spreads, it can surely scare someone to death.

“By the way, Ms. Quillen. Are you related to the wealthiest family in Yeringham, the Quillen family?” Mackenzie wanted to leave, but Emmanuel interrupted her by asking that question.

I must find out the truth!

She glanced back over her shoulder but did not speak.

This woman is stunning, especially in an evening gown tonight. A simple glance at her back is already breathtakingly beautiful. If it was captured on film, it would be a stunning blockbuster that would undoubtedly make countless hearts flutter when shown on the big screen!

Emmanuel forced himself to look calm and continued, “My sister and I went to the banquet tonight, and I heard that the eldest daughter of the wealthiest family, the Quillen family, was also there. Doesn’t Terence Group belong to the Quillen family? You share the same surname, so could you be related to her?” Mackenzie found it oddly amusing. I can’t believe he hasn’t figured out my identity. That’s strange. Why do I have a sense of accomplishment? It’s like playing a high-level Werewolf game where one gets a thrill from successfully hiding one’s identity and securing the final victory.

“Of course we are related!” “Really? What kind of relation?” “She’s my boss!” “Uh...” It was Emmanuel’s turn to be stunned.

For some reason, Mackenzie felt proud of herself. I finally get to trick him back. We’re even now!

However, he suddenly let out a sigh. “Thank goodness you’re not from that family,” he said.

“You don’t want me to be the richest man’s daughter?” It was Mackenzie’s turn to be curious. He doesn’t want his wife to be rich? Is it a deliberate disguise?

“Of course, I don’t,” Emmanuel said sincerely. “I already feel pressured when I get along with you now!” “Oh? You feel pressured?” Mackenzie was intrigued and wanted to know how he felt when he was with her.

t “Yes. Men will surely feel pressured if they earn less than women!” Emmanuel replied honestly. “If you are also the richest man’s daughter, I may be more cautious when getting along with you in the future!

Fortunately, the gap between us is not that big, and if I work hard, I might still be able to catch up with you!” Pfft!

Mackenzie could not resist chuckling.

Oh, my... This man with an annual salary of eighty thousand said he wants to catch up with me!

“What are you laughing at?” Emmanuel felt that her smile was humiliating to him.

“I’m not looking down on you, so please do your best!” After saying that casually with a chuckle, Mackenzie turned and left the hall.

It would be eleven o’clock soon, and she must take a bath and rest before that. She must not disrupt her schedule.

However, she could still hear Emmanuel talking behind her. “I knew you’re not the eldest daughter of the Quillen family. People say that she’s a lesbian. Besides, if she’s so rich but remains single at the age of twenty–seven, she must be ugly!” You b*stard!

Mackenzie clenched her fists discreetly. I can’t believe he thinks that I’m ugly. Hmph! Sure enough, he’s not that bright!

Emmanuel could not help but frown and ask when he saw Mackenzie turning around and heading straight into the bathroom, “Are you going to take a bath?” “Obviously!” Mackenzie’s frosty voice rang out from the bathroom.

Why would I enter the bathroom if not to take a bath?

To eat?

“I don’t believe you brought any clothes. Do you intend to wear the same clothes, or do you intend to walk out naked?” After his kind reminder, the bathroom door opened again in two seconds, and she walked out with a murderous look on her face.

In the past, she was too used to going into the bathroom to take a shower without bringing her clothes, and she would come out with just a towel draped on her after her bath.

The night Emmanuel went to The Paradise, she still did that!

However, she forgot that he was at home that night.

“By the way, what do you do with your changed clothes?” Emmanuel took the opportunity to ask, since he had not seen her drying her clothes in the past few days, let alone changing her clothes.

“What are you trying to do?” Mackenzie just happened to be leaving the room with clean clothes, so she could not help but be wary when she heard his question.

She heard that many men like to take women’s change of clothes, especially undergarments.

This man can’t be setting his sights on my change of clothes to do something funny, can he?

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 39-“To help you wash them, of course!” stated Emmanuel.

While he and Mackenzie didn’t have a lot of romantic feelings for each other, and their personalities were incongruent, he still felt compelled to obey his mother and take good care of his wife. She may be a disciplined and hard-working woman at her job, but she doesn’t know how to care for herself. I’ve realized that after living with her for a few days. The fact that she has gastric issues despite her young age is proof!

“You’re helping me wash them?” Mackenzie was stunned for a moment before she sneered, “Are you joking? Why should I let a man do my laundry? Who knows what kind of perverted things you’ll do with them?” I can’t believe she thinks like that. In response, Emmanuel couldn’t help but remark, “Do you seriously think your dirty clothing is some kind of treasure? I’m a gynecologist, so I’ve seen vaginal discharge, pee, and even feces stuck on women’s clothing before. Which one do you think is a treasure?” “You!” She felt offended.

After all, she was an admired figure who men would feel honored even to touch or take in her body fragrance.

Yet Emmanuel made her sound like she was dirty and vulgar.

“How do you know men won’t touch your clothes if you wash them at a dry cleaner? I’ll be impressed if you always discard your clothes after only wearing them once. Otherwise, that will only allow more opportunities for men to touch your undergarments.” His thoughts were different from the average man’s.

In his eyes, women’s secretion wasn’t anything furtive.

After all, he had tested them multiple times.

Hearing that, Mackenzie gritted her teeth.

Usually, she would pack her clothing in the morning before handing it to Lexi and letting the latter deal with it.

She never had time to pay attention to minor matters like that. Therefore, she didn't care who washed her clothing as long as they returned clean.

"Relax, it'll all be done by a washing machine and a dryer. If you have time to fold your clothes, I don't even need to touch them once for the whole process," explained Emmanuel. She really doesn't know how to live a life. Is she planning to have her clothes washed in a dry cleaner for the rest of her life even though she's wealthy?

"When did you buy a washing machine?" Mackenzie asked because she had never bought one, seeing that she had never thought of using it.

"I bought one online the day I moved in. It only arrived today." She glanced at him coldly before relenting. "Hmph!

You're dead if I find out you did something inappropriate with my clothes!" That rendered him speechless. Although, he didn't feel the need to argue with her because he thought it was natural for a beautiful and proud woman to be protective of herself.

Moments later, he continued, "Oh yeah, I've stocked the fridge with a bunch of frozen food and even bought a microwave. If you're hungry, just heat something up and eat them. Ask me for help if you don't know how to do it." Shock appeared on Mackenzie's countenance. I can't believe he knows how to do so many things that are typically done by a woman.

"Also, I bought a subway pass for you. If you're not in a hurry, you can take the subway or a bus to your workplace. It'll help you save some money." Emmanuel then handed a card to her.

However, she didn't accept it. What kind of joke is this?

I'm the daughter of the Quillen family and the CEO of Terence Group. There's no way I'll ever ride a subway or bus!

“You should go and take a bath. I’ll put this on your desk. It’s up to you if you want to use it.” He didn’t force her to take it because she had a car while he didn’t.

Without delay, she scoffed and entered the bathroom.

Sighing, Emmanuel reminded. “You forgot to lock the door again!” I won’t accidentally open the door when she’s bathing because I know she doesn’t lock it.

However, I’m worried that, one day, a visitor will open the door by mistake. The situation will be incredibly awkward if that happens.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 40-“I got it. Why are you so long-winded when you’re a man?” admonished Mackenzie icily.

After she ended her sentence, she felt it took quite a long time to calm herself down. I must admit, life after marriage vastly differs from a single life. It seems like it’ll take me some time to get used to living with another person.

The next day was Sunday, yet she still left the house at half past six in the morning.

For a workaholic, there were basically no rest days or holidays, only work days.

Sitting in her office, she used her phone to check the surveillance footage instead of dealing with her matters hurriedly as she always did.

The edges of her lips curved upward when she thought about how Emmanuel didn’t know she could monitor everything that happened in the house. I want to see what he’s doing when I’m not around.

Unbeknownst to her, Beatrix just happened to have arrived outside her office, secretly watching her.

“D*mn it! I knew that man was unreliable!” Suddenly, Mackenzie slapped her hand on the table because she saw him washing her pants by hand. He told me he would let the washing machine do the laundry! What right does he have to touch my pants?

Hmph! That's so personal! Wait a minute... The next moment, she instantly blushed because she realized why he was doing that. Apparently, he was removing her bodily secretion from the pants, which was very difficult for a washing machine to do.

"I'm going to kill that man!" She exploded with rage and embarrassment.

Outside the office, Beatrix thoroughly enjoyed watching her sister's reaction because she rarely got a glimpse of that side of her older sibling.

Suddenly, someone patted her shoulder, frightening her and spurring her to turn around.

"Why are you hiding outside Ms. Quillen's office, Ms.

Beatrix?" Lexi couldn't help but ask.

Hastily, she argued, "I—I'm not! I came here to learn from her!" At that moment, she was working as a management trainee while studying.

When she wasn't busy with her studies or had a semester break, she would help her sister out at the company and learn how to run a business from her.

"Here to learn? Why do I feel like you're peeping at her?" While Lexi was a subordinate, she had a good relationship with the sisters.

Hence, when no one was around, she would joke with Beatrix.

"Shh! Don't talk nonsense!" Immediately, she whispered into her ear.

"Actually, Grandpa gave me a secret mission. He asked me to watch over my sister and her husband as well as help them conceive as soon as possible."

"What?" Lexi was shocked but skeptical. "Are you telling the truth?" Can you really persuade them to conceive?

Also, since it's a secret mission, why are you telling me this?

"Of course, but the situation isn't looking great right now. Based on Mackenzie's current state, I think she may kick her husband out at any moment!" speculated Beatrix based on what she saw earlier.

Knitting her eyebrow, Lexi thought, I interacted with Emmanuel a few times before, and I don't think he's as simple as he appears to be. That much was evident when he helped me handle the scammer, deal with Mr.

Webber, and handily grab Keegan's fist last night. If he weren't capable in some way, Old Mr. Quillen wouldn't have taken a liking to him.

Then, she said, "I disagree with you, Ms. Beatrix. I think that man will keep staying by her side." Her words stunned Beatrix. Does she actually think that man can stand someone like Mackenzie?