

Wrong Table 321

Chapter 321

“Sh*t!” Abellyn felt like a mouse encountering a cat upon seeing the lawyer and even considered hiding for a moment.

Jayden Castro is a renowned lawyer in the industry. If he’s representing Ryder in the lawsuit, he’ll surely win. By then, all my crimes will be exposed, and the whole city will know! What should I do?

However, before she could hide, she overheard Jayden’s conversation with Emmanuel. “Mr. Lowe, Ms. Quillen asked me to discuss the divorce matters with you!”

What? A divorce? Abellyn grinned with a hint of schadenfreude after recovering from the shock.

She had always thought that Emmanuel was reaching for the stars by marrying Mackenzie.

It wasn’t that Emmanuel wasn’t good-looking, but why should a penniless

guy like him get to marry a rich and beautiful woman like Mackenzie? Alas,

the mismatched marriage had ultimately fallen apart. However, she didn't

expect it to end in less than two months!

Emmanuel was also taken aback. He was evidently upset, but he didn't react

too intensely. He only nodded with a touch of sadness.

"Here, take a look at this document. If there are no objections, we will proceed

accordingly," said Jayden as he handed the divorce agreement to

Emmanuel, who felt hurt.

Though he knew from the get-go that this marriage was just a show to

deceive their families and it would eventually end, he still had a hard time

taking it all in when he looked at the legal document. In fact, his heart

twinged.

However, thinking about how cold-hearted Mackenzie could be, he also felt

angry. It was one thing for a woman to have a temper, but Mackenzie took it

too far. She unilaterally insisted on divorcing without any discussion, showing

a lack of respect for him.

Fine, if she wants a divorce, then we'll get a divorce! At that, Emmanuel said

to the lawyer, "I agree to the divorce, Mr. Castro, but I won't sign this

agreement."

Jayden seemed to have seen it coming, and he adjusted his glasses before

smiling and asking, "Feel free to name further conditions, Mr. Lowe. I will relay

them to Ms. Quillen."

Abellyn, who was watching from behind, sneered disdainfully. Hmph, so

much for being honest and benign. That Emmanuel's also nothing but a toy

boy! He's even more shameless than me, all hypocritical and pretentious! He

only married Mackenzie for her money, didn't he? He's certainly dissatisfied

with the divorce settlement like me and wants to demand more!

"Please tell Ms. Quillen that I don't want anything from her. Since she has

decided to divorce, I'll simply sign the papers!" Emmanuel said calmly,

shocking Abellyn.

What's going on? Is Emmanuel not a toy boy? Didn't he marry Mackenzie for her money? Did he purely desire her beauty?

Jayden, too, was stumped, taking quite a moment before coming to himself.

"Ms. Quillen willingly gave you the house and the car, Mr. Lowe, which together are worth several million. Are you really not interested?"

"I don't want them. Since we're getting a divorce, that'll make her and I strangers, and I won't take things from a stranger!" Emmanuel said, then turned to leave.

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Despite appearing calm, Emmanuel was actually shattered within.

His mind replayed the moments he spent with Mackenzie. It wasn't a passionate love, but it was at least warm and joyful.

He wasn't an emotionless person; on the contrary, he was very sentimental. It was difficult for him to leave and change his way of life suddenly. He felt very

upset!

Although Jayden was surprised, he, a professional lawyer, wouldn't speak out of turn. Once the task was completed, he would leave.

On the other hand, Abellyn suddenly stood before Emmanuel, her demeanor completely different from earlier. "Aw, have you been dumped, Emmanuel?"

she ridiculed. "Does it make you feel uncomfortable? Are you feeling sad?"

Emmanuel didn't respond and just stared coldly at the woman.

He had suspected earlier that Ryder's car accident was definitely a deliberate murder, but he didn't want to speak out without evidence for the time being.

Given the stark contrast in Abellyn's behavior, he knew she was worried he would ask Mackenzie for help. However, now that she had learned that he and Mackenzie were getting a divorce, she began gloating.

"Oh, come on, you can't get anything from staring at me either, can you? Too bad I can't marry you.."

Abellyn actually felt multitudes for Emmanuel.

Firstly, there was fear. She would naturally be afraid of him, for he was tall

and could put up a good fight. Moreover, he was protective of his cousin,

Ryder.

Then, there was affection. Like any other woman, Abellyn had a preference

for attractive men. Emmanuel, in both physique and looks, far surpassed her

husband. Thus, she sometimes subconsciously made him the main

character when she had naughty dreams.

As such, she didn't really act but rather revealed her lewd side when she

attempted to seduce Emmanuel earlier. However, due to their respective

positions, her dislike for Emmanuel outweighed her admiration, especially

since he didn't respond to her advances just now. It made her hate him even

more, and she held him in even greater contempt. His poverty, in her mind,

was magnified infinitely, which was why she now deliberately came to strike

back at him.

“I wouldn’t be so smug if I were you, Abellyn. I’ll get to the bottom of Ryder’s car accident, and if I find out you had anything to do with it, I’ll make sure you end up in jail!” Emmanuel warned coldly.

The young woman was taken aback, but she quickly taunted, “Oh, my, I’m so scared! Please have mercy on me!”

Revulsion and disdain surged within Emmanuel as he looked at her provocative posture. He didn’t say another word to her and simply walked away.

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“Huh...”

Abellyn was a woman with low education, lacking in sophistication, and unable to hide her emotions and secrets. Just seeing Emmanuel displeased was enough to satisfy her.

Serves you right for helping Ryder bully me!

After returning to Chloe's house, Abellyn related the events in the hospital to her.

"What? You're saying Emmanuel's wife dumped him?" Chloe, upon hearing it, immediately felt relieved. "That's great! We have nothing to fear now!"

She wasn't actually afraid of Emmanuel, but Mackenzie.

After all, Mackenzie had put immense pressure on them the last time. They were clearly not on the same level as Mackenzie.

"You can say that again! That man even swore to uncover the truth and send me to jail. I mocked him mercilessly in response!" Abellyn also wanted to share the thrilling news with her sister.

However, when Chloe heard it, she furrowed her brows. "Abellyn, you idiot! Do you not realize you have indirectly confessed your crimes? Emmanuel might not have wanted to dig into the matter, but now that you've provoked him, he might fight us to the end!"

After being reprimanded, Abellyn, like a misbehaved child, asked, “What do

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we do now, Chloe? Emmanuel shouldn’t be able to cause any trouble without

Mackenzie’s aid, right?”

Even though Chloe thought so too, she still cautioned, “In any case, don’t

provoke him anymore. Let’s wait until this matter blows over!”

Abellyn agreed with the approach and didn’t worry too much, but little did the

sisters know that Mackenzie wasn’t the only rich and beautiful woman

Emmanuel was involved with.

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After returning to Yociam Residence, Emmanuel began packing his

belongings.

Mackenzie wasn’t home, but he tidied up her things as well and made sure

that the house was in the same condition as when he arrived before

preparing to leave.

He left just as quietly as he came, as if he had dreamed of a marriage here,
and woke up to return to his previous life. The only problem was how to tell
his mother about this.

Bam, bam! The door was violently rapped all of a sudden.

“It’s already so late in the evening. Whom could it be?” he muttered to himself,
knowing for sure that it wouldn’t be Mackenzie. The cold-hearted woman
wouldn’t rap a door, nor would it be the residential security, for they knew
there was a doorbell. There was no reason for them to knock so explosively.

Upon opening the door, he discovered a visibly furious Terence standing
outside.

“Grandpa!”

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“I’m still your grandpa, eh? What are you doing now, then?” Emmanuel’s
behavior infuriated Terence. He couldn’t believe the young man was actually
going to leave his granddaughter!

“I’m leaving,” Emmanuel said almost monotonously, rubbing his nose.

“Mackenzie has already asked for a divorce, and I agreed.”

“Leave? Who the hell said you can leave?” Terence thwacked the young man’s head with his walking stick.

It sure hurt.

Emmanuel reflexively held his head in pain and backed up, looking at the unreasonable elder like a misbehaved child.

“You agreed to the divorce just because she demanded it? Are you even a man?”

It was that line again, and Terence appeared even more stirred up than the last time.

Emmanuel felt quite aggrieved. Of course, he was a man. His gender was clearly stated on his ID. It couldn’t be fake, could it? However, he didn’t dare confront Terence.

Firstly, Terence was his elder. Secondly, the old man exuded an aura of superiority—even Mackenzie had to listen to him. How could an ordinary person resist such authority?

“But Grandpa, I can’t possibly stubbornly cling to her when she has even sent the lawyer to discuss the divorce with me, can I?” Emmanuel still couldn’t help defending himself emotionally.

“Isn’t that how guys usually get a girl? Has there ever been a guy who didn’t need to shamelessly chase and beg a girl? Do you not like Mackenzie? Is she not pretty enough for you?” Terence peppered, rendering Emmanuel speechless again.

Of course, he liked Mackenzie, and it was even love at first sight. He already thought she was ethereal, extraordinary, and different from everyone else on the first day of their blind date when they sat at the wrong table and at the first glimpse of that beautiful encounter.

“In that case, why are you giving her up so easily?”

How could Terence, who had experienced so much in life, not see through the two youngsters? They both liked each other but were foolish idiots with poor communication skills, especially that granddaughter of his! They were stubborn with their words but had contradictory feelings.

It was precisely so that he was driven mad by the two. He knew he had to continue playing the matchmaker for the troublesome couple, or the relationship would be over if he let them develop it freely only to sever it!

“What can I do now, Grandpa?” Emmanuel asked agitatedly. “Mackenzie believes that I care more about Claudette, but that’s not true! I’ve tried explaining to her!”

“It’ll still be salvageable as long as you don’t give up. Leave it to me!” Terence had come for that very statement, and he felt much more reassured after listening to Emmanuel.

Mackenzie, you little brat! Time for me to fix your bratty temperament!

Meanwhile, Lexi was working away in the office when someone suddenly barged in.

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With furrowed brows, Lexi thought, I've been working here for years, and no one has ever barged in so rudely before. Yet, when she saw who it was, a smile tugged at her lips. "What's the matter, Ms. Beatrix? It's my first time seeing you like that. Do I owe you money?"

"Oh, stop making fun of me, Lexi. I need your help." Beatrix pleaded, holding onto Lexi's arm.

"I'll help you, of course, Ms. Beatrix. What do you need me for?" In fact, Lexi was puzzled, for Beatrix had never pleaded with her like this before.

Just as she thought Beatrix must have made a big mistake, the young girl said, "Mackenzie and Manuel got divorced. Can you find a way to make them get back together?"

"That's it?" Lexi was stunned for a moment, then chuckled. "Didn't you make a

bet with me? It looks like you won. They really couldn't last three months. Did

you come all the way to rub it in my face?" Suddenly, she became wary. Is

she here just to show off?

However, Beatrix stomped her feet anxiously. "Do I seem like that kind of

scheming woman to you?"

"Of course not." After Lexi denied it, she suddenly smirked. "But you are one."

This left Beatrix speechless. If she continues to talk like that, it will be the end

of our friendship.

"Okay, okay. How do you want me to help?" Lexi finally asked seriously.

"I want you to persuade Mackenzie to meet Manuel again and resolve their

conflicts." Beatrix poured out her heart as she said, "Mackenzie has a phobia

of men. It took her so long to find a man she could get along with for almost

two months. So, I really hope she can find happiness." Most importantly,

Mackenzie has been treating others so coldly for the past two days. As her

sister, I can tolerate her for two days, but I can't bear it for two years, let alone

a lifetime.

*Alright. I'll try talking to her." Lexi sighed and looked a little unwilling. Although

she was Mackenzie's best friend and subordinate, she was also afraid of

Mackenzie. It would be extra difficult to communicate with her in her current

state.

Knock. Knock. She quickly knocked on the CEO's office door.

"Come in." Without raising her head, she gave the instruction expressionlessly.

After Lexi walked in and looked around, she couldn't tell any abnormalities in

Mackenzie. She looks the same. No wonder I know nothing about her divorce,

even after two days.

"What's the matter?" Mackenzie suddenly looked up, and her gaze was like a

flash of lightning. "Why are you staring at me like a monster?"

Immediately, Lexi waved her hands in fear and apologized with a smile. "I'm

sorry, Ms. Quillen. I came to talk to you."

“Don’t bother talking if it’s not about work. Remember to not cross the line and mind your own business.” After that, Mackenzie lowered her head again and continued with her work, appearing calm and completely unlike a woman who had just divorced. She showed no signs of that at all.

Seeing that, Lexi couldn’t help but sigh. “Ms. Quillen, sometimes being too smart and too strong-willed as a woman may not be a good thing. Women are meant for others to care for them—”

Before she could finish her sentence, Mackenzie suddenly looked up again.

When Lexi met those powerful eyes, she quickly shut her mouth and obediently walked out of the office.

“How did it go, Lexi? Good?” Beatrix, who was waiting outside, asked anxiously in a secretive manner.

“Sorry. Mission failed.” Lexi shrugged.

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Meanwhile, in the office, after Mackenzie sent Lexi away, she threw the pen in

her hand onto the desk in frustration. Why does everyone around me think

that I should stay married to Emmanuel?

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Mackenzie stood up from her seat and walked to the window, overlooking the

view. Her mind was weighed down by profound thoughts.

A few days ago, Terence told her that Emmanuel was different. He wasn't

someone she could just throw away if she didn't like him anymore. Yet, she

couldn't understand that. Throughout her life, she had thrown away countless

things she liked, some of which were even important. However, with her

carefree personality, once she threw something away, she rarely regretted it.

So, he believed that Emmanuel was no exception.

That's right. After some time, when no one around me mentions him

anymore, I will naturally forget about him. Even though her mood was quite

heavy, as if something was pressing on her heart, making her uncomfortable.

She felt the pain sometimes, but she believed that Emmanuel would

eventually become an insignificant passerby in her life.

“Whatever. It’s that man who is to blame. How could he choose to save

Claudette in that situation?” she muttered to herself. She was a very

strong-willed woman and never liked the feeling of losing. It was especially

so for her first relationship, so losing to Claudette made her infuriated. He

was my husband! Every time she thought about this, she was determined to

get a divorce. Otherwise, she would be embarrassed if this matter spread.

Since Ryder was admitted to the hospital, Abellyn was responsible for picking

up Tommy. However, she only picked him up when she remembered, and

sometimes she didn’t come to pick him up even after a whole afternoon.

On that afternoon, Tommy was waiting pitifully at the entrance of the

kindergarten while the teacher beside him checked her watch continuously,

feeling impatient.

“I’ve been a teacher here for so many years, and I’ve never seen parents who

don't pick up their child. Is he really her biological son?" She couldn't help but complain.

When Tommy saw the teacher getting angry, he didn't dare speak, but his expression became even more pitiful.

"Hi, Miss. I'm here to pick up Tommy." At this moment, a magnetic voice suddenly sounded.

"Finally! What's going on these days? Your wife comes to pick Tommy up later and later every day!" The teacher didn't know what had happened to Ryder, and hearing a man's voice, she thought it was him and took the opportunity to vent her frustration.

Yet, she felt something was off all of a sudden and raised her head to take a look. Wow, he's so hot; much hotter than Tommy's father!

She was also a woman in her 20s, so when she saw a handsome man, her tone immediately softened. "I'm sorry. I thought you were Tommy's father."

"It's okay. I should have come earlier." Emmanuel's lips curled up slightly,

revealing a charming smile. "Thank you for staying after school for so long to take care of Tommy."

"Uncle Manny!" Tommy quickly rushed over, excitedly hugging Emmanuel's leg. Luckily, it's not Mom who picks me up. She always treats me so coldly and scolds me all the time. I don't want to be with her.

"Hehe, it's my responsibility as a teacher, but you'd better come earlier tomorrow." The young teacher looked at him and smiled. Of course, she wanted him to come and pick up Tommy every day. It would be great if Tommy's uncle is still single. I do lack a tall and hot boyfriend.

"Okay, see you."

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Emmanuel didn't know what the teacher was thinking, so after expressing his gratitude, he led Tommy away.

"What a hot guy with a touch of maturity..." The teacher gazed at his tall figure with an infatuated look. He feels like a man with a story, especially with those

eyes that carry a hint of melancholy. It's simply a killing charm for women!

But despite that, he was neither cold nor wicked, and his smile even carried a healing touch. How could a single woman like me resist his charm?

Tommy had no idea that his Uncle Manny had caught the teacher's attention. As they walked out, he looked up and asked, "Why did you come, Uncle Manny?"

As Emmanuel patted his little head, he replied, "I quit my part-time job. From now on, I'll come to pick you up after work."

Quitting the part-time job meant avoiding seeing Mackenzie, so as not to face her without knowing what to say. Besides, his family's financial situation was improving, and he didn't need to work so hard anymore. Also, he knew what kind of woman Abellyn was, so he came to pick up Tommy after work.

As expected, that woman didn't even come to pick up her son.

"Thank you, Uncle Manny." Tommy was thrilled. These past few days, he had

been constantly worried, fearing that his father would pass away and no one would care for him anymore. Now that he had heard these words from Emmanuel, he felt relieved. "By the way, Uncle Manny, do you know how my dad is doing now?"

"He still needs a few more days of rest before he can be discharged from the hospital." Emmanuel didn't want to tell Tommy too much to avoid worrying him. Also, he was researching traditional medicine treatments and would go to wake up Ryder in no more than two days. "Oh, by the way, Tommy, did you see your dad when he got hit by a car?" He didn't know about the scene of the accident, so he just asked casually.

However, Tommy became agitated and said, "Of course! Mom was in another man's car, and that man intentionally drove the car into Dad! But Mom told me not to say anything. She said that if I did, I wouldn't just lose my dad, but also my mom and I would become an unwanted little stray dog... Sniff..." As he spoke, he started sobbing.

Hearing that, Emmanuel quickly embraced him and comforted him. "Don't worry, Tommy. If that was what happened, I would definitely seek justice for your dad."

Tommy nodded repeatedly.

When Emmanuel saw the pitiful look on the child's face, his anger flared up. I knew that accident wasn't as Abellyn described. The only problem now is that

Tommy is not yet six years old, so his testimony may not be valid. If only

Mackenzie were still my wife.... She would surely find a way.

At this thought, he sighed inwardly, and a hint of sadness surfaced. Although they had been married for less than two months, he found it difficult to adjust to suddenly leaving Mackenzie.

When they arrived home, he discovered that Abellyn was indeed not there.

He didn't know if she was openly meeting with another man or playing poker again.

As he made food for Tommy, he thought about discussing with his mother whether they should bring Tommy back to their house since Ryder wasn't there. Yet, he was worried that his mother would bring up Mackenzie. I don't know if she can handle the blow if she finds out that her daughter-in-law has divorced me.

Just as he felt irritated, Abellyn returned home. Hearing noises in the kitchen, she hurriedly rushed over, looking flustered. "Why are you here, Emmanuel?" Her expression changed rapidly, shifting from nervousness to relief, and then her red lips gradually curled into a strange smile.

However, Emmanuel didn't care about what she was thinking and directly scolded her. "You didn't even bother to pick up your son. How heartless can you be?" Maternal instinct was natural for a woman, but he couldn't sense any love for Tommy from this woman.

Unexpectedly, Abellyn wasn't angry. She just smiled and approached him, saying, "Hehe, I was a bit busy today. Thank you for picking up Tommy. What

are you cooking? It smells delicious.” As she said that, she actively

approached Emmanuel.

When he sensed that, he sidestepped her with a frown and said sternly,

“Sorry, this is for Tommy. I didn’t consider your share.”

For a moment, her eyes flashed with annoyance, but the next second, she

regained her smile.

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“I’ve already eaten, Emmanuel. You guys enjoy your dinner. I’ll go wash up

first.” After blinking at Emmanuel continuously, Abellyn turned around and

walked away, swaying her hips.

Since Ryder wasn’t home, she became completely different from before-

more indulgent and self-centered. Emmanuel was disgusted, though he

didn’t say anything for the time being.

Not long after, he and Tommy were eating spaghetti in the living room when

Abellyn came out wearing thin pajamas. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her

figure was almost fully revealed through the fabric, showcasing her

distinctive curves.

This trick always worked on Zane. Whenever he saw her like this, he would

pounce on her like a wild beast. However, Emmanuel remained unmoved,

simply averting his gaze.

When Abellyn noticed that, she pouted. This man is so pretentious! Having

worked at a massage parlor before, she believed all men were the same

deep down. Hmph! I didn't touch you because Ryder used to be at home.

Now that he's not, you'll definitely fall for me.

"Is the food delicious, Emmanuel?" She deliberately approached him, leaning

down before him, and blinked as she asked.

Abellyn had her reasons for making advances on him. Firstly, she had never

been intimate with a man as well-built as Emmanuel. Secondly, she was afraid that he would sue her in court, so if she could seduce him with her body, she wouldn't have to worry anymore. Therefore, she was now shamelessly seducing him.

Although Emmanuel was a clueless man in relationships, her intentions were so obvious that he would be a fool not to understand her thoughts.

Seeing that he still ignored her, she felt angry but continued to smile. She then turned toward her son and asked, "Tommy, is Uncle Manny's cooking delicious?"

Tommy, who didn't understand her intentions, quickly nodded. "Yes!"

"Hehe, I also want to have a taste. Will you let me have some, Emmanuel?"

Abellyn licked her lips seductively, seemingly craving the spaghetti. Though, what she truly wanted was Emmanuel in reality.

In the end, the man couldn't bear it anymore and glared at her, saying, "Don't set a wrong example in front of your son, Abellyn. And what is your purpose in

doing all this?”

Yet, she put on an innocent look. “What are you talking about, Emmanuel? |

don’t understand. Can’t I have some food? I’m really hungry.”

Meanwhile, Tommy looked at Emmanuel, confused.

I knew that this woman was no good. Ryder’s eyes were blinded back then for

marrying such a woman. That’s why he ended up in this miserable situation

today, Emmanuel thought to himself. “If you’re hungry, go find something to

eat yourself.” He remained cold toward her, and when he saw her snort and

walk away with her bottoms swaying, he continued, “I’m taking Tommy with

me tomorrow. I’ll be responsible for taking care of him until Ryder wakes up

and when the truth comes out.”

At his words, Abellyn quickly turned around with a panicked look on her face.

“W—What did you say? Can Ryder still wake up?”

As he stared at her, he asked, “Why are you so afraid? Are you afraid that

Ryder will wake up?"

Immediately, she trembled and stammered, "What are you talking about? I—I

hope he wakes up, of course. Although I don't like him now, we're still not

divorced..."

"You better be hoping for that." Emmanuel no longer believed her words and

said coldly, "If I find out who harmed him on purpose, that person will be

dead!"

Once again, she shivered involuntarily but quickly forced a stiff smile as she

said, "You sure are... good to Ryder. I like a man like you who takes

responsibility." After she said that, regardless of her son's presence in the

living room, she took Emmanuel's arm and continued, "I'm a lonely widow,

Emmanuel. I can't sleep well at night. Can you stay tonight and be by my

side?"

"Please have some self-respect, Abellyn!"

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Emmanuel heartlessly shrugged off Abellyn's hand and said, "The security in this area has always been good, so don't worry. I'll leave now. I'll come to pick Tommy up tomorrow."

In truth, he wanted to take Tommy with him today, but he hadn't discussed it with his mother yet. The main reason was that he was afraid his mother would ask about Mackenzie, so he wanted to take some time to figure out how to approach the topic. I will come to pick up Tommy early tomorrow morning, anyway. Blood is thicker than water. Although Abellyn doesn't treat Tommy well, I believe she won't do anything to harm him.

As soon as he left, Abellyn coldly snorted and muttered, "What a fool!" Then, she quickly called Chloe.

After hearing what she said, Chloe replied coldly, "That man sure loves to meddle, but even if Ryder wakes up, as long as you shut Tommy's mouth, nothing he does will matter."

"Didn't you say that Tommy is not yet six years old, so his words can't be used

as evidence?" Abellyn quickly asked.

"Don't be naive, Abellyn. A stitch in time saves nine. Get it?" Chloe continued giving her a lecture. "In any case, don't let that man see Tommy. And don't let him enter the house, either. Since he no longer has his wife, he's only left with his brute strength. He can't do anything."

"Okay. I get it." Abellyn quickly agreed.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel had already left Ryder's house on an electric scooter.

After the Cadigan family's affairs were settled and Jamison was sent to prison for theft, Alessandra returned to her own home. Although the house provided by Mackenzie was beautiful, she still couldn't get used to it, and nowhere else was as comfortable as her home.

Emmanuel thought for a moment and decided to drive back home. Although Terence had scolded him last night and advised him not to leave Mackenzie so rashly, he still hadn't considered actively seeking reconciliation.

The truth is going to come out sooner or later. I'll need to face it anyway. He

decided to confess everything to Alessandra. Since Roselynn has gotten

married, I guess Mom should be more resilient now.

"Manny? Why are you here?" Seeing him return home, Alessandra was

pleasantly surprised and looked outside the door. It was apparent that she

was searching for her daughter-in-law's figure.

When Emmanuel saw that, he felt even more pressured.

Sure enough, his mother immediately asked, "Where is Mackenzie? Didn't she

come back with you?"

When he met her hopeful eyes, he sighed inwardly, saying, "Mackenzie and I

got divorced."

"What?!" At once, her body weakened.

"Mom!" Emmanuel didn't expect her reaction to be this intense. Immediately,

he supported her.

Fortunately, he was a doctor and experienced in handling such emergencies.

After he helped her to sit down and pressed on her acupuncture point, her condition finally stabilized.

“What happened, Manny? Didn’t you just go to Flower Mountain for your honeymoon with Roselynn and her husband? How come less than a week later, you’re already divorced?” It was understandable that she couldn’t bear this blow, as she had been thinking about having a grandchild as soon as possible, but it was the news of her son’s divorce that she received instead.

No one could endure that.

At her question, Emmanuel didn’t know what to say, and he was also angry.

I’ve shielded her from a knife and sucked out her poisoned blood, but in the end, all I receive is an inexplicable tantrum and a divorce notice from the icy woman. Although he didn’t believe it was his fault, he wasn’t the type of person who liked to blame others, so he chose silence.

“Speak up, Manny! Do you want to see me die from anger?” Alessandra

became anxious and, for the first time, wanted to kick him. He can be as stubborn as a mule sometimes!

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“Mackenzie has a really strange temper, Mom. I just don’t understand her!”

Cornered by Alessandra’s pressure, Emmanuel had no choice but to turn around and speak.

“W–What?” She was also in a state of exasperation, not knowing whether to cry or laugh. Immediately, she circled back to him, assuming a parental posture. “Manny, women’s thoughts are more delicate and complex than men’s. It’s normal for women to throw some tantrums. You’re a grown man.

Can’t you accommodate her a bit?”

“Mom, I–” He wanted to say that he had been accommodating her all along.

However, his personality prevented him from saying anything. He was so frustrated that he even took out a cigarette and wanted to smoke it.

Yet, Alessandra snatched the cigarette from him and reprimanded, “You

don't usually smoke, so why are you smoking now? I'm telling you now. If you

don't bring Mackenzie back, I'll... I'll be angry! Really angry!" Growing

increasingly desperate, her tone of speech indicated her state of mind. She

had always showered her son with affection, never before uttering such

words.

Naturally, Emmanuel understood his mother's feelings, but he was more

worried about her health. So, he quickly supported her shoulder and

comforted her, "Calm down, Mom. I understand everything you're saying." In

his mind, however, he thought, Even if I understand, Mackenzie probably won't

see me again. I don't have the chance to accommodate her anymore, even

if I want to.

"This won't do! I can't just sit here and do nothing. I'll talk to Old Mr. Quillen and

see if he has any good solutions." Alessandra knew that her son's efforts were

futile, so it was better to go and talk to Terence.

When Emmanuel saw that she had a plan, he became less worried.

Regardless of what she said to Terence, after she finished the call, he told her

that he would bring Tommy to stay with them for a few days, and she

agreed. Since he didn't ask, she didn't tell him what she had talked about with

Terence either.

On the other hand, in the Lenoir Residence, Claudette paced back and forth

in her room, holding her phone. She wanted to contact Emmanuel, but she

couldn't muster the courage, as she was afraid of being accused of breaking

up someone else's marriage and being a shameless mistress. But why can't I

contact him? I heard that he has already divorced Mackenzie.

"Gosh, this is killing me!" She sighed and put her phone down for now.

In the next moment, the door of the room was pushed open by a seductive

woman.

Startled, Claudette stared and said, "Aunt Laura, can you have some

manners? Remember to knock when entering a room. And why are you

dressed like this? I thought it was some prostitute who entered the wrong room.”

Both mother and daughter were goddess-like figures outside, and everyone thought they were elegant. However, if men from outside were to see how the two were behaving at home, their eyeballs would probably pop out in -shock.

Laura—General Lenoir’s wife—always wore sleepwear that was more revealing than underwear, parading around the house. What Claudette said was the truth. Even the women working at a massage parlor wouldn’t dress as provocatively as Laura.

“Hehe.” Instead of being angry, Laura was proud of it.

Then, she walked into the room and directly pointed out what was on

Claudette’s mind. “So, still hesitating whether to pursue your Dr. Lowe? Do you expect not to be criticized for being a mistress?”

Instantly, Claudette became agitated and said, “Hey, can you use better

words?” In her mind, she added, Although that’s the truth.

“Didn’t I tell you? Becoming a legal wife from a mistress is a skill, and it’s

something to be proud of. Now is your best opportunity. What are you

hesitating about?” Laura came to encourage her. If she hesitates at this

critical moment, it will erase all her previous efforts.

Seeing Claudette remain silent, she continued, “Emmanuel is not an ordinary

person. If you can have him, you will feel that you have great taste in men in

the future.”

Chapter 330

Claudette was slightly surprised. In fact, she had already sensed that

Emmanuel was not an ordinary doctor, and now she felt that he was more

and more capable. Not only was he talented in medicine, but he was also

skilled in martial arts, too. A man like him is a hidden gem. I’ll feel so safe

marrying him!

“But I don’t know how to further develop with him, Aunt Laura,” she expressed

her concern.

“That’s why I’m here to help you,” Laura said triumphantly. “His cousin is in a coma after being hit by a car. I’ve already hired a renowned doctor.

Emmanuel and his cousin are like brothers. If you help him wake up his cousin, he will be grateful to you. By then, you can take advantage of the situation.”

At her words, Claudette was taken aback. What a cunning woman she is. No wonder even Dad fell into her trap.

Early the next morning, Emmanuel went to pick up Tommy, but to his surprise, Ryder’s house was locked, and no one answered the door, no matter how hard he knocked.

“Did Abellyn take Tommy to school this early?” He checked the time. There’s still half an hour before Tommy’s school time. Given Abellyn’s personality, it’s highly unlikely that she would do that.

Yesterday, he used the spare key in Tommy's school bag to open the door.

Now that no one was answering the door, he had no choice but to go to the kindergarten to find Tommy.

2/4

"Hi, Mr. Lowe. Nice to see you again." The teacher at Tommy's kindergarten, Tia Poole, showed a hint of surprise with sparkling eyes when she saw Emmanuel again.

"Hi. I'm here to find Tommy." He nodded and solely felt that the teacher's attitude was good.

At his words, Tia immediately froze. "Tommy? Didn't he take a day off today?"

"He took a day off?" It was Emmanuel who froze this time.

"Yes. His mother requested it for him. Isn't Tommy seriously ill?"

"Seriously ill?!" He suddenly had a bad feeling. What is Abellyn trying to do?

"Yes, what happened to Tommy—hey, wait! Mr. Lowe!" She wanted to continue talking to him, but he had turned around and left. At once, the

hopeful look in her eyes turned into disappointment. At least tell me your name and contact information so I can contact you. Alas, maybe next time, I guess.

Emmanuel returned to Ryder's house once again but still received no response, no matter how hard he knocked, and it frustrated him. It looks like I've underestimated Abellyn. Breaking into the house is easy, but it's not necessary to do that. Plus, it doesn't do him any good if there's no one inside.

The most important thing now is to cure Ryder as soon as possible and expose Abellyn in court. After that, I can naturally find Tommy.

On the other hand, Mackenzie sat in the Bentley, looking out of the car window expressionlessly.

Meanwhile, Wally was driving and heading toward the Terence Group when he suddenly heard instructions from the back seat. "Stop the car."

"Huh? Yes, Ms. Quillen." Immediately, he stopped the car. What is Ms. Quillen

trying to do? We're in the middle of the road!

In the next moment, she gave another command. "Wally, quickly go and stop that mother and son."

Looking in the direction she pointed, he saw a mother dragging and pulling the son in front of a breakfast shop. It seemed that the mother was trying to force the son to do something, but the son refused stubbornly.

They were none other than Abellyn and Tommy.

Without the need to understand the situation, Wally promptly obeyed

Mackenzie's instructions and stepped out of the car, positioning himself in front of Abellyn.