

Wrong Table 341

Chapter 341

“Look at him, Zane. He wants to kill me. How scary!” Abellyn immediately snuggled into Zane’s embrace.

On the other hand, Emmanuel felt something amiss when he looked at them.

Why does Abellyn look calm? Isn’t she afraid that Ryder will lose control and

lunge at them? he thought. However, his questions were soon answered

when he saw a BMW by the entrance. Then, a man in a suit exited the car

while carrying a case.

The man was discreet about his looks. After tidying his clothes, he walked

toward them with a smile and greeted everyone. Then, he approached Ryder

and asked, “Are you Ryder Lowe?”

“I... Yes, that’s me!”

Ryder was startled as he didn’t know who the man was. However, Emmanuel

-knew what was going on. As soon as he saw the man, he knew that Abellyn

had prepared beforehand and was ready to settle this matter.

The man pushed his glasses and looked into his case. "My name is Douglas

Roman, and I am a lawyer at Royale Law Firm. Here's my name card."

Ryder had never seen this kind of situation. He was shocked and took the

card stiffly. "Why are you here, Mr. Roman?"

"I'm here for two things!" Douglas' expression changed immediately. His smile

turned grim, which pressured Ryder. "Seven days ago, you smashed Mr.

Xanders' car at Kerington, and I'm here to ask for compensation!" Then, he

paused intentionally.

At that moment, Ryder was furious and scared. After all, he didn't have the

confidence to go against a lawyer as he felt he couldn't win over the latter no

matter what.

Just as Ryder was about to speak, Douglas cut him off and said, "I'm not done

talking yet, Mr. Lowe. The next thing is that Ms. Sheppard has accused you of

domestic abuse. I am here to help her file a divorce with you!"

“Nonsense! You are lying!” Ryder couldn’t hold it any longer and scolded. “It was Zane who hit me on purpose! Also, I want to sue Abellyn for murder! You guys are telling lies! Karma will unleash upon you!” As rage filled his body, his wounds began to bleed out again, and he started to cough, which was a terrifying sight to behold.

Looking at him, Tommy cried out loud.

“Watch it, Ryder!” Emmanuel hugged Ryder tightly. After all, Ryder would step into Chloe and Abellyn’s trap if he died!

As expected, Chloe and Abellyn smirked coldly. If Ryder were to die on the spot, he would have nothing to do with them anymore.

Soon, Claudette arrived and couldn’t bear to watch the scene. Abellyn is such a cruel woman! Then, she was surprised when she looked at the man beside Abellyn. He looks familiar... Isn’t that Quintus’ subordinate?

Thinking about this, she looked at the Ferrari and was certain about her

assumptions. She never expected things to turn out this way. Initially, she had helped Emmanuel to contact Jayden, but the latter was absent due to various reasons. Yet, this had become Zane and Abellyn's opportunity to turn the tables around.

At this moment, Zane approached Ryder and smirked. "Why don't we make it this way? If you agree to divorce your wife and give her half of your money, you don't have to pay for my BMW."

"In your dreams!" Ryder couldn't let this matter slide. "If you want that c*nt, just take her! Don't you dare try to take anything away from me! My house belongs to my son! If anyone tries to take it away from me, you'll have to step over my dead body!"

Abellyn pursed her lips and said in disdain, "That's easy to do. Just go ahead and die."

"You! I'm going to kill you!" Ryder's mind was filled with hatred toward Abellyn.

He wanted her to die with him together so that Tommy could inherit the

money. However, Emmanuel hugged him tightly to stop him from doing

anything reckless!

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Zane smirked coldly since it was easy to deal with such a country bumpkin.

However, his smile stiffened the next second!

“M—Ms. Lenoir, what are you doing here?”

He couldn't believe that Claudette would be at Ryder's house.

In the meantime, the smile on Chloe's face vanished. Initially, she always

thought Zane was able to suppress Claudette. Yet, it seemed that things

didn't turn out as she expected. Why does Zane look like he has seen a

ghost? Crap! Did we encounter a truly rich person? Although Chloe wasn't

smart, she was keen on her surroundings. Thus, she immediately knew what

was going on.

“Are you Zane Xanders?” asked Claudette as she looked at the hand Zane

had on Abellyn's waist.

Zane immediately retrieved his hand and nodded. "Yes... It's me, Ms. Lenoir..."

Hearing his words, Abellyn had a bad feeling in her gut, but she wasn't as clever as Chloe. "What are you doing, dear?" she asked with a frown. She thought Zane had panicked because Claudette was his lover.

"Shut up!" Zane hushed her.

Abellyn was upset, but she still obliged.

Claudette glanced at Abellyn and smiled with disdain. Although she said

nothing, her expression had provoked Abellyn. The woman pointed at

Claudette and scolded, "How dare you act highly of yourself? Don't you dare look at me like that!"

Before she was able to finish her words, Zane slapped her and bellowed, "Are you deaf? I told you to shut up!"

At that moment, Abellyn was dumbstruck. She couldn't believe that Zane dared to slap her!

Just as she was about to scold Zane, Chloe pulled her to the side. "What are novelbin you doing, Chloe?" Abellyn looked at Chloe angrily.

Chloe signaled her to calm down, and Abellyn did so.

On the other hand, Zane ignored them and bowed with courtesy. "I'm sorry,

Ms. Lenoir. I apologize if that woman offended you!"

Claudette ignored him and said, "Get out of here. If I see you with this woman again, I will have you pay for the consequences!"

"Yes, I understand." Zane immediately nodded.

At that moment, Abellyn froze and wondered who exactly this woman was.

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On the other hand, Emmanuel was calm. However, he had mixed feelings.

Unlike when Mackenzie helped him, he felt as if he owed Claudette a favor.

"Wait!" Claudette called out when she saw Zane leaving in the Ferrari. "Leave the car. You aren't allowed to drive it!"

Zane was startled before quickly nodding and leaving with Douglas.

After some time, Abellyn returned to her senses and screamed, "You b*stard!

How dare you leave me? What am I supposed to do without you?!"

Zane ignored her as he ran away. After all, there was no way he would

disobey Claudette when she was his boss! As for Abellyn, he couldn't care

less about her predicament.

Chapter 343 Zane left the scene without looking back, leaving Abellyn standing there alone. As she met Ryder's murderous gaze, she shuddered and quickly

leaned closer to Chloe.

"Chloe! What... What should we do?" Abellyn whispered.

Chloe didn't expect this to happen either. It looks like Claudette has a higher

status than Zane!

"H—Hurry up and get back together with Ryder. I don't think Emmanuel is as

easy as he looks," Chloe said as she looked at Emmanuel.

He was married to Mackenzie, but he's hooking up with Claudette now. Is he a novel bin

playboy? I can't believe he acts innocent, yet he knows how to have other

women wrapped around his fingers!

Abellyn listened to Chloe the most. With that, she approached Ryder with a

stiff smile. However, she couldn't maintain her act as she met his murderous

gaze. At that moment, she stepped back.

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"Stop daydreaming, Abellyn! Get lost. We will divorce, and you will get nothing

out of me!" Ryder roared.

Abellyn didn't dare to say anything. However, she knew Ryder wouldn't let her

leave without anything, no matter what lawyer he hired. Thus, she allowed

him to say as he pleased.

"Let's go back, Ryder." After Ryder vented his anger, Emmanuel helped him

return to the house. It was also a good thing for Ryder if he let out his

emotions.

Soon, only Abellyn and Chloe were left on the scene. At this moment, Abellyn'

looked at Chloe and asked, "What should I do, Chloe? Ryder is going to file for

divorce, but Zane doesn't want me now!"

"As long as Claudette is here, we won't get anything from Ryder." Chloe

gritted her teeth. "I think it's best if you look for Zane. Take as much money as

you can from him!"

"Okay!" Abellyn nodded her head and immediately did as she was told. She

quickly dialed Zane's number, but the call couldn't get through the line. "I think

he has blocked my number, Chole!" Abellyn said hastily.

Chloe panicked as she had guessed that Zane would no longer intervene in

this matter. Thus, she quickly ordered Abellyn, saying, "Go to his house now.

You can't allow him to run away!"

"Okay. I'll go now!" Abellyn quickly took a cab and went to Zane's house.

However, she waited until midnight, but Zane was nowhere in sight. Not being

able to enter the house, she panicked and threw a tantrum.

"Zane, you b*stard! I won't let you get away if you dare to dump me! I hope

you die in a car crash!” Just the thought of being used by Zane and getting a divorce caused Abellyn to have a breakdown. She didn’t dare think about what future lay ahead of her.

Her ruckus attracted a group of people, and they began to whisper things among each other.

“How sad. It seems like a man dumped her.”

“She isn’t a child anymore, yet she still only relies on men. Will she die without one?”

“How embarrassing!”

Abellyn immediately broke down when she heard what others had said about her. “Shut up! If anyone dares to say anything again, I will fight you!”

Looking at her fierce expression, some mumbled and left, whereas some continued to provoke her.

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Several men even told Abellyn to look for them if she felt lonely at night. To

that, Abellyn scolded them and ran away while covering her face.

On the other hand, Emmanuel and Ryder couldn't care less as to where

Abellyn had gone. Meanwhile, Claudette had contacted Jayden to file the

divorce. They had even prepared the evidence, for they made up their minds

to kick Abellyn out of the house!

After they had settled everything, Emmanuel drove the Ferrari and sent

Claudette home. "Thank you for today, Ms. Lenoir," he said.

"There's no need for such formalities, Mr. Lowe. After all, we are more than

strangers. If you want to thank me, why don't we have lunch tomorrow?"

Claudette replied playfully.

"Oh, sure!" Emmanuel replied with a smile. However, he soon averted his

-gaze. He didn't know what was going on between him and Claudette..

Whenever he felt they were getting intimate, he had a sense of guilt,

seemingly as if he had betrayed Mackenzie. Although Emmanuel knew he

shouldn't have such thoughts, he couldn't get them out of his head. Thus, he

decided to keep his distance from Claudette.

On the other hand, the smile on Claudette's face slowly vanished. She could sense an invisible barrier between them, yet she didn't know how to make it disappear.

Suddenly, Emmanuel's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and saw that it was Roselynn. She told him to come back home since she would be visiting.

At that moment, Emmanuel immediately gave up on sending Claudette back home. "I'm sorry, Ms. Lenoir, but I can't drive you back home. Is it okay if you go back on your own?"

Although Claudette was disappointed, she wasn't upset. Instead, she smiled and said softly, "You would be able to get home quicker if you drive the car,

Mr. Lowe. I'll just call my driver to pick me up."

"Are you sure?" Emmanuel wanted to refuse her. He wondered why he would feel weird driving Claudette's car when he didn't have such feelings toward

Mackenzie. He wondered if it was because Mackenzie was his wife.

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“Roselynn seems to be in a hurry to look for you, though. You can just return the car after you’re done with it!” said Claudette. Then, she immediately exited the vehicle since she didn’t want to hear Emmanuel refusing her again.

Emmanuel wanted to say something more, but Claudette had already left.

Since he could only park the car here for 30 seconds, he couldn’t exit the car and chase after Claudette unless he was willing to pay for a ticket. However, it wasn’t his car, and he was not one to trouble others, even if that someone was Quintus. Thus, after some thought, Emmanuel drove the car away.

When Claudette saw the car leave, a glint of disappointment flashed across her eyes, and her smile disappeared. novelbin

Meanwhile, while one enjoyed the scenery on a bridge, someone else would be watching from the tower above. One might adorn the bright moon adorning their window, but they’d be adorning someone else’s dreams.

At this moment, Claudette didn't know that a Lincoln was parked on the other side of the road.

Inside the Lincoln, Gautier was here to pick up one of his friends from Zovince.

Soon, he noticed that his friend's gaze was fixated on Claudette. Then, he smiled and said, "Are you enjoying the view, Mr. Magnus?"

The man smiled and replied, "Yes. You know, I used to think any scenery would be beautiful if you looked at it with adoration. However, I was wrong.

The most beautiful scenery is where your loved ones are."

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Hearing his words, Gautier laughed and said, "What a poet you are, Mr.

Magnus. Your speech is eloquent and filled with philosophy. Well, I'll be going now."

The man nodded and exited the car as the servant opened the door for him.

Soon, he attracted the attention of many. After all, it was a Lincoln stretch

limo! Not many people were able to catch sight of such a vehicle in their

daily lives, so they wanted to see who the limo belonged to

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While the chilly night in Yeringham was filled with silence and the howling

wind, Claudette realized she got off right where she wanted, finding herself in

a historical, vintage-looking street. Although the place was not as novel in

grand-looking as the other high-end areas, the streets were decorated with

style and were considered the busiest streets in Yeringham.

“Princess Claudette!” An agitated yet soothing voice came from behind

Claudette as she furrowed her eyebrows and looked back. Then, she was

approached by a man in a windbreaker with a smiling face. “Your knight is

back to protect you!”

Claudette reacted with an awkward smile without saying a single word.

Magnus Zelinsky, who was part of a prestigious family in Zovince, was born

with a silver spoon in his mouth. However, the moment he met Claudette in

the army camp when they were little, he had sworn to be her knight since then. At that time, Claudette didn't take him seriously as she thought he was being childish, only to be surprised years later when he still hadn't forgotten his promise.

As the duo walked along the street, they seemed like a couple who radiated a charming aura, drawing the attention of those civilians around them. In fact, they were even approached by some other civilians who wanted to take a picture with them.

"Are you guys celebrities?"

"I think you guys look even more gorgeous and attractive than celebrities!"

The crowd flattered Claudette with compliments, but she only responded with an emotionless look. After all, she didn't enjoy being in the spotlight. On the other hand, Magnus sensibly took a more friendly approach, presenting himself as a chivalrous gentleman without turning them down meanly.

"They're probably a couple." It seemed to the bystanders that the duo looked

like a couple.

Nonetheless, Claudette didn't think that way. As she strolled along the street aimlessly, she was not in the mood to shop as she couldn't stop looking around her.

A few moments later, she began to frown when she noticed Magnus following her silently without any intention of leaving. "You're annoying!"

Despite Claudette's mean response, Magnus wasn't angry or disappointed.

"Well, I have heard that a lot, actually!" he said with a smile.

Claudette stood there and pouted, asking in frustration, "Why are you following me like a bug? What do you want from me?"

"That's what a knight should do—protect the princess," Magnus replied calmly. "Also, it's a knight's duty and honor to do that!"

She was filled with mixed emotions, not knowing whether she should feel happy or annoyed. "Zovince's Four Geniuses have always been considered

the most talented men in town. Thus, I can't believe an outstanding young man like you who has won so many international awards would say something so cliché, considering your capabilities of building a nuclear bomb prototype."

"Your brother and I have always been friends!" He pointed at his own nose. "I even got beaten to a pulp by him before. At that time, he just turned 12 three days ago while I turned ten about ten days prior. Meanwhile, you were wearing a pink dress and a pair of black shoes, coupled with a pair of white stockings that day. When you saw me hurt, you came closer to me with a white handkerchief to help me stop the bleeding."

"Well, it looks like you live up to your reputation as the man with a brilliant mind! You seem to remember every single detail." Claudette let out a sigh.

"Well, a knight must have what it takes to be strong and invincible so that he can protect the princess!" Magnus added, "In fact, I've been doing all I can to improve my skill sets so that I can protect you again. After all, only a capable

knight deserves a smart, beautiful princess.”

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“Me? Smart?” She pointed at herself, asking ambiguously, “Do you seriously think I’m smart?” Deep down, she didn’t think she could match Mackenzie in terms of intelligence. After all, both of them were around the same age, but Mackenzie was already running a company by herself while she had to climb the corporate ladder from the bottommost echelon.

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“You’re a remarkable tea sommelier, as well as an eighth–grade ballet dancer, not to mention the fact that you’re a poet...” Magnus went on to list Claudette’s strengths. “Thus, if you don’t think you’re smart, I don’t think anyone else is in this world.”

It was then that Claudette smiled. “The skills that I know aren’t anywhere near yours, Mr. Magnus. They’re pretty much useless. You’re the outstanding one, considering the title that you just earned–Magnus, the Genius!”

If the title was given by some other party or person, it would not have carried so much weight. After all, Magnus' title was given by a prestigious society from Chanaea known as The Great Minds. Since the society was novelbin acknowledged to be one of the best in the world, the fact that Magnus received the honorary title made him even more famous, cementing his place as one of the most influential figures among Zovince's Four Geniuses.

Furthermore, while Zovince was populated with wealthy people, there were only a few who were actually talented and influential, which was what made Magnus' capability even more convincing.

Upon hearing Claudette's compliment, Magnus was happy, but he didn't get carried away because of that. "Zovince is just a small place. Let's take Chanaea as an example. Countless young people are talented throughout the country, just like Mackenzie and Gautier from Yeringham. Their capabilities are nowhere far behind me. Thus, I doubt I actually live up to my

reputation as you said.”

Claudette let out a sigh when she heard Mackenzie’s name. Although she

had been trying to prove that she could match Mackenzie in every aspect,

she still couldn’t help but feel a strong sense of inferiority deep inside of her. I

don’t deserve the love from so many men, especially Magnus. Why didn’t you

woo Mackenzie instead?

“Well, why don’t you woo Mackenzie, then? After all, she is a lot more

outstanding than I am!” Claudette spoke her mind.

“A true knight will always be loyal to his princess.” Magnus smiled.

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“Talking to you is really awkward!” answered Claudette directly, but in truth,

she had goosebumps that ran all over her body. Deep down, she was afraid

that she would feel embarrassed if anyone familiar overheard their

conversation. Unlike Magnus, Claudette preferred talking to Emmanuel more,

feeling more comfortable when getting along with him because he always

sounded sincere whenever he talked. On the other hand, Magnus seemed more like a man wearing a mask whenever she talked to him.

Magnus didn't feel awkward. Instead, he smiled and said, "You're the first person who talks to me like that. While the others may think that way, they have never said that to me before."

Of course! Who'd dare do that?! It's not like nobody knows who you are!

Claudette ignored the man and entered a milkshake store.

Every store along the street was crowded with people, especially after the evening. After all, most of the people who visited the place were young people. With a straw in their mouths as they sipped their drinks, they enjoyed their hotdogs and chicken wings with their phones in their hands. As soon as they noticed Claudette and Magnus coming in, they were immediately stunned by their presence, wondering if they had come to the wrong place.

However, Claudette decided to ignore the attention from the others around

her as she sat down at a table and said, "Somebody! Please! I'd like to place my order!"

Since Claudette was required to place her order at the counter, she approached the register to do so. When the waiter took a closer look at her face, he was immediately spellbound by her appealing appearance, not knowing what to say.

Oh, my god! She is so beautiful! After all, the waiter had never seen anyone so pretty in his store before. Compared to the other ladies there, Claudette was deemed to be so gorgeous that she was far beyond comparison with them. I can tell that she must be from a rich family, but why would she visit a store like ours? I can't believe someone like her would come to a place like this.

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"W-Welcome!" the waiter uttered in a somewhat awkward tone. Claudette found the waiter's behavior rather odd, but she still ordered some items from

the menu anyway. "Give me a set of chicken wings, a chicken chop, some fries, and some wedges... Hmm, just give me one of each of these snacks, okay? Also, I'd like a vanilla milkshake in the largest size!"

"Um..." The waiter hadn't expected the gorgeous lady to have such a huge appetite. "Wouldn't that be too much for you alone, Miss? If you'd like to try out a few dishes, we can combine them into one for you, so you don't have to order the full set. We can offer a mixture of various snacks in just one dish," he uttered out of kindness.

Claudette pointed her finger at Magnus as she beamed at the waiter. "It's fine. He's rich, anyway!"

"A-Alright!" The waiter was taken aback for a moment. That wealthy man won't come over and beat me up for trying to be nice to his girlfriend now, will he? The more the waiter thought about it, the more fearful he felt. He hurried off to send the orders in. On the other hand, Claudette didn't pay much attention to Magnus—she simply lowered her head and scrolled through her

phone.

As for Magnus, he smiled without saying much. He simply stood behind Claudette instead of sitting at the table with her. The princess may be easygoing and approachable, but I am a high and mighty knight. I have no intention of sitting on a chair that is accessible to the public; after all, I don't want to dirty my custom-made luxury wear.

"Are you planning to put on that front for the rest of your life, Mr. Magnus?"

"Aren't you tired of it?" Claudette was blunt with her words, and she even sounded sarcastic when she said that.

"Why would I be tired? One has to have enough determination to shape one's personality. Otherwise, everyone would just be a boring and regular person.

Wouldn't that make the world a little less fun?" Magnus replied with a smile.

"You may enjoy your meal, Your Highness. I'll carry out my duty as a knight to protect you. I'll also pay for you."

The lady pursed her lips as she felt goosebumps forming on her skin. She was worried that others would overhear their conversation and be weirded out by them, so she figured that it was best if they stopped talking.

The milkshake store was extremely efficient. Before long, all of the dishes were served to Claudette's table. The people around them kept throwing glances in their direction. The two weren't just good-looking; they were also dressed in a rather odd and puzzling manner.

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Magnus continued to stand behind Claudette as if he were a statue. He thought he was a dutiful knight, but little did he know that his action made Claudette feel like a prisoner being watched while she ate.

Moments later, the lady decided to walk over to the table beside her. A few men were sitting around and playing poker. "Are you guys playing poker? Can I join you guys?" she asked.

What?! What's going on? The few men were stunned! Never in their dreams

would they even think of courting a woman as gorgeous as Claudette, yet

she was the one who took the initiative to approach them.

They were just wondering if she had mistaken them for someone else when

she reached out her slender, strong legs and dragged a chair over to the

table.

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She plopped down at their table and casually asked, "What happens if one of

us loses? Are we gambling, or will there be some form of punishment?"

However, her words only met with silence. A deafening silence. Everyone

wore looks of utter confusion as they stared at her. They were all anxious to

see a gorgeous woman approaching them and taking the initiative to sit with

them. They had no idea what to do!

"Is she a... socialite?" the waiter mumbled, gulping down his saliva. If she's

someone I can obtain with money, perhaps I could take a look at my

miserable-looking bank account to see if my salary's enough for her. If that isn't enough, I guess it'd be worth it to borrow some money. After all, it's so rare to encounter someone as gorgeous and elegant as her. I might not be able to get this chance again if I give up on it this time!

The milkshake store was a huge place, and although the customers weren't novelbin all rowdy and nasty, there were quite a variety of individuals from different backgrounds in there. Claudette's actions were rather dangerous as many of the men found her actions rather intriguing. "What is it? Am I not allowed to join you guys?" She let out a sigh.

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Her words and tone of voice melted the hearts of all the men around her! The men at the table exchanged glances with one another, but none of them had the guts to say anything. Just then, a burly man with tattoos stood up from the table beside them. It was freezing outside, yet the man was dressed in an unzipped leather jacket that revealed his muscular chest.

“Why don’t we play a game with you, gorgeous? What would you like to play?”

The burly man seized his opportunity to approach her with a wide grin on his face. The other men who were seated at his table hurried over behind him, and they pushed away the teenagers who had occupied the table Claudette was at. Apparently, this new group of men was more experienced.

“Anything goes,” the lady replied without a hint of fear in her gaze. “Why don’t we play a game of poker, then?” the burly man suggested.

“Sure!”

“Hah! Let’s start! The loser will get punished, though,” the man with tattoos spoke loudly, and everyone around him started to cheer in excitement at his words. There was nothing that could make the crowd heat up the way a gorgeous woman did—just watching her play a game of poker was enough to get the crowd to cheer!

While Claudette played a game of cards with the gangsters at her table,

Magnus maintained a calm and collected expression on his face. He simply

stood guard behind her. Some of the other customers thought Magnus was her bodyguard, while most of them reckoned he was her boyfriend. Magnus was covered in luxury items, and he seemed clean and well-groomed. His hair had a fresh cut, and he stood tall and proud like any man from the military.

Despite his smart outlook, he wore a warm and gentle smile on his face, which made him seem especially charismatic to the public's eye. No one could figure out his role or where he came from. Many of the customers novelbin hoped that the burly, tattooed man would get Claudette to take off one item of clothing if she lost a game—after all, that seemed to be what happened in most TV shows or movies.

However, they soon realized that they were living in a society governed by law and order, not some fictional plot that they had in their heads. The burly

man didn't have the guts to suggest such a punishment, even if the thought.

did cross his mind. In the end, they simply had a friendly game with

Claudette, and the loser's punishment was to have a drink. Although there

was little excitement in the game itself, most customers refused to leave as

they didn't want to miss out on any juicy stuff.

As time went on, Magnus stood behind Claudette like a statue. His posture

was straight and upright the whole time, and it looked as if he wasn't tired at

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all. It was past midnight by the time Claudette stood up and stretched her

limbs. Everyone's gaze immediately landed on her slender and fit figure. "Hey,

waiter! I need the bill." The man with tattoos was in a good mood that night,

and his voice was especially loud and confident.

"I'll pay for all your meals!" Claudette offered. The other men at her table were

stunned for a while. Even the waiter stared at her in disbelief. Wait, is she truly

a socialite? Why would a lady as gorgeous as her spend her money just to

have some fun with these gangsters? What's going on here?

Claudette ignored all the judgmental and puzzled glances thrown in her direction as she pulled out her phone to complete the payment. It was then that Magnus seemed to release himself from being a statue—he took action and reached over to pay the bill before Claudette could do so. The lady seemed to have expected him to do it, for she simply stood up and walked off without leaving any comments.

The man with the tattoos froze for a while before bursting into laughter.

“Damn! I’ve seen people pleasers around me, but I’ve never seen someone kiss *ss the way you do!” It seemed like Magnus wasn’t some wealthy man, a bodyguard, or Claudette’s boyfriend—it looked like he was just a lapdog that followed her around.

Magnus didn’t have a choice but to let out a chuckle in response to everyone’s disdainful glances. Then, he hurried off after Claudette. He was

well aware of what her intentions were. She wouldn't sound too harsh with her words and would never directly call him a lapdog. However, all her actions earlier served the purpose of getting the rest of the customers to perceive him as one. She wanted him to understand the dynamic of their relationship.

"Hey, slow down, gorgeous!" The man with tattoos had enjoyed himself earlier, but it was clear he hadn't had enough for the night. He hurried over and stopped himself in front of Claudette.

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"It's getting late, and I need to head home." Claudette was as patient as ever, and the group of thugs was shocked by her demeanor. They had never once encountered a woman who was both gorgeous and friendly at once.

Furthermore, her looks were out of this world! She was a hundred times prettier than some of the girls they had chased after in the past. Those girls thought too highly of themselves, and they often kept their distance from

men who were interested in them.

“Since fate brought us here, why don’t we exchange phone numbers? Shall

we send you home?” The man with tattoos tried his best to remain courteous

as well. He wasn’t naturally a polite person, but he didn’t want to scare the

goddess away, especially when she was being so nice. “Oh, that’s fine.

Goodbye!” Claudette hurried off with her head lowered.

These men had no idea that she had simply been using them. The man with

tattoos couldn’t bring himself to accept the rejection, so he tried to stop her

again. They had such a perfect start earlier—he couldn’t allow things to end

so abruptly! He was hoping for a miraculous turn of events and for them to

fall in love with one another. A thug and a princess.... What a good story to tell!

“Let’s be friends, gorgeous!” The man with tattoos reached his hand out for

Claudette’s hand this time. This is what they sing about in love songs, right?

I’ve got to take the first step to win the girl’s heart! Claudette’s presence that

day had fulfilled a dream that the man had held onto for more than 30 years.

However, his dreams were about to be shattered.

Magnus, who had remained calm and poised the whole time, sent a flying kick to flick the other man's hand away from Claudette. "Argh!" The tattooed man let out a painful cry. His hand felt numb immediately afterward, and a layer of cold sweat began to form on his forehead.

"Boss!" A few of the other guys rushed over, and their faces turned pale after they saw their boss' condition. Magnus' kick broke the man's wrist! "You must have a death wish!" someone shouted. "Get him!" The other guys wanted to avenge their boss. However, Magnus, who could smile even after being called a lapdog earlier, seemed to have turned into a completely different person.

After a few swings and blows, the rest of the men found themselves on the ground as well. "S-Stop! We're no match for you! Please let us go!" The man with tattoos knelt on the ground as he pleaded for mercy. However, Magnus

had no intention of stopping just yet—he strode over to the man before

grabbing the hand that had reached out for Claudette earlier.

Then, Magnus applied force to push his arm in a certain direction. Crack!

“Aaargh!” the man with tattoos wailed at the top of his lungs as he smacked

the floor with his other hand. Veins were spreading across his forehead, and

it was evident he was in a lot of pain. Many of the people in the milkshake

store watched the scene outside through the glass windows of the shop, and

a few individuals were shocked by Magnus’ capabilities! We were laughing at novelbin

how he acts like a lapdog—who would’ve thought he’s so powerful? Never

judge a book by its cover!

“You’re too much, Magnus!” Claudette finally spoke up and gave orders.

“Am I?” It was only then that Magnus took a step back and pulled out some

wet wipes and a handkerchief to clean his hands. Then, he wiped his shoes a

little before whipping his phone out to call Gautier. “Hey, Mr. Gautier. I beat a

few people up in Yeringham. Am I going to be in trouble?”

Gautier froze on the other end of the line. It was practically a miracle to hear that the young man from Zovince had gotten into a fight without killing anyone! "Tell me the exact location, Mr. Magnus. You and Ms. Lenoir can leave after that!" Gautier didn't even need to ask Magnus to know why he had ended up in a brawl.

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He must have gotten jealous. Otherwise, why would he bother beating up some random person from Yeringham? "Alright, thank you!" Magnus was polite as he thanked the person on the phone. After he ended the call, he realized that Claudette had walked over to the side of the road on her own, so he jogged after her immediately. "Why don't I send you home, Princess Claudette? Please don't walk on your own at night. You might be in danger!" Magnus uttered worriedly.

Even though his words were thoughtful and warm, Claudette didn't seem the least bit touched by them. "I'm thankful for your care, Mr. Magnus. But have

you ever considered that I may not want your care?" she said as she turned.

around to gaze at him.

The man let out a bashful scoff. "I'm just your lapdog, after all. You don't have to feel pressured."

Claudette let out a sigh. "It seems like both your IQ and EQ are pretty high, huh? You're comforting me before I even tell you what I feel!"

"Of course, this is my job as a knight!" he replied with a smile. The lady was rather annoyed at him, yet she knew she couldn't lash out at him. The only thing she could do then was to stop, turn around, and confront him. Magnus halted his footsteps and looked at her as well.

"Actually, there's someone I fancy, Mr. Magnus!" Claudette announced.

"Unfortunately, you aren't the person I'm referring to."

The man was silent for a while. He wasn't angry or feeling dejected; his face was expressionless for a moment before he tugged his lips into a smile

again. "Is that so? Congratulations, my princess. Falling in love with someone is a really beautiful feeling!"

Perhaps this was why Claudette couldn't bring herself to like the man.

Regardless of how capable or talented he was, he simply wasn't normal!

Claudette saw herself as a regular woman, so she felt like things would never work out between herself and this man. Perhaps this is love. I don't think he understands what love truly is, though, she thought.

Right then, the Lenoir family's driver pulled up by the roadside in a

Rolls-Royce. He was there to pick Claudette up. "I agree that it's a beautiful

feeling to be in love. Well, thank you for today, Mr. Magnus. I'll see you around."

After saying goodbye, she entered her car without asking the man to come along.

Magnus' smile faded off after the car drove away, and it was soon replaced

with a look of anger. "Quintus, you mentioned that a knight would fight for his

princess when he encountered a love rival, right?" he muttered to himself as

he clenched his fists.

On the other hand, Claudette's mind was still occupied by the time she

returned to the Lenoir Residence. She had just stepped into the hall when she

heard a loud laugh. "You're finally back. I had assumed that you'd be able to

lose your virginity to Dr. Lowe tonight," Laura said while resting on the couch..

"What are you talking about? Do I look like that sort of woman?" Claudette's

cheeks were flushed as she pouted a little. Laura lifted her smooth and fair

legs off the table top and planted them on the floor before she got to her

feet. "Hah, you might not be that sort of woman, but that's the sort of woman novelbin

you want to be, right? It's a great feeling to ditch your values and just go

rogue..."

"I-I don't have such desires!" Claudette let out a haughty scoff before turning

around and walking toward her room. However, she stopped herself just

moments later. "Why did Magnus show up in Yeringham, Aunt Laura?" she

asked as she turned around.

“Why else? Men only do things for two reasons—money or women!” Laura

replied half-heartedly. The Lenoir and Zelinsky families were closely related to

one another. Even though they were based in different cities, they interacted

with one another as peers. However, if one were to consider their abilities and

reputation, the Zelinsky family undoubtedly had the upper hand.

Laura continued speaking when she saw Claudette standing rooted in her

spot. “He came for a woman, of course! I bet he came to see our little

princess! Their family wants to have an arranged marriage with ours, and

they offered some pretty good benefits. Though, I’m not sure if your father will

agree to it,” Laura uttered.

Claudette’s gaze flickered for a moment. She believed in her father; she was

sure he wouldn’t give up on his daughter’s happiness just for the sake of

some benefits. But... we can never know for sure!

“Well, regarding money, it seems like the Zelinsky family and Verkade Group’s

project had suffered losses and was taken over by Mackenzie. Hundreds of

millions had been invested in that project. Ah, how interesting!" Laura

cheered. She was a woman who often kept herself updated with the gossip

but also someone who never got involved. Furthermore, since Mackenzie was

her daughter's love rival and Magnus was courting her daughter, she'd be

eager to see a fight between them!