

Wrong Table 351

Chapter 351

Claudette realized she didn't feel too happy after hearing what Laura said.

Am I worried about Mackenzie now? What's wrong with me? Claudette found

this rather odd. They had always been in a rather tense and competitive

relationship, and Claudette never wanted to lose to Mackenzie. But now I'm

showing concern for her? I must be going crazy.

Whether it was Gautier or Magnus, Claudette knew none of them were good,

especially Magnus. He might seem like a gentleman on the surface, but he

was a cruel and unforgiving man deep down. The incident earlier that day

served as good evidence—only a man as ruthless as him could break

another man's arm just like that.

"By the way, it's your birthday tomorrow, right? What are you planning to do?

I'm sure Magnus visited Yeringham during this period for this reason, right?"

Laura initiated more conversation after Claudette was quiet for a while.

Claudette frowned for a moment before a bashful expression appeared on her face, smiling sweetly. "I'm not planning to spend my birthday with Magnus or any of you!"

Laura froze for a moment. Instead of getting angry, she let out a grin and put her hands on her hips. "You're planning to spend some alone time with Dr. Lowe' on your birthday, aren't you?"

I can't hide anything from this woman! She knows me better than my mom does. Claudette had no choice but to nod in response.

"Woah, that's impressive. How did you do it? How did you get that oblivious man to spend your birthday with you?" Laura was curious.

However, Claudette had no plans to tell her that she had hired Jayden to handle Ryder's divorce. Emmanuel wanted to thank her for that, so she suggested that he bought her dinner the next day. The man probably didn't even know it was her birthday on the same day! I finally get to spend my birthday with someone I'm fond of. Claudette was looking forward to it!

It was around 10.00PM at Terence Group headquarters when Lexi noticed how

Beatrix was still roaming around in the office.

“Why are you so hardworking nowadays, Ms. Beatrix? Are you planning to take over the company after you graduate?” Lexi asked teasingly.

“Hey, can’t you tell I’m like an agitated cat now, Lexi?” Beatrix rushed over to her.

“Huh?” Lexi was stunned for a while before she burst into laughter. “Like a cat on a hot tin roof, eh?”

“It isn’t just any regular hot tin roof; I feel like I’m on a volcano now!” Beatrix

cried as she held onto Lexi’s hands. “Mr. Castro is talking to my sister now, Lexi.

I’m sure this has to do with the divorce! They probably have a conclusion! I

don’t want her to get a divorce!”

“Why don’t you barge in and stop them, then?” Lexi asked in return.

“I don’t have the guts to do it, and I don’t know how to convince my sister to

change her mind..." Beatrix's anxiety made it seem as if she was the one who was about to get a divorce. "I'd called Emmanuel earlier, but that ignorant man told me everything has been set in stone. He doesn't know what to do either! He's such an idiot, isn't he? My sister's such a great woman. How is he going to find a better woman if he leaves her and gets a divorce?" she cried.

"Shush!" Lexi urged. "The office's walls aren't as soundproof as you think.

You're raising your voice in front of Ms. Mackenzie's office; she's going to hear you. She might be more determined to get a divorce if she hears your words!"

Beatrix understood the logic in Lexi's words, so she quickly slapped her palm over her mouth. Lexi had been right—Mackenzie was just contemplating

whether to sign her divorce papers in the office. Jayden told her that

Emmanuel had already signed the papers and agreed on a divorce. All of the necessary procedures had been completed; all that was left was her

signature. Jayden could get the official divorce papers from the City Hall

once she gave him her copy of the documents.

Terence had just lectured her earlier that day, and she was facing a lot of pressure at that moment. She had expected Emmanuel to approach her again. She knew him well—even though he was bad with his words of affirmation, he was still the sort of person who would pick her up from work.

He's going to pick me up, right? I'm sure Grandpa spoke to him about this.

Unfortunately, she didn't see any familiar figure every time she glanced out of her window.

She had ordered Wally to keep an eye on the entrance as well, but there was no news of the man's arrival.

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"Hmph! He's going to regret this!" Mackenzie hissed to herself. Then, she

signed the papers with a cold look on her face. Jayden gathered the

documents and kept them away after that. "I'll get things settled for you by

tomorrow, Ms. Quillen," he stated politely. She gave him a nod, and the lawyer

left the room after that.

All of a sudden, Mackenzie felt a hollow sensation within her. She pursed her lips together as she mumbled, "The past two months were a waste of time!

When Jayden stepped out of the office, he noticed Beatrix was glaring at him with a dark aura surrounding her figure. He couldn't help but shudder for a moment. Then, he steadied himself and gave her a polite bow before hurrying off with his office bag.

"What should we do now, Lexi?" Beatrix asked in a panic.

She was good with her studies but didn't have enough life experience to handle such emergencies. Since Jayden had left, it also meant Mackenzie's decision for divorce had been solidified. I wish I could kidnap Mr. Castro and lock him up to torture him. He's so mean for tearing my sister and her husband apart! Hmph!

To Beatrix's surprise, Lexi responded with an idea that aligned with hers. "Let's

not stand around, Ms. Beatrix. We should go after Mr. Castro and stop him!”

she uttered. Beatrix froze for a moment. Is she thinking about the same thing

as me? Oh, gosh. Lexi seems like a timid and elegant woman, but I have no

idea she’s secretly a sadist like I am!

“Stand right there!” The two women only managed to catch up with Jayden

after they rushed to the lobby on the first floor.

Beatrix cried out as she charged over with her arm reaching for the man. She

had intended to hit the man and tackle him to the ground. Fortunately, Lexi

noticed her actions just in time to hold her back. “What are you trying to do,

Ms. Beatrix?”

“Didn’t you say that we should stop him, Lexi? I’ll hold him down now that

there’s no one here. You can snatch his bag from him!” Beatrix’s expression

made it clear that she wasn’t joking.

Lexi was speechless for a while before finally speaking in a hushed whisper,

“Are you silly, Ms. Beatrix? That’s illegal!”

“What should we do, then?” It was only then that Beatrix realized how she might have misunderstood Lexi. So, Lexi doesn’t plan on using violence? I was so close to beating the guy up!

“Um, is anything the matter, Ms. Beatrix?” Jayden had been startled by her fierce aura. She’s rubbing her palms together as if she’s about to beat me up. She has no intention of doing that, right?

Fortunately for him, Lexi managed to hold Beatrix back just in time. “Ms. Mackenzie ordered me to bring you back upstairs, Mr. Castro!” Lexi announced.

“What? Is anything the matter?” he asked with a frown. He didn’t seem to trust the woman’s words.

“Yeah. We have another business case that we might need your professional help with, Mr. Castro!” Lexi led the lawyer over to the elevator. Beatrix had no idea what Lexi’s plan was at first. However, she finally understood the

situation after Lexi brought them all to Secret Room No. 8. “Mr. Castro, our company’s confidentiality regulations require that we do not bring any items into the room. Please leave your items at the front door, okay?” Lexi said politely.

Even though Jayden was a cautious man, he saw no reason to be suspicious of this rule, so he lowered his bag and placed it into one of the personal lockers. “Here’s my chance!” Beatrix knew that Lexi was trying to create an opportunity for her. This is so much more sophisticated than beating a person up. Hehe!

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The following day, Terence showed up at the Terence Group, and despite being the company’s chairman, he rarely set foot in the office. Since handing over the company to Mackenzie several years ago, he had only been in the office less than twice a year. When everyone witnessed his gloomy countenance as he stormed in, they were overcome with fear. Even the

executives quavered as they greeted him, while some lower-ranking employees were too terrified to approach him. Afterward, he marched straight into his granddaughter's office.

However, she scowled when she heard someone burst into her office. No one has ever been so bold; does this person have a death wish? When she looked up and saw her grandfather and Alfred standing there, she jumped to her feet. "Grandpa, why are you here?"

"Do you want me to die out of anger?" While saying this, Terence angrily tapped his cane on the floor. "Didn't I tell you that you are not allowed to get a divorce? I told you to give me a great-grandchild! Do you not listen to a word I say? Do you honestly believe I would not take back what I've given you?"

I would have cursed the living daylights out of whoever threatened me if it wasn't Grandpa! However, Mackenzie chose not to argue against what her grandfather had said and not because she was afraid to. Then, she averted her gaze and remained silent.

When Terrence saw her acting in such a way, it infuriated him even more. I

can dismiss her and leave the company to the other women in the Quillen

family, but none of them are as talented as her.

“Ms. Mackenzie, your grandfather has a heart condition. Please think of his

aging body!” Alfred could not resist speaking up in an effort to sway her mind.

“It’s not my fault, Grandpa.” Finally, Mackenzie explained, albeit grudgingly, “I

gave Emmanuel a chance, but not only has he refused to admit he has done

anything wrong, but he also continues to flirt around with Claudette. What do

you want me to do?”

“You... Oh...” Ultimately, Terence sighed because he knew how obstinate his

granddaughter was, and he could do nothing once she dug her heels in.

What on earth is Emmanuel doing? I have warned him beforehand that she’s

the type who needs to be charmed into doing anything; she’s not one to put

her feelings into words. I also reminded him to say sweet nothings to her and

lavish her with affection and kisses, regardless of how much she protests.

That brat! At the end of the day, he said nothing and continued to flirt with

Claudette. How infuriating!

At that thought, he said, "Wait and see! I'll make that brat explain himself!"

On the other hand, he had not wanted to stage an intervention since his

granddaughter had been pretending to be poor, and Emmanuel still did not

know the truth about her identity. Will he finally commit to my granddaughter

instead of flirting around if he discovers she is Mackenzie Quillen of the great

Quillen family, a woman of equal wealth and social standing to Claudette?

While he did not believe Emmanuel was that type of man, Terence thought-

laying their cards on the table was necessary.

"It's too late, Grandpa. I've ordered Mr. Castro to finish the divorce paperwork.

By now, I should be legally divorced." Then, Mackenzie continued coldly,

"There's no turning back. No matter what, I would never get married to

Emmanuel again."

“Well, Mackenzie, what if Mr. Castro hasn’t done it yet? Will you still insist on divorcing Emmanuel?” Suddenly, Beatrix strides into the room, chuckling and sticking her tongue out at Mackenzie while speaking.

As everyone in the room was not as dúmb as rocks, they all knew what her implicit message was.

“What do you mean by that, Beatrix? What did you do?” While asking, Mackenzie scowled and shot Beatrix with a frigid glare.

Beatrix shuddered in fear upon seeing this.

Nevertheless, Terence reacted instantly and quickly defended her. “You did well, Beatrix!”

At that instant, Beatrix did not need to say another word for the others to know she had done something about the divorce.

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On the other hand, Beatrix continued to lie as planned, denying all accusations. She knew that even if she could avoid Mackenzie’s retribution

for now, vengeance might still await her. Thus, she promptly pouted and

whined, "I was only wondering. I didn't do anything!"

Suddenly, Mackenzie's phone rang as soon as the last word was spoken.

At this time, Jayden Castro, Yeringham's top divorce lawyer and a man who

could solve any legal problem, called her in a panic. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Quillen!

I've lost your divorce paperwork. Don't worry, as this will only be a short delay.

I'll have everything done up again in no time!"

"Noted." After hanging up, she turned to Beatrix with a glare that threatened

to shred her sister into a million pieces. Then, Mackenzie roared, "Return the

documents to Mr. Castro now!" "I didn't take them! I did nothing!" Beatrix

refused to admit to anything and hurriedly ducked behind Terence before

Mackenzie could say another word. "I'm innocent, Grandpa!"

"Haha! I know it could never be you. The documents must have destroyed

themselves. This is destiny!" While glaring at Mackenzie, he stated, "You

cannot go against fate, Mackenzie. You are not allowed to divorce

Emmanuel!" While I've always wished for a great-grandchild, I could tell she

had fallen in love with that brat. She would undoubtedly regret it for the rest

of her life if her marriage ended like this.

My family is adamantly opposed to my divorce based on the constant

stream of lies they spew. Documents destroying themselves? How could the

chairman of a great company even say that? With a cold snort, Mackenzie

replied, "Fine, but that will depend on whether that man can change my

mind!"

After hearing this, Terence and Beatrix lit up with glee as they grinned at each

other.

In the meantime, Alfred was taken aback by her response. Is this the same

Ms. Mackenzie I know? It would appear that marriage has brought about

some changes in her. What has become of her misandry? Is it gone?

Perhaps, it just means she didn't hate Emmanuel after all.

“Well, you know what to do, Beatrix.” Terence immediately instructed his granddaughter because he was confident she was the best candidate for the task.

“Right away, Grandpa!” After saying this, she cheerfully dashed out of the room. Like Alfred, she believed that Emmanuel had brought about significant changes in Mackenzie because her sister was no longer as cold as she had been and was behaving more normally.

Meanwhile, Beatrix was furious that Emmanuel had ignored her messages.

“Dang it! Does he think I’m beneath his notice just because he quit?” She stomped her foot in rage and called him instead, but when he did not answer, she called his workplace.

“You’re looking for Emmanuel? He is currently performing surgery in the operating room. Could I pass him a message for you?” It was Frederick who answered the hospital phone. Then, he explained that Emmanuel had gained

Juan's favor ever since he demonstrated his skills, and he was not only promoted but also asked to assist with the brain surgery.

"Oh, that fool has finally shown some competence. I guess it's no surprise he would have the nerve to do something like this!" she scoffed angrily.

After hearing this, Frederick blinked in confusion before chuckling, "Girl, just who are you? If I hadn't known how oblivious Emmanuel is, I might have assumed you were his lover!"

"Hmph! Well, I am his boss. My name is Ms. Quillen. Tell him to be at Room 1314, Serenity Resort, at 6.00PM if he still wants his wife!" Beatrix was fuming with rage as she hung up the phone, thinking that after all she had done for Emmanuel, it served him right if he still couldn't win over Mackenzie.

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It was nearly 6.00PM when Emmanuel finally walked out of the operating room.

When Frederick spotted him hurriedly changing out of his scrubs, he walked over and teased, "Old boy, a girl named Ms. Quillen called. She said that if you still want your wife, you must go to Room 1314, Serenity Resort, at 6.00PM."

"Serenity Resort?" Emmanuel froze when he heard the name of the resort.

Isn't that the place I'm going to later? I thought Ms. Lenoir asked me out, so who is this Ms. Quillen? Then, he asked, "Are you sure it's a young girl?"

"That's right! She must be your wife's younger sister. So, go and reconcile with your wife. If you're even a man, then stop dawdling!" While saying this,

Frederick patted his shoulder. Mackenzie is such a perfect wife for Emmanuel because she is beautiful, wealthy, and always willing to pitch in and help with his family. In addition, she is the type of wife every man dreams about

having. If they break up over petty issues, he will likely regret it for the rest of

his life.

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Emmanuel nodded, emotions were actually warring within him. Should I

cancel my dinner with Ms. Lenoir tonight, given that we only made plans for it last night? However, I never cancel plans with others. Even so, I want to find Mackenzie, and it has been a few days since I left home. I thought I could get back to my old, quiet life as a single man, but I couldn't stop thinking about her. Sometimes, even in the shower, I will suddenly be reminded of the woman I've been living with for the past two months. Despite having never been in a relationship, I finally understand what it means to be in love now that I've been through a divorce and have had to face the prospect of moving on without the person I once loved. The dinner with Ms. Lenoir is only a token of my appreciation, so I suppose I can reschedule it. With that in mind, he exited the hospital to find a Rolls-Royce that had been circling in the area for quite some time pulled up in front of him.

Emmanuel!" Claudette cheerfully grinned at him from the back seat as she rolled down the window. I will no longer address him as Dr. Lowe, and as Aunt

Laura has pointed out, this will drive a wedge between us. Henceforth, I am a homewrecker about to become his soon-to-be legal wife!

Ms. Lenoir!" He was astonished when he saw her because he had not anticipated her waiting for him when he got off work.

Hop on." While saying this, her eyebrows arched alluringly, making it difficult for any man to refuse her.

In contrast, Emmanuel observed through the open window that Claudette was dressed impeccably and resembled the finest collector Barbie doll. "You look amazing today, Ms. Lenoir." As he complimented her, he couldn't help but feel under duress.

"Yup! It's my birthday!" Yet, she did not beat around the bush when she said this.

On the other hand, he was taken aback by her response and awkwardly replied, "I'm sorry. I didn't know. I'll go get you a present right away."

"Just get in the car!" She did not want him to leave, though, and with her head

bowed and cheeks flushed, she uttered in a barely audible voice, "Your presence is the best birthday present for me."

Huh? What did you say?" At this instant, Emmanuel felt like he had misheard Claudette.

"I—I was just saying I don't need a present. A free meal from you is the best present I could ask for." Then, she jumped at the chance to make her words less cliché.

Even so, her words made him uneasy, but since she was the birthday girl, he got into the car out of respect.

In the meantime, he was still trying to figure out who Ms. Quillen was, and he certainly didn't expect it to be Beatrix Quillen. He also didn't know anyone from Mackenzie's family, having only fleeting interactions with Terence and Felicity. Consequently, if others discovered that he had not met everyone in his wife's family despite being married to her for two months, he would

become a laughingstock.

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On the other hand, Mackenzie did not introduce Emmanuel to everyone in her family because she did not intend for their marriage to last.

In the meantime, he had hopped in Claudette's Rolls-Royce and was en route to Serenity Resort. I can meet up with Mackenzie first and ask her to join me in celebrating Claudette's birthday. If she declines to join... In that case, it will not be too late to decide.

Thirty minutes later, at Serenity Resort.

”

Mackenzie had no idea why she had arrived at the restaurant on time. Is it because of Grandpa's wishes or my own? Then, she sat in the room, waiting for Emmanuel to apologize. This is his last chance! If he still does not know it is time to appease me, he does not deserve to be a husband!

“Miss, would you like to order anything?” Not long after she sat down, a

waitress walked in to check in on her.

“Not for now,” Mackenzie replied.

“Very well. Please enjoy the view tonight. I hear there will be a meteor shower!”

The reminder prompted Mackenzie to look around the room. It is certainly quite a beautiful place. Be it in architecture or the view outside, it is breathtaking. While admiring the scenery, she froze when she noticed Emmanuel stepping out of a Rolls–Royce that had stopped outside the restaurant entrance, and as she had feared, Claudette followed him out of the car. At this instant, seeing the two walking side by side, she felt like a dagger thrust into her heart. Even though this is his last chance, he is determined to prove that he loves Claudette more than me? At this thought, her hand trembled as she grasped the glass of water, and her entire body soon followed suit out of sheer anger. She eventually reached her breaking point, and in her rage, she shattered the glass and stormed out of the room.

“Where are you going, Emmanuel? The room I booked is over there!”

Claudette was perplexed by his behavior when he entered the restaurant and looked around before walking in the opposite direction of where she was heading.

“You should head to your table first, Ms. Lenoir. I’ll meet you later.” Emmanuel didn’t have time to explain, and when he glanced at his watch, it was 6.01PM.

Mackenzie dislikes tardiness, even if it’s only a minute late. I could have arrived earlier if it weren’t for the terrible traffic. Surely, she would have the decency to wait even a minute for me.

Unbeknownst to him, Room 1314 had a view of the outside of the hotel, which included the entrances to the restaurant. When he entered the room, he found it deserted except for shattered glass on the floor.

“What’s going on? Is this a prank?” Emmanuel grumbled. Is somebody playing a trick on me, or has Mackenzie left?

What are you doing, Emmanuel?" Claudette had followed him to Room 1314.

Why is he heading into that room?

N-Nothing," he stammered and smiled nonchalantly.

Oh, I see now. The view from this room is much nicer. You booked the room

for me?" She found the room rather unique since one of the walls was entirely

made of windows, allowing them to see the scenery outside the restaurant.

As the Serenity Resort was built on the slope of the mountain, the windows

provided a view of the lake at the foot of the mountain that reflected the

stars; creating a very romantic scene.

"I-Emmanuel had intended to explain, but then he saw the awed expression

in Claudette's beautiful eyes.

"Thank you so much, Emmanuel!"

"This—" Again, he gave in to his habit of being oblivious and insensitive, but

this time it was because he didn't want to ruin her birthday by being a

letdown. Hence, he smiled and said, "As long as you like it." Mackenzie

couldn't possibly be here, right? I should definitely stop fantasizing. His heart

sank as he continued to convince himself.

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It may not be as bad as it sounds, but that doesn't mean it's good news."

Terence heaved a heavy sigh and walked away with his hands behind his

back. Soon after, Alfred followed closely behind him with his head bowed.

As they turned back to the living room, they saw Felicity approaching from

the opposite direction. Alfred noticed she was heading toward Mackenzie's

room and said nothing to stop her.

In the meantime, she knocked on her daughter's bedroom door, and after

receiving no response, she gently nudged it open. Sigh! Even now, she tends

to leave her doors unlocked. Then, she walked in and closed the door behind

her but couldn't see her daughter in the room. Where could she be hiding in

this over 1000 square foot space with several other rooms?

"Get out!"

At this instant, Felicity was startled to hear Mackenzie's voice shouting from the en-suite bathroom. Clearly, Mackenzie had heard someone enter her room, and although she did not know who it was, she knew it was not Terence.

However, Felicity did not leave but sighed as she slowly approached the bathroom door. "I've always told you that women should never feel love for men, or the consequences would be dire. All men are the same because they're dirty, disgusting devils. Why wouldn't you believe me?" As soon as she finished speaking, silence descended upon the room. At that moment, she realized her words had swayed Mackenzie. While she rarely listens to me, she has always been receptive to this philosophy. Why else would my daughter end up with misandry as serious as mine? "As women, we can only protect ourselves by being heartless. That is the only way we can be stronger. That is the only way we can make sure we have no weaknesses! Forget everything

that has happened in the past two months and just picture it all as a nightmare.” She continued to preach.

After receiving no response from her daughter, she knew she had accomplished her goal. Since the beginning, I have never supported Mackenzie and Emmanuel’s decision to get married. How could such a man be worthy of my daughter? Also, my daughter’s marriage to such a man would only lead to our family’s fall from grace, which I will never allow. Sadly, I

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am powerless to do anything while Terence is still around, and this family only listens to him. In addition, I will have to wait for a rift in the marriage before convincing my daughter to leave Emmanuel. I have always believed that if two people come from vastly different backgrounds, they will never be able to successfully navigate the challenges of a committed relationship. I’m determined to prove to Terence that he’s wasting his time. It appears that my speculations have come to fruition. At this thought, she proposed, “I’ll contact

one of the well-bred young men from Zovince in a few days. He will surely be

better than-”

“Shut up!” Mackenzie had finally spoken, interrupting Felicity with a frosty and

impatient roar. “Get out!” They clearly did not have a normal

mother-daughter relationship, as evidenced by her lack of restraint and loud

outbursts.

Very well. Still, I may be the only one who truly wants the best for you. Think

about it.” Felicity did not rush to try and sway her daughter’s decision as she

turned and left the room.

Once the silence had returned to the room, Mackenzie, sitting naked in the

tub, raised her head and let the hot water run down her delicate body. Her

eyes were tightly closed as she held the position until she felt out of breath,

her bosom rapidly rising and falling.

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“You can only protect yourself by being heartless...” Mackenzie repeatedly

muttered that line to herself as a cold smirk slowly spread across her face.

She had always been an opinionated little girl, and while she never listened to what her mother said, she never forgot that line. She never thought the day would come when she grasped its meaning.

Nevertheless, she could still picture Claudette and Emmanuel smiling at each other as they walked side by side into the restaurant earlier. However, the feeling of having a dagger thrust into her heart was still present, and agony resonated throughout her entire body.

“It’s over. It’s all over...” As she muttered, she gradually reverted to her cold and callous mindset, her face turning icy and emotionless.

Meanwhile, at the Serenity Resort, everything was as usual.

Eleanor Franks was the head captain of Serenity Resort’s front-of-house team. As one of Yeringham’s most upscale restaurants, the cost of everything in this restaurant was especially high, so everyone who dined

there was either wealthy or influential. The managers of the restaurants were well-paid, but they were held to high standards. As the head captain, she needed to maintain friendly relations with every client so they would be willing to splurge on the restaurant. She excelled in her role, and despite having been a kindergarten teacher like her sister, she was promoted from receptionist to head captain within three years of working at Serenity Resort.

On this particular day, a distinguished client was expected at the restaurant, so Eleanor waited by the doors with two beautiful servers standing next to her. Soon after, a few luxury cars drove up the slope before stopping at the restaurant's entrance. As soon as she saw them, her face lit up, and she hurried over to the group's leading vehicle and opened the back door. Then, she kept her eyes lowered and her body in a half bow as she opened the door, making it look so natural that no one would have guessed it was an act.

"You're finally here, Mr. Verkade! I've been waiting by the doors from the

moment you called," she greeted.

Jonathan was the first to exit the vehicle, but he did not immediately wrap his

arm around her or grope her butt as he normally would have. Instead, he

reminded her in hushed tones, "I have two other powerful men dining with

me today. Take good care of them. Do not overlook them in any way! Also, do

not call me Mr. Verkade tonight. Call me Mr. Jonathan or just Jonathan."

"Huh?" After a moment of disbelief, Eleanor caught on to what was happening

and nodded hastily. He's the least capable of the group! She was innately

aware of his identity as well as his background. He was, after all, a member of

the Verkade family, a powerful clan that had amassed billions. Whenever he

dined at Serenity Resort, he never failed to make his presence known by

throwing his weight around. Even so, she could tell that Jonathan felt

vulnerable and even afraid from how he looked at her and spoke.

On the other hand, her heart pounded nervously as she quickly turned to

observe the vehicles trailing the group. With a glance, she recognized the

young man who had exited the car in the middle of the crowd of vehicles. It

was Hubert Verkade, the second son of the Verkade family.

While there were no officially known “Big Four” among the families in

Yeringham, the people, especially those who worked in the entertainment

sector, like to call the wealthiest families in the city the Big Four. Hubert

Verkade was the son of the main branch of the Verkade family, -which was

considered one of the Big Four. Although he was known as a

good-for-nothing, he was a much more powerful figure than everyone else

in the family. On the contrary, he came across as merely average compared

to his talented older brother, Gautier Verkade. Hubert was a prince of the city

to ordinary citizens, so wherever he went, he was always greeted with great

enthusiasm.

Eleanor, being the head captain of a fine dining establishment, naturally kept

tabs on the city’s rich young men, so there was no way she wouldn’t have

recognized him. She was also a wise woman who would never do something as uncouth as belittling someone else to please a client, nor would she abandon Jonathan just to curry Hubert's favor. Also, she knew that if she offended Jonathan, she would earn Hubert's contempt and lose everything.

While trying to figure out how to balance her feelings for both men, she was confronted with an even more shocking sight.

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After exiting his car, Hubert sprinted to the last vehicle, gesturing for the bodyguard to step aside, and then opened the door himself. "Mr. Magnus, we have arrived!" he said, his face lit up with a grin. Since his father had entrusted him with this responsibility, he could not shirk his duty to take good care of this guest!

Gautier was supposed to host this guest but was too busy and had to ask Hubert to fill in at the last minute.

At the next moment, a man got out of the car. He was strikingly good-looking,

but his Harry Potter–like glasses gave him an air of scholarly gravitas.

On the other hand, Eleanor felt a flutter in her chest when she saw this man,

and her eyes lingered involuntarily on Magnus. Hubert is one of Yeringham’s

wealthiest young men, so seeing him treat another person with such

deference surprises me. So, who could this other man be?

“Eleanor, is our private room ready?”

Jonathan suddenly spoke, bringing her back to her senses.

“Ah, Mr. Verkade... and Mr. Jonathan, the private room is ready. Please follow

me!” She quickly adapted to the situation, and after a brief moment of shock,

she put on a radiant smile as she led the distinguished guests into the

Serenity Resort.

Meanwhile, Magnus was surprised to learn that their private room was ready,

but he said nothing.

Hubert had reserved this private room earlier, and Laura had told him that

Princess Claudette would be celebrating her birthday tonight in Room 888.

Unfortunately, there was nobody in the room when they went in. While pondering how to explain it to Magnus, he suddenly realized that Magnus had not entered the room. However, he noticed Magnus standing in the corridor, apparently lost in thought.

Nonetheless, Magnus glanced at the empty room before leaving, only to stop in front of Room 1314, where he gingerly opened the door and stood still.

Suddenly, Hubert noticed his unusual behavior and hurriedly walked over.

Seeing this, the others trailed behind him as if they were accompanying a prince on an outing.

Meanwhile, a man and a woman were engaged in lighthearted conversation and laughter inside Room 1314. The woman's face was lit up by a radiant grin, and it was clear that she was having a wonderful time.

On the other hand, Magnus stared silently at the unfolding events, and

Hubert didn't dare to speak either. Even though Hubert was a playboy who

didn't run the family business, he decided to speak less and avoid embarrassing blunders after hearing from Gautier that Magnus didn't appreciate it when people talked out of turn.

When the others noticed the two young men were silent, they stood in the corridor outside the room.

Due to the uncomfortable silence, Jonathan, thinking he was a smart aleck, followed Magnus' gaze and quickly glanced in that direction. Then, he instructed Eleanor, "Obviously, this room is better. We'll take it!" Since he was from one of the side branches of the wealthy family, he did not know whom Magnus favored nor his personality. He believed Magnus might have

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developed a crush on Claudette on that particular day, so he offered to help him. Furthermore, he had long despised Emmanuel and thought today was an excellent opportunity to kill two birds with one stone!

After hearing this, her smile froze, but it thawed out almost immediately. After

all, she knew Claudette's identity and couldn't possibly offend either of them.

So, she quickly clung to Jonathan's arm with her full chest pressed against

his hand, then blinked playfully. "Mr. Jonathan, if you like this room, let me

know in advance next time. I will make sure it's prepared for you!" I knew him

well. He is quite the womanizer, so it works wonders when women act coy

around him. Furthermore, he has a penchant for bragging and constantly

trying to outdo everyone around him.

Nonetheless, at this moment, Jonathan became more ferocious and ruthless

than ever before, and he pushed Eleanor aside callously and said, "Can't you

understand a simple request? We want this private room now!"

Then, she quickly pleaded, "Mr. Jonathan, our restaurant doesn't have a policy

of forcibly removing guests. It's extremely difficult for me to do this!"

"Rules are made by people, and today is the day to change them!" As usual,

he smirked and declared, "Anyway, I don't care how you do it, but get that

guy out of here immediately!” He did give her some leeway. Of course, I’m aware of Claudette’s social status, and Eleanor would never dare to remove her. Nevertheless, getting rid of an ordinary person like Emmanuel should be a piece of cake, right?

However, to Jonathan’s surprise, Eleanor still refused and continued to plead with a smile, “Mr. Jonathan, the private room 888 is also very nice. It has a balcony where you can gaze at the splendid stars tonight-”

Smack! Before she could finish her sentence, he slapped her hard across the face! The beautiful head captain’s face instantly turned crimson.

“Don’t you understand a simple request? You owe your income and position today mostly to me. Are you not willing to show me some respect?”

“Mr. Jonathan, I want to help you, but I don’t have the authority to do what you ask. If I were to do it, it would tarnish the reputation of Serenity Resort, and the boss would fire me-” Despite her swollen face, Eleanor still refused to compromise. Deep down, she knew that these spoiled rich youngsters

were capricious. When they liked you or thought you were useful, they'd throw you a bone and make you wag your tail for them, so when things went wrong, they wouldn't help. She worked here for the money and wouldn't jeopardize her job just to please a young man like him. Who would support her in the future if she lost her job? She knew in the eyes of these rich kids she wasn't even considered a human; she was just a dog to them!

Seeing that she was adamant about not doing it, Jonathan had no choice but to enter the private room himself!

At this moment, Hubert quickly whispered to Magnus, "My cousin Jonathan is a loyal friend. He's always ready to go to great lengths for his friends and superiors."

In response, Magnus nodded slightly but remained silent.

On the other hand, Jonathan knew his position very well! Being from a distant branch of the Verkade family, he was born a step below the legitimate heirs.

He had to constantly please the family's main branch to survive, as he knew he was nothing more than a loyal dog to the Verkade family! If a dog wanted praise and bones from its master, it had to be ready to attack anyone on command.

Also, he had a few brothers and wasn't the oldest or the most talented. If he wanted more, he had to earn the favor of his father, and to do that, he needed the approval of his father's master! He knew he could not impress Gautier, so Jonathan stayed by Hubert's side. Despite Hubert's lack of abilities, he still held the status of his father's master. Tonight, for the sake of his own future and to settle a score, Jonathan was willing to risk it all and confront Emmanuel, that b*stard!

Chapter 360

Meanwhile, the two people having dinner inside had heard the commotion outside the door, which Claudette had chosen to ignore.

Emmanuel received a call at this time, and the caller ID displayed Eve's

name, with whom he had recently reestablished contact. He knew her personality well, and she wouldn't bother talking to him if it wasn't about something significant. So, despite knowing that someone was causing trouble outside, he answered the call.

"Hello, Emmanuel?"

"Yes, it's me!"

After confirming the person's identity on the other end of the line, she proceeded immediately to the subject at hand. "Our old enemy has arrived in Yeringham!"

He trembled immediately upon hearing this and whispered, "The traitor from back then?" Then, he reflected back three years to when the person who had betrayed the Wolf Warrior Unit's intelligence turned out to be a bounty-hunting undercover agent. The old Northern Region commander had given him the person's name before he retired, but after that, he vanished entirely, and no one has been able to track this person down. Unexpectedly,

she now possessed information about him.

“Yes, I have his name and appearance registered. As soon as he enters

Yeringham, someone will inform me!” Eve sounded confident.

Emmanuel believed her as well. The current Eve is constantly monitoring the

situation in Yeringham, so she would be the first to know if our enemy

showed up! Unexpectedly, what they had been seeking desperately came

without any effort. “So, Eve, have you found his whereabouts?”

“Yes, he is currently at Serenity Resort!”

“What?!” He was shocked upon hearing this. Is it possible that my former

enemy is now in the same location as me? Is this a coincidence? Or...?

On the other hand, Jonathan had already approached him and lightly

tapped the table before him while smiling. “Sir, let me apologize first. This

private room is reserved for us tonight. If you leave now, I can give you a tip

as a thank you. Otherwise-” He intentionally paused mid-sentence.

After that, Emmanuel put down his phone and glanced at him without saying a word.

Seeing that he was unmoved, Jonathan had to let his threatening words out.

“It seems you’re choosing an awkward outcome for both of us. Why bother?

It’s embarrassing for you and would be rude of us too!”

However, Emmanuel lowered his head, and just when Jonathan thought he

would give in, Emmanuel raised his knife and fork and continued cutting his

steak in front of him. After a small bite, Emmanuel looked at Claudette and

asked, “I thought you said you only invited me to your birthday tonight?”

She nodded and replied, “Yes, but some people like to come uninvited. I can’t

control them, and I’m sorry for that!”

Emmanuel sighed and complimented, “It’s all because you’re such a stunning

swan, Ms. Lenoir. I, a toad, am unworthy of you. The last time we played a

shooting video game, someone shot me, for your sake. The last time we went

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bungee jumping, someone sabotaged the rope. And now, when I'm having a meal with you, a group of people harass me and give me a hard time. When I'm with other people, I never experience such treatment because I go to regular restaurants where I don't encounter these people. Dining in those places is pleasant as everyone is polite, and there's no barking or clamor!"

Upon hearing the word "barking," Jonathan frowned deeply.

Still, Claudette refused to look at Jonathan, fearing it would affect her good mood for the day. Hence, she sighed and continued apologizing, "Emmanuel, dogs are incapable of understanding human nature. It's hard for me to predict what they might do!"

Emmanuel nodded and said, "Well, I don't blame you! It's your birthday today, and I hope you have a pleasant time!" After saying this, he raised his glass.

Afterward, the two of them clinked glasses, completely ignoring Jonathan!