

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 41-50

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 41-“How about we make a bet, Lexi?” proposed Beatrix confidently. “I think this man will leave her by the end of this year, which is three months from now. Either she throws him out, or he leaves of his own volition. If he succeeds and even spends the new years at the Quillen residence, I lose!” There’s no way a man can tolerate my misandristic sister for three months. I know she’s only married to him to please Grandpa. Nothing substantial will come out of this relationship, much less a baby. Once Grandpa runs out of patience and urges Sarah to marry someone, Mackenzie will be free.

Meanwhile, Lexi was amused. What am I going to bet with her? I’m just a part-timer!

Excitedly, Beatrix continued, “If I win, I’ll remain single for the rest of my life. If I lose, I’ll marry someone and give birth to a baby boy for the Quillen family!” Seeing Beatrix’s enthusiasm, Lexi didn’t feel right to refuse the bet. Whether she wins or loses the bet doesn’t affect me, though. It seems like she’s just making a bet with herself.

“What are you two talking about outside? Come in!” commanded Mackenzie coldly from inside her office.

As boisterous and wayward as Beatrix was, even she couldn’t help but shudder when she heard her sister’s voice. Swiftly, she entered the room while sticking her tongue out. “Morning, Mackenzie!” “Good morning, Ms. Quillen!” Lexi greeted her with a smile.

In response, Mackenzie sneered as she tossed her phone to the table. It was the photos Lexi had taken that Beatrix sent her. “Mind explaining to me what’s going on with this?” Lexi was trembling a little as she faced her employer’s frigid countenance.

After sticking her tongue out again, Beatrix contended, “As your sister, I have the responsibility of overseeing your happiness, Mackenzie! It’s only normal that I need to expose my brother-in-law’s flirtatious acts when I learned of it!” “Expose him?” Amused, Mackenzie asked rhetorically, “Even when he’s merely attending a banquet with his sister?” “Huh? His sister?” Lexi was shocked because she genuinely didn’t know Roselynn was Emmanuel’s sister.

It wasn't until half a second later that Beatrix reacted similarly. "What? His sister?" Mackenzie glared at her sister coldly, making her feel as though she had fallen into a frozen cellar. "Why do I feel like you already know what's going on, Trixy?" Out of her three sisters, she had the best relationship with Beatrix, which was why the latter was the only one she would refer to by a nickname.

In any case, everyone in the Quillen family and Terence Group knew Mackenzie was a human lie detector.

Once she glared at someone, they wouldn't be able to lie any further.

Hence, Beatrix immediately tried to placate her sister. "I'm doing this so you'll have something to talk about with Emmanuel. Otherwise, you probably won't exchange more than a few sentences with him in a year." Lexi nodded in agreement. It's not impossible for a woman like Ms. Quillen to go a whole year without speaking to a man!

"Don't give me that! I don't want you to do anything like this again!" reprimanded Mackenzie. They have no idea how awkward I felt last night! I've never been so embarrassed before!

"Yes, Ms. Quillen!" Lexi nodded.

"Understood!" Beatrix stuck her tongue out.

Despite her promise, she'd still investigate Emmanuel if she saw him spending time with other women.

At that moment, Mackenzie's phone rang. It was from Emmanuel.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 42-"What? You want to borrow money from me again?" Mackenzie furrowed her brows. "How much?" "Three thousand. Can you spare it?" Mackenzie was annoyed at his request for a loan.

When she previously gave him an allowance, he refused it out of his chauvinistic pride. Yet, he kept borrowing money from her time and again.

Men are such prideful creatures! What a joke!

"I'll definitely pay you back once I receive my salary." "Pay me back? How much do you earn? How are you going to keep your promise of giving me five

thousand a month?” Mackenzie asked sarcastically, causing Emmanuel to fall silent.

1 Money really makes the world go round. Given how little I make, I can't even pay back three thousand, let alone give her five!

“I'll definitely think of something. I can even get a second job!” Upon hearing Emmanuel's answer, Mackenzie let out a sneer before ending the call.

Emmanuel, sitting at home, sighed in resignation when the call-end tone rang out in his ears.

He had wanted to take his mother to the hospital for treatment and budgeted three thousand for the visit. Unfortunately, he had lent all his money to Frederick.

Ding!

The next moment, he received a fund transfer notification of thirty thousand on his phone.

Mackenzie had tagged a message onto it: Mr. Lowe, if you need money the next time, just say so instead of hanging onto your pride unnecessarily.

Truth be told, she was happy to give him an allowance.

Not just because he needed money for household expenses, but he also deserved a huge reward for helping her out with the strategic warehouse project.

Nevertheless, Emmanuel felt that his pride was hurt and gritted his teeth as he replied: Thank you, Ms. Quillen. I'll definitely return the money to you!” Mackenzie was subsequently annoyed to receive his message.

Why is he behaving like a stranger when both of us are husband and wife?

Meanwhile, Alessandra had gone to Benny's house to borrow money.

“Alessandra, I don't have any money to spare.” Benny avoided her like the plague when he realized that she came for a loan. “We have just bought a new house, while Jack needs to pay more than ten thousand in monthly installments for his Porsche. How am I to lend you any money when we can barely cover our monthly expenses? Why don't you check with Chester

instead?” Grimacing while putting her hand on her upper abdomen, Alessandra continued with a pale look on her face, “Benny, I promise to pay you back within the month, all right?” If it wasn’t for the excruciating pain in her kidneys, she would never come to Benny for a loan.

She knew exactly what sort of person Benny was, let alone their financial situation.

Benny owned a scrap metal business. Even though business now wasn’t as bustling as the good old days, he had made more than ten million over the last twenty years. Hence, regardless of how much he had splurged, he would easily still have a few million left.

Unfortunately, Alessandra didn’t expect him to remain as stingy as before. He was not even willing to lend her a paltry three thousand.

“Alessandra, read my lips. I don’t have any money to lend you. Nothing you say will change that fact.” Irritated by her persistence, Benny bellowed, “Why don’t you ask your son for money instead? Isn’t it embarrassing that his mother needs to go around borrowing money despite him being a grown man?” Alessandra waved her hands frantically as she defended her son, “I came here on my own accord. He didn’t ask me to do it.” “What’s the difference? Your son is a good-for-nothing!” Once Benny got started, he couldn’t hold himself back. “Look at my son. He’s only twenty-seven and is preparing for his second baby. As for Emmanuel, he’s already twenty-eight but isn’t even married. And now, he can’t even take care of his own mother! He’s nothing but a disgrace to the Lowe family!” Alessandra swiftly turned around and replied, “Stop!

I’m leaving... I’ll leave now!” At that moment, she was struck by the cruelties of life.

Even though she failed to get a loan, she turned around after a short deliberation. “By the way, Benny, Manny is married and will come home early next month. I would like to invite your family over for a meal then!” Alessandra just had to stand up for her son. Who says he can’t get a wife?

Benny was indeed jolted by the revelation before breaking into a grin. “Good. I’ll definitely come over with a huge wedding gift!” What kind of wife can he get with an annual salary of eighty thousand? She must be poor and ugly. When the time comes, my son can show off his beautiful wife instead!

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 43-Upon receiving the loan, Emmanuel went to pick up Alessandra in a taxi.

“Mom, why did you come to Uncle Benny’s house?” Emmanuel asked Alessandra when she emerged from Benny’s residential area.

“I—It’s nothing! I wanted to inform him of your marriage and invite him over for a meal just to get to know each other better,” Alessandra lied with a sheepish smile.

In spite of that, Emmanuel knew that she must have asked Benny for a loan. Moreover, she was hiding the fact that she was rejected in order for him not to resent his uncle.

Emmanuel had no illusions as to what kind of person Benny was. Despite the latter’s wealth, he had never lent them a single penny. If that wasn’t bad enough, Benny’s family, being cheap, would take whatever they fancied every time they dropped by Emmanuel’s home for a visit.

“Mom, Mackenzie has given me thirty thousand. I can afford to pay for your treatment now,” Emmanuel informed her once she got into the car.

“What? You borrowed another thirty thousand?” The news shocked Alessandra.

Previously, Emmanuel had told her about the sixty–thousand loan he had given to Frederick to pay for his mother’s medical fees. She didn’t blame him since both of them were best friends. However, she didn’t want Emmanuel to lose his wife on the account of his friend.

“Manny, does this mean that you didn’t give her any betrothal gifts? Or even something to seal the engagement with?” “No, I didn’t.” Emmanuel shook his head with a wry smile. “Mackenzie has plenty of money, so this is something that isn’t important to her.” “Are you silly?” The exasperated Alessandra poked his head. “There’s no girl in this world who doesn’t like presents. On top of that, who marries without giving a betrothal gift? Even if the girl is rich, you still have to gift her something to seal the engagement!” Emmanuel sighed in response. Not getting Mackenzie a gift wasn’t his intention. He just couldn’t afford it for the time being. If he ended up getting her something cheap, he was worried that she would look down on him because of that.

Just as Alessandra wanted to press her case, her raging emotions caused her kidneys to hurt again.

Cold sweat broke out across her forehead as she held her upper abdomen.

“Driver, please step on it!” After urging the driver to hurry, Emmanuel tried to ease his mother’s pain by applying pressure on her acupoints.

Upon their arrival at the hospital ten minutes later, he dashed into the internal medicine department with Alessandra on his back.

The scene caught the attention of many at the hospital entrance.

Seated in the back seat of a Bentley, Mackenzie coincidentally caught a glimpse of them.

Is the person Emmanuel carrying his mother? What happened to her? Her condition looks more serious than mine.

“Ms. Quillen, we have arrived at the hospital.” Lexi quickly alighted from the driver’s seat and came over to open the door.

A short while ago, Mackenzie suffered a gastric attack during work. Thus, Lexi rushed her to the hospital and was now offering to help her out of the car.

“I’m fine. I can walk by myself.” Mackenzie’s reply caused Lexi to realize the faux pas she committed.

Given the former’s dominant character, she didn’t want to enter the hospital looking terribly weak, for fear of creating an impression that she was a sickly woman in the event someone recognized her.

In spite of her concerns, Mackenzie, due to her outstanding natural beauty, was still immediately spotted the moment she stepped into the hospital.

“Ms. Quillen, it’s a pleasure to see you!” A bald middle-aged man with two bodyguards behind him approached Mackenzie.

In response, Lexi and Mackenzie’s bodyguards came forward to block his way.

“The pleasure is mine, Mr. Chamberlain.” Mackenzie was not only unwilling to shake his hand but also kept her distance. Nevertheless, she reciprocated with a greeting on the account the man was an influential businessman.

“Haha, it’s an honor that you still remember me, Ms. Quillen.” With a broad smile on his face, Joel Chamberlain probed, “What brings you here, Ms. Quillen?”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 44-“It’s none of your business!” Mackenzie snapped before walking off.

“Haha, see you next time, Ms. Quillen!” Despite Mackenzie’s arrogance, Joel had no choice but to maintain a cordial smile.

After all, the Quillen family wasn’t one he could afford to offend.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel had laid Alessandra down on the bed of a single ward. After that, he massaged her acupoints to alleviate the pain.

Soon, a doctor who specialized in internal medicine arrived.

His name was Darren Chase and was acquainted with Emmanuel.

The sight of Emmanuel treating his mother elicited a furrowed brow from Darren. As a doctor of modern medicine, he wasn’t familiar with traditional medicine.

In spite of his disdain for gynecologists like Emmanuel, he maintained a polite smile on his face. “Dr. Lowe, why did you bring the patient here when you know how to treat her yourself? It’s not like you’re unaware of how busy the hospital is.” Turning around, Emmanuel anxiously explained, “The condition of my mom’s kidney is really bad, not to mention that she only has one left that’s functioning. I decided to bring her here since she needs modern medicine to reduce the inflammation and round-the-clock care.” Even though Emmanuel was trained in traditional medicine, he wasn’t averse to modern medicine.

Instead, he was someone who believed in the effectiveness of combining the two.

When it came to inflamed kidneys, the injection techniques of modern medicine were more efficient and effective than relying on the herbs of traditional medicine.

“In that case, come with me and complete the admission paperwork on your mother’s behalf.” “Sure.” Emmanuel instructed the nurse to hook Alessandra up to a drip before heading out with Darren.

When he returned, he was surprised to see his mom 3/3 standing outside alone with the mobile drip stand.

“Mom, what’s going on? Why are you standing outside?” Surprised and feeling bad for her, Emmanuel hurried to her side.

Bearing the pain in her kidney, Alessandra gave him a helpless look. “A hospital staff came in to inform me that the ward has been reserved by someone else and kicked me out of it. On top of that, they’re unable to find a room for me!” Emmanuel’s brows knitted in response. Throughout the two years he worked in the hospital, such a situation was a rare occurrence.

Thereafter, he went to see the nurse in charge of the wards.

“Dr. Lowe, the wards are allocated by the attending physicians. Dr. Chase has assigned it to someone else,” the nurse explained.

Emmanuel was outraged by the answer.

He could clearly remember that the hospital didn’t have a policy for reserving wards. Moreover, his mother had clearly come first with Darren’s knowledge.

Therefore, he wondered how the room was allocated to someone else right when he went to complete the paperwork.

Consequently, when Emmanuel requested to see Darren, the latter found an excuse not to come.

At that moment, two burly men in suits who looked like bodyguards emerged from the ward.

“Haha, Mr. Chamberlain has reserved this ward, so stop causing trouble here and move along!” “That’s right. You can’t afford to bear the consequences of interrupting his rest.” In a fit of rage, Emmanuel barged into the ward. Upon reading the man’s medical file, he was further infuriated.

This so-called Joel Chamberlain is only suffering from an inflamed prostate which can easily be cured by medication. There's no need for him to be hospitalized, yet he insists on taking over Mom's room. This is outrageous!

"Hey, kid, who are you? What are you doing?" Joel questioned in an intimidating voice when he saw Emmanuel.

Suppressing his fury, Emmanuel replied politely, "Mr.

Chamberlain, your condition doesn't require any hospitalization. On top of that, my mom came here first. Can you let her have the ward back? Thank you." Joel was momentarily stunned before guffawing out loud. "Is this a joke? Who the hell are you? Why should I give you the room?" I arranged to be hospitalized on purpose so that I can enjoy the company's medical benefits. Getting paid for doing nothing just feels great!

As his fingers balled into fists, Emmanuel couldn't come up with a solution to the impasse.

Meanwhile, a loud crash was heard outside the ward, followed by a commotion.

With no time to argue any further with Joel, Emmanuel rushed out of the ward to be greeted by the sight of Alessandra grimacing on the floor.

"Mom! Mom!"

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 45-"Haha! Do you think pretending to be dead will work on me?" Joel swaggered out of the room and saw Alessandra lying on the ground in pain. Not only did he not show any sympathy, but he also remarked sarcastically, "It's not going to work, but I might pray for you if you were to die here!" The medical staff at the scene couldn't help but think that Joel was inhumane and too arrogant.

A VIP ward was located at the end of the corridor, which was reserved for their distinguished customers.

Since the Quillen family was one of the hospital investors, Mackenzie was also staying in that VIP ward.

Upon hearing the commotion, Lexi couldn't stop herself from exiting the ward and checking things out. After that, she rushed back into the ward and

exclaimed, "Things don't look good, Ms. Quillen! Emmanuel's mom is lying on the floor in the corridor." Mackenzie narrowed her eyes in response. After giving it some thought, she endured the pain of her stomach flu and went to the entrance to check the situation out.

At that moment, Emmanuel was clenching his fists, but he wasn't having a go at Joel. Instead, he was busy trying to lessen the pain Alessandra was suffering from.

"He's a patient man! If it were me, I would've started beating that bald man up!" Lexi grumbled.

On the other hand, Mackenzie was smiling, and it seemed like she had a different viewpoint. "Have you not heard about a saying, Lexi?" "Huh? What is it, Ms. Quillen?" Lexi was slightly stumped.

"To lose patience is to lose the battle," Mackenzie revealed.

Lexi shuddered lightly, and she seemed to have understood what Mackenzie said. Is Ms. Quillen *

admiring Emmanuel's patience?

Indeed, if Emmanuel were to beat Joel up, he would only worsen the situation. In fact, Alessandra could not even get kicked out of the hospital. When Emmanuel chose to treat Alessandra, not only was he making her feel better, but he was also avoiding unnecessary conflicts. Hence, he knew his priority was to get a room for Alessandra.

"Haha! You can play dead all you want! I'm never letting you have this room!" Joel provoked Emmanuel and Alessandra again before returning to his ward, crossing his legs, and lying on the bed leisurely.

Seeing that, a lot of the medical staff were murmuring among themselves.

Emmanuel, however, merely kept mum and brought Alessandra away from there.

Since there wasn't any empty ward in the internal medicine department, Emmanuel had to bring Alessandra to Department of Gynecology. Once he settled Alessandra down, he looked forward to settling scores with Joel.

Click!

The moment the commotion in the corridor subsided, someone opened the door to Joel's ward.

"Who the f*ck is it this time around?" Joel was annoyed. Why is staying in this hospital such a hassle?

When he saw two beautiful ladies walking in, he immediately got out of bed and smiled respectfully.

"Hi, Ms. Quillen. What brought you here?" Mackenzie wasn't in the mood to chat with him, so she asked, "I want this ward. May I have it?" "What?" Joel froze momentarily. What's with this ward?

Why are so many people after it?

"Quick! Give me an answer!" Mackenzie shot him a sharp gaze.

Joel shivered when he saw the look in Mackenzie's eyes. How can I say no to her?

Since Joel's company was working on a collaboration with Terence Group, he knew he was at Mackenzie's mercy.

"Haha! It's an honor to be staying in the same ward as you, Ms. Quillen!" Joel uttered.

"Cut the crap! Buzz off!" Mackenzie roared.

"Yes! I heard you!" Joel, who was behaving arrogantly just moments prior, didn't even dare to get changed before running out of the room. Obviously, he couldn't afford to mess with Mackenzie.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel and Alessandra were at the front desk checking if any ward was available.

Suddenly, he received a text from a nurse on WhatsApp telling him that a room was available in the internal medicine department, and it was ready for them.

Emmanuel was puzzled, and he quickly thanked the nurse and brought Alessandra back to the ward.

When the nurse led them to the ward, they were surprised to find it was the same room as before, but Joel was nowhere to be seen.

“What happened? Who helped me?” Emmanuel asked curiously. Someone must’ve helped me. Otherwise, this wouldn’t have happened. That bald man said there.

was no way he would give up the ward. Yet, everything changed all of a sudden.

The nurse shook her head in response, indicating that she knew nothing about it.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 46-“Haha! There are so many kind people in the world!” Alessandra was elated because she needed as much rest as she could get.

Right then, Emmanuel received a text on his WhatsApp.

Claudette texted: Are you free now, Dr. Lowe? I’m here for another checkup!

Emmanuel had an epiphany. Ms. Lenoir helped us!

Otherwise, how would she know I was in the hospital?

I’m not supposed to be on duty today.

Emmanuel replied: Sure! I’ll go over to Department of Gynecology right away!

Emmanuel would always repay others for the kindness he received. Since Claudette had helped him, he was determined to repay her.

Upon returning to Department of Gynecology, Emmanuel did a checkup for Claudette.

During the procedure, Claudette was sizing him up awkwardly. Why is Dr. Lowe so friendly today?

“Fortunately, you came in time, Ms. Lenoir!” Emmanuel said.

“What?” Claudette was stunned. Is my condition that serious?

Emmanuel smiled and answered, "You're not suffering from a relapse. It's just that you've been having too much cold drinks, and it's causing your lower abdomen to hurt. You'll be fine if you drink more warm water after this! If you were to come later, it would've subsided on its own!" "Oh, I see!" Claudette let out a chuckle because she thought Emmanuel was being funny. After that, she uttered in an awkward tone, "Thank you, Dr. Lowe! I was born with this sickness, and you're the only one who can cure it!" "You're welcome!" Emmanuel waved his hands dismissively.

Just as Claudette was about to leave reluctantly, Emmanuel suddenly said, "By the way, when will you be free, Ms. Lenoir? I would like to buy you dinner." "Huh?" Claudette froze. So this man actually knows how to ask girls out as well?

"If it's inconvenient for you, it's fine!" Emmanuel wanted to repay her for helping to arrange the ward, but he couldn't do much if she weren't comfortable accepting the invitation.

"No! I'm free every night!" Claudette responded excitedly. However, she quickly concealed her excitement when she realized she had to be more reserved.

"Will tonight work?" Emmanuel asked.

"Sure!" Just like that, the appointment was set. Emmanuel then went back to the ward to take care of Alessandra. At around six in the evening, he got ready to meet with Claudette for dinner. Suddenly, his phone rang.

Emmanuel was weirded out when he saw it was a call from Mackenzie. What made that indifferent woman take the initiative to call me? Is she calling me by mistake?

"Hello. What is it?" Emmanuel picked up the call.

"Hey! Where have you been all day?" Mackenzie's tone was as cold as always.

She decided to head home earlier due to her stomach flu, and she was waiting for Emmanuel to make dinner for her because she didn't want to eat out.

To her surprise, Emmanuel replied, "I have an appointment tonight. I'll be home late!" "What? An appointment?" Mackenzie was taken aback.

"Yes. What do you need, exactly?" Emmanuel was getting irritated. This emotionless woman has never paid much attention to me. Why is she acting so weird today?

"Nothing!" Mackenzie hung up the phone angrily.

Beep!

Beep!

Emmanuel furrowed his brows after she hung up on him. This woman is so hard to get along with.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 47-At almost ten that night, Mackenzie sat on the living room couch while drinking milk, applying a facial mask, and scrolling through her Instagram.

That was her routine before bed every night. She wasn't doing it for entertainment purposes, but she was actually keeping an eye out for business news on Instagram.

However, she accidentally stumbled upon Claudette's post.

Since she and Claudette were both from families involved in business, they were friends and competitors at the same time.

Oh? Ms. Lenoir is having dinner with a man tonight.

Judging from the caption, it seems like the man has taken her out for dinner, and she's showing off on social media! A smile appeared on Mackenzie's face. I got married secretly, and Ms. Lenoir, who had been single all this while, had also found herself a man!

Click!

Right then, the front door was pushed open, and Emmanuel was seen walking in.

Mackenzie swept a glance at him, and she initially wanted to ignore him. However, she suddenly looked at him again when she realized something was amiss.

Mackenzie was utterly shocked by what she was seeing. Why is he wearing the same outfit as the man Ms. Lenoir was having dinner with?

Mackenzie checked the photo Claudette uploaded once again, and she came to a conclusion immediately. He's the man in the photo! The man Claudette showed off on Instagram is my husband!

Mackenzie was enraged, but she concealed it.

Emmanuel didn't notice anything odd about Mackenzie's behavior. He then glanced at the kitchen and saw everything was still where they were before.

"Did you not have dinner tonight? You can't replace proper meals with snacks. You aren't doing your digestive system any good." Just as Emmanuel was giving his advice, he turned around and suddenly sensed a drop in the room temperature.

With an icy glare, Mackenzie asked, "Mr. Lowe, which woman did you have a romantic dinner with?" Emmanuel was startled, but he replied truthfully, "It wasn't a romantic dinner. I was merely buying dinner for a friend." "Oh? Did you borrow money from me to buy dinner for a woman? You're a generous man, aren't you?" Mackenzie flashed a half-smile. How dare this man borrow money from his wife to take another woman out for dinner? What a clever move!

Emmanuel could tell Mackenzie was pissed off, and he found it weird. "Ms. Quillen, I bought her dinner because she helped me today! I'll pay you back the money I owe you as soon as possible." Mackenzie got even more annoyed upon hearing that. I'm legally his wife. I lent him money and helped his mom get into the ward. In return, he left me at home to have dinner with another woman! How is that appropriate? All men are trashy!

"Since you've said that, please pay me back the money on time next month!" Mackenzie demanded in a cold tone and walked toward the room.

As soon as she arrived at the door to the room, she suddenly said, "Also, I might be busy early next month."

I'll have to see if I can still visit your place!" What? Emmanuel had an innocent expression on his face. This woman had always been cold and indifferent, but she had never been petty. In fact, she doesn't look like someone who breaks promises.

What's with her tonight? She already promised to meet Mom. Why is she going back on her words now? Mom is going to be disappointed if she doesn't show up.

Roselynn is going to get angry as well. Ugh... I'll just see how things go. For now, I need to find ways to make more money. Otherwise, I won't be able to overcome my financial difficulties.

When Emmanuel was at work the next day, he was using his phone to browse for a part-time job on the internet.

After filtering the options and sorting the options based on the salaries offered, the offer that ranked first was a job offered by Terence Group.

"A part-time representative of projects with a base salary of four thousand, excluding commission?" Emmanuel mumbled to himself and read the job – description. This job is rather similar to the mission Mackenzie gave me before. She gave me the task privately, and I didn't have to undergo the recruitment process the last time around. That was why I wasn't paid. Well, I need money urgently, and I have experience doing this. Mmm, it seems like this is my best option!

That afternoon, Emmanuel asked Frederick to fill in for him and left the hospital earlier so that he could go for the interview at Terence Group.

He thought there wouldn't be many going after the job since the position was low and the salary was average compared to other positions. However, when he arrived at Terence Group for the interview, the place was packed.

People of all ages and genders were there, hoping to get the job.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 48-Terence Group was the leading enterprise in Yeringham. Therefore, every office worker wanted to join the company.

Emmanuel casually flipped through a few resumes while submitting his. He realized a majority of the applicants had a bachelor's degree from either local

or international universities. There were even postgraduates who applied for the position.

This is ridiculous! It's just an errand-boy position, and the benefits aren't that great. Still, it attracted so many talented people to apply for it. Looks like many want to use this position as their steppingstone to join Terence Group.

As compared to theirs, Emmanuel's resume was not as impressive, and his skills were not a match.

When he placed his resume down, he heard a familiar voice.

"Haha! Even an illiterate person wants to join Terence Group. He's totally building castles in the air." Emmanuel turned around to find the voice belonged to Milani's brother, Jacob.

Although Jacob was like a ruffian, he had a bachelor's degree. Hence, he wanted to try his luck in Terence Group.

If he got accepted, he could work together with Milani.

Jacob's words invoked hushed discussions among the young people in the precinct.

"Haha! A high school graduate is joining in the fun, eh?" "Don't make fun of others. Perhaps he just returned from serving in the army." "He should just apply for the security guard position with his qualifications. Why bother wasting everyone's time?" Emmanuel looked impassive on the outside when he heard their comments. Deep down, a myriad of emotions was brewing in his heart.

Truth was, he did not choose to join the army because he did not do well in school. Guarding the front lines and protecting the country had been something the men in the Lowe family had been doing.

In fact, his father died at a young age because he sacrificed himself for the nation.

1 If not for the mistake he made at Northern Region, Emmanuel would not have returned to Yeringham with a grudge. And now, his resume was nothing compared to the others.

What he did not expect was that he actually passed the first interview by just submitting his resume.

On top of that, he spotted another familiar face while novelin waiting in the lounge for his final interview.

“Mom? Why are you here?” Emmanuel called out.

Jacob and the others, who were staring at him just now, whispered among themselves, “Not only is he a high school graduate, but he brought his mother along, too.” “This is really crazy and embarrassing!” “Hmph. Is he trying to get hired with such qualifications? Dream on.” Emmanuel’s fury intensified when he heard the crowd’s comments. However, he could not be bothered to entertain them. He quickly made his way to Alessandra and asked, “Mom, shouldn’t you be resting in the ward?”

Why are you here?” Alessandra originally wanted to hide from him, but now that Emmanuel had approached her, she could only sigh and explain, “You didn’t give your wife a betrothal gift, nor did you buy anything for her. Now, you’re even borrowing money from her. It makes me feel really uncomfortable. Anyway, I heard they’re hiring cleaners here, and the benefits are better than in most other places. That’s why I’m here.” Emmanuel’s heart clenched when he heard that.

In the past, he was not interested in money at all.

Recently, he began to understand the pain of not having money.

His mother was already fifty–seven years old, yet she still had to work with her sick body for his marriage.

Jacob snickered when he heard their conversation.

“Do they really think this will work?” “They’re just wasting their time.” “Terence Group is not a charity organization. You guys should stop wasting your time.” The young people around them thought the duo was just putting on a show to gain sympathy. How embarrassing.

Just then, a woman dressed in professional attire asked loudly, “Is Alessandra Cadigan still here?” “Yes! I’m here!” Alessandra quickly raised her hand and hurried over while suppressing the pain in her body.

“You’ve been accepted. You may come to work the day after tomorrow.”
“Huh? Okay. Thank you! Thank you so much!” Alessandra thanked profusely.

Meanwhile, Jacob was at a loss for words.

The mouths of the young people around were opened wide, even though they did not know what position she was interviewed for.

Never did they imagine an old woman like her could get hired by a leading enterprise.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 49-“Who’s Emmanuel Lowe?” the office lady asked.

“That’s me!” Emmanuel hurriedly raised his hand.

“Come in for your final interview.” With that said, the office lady left, and Emmanuel hurried after her.

Jacob and the others were totally shock.

There were so many people waiting there, yet the person in charge picked Emmanuel to be the first to go through the final interview.

Even Emmanuel himself was puzzled.

He walked down a corridor and entered a bright office.

The moment he saw the beautiful woman sitting at the desk, he exclaimed, “Ms. Beatrix, it’s you?” Beatrix had her hair tied into a double ponytail and wore a high schooler’s uniform. She looked just like a high schooler.

“You’re here! Come on. Have a seat,” Beatrix greeted, though she looked unfriendly like a devil in disguise.

She knew all about his dinner with Claudette last night.

How bold of him! He already has a gorgeous wife, yet he has the guts to flirt with other women. How insolent! What happened last time was a misunderstanding, but there’s no way Claudette is his relative this time. I’m going to teach him a lesson on Mackenzie’s behalf!

Emmanuel found her a little scary, but he still sat down calmly and asked, "Ms. Beatrix, are you the one hiring?" He had always suspected Beatrix was Mackenzie's boss. Otherwise, it made no sense that the former knew him.

"Of course!" Beatrix lifted her head slightly.

Truth was, Mackenzie let Beatrix handle some projects that were running stably. One of them included the construction project with Cloud Construction that was about to complete.

She had been a management trainee for some time. And now, she finally had the opportunity to be in charge of some projects. Naturally, she was excited.

Never did she expect Emmanuel would apply for the job she just put up.

This is interesting.

"Be honest and I'll be lenient. Have you ever had any affairs?" "Huh?" Emmanuel's lips twitched as he stared at Beatrix, who was questioning him, her arms on her hips.

Why does it feel like this woman's interrogating me?

It took him a while to ask, "Is this question a part of the interview?" "Yes." Beatrix was clearly not destined to be a qualified interviewer. She threatened him, "You'll pass the interview if you're honest. Tell me a single lie and you'll be disqualified." She even made a slicing motion with her hands.

"No!" Emmanuel answered resolutely.

Beatrix was taken aback, and she studied his facial expression.

With her level of intelligence and ability to identify lies, she could tell he was not lying. He was not blushing, nor did he do any subconscious moves to conceal the truth. In fact, he looked incredibly calm.

Does that mean he and Claudette haven't slept with each other yet?

The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. Claudette was a daughter of a wealthy family. There's no way she'll let someone take advantage of her so easily.

“Have you ever had a candlelight dinner with another woman without your wife’s knowledge?” With her hands pressed on the table, Beatrix stood up and glared daggers at him.

Emmanuel could not help but frown, wondering why Beatrix’s questions were so weird. Is she out of her mind?

Moreover, she was behaving weirdly as well.

“Answer me, or I’ll disqualify you.” “No.” “What? No?” Beatrix was shocked. How is he able to lie so naturally?

Could his previous answer be a lie, too? Wow, this is impressive. I’m going to expose you!

“What’s this, then?” Beatrix opened her Instagram account and showed him Claudette’s picture.

Sure enough, there was a change in Emmanuel’s expression.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 50-“Hehe. You have nothing to say for yourself now, right?” Beatrix smiled gleefully. Just as she was about to teach him a lesson, Emmanuel said calmly, “This isn’t a candlelight dinner. I’m only treating her to a meal to thank her.” “Huh? Thank her?” Beatrix was surprised.

That never crossed Beatrix’s mind. “I was the one who helped you that night. You should be treating me instead. Why are you treating her to a meal? Is it because you like her? In what way am I not better than Claudette?” she asked, riled up.

She even puffed her chest when she finished her sentence.

Emmanuel was at a loss for words. Ms. Beatrix is really an active person. Her personality’s the complete opposite of that icy woman. Mm... I’m sure they’re not related by blood.

“Ms. Beatrix, you’ve misunderstood the situation. I’m not thanking her because of that. She was the one who helped my mother get the ward back.” That was when Emmanuel told her what happened at the hospital.

At the same time, he found the situation odd. Why is she asking weird questions during a job interview?

“I see...” Beatrix stroked her chin.

Mackenzie must be feeling upset because of this matter. I wonder if there'll be any changes to her mood if I tell her the truth.

“Yes. If you don't mind, I can treat you to a meal to thank you too.” “Really?”
“Yes, but I can only treat you to a normal meal because I'm low on funds,”
Emmanuel explained frankly, his cheeks blushing.

“All right. I'll hire you because of this meal. You can come to work from tomorrow onward and become my errand boy,” informed Beatrix while clapping.

“Huh?” Just like that?

Emmanuel froze for a few seconds before saying, “Thank you, Ms. Beatrix.” Seeing him stepping out of the room, Alessandra hurried over and asked, “Manny, how did the interview go?” Since Emmanuel was the first to get interviewed, many interviewees eyed him nervously.

“Haha! He must've failed! I've never heard of a high school graduate getting hired at Terence Group,” Jacob mocked.

“Exactly. All the employees at Terence Group are highly educated people.”
“This position requires an individual to have professional knowledge. They'll never hire him.” A few youngsters discussed softly by the side.

Ignoring them, Emmanuel answered, “Mom, I got the job. I'll start working tomorrow, so you really don't have to work.” “What?” The youngsters' eyes almost popped out of their heads in astonishment. One of them even dropped their glasses.

He got hired?

A young lady quickly approached and asked softly, “What did they ask during the interview?” It was apparent that she wanted to join Terence Group and have a promising career plan.

“The questions are a little odd. Are you sure you want to hear them?”
Emmanuel asked sincerely. He was not a petty person.

“Yes, please. Thank you, mister.” The young lady clasped her hands together with an expectant look on her face.

Even Jacob and the others pricked up their ears.

“Have you ever had any affairs?” “Huh?” The first question caught the young lady by surprise.

Regardless, Emmanuel had already expected that reaction from her. After all, that was his first reaction, too. Unfazed by her response, he continued, “Have you ever had a candlelight dinner with someone of the

opposite gender?” “What?” Jacob shrieked.

What kind of questions are these? What do they have to do with the position?

Ignoring their reactions, Emmanuel continued with the last question, “The interviewer also asked in what way is she not better than Ms. Claudette Lenoir.” Jacob almost screamed, and the young lady was speechless.

Even the other interviewees around them were dumbfounded. What kind of interview is this?

However, Emmanuel appeared honest. He did not look like he was lying.

Of course, Emmanuel did not care if they believed him or not. He simply wished them luck and left with Alessandra.