

Wrong Table 571

Chapter 571

“Fat chance! I get full after just a little bit!” Mackenzie also planned on eating

less but couldn’t stop once she started. It wasn’t until she let out a satisfied

burp that she realized she had lost control.

“Burp-”

Emmanuel ate even more than her, but he knew she had to maintain her

-image, so he quickly let out a burp to cover up for her.

After seeing this, she was at a loss for words. She knew her husband heard

her burp, and she felt extremely embarrassed about it. Yet, this fool

understands me and knows how to handle my feelings. Why hadn’t I noticed

this side of him before?

“I’ll wash the dishes and then leave!” After a short break, Emmanuel cleaned

up, carrying the plates and dishes to the kitchen.

“This annoying guy,” Mackenzie muttered to herself. My initial plan was for him

to return and cook, allowing him to ask me to let him stay. Still, who could have predicted that this idiot would remain silent? Do I have to go back on my word and invite him to spend the night? Hmph, cunning fool!

Soon enough, he finished washing the dishes.

Meanwhile, she was still sitting in the living room.

“Well, Mackenzie, I’m going out! Rest well, and if you need anything tomorrow, I’ll come up and make breakfast for you!” Emmanuel said as he was about to leave.

“Hold on!” Mackenzie called out with a commanding voice.

“What’s the matter?” He turned around, pretending to be clueless. Inside, he was silently laughing, realizing that his wife had calmed down and softened her heart! I’m relieved that I’ve read the methods that Rhea forwarded to me.

Women enjoy it when men lavish attention on them; even an assertive female CEO is no exception. Undoubtedly, the strategy of being gentle always worked!

“In recognition of you cooking for me, I’ll allow you to sleep at home tonight,

but if you misbehave, I’ll kick you out at any time!” she declared proudly.

He used to be immune to her tactics but was in the wrong this time. He was

caught embracing his sister-in-law while not wearing clothes properly, and

someone took a photo and sent it to his wife. Hence, his wife’s reaction now

was already very generous!

“Thank you!” Emmanuel expressed his heartfelt appreciation.

On the other hand, Mackenzie turned her face away, knowing very well that if

it were any other man, they would flatter her and say things like “Thank you,

my darling wife” and such cheesy words. She was annoyed to hear such

things but liked seeing this idiot’s serious demeanor.

“By the way, Mackenzie, will you come home with me for the New Year? Mom

wants us to go home and celebrate with her. He had enough patience to

bring up this topic at the right moment.

Nevertheless, she appeared uncertain, and her brows furrowed. As a powerful head in her prestigious family, her schedule during the New Year was already packed. Countless people would come to pay their New Year greetings; of course, she also had important people to visit. Making time to visit his home for the New Year, even if only for a day, would add to her already—hctic schedule.

“Is it not possible?” Emmanuel couldn’t hide his disappointment in his eyes, but he didn’t force her.

On the other hand, Mackenzie understood that these were the customs of Chanaea and that it was expected of husbands to bring their wives home for the New Year. Since I’ve decided to marry this idiot, I should spend at least one day with him during the New Year, right? “Fine, on New Year’s Eve, you come to my house for dinner, and I’ll go to your house on New Year to pay my respects. That’s how it’ll be arranged!” After saying this, she left the room without any room for negotiation.

In the meantime, his expression gradually brightened. It was already rare for his ice-cold wife to accompany him home for the New Year, but he could finally appease his mother with that.

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In the meantime, Ryder was awakened by a knock on his door early on New Year's Eve. "Coming!" He was surprised because it was unusual for anyone to visit his house, let alone this early in the morning.

When he opened the door, he saw Chloe, Abellyn, and Robby standing outside. "Why are you here?" Immediately, a wary expression was painted on his face, which morphed into a stormy expression.

It had been a while since the divorce, and with Claudette's assistance, Abellyn could not obtain a single penny from him. Even Zane had abandoned her, so she had nowhere to turn, and Chloe could not support her indefinitely.

"Ryder, please! I'm begging you. Let me come home-" Abellyn immediately burst into tears as her face twisted with misery and sorrow.

While it was all an act Chloe told her to put on, she was sincere in her pleas,

but she regretted the divorce from the moment the papers were signed.

From that day onward, she realized that wealthy men were an even rarer

breed of people than beautiful women. Wealth and a luxurious mansion were

things that no ordinary woman could easily get her hands on. She was also

not particularly attractive and had previously given birth. Hence, no wealthy

man would want her as a wife because all they cared about was having

sexual encounters.

“Mom-” Tommy cried along with her because it was a natural reaction from

a child.

Then, Abellyn dashed over to hug her son, taking it as an opportunity to slide

her way back into the house.

However, Ryder resolutely shoved her away and roared angrily, “Don’t even

think about it, Abellyn! I’ve told you before that while I don’t care what you’ve

done before our marriage, I will never accept being cheated on after we were married. Now, scram! Get out!”

“Ryder, I-” She had a look of reluctance plastered all over her face, and the words were almost out of her mouth when she swallowed them back instead of blurting them out.

At this moment, his phone rang, and he answered the call. “Hello? Oh, Ms.

Poole... Something we need to discuss? Okay. I’ll head over there right away with Tommy. I’m afraid I’ll forget what we talked about if we speak over the

phone.” After hanging up on the phone, he turned around to lock the door. He no longer had time to continue arguing with Abellyn. Then, he grabbed

Tommy and led him away from the apartment.

Staring down at the door with the changed locks, she could do nothing about the situation.

When Robby saw Abellyn’s anguish, he clenched his fists in rage. He vowed that he would avenge her once he gained power!

“Dad, why won’t you let Mom come home? I miss her. The apartment is so cold-” From behind Ryder on the motorcycle, Tommy started sobbing softly and pleading with him.

While Tommy missed his mother, he was a mature young boy who understood she had done wrong, so he reasoned that his father had every right to reject her.

After all, Ryder’s character was inherently simple and stubborn. He had once been a devoted husband but could never return to a woman who had cheated on him and even stabbed him with a knife. Moreover, he didn’t want to be a cuckold and certainly didn’t want to spend every day worrying about being murdered by his wife.

Soon, the father–son duo arrived at Tia’s apartment.

“We’re here, Ms. Poole!” Ryder called out with a happy grin after knocking on the door.

“Oh, it’s Tommy’s Dad. Come in!” She welcomed them in, and while she hadn’t expected the man to show up at her door, she was fine with it.

“My apologies, Ms. Poole. Was our visit too abrupt?” He apologized sincerely.

He was only looking for an excuse to escape Abellyn because she would continue to pester him if he stayed home.

“It’s fine. It will be easier for us to talk face-to-face anyway,” Tia responded with laughter.

After leading the father and son to the living room, where they settled in, she turned toward the kitchen and quickly brewed some tea.

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Meanwhile, Ryder admired the exquisitely decorated apartment while sitting on the couch with Tommy.

While Tia did not live a lavish lifestyle, Ryder noticed that her home was elegant and well-appointed. After spending many years living with Abellyn, he was intimately familiar with her careless and sloppy ways. With this

comparison in mind, he was instinctively captivated by Tia. Of course, he was aware that a pushover like him would not be a good match for this woman, who was young and beautiful, so he did not even fantasize about it.

“Ah, Mr. Lowe. Have some tea.” With a warm smile, she set two glasses of the milk tea she had just prepared in front of the father and son on the coffee table.

“Thank you!” Ryder was ecstatic because he could see that, despite her youth, Tia was generous and skilled with her hands. He couldn’t remember the last time he had had such a pleasant exchange with a woman, and all it took was a smile from her to throw him for a loop. “It’s so good, Ms. Poole!”

On the other hand, Tommy had consumed the entire glass of milk tea in one sitting. As he wiped the corners of his mouth, a look in his eyes revealed his desire for more.

“I’ll get you more if you want some. I made the tea myself, so we have enough,” she chuckled.

When Tia leaned forward to pour more milk tea into Tommy's glass, her curves were displayed so beautifully that Ryder had to avert his gaze because his cheeks were beginning to turn a bright red.

"Well, Mr. Lowe. There is something we must discuss about Tommy." Even though she was talking to Ryder, she didn't spend much time staring at him because he wasn't as breathtakingly handsome as Emmanuel.

"What is it?" He was extremely anxious because, since marrying Abellyn, he had hardly spoken to any other women. Hence, it was understandable that he was nervous about going to an unmarried woman's house.

"Tommy is one of the best graduates of our kindergarten, so the school hopes he'll help out with one of our advertisements. As his teacher, I'd like to make a video with him since I will be on break around the holidays. It will only take a day. Will he be free around then?"

"I see. Do parents need to participate as well?" Ryder had no ill intentions

when he asked Tia that question; rather, he simply wanted to explore his newfound freedom to interact more with well-educated women like her after his recent divorce.

However, she didn't notice the expression on his face because she had turned away to clean and clear her tea-making utensils away. Thus, his question prompted her mind to unwittingly think of Emmanuel. Since she was still single and had nowhere else to go for the New Year, she planned to stay in Yeringham. She also thought it would be wonderful if she could spend a single day of the entire holiday with a charismatic man like Emmanuel.

"Parents can participate in the filming as well. You can have Tommy's uncle film in your stead if you're not free, Mr. Lowe. It all depends on when you're free." Tia was visibly blushing as she replied.

"I see." Ryder, on the other hand, was unaware of her thoughts or that she had fallen head over heels for Emmanuel at first sight, as his mind was preoccupied with when he would be free.

Besides, Emmanuel just got married, so he would be much busier this year

and have no time to film a video with Tommy.

“I’ll let you know in the future. It should be fine, though.”

“Really?” Tia’s eyes lit up and she swiftly continued, “I’ll leave the timing in your

hands then. You can let me know once the two of you have set a date.”

“Oh? O–Okay.” Thinking that she meant Tommy and him, Ryder promptly

agreed to her suggestion. Then, he said, “We should be free at any time

except the day after tomorrow. After all, we don’t have that many relatives

now-”

He no longer needed to visit his in–laws, and the only person he needed to

visit during the holidays was Alessandra.

“Oh? Does that mean you’ll be together during that day?” In her mind, she

was referring to Emmanuel. She had not expected Ryder to misunderstand

her words.

“Yes. Tommy and I will be visiting his uncle on that day. We should be free after that.” There was something off about the way Tia was asking about the date; and Ryder couldn’t put his finger on it.

“Very well. You can come over whenever you want after you’ve met with him.”

“Okay!” His heart swelled with glee as he agreed to that. He was concerned that the holidays would be boring now that he was divorced. Nonetheless, a day spent filming with her would be a great holiday present for the family, as this would help alleviate the pain Tommy is in due to the absence of his mother.

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Once the details were settled, Ryder and Tommy left Tia’s apartment.

Then, Ryder suggested to his son, riding behind him on a motorcycle, with a heart filled with joy, “Let’s go buy some new clothes for the holidays. We can wear them when we film that video with Ms. Poole.”

“Do you like Ms. Poole, Dad?” Tommy asked without reservation. He had seen

-the look in his father's eyes because, at times, a child's instincts can be remarkably accurate. On top of that, he was aware that his father was not a man who was good at hiding his feelings.

"Huh? You... How can you say that?" Ryder put on an angry face and continued, "I am an old divorcee. How can I be worthy of her?"

"True. I also don't think you're worthy of her. In all aspects--"

Aargh! Infuriated by Tommy's direct response, Ryder almost threw up blood.

He plans to elaborate further, too! Is that something a child of age seven would say? The audacity! "That may be the truth, but you can't just say that out loud. Do you think I have no sense of pride, you little brat?" he interrupted his son with a laugh.

Even though his son's words clearly infuriated Ryder, he was still in a good mood. As necessary as reality was, so too were hopes and dreams. Before the bubble burst, they would remain in an eternally optimistic frame of mind.

Meanwhile, Tommy's subsequent nudge did just that. "There might have

been a misunderstanding just now, Dad. Ms. Poole actually wanted Uncle

Manny to film with us.”

“What?” In shock, Ryder jerked the motorcycle to a halt.

“Did you not know, Dad?” As proof that Tommy was much smarter than his

father, he immediately explained, “Ms. Poole looked at Uncle Manny like you

did at her. Your eyes were both sparkling. If she did not want Uncle Manny to

film with us, her eyes would never have lit up like that.”

“...” After giving it some thought, Ryder realized this was likely the case. He

was also self-aware enough to know that no woman’s eyes would light up

when she saw his ugly mug. “Oh, this is bad. We agreed to film the video.

What if Uncle Manny isn’t free to film with us? What do we do then? Argh! That

won’t do! I have to call him right away!” After saying this, he quickly called

Emmanuel.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel was at home, putting up decorations and assisting

Alessandra in getting the house ready for the new year.

His mother had naturally been beside herself with joy when she learned

Mackenzie agreed to spend the first day of the holiday with them. She also

sighed upon learning that Mackenzie would stay for only one day.

He was about to console his mother when his phone suddenly rang. "Hey,

Ryder. What is it?" he said, answering the phone.

"Manny, what time will you be free during the New Year?"

"That... I don't quite know just yet." Emmanuel was telling the truth because he

had no idea when he would visit Juan and thus had no time to think about

anything else.

"I-I see-" Ryder was audibly panicking.

"What is it, Ryder?" Emmanuel could tell something was wrong with that tone.

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"I-It's nothing. I'll let you get back to work. We'll talk about this when we meet

up during the festivities," Ryder stammered and hesitated, unable to express

himself.

Suddenly, Alessandra grabbed the phone from Emmanuel before he could

hang up and said, "Ryder, why don't you spend the new year with us this

year? You don't have a wife now."

"A—Ah, Mother, wouldn't we be bothering you then?" Though he now

addressed her as "Mother," Ryder understood he was not her biological son.

He worried Emmanuel's wife wouldn't want him and Tommy over for New

Year's Day.

"Why would you? You call me 'Mother,' so I should treat you like my son and

Tommy like my grandson. Anyway, Mackenzie said she would only be back

for one day. I'll have no one with me for the rest of the holiday! Is that so?

Very well then." After hearing that, he decided to agree.

"Since you're now divorced, I must find you a new wife. The New Year

festivities are the best time for matchmaking."

At this moment, Emmanuel was reminded of his "horrible and miserable" past

when he overheard Alessandra talking about matchmaking. I've had 18 failed

matchmaking dates in a row, so I hope Ryder doesn't break that record.

On the other end of the call, Ryder's heart filled with anticipation when he

heard what she said. He had long since envied Emmanuel for meeting

Mackenzie through matchmaking. With that marriage as a model of success,

Ryder aspired to be successful in matchmaking and marry someone like her.

He knew he wasn't as good a catch as Emmanuel, and he was willing to

settle for a woman who was ten times worse than Mackenzie if it meant she

was better than Abellyn.

After returning the phone to Emmanuel, Alessandra picked up her phone and

appeared to be about to start setting up dates for Ryder.

"Are you calling the matchmaker again?" Roselynn chimed in, and it was

evident that she had overheard the call that had been going on between the

two of them and Ryder.

On the other hand, Emmanuel also assumed his mother would contact the matchmaker.

To his surprise, Alessandra shook her head and replied, "No. I'm going to call Milani's mother."

"Huh?"

Both siblings were shocked. What is going on?

"Milani had always wanted to get together with Manny, but now that he's married, maybe she'll be willing to go on a date with Ryder," Alessandra explained while ignoring their stares.

It had been so long since she contacted the Zimmerman family that she was unaware of Milani's situation. In any case, she was just being friendly, so there was no harm in a simple phone call.

"Let's not call them, Mom." Emmanuel tried to dissuade Alessandra from calling because that family was not as friendly as she had imagined.

Unfortunately, he was too late; his mother was already on the phone with

Melody.

When Melody learned that Alessandra was attempting to set up a date with

Milani, she assumed it was on Emmanuel's behalf. Before Alessandra could

finish her sentence, Melody interrupted her with a torrent of mocking

remarks. "Ha! Didn't you say your son is so talented and amazing,

Alessandra? Didn't you say he had hooked up with a rich and beautiful

woman and was now driving a Maserati? Did he get dumped already? Are

you saying that he now wants Milani? What was that phrase again? As a dog

returns to his vomit, a fool repeats his folly!"

"Huh? That-" Alessandra was stunned and speechless when she heard this,

and she had not expected such a strong reaction.

Melody was not done yet, and she scoffed coldly as she continued, "It's too

late! Way too late! Milani is getting married soon. It'll be in four days. Since-

you've called, consider this your invitation. Remember to bring the entire

family over. She's getting married into a rich family. We'll be waiting for your blessings! Don't chicken out, okay?"

"Well... Okay." As Alessandra was a doormat, she agreed to attend the wedding even though she knew Melody was just flaunting. They were all familiar with each other, so they would be laughed at if she rejected a wedding invitation. After hanging up, she turned to look at her son with a pained look on her face.

On the other hand, Emmanuel did not know what to say either. After all, he did not even agree to whatever plans Ryder wanted to make during the holidays. Why was there now another event on the calendar?

He also knew that Melody was a blabbermouth. Now that his mother had accepted the invitation, skipping out on the wedding would only give Melody fodder to gossip about Alessandra so that all the women around them would laugh at her.

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“Let’s see what happens when the time comes, Mom. If worse comes to worst, we’ll just stop by briefly to drop off a wedding gift.” That was the simplest solution Emmanuel could think of. Even though he was no longer poor, he had no desire to interact with the Zimmerman family due to how repulsive they were.

“Oh... Okay.” Instead of thinking about it, Alessandra put it out of her mind. All she wanted to do now was find Ryder a new wife, so she immediately contacted a matchmaker.

Meanwhile, he returned to decorating the house with Roselynn until the afternoon. During that time, they chatted about her relationship with Jaxton.

All she ended up saying was that she would divorce Jaxton after the festivities were over. Despite her desire to alleviate their mother’s anxiety, she decided not to marry any guy who showed interest in her.

Nonetheless, Emmanuel supported that decision because he did not think Jaxton was a man his sister could rely on for the rest of her life. She deserved

a better choice since she was still young and had not lost too much to that man.

Suddenly, their conversation was interrupted by a commotion outside the door.

“Is Emmanuel home?” someone called out.

After hearing this, he and his sister hurried out the door.

What they saw shocked Roselynn as there was a Lamborghini and a Mercedes Benz parked right outside. The Lamborghini was driven by a wealthy woman seemingly in her thirties, but it was unclear what her actual age was.

“Aunt Samantha?” Emmanuel instantly recognized the Lamborghini’s driver as Mackenzie had shown him photos of the important members of her family so that he would not be confused when meeting her family due to his face blindness.

Unbeknownst to Samantha, he never forgot anything he saw, so there was no way he would ever be mistaken. "Your physique's very nice. Your face isn't that bad either," she commented with a chuckle. Then, she licked her lips avariciously and snapped her finger, prompting a man and a woman to emerge from the Mercedes Benz to drag Emmanuel inside the vehicle.

"Hey! Aunt Samantha, what is the meaning of this?" Emmanuel was freaking out because she had said nothing before she did this.

Similarly, Roselynn was shocked by what had happened to her brother. Why does it look like a case of human trafficking? This woman is attempting to abduct my brother right before me! What on earth is going on?

"Why else would I be doing this? Of course, I'm dressing you up. If you walk into the Quillen residence dressed like this, people will look down on you!"

Samantha thought of Mackenzie as her own daughter.

In fact, she loved Mackenzie more than she did her own daughter, so she had to make sure everything was perfect. At first glance, Emmanuel appears

average, but with proper grooming, he would be suitable for attending formal events.

She had witnessed firsthand the dramatic transformations that major celebrities underwent before and after their rise to fame, such as how many well-known male celebrities, including Dustin Beauver and Tim Harland, once looked even worse than Emmanuel. So, she reasoned that Emmanuel, too, might look different after this transformation.

Meanwhile, Alessandra had finished her phone call, and upon noticing the commotion outside, she quickly-stepped out, only to find Roselynn standing by the door. "What happened? Where's Manny?" she asked.

Roselynn pointed at the Lamborghini driving away and shrugged. "You're too late, Mom. Manny was snatched away by a middle-aged woman just now."

"What? Snatched?" Alessandra was stunned. Are human traffickers these days bold enough to kidnap a man like Emmanuel? Should we report this to

the police?

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After two hours of intensive makeover, Emmanuel finally stepped out of the changing room of a high-end fashion boutique, looking like a brand-new person.

“Not bad!” Samantha exclaimed. Then, she examined him thoroughly as though she were purchasing a farm animal. She even reached out to make a few minor adjustments to his outfit, but she did not slap his butt. “With your body, people would definitely believe that you are the son of some rich and powerful family,” she mumbled with a small chuckle. Yes, I like it. Mackenzie would be pleasantly surprised, if not shocked, to see him dressed so well. At this thought, she couldn’t wait to see Mackenzie’s expression when that happened.

As for Emmanuel, he was completely speechless. Why is Mackenzie’s aunt such a tyrant? She forced her way regardless of what I wanted. If not for her

relationship with my wife, I would have flipped out by now. Hmm! Mackenzie

also has tyrannical moments, so did she learn that behavior from Aunt

Samantha?

“A call for you, Mr. Lowe!” Samantha’s assistant walked over to hand him—the

phone. He had left his belongings in her care while he changed.

Seeing that it was a call from Mackenzie, he hurriedly answered it. Before he

could say anything, his phone was snatched from his grasp.

“Where are you, Emmanuel?” Mackenzie sounded angry over the phone as he

had not replied to her message.

“Hi, Mackenzie! Don’t worry. I’ll ensure your man will be on time when he

arrives at the Quillen residence.” There was a proud lilt in Samantha’s voice.

“Aunt Samantha?” Mackenzie instantly understood what had happened the

moment she heard her voice! Her rage subsided, and she said calmly, “Don’t

go overboard, Aunt Samantha. Otherwise, he won’t be the same man

anymore.”

The call ended as soon as Mackenzie finished speaking.

What she liked about him was his sincerity and lack of pretentiousness.

Hence, she was worried that Samantha might dress him up so much that he

would blend in with the horde of rich young men instead.

“Well, I certainly did go overboard.” Staring at the numerous luxury branded

accessories and clothing pieces, Samantha wondered if she had dressed

him too well. Still, she did not plan on correcting her own mistake. Thus, she

gestured at him. “Let’s go, my dear son-in-law. It’s time to head home.”

Then, she moved to pay for the new outfit, but Emmanuel gently grabbed her

wrist.

However, the sales associate stood stock still and watched upon seeing this.

Stunned, Samantha turned to look at him. He has just agreed to everything I

requested, so what is he up to now?

“Since these will now be mine, I should pay, Aunt Samantha.”

“You?” she gasped. Astonishment was painted all over her face. “Do you know how much everything costs? It’s at least six figures. Can you even afford that?” She didn’t mean it in a derogatory way; she was simply telling the truth.

To Samantha’s surprise, Emmanuel smiled and replied solemnly, “While I’m not as capable as Mackenzie, I can still afford to buy my own things. If you’re that close to her, you wouldn’t want others to say that her husband’s a gold-digger, right?”

At this moment, his assertions persuaded her. Her initial impression of him was that he was a rather handsome man who was very nonchalant about marrying into the Quillen family. That was why he left such a deep impression on her mind. Now, she could sense a genuine aura around him that was impossible to ignore. His entire being radiated with a man’s stubborn pride as if he had never bowed to anyone.

“Very well, then. As you wish,” Samantha conceded.

“Thank you for taking the time to help me pick out an outfit.” Emmanuel then

handed his card to the sales associate to pay for the items.

On the other hand, Samantha was pleased with how he thanked her

because he was so courteous.

Unexpectedly, she heard him say, “Although I don’t like any of it.”

Aargh! She suddenly felt an overwhelming fury swell up her throat. The

instant she heard those words, she knew her son-in-law was not as

charming as expected.

Chapter 577

As Emmanuel entered the Quillen residence, a sense of unease washed over

him. He had anticipated tonight’s reunion dinner to be like the previous one,

perhaps with a larger gathering. However, it exceeded his expectations with

stunning lanterns and festoon decorations. The harmonious lanterns and the

bustling atmosphere gave the impression of a regal celebration in a grand

imperial palace garden.

What's going on? He was taken aback to discover that the Quillen family's reunion dinner this year was being held in a separate building. With its three floors, front and back gardens, and hundreds of tables, the venue was brimming with guests!

"T-This is too extravagant!" He was suddenly overwhelmed by immense pressure, his eyes widening in astonishment.

Samantha noticed his expression and chuckled proudly, saying, "Almost the entire town of Yeringham is eager to curry favor with the Quillen family.

Anyone with even the slightest family connection will be here tonight, seeking to revel in our glory. We also have numerous wealthy merchants and tycoons attending. Even second-tier celebrities are seizing this opportunity to make an appearance. They view tonight's reunion dinner as a golden chance to expand their social connections. Understand?"

He nodded, grasping the situation to some extent. So, this is the lifestyle and

socializing of the upper class.

As he pondered the future and considered the inevitable encounters he would have once his relationship with Mackenzie became public, a myriad of emotions surged within him. Nevertheless, could he forsake his beloved wife simply because he did not wish to attend such occasions?

“Hehe. You finally see how remarkable your wife’s family is, don’t you? By the way, let me remind you, never disappoint Mackenzie in the future!” With a smile, Samantha continued, “Our Mackenzie is the number one beauty in Yeringham. Wealthy heirs have been chasing after her relentlessly for years. Everyone is eager to see who will marry her in the end. If you ever make her even slightly sad or upset, I guarantee there will be no shortage of men who wants to take you down!”

“Got it, Aunt Samantha!” He forced a bitter smile, nodding as the pressure on him intensified.

Not to mention the Quillen family's current influence, Emmanuel would not have dared to mistreat Mackenzie even before! He had always been the one being bullied.

Meanwhile, on the top floor of the banquet building, Beatrix burst into the room where Mackenzie was. Her chest heaved as she caught her breath, which added a sense of liveliness to her appearance.

"What's wrong? You look anxious." Mackenzie was in the middle of her makeup.

Today's banquet held great significance for her as Terence had insisted on publicly announcing her relationship with Emmanuel. She naturally understood Terence's intention; he did not want her to act willfully and divorce Emmanuel as easily as she had done before.

"Mackenzie, Aunt Samantha has brought Emmanuel here. Have you... truly decided your mind to announce your relationship with him?" Beatrix still found it hard to believe.

As if his presence at the Quillen family dinner was not already shocking enough, they now had to announce their relationship before such a large audience. It was bound to create a seismic event in Yeringham!

After all, only a few people were aware of what had transpired between Mackenzie and Emmanuel in the past three months. The majority still held the impression of her as the cold and aloof female CEO with misandry.

"I haven't decided yet." She adjusted her earrings while casually responding,

"I'll simply go with the flow and see how things unfold."

"Huh? But—" Beatrix looked at the current Mackenzie and finally realized she had undergone a subtle yet profound transformation.

At that moment, Lexi suddenly appeared from behind and patted Beatrix's shoulder with an amused smile. "Ms. Beatrix, do you remember the bet we made three months ago?"

"Huh? ..." Beatrix's face immediately flushed with embarrassment.

“Alright, you two. Did you make a bet involving me?” Mackenzie turned around, her wise eyes gazing at them.

Lexi quickly responded with a smile. “Ms. Quillen, it was Ms. Beatrix who started the bet. She said that if your marriage with Emmanuel could last until the New Year, she would immediately get herself a boyfriend!”

“Oh?” Mackenzie glanced at Beatrix with an ambiguous smile.

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“Hmph! I’m a woman of my word! So what if I lose the bet? I’ll find myself a boyfriend!” Beatrix immediately patted her chest as she declared.

In actuality, witnessing Mackenzie’s sweet yet complex marriage had her secretly yearning to experience the taste of love for herself. The problem is, where can I find someone like Emmanuel? Ugh. Why am I even thinking about finding a man like him?

“Well, I’ll help you find one today,” Mackenzie added.

“Huh? Today?” Beatrix resisted, saying, “The men attending today are those

spoiled rich brats like Hubert. Why would I want them?"

"Hubert is here too?" Mackenzie frowned.

Lexi quickly chimed in. "Ms. Quillen, the Verkade family is known for being

fickle and unscrupulous. They may have resorted to seeking a marriage

alliance since they failed to bring us down in the business world even with

the support of the Lenoir family."

"Pfft! In their dreams!" Beatrix immediately stated, "Hubert better behave

himself today. If he dares to make any disgusting moves, I won't hesitate to

put him in his place!"

Witnessing her fierce demeanor, Lexi and Mackenzie exchanged knowing

smiles. Finding a boyfriend for her within a month may be challenging!

At that moment, the reunion dinner was about to commence on the top floor

banquet hall.

More than half of the attendees were filled with anticipation and curiosity as

rumors had already circulated about Mackenzie's secret marriage. What

made it even more intriguing was that her husband was a nobody!

“Everyone praises Ms. Quillen for her exceptional wisdom and extraordinary foresight, but I dare say she’s blind! Mr. Verkade has been sincerely pursuing her for years, yet she rejected him and instead chose to marry a worthless nobody!” At the table, a man dressed in a white suit struck a pretentious pose, raising his wine glass with a sneer as he spoke.

As all eyes immediately turned to Hubert beside him, he was clearly in a sour mood and downed another glass of wine.

A while ago, the Verkade family had teamed up with the Lenoir family to crush the Quillen family in the business world. He eagerly anticipated their downfall, hoping it would give him more leverage when he eventually tried to marry Mackenzie. However, to his surprise, the Lenoir family had backed out halfway, and now, it appeared that Mackenzie intended to publicly announce her relationship with Emmanuel. This turn of events had crumbled his hopes

and eliminated his chance to pursue her!

The mere thought of the woman he had loved for years becoming someone else's plaything was unbearable. It felt as if someone was constantly tugging at his pain receptors, and the torment would only cease when a bloody strip was ripped away.

"Mr. Verkade, you appear rather distressed." The man in the white suit leaned closer to Hubert's ear and whispered, "How about I lend you a hand in getting your hands on her before that nobody does? Wouldn't that be more thrilling than anything else?"

Hubert's spirits immediately lifted upon hearing this. With his experience in

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wooing women, he could easily discern that Mackenzie had not yet been

intimate with Emmanuel, judging from the way she walked like a novice who

still guarded her chastity with tightly closed legs. If he was destined to fail in

capturing her heart, taking her virginity would at least be a conquest in his

life!

“Hehe, isn’t that inappropriate? It’s too harsh!”

“But it’s also quite thrilling and entertaining, hahaha...”

Humans were like birds of a feather flocking together. Those seated with

Hubert were undoubtedly unsavory characters. They treated women as

mere playthings, employing all sorts of devious tactics!

In the past, he would never have dared to engage in such behavior. After all,

the influence of the Quillen family was at stake, and today’s event was held

on their turf. However, if he did not take action now, the woman he had loved

for years would lose her virginity to that nobody, Emmanuel!

At that moment, Mackenzie made her entrance. As he beheld the

breathtaking woman in elegant white attire, he whispered to Hugo Zelinsky

with darkened eyes, “If you can help me fulfill my wish, I promise I won’t treat

you unfairly!”

Chapter 579

“Mr. Verkade, you’re being overly courteous. It’s just a small favor, no big deal!”

Hugo flicked the thick gold ring on his index finger with a smug expression.

“Everyone knows that I, Hugo Zelinsky, am hailed as the king of nightclubs. I’ve

never failed to bring a woman to my bed. Tonight, I’ll create an opportunity

for you to have Ms. Quillen in bed and cheat on that bumpkin. I’ll even

capture some videos as insurance. Not only will it prevent her from acting

rashly in the future, but it’ll also provide some entertainment for my buddies!

Hehe...”

Hubert’s heart filled with joy. Hugo is indeed reliable!

At that moment, Mackenzie made her entrance with Terence, hand in hand,

as they strolled down the red carpet in front of the assembled guests,

making their way step by step toward the banquet stage.

“Wow, it’s Old Mr. Quillen and Ms. Quillen!”

“She looks stunning, truly deserving of the title of Yeringham’s number one

beauty!”

“Her temperament is extraordinary!”

Mackenzie did not utter a word or make any gestures. Yet, her expressionless

presence alone stirred up a sensation throughout the venue. Many of the

second-tier celebrities present could not help but marvel at her,

acknowledging her as the hottest celebrity in Yeringham!

“Haha, welcome to our dinner!” With Terence’s status in Yeringham, the

surrounding guests immediately fell silent as soon as he spoke.

He was in high spirits today. As Mackenzie had suspected, he intended to

publicly announce Emmanuel’s entry into the Quillen family during the grand

banquet. In this way, her marriage would be confirmed.

Of course, Terence also respected her wishes; whether or not to announce

her husband was entirely up to her. After all, he had arranged this grand

feast today, and Emmanuel had made a public appearance at the event. His

main goal was already accomplished.

Sure enough, a voice immediately erupted from the audience right after his brief speech. "Old Mr. Quillen, I heard rumors that your family has welcomed a son-in-law. Is it true?"

"What? The Quillen family is welcoming a son-in-law? That's a huge deal!

Why haven't we received any official announcement?"

"Rumors are circulating that Ms. Quillen is living with him. Is it true?"

"How is that possible? Everyone knows that Ms. Quillen has a strong aversion to men. How could she possibly be living with him? That is simply absurd! It must be nothing more than a rumor!"

"That's right! It has to be a mere rumor!"

Witnessing the escalating discussions among the audience, Terence let out a hearty laugh and gestured for everyone to settle down. "Ladies and gentlemen, I appreciate your concern for my granddaughter, Mackenzie. Let her make the announcement herself regarding her relationship status!"

Instantly, the entire venue fell into silence. Everyone anxiously fixed their gazes on Mackenzie as if awaiting the announcement of a crucial examination result.

“His name is Emmanuel Lowe!” She remained true to her aloof style and directly uttered his name without any verbal preface or mention of his identity.

In the next instant, Samantha’s excited voice echoed from the other side of the banquet venue. “Everyone, Emmanuel is here!”

All eyes swiftly turned toward her direction in unison as if the wind had rustled through the grass, and their gaze fell upon a man standing beside her.

In terms of appearance, Emmanuel was undeniably impressive, and when it came to his physique, he was a complete showstopper. With a golden ratio and well-defined muscles, there was not a hint of sloppiness to be seen.

Many women’s eyes instantly sparkled with interest.

Unfortunately, the expectations for Mackenzie's partner were set high.

-Although he could match up to her in terms of appearance alone, he fell short in other aspects. Take his attire today, for example—it was just too ordinary.

Given her age and social standing, Samantha naturally understood the weight behind those gazes. She had devoted two hours to meticulously dressing up Emmanuel, only to feel as though her efforts had been in vain.

He had refused to wear the clothes she had bought, insisting they did not suit his taste and that he could not get comfortable in them, which infuriated her.

Nevertheless, she respected his decision, understanding that Mackenzie, Alfred, and Terence likely valued his authenticity above all else.

To be honest, Emmanuel looked decent in his formal attire among ordinary people, and his well-built physique gave him a spirited and talented look!

Even so, the expectations set by everyone for Mackenzie's partner were

simply sky-high!

Chapter 580

“What’s the big deal? Just an ordinary guy?”

“Yeah, why would Ms. Quillen be interested in him?”

“Is this the real-life version of a loser’s comeback?”

“I can’t believe it!”

The discussion erupted in an instant. Emmanuel could not deny feeling the pressure, but he managed to maintain a calm expression. He knew very well that he came here today to have a New Year’s Eve dinner with his wife’s family, not to meet the public’s aesthetic standards.

He did not have high expectations for himself because he was only an ordinary person. He did not need everyone’s approval as long as Mackenzie did not mind.

Amidst the crowd’s anticipation, she gracefully walked up to him, extending her hand and gently linking it with his arm. Witnessing this scene, many

people in the vicinity gasped in surprise. Everyone should understand by now.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is the man I’ve been dating, Emmanuel, during my trial period. Thank you for your attention.” Mackenzie finished speaking and immediately linked arms with Emmanuel, leading him to their seats.

The surrounding discussions erupted like an exploding tide, hitting them head-on. However, she remained composed, seemingly unaffected by the chatter. Although he was nervous, his heart pounding, he found himself somewhat enjoying the current sensation.

It was not about vanity but the excitement of achieving love and making it official. She was his first love! Suddenly, he felt like the luckiest person alive, having married the goddess who made his heart skip a beat the first time they met.

Many men looked on at this scene, their hearts breaking. Hubert, in particular, felt like he had been shot seven times. He had sincerely liked Mackenzie for many years and even made vows on multiple occasions that he would

marry no one but her. What now? His goddess was gone, so did he have to

become a monk for the rest of his life?

Unthinkable!

“Ms. Quillen, congratulations to both of you! Can I offer you a toast and give

you my blessings?”

After Mackenzie and Emmanuel took their seats, a group of guests

immediately made a ruckus lining up to toast the couple. Of course, they

were all there for Mackenzie; who cared about her man? They did not even

spare him a second glance!

While Emmanuel understood this, he did not mind and did his best to support

his wife.

“Hey, you big dummy! Mackenzie can’t handle her alcohol. You have to drink

for her.” Beatrix, seeing the overwhelming number of people coming to offer

toasts, quickly approached Emmanuel and reminded him, pouting her lips.

“You’re still in Mackenzie’s probationary period. If you don’t understand how to be considerate and look after her, I’ll be the first to go after you!”

He smiled bitterly and immediately took three drinks on behalf of Mackenzie, assertively protecting his wife. Luckily, he had a good tolerance for alcohol.

Especially recently, he had received a special medicinal prescription from his master, and his meridians were currently undergoing repair while his internal energy gradually recovered.

Seeing this scene, Hubert could no longer bear it and gave Hugo a meaningful look. The latter understood him perfectly and immediately joined a few others shouting, “Hey, Emmanuel! How come we heard that you’re physically weak and have erectile dysfunction? Can a guy like you handle alcohol? Are you going to risk your life trying to drink?”

“Haha, indeed! It’s worth dying for if you can drink with Ms. Quillen, even if you drink yourself to death!”

“Come on, let’s go toast him together!”

“I’m just worried if he’s actually married to Ms. Quillen. What if he drinks himself to death and leaves Ms. Quillen widowed?”

“Hush, what are you saying? With Ms. Quillen’s status, she doesn’t lack any men! If he drinks himself to death, she’ll just move on to the next one! Haha...”

The group of people became more vulgar as they spoke.

However, according to Chanaea’s customs, when a man and a woman confirmed their relationship, many people believed that the livelier and somewhat vulgar the atmosphere, the more festive it was. Many people wanted to assert dominance over Emmanuel, so the words and actions of Hugo and his group came with implicit support.