

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 61-70

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 61-It was obvious what this kind of treatment meant.

“Mom, Manny, let’s go!” Unable to stand it, Roselynn wanted to leave even before sitting down.

Although the Zimmermans would be paying for the dinner, she could not care less about it after receiving such treatment.

Alessandra grabbed her arm to prevent her from losing her temper.

Even though her family and the Zimmerman family were not related by blood, the fact that they could find the same matchmaker indicated a connection between them. Besides, they lived near each other, so it was better to have one more friend than one more enemy.

Milani shot Emmanuel a smug look.

Melody and Jacob also looked at him. Why is he still here? He must still want to marry Milani. Haha. We enjoy watching people who don’t know their place make a fool of themselves.

Right then, another man in a fancy suit walked in.

Milani immediately went up to him and gently held his arm.

Her relatives in the room were surprised by the sight.

Alessandra was also stunned. I didn’t expect Milani to get a man so soon.

“Milani, is he your boyfriend?” “Yeah, who is he?” Milani, who had anticipated such responses from her relatives, gave Emmanuel a triumphant glare before introducing the man to them in a pretentiously shy manner.

“Well, let me introduce him to you. This is my best friend, Darren Chase. He’s also my boyfriend-to-be I’m currently getting to know. He’s a doctor specializing in internal medicine at Beacon Hospital with an annual income of more than three hundred thousand. His uncle is the deputy director of the hospital, while his novelbin dad is a businessman. I heard that he owns assets worth more than tens of millions!” Whoa!

All the relatives of the Zimmerman family went wild upon hearing that.

Frowning hard, Emmanuel looked at Darren and wondered if he was the reason why Alessandra was kicked out of the ward the other day.

Darren did not even spare Emmanuel a glance since he arrived.

In his opinion, Emmanuel could not be compared to him. Why should I show him respect when his position in the hospital is lower than that of mine, and his family is also far worse off than mine?

“Dr. Chase, you’re such a promising young man!” “I agree. Your medical skills must be very good since you became an attending physician at the age of thirty.” “Congratulations, Milani. You’ve found such an excellent boyfriend! His qualities are simply incomparable to those men you met through blind dates before!” Milani’s relatives started showering her and Darren with flattery. They had already considered Darren as her man despite her claim that they had just started dating.

Jacob and Melody, who were also being buttered up, grew arrogant. They kept looking at Emmanuel and his family while laughing.

Alessandra and Roselynn felt extremely awkward and embarrassed as if they were being executed publicly.

Only then did they realize that the Zimmermans had invited them over to embarrass them and Emmanuel on purpose.

Emmanuel remained expressionless the entire time as he watched Milani put on the show in silence.

Compared with Mackenzie, Darren is definitely not as good. Neither is Milani. But I don’t bother to compete with Milani. I’ve never thought of showing off my wife!

“By the way, Milani, I heard that you’re getting a promotion and pay rise tomorrow, aren’t you? Coupled with the bonus of three hundred thousand, will your income be more than one million this year?” Jacob deliberately asked to elevate Milani’s status.

All the relatives of the Zimmerman family gasped in shock upon hearing his words.

“Congratulations, Milani! You’re so capable!” “That’s right. You’re making millions a year even though you’re only twenty–five years old. How impressive!

You’ve done your family proud!” – “You and Dr. Chase are both social elites, which makes you a match made in heaven!” “This makes me wonder why a man with an annual salary of eighty thousand would dare to go on a blind date with you previously.”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 62-People were lavishing praise and compliments on them the entire evening, so much so that Milani was puffed up with pride.

She would glance at Emmanuel from time to time. I guess he’s aware of the gap in our status now.

According to her plan, Emmanuel should be feeling inferior and leave the scene at that point.

However, he remained indifferent and emotionless. He was neither angry nor had he ever thought of trying to curry favor with her.

Milani began to lose her cool.

Fine. Since you have no shame, don’t blame me for humiliating you!

Rage took over her as she secretly gave the waiter certain instructions.

The heat was then turned up.

The Zimmerman family’s relatives and Darren were served gourmet food and fine wine, while all Emmanuel and his family got was some peasant food.

Unable to tolerate it anymore, Roselynn was about to pound the table in anger when, to her surprise, Emmanuel acted first and questioned Milani, “What the hell is this?” The seating arrangement could be regarded as a coincidence. He also could not control it when Milani and Darren wanted to show off their superiority.

However, Milani was obviously humiliating him and his family in public by doing so.

As a man of the Lowe family, he would never allow anyone to bully his mother and sister.

“What do you mean? I don’t understand.” The fact that Emmanuel had lost it brought a complacent sneer to Milani’s face.

Jacob burst into laughter unceremoniously.

“Emmanuel, your annual salary is only eighty thousand, and you also have a low household income.

I don’t think your family is used to having great food, so Milani specifically asked them to prepare this for you.

How is it? Isn’t she considerate?” Clenching his fists, Emmanuel was about to retort when he received a text on his phone.

He glanced at the notification on the phone screen and his expression changed drastically.

“You’ve gone too far!” Roselynn, who saw that Emmanuel was occupied, rose to her feet and pounded the table. Pointing at Milani, she snapped, “That’s enough, Milani! Do you really think you are so capable?” “My capability has just been recognized by my relatives and friends. Do you still have any doubts?” Milani crossed her arms in a cocky manner.

She wanted to humiliate Emmanuel that night to vent her frustration accumulated because of him in the past few days. The angrier Emmanuel and his family were, the happier she was.

“Milani, you’re in big trouble! Something went wrong with the project you’re working on!” Emmanuel suddenly said angrily through his gritted teeth.

Milani snorted, thinking that he was trying to scare her, and decided not to fall for it.

When she was about to continue blowing her own trumpet, her phone rang.

A glance at the caller’s name forced her to stop putting on an act as her attitude and voice changed.

“Mr. Zackas, is everything okay?” “No! Where are you now?” Walter sounded sullen.

Milani finally sensed that something was wrong and her heart sank. Could it be that Emmanuel, the b*stard, was not making up things to scare me a moment ago?

He was telling the truth, wasn't he?

"M—Mr. Zackas, I'm having dinner now," replied Milani with a smile, not daring to let him know that it was a celebration party.

"Then stop eating! You should contact Mr. Lowe now!" Walter's voice was filled with anxiety and anger.

"Huh? Contact him?" Surprised, Milani suddenly looked at Emmanuel.

Upon seeing that scene, the others also fell silent and looked at each other in puzzlement.

Jacob even had a hunch that something was wrong.

There won't be a sudden reversal of the situation after Milani has her ego inflated for so long tonight, right?

"The copy of the logo you gave to the engineering Chapter of DIY Trouble.

department is wrong! Hurry up and get it sorted out with Mr. Lowe!" "What?" The color instantly drained from Milani's face as soon as she heard Walter's words.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 63-I was the one who designed the logo. Did I do something wrong?

"Mr. Zackas, I... I'm in the middle of a meal with Mr.

Lowe..." The second those words were out of her mouth, the relatives were stunned.

They wondered why Milani, who was supposed to be an impressive woman, was referring to Emmanuel as Mr. Lowe.

"Then hurry up and deal with it. If you mess this up, you can forget about the bonus and your position as the supervisor!" Walter screeched.

Milani was much paler by the end of the call as she turned to look at Emmanuel in terror.

No one had any idea what was going on.

Roselynn was the only one who came back to her senses quickly enough to figure out that the arrogant woman had a favor to ask from her brother.

“Oh my, Ms. Zimmerman, aren’t you a capable woman who earns millions every year? Why do you look so pale?” Roselynn asked with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

Milani was at a loss for words. She could only stare at Emmanuel.

“Manny, let’s go.” Roselynn did not know the details of the situation, but she knew that Milani would definitely kneel before Emmanuel and beg for him to stay if she were to lead her brother away at a time like this.

Sure enough, Milani lunged over to grab Emmanuel’s arm.

Her action left everyone dumbfounded.

In fact, Darren even lifted his brow.

He knew who Milani was, for he had met her when she went to the hospital for a checkup the other time.

Milani’s good looks and figure, as well as her annual wage of three hundred thousand, were what made him court her.

However, dignity was important to Darren. He was ashamed to see Milani hugging Emmanuel.

Nevertheless, his dignity was not something Milani could think about at a crucial time like this.

“M—Mr. Lowe, please don’t go yet!” “Ms. Zimmerman, we shouldn’t be too close to each other. Your boyfriend is here. Please be mindful of your action.” Emmanuel mercilessly pushed her away.

Milani’s face turned pale before turning red. It was humiliating.

Nevertheless, when she saw Emmanuel's sister continuing to pull him away, she cast away all reservations about her reputation and threw herself at him again.

Her urgency made her trip and fall to the ground. Still, she managed to grab Emmanuel's calf.

The crowd was stupefied.

Both Melody and Jacob felt ashamed.

Even Darren whispered, "This b*tch is too shameless!" "Mr. Lowe, I've made a mistake with the logo for the project. Please tell Terence Group to postpone the deadline by a week. Please give me a chance!" If the project were to go south, she would lose everything.

That was not all. She would also be the laughingstock of her friends and family.

"What?" Emmanuel pulled Milani off the floor angrily.

"What happened? I've already given you the detailed blueprint, so how could you still make a mistake?" While Milani would lose her job if she did not meet the deadline, Emmanuel would lose his sweetheart.

Emmanuel was even more anxious than Milani to hear the news, and he could barely rein in his anger.

Is this fate? Is Mackenzie fated not to be with me?

"I... I ruined the original blueprint, so I... made a new one," Milani explained hesitantly.

Emmanuel felt the urge to slap her, but he resisted.

In the next second, he dragged Milani out of the room, wanting to find out if there was a way to salvage the project.

"Manny, where are you going?" Roselynn cried out, confused.

Does Manny still like this b*tch? Is that why he's so anxious to fix her mistake?

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 64-Emmanuel did not care about what others thought and towed Milani away from the restaurant.

“Mom, let’s go too.” Once Roselynn towed the baffled Alessandra away from the restaurant, the Zimmermans were the only ones left, cringing in silence.

They shared looks with each other, not knowing what to say.

“L—Let go of me!” Milani only snapped back to her senses after getting into the car, and she flung Emmanuel’s hand away.

Hmph! Is he trying to take advantage of me?

Emmanuel was too preoccupied with his fury to entertain thoughts like those. “Why didn’t you come to me for another blueprint when the original was ruined?

Must you foolishly draw another yourself?” Milani did not dare to speak, but she was cold with wrath too.

“It wouldn’t be an issue if you were actually skilled enough to do it, but you’re not. I’d like to see what final product you’re going to hand over to them tomorrow after making a mistake with the logo!” Milani hung her head low as Emmanuel berated her, but at the same time, she was biting her lower lip hard.

Assh*le! Go on, keep up with the arrogant act! Keep scolding me! Once this is over, I’m going to settle the score with you!

A while later, Emmanuel stopped, not seeing the point in chiding her anymore, and turned to look out the window.

It was only when both fell silent did the taxi driver finally teased, “I saw you holding hands while getting into the car earlier, so I thought you were a couple. The two of you make a perfect pair.” The driver’s words only worsened the awkward atmosphere.

The second Emmanuel and Milani glanced at each other, they whipped their heads away to avert their gazes.

“I’m not his darn partner. He was my blind date, but there’s no way I’d want someone like him!” Milani snapped, finally having a spot to vent her anger.

Emmanuel was equally furious at that moment. He snarled, "I already have a wife, and she's a thousand times better than you!" Those were not only words meant to spite Milani. While Mackenzie was not the friendliest person around, she was certainly far more reliable than Milani.

Besides, Milani would still lose to her in terms of appearance, demeanor, and wealth.

"Ha! You're good at brainwashing yourself, aren't you?"

You talk about having a wife all the time, so why don't you take out her photo and let me have a look at her!" Milani yelled. "Let's have the taxi driver tell us who's prettier." "Yes, yes!" The driver was more than happy to play the role of a judge.

Since he already considered Milani a gorgeous woman, he couldn't help but wonder how attractive Emmanuel's wife could be.

"I'm not in the mood to argue with you." Emmanuel was still not going to show Milani a photo of Mackenzie.

First of all, he did not actually have a photo of her with him.

Secondly, Mackenzie would certainly be upset to hear about the incident.

"Ha! Funny. Stop fantasizing about how you have a wife from now on, or else you will need to check yourself into a psychiatric ward soon!" Milani mocked.

The taxi soon reached its destination, and a glare from Emmanuel made Milani clamp her mouth shut.

Milani had no choice but to bow to Emmanuel at work.

"Hurry up and find out what the finalized product looks like. You have to find a way to fix it even if it means staying up all night," Emmanuel warned.

Milani could not read his mind. She thought he was anxious about the commission and was taking the opportunity to berate her. She frowned and gave him a look of disdain.

Once Emmanuel finally had the chance to look at the logo, he compared it with the original blueprint and realized that a line was missing from the original four lines.

It was not a major mistake, but it could be blown up.

The three lines were a popular brand symbol, and if they were to go along with the mistake, they would risk getting sued for plagiarism.

However, the final product was huge and made out of marble. It was close to impossible to fix the mistake, and if they were to redo the product, the product would not be ready in time for the ribbon-cutting ceremony of the project.

“Hey, what do we do now?”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 65

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 65-Panic swamped Milani, for the matter was inextricably linked to her bonus and career.

“Shut up!” Emmanuel roared, finding her irritating to the core. Milani’s face went as black as thunder. Argh! How I wish to call him out for a duel!

“Contact the craftsman. I want to talk to him!” Emmanuel ordered.

Milani deliberately kept silent.

“What’s the meaning of this, Milani? Do you want Terence Group to reject the product and have Cloud Construction suffer hundreds of millions in losses?” Emmanuel barked.

≡ It was only then that Milani retorted furiously, “You were the one who told me to shut up, Mr. Lowe! Isn’t it rather unreasonable that you want me to speak now?” “You want to play games with me, huh?” A frown marred Emmanuel’s countenance.

Intimidated, Milani relented and hastily huffed with a pout, “Wait a moment. I’ll make the call right away.” What a detestable loser! All he knows is to throw his weight around! Hmph!

Shortly after, Milani put down the phone and reported, “The craftsman is now at a bar. He has no time to make a trip over, saying that we can seek him out

if we want to talk to him.” “Hurry up, then! Bring me over posthaste!” Emmanuel instructed coldly.

Unlike them, a craftsman merely followed the design drawing. If they submitted the wrong design and the product turned out wrong, he would not be held responsible.

It was after working hours then. He had no obligation to entertain any requests to return to work. Since they were the ones who wanted to talk to him, they had no choice but to seek him out.

Milani was fit to be tied. Nonetheless, she could only swallow her anger for the sake of the three hundred thousand in commission and her position as supervisor.

Right then, it was already ten o'clock at night.

Mackenzie arrived home, only to find the house in pitch-darkness. Surprisingly, Emmanuel had not returned.

At that precise moment, Beatrix phoned her.

As a problem had transpired with the project, but she and Lexi could not come up with a solution after racking their brains for a long time, she had no other recourse but to come clean with Mackenzie earlier despite the possibility of a scolding.

“What’s going on? How could there be such a mistake?” Sure enough, her temper spiked after she learned about the matter.

I personally handed the design drawing of the logo to Emmanuel, planning to have Beatrix arrange a higher position for him and give him an increment after the project concluded flawlessly. Never had I expected him to be so useless!

“This is Cloud Construction’s problem, Mackenzie. After we handed them the design drawing, the logo was delivered to the project site upon completion, and we discovered the mistake immediately! Emmanuel has already told me about it a while ago. He’s now seeking out Cloud Construction to resolve the issue,” Beatrix hurriedly explained.

It was not that she wanted to shirk responsibility, but she was afraid that Mackenzie would put the blame on Emmanuel, adversely affecting their marital relationship.

Although she had bet that Emmanuel would not be able to last until the new year, she was not the kind of person to resort to trickery.

“Got it,” Mackenzie replied frostily before hanging up the phone.

Beatrix was very much surprised that Mackenzie did not lecture her at length. Hmm, it looks like she has really changed after getting married despite her perfectionist nature!

In truth, Mackenzie did not admonish Beatrix because she had something far more important to do.

For some inexplicable reason, she wanted to chastise the dumb Emmanuel more than lecturing her cousin.

If he'd gone to the factory to check on things during the production of the logo, he wouldn't be in such a passive position right now!

It went without saying that the man could not possibly have gone to such lengths as this was only his side job.

However, she felt differently.

After all, her principle in doing things was to ensure everything was comprehensive and perfect.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 66-Mackenzie gave Emmanuel a call, only to discover that his phone was turned off.

“Sure enough, he's an idiot! He doesn't even realize that his phone has died!” Unadulterated anxiety gripped her.

The project was exceedingly important, and their competitor, Verkade Group, had set their sights on it.

If that project were to succeed, Terence Group would be nabbing a huge contract worth a billion from Verkade Group in the next year.

For that reason, Verkade Group were determined to see them fail.

Perhaps Samuel and his men had even been incited to make trouble for Terence Group back then. Unfortunately for them, Terence Group had managed to resolve the problem.

Mackenzie and Terence Group were currently on their guard against Verkade Group in everything. Hence, the latter could not do anything to sabotage things.

While the mistaken logo would not affect any operations, Mackenzie was worried that Verkade Group would use it as a pretext to attack Terence Group and make clients lose confidence in the company.

As far as she knew, Verkade Group's CEO, Gautier Verkade, was a piece of trash who did not mind using all sorts of despicable means. Thus, the matter could never be allowed to get to his knowledge. Otherwise, he would definitely seize the opportunity to make a mountain out of a molehill.

At worst, we'll do away with the strategic warehouse's logo unveiling on the day of the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

She was presently frantic to look for Emmanuel because she feared that he would make a huge deal out of the matter resulting in it becoming public knowledge. By then, it would be difficult for her to deal with the fallout.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel and Milani had arrived at the bar.

As soon as they lifted their eyes, they were greeted by the words "Pink Zone" on a big neon signboard. It was incredibly eye-catching.

The bar was filled with suggestive and risqué undertones. Besides, its business was flourishing.

"Hmph! Yoel, that b*stard, is pretty good at picking a place to relax!" Milani could not help scoffing.

Yoel Larson was the name of the craftsman from Cloud Construction.

Emmanuel had once met him during the meeting previously. He wore glasses and appeared to be quite an honest man.

He shouldn't be such a kind of person. Oh well, it's difficult to conclude that.

As the saying goes, don't judge a book by its cover.

Taking the lead, Emmanuel stepped into the bar.

With a snort, Milani followed.

The bar was not as luxurious as they had imagined, but the atmosphere was exceedingly amorous and could spark the lust of young couples.

On top of that, the female servers had stunning figures and were dressed in diverse costumes and silk stockings of various colors. Verily, they were all striking.

That went doubly true for the bar hostesses. Anything they wore underneath would be bared with just a tilt of their bottoms.

“What a perv!” Milani sneered. Only when Emmanuel turned to her did she deliberately clarify, “Hmph! I wasn’t talking about you but Yoel!” Emmanuel merely shrugged. If it were not for business issues, he did not even want to speak with her.

In no time, they found Yoel.

Unexpectedly, the man was seated in a booth. There were neither women nor men around him.

Emmanuel noticed that his gaze was fixed in a particular direction, and he did not even notice their presence when they had walked up to him from behind.

Following his gaze, Emmanuel spotted a slender figure.

Ah, it turns out that he’s secretly eyeballing a beauty.

In the next second, the beauty in a black and white maid costume turned around. A single glance at her astounded him as well.

The woman was in her early twenties with exquisite features, fair skin, and outstanding looks.

Her jet-black hair was pinned back with a plain hairpin, and she exuded innocence. Her crystalline eyes sparkled like stars in the night sky.

Other than his wife, Mackenzie, he had never seen such a beautiful girl.

Her maid costume was the bar's uniform, but it was the most conservative among the female servers.

Even so, it accentuated her alluring curves. Nonetheless, the most attractive part of her was her long and slender legs encased in silk stockings.

In fact, even Milani could not help envying her.

"Mr. Larson! We're here!" "Huh?" Emmanuel's sudden holler snapped Yoel back to his senses.

At the sight of them both, he promptly flushed bright red.

The fact that he patronized the bar to steal glances at the beautiful female server had come to light.

Emmanuel was not in the mood to tease him for a bit, much less speak about that with the man. Instead, he cut straight to the chase. "One of the four lines on the logo is missing. There are still two nights and a day. Can you figure out a way to settle this?" Just when Yoel was about to respond, his attention was snagged by the commotion in the adjacent booth.

"Tsk-tsk! I won't get bored with those legs for a year!" At the adjacent booth, a man abruptly jumped out and blocked the beautiful server's path.

The server was Xylie Tanner, a university student who was working part-time at the bar.

When she came for an interview, the manager was impressed by her beauty and aura. Consequently, he suggested she take on a job as a bar hostess.

Ultimately, the basic salary of a server was pitifully low, and the money they made depended entirely on their sales of liquor.

Conversely, things were different for a bar hostess. She still remembered the manager holding up his hand to her.

He told her that she could earn at least fifty thousand a month so long as she was willing to be a bit more open, considering her looks.

If she were so lucky to catch the fancy of a wealthy man, that amount could multiply tenfold or even without an upper limit.

Not only did Xylie turn down the offer right then and there, but she even whirled around to leave.

However, the manager called her back and agreed to take her on as a server.

Being a bar manager, he had seen all kinds of women. Many who were initially virtuous ended up selling their bodies for money.

He believed that Xylie would likewise become a bar hostess sooner or later if she needed the money. It was unnecessary for him to persuade her further.

To his surprise, Xylie remained firm in her bottom line. Her looks and aura attracted many men in the bar, with Yoel being one of them.

He visited the bar every day after work just because he wanted to have a look at her.

“Do you need any liquor?” Despite having been stopped by the scoundrel of a man at that moment, Xylie still had to force a smile and put forth that question courteously.

Seeing her in such a situation, even Emmanuel felt sorry for her, let alone Yoel.

Ah, she’s a poor girl who’s desperate to make ends meet. I understand such hardship and helplessness!

“Tsk-tsk, what a devastating beauty!” The scoundrelly man was somebody. When he sprang to his feet, the rest of the men in the booth followed suit and surrounded Xylie.

Xylie could not help panicking. Clutching the liquor menu to her chest, she slowly backed away, trembling slightly.

Still, she suppressed her repulsion toward the man and mustered her courage to hold the liquor menu out. Smiling, she stated, “This is the list of liquor available in the bar, Sir. Some are pretty good, and I personally recommended them!” Emmanuel was impressed by her way of dealing with the matter. It was plainly evident that the man had vile intentions, yet she was trying her best to yank him back to the right path.

Alas, no sooner had she handed the menu to the man than he snatched it away and placed it under his nose before taking a hard sniff. He wore a downright salacious expression on his face.

“Tsk-tsk, this menu was plastered against the beauty’s chest, and it’s incredibly fragrant!” Right after he said that, the lackeys around him clamored to have a whiff of the menu.

The man was very generous, casually handing the liquor menu to the lackey beside him.

The entire group of men sniffed at the menu depravedly as though it was Xylie’s bosom.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 67-Xylie realized that she had run into a scoundrel. She swiftly spun on her heel to leave.

“Haha! Don’t go, pretty!” A lackey wearing a gold chain grabbed her.

Licking his lips, he declared, “This is your lucky day! My boss, Rat, has taken a fancy to you! Take a seat and have a few drinks with him!” “... I don’t know him!” Xylie argued even as she struggled.

“Haha, you don’t even know Rat? Have you heard of the renowned Mr.

Webber in the southern area of Yeringham, then? Rat is his sworn brother!” the man wearing a gold chain proclaimed with a smug grin.

Samuel enjoyed great popularity in Yeringham, especially among the various major nightclubs and bars. No one was a stranger to his reputation.

Xylie adamantly shook her head and struggled desperately.

“Damn it! As long as you agree to keep me company tonight, all this money will be yours!” Following that, Rat Lauer slapped a stack of bills onto the table. From the looks of it, it was at least tens of thousands.

He had picked up girls from the bar countless times, and many pretended to be virtuous. Yet, when all was said and done, they protested for the sake of money.

Many of them instantly changed their tune upon seeing the stack of bills awaiting them.

However, Xylie did not even spare it a single glance. She continued struggling and countered icily, "Sorry, but you're mistaken! I'm not a bar hostess. If you need one, I can help to notify someone to come over and serve you." Having said that, she pivoted to leave.

"Damn it, what a b*tch! You don't want to do things the nice way, huh?" Going off the deep end, Rat smashed a beer bottle at her feet.

Crash!

The sound of the beer bottle shattering had the whole bar plunging into silence in a flash.

"Take a step further if you dare! I'll kill you!" Rat threatened in a glacial voice.

That snagged the attention of a number of people.

"What are the lot of you looking at? We might just gouge your eyes out!" Each of Rat's lackeys was more arrogant than the last. They pointed at the other patrons and cursed them out.

The people around did not even dare watch the show anymore, much less attempt to be a knight in shining armor and save the damsel in distress.

After all, it was clear as day that the group of men was not to be trifled with.

Xylie did her utmost best to remain calm, but her palms had long since gone damp with sweat. She wanted to leave yet did not dare do so, making for a pitiful sight.

Mistakenly assuming that she had given up resisting, Rat reached out to grope her thigh.

"Haha, your leg is fair and supple, making me salivate, pretty!" "Ah! Stop it, you scoundrel!" In her moment of panic, Xylie slapped the man across the face.

Slap!

At once, the air seemingly froze.

W Rat had been in the underground circles for a long time, and he had never been struck by a woman.

Worse still, the incident happened in public, causing him great humiliation.

In the blink of an eye, the group of men smashed everything madly and even pushed Xylie to the ground.

It was their first time encountering such an obstinate woman, but they nevertheless believed that anyone would end up begging for mercy at their hands.

She's dead today!

"How reprehensible!" Seething inwardly, Yoel gritted his teeth at the side, his hands balled into fists.

5/0 Regretfully, he was scrawny and dared not step out at all. All of a sudden, his gaze flickered. When he caught sight of Emmanuel, his mind whirred at warp speed.

Everyone in Cloud Construction knows that he's the man who handled Mr.

Webber and ensured that the project could progress smoothly. Since he can even deal with Mr. Webber, he must be capable of doing the same with these few ruffians!

Please Save Xylie At that thought, he clenched his jaw and implored, "Please save Xylie, Mr.

Lowe!" In truth, Emmanuel would have lent Xylie a hand without the man having to make that request since the ruffians had gone overboard.

Nonetheless, he seized advantage of the opportunity and asked, "Can you help me amend the logo if I were to help her?" Yoel gritted his teeth. "I don't dare promise you anything, but I'll try my best!" "Deal!" Immediately, Emmanuel stood up and walked out of the booth.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 68-"Please don't make trouble at our bar, gentlemen!" Before Emmanuel could make his move, the manager strode over with some men.

When such an incident transpired, he had the responsibility to make an appearance and handle the matter.

The man wearing a gold chain promptly swung a hand and bellowed, "Who do you think you are that you dare say such a thing to us?" No pushover, the

manager instantly warned coldly, "You've got no right to kick up a fuss here, buddy. We also have someone backing us up!" Unexpectedly, Rat burst into raucous laughter. Patting the manager's face haughtily, he hissed, "You've got someone backing you up? Does he dare to go against me?" "W-Who exactly are you?" When the manager saw that the man remained as arrogant as ever, he knew that the latter must be someone influential. His heart lurched.

"Tell him!" "Understood, Rat!" Kicking a chair, the man wearing a gold chain novelbin announced proudly, "Rat is Mr. Webber's sworn brother! Got it?" "What? Mr. Webber?" As expected, the manager was frightened, his expression changing drastically.

As the manager of the bar, he knew Samuel and his men's ruthlessness better than anyone else.

They were all vicious men who were accustomed to bloodshed, especially Samuel. Rumor had it that the man even had blood on his hands.

That aside, it was rumored that even big companies such as Terence Group and Cloud Construction dared not offend them easily. It went without saying that he had not the guts to go against the group of savage Chapter 68 Who Dares To Stop Me men when he was merely an insignificant bar manager.

Taking in the terror on the manager's face, the group of ruffians grew all the more arrogant and guffawed loudly.

"Hurry up and scram! You're not needed here!" The man wearing a gold chain shoved the manager away. Without warning, he yanked at Xylie's dress forcefully.

"Ahh!" 3/6 Alongside Xylie's terrified scream, the top of her dress was ripped. The look of her in tattered clothes further inflamed the men.

No longer able to hold himself back, Rat reached out to divest her of all clothing.

Heh! The more innocent and aloof she is, the greater my possessiveness toward her!

Unfortunately, before his filthy paw could make contact, it was restrained by a clean and strong hand.

The grip was so tight that it felt like an iron manacle.

“Who’s that? Who dares to stop me?” Rat saw red at once.

Around him, his lackeys were also surprised, never having expected someone to dare go up against them when they had made their identity known.

“What a piece of trash!” Loathed to talk to him, Emmanuel snagged a beer bottle and brought it down on the man’s head hard.

Crash!

The sound of the beer bottle shattering had the patrons around jumping in fright.

T Milani felt as though a bomb had gone off deep within her, and terror struck her.

She really could not fathom it all. This loser usually looks gentle, but he’s more ruthless than the last every time he fights for real!

“Damn it! Kill him!” At Emmanuel’s sudden act of violence, a long time passed before the group of ruffians managed to gather their wits about them.

They quickly snagged beer bottles and charged toward the man.

Milani hastily hid in a corner, afraid that she would be caught in the crossfire.

Yoel, on the other hand, was utterly anxious, worried that Xylie would be injured in the fight.

“Ahh!” At the sight of a beer bottle heading toward her, Xylie shrieked, her face draining of all color in horror.

Wrapping an arm around her slender waist, Emmanuel spun and dodged the attack while kicking his leg out at the other person.

Whoa! How incredible!

Xylie was entirely astounded.

Admiration similarly flooded Yoel. No wonder he could even subdue Mr.

Webber!

Naturally, Milani was the most shocked among them all.

Although she looked down upon Emmanuel, she could not deny that he was more than ten times cooler than usual when he fought.

Sweeping his gaze over his lackeys, who were not Emmanuel's match, Rat cradled his head as he sat on the ground. His face was contorted in rage.

"Damn it! Just wait! I'm going to call someone over to kill you!"

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 69-It was past eleven o'clock, but Emmanuel was not home yet.

Mackenzie could no longer remain calm and unaffected.

"That man is truly hateful! Didn't I tell him that he's to be home by eleven o'clock?" Gritting her teeth, she decided to seek him out and see what exactly he was doing that he had not turned on his phone after such a long time.

Emmanuel had no idea that Mackenzie would seek him out. He was still hugging Xylie with an arm.

"T-Thank you!" Xylie thanked Emmanuel after he wiped the floor with the ruffians, her gaze trained on his arm around her.

In a flash, Emmanuel dropped his hold on her and urged, "It's difficult to remain untouched when you're working in a bar. Be careful next time.

Others may not respect your wishes when you turn their advances down." "All right..." Xylie nodded, her eyes sparkling as she stared at the man.

Never had she imagined that such a trope of a knight in shining armor saving the damsel in distress would happen to her.

Not only was the man before her tall and handsome, but he also radiated maturity. Coincidentally, he happened to be her cup of tea.

"What is this? What happened here?" At that precise moment, Samuel arrived with a group of men.

Seeing that, all the patrons in the bar started taking off.

Even the manager was scared witless.

Oh God, what should I do if they fight in the bar when there are so many of them?

However, Samuel stopped short when he had drawn close to the scene.

What on earth is happening here? The man on the ground is my sworn brother, Rat. Meanwhile, the person who defeated them turned out to be Emmanuel! He's the ruthless man who wiped the floor with us alone at The Paradise that night!

"You're here just in time, Mr. Webber! I'm never going to rest until I've ripped this brat to shreds today!" Fury blazed in Rat's eyes, and he struggled to his feet in excitement upon seeing that his backup was here.

Such a scene frightened Xylie so much that she trembled incessantly. She voluntarily leaned against Emmanuel, only to discover that he was still as calm as ever.

Whoa! What a real man!

"What are you planning to do if you're never going to rest?" Emmanuel retorted with a sneer, shielding Xylie.

"Damn it! You're never going to realize your mistake until you've seen what I'm capable of!" With rage staining his features, Rat snagged a beer bottle to smash it at the man.

"Stop it!" novelbin " Never in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined that Samuel would personally stop him.

Everyone present was stunned to the core.

"What are you doing, Mr. Webber? Quick, help me kill this brat!" Rat roared.

Unexpectedly, Samuel snatched the beer bottle away from his hand.

Rat bellowed, "What are you doing, Mr. Webber? If you tarry any longer, I'll sever my relationship with you!" A conflicted expression manifested on Samuel's face.

How can I possibly allow him to make a move against Emmanuel? That's impossible! Putting aside the fact that I'm acquainted with the latter, even if there are no ties between us both, we might not be his match if we were to attack him together! I'm helping Rat out of the kindness of my heart, yet this idiot has no idea and even threatens to sever his relationship with me!

"Quick, return the beer bottle to me! Otherwise, I'm going to beat you up!

Make it fast! Damn it!" Enraged, Rat started pushing at Samuel.

That scene stumped the onlookers around them.

"F*ck you! How dare you make a move against me!" Even more surprising was the fact that Samuel snapped. In his towering rage, he smashed the beer bottle on Rat's head.

Crash!

Following that, the entire bar plunged into an uproar.

Everyone had thought that Samuel had rushed over to back Rat up, never having expected the man to teach the latter a lesson instead.

Bewilderment was written all over Rat's face. His finger trembled violently as he pointed at his sworn brother. "Y-You actually hit me?" "I'm going to kill you if you continue running your mouth!" Fed up with that idiotic man, Samuel hastily added furiously, "He's Emmanuel Lowe, the skilled fighter who defeated thirteen of my men that night!"

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 70-"What?" Rat exclaimed in surprise as clarity washed over him. No wonder he's so skilled at fighting. I can't believe I just messed with someone out of my league. Damn you Mr. Webber for not informing me earlier. I even gave you a beer bottle.

"Manny, I'm sorry. It was just a friendly fire. I apologize to you on behalf of Rat." Samuel bowed slightly, regarding Emmanuel with the utmost respect.

"Apologize to her if that's what you want to do." Emmanuel pointed at Xylie. "Forgive my bluntness, but all of you are only capable of bullying women. You're not up to the mark to lay even a finger on me." The crowd around them gasped in surprise.

Those words weren't particularly hurtful, but they were extremely –humiliating, and yet Rat and his party didn't dare to utter a word.

Samuel even bowed and laughed. "You're right. Thank you for showing mercy, Manny." Taking in that scene, Xylie admired Emmanuel even more. This man is so formidable!

"Come. Since we're all here, let's have a few more drinks tonight. Out of blows, our friendship grows. Haha!" Samuel pulled Emmanuel to sit down and enjoy alcohol together.

"Emmanuel was a man who valued loyalty. Since Samuel had shown him respect earlier, he had to reciprocate.

After a few drinks, Samuel learned the entire story. It turned out Emmanuel and Rat had a big fight over a bargirl.

"Haha! Manny, you have good taste!" Samuel immediately pushed Xylie next to Emmanuel, causing her tender body to press tightly against him.

"Serve Manny well, and I'll reward you with ten thousand!" "I-" Xylie hesitated and didn't refuse at once.

"Mr. Webber, you've misunderstood. I-" Emmanuel wanted to decline, but Samuel and the other men started clamoring.

"Misunderstood? Don't tell me you're not satisfied with just one girl? Haha!

In that case, let's have two girls to accompany him! Manager, make the arrangement!" Worried they would complicate things, Emmanuel quickly waved his hand and stood up.

As he got to his feet, Xylie subconsciously followed suit.

The manager was also a competent and tactful person. If it hadn't been for Emmanuel, their bar would have surely been thrashed.

3/5 Moreover, seeing how Emmanuel was able to be on such good terms with Samuel at such a young age, the manager figured Emmanuel must be influential and needed to be treated well.

"Mr. Lowe, the private room is ready for you." The manager swiftly approached Emmanuel and Xylie.

Xylie kept her head down, blushing but not refusing.

Milani, standing at one side, mocked Yoel, “Ha! Your goddess is gone. How should I describe this? It’s like sending the girl you like to a lion’s den!” Yoel was brokenhearted and deeply upset.

Nevertheless, he wasn’t someone as foolish as Milani. He could tell Emmanuel wasn’t a lecher.

Besides, since Xylie didn’t rebuff Emmanuel, that implied she felt safer with Emmanuel. That was certainly better than her being bullied by those ruffians.

“Haha!” Samuel hurriedly shoved Emmanuel and Xylie into the private room. “Manny, enjoy yourself tonight! Consider this a return of the favor for the time you helped me earn three million!” “Hey-” Emmanuel still wanted to resist, but Samuel closed the door and locked it from outside.

Click!

The door was shut, leaving Emmanuel and Xylie alone inside the room.

The atmosphere instantly turned ambiguous.

Xylie instinctively clutched her chest as her clothes had been torn earlier.

“Are you all right?” Although Emmanuel had a lot of alcohol, he was actually more composed than Xylie because he had never harbored any improper thoughts toward women.

“Yes, I’m fine. Thank you for saving me!” she replied shyly.

“I’m glad to hear that.” Emmanuel smiled. “Let me introduce a friend to you. In fact, he’s the one who asked me to help you...” He took out his phone as he spoke, wanting to contact Yoel to come in.

However, when he looked at the screen, Emmanuel realized his phone had run out of battery.