

## Love at the Wrong Table

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 81-Everything was so casual here that Felicity inevitably felt irritated.

Nevertheless, she was not like the typical mothers-in-law who would underestimate their sons-in-law in the novels. While she did not think highly of Emmanuel, she would not say it aloud or make it obvious.

On the contrary, Mackenzie enjoyed the customs of the Lowe family. If she was asked to kneel and serve Alessandra, she would absolutely refuse to do so.

Discreetly, she studied her mother, yet she could not read the latter's expression.

While the atmosphere was lively in the house, a commotion also occurred outside.

Since Ryder had no interest in socializing with his cousin's family, he stayed near the main gate. Right at this moment, Shawn made an appearance with his men.

Without beating around the bush, Shawn questioned, "Ryder, is your wife going to pay up today?" "We will! We'll definitely pay you back! But today is my cousin's happy day.

Could you show us some mercy and give us a few more days?" Ryder begged while clasping his hands together.

With a sinister laugh, Shawn replied, "Sure! Just let me sleep with your wife for a few nights." "N-No! I can't let that happen!" "No? If she doesn't pay up, I can just make her a hostess in a bathhouse.

What do you think your wife was before? Some virtuous woman?" taunted Shawn as he smiled coldly.

His words pierced right through Ryder's heart.

Truthfully, he knew what his wife did before marriage, but that did not matter. As long as she did not get intimate with other men after marriage, he was willing to endure any hardships and work tirelessly to support his family.

Not daring to refute Shawn, Ryder immediately went on his knees. "Please, I'm begging you. Give us a few more days!" "Scram!" Shawn kicked him away and led his men to barge into Emmanuel's house.

Hearing the commotion, Roselynn opened the door. The Lowe residence was a self-built house in which the front yard could be seen from the novel living room.

"What's wrong? What's happening?" "Get lost. Our business is with Abellyn." Disregarding Roselynn, Shawn invited himself and his men in.

While passing the front yard, they kicked and knocked things over to display their aggressiveness and fearlessness, infuriating Roselynn.

What did Abellyn do to offend such people?

Abellyn was already aware that they would search for her here, so she had been hiding in the room, not daring to get out at all.

Even so, hiding in the room was no solution since she knew how unreasonable Shawn could be. He would find a way in sooner or later.

"Why are you guys looking for my mom?" Tommy shouted.

"Hehe, we're looking for your mom because-" The vulgar words he was about to say got stuck midway through his sentence as he noticed Mackenzie.

As they were from the lower class, the Lowe family might not know who Mackenzie was, but as the son of an influential businessman, how could Shawn not recognize her?

Thinking they were playing tricks on him, Shawn rubbed his eyes. He refused to believe that the mighty Mackenzie of the Quillen family would be in such a run-down place.

However, even after he rubbed his eyes, she was still there.

Regardless of the relationship the Lowe family had with Mackenzie, he knew he could not afford to cross such a formidable figure. He reacted quickly by

saying, "I'm sorry! I came to the wrong house!" With that, he hurriedly turned around and left.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 82-"Stop right there!" The voice of an older man rang out from behind Shawn.

Shawn felt shivers down his spine as he recognized the voice instantly.

What the heck is going on? Not only is Ms. Mackenzie from the Quillen family here, but the wealthiest man in Yeringham is here too!

Terence asserted his dominance with a simple command. Shawn stumbled as he turned around to greet the older man. "Old Mr. Quillen!" The Lowes were confused when they noticed the change in Shawn's attitude. It looks like Old Mr. Quillen holds quite a high position in society.

Fortunately for the Lowe family, they did not know who Shawn was.

Otherwise, they would be even more shocked.

"Oh? You know who I am?" With one look, Terence could tell Shawn did not accidentally stumble into the wrong place. He could tell that Shawn and his subordinates were there to look for trouble, so he wanted to help alleviate the situation.

"Everyone in Yeringham knows who you are..." Shawn's voice trembled as he spoke.

In order to play along with his granddaughter's act of pretending to be poor, Terence did not expose his identity. He casually said, "Stop trying to flatter me. Get to the point. What are you doing here?" novelbin "N-Nothing! Ryder and I are good friends! I came in to say hello since I was passing by!" Shawn did not dare to say that he was there to collect a debt.

It would only end badly if he offended the wealthiest family in Yeringham just for eighty thousand.

"I see. Why did you say you went to the wrong house, then?" A cold glint flashed across Mackenzie's eyes.

Shawn was trembling non-stop. He was tongue-tied, not knowing what to reply.

“Since you have no business here, you should leave.” Alessandra felt annoyed that Shawn had brought so many people to their home. It was their family’s big day that day, and she did not wish for others to interrupt the happy event.

Shawn felt relieved when he heard what Alessandra said. What a kind soul this woman is. He quickly nodded in response and led his subordinates away.

“Mr. Zeller!” Ryder had just entered from outside, so he was clueless about what had happened. He was worried that Shawn would take his wife away, but he did not expect to see the latter leave so soon.

“Don’t call me!” Shawn did not want to stay there for a second longer.

“What about the money...” Ryder was an honest man. He was still thinking about the debt, but Shawn ignored him and scurried away.

“That’s weird! What’s going on?” Ryder scratched his head in confusion.

Emmanuel was in the kitchen cooking, so he did not get to check out the commotion in the living room. When he was done and left the kitchen, he saw Benny and Jack trying their best to please Terence.

Their family was the only branch of the Lowe family involved in the business world. They knew how to read the room and adapt to their surroundings. Even if they did not realize that Terence was from the most prominent family in Yeringham, they could tell he was rich and influential.

If they could butter up and please Terence and his family, their businesses would surely blossom.

For Emmanuel’s sake, Terence made small talk with Benny and Jack.

Mackenzie ignored everyone. She chose not to listen to what Benny and Jack were talking about, much less shake hands with them.

Felicity knew her daughter well and trusted that she had a good eye for reading people. Those who Mackenzie looked down on were definitely not good men.

She took out her phone and began swiping through her social media, not bothering to socialize with Benny or Jack.

Anger flashed across Benny's and Jack's eyes when they noticed Mackenzie's and Felicity's arrogance. However, neither of them dared to speak up about it.

"It's time for lunch!" Emmanuel yelled. After all, Benny and his family were still his relatives. He could not bear to watch them get angry with Mackenzie.

5/6 Emmanuel knew Mackenzie well. If she wanted to ignore someone, it would be useless for that person to cry and beg for her attention.

Soon, everyone was gathered around two large dining tables for lunch.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 83-Emmanuel's and Mackenzie's families sat at one table, and Benny's and Ryder's sat at the other.

The atmosphere during lunch was quite harmonious.

Mackenzie was not used to such weird dishes eaten by the lower-class people. How am I supposed to eat these?

She also did not expect Alessandra to take such good care of her. The latter was enthusiastically serving her food.

Not daring to reject Alessandra's kind gesture, Mackenzie smiled before putting down her fork and letting Alessandra pile more food onto her plate.

Unfortunately, Terence was sitting beside her. He faked a cough and glanced at her when he noticed she had stopped eating.

176 Mackenzie let out a heavy sigh. She had no choice but to push the plate of food Alessandra had given her toward Emmanuel.

"Um..." Alessandra's face reddened in embarrassment as awkwardness filled the air.

Emmanuel also felt awkward. He was about to explain when Mackenzie said, "I'm on a diet. I can't eat too much." Emmanuel knew she was respecting Alessandra by saying that.

"Is that so? But you're so skinny. What if you end up malnourished?" Alessandra asked worriedly.

The corners of Mackenzie's lips twitched in annoyance. My own mother isn't worried about me. Who are you to try to control my food intake?

"Mom, don't you know? Times have changed, and so have beauty standards. Nowadays, the skinnier you are, the prettier you are. It's understandable that you're oblivious about it since there's a huge gap between our generations." Roselynn hurried to explain to her mother and 2/6 placed ladles beside each dish. She knew Mackenzie must've been disgusted and annoyed by how Alessandra had served her food. novelbin "Haha, I'm sorry for being so uncivilized. I didn't know about that." Alessandra was quick to apologize to Mackenzie.

3/6 "It's all right," Mackenzie uttered. Although this mother-in-law of mine likes to nag, she has an excellent temper. Lucky for me, I don't have to live with her. I can still put up with her if it's just having a meal occasionally.

Roselynn thought it was difficult to get along with Mackenzie, but she did not mind it too much. She was just worried that Emmanuel would get annoyed with such a woman sooner or later.

"I can't wait for Mackenzie and Emmanuel to give me great-grandchildren.

I wonder if you feel the same," Terence asked Alessandra.

Pfft!

Mackenzie had just taken a mouthful of food. She almost spat it out when she heard what Terence said.

The smile on Emmanuel's lips stiffened as well.

It had not been easy for him to persuade Mackenzie to go home with him, yet now they were asking when they would have kids. That's a challenging task that I don't think I'll ever be able to complete!

When he thought about it, apart from that one time he accidentally saw Mackenzie's body, they had never once held hands, much less moved to the next level of intimacy.

Will she kill me if our families keep pressuring us to have a baby?

“Haha! Of course I do!” Sure enough, Alessandra immediately tried to pressure her son. “Manny, you need to work harder. Don’t make Old Mr.

Quillen wait too long!” Emmanuel could only chuckle in reply before wolfing down his food to avoid answering any other questions.

“I’m done. I have something else to do, so I’ll take my leave now.” 4/6 With that, Mackenzie put down her fork. She preferred to leave instead of staying if that were the topic they would discuss during lunch.

Emmanuel also knew she was at her limit. If they did not leave soon, the lunch might end on a terrible note.

” He said, “Mom, Mackenzie and I have other things to attend to, so I’ll go back with her first!” Terence had wanted to stop Mackenzie from leaving, but when he heard she and Emmanuel had something to do, he let them go.

Otherwise, he would have done everything he could to ensure Mackenzie stayed at the Lowe residence for the rest of the day.

The Lowes were surprised when Mackenzie suddenly got up and left the dining room.

Emmanuel quickly followed behind her so he could become her driver.

Along the way, neither of them spoke a word. It was then Emmanuel received a message.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 84-Emmanuel did not check who sent him the message since he was driving.

Mackenzie, however, accidentally glanced at the screen and was taken aback.

The message wrote: Emmanuel, you have my support. You only need to pluck up the courage and pin Mackenzie down to have your way with her.

If you can give me a great-grandchild and let them have “Quillen” as their last name, I’ll give you all my life savings!

Mackenzie was rendered speechless when she read the message.

How can there be such a grandfather in the world? How dare he persuade Emmanuel to take advantage of me by using his life savings as bait? His life savings are worth at least tens of billions! Impossible! I won't allow that to happen! If Emmanuel finds out about this, he'll definitely come onto me like a hungry beast!

"What's wrong?" From the corners of his eyes, Emmanuel noticed that something was wrong with Mackenzie. In an instant, his curiosity was piqued. He wanted to know the contents of the message.

"Don't you dare look over here!" Mackenzie threatened.

However, Emmanuel was not one of her obedient subordinates. He argued, "Ms. Quillen, don't you think you're too much? That's my phone.

The message was sent to me. So why won't you let me read it?" "I said no!" Mackenzie wanted to delete the message. Unfortunately, she did not know the password to Emmanuel's phone.

"Give me your password!" Emmanuel chuckled. "Ms. Quillen, we're just a married couple in name.

Previously, you said I can still have my freedom after getting married.

What's going on now? Why do you want to check my phone?" Mackenzie was at a loss. She had no choice but to try being unreasonable.

"Just give it to me. Why do you have to spout so much nonsense?" 3/5 "I can give it to you, but you must first let me check the message!" Emmanuel pulled the car to the side of the road and held out his hand, wanting to take back his phone.

He had no secrets. Mackenzie could check whatever she wanted after he read the message.

Mackenzie furrowed her brows. She did not want to give him back his phone.

"Ms. Quillen, you are invading my privacy right now." Emmanuel was assertive.

Mackenzie gritted her teeth before she threw the phone at him.



Fortunately, Emmanuel was quick to respond. He swiftly grabbed the phone. This woman looks standoffish, yet sometimes still acts like a wild child.

He unlocked his phone and tapped on his messages. After reading through the message, he could not help but burst into laughter.

“Don’t you dare have funny thoughts! Let’s go home!” Mackenzie said angrily.

Emmanuel shrugged and put down his phone before driving back to Yociam Residence.

Mackenzie did not speak a word to him as they traveled home. Once they arrived, she speed-walked to the door and wanted to slam it shut to lock Emmanuel outside.

However, Emmanuel was fast as he blocked the door from closing. Anger was boiling within him as he could not help but retort, “You’re being ridiculous! It’s your grandfather who sent the message! You’re making it seem as if I really want to pin you down and have my way with you. Have you ever wondered how much effort it would need for me to be aroused by your icy expression?” Mackenzie retreated to her bedroom and did not come out for a long time.

Of course, Emmanuel would not go in to comfort her either. It was true that their relationship had not progressed that far, and he did not do anything wrong.

Ultimately, it was just a marriage in name. If Mackenzie did not kick him out, all other matters were not a big deal.

The evening soon came, and Emmanuel went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

The moment he came out, he was greeted by the sight of Mackenzie sitting on the couch in the living room. She was tapping her fingers impatiently on the arm of the couch. There were some papers on the glass table before her, and beside them sat a pen.

“Come here and sign this.” Mackenzie beckoned him over.

“What is it?”

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 85-Emmanuel was curious as he approached Mackenzie.

Mackenzie was a cold and mighty CEO. She never answered such questions like the one Emmanuel had asked. Instead, she crossed her arms and leaned against the couch.

Emmanuel picked up the papers from the table and noticed that it was two copies of the same agreement.

Not only that, Mackenzie had signed them beforehand and even stamped them with her personal stamp.

Jeez! As expected of an executive of a big business! What a cultured person! She's making such a big deal out of this!

The contents of the agreement were straightforward, with only three conditions listed.

One, both parties were not to engage in sexual intercourse. If Emmanuel were to touch Mackenzie in an inappropriate manner, it would be considered marital rape.

Two, both parties were not to share their assets. Emmanuel would not need to give Mackenzie five thousand every month. Mackenzie would not ask Emmanuel for rent either. All expenditures would be split between both parties, and they would only buy what was necessary.

Three, both parties would agree to a divorce in half a year. There would not be a split of assets. Mackenzie could leave the house for Emmanuel.

2/6 Both Mackenzie and Terence had previously agreed to the deadline of half a year. Besides, Mackenzie had already thought of a reason for her and Emmanuel's divorce: They could not get pregnant, so staying married was useless.

Emmanuel knew the agreement was advantageous to him. However, he could not help but feel that Mackenzie was trying to guard herself against him.

I've already clarified that I only agreed to this marriage because of my mother. Why does it seem that she thinks I married her for her money and good looks?

3/6 Noticing the frown on his face, Mackenzie said coldly, "Don't worry. I won't ask for the money that you borrowed from me. You can consider it my gift to you after we get divorced. In any case, you shouldn't harbor inappropriate thoughts toward me. Don't treat me as your real wife, either.

More importantly, you should stop thinking about Grandpa's money. You novelbin and I are not fated to be together!" Nothing seemed more appropriate than hearing those heartless words from someone like Mackenzie.

Emmanuel was not angry. After all, the conditions of the agreement were not overboard. Before they got married, they had already agreed to the marriage being fake.

Today was the first time he had brought Mackenzie home, which caused him to imagine an unrealistic fantasy. Yet now, he felt somewhat upset because Mackenzie had squashed what little bit of hope he had.

"Ms. Quillen, I've never once thought about your money or covet your grandfather's money. It's up to you whether you want to believe me or not.

Since you think we're not a real couple, I won't give you five thousand a month if that's what you want. But I will definitely return the money I borrowed from you regardless of whether we get a divorce. Also, I won't ask for this house from you!" Emmanuel spoke with determination.

4/6 Oddly, Mackenzie felt a stabbing pain in her heart. She had no idea why she felt that way.

She had expected Emmanuel to get angry or even explode with rage, but he did not.

"Ms. Quillen, you're indeed beautiful and have an air of elegance around you. You're the most perfect woman I've encountered, but not every man will fall in love with you or covet you! I'm a gynecologist, so I sometimes wonder if I have erectile dysfunction because I never had any intentions to take advantage of you. Hence, I'll sign this agreement!" With that, Emmanuel reached forward to grab the pen.

Mackenzie was stunned momentarily. She wanted to snatch the pen away but ended up not doing it.

After Emmanuel signed his name on the papers, his lips curved into a grin.

“Ms. Quillen, I don’t have a personal stamp. Is it all right if I stamp the contract with my thumbprint?” Mackenzie was in a daze as she nodded slowly.

Emmanuel bit his thumb before stamping both contracts.

Mackenzie felt uncomfortable as the faint smell of blood wafted to her nose. She felt her heart sink as she watched Emmanuel.

“I’m done, Ms. Quillen! Oh, I’ve prepared dinner. Do you want to eat together?” Emmanuel handed Mackenzie one copy of the agreement before inviting her to dinner with him.

“No. I’m heading out.” Mackenzie took the contract and got up from the couch. “No need to wait up for me tonight. Just don’t lock the door from the inside.”  
5/6 Emmanuel smiled. “Sorry, but I’ve never waited for you to come home.”  
Pfft!

Mackenzie felt as if an arrow had just shot through her heart.

How dare he talk to me like that? Damn it!

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 86-Mackenzie called Beatrix to have dinner together that night.

To put it more accurately, it was for a drink rather than dinner.

1/6 The establishment they were at was one of the Quillen family’s businesses. They used to frequent the place for dinner, but it was their first since Mackenzie had gotten married.

“Is there something on your mind, Mackenzie? Why are you drinking so much?” Beatrix didn’t notice something was going on with Mackenzie at first because the latter was good at hiding her feelings and thoughts.

In other words, Mackenzie never let anything bother her.

After she gulped down the eighth glass of alcohol that night, Beatrix finally realized something was wrong and that Mackenzie was trying to get herself drunk.

“I’m fine. It’s just the cold weather. I’m having some alcohol to fend off the chills,” Mackenzie explained.

This is a problem and a big one at that!

Beatrix knew Mackenzie never cared to explain anything. Thus when Mackenzie intentionally found an excuse to have alcohol, it simply proved she was instinctively trying to play it off.

“Mackenzie, did Emmanuel do something bad again?” Beatrix didn’t dare to imply that Emmanuel could bully Mackenzie. After all, no living creature on the planet could harass her cousin.

“Hmph! When has he ever done anything good?” Mackenzie spat coldly.

The Emmanuel she knew was an idiot. He would be troubled over a bit of money and never realized who was the one on his side helping him. He didn’t even know who she was and kept talking back to her.

“Now, that’s where you’re wrong, Mackenzie.” Beatrix objected, “He dealt with the thugs at the project site and settled the logo issue. He even saved you once. I think he’s pretty awesome!” Mackenzie was stunned as Beatrix listed down everything Emmanuel had done.

Actually, she didn’t know why she had a stuffy feeling in her chest for the whole night. Comprehension finally dawned upon her when Beatrix pointed it out.

Am I feeling like this because of that idiot’s words? No way! How is that possible? I’m Mackenzie Quillen! I don’t get upset over some man’s words.

“Whatever! Let’s not talk about that idiot anymore! Drink!” Mackenzie forced Beatrix to down another glass of liquor.

Being the sharp-witted person she was, Beatrix secretly emptied the contents onto the floor after clinking glasses.

Mackenzie noticed Beatrix’s action but didn’t expose her. She didn’t care 3/6 whether Beatrix actually drank with her. She just wanted some company that night.

Beatrix finally helped a drunken Mackenzie leave the building around ten at night.

Unlike before, they ended up in different vehicles.

Mackenzie had a thing for controlling everything around her ever since she was young, but her marriage with Emmanuel was out of her hands.

4/6 She couldn't return to the Quillen residence, and if she didn't want to head back to Yociam Residence, she would need to find a place to crash that night.

"Where should we head to, Ms. Quillen?" the driver asked.

A car with eight professional bodyguards trailed after them.

Mackenzie reclined against the backseat as if she had fallen asleep. After a long silence, she finally uttered, "Go home." "Yes, Ms. Quillen." The driver drove her back to Yociam Residence.

Mackenzie's lips curved into a bitter smile at the sight. This is my home now. A place that restrains me.

"Do you need me to help you up, Ms. Quillen?" The driver offered his help when he noted Mackenzie couldn't walk in a straight line, but he didn't dare to touch her without her permission.

"No, I'm fine. You guys can leave for the night." "Yes, Ms. Quillen." Once the driver and bodyguards left, she pressed the elevator call button and staggered into it when the doors slid open.

A stabbing pain struck her belly when the elevator reached the seventeenth floor. The world spun when she lowered her head, and she nearly didn't make it out of the elevator.

At long last, she reached the front door of her unit with much difficulty but couldn't get her keys into the lock.

"D\*mn it!" Mackenzie held her belly as another wave of pain hit her. She knew it was because of the overwhelming amount of alcohol she consumed that night.

She wanted to call for Emmanuel but felt it was too humiliating.

After all, she had never done something like that.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 87-Secondly, she had just set up a few rules with him.

That guy has never waited up for me. How can I expect him to be there to open the door for me if I call out?

However, the pain in her belly intensified, and the dizziness worsened, causing her to drop to her haunches in front of the door.

What am I going to do?

Right when she decided to call for the driver to help her, the door opened.

“What happened?” Emmanuel hurriedly helped her up when he saw her drenched in a cold sweat on the floor.

“What... What are you doing? You’ve never waited up for me.” Mackenzie feigned standoffish and tried to push him away.

Emmanuel sighed and didn’t touch her after that.

However, she slumped to the ground in the next second. With quick reflexes, he urgently grabbed onto her.

“Don’t touch me! We’ve signed an agreement! You can’t touch me!” Mackenzie shoved him away again.

Emmanuel’s expression turned grim as he carried her into his arms. He turned around, kicking the door closed.

“You! How dare you!” Mackenzie clenched her teeth in anger. His actions cleared away the drunken fog in her mind.

How dare he carry me like this!

Emmanuel wasn’t intimidated by her threat and proceeded to throw her on her bed. “Lie down and don’t move. I’ll make something to sober you up.

You shouldn’t have drunk so much if you couldn’t handle it. It’s not good for your stomach.” His chiding added fuel to her fire. She struggled to get up and shouted, “Who says I’m a lightweight? Do you know how much I drank? How am I supposed to talk business if I can’t drink?” Seeing her sluggish movements and how she couldn’t keep herself up, he had no choice but to help her into bed.

He didn’t expect her to fall into his embrace and puke all over him.

“Hey, what are you doing? This is my pajamas, not a dishcloth!” Emmanuel’s temper sparked. He only had one pajama, and she had sullied it with her vomit. What was he going to wear that night?

To his surprise, he found that her vomit actually smelled nice.

Mackenzie ignored him and continued to hurl. She finally stopped after emptying her stomach.

Looking down at his dirty clothes, he angrily carried her back to bed.

“Is this how someone in the upper management should act? Luckily, you know how to find your way home despite being a lightweight! Otherwise, the street sweepers would’ve sent you to the morgue the next morning.” After giving her a piece of his mind, he went to the kitchen to prepare some coffee to sober her up and rummaged through the cabinets for gastric medication.

Shortly after, he set down a cup of coffee and pills on the nightstand.

“Take this!” “W-What is this?” Mackenzie was more alert than before after getting some alcohol out of her. Mortification filled her as she recalled her earlier actions.

Good thing Emmanuel is a good, honest guy. The people of Yeringham will be shocked if the things I’ve done tonight get out. They can’t imagine what a standoffish female CEO looks like when drunk.

“It’s coffee and antacids. They’ll help you sober up.” Guilt washed over Mackenzie at Emmanuel’s words.

He’s taking care of me sincerely. Yet, here I am, assuming he married me for my wealth and looks. I drafted the agreement to warn him not to act recklessly and get any stupid ideas in his head. Now, I’m wondering if that’s the right move.

“Whatever. It’s up to you whether you want to take them or not.” Emmanuel knew her temperament well, so he didn’t spend any time coaxing her to take them. Instead, he whirled around and left her room, shutting the door behind him.

With a slam, the couple was separated by a door.



Mackenzie huffed at him, then lay down on the bed. After contemplating for a stretch, she sat up and took the medicine and coffee.

The dizziness was too much for her, so she fell asleep soon after.

Everything was right as rain when she woke up the next morning. She noticed he had already left for work when she got out of bed.

My bedroom door wasn't locked last night, so he's really not interested in me that way.

"Hmph! One night doesn't count! I'll have to continue observing him." It's all Grandpa's stupid text! I have no reason to let my guard down around Emmanuel.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 88-In the morning, Emmanuel arrived at the hospital for his shift when one of Beacon Hospital's deputy directors, Addison Barnes, came to him.

"Dr. Barnes, is there anything you need from me?" Emmanuel could barely hide his surprise.

He was a regular hospital staff, while Addison held the position of deputy director. Typically, if someone from higher management needed to meet with him, they would send someone to get him. This was the first time Addison himself had sought him out.

"Emmanuel, are you up for a home visit today?" To his surprise, Addison even asked for his opinion.

"A home visit?" Emmanuel parted his lips in disbelief. He had never conducted a home visit before, nor was he aware that the hospital provided such a service.

"Yes, it appears that Ms. Claudette Lenoir is unwell and prefers not to come to the hospital. She has requested a home visit, and she is willing to pay a substantial amount for this service," Addison explained, getting straight to the point. "If you don't have any urgent matters to attend to, I will authorize you to proceed with the home visit. The payment will go to the hospital, but you can keep any tips received." "Oh, okay," Emmanuel agreed readily.

He knew that the hospital needed to make money. Considering the financial pressure he was under to repay Ryder's debt and fulfill his obligations to Mackenzie, he saw the opportunity for extra income as a welcomed offer.

He couldn't help but recall the rules they agreed upon yesterday.

That was precisely why he abandoned the notion of them being together and accepted the reality that their paths would eventually diverge. He resolved not to accumulate any further debts or obligations to Mackenzie, wanting to ensure a clean break when the time came for their separation.

Emmanuel walked out of the hospital with his medical kit to see a Rolls-Royce waiting for him outside.

A strange expression crossed Darren's face when he noticed the expensive car.

How could Emmanuel afford to buy a Rolls-Royce?

Emmanuel didn't think much about his ride as he was focused on treating his client's condition and earning his deserved pay. He soon arrived at a private mansion where Claudette was waiting for him alone.

"Ms. Lenoir, you look unwell. What happened?" Emmanuel asked.

"Dr. Lowe, I-I dare not head out today. When I walk, I feel unusually itchy and painful," Claudette explained awkwardly as she pointed at her body.

"Please allow me to conduct a physical examination," Emmanuel requested, gesturing for her to cooperate so he could assess her condition.

It wasn't the first time, but Claudette still felt a bit shy.

Emmanuel checked her body thoroughly and discovered many rashes throughout her body.

Those rashes were smooth to the touch but felt a little warm.

It was a strange condition. novelbin "Bear with me while I continue my examination." "Okay," Claudette nodded, her cheeks turning pink.

She had to endure his touches to get better.

When Emmanuel examined her, she dared not lower her head to look at him.

She had been under immense stress due to her condition, and as a result, she was hesitant to undergo examinations by other doctors, even if they were female like herself.

However, she was concerned that allowing Emmanuel to examine her body might be misinterpreted as lacking modesty. That made her feel internally conflicted.

“Ms, Lenoir, your condition is a result of an imbalance of positive and negative energy within your body. As I’ve mentioned before, due to your specific body composition, it is important for you to avoid certain types of food. I suspect that you might have consumed heat-inducing foods or those that promote blood circulation, leading to your current situation.” Upon hearing that, Claudette heaved a sigh of relief.

She felt relieved to know that Emmanuel would never misunderstand her, even if others might.

The understanding he showed brought her a sense of comfort, and she immediately felt more at ease.

“Well, I had a craving last night. I ended up eating some king crabs and drinking liquor. That’s all.” “You must cut down on eating seafood, and you should avoid consuming any more liquor. I will write you a prescription. Take the medication for a 5/6 few days, and the rashes will fade away. Make sure to get plenty of rest during this time,” Emmanuel instructed firmly as he wrote down the prescription.

Claudette stared at his side profile, utterly transfixed.

She never considered herself a stunning beauty, but she had never lacked male admirers since her youth. Many men saw her as a goddess and showered her with attention.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 89-However, Emmanuel was the only exception.

He would always examine her body naturally as though she was just a patient to him, nothing else.

Claudette didn't know what to think about that.

It was getting late when the consultation came to an end. Emmanuel grabbed his medical kit and made to leave.

Claudette offered, "Dr. Lowe, let me give you a ride." Before Emmanuel could reply, she added cheerfully, "I'll just sit in the car without moving. That won't worsen my condition, will it?" Emmanuel grinned. "Okay, then." They got into the Rolls-Royce and headed back to the Yociam Residence.

Coincidentally, a Bentley pulled up at the entrance when they arrived.

"Stop the car!" Mackenzie quickly ordered her driver when she saw Emmanuel hopping out of a Rolls-Royce ahead of them.

Claudette then got out of the car, seemingly reluctant to bid goodbye to Emmanuel.

Mackenzie couldn't believe he was capable of seducing the heiress of the Lenoir family!

Meanwhile, Claudette could barely hide her curiosity. "Dr. Lowe, I had no idea you live in this high-end residential area. Do you live here alone?" It was clear she wanted to spend more time chatting with Emmanuel.

"No. I live with someone else," Emmanuel replied honestly.

"Oh, are you living with your girlfriend?" Claudette asked cheerily; her tone tinged with a hint of anxiety.

Emmanuel was taken aback, not knowing how to answer her question.

Claudette chuckled aloud and deliberately teased, "What's the matter? Is it inconvenient for you to tell me about it?" "Mm, you could say that," Emmanuel responded vaguely with a curt nod.

He and Mackenzie signed a contract, and they would be getting a divorce within six months. He didn't feel like telling others that she was his wife.

Besides, he was also aware that Mackenzie didn't want her friends to know that she was already married.

After hearing his answer, Claudette tensed up as bitterness washed over her.

A while later, she grinned and replied, "I had no idea you have a girlfriend, Dr. Lowe. I thought gynecologists won't be interested in women!" Emmanuel explained solemnly, "Ms. Lenoir, I have no interest in my patients, let alone harbor any ill intentions toward them. You don't have to worry about that." The bitterness in Claudette's heart grew more intense as her smile faded.

"Of course I trust you, Dr. Lowe. Otherwise, I wouldn't have hired you to treat my condition. I was actually thinking of hiring you as my personal doctor if your girlfriend doesn't mind." "Thanks for the offer, Ms. Lenoir. However, I'm currently not looking to be someone's personal doctor, at least not at the moment," Emmanuel declined her offer politely.

"All right, then. I'll take my leave now." "Okay. Remember to get more rest these few days and take the medication as prescribed," Emmanuel reminded her.

"Got it!" Claudette flashed a smile and hopped back into her car. The moment the door closed, disappointment crossed her face.

4/5 It's surprising to learn that the gynecologist has a girlfriend. It seems that there are many tasteful women like me out there.

After the Rolls-Royce drove away, Emmanuel walked into the residential area.

Mackenzie rolled down the window and glanced around as her fists balled. No matter what, he's still my husband in name. I can't believe Claudette is bold enough to show up at our house!

Suddenly, a Mercedes-Benz pulled up behind the Bentley. The young driver, unaware of her expression, greeted her excitedly, "Mackenzie!"

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 90-The young man behind the wheel of the Mercedes-Benz was dressed in a stylish and expensive suit. His long hair added to his wealthy and fashionable appearance.

However, Mackenzie ignored him completely and wound up the window.

She ordered her driver, "Drive into the residential area now!" "Got it, Ms. Quillen!" 1/5 After Mackenzie got married, she stopped asking the driver to drop her off inside the residential area as she didn't want Emmanuel to discover her identity.

It was clear how much she despised the young man driving a Mercedes-Benz as she told the driver to drop her off inside the residential area today.

The young man quickly understood Mackenzie's intention and parked his car at the gate, blocking their path effectively.

He then opened the car door and hopped off.

Other than his branded suit, he was also wearing a luxury watch and accessories.

He looked like an affluent gentleman.

Mackenzie's driver was both surprised and furious.

'can't believe someone is bold enough to block Ms. Quillen's car.

The young man walked over and knocked on Mackenzie's window.

To many, it was a rude and provocative gesture.

Mackenzie wound down the window and warned icily, "Hubert, you have one minute to move your car. If you don't comply, be prepared to face the consequences!" Hubert Verkade was the youngest son of the chairman of Verkade Group.

He was also Gautier Verkade's younger brother.

He had never taken an active role in running the family business. However, Mackenzie held a strong contempt for Gautier, and thus her disdain extended to Hubert as well.

"Mackenzie, I'm here to give you something! Wait up!" Hubert knew Mackenzie's character and was already immune to her icy threats.

He quickly unlocked the trunk to retrieve some expensive herbs and a bouquet of fresh roses.

After placing the herbs on the ground, he approached Mackenzie with the bouquet of roses.

"Mackenzie, this is for you!" he said earnestly, offering the roses to her.

Mackenzie merely pinned him with a withering look, showing no signs of accepting his flowers.

“Mackenzie, I understand that you and Gautier are business rivals and that you despise him. But I am not him, and he is not me. I genuinely love you! I want to court you!” Hubert’s excitement grew as he continued, “I picked these roses specially for you. I also know about your digestion issues, so I bought expensive herbs to help nourish your health. Please, ask your driver to accept these gifts!” Hubert was only twenty-four years old, three years younger than Mackenzie.

Nevertheless, he had already harbored romantic feelings for her since he was fourteen.

After their chance encounter at an event back then, Hubert was instantly smitten by Mackenzie. Love consumed him completely.

Mackenzie might have a cool demeanor and an apparent aversion to men, not to forget her rivalry with Gautier, but Hubert’s love for her remained steadfast. He dreamed of marrying her.

-Alas, despite his unwavering determination, Mackenzie was already brimming with impatience, and disgust was written all over her face.

As he refused to budge, she grabbed the bouquet from him and tossed it to the ground. After winding up the window, she ordered her driver, “Drive into the residential area!” Her driver panicked. “But Ms. Quillen, Mr. Verkade’s car is blocking our way.” “Hit his car!” Mackenzie ordered coldly.

“Huh?” The driver was shocked to hear that.

“I said, hit his car!” Mackenzie repeated.

“Okay!” The driver nodded hastily and promptly floored the accelerator.

Bang!