

Love at the Wrong Table

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 91-The force of the collision caused the Mercedes-Benz to be pushed aside.

Hearing the loud sound, the security guards in the residential area felt a chill go down their spines.

What a spectacle! Rich people certainly know how to have fun, don't they?

Just look at how that Bentley collided with the Mercedes-Benz without a second thought. The repair costs alone could amount to half of our lifetime salary!

"Mackenzie? Mackenzie!" Hubert wanted to go after her, but the security guard stopped him from entering.

"Mackenzie, I love you! I will make you fall in love with me and marry you one day!" he announced.

The more rudely Mackenzie treated him, the more he saw it as a challenge, fueling his determination to win her over.

Mackenzie remained unfazed in her Bentley, but her driver was amused.

I can't believe a rich heir is fawning over Ms. Quillen. He has no idea she's already married!

After getting out of the car, Mackenzie took the elevator upstairs alone.

"Ms. Quillen, you're back!" Emmanuel greeted her when he saw her coming home.

To his surprise, Mackenzie merely scoffed in response.

Did I offend her again? I don't remember anything, though.

2/6 Soon, Mackenzie took a shower and returned to her room, locking it behind her as usual.

It was still early, and Emmanuel didn't know if she already had dinner.

However, he dared not pose that question to her as she seemed to be mad at him.

Right then, Emmanuel received a call from Ryder, who informed him that he was waiting downstairs at Yociam Residence and wanted to have a conversation.

Emmanuel quickly went downstairs. “Ryder, what happened? Why are you here late at night? Did Shawn ask you for money again?” 3/6 Ryder shook his head, a grin spreading across his face. “No, that’s not it. It was strange how he barged into your house and suddenly said that he had gone to the wrong house before fleeing the scene. He stopped asking me to repay the debt ever since.” That struck Emmanuel as strange, too. As a doctor, he didn’t believe in humans getting possessed, but that seemed to be the only plausible explanation for Shawn’s strange behavior.

“Manny, I brought some peaches for you today. Here you go. Share them with your wife!” Ryder hauled a box of peaches off his electric bike and handed it to Emmanuel.

“Ryder, did you come all the way here to deliver the peaches to me?” Emmanuel was touched by his gesture, but he wasn’t at all surprised by his generosity.

Ryder had always been this way. In the past, he would often drop by Emmanuel’s place to bring them gifts or simply spend time together.

Ryder valued family relationships greatly, treating Emmanuel and Roselynn as his own siblings.

“I didn’t make the trip here on purpose. I’m currently working at a plantation base as a fruit distributor. I happened to pass by here on my way home and thought I’d drop by!” Ryder explained as he hopped onto his electric bike.

Emmanuel wanted to invite him upstairs but knew Mackenzie wouldn’t like that. Feeling guilty, he waved goodbye to Ryder.

“By the way, Ryder, I remember that Tommy lacks nutrients, right? I’ll give you some money to buy him some supplements,” Emmanuel offered generously.

Emmanuel knew Ryder wouldn’t accept payment for the fruits, so he had to figure out another way to give Ryder money.

Ryder gave a dismissive wave. "I don't need your money. I can work and earn enough to buy things for him myself. If you have money, spend it on your wife. Buy her something she likes, like jewelry or makeup." 5/6 He specifically said that as he knew a little about Emmanuel's situation.

Emmanuel felt bad when he saw Ryder speeding away on his old electric bike.

He didn't know what others thought, but to him, the more impoverished people were, the more they cherished their families. Conversely, the wealthier one became, the more guarded and cautious they tended to be.

Uncle Benny might be rich, but he never lends any money to us. Mackenzie is also wary of me.

Feeling heavy-hearted, Emmanuel headed upstairs with the box of fruits.

He wanted to share them with Mackenzie as he knew they were delicious.

To his astonishment, he found himself locked out without the keys, which he had left upstairs hastily.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 92-"What's going on? I don't remember locking the door," Emmanuel muttered under his breath as he tried to open the door.

He was sure he only closed the door and did not lock it.

Only one possible scenario exists; Mackenzie must have locked the door. novelbin Likely she didn't know I was out of the house and went to lock the door when she passed by the living room since it was nearing bedtime. What do I do now?

Emmanuel knew pressing the doorbell would not work if Mackenzie was already in her room with the door closed. With the exceptional soundproofing and the location of her room being the farthest in the house, she could not hear the doorbell sound.

Emmanuel had no choice but to call her.

Ever since they signed the agreement, their relationship became tense.

Even making a phone call now made Emmanuel jittery for fear Mackenzie would lose her temper. This did not happen in the past.

After being together for a while, Emmanuel knew Mackenzie did not like to be disturbed during her rest. Hence, she would switch off her phone while she slept.

He was mentally prepared to spend the night outside the house should the call not get through.

After all, he had slept outside once when he was drunk.

Unexpectedly, the call got through. But, nobody answered.

He tried dialing again. After waiting for a while, the call was disconnected.

What's the meaning of this? Emmanuel was flabbergasted.

Mackenzie did not answer Emmanuel's call despite her phone being switched on!

Meanwhile, Mackenzie was wide awake in her room. Earlier, she purposely locked the main door even though she knew Emmanuel was outside the 2/6 house.

She could not explain her actions, but perhaps the earlier sight of Emmanuel and Claudette together prompted her to do so. She felt they looked more compatible, and thus, she decided to give them her blessing.

Well, go and find Claudette since you can't enter the house!

In Mackenzie's mind, Emmanuel was a love scammer who purposely became a gynecologist and portrayed a favorable image to get close to his victims. But in reality, he did not love them and only married them for his benefit.

Yes, that must be it! Grandpa has fallen to his scam! If I am to bear him a baby boy, which technically will not happen, but if that happens, he will find ways to lay his hands on Grandpa's ten billion worth of savings.

Thus, Mackenzie felt Emmanuel must have changed his strategy and secretly worked on a backup plan after she forced him to sign the agreement.

Claudette was his backup. Though her family might not be as prestigious as Mackenzie's, she was still someone of stature. Further, she was naïve, which made her more susceptible to deception.

That must be why he started to make his move on her. Yes, no doubt about it!

The more Mackenzie thought about it, the firmer she was about her conjectures, so she refused to answer his call even when the phone kept ringing.

Finally, the phone stopped ringing.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel felt Mackenzie would not open the door and was mentally prepared to spend the night outside.

But he could not resist it and sent Mackenzie a voice message. "Ms.

Quillen, you have locked the door, and I can't enter the house as I don't have the key. However, as I need to prepare for work tomorrow morning, please leave my key below the doormat when you leave the house. Thank you!" With that, he prepared to press the elevator and leave.

He was not worried about spending the night outside-he knew of a suitable spot within the residential area.

Moreover, it would not be difficult to find lodging for one night, even without an ID card, as long as one was willing to spend.

At that moment, the apartment door opened about the same time as the elevator door.

Donned in thin sleepwear, Mackenzie stood at the door and scorned coldly, "What's the matter? Going to look for your backup?" Emmanuel's brows drew together. He was baffled by her words.

Irritated by his reaction, Mackenzie scoffed and proceeded to close the door.

Emmanuel reacted quickly and rushed forward to get hold of the door before it closed.

Given a choice, he rather not go through the hassle and spend the night outside.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 93-Mackenzie did not bother about him and headed back to her room.

“Wait up, Ms. Quillen!” Emmanuel called out to her after entering the house and locking the door.

“Did I step on your toes today? Why are you acting so angsty? Also, what do you mean by looking for backup? Let’s settle things once and for all now!” Emmanuel’s tone was assertive; no men had spoken to Mackenzie in that manner before.

Mackenzie glanced back over her shoulder, her eyes giving off an icy glint.

Seeing her expression, Emmanuel knew she must be harboring a grudge.

Mackenzie could hide her feelings well in front of people, except for Emmanuel, whom she did not give any qualms about outright displaying her emotions.

“How did you come back earlier?” “What do you mean?” Emmanuel’s brows knitted tighter.

“Which woman sent you home?” Mackenzie raised her voice, her tone increasingly cold.

A sudden realization dawned upon Emmanuel. So it’s because she saw Claudette sending me home?

“Emmanuel, listen up!” Seeing Emmanuel not respond, Mackenzie became frustrated and gave a stern warning. “I may not like you, but I’m still your legal wife. I hope you give me due respect and don’t cheat on me during our marriage.

Otherwise, it’ll be a thorn in my flesh even after we divorce. I don’t care if you want to hook up with a young, pretty heiress, but just not while we’re still married. Do you understand?” Emmanuel found her words so ridiculous that it made him laugh.

“What are you laughing at?” Mackenzie was fuming mad. How dare he gives such a response? Is he tired of living?

Just then, Emmanuel strode toward her.

Mackenzie became flustered when she saw Emmanuel's eyes firing like a beast. She stuttered while trying to be composed, "W-What are you trying to do?" She looked around, searching for a weapon to protect herself in case Emmanuel tried to do something funny.

However, Emmanuel quickly pinned her against the wall before she could escape.

Shocked and furious, Mackenzie glared at him in disbelief.

What audacity!

"Listen!" Emmanuel did not care about her feelings and yelled, "Ms. Lenoir sent me home today because I was giving her treatment! She was already my patient before I knew you. Other than a doctor-patient relationship, we're also friends. But why do we sound like a cheating couple in your eyes?" Mackenzie bit her lower lip in anger. "You..." She could not rebuke him.

It was true that she did not catch them doing anything out of line.

Ultimately, it was her wild imagination acting up.

Gosh! When did I become such a person?

Emmanuel continued, "There's a saying; a person with a black heart is blind to goodness. You are beautiful, yet, you view the world with tainted eyes. I have nothing to hide from my relationship with Ms. Lenoir. You portray us as a cheating couple and deduce that I must have gone looking for her if I'm not home." · · The more Emmanuel spoke, the closer his face inched toward hers.

Mackenzie's body increasingly stiffened.

She did not know if it was her misandry condition or her nervousness causing it.

She was tempted to kick Emmanuel's groin and see if he still dared to treat her that way.

But ultimately, she did not move and could not even utter a single word.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 94-“Please don’t jump to conclusions like that again, Ms. Quillen. People might think you’re jealous.” Emmanuel raised his arm and stepped away from Mackenzie.

“Hmph! I told you I don’t like you. Why would I be jealous?” Mackenzie was not going to admit that an all-powerful CEO who hated men like her that such an ordinary man could incur her jealousy.

Impossible! Absolutely impossible!

“Good point.” Emmanuel laughed. “I remember you mentioning once that you wouldn’t mind if I spoke to other women after our marriage, Ms. Quillen. I’ve never taken you up on the offer. Why the sudden change in mind?” Mackenzie wheezed with rage. Her chest heaved rapidly. “As I said, this is a matter of pride! I’m only worried about people finding out about your indiscretions!” Emmanuel turned to regard her. As the atmosphere had regained its calm, he teased, “I see. But your actions earlier did make it look like you were jealous.” “Stop dreaming! I told you I don’t like men, and you even less!” Mackenzie clenched her teeth in visible agitation.

The mighty and imperious CEO is losing on every end to the gynecologist.

“There’s no need to emphasize your dislike for me, Ms. Quillen. I don’t really like you myself; I just need a woman to deal with my mother and keep her happy, so she would not keep trying to set me up! I’m just worried my mother would not take our divorce well.” Emmanuel opted to be frank. “You can blackmail me with this, Ms. Quillen, but please do not accuse me of being unfaithful. You want your reputation and pride, but it cannot be at the cost of my innocence and dignity.” Throughout their quarrel, he noticed that Mackenzie did not argue like other girls, who would remain stubborn and force their boyfriends to compromise.

She thought Emmanuel had a point, so she took her time to regain her composure before saying, in a lower voice than before, “I’m sorry. I have been hasty in my judgment.” Emmanuel was surprised. He laughed a moment later. “No worries. I’m glad we straightened things out. You can tell me if there is anything bothering you instead of dropping hints like you did last night!” “Hmph! I know that.” Without another word, Mackenzie returned to her room.

Of course, I know that! I ask the same thing from my employees, and I hate more than anything the presumptuous ones who do as they please.

How have I become somebody like that tonight?

She noticed that his company was making her more uncertain.

3/5 This guy is such a jinx!

As she had retired to her bedroom, Emmanuel turned and returned to his.

He was hurt earlier; his claim of not being fond of Mackenzie was untrue.

Fortunately, the woman does not have the discernment I do to have noticed it.

The rest of the night was spent in silence.

The couple awoke early the following morning.

Mackenzie was about to leave when she found a large stack of boxes at the door.

They were the gifts from Hubert the day before.

Frowning, Mackenzie called the guards to ascertain the matter.

“It’s like this, Ms. Quillen: the man, Mr. Verkade, left the items with us and said it’s a gift to you. As it was late last night, we only had the items 4/5 delivered to you this morning for fear of bothering you.” The, head guard for the day’s shift responded to Mackenzie’s query respectfully.

No matter how hard Mackenzie tried to hide her fortune, the guards were more discerning than Emmanuel in that regard—they knew that her wealth belonged in the upper echelons of society.

“I see.” After an indifferent reply, Mackenzie hung up.

She did not feel a need to express her gratitude as those items were, to her, trash she did not need.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 95-“Get rid of this crap for me if you’re free today, Emmanuel.” “What crap?” Emmanuel hurried to the entrance and jumped when he saw the items.

Aside from the bouquet of fiery-crimson roses, the boxes were filled with valuable herbs.

Many were herbs to aid Mackenzie's convalescence, while the others were supplements.

Though Emmanuel was a gynecologist, he was still a doctor and was aware of their value.

All together, these are worth at least three hundred thousand!

"Are you sure you're not mistaken, Ms. Quillen? You want these thrown away?" Emmanuel asked, flabbergasted.

"These are sent by my admirer. Do you want me to keep them?" Mackenzie grinned, looking pleased with herself.

SR He's not the only one with an admirer. My admirer would kick his admirer's ass!

Emmanuel was in no mood to argue; he knew he was no match for her.

"Send it back if you won't accept it," he said firmly. "It's a waste to throw it away! I won't condone it!" "In my mind, it's already in the trash. Do what you want with it." Without another word, Mackenzie turned to leave. Emmanuel's calls fell on deaf ears.

Emmanuel tried to send it back but did not know who the sender was since Mackenzie did not mention it.

He could not bring himself to throw it, as he felt it would be an awful waste, so he decided to bring it home.

I'll gladly throw the bouquet of roses, though.

As they had not gotten a divorce, Mackenzie was still his wife. He wondered who was audacious enough to send her flowers.

3/5 Emmanuel mulled it over during work that day before succumbing by sending Mackenzie a text to ask if he could bring the supplements home if she did not want them.

He also made it clear that they were meant for Tommy and not him.

Mackenzie responded to his message in seconds: Whatever you like. It's as good as gone to me.

Since their quarrel the night before, she had wisened up against accusing him.

Obtaining Mackenzie's permission, Emmanuel headed to Ryder's house with the supplements immediately after work.

Ryder refused to accept them, deeming the gifts too expensive.

"Just take them, Ryder. I didn't pay for any of it but instead took them from home for Tommy. We don't use them, anyway." "No way, Manny. I fear your wife will have something to say about the way you give us things from your house." Ryder was an honest man who was well acquainted with the ways of the world.

Though a married couple shared their assets, Emmanuel's wife might think of him as a freeloader-especially since she had paid for the house he lived in.

Even if she did not raise her objections, Mackenzie might remember it, which might harm their marital relations.

"Don't worry, I'd asked Ms. Qui-Mackenzie, and she agreed. Otherwise, I wouldn't bring them here!" After some more persuasion, Emmanuel convinced Ryder to accept the boxes.

After setting down the gifts, Emmanuel had to dash off to his part-time job and thus did not stay for dinner.

After he left, Abellyn emerged from her room. Her beady eyes glinted when they caught sight of the heap of valuables. "Excellent! We'll make a small fortune once we sell them!" "Don't even think about it. They're for our son!" Ryder knew his wife well enough to foresee her selling them to play poker.

Abellyn flew into a tantrum on the spot. "Go, then! Take it all! Don't bother stopping Shawn from coming for me when the time comes. Let him take me to the bathhouse and serve the men to pay off my debt!"

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 96-Ryder had never won an argument against his wife. At last, they came to an agreement to gift Shawn the supplements to offset eighty thousand from her poker debt.

Shawn was not even thinking about collecting the debt, so he thought he had no reason to turn her away when she delivered to him herself.

Out of curiosity, he asked Abellyn quietly, “Are you related to Ms. Quillen, who was in your uncle’s house the other day?” Ryder was Emmanuel’s elder cousin, but Emmanuel’s father was older than Ryder’s. Even more bizarre, Ryder was younger than Benny.

Ryder’s father had fathered him when the former was seventeen. Thus, the difference in age between the two generations of the Lowe family had always been a distinct oddity.

“She’s the wife of my cousin–in–law, Emmanuel. What about her? You don’t have a crush on her, do you? You men are pigs!” As she chided, Abellyn pinched Shawn on the waist.

Though she feared him, she was also trying to seduce him; she thought it would be more worth her time to be with Shawn, the son of a rich man, than to be with a pauper like Ryder.

“I did not! Don’t say that. I would never dare!” Shawn denied vehemently, deathly afraid that the woman was subjecting him to some sort of test.

Even a rich man’s son like Shawn did not dare indulge in the fantasy of being with somebody like Mackenzie.

Abellyn grew curious at the sight of his panic. “You were joking, right? What women do you not dare court?” “Watch your mouth, Abellyn! I’m keeping the gifts, and you can consider your debt written off. You’d better get going!” Shawn sent Abellyn and her husband away, still reeling from the discovery that the cold CEO of Terence Group had become a married woman.

What is going on?

Shawn’s father had business with Verkade Group. He had even developed novelbin a long–standing business relationship with them.

Thus, he lost no opportunity to curry favor with Hubert, a playboy like himself.

He knew very well that Hubert coveted Mackenzie, having heard that Hubert had been relentlessly pursuing Mackenzie. How could she have gotten married?

To get to the bottom of the matter, Shawn hurriedly sought an audience with Hubert under the pretense of delivering a gift.

“I heard a rumor, Mr. Verkade. Ms. Quillen is married, it seems!” “Who would spread such vile lies?” With his feet propped on the table, Hubert was savoring his coffee when he impassively denied the veracity of those words. It was clear that he did not believe it.

“Uh, a woman I play poker with,” Shawn answered truthfully.

“Do you actually believe the gossip that gets passed around a poker table? She is known for her misandry. Even I could not approach her.

Besides, I’ve been watching her. Do you think I wouldn’t find out if she got married?” “Indeed! You have a point. That woman shares such lousy gossip. I’m just passing it along as I heard it. Anyway, I’m here today with some gifts.” Already in denial, Hubert found his conviction further bolstered after Shawn’s confession.

Then, he placed the boxes before Hubert.

Hubert swept an indifferent gaze over it and did a double take.

What is this? Why do these boxes look so familiar?

Taking a closer look, he was stunned to discover them to be exactly like the same items he had sent Mackenzie the day before.

“Where did you get this, Shawn?” Hubert demanded, frowning.

Noticing his expression, Shawn assumed he was voicing his disdain for the gift, and he did not dare mention that it was a gift used to offset debt by the lowly Ryder. He quickly concocted a lie. “My father bought it when he was abroad. It’s all branded, with proven efficacy!” “These are local produce. Your father bought these abroad?” Hubert gaped, looking increasingly confused.

Shawn was a gambler, and gambling was all he knew. Common sense was not something he possessed. What he did possess, however, was the talent of deception. “That’s right! Here’s something you might not know, Mr.

Verkade. Many traditional medicine practitioners were exiled during the war. These herbs, grown abroad, are the true produce of our motherland!" "Is that so?"

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Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 97-Fortunately for him, Hubert was another imbecile who knew alarmingly little. Thus, he relaxed his furrowed brow before giving a great guffaw of laughter. "Just as well. I can gift it to Mackenzie!" He was convinced she would be moved by his sincerity in sending a batch of local supplements to her the day before and following up with another batch of overseas products.

Thus, his mind was made up. Hubert left once again to procure another bouquet of roses and arrived later that day at the entrance of Yociam Residence to intercept Mackenzie on her way back from work.

If he was being honest, he found it strange as well. Why would Mackenzie live here instead of at the Quillen residence?

Unfortunately, nobody would tell him the truth, so he contented himself with the inference that it was closer to her office. A workaholic like Mackenzie would undoubtedly want to shorten her commute.

At that moment, Mackenzie pulled up in her Bentley.

"Mr. Verkade is here again, Ms. Quillen!" The driver announced Hubert's arrival when he found him standing at the door.

Mackenzie swept a glance over before ordering coldly, "Don't stop. Step on it and dash in!" "Yes, Ms. Quillen!" Obeying the order, the driver raced into the residential area.

"Mackenzie! Mackenzie!" Hubert called upon catching sight of her.

Despite the man screaming himself hoarse, Mackenzie did not spare him so much as a glance.

The bodyguard following Mackenzie in the car behind hers leaped out and stopped him.

Mackenzie bolstered her security team ever since her assault that night, making it impossible for anybody to get close to her.

” Helpless, Hubert implored the guard to hand Mackenzie his gift.

Later that night, Emmanuel arrived home from his part-time job and saw once again the pile of gifts and the bouquet of roses at the front door.

“Dmn. What is going on?” Emmanuel jumped. What the hll is this?

He had thrown the roses away and had given the gifts to his cousin, yet they have reappeared. Is this a deja vu?

He opened the door and found Mackenzie in the living room with a mask 1. on. Incidentally, her gaze swept over, and she saw the items he was hauling in.

“I promise you I’d thrown them away yesterday, Ms. Quillen!” Emmanuel explained quickly. “I’ve no idea how they turned up again!” Mackenzie was seized by an impulse to laugh at the sight of his panic.

Deciding to withhold the truth from him, she wondered aloud, “These things might be cursed. I’ll leave it to you to dispose of them again!” “Uh... all right!” Emmanuel agreed. Then, he took a closer look.

As his common sense exceeded Shawn’s and Hubert’s, he was certain that it was the very same one he had gifted his cousin. How could it have come back?

The following day, Emmanuel turned up at Ryder’s house again, determined to uncover the truth.

Upon seeing the exact same gift returned to them, Ryder wore a similar look of horror.

“Another batch, Manny?” Ryder would never have guessed that those were the items they had given Shawn to offset their debt. He thought Emmanuel had brought them another set.

“Where are the ones I’d given you yesterday, Ryder?” Emmanuel was certain that it was the same batch he had gifted his cousin, so he pressed the latter for an explanation.

“Ah, we... uh... finished it!” Ryder did not dare tell the truth, as Emmanuel had gifted them to Tommy.

He would be displeased to hear that we used it to pay off a gambling debt.

“Is that so?” Emmanuel was confused. Could I have been mistaken? These gifts look exactly the same as the ones I brought yesterday!

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 98-“Yes, that’s it.” Ryder was reluctant to take more and could only continue lying. “We’ve got more than enough already. You should take these back!” A wry smile crept up Emmanuel’s face as he rubbed his nose. Should he dare to reclaim the gifts, he was certain Mackenzie would not let him off the hook.

Hence, he left the items at Ryder’s place and said, “We have many more of these at home, and they’re all gifts others send to my wife daily. It’s beyond tiresome! Ryder, do us a favor and help us clear some out. It’ll do Tommy good to eat more as well.” What?

Ryder and his wife were stunned.

Is this what it’s like to be royal? While we struggle to afford even a few supplements, Emmanuel is treating them like trash?

“Well, I must be off!” With that, Emmanuel left the gifts there and left.

“Daddy, Uncle Manny is so rich! Mackenzie is so capable, and she’s really pretty too!” Tommy exclaimed.

“Yes, your uncle has truly found a good wife,” Ryder said with heartfelt admiration.

2/5 Among the three brothers, Emmanuel was the last to marry. They were worried he wouldn't find a wife, yet he had ended up with possibly the best woman among them all.

However, his praises for Mackenzie had stirred dissatisfaction in Abellyn.

She could tolerate her son singing praises for the woman, despite begrudgingly so. Nonetheless, Abellyn found the woman cloying.

She's only two years younger than me. How dare she ask Tommy to call her by her first name? She must be thinking that Aunt Mackenzie makes her sound like an old woman, huh?

Upon hearing that her husband was praising Mackenzie, she lashed out at him. "What's the matter, Ryder? Are you jealous that Emmanuel has such a beautiful and rich wife?" Ryder knew full well that his wife was the jealous sort and quickly explained, "No, not at all! Emmanuel is like my younger brother. I'm just happy that he has found a good wife." "Happy for him, you say?" Abellyn sneered. "I think you just fancy his wife and think I'm old, useless, and one to spend frivolously, right? Great! If you're so unsatisfied with me, let's divorce!" Then, she stormed off to pack her belongings, leaving Ryder stunned.

However, he quickly returned to his senses and ran after his wife.

Tommy was startled by the fight and broke into tears.

"What's gotten into you, woman? When did I ever express my dissatisfaction with you?" Ryder asked helplessly.

He was at his wit's end as his face distorted in frustration.

Ryder had married Abellyn back then because she was young and beautiful, and he thought he could put up with her temper.

Unbeknownst to him, the woman was more unreasonable and tempestuous than he had ever anticipated, always quick to fly into a rage and threaten him with divorce.

Now that their child was six years old, divorce was not a decision to be taken lightly.

As furious as Abellyn was, she was secretly pleased, knowing that she had Ryder wrapped around her finger. She was certain that he could never leave her, which only encouraged her petulance.

“Ryder, do you remember what you promised when we got married? You said you’ll never be interested in another woman and will love only me forever!” Abellyn remarked.

“Of course, I remember!” he replied impatiently. “How could I ever be interested in my cousin-in-law? I merely acknowledged her kindness since she has presented gifts to our family twice.” “Hmph! You’re just envious of Emmanuel’s luck. You think I’m not good as his wife! Well, go live with her, then!” Abellyn hollered, hurling a pillow at her husband.

The couple bickered on, their voices ricocheting off the walls. Tommy was novelbin frightened into a fit of tears. Ryder finally decided it was not worth the effort to argue further with his wife.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel was oblivious to the fact that his well-intentioned gifts had ignited a storm in his cousin’s house.

When he returned home, Mackenzie immediately ordered, “Emmanuel, pick me up at Azure Business Club at nine tomorrow evening.” “Uh, why?” Emmanuel asked.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 99-Emmanuel was curious. Mackenzie had never requested him to pick her up before.

“As your wife, I’m asking you to pick me up. Why are you asking so many questions?” she retorted.

Emmanuel was rendered speechless and nodded in agreement.

The following evening, Emmanuel arrived on his electric scooter in front of Azure Business Club, still puzzled by the reason Mackenzie had asked him to fetch her.

Ever since their signed agreement, this woman had become increasingly inscrutable to him.

Is she asking me out on a date? novelbin Emmanuel shook his head quickly to dismiss the thought. What nonsense am i thinking? How outrageous!

Just then, a beauty in business attire emerged from the club.

Her white blouse highlighted her well-endowed chest, which even the buttons struggled to constrain.

A tight black skirt paired with silver heels flaunted her slender figure without reservation.

However, what truly made a man's heart skip a beat were those taut flesh-colored stockings.

The woman was modestly dressed, yet her attire was provocatively captivating. As she staggered slightly, she resembled an enchanting nymph.

It was an enthralling sight to behold.

Upon recognizing her, Emmanuel quickly dismounted his scooter and jogged to meet her.

To his astonishment, this intoxicated beauty was none other than his wife, the cold and distant CEO of Terence Group.

14 She had a dazed look and an unusual blush on her pretty face.

“What's the matter, Ms. Quillen?” he asked.

At the sound of Emmanuel's voice, Mackenzie seemed to relax a little.

“Emmanuel! Hurry up! Take me away!” Hubert had gone mad. The day before, he had set up nine hundred and ninety-nine roses in Terence Group's headquarters to confess his love for her.

The employees were in an uproar, whispering behind her back, though none dared to discuss it in her presence.

Some even started betting on how long it would take Hubert to win her over or get himself killed.

Tired of the gossip, Mackenzie had no choice but to call her nemesis, Gautier.

Upon hearing of his brother's humiliating display, Gautier promptly sent someone to drag Hubert home.

He also apologized to Mackenzie, admitting that he was unable to control Hubert. In addition, Gautier suggested that she find a way to nip his younger brother's infatuation with her in the bud.

Hence, Mackenzie told Gautier to inform Hubert that she already had a boyfriend.

Gautier agreed it was a great idea, but it would be useless if Hubert didn't see Mackenzie's boyfriend in person.

It was only for that reason that Mackenzie agreed to have a business chat with Gautier at Azure Business Club.

Mackenzie had two agendas in mind. Firstly, she wanted to find out if the mastermind behind her roadside ambush was indeed Gautier. Secondly, she wanted to let Hubert meet her boyfriend in person and finally give up on her.

However, she didn't expect that Gautier didn't even show up. Instead, only Hubert excitedly showed up, and she ended up having a few drinks with the man.

Around nine, Mackenzie mentioned that her boyfriend was coming to pick her up and stepped outside. She hadn't expected the alcohol to hit her so hard, causing her to stagger in her steps.

Emmanuel swiftly helped Mackenzie onto his scooter just as Hubert hurried out.

"Mackenzie!" Hubert called out and even jogged to keep up with her.

He hadn't believed Mackenzie when she said she had a boyfriend. The sight of a man coming to pick her up on an electric scooter amused him to no end.

I can understand that the high and mighty Ms. Mackenzie Quillen is trying to reject me, but why on earth has she chosen someone so... mediocre?

This is ridiculous!

Before Hubert could catch up to them, a gang of ruffians suddenly sprang up from the shadows, swiftly encircling Emmanuel and Mackenzie.

Love at the Wrong Table Chapter 100-“Hey, gorgeous. How about you spend some time with us?” The ruffian leading the group flaunted his hairy chest with an unbuttoned shirt.

His lackeys appeared to be street punks, but their eyes sparkled with uncharacteristic alertness.

Emmanuel frowned instantly. He had dealt with true thugs like Samuel and Rat. Naturally, he knew what a true ruffian was like.

These people in front of him seemed too tough as if they were putting up an act, with their steady stances and menacing glares. They were not common ruffians but trained fighters!

“What do you guys want?” Hubert rushed over, believing that Mackenzie was a damsel in distress and he was the shining knight in armor to the rescue.

“Hey, don’t be impulsive,” Emmanuel quickly stepped forward to stop Hubert from doing something reckless.

However, who could have thought that these muscular ruffians would be beaten till they whimpered by the gentlemanly Hubert, who managed to fight off seven attackers on his own?

“Isn’t this too fake?” Emmanuel and Mackenzie both watched the drama unfold before them, their eyes widening in disbelief as they blurted the same words.

Emmanuel even wanted to ask how much these men were paid for this performance, as he was also interested in such part-time gigs.

“Gautier is so despicable!” Mackenzie remarked icily.

Although she was feeling somewhat dizzy, her mind was clear. She immediately figured out who might have conspired such a scene.

Gautier claimed he wanted to drive his brother into despair, but he was actually helping Hubert woo her.

To her dismay, Mackenzie now knew that the naïve playboy, Hubert, was bound to become even more troublesome.

“Mackenzie, are you all right?” Hubert was also puzzled by the turn of events as he wondered why these ruffians had been so easily defeated.

However, that was beside the point. He had saved the damsel in distress right in front of Mackenzie’s decoy boyfriend, nonetheless.

Hubert couldn’t help but think Mackenzie had found a terribly weak decoy to pull the wool over his eyes.

It’s one thing that he drives an electric scooter, but he can’t even put up a fight. I would have been the villain in a typical web novel, as a man rejected by the female lead. Typically, the decoy boyfriends will show off their skills in such a situation. And yet, this man has done nothing while I, the villain, save the day.

Indeed, reality was different from novels.

“Are you blind? They didn’t even touch me. I’m perfectly fine. Now get lost!” Mackenzie retorted coldly.

Hubert felt hurt by her words. Despite his heroic attempt to save her, he was at a loss that Mackenzie had treated him so.

Reality is indeed a far cry from novels.

“Emmanuel, let’s go!” Mackenzie ordered coldly, her heart filled with rage.

Your mission is to pick up your wife. Why part about that don’t you understand? If you don’t have a car, at least rent one, or you can even hail a taxi. How could you be so clueless as to arrive on an electric scooter?

How embarrassing!

“Sure,” Emmanuel replied.

He didn’t understand why Mackenzie was angry and figured that she was simply annoyed by this bootlicker clinging to her.

Yes, that must be it.

Meanwhile, Hubert was convinced Mackenzie was dissatisfied with the decoy boyfriend’s lackluster performance.

He tried to catch up again but failed to keep up with the electric scooter.

Surprisingly, the seven ruffians who were on the ground scrambled to their feet. Wielding wooden sticks in their hands, they charged at Emmanuel without a word.

What in the world?

A bemused scowl marred Emmanuel's face. They were tame as sheep when they attacked Hubert but pounced on him like a tiger.

This is a flagrant double standard!

"Emmanuel, be careful!" Mackenzie, having deciphered the situation, knew what the ruffians were after.

These men were undoubtedly hired by Gautier to aid in Hubert's pursuit of her. Now that the heroic act had failed, they were resorting to brute force.

Smack!

Planting one foot firmly on the ground, Emmanuel threw a punch, snapping the approaching wooden stick in two.

"That was... amazing!" Only then did Hubert acknowledge Emmanuel's strength and start to see the man in a new light. The decoy that Mackenzie has found is indeed skilled.

The next moment, Emmanuel supported the intoxicated Mackenzie as he dismounted the electric scooter and prepared to fend off the ruffians to protect his wife.

The burly men showed no mercy. Not only did they strike Emmanuel, but they also ruined his scooter, clearly aiming to prevent any escape.

Emmanuel protected Mackenzie behind him. Even though he suffered multiple beatings, he somehow managed to beat all seven of the ruffians without grave injury.

Hubert was utterly stunned.

He is a fighter!

Another wave of formidable attackers surged from all directions the next moment.

Emmanuel cursed under his breath. Obviously, they were well-prepared and did not plan to let him or Mackenzie off the hook.

Thankfully, another group of bodyguards emerged, intercepting the attackers.

Emmanuel stood stunned, unsure who had come to their rescue.

“Hurry up and go!” Mackenzie pinched her dazed husband.

Of course, those were her bodyguards. She had anticipated that Gautier might make such a move and arranged for these bodyguards to protect her. However, she couldn't let Emmanuel know that. Thus, it was best to withdraw promptly.

“All right, let's go!” Emmanuel hurriedly scooped up Mackenzie and made a swift exit.

He's so strong!

Mackenzie was in awe.

She knew that Emmanuel was no ordinary man, but he was far more impressive than she had imagined.

Grandpa's foresight is ruthlessly astute.

“Don't let the woman escape! Chase them!” a ruffian shouted.

In the shadows, a handsome man seethed with fury at the sight. His face contorted with rage.

Watching as Emmanuel and Mackenzie vanished into the darkness, he ground his teeth in anger. “A bunch of useless trash! They can't even capture a drugged woman!” His meticulously planned scheme had gone down the drain along with Mackenzie's escape.

Soon, Emmanuel and Mackenzie managed to hail a taxi and went back to Yociam Residence.

Back home, Emmanuel quickly brewed some coffee for Mackenzie.

“Here, Mackenzie, drink this. It’ll help you feel better.” Supporting the dazed Mackenzie with one hand, Emmanuel was prepared to help her consume the coffee that he had brewed.

Unexpectedly, her body was uncharacteristically sensitive. She trembled at Emmanuel’s distinct masculine scent.

The next moment, she astonishingly toppled the man, tumbling him onto her bed.

What the h*U?

Underneath her, enveloped by the gentle allure of his wife’s body, Emmanuel momentarily seemed to lose all strength, unable to stir.

Mackenzie’s gaze was clouded, her consciousness fuzzy, and her pretty face slowly leaned into his.

Emmanuel, despite being a gynecologist by profession, felt an immediate spark ignite within him.

Even he found it incredible that he was responding so intensely to a woman’s touch.

His heart pounded wildly against his chest as if threatening to leap out at any time.

“I’m feeling so hot...” Unaware that she had been drugged, Mackenzie felt her body was now overtaken by a primal desire. Her hands grasped at the fabric of her white blouse, buttons popping off under the strain.

This... feels so good.

Emmanuel was still immobilized, and it was at this moment that he realized he was indeed an ordinary man.

“Please... Please help me. I feel so uncomfortable...” she pleaded.

Her eyes were half-closed, with her voice a mixture of complaint and moan.

Emmanuel felt like his heart was on the brink of an explosion as if his blood might burst out from his veins.

He enjoyed the feeling, and yet it was unnerving at the same time.

What should I do?