Wrong Table 1500

Chapter 1500 | Never Imagined My First Love Would

After all, this was his sister-in-law's first love, and he didn't want to leave her with a

painful memory, but he couldn't be with her either. So, he was at a loss for what to do.

Lost in thought, he ended up with cake all over his mouth.

"Haha! Look at you! What a mess! Let me clean it up for you!" Beatrix said with a giggle.

She quickly produced a handkerchief, standing on wipe Emmanuel's mouth.

Emmanuel wanted to refuse, but she insisted, eagerly holding his arm. After wiping h

mouth, she suddenly asked, her watery eyes sparkling, "Hero, can I see what you look

like?"

Actually, she felt ridiculous herself, already falling for this guy without even knowing

what he looked like. But perhaps mystery is the essence of love, isn't it? I just love this

feeling of mystery!

"No way!" Emmanuel refused without hesitation, even moving a little away from Beatrix.

What

If she sees who I really am, how things will end?

Beatrix wasn't offended by his response. "What's the big deal? If it's a no-go, it's a no-go!

Why so nervous?" she teased with a giggle, her chest puffed out, her hands behind her

back.

"I… I'm terribly ugly! Yep, monstrously hideous! That's why I need to wear a mask!"

Emmanuel replied. He thought he was being clever. Girls are all about looks. Hearing

me say that, Beatrix would surely not like me anymore, right?

Much to his astonishment, Beatrix didn't seem to mind at all. "A man's attractiveness

lies in his talent and capabilities. I don't care how you look. Can you take off your mask

and let me see?"

Emmanuel frowned deeply, continuing to refuse. "No way! I absolutely cannot let you

see what I look like!"

Beatrix paused for a moment, but she wasn't discouraged, and she didn't insist. With a

playful giggle, she said, "Well then, I'll just assume you're handsome until you take off

the mask!"

Emmanuel was utterly speechless. Even this didn't scare off Beatrix! I'd have to think of another way. "Thanks for the cake, but I've finished. I need to go back to my wife," he said, finally striking a nerve in Beatrix.

"Y-You're married?" she exclaimed. What an idiot I am! Why haven't I thought about this before? I've just been wishfully infatuated with him!

Emmanuel nodded, speaking frankly. "Yeah, we've been married for almost a year, and she just got pregnant. So, I need to spend more time with her…"

In an instant, tears welled up in Beatrix's eyes. She forced à smile and asked, "Your wife must be very beautiful, right?"

Emmanuel nodded.

For a moment, Beatrix didn't know what else to say.

Emmanuel felt sorry for his sister-in-law, but there was nothing he could do. "Well… I have to go. Goodbye!"

"Wait!" Beatrix subconsciously grabbed his hand.

Emmanuel turned back, asking with a hint of concern, “Is there anything else?”

“Well, mind sharing your name?” Beatrix said, tears welling in her eyes. “Let’s be good friends!”

Emmanuel sighed, surprised by his sister-in-law’s deep affection, which seemed mismatched with her appearance. Aren’t most girls nowadays just playing around when it comes to relationships?

“I’m Thomas Lynch,” he said, casually offering a name.

“Great. I’m Beatrix Quillen. Nice to meet you! Oh, let’s exchange contact info, shall we?” Beatrix said, a smile returning to her face. “And when you’ve got time, send me a picture of your wife. I’m curious who’s the lucky one!”

Emmanuel smiled bitterly, then took out his phone and added her as a friend on the sock puppet account he had prepared beforehand. Then, with a heavy heart, he left the Silverbane Residence.

Beatrix, however, stayed there, crying alone.” never imagined my first love would en before it even began! It’s all my fault for being so naive! Rushing into feelings without

probing deeper…”

As she cried, she suddenly burst into laughter.

Angela happened to walk in at this moment. Seeing her tearful smile, she felt deeply

sympathetic toward her. Wolf Warrior is so cruel! Can’t he just accept both his wife and

his sister-in-law? What’s the use of being so faithful? Nowadays, what capable man

doesn’t have a harem of concubines?

She came over, gently comforting Beatrix. “Alright, Ms. Beatrix, stop crying!”

“Thank you! I’ll leave now. Sorry for bothering you these past few days!” Beatrix thanked

politely, still teary-eyed as she left.