

Wrong Table 157

Chapter 157

Mackenzie's gaze visibly chilled at the sight of Claudette approaching her husband.

Even Frederick sensed the antagonism rolling off Mackenzie. I can't help you with this, man!

He shrugged and turned back toward the clinics.

"Well, are you done with your consultation?" asked Mackenzie frostily.

"Yes, I'm done."

Claudette was no fool. She could already guess the nature of Emmanuel and Mackenzie's relationship based on the latter's behavior, though she could hardly believe it herself.

She had once asked Emmanuel if he had a girlfriend, and he had somewhat implied that he was attached. Is his girlfriend the heiress of the Quillen family? Is he such an excellent catch? But I thought Mackenzie suffered from

misandry!

Mackenzie's words cut through Claudette's thoughts. "Good. Then I'm taking

Emmanuel with me!"

She would have dragged Emmanuel away a lot sooner had she not been

generous enough to spare Claudette's pride.

"Hey, Ms. Quillen! Don't pull so hard!" Emmanuel hissed, perplexed by his

wife's behavior.

This is a hospital, for goodness sake. I was just checking a female patient.

Why does she make it seem as if she caught me cheating?

After their departure, Claudette remained stunned in utter disbelief.

Even Mackenzie was starting to question if she had been too agitated. What if

he mistakes my response for jealousy? No! I'm definitely not jealous! I just

want to solve his troubles ASAP.

She dragged him by his shirt and only released her grip once they were in

the parking lot.

Emmanuel hurriedly reversed his Maserati out of the lot and even alighted

from the car to open the passenger seat door for his wife. Only then did he

venture to ask, "Why did you suddenly come to visit me, Ms. Quillen?"

"I saw the trending headlines, so I thought I'd check on you." Mackenzie put on

an air of indifference as she added, "I suppose my worries were unfounded,

seeing as you still had the bandwidth to hit on some random hottie."

"Huh?" Emmanuel's befuddlement was short-lived. He soon smiled and

drawled, "I appreciate your concern, but Ms. Lenoir explained earlier that

she's only my patient. Are you actually jealous, Ms. Quillen?"

"Cut the cr*p! As if I know what jealousy is!"

Mackenzie harrumphed coldly and ducked into the passenger seat.

Urgh, this is all because of that stupid agreement! It's depriving me of my

basic rights as a wife! How can I not be jealous when my husband is with

another woman? What kind of twisted logic is that?

Emmanuel had boarded the car by then and asked, "Shall we head home,

Ms. Quillen?"

Waving her hand dismissively, she replied, "Yes. You're famous in Yeringham

now. Someone may recognize you if we loiter in public. You'll affect my

reputation too."

She thought being mean would p*ss him off, but to her surprise, Emmanuel

apologized earnestly, "I'm sorry for causing you trouble, Ms. Quillen. Did you

take the day off just to look for me? Will it affect your pay or your boss'

appraisal?"

Mackenzie did not know whether to laugh or cry.

I am the boss. I'm the only one docking anyone's pay at the company. Who's

I

crazy enough to suggest I take a pay cut for playing hooky?

Still, his rueful expression dispelled any remaining hint of jealousy in

Mackenzie. He's pretty worried about me, huh?

She declared, "Don't worry. I'm in upper management, so I have more

flexibility in my work timing. I'm here to help you with the cyberbullying issue.

We need to stop the situation from spiraling further out of control, or the

public will eventually figure out our marriage!"

Her declaration moved Emmanuel, though his warm feelings were

short-lived when she mentioned that she was worried about exposing their

marriage to the public.

He was even somewhat crestfallen.

Is she only anxious because she doesn't want people to learn about her

marital status?