

Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 12 - I Am Still Your Wife

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Wendy breathed a huge sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Michael did not choose to unfairly defend Yvonne this time. Perhaps Wendy had grown accustomed to being the victim over the past few years. Even though all Michael had said was the truth, Wendy still felt immensely happy.

Of course, she was not getting ahead of herself. She knew that Michael was still the same person who hated her.

"I have other things to deal with, let's talk later," said Michael before he hung up abruptly.

No matter how aggrieved Yvonne felt, she could not lose her temper with Michael. She could only take it out on Wendy. She stood up and reached out to shove Wendy.

Wendy noticed her moving and quickly angled her body away, causing Yvonne to grasp at thin air yet again.

As Wendy looked down condescendingly at Yvonne, who had fallen to the ground once again, a rare genuine smile lit up her face.

She said, "Miss Taylor, you've already called Michael to ascertain that he did give me the black card. Now, I'm assuming that you have nothing else to say."

It was precise because Yvonne had nothing left to say that she wanted to give Wendy a push. Yvonne never expected Wendy to dodge her attack. Instead, she was the one left in a sorry state.

A few customers had gathered around them to watch the show unfold. Their discussion about what had just happened was public.

"It seems that she was deliberately looking for trouble," someone said.

"Look at her dressed in designer clothes from head to toe, I never expected her to be someone like that," another person added.

"I think she's probably just a lowly mistress-she doesn't have much money, but she still behaves so arrogantly," said the third person.

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Yvonne was so furious that the rims of her eyes turned red.

She did not have the audacity to continue sitting where she was. She crawled back up, pointed at Wendy, and swore at her angrily before leaving.

This was Wendy's first time witnessing Yvonne end up in such a pathetic state. She felt like she could finally release the anger she had endured from the past few years of being bullied.

The sales assistant, who had been watching them by the side, immediately stepped forward with a flattering smile and said respectfully, "Miss, shall I get you the bill for this jade bracelet?"

Wendy was certainly going to buy the bracelet. However, she still remembered how the sales assistant had treated her earlier. Wendy did not wish for the commission from this sale to go to her so easily. She replied, "of course, please help me wrap this jade bracelet nicely."

"Sure, miss, please come this way. I'll make sure to wrap it beautifully for you right now," said the sales assistant with a big smile on her face. She felt overjoyed at the prospect of a massive incoming commission.

After the sales assistant wrapped the bracelet, she requested that Wendy finalize the payment.

Wendy smiled and pointed at another sales assistant who was standing at the side. She said, "I want her to settle the sale for me instead."

"This..." the sales assistant helping her instantly paled as she replied, "This is not in compliance with our rules. I have been the one helping you, it's only natural that I ..."

Before the sales assistant could finish speaking, Wendy interrupted her, "I don't care about your rules, all I know is that the customer is always right. This

jade bracelet is worth 5.2 million dollars, if you refuse to let another sales assistant handle this sale, I'll refuse to purchase it."

With that, Wendy placed the wrapped bracelet on the table and exclaimed, "You both can decide for yourselves."

The jade bracelet was too valuable, there was no way that the jewelry shop would refuse to sell it to Wendy just because she wanted another sales assistant to close the deal. Wendy knew her words were threatening.

This alarmed the manager on duty. He immediately agreed to Wendy's condition with a big smile, saying, "Of course, I'll have someone else close the deal for you. In fact, I'm the manager here, what do you think if settle the bill for you instead?"

Turning around, the manager started chiding the sales assistant, "Apologies to this lady right now!"

Wendy looked at the name tag on the manager's uniform to ascertain his identity. She nodded her head.

After paying, Wendy glanced at the sales assistant who had wronged her. Her face was filled with regret and hatred.

Wendy thought, she can't blame anyone but herself for being too snobbish.

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Wendy remained in an exceptionally good mood as she made her way back to the office. She could not recall ever feeling as happy as she did today in the past three years. She found herself humming the entire car ride.

When she arrived at the office, Mr. York saw the genuine smile on her face and could not help stealing another glance at her.

Even though it was not rare to see Wendy smile, her smiles rarely reached her eyes.

Most of the time, her smiles reflected both her love for Michael and her fear of him.

This was the first time Mr. York saw such a sincere and radiant smile on her face.

"The President is still in a meeting. Please wait here for a while, Miss Stewart," said Mr. York as he poured some water into a glass and placed it before Wendy.

"Thank you," said Wendy.

"Right, there's another thing I should warn you about, even though it's not my place to do so," said Mr. York. "Miss Taylor arrived at the company earlier with a terrible look on her face. She appeared to be crying. If it's not necessary, I would advise that you avoid a confrontation with Miss Taylor. She's waiting in Mr. Lucas's office."

Since Wendy no longer worked as Michael's assistant, she did not go back to her old office, and she avoided Michael's office as well. Instead, she waited for him in the lounge.

After hearing Mr. York's advice, Wendy frowned. Just as expected, Yvonne had come to complain about her to Michael.

Wendy's good mood instantly vanished.

Since Michael trusted Yvonne so much, Wendy believed that he would choose to take Yvonne's side after hearing her version of the story. All Yvonne had to do was cry and whine.

After all, Michael never cared about the truth. He only listened to what Yvonne had to say.

Head bowed, Wendy contemplated it and eventually decided that there was not much point to waiting for Michael here.

She handed the black card and jade bracelet to Mr. York and told him, "Please help me pass the card and bracelet to President Lucas. Also, let him know that I'm going back to the mansion now to keep Mrs. Lucas company."

Mr. York nodded.

Wendy had plans to return to Mrs. Lucas's mansion right away, but the moment she exited the lounge, Yvonne's voice rang out in the distance, "Michael, you're finally done with your meeting. I went to Chaumet Jewelry Shop today to buy a birthday gift for your grandmother because you once told me that she likes jade, and I wanted to make her happy on her birthday. But I

never expected Wendy to forcefully take away the bracelet that I had chosen, and when she failed to do that, she pushed me. Michael, look, I even have a sprained ankle."

Yvonne's words did not come as a surprise to Wendy. After all, Yvonne's ability to change the narrative had always been astounding. Yvonne and Michael coincidentally caught sight of Wendy while walking over.

Michael glanced at her and said coldly, "Wendy Stewart, I asked you to go purchase some jade at Chaumet Jewelry, I didn't ask you to go and steal from other people. I gave you my black card and you went around showing it off. Do you even know your own place?"

Wendy snorted and shook her head with a smile on her face.

"How do you still have the cheek to smile?" Michael said mercilessly, "You're just a materialistic and vain woman who craves power. I really don't understand why Grandmother is fond of a woman like you."

Wendy continued smiling, but her smile was no longer as sincere and radiant as before.

She did not wish to explain herself. Anyway, Michael would never believe her words. Wendy's tone was filled with obvious unhappiness when she responded to Michael, which was a rare occurrence.

"You're absolutely right, I'm a horrible woman like you said. What a pity it is, because no matter how much you detest me, Grandmother still adores me very much. Since it's her birthday today, you have no choice but to bring me back home. As much as you love Yvonne, you do not have the courage to bring her back. At least right now, I'm still legally your wife, Michael Lucas."

After her speech, Wendy turned around and immediately walked toward the elevator. In that split second, Wendy's heartbeat accelerated and the look of unhappiness on her face vanished.

When she recalled what she had just said to Michael, she thought that she might have gone mad. Wendy was in disbelief that she could actually say those things to him.

However, after everything was off her chest, she found herself feeling a little... exalted?

