

Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 7 - Waiting For Him

Chapter 7: Waiting For Him

Michael could not believe what he just heard.

He thought, 'how could Wendy agree to a divorce? That's impossible!'

"What are you up to this time?" Michael's first response was to question Wendy.

"Am I that kind of person in your eyes?" asked Wendy. She no longer knew how she felt about this.

Even though she had agreed to get a divorce, in Michael's eyes, this decision was just another one of her tricks.

"Yes," replied Michael without hesitation. He did not even have to think about it.

Wendy nodded with a smile. She was laughing at herself for being so incredibly pathetic.

Turning around, Wendy picked up the divorce papers she had prepared long ago and handed them to Michael. She said, "I have already drafted the divorce agreement. Take a look, and if there are no issues, we can sign them right now."

Michael frowned. He looked at the papers Wendy was handing to him and slowly received them with outstretched hands.

After scanning through the divorce papers, Michael felt conflicted.

He thought, is this woman really agreeing to a divorce?

I have tortured Wendy for the past three years, and all this time, she has not said anything about divorce. Is she for real this time?

Observing Michael's silence, Wendy said, "I'll walk out of this marriage without asking for a single cent of your family inheritance, don't worry about that."

"You." Michael was still in disbelief.

However, in a blink of an eye, Wendy picked up a pen, bent her head, and signed her name on the divorce agreement.

Thereafter, she said, "Let's go to the Civil Affairs Bureau tomorrow to get our divorce certificate."

When Wendy saw the doubt and shock in Michael's eyes, the corners of her lips curved up bitterly.

She thought, 'this is really the only time that Michael will look at me seriously. Only when we are getting divorced.'

However, she did not dare to meet Michael's gaze directly.

It was not easy for her to finally muster up her courage and bring up the topic of divorce. She was afraid that his gaze would cause her to sink once again.

Without another word, Wendy turned around and started making her way to the bedroom.

Yet, at the moment that followed, Michael grabbed her hand.

The coldness of his touch made Wendy's heartbeat accelerate instantaneously.

She thought, 'Michael is actually... holding my hand.

'Even though we are in such a situation.'

Wendy swallowed nervously, afraid to look back. Her voice trembled slightly when she said, "If you disagree with anything in the divorce agreement, you can make your own adjustments. I don't have any requests."

"Why are you suddenly agreeing to a divorce?" asked Michael.

Wendy thought, 'why am I suddenly agreeing to a divorce?'

She laughed bitterly.

Do you think I wanted this?

For the past three years, Michael had spent every moment wanting to get a divorce.

She, on the other hand, had done everything she could.

She had given her whole heart to Michael.

Yet, no matter what she did, Michael did not love her.

The truth was that she had stopped swallowing the contraceptives a very long time ago.

She knew very well that there was no way she could stay with Michael for the rest of her life.

She was also aware that there was no way she could fall in love with anyone else after loving a man like Michael.

Hence, she believed that getting pregnant was a good idea and that she and her child would then spend the rest of their lives being dependent on each other. Even though her child would lack the presence of a father figure, she would do all she could to give her child enough motherly love.

She once imagined that perhaps Michael would treat her better once she got pregnant.

But wasn't this just a fantasy?

Michael did not even have a child with her in the first place.

Hence, they finally reached the stage of divorce.

"It's my fault for clinging to you all this time. For the past three years, I trapped you in a marriage and hindered you from being together with Yvonne. I've thought things through, and I've decided to give you my blessings," said Wendy with her back facing Michael.

Tears streamed down her face.

Michael was very surprised to find himself asking Wendy why she wanted to get a divorce.

Releasing Wendy's hand, he picked up the pen on the table and swiftly signed his own name.

"I'll wait for you outside the Civil Affairs Bureau at 10 am tomorrow," Wendy said. With that, she lost the courage to continue standing where she was and went straight into the bedroom.

The warmth of Michael's touch still lingered on her hand and her heart was beating wildly.

She reached out and touched her flat belly.

The corners of her lips quirked as she said softly to the child in her belly, "Baby, don't blame your mother for being cruel. If I don't leave your father, I won't be able to keep you at all. Don't worry, I'll raise you well for the rest of your life. From now on, you're the only person that I have left."

After signing his name, Michael left the divorce papers on the table.

He left the apartment and sat in his car.

The car windows were rolled down and he held a lit cigarette between his fingertips. Michael rarely smoked, but right now, he felt frustrated.

He used to believe that Wendy would never agree to a divorce no matter what. However, the words she said tonight were still repeating in Michael's mind.

Until now, he did not actually believe that Wendy would take the initiative to ask for a divorce.

He thought, '10 am tomorrow?' He wanted to see for himself if Wendy would really show up at the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Perhaps today's conversation about divorce was merely to attract his attention.

He thought, 'after all, I know her personality, and she has resorted to plenty of such tricks in the past.'

The following day, Wendy got up early to wash and dress up.

The past three years had effectively smothered her pride and personality.

She could no longer remember the point in her life when she was pursued by half the male student population in her school.

Wendy looked at her reflection in the mirror, then at a photo of her when she was still a student.

She could not believe that they were the same person.

After putting on some delicate makeup, Wendy chose to wear a red dress. This was the dress that she wore three years ago when she got married to Michael.

Now that she was wearing it on the day of their divorce, things had come full circle.

After packing everything, it was still not even 10 am when Wendy arrived at the Civil Affairs bureau.

She waited quietly for Michael to show up while watching people enter and exit the building in pairs.

Michael was still nowhere to be seen at 10.30 am.

After thinking it through, Wendy gave Michael a call.

This time, it was Mr. York who answered the call, "Miss Stewart, Mr. Lucas is currently in a meeting. Do you want to leave a message?"

Mr. York was aware of the relationship between Wendy and Michael.

Even though his attitude toward her was not the most respectful, it was still decent. From Mr. York's perspective, Wendy was a very good personal assistant. However, since Mr. Lucas was not fond of her, there was nothing Mr. York could do as his subordinate.

"I see, so he's in a meeting. When will he be done?" Wendy asked.

"I'm not sure about that. This meeting was ordered by Mr. Lucas at the last minute and there isn't even a specific topic to be discussed. As such, I can't be certain about how long they will take," replied Mr. York.

"In that case, please let him know that I'm waiting for him to be done with the meeting," Wendy said. She did not inform Mr. York that she was presently waiting at the Civil Affairs Bureau.

She personally did not want too many people to find out about their divorce. Anyways, not many people knew about their marriage, to begin with.

Michael did not step out of his meeting until after 12 pm.

Mr. York entered the conference room while the meeting was still ongoing and discovered that it was not an important one at all. The people present were mostly chatting about insignificant happenings within the company.

He thought, 'Mr. Lucas is the president of the company and only manages major events, so why is he holding such a meeting today?'

Sensing that Michael had no intention of ending the meeting anytime soon, Mr. York gathered his courage and entered the conference room. He whispered into

Michael's ear, "Mr. Lucas, Miss Stewart called half an hour ago. She said-"

"You've worked for me for such a long time and you still don't understand our company rules?" Michael glanced at him coldly, the intention behind his words obvious.

Afraid to continue speaking, Mr. York immediately backed off.