

Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 9 - Woman Without Man

Chapter 9: Woman Without Man

Michael dragged Wendy out of the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Wendy bowed her head, and when she saw that Michael appeared to have no intention of loosening his grip on her anytime soon, her heart pounded quickly.

She knew that the phone call he had received was from his grandmother.

Michael felt very frustrated. A wave of fury surged in his chest. Naturally, when he spoke, he adopted a mean tone, "Wendy Stewart, did you already predict that my grandmother would protect you because it's her birthday next week? Was that why you deliberately chose this period to get a divorce?"

"No, I ..." Wendy knew that Michael had misunderstood her.

Her intentions to get divorced this time were not built on the assumptions of anything. It was all for the child in her belly.

Her marriage with Michael would have to come to an end sooner or later.

Now that she was pregnant, it was the best time to do so.

"No?" Michael snorted. He clearly did not trust Wendy's words at all. He said, "Grandmother called just now, asking me to take you home next week and celebrate her birthday with her. Tell me, how can things be so coincidental? Of all times, why would my grandmother choose to call right when we were about to get divorced?"

Wendy answered him cautiously, "I did not tell your grandmother about this, I swear."

Michael rubbed the area between his eyebrows as he observed how eager Wendy was to explain herself. He said, "Wendy Stewart, it's time to set aside your disgusting plots."

"Michael, why won't you believe me?" Wendy's eyes were slightly moist.

Michael had misunderstood her many times over the past few years and she had always tried to explain herself. Yet, Michael never once believed her words.

Wendy smiled bitterly, "If I did this all on purpose and asked your grandmother for her support behind your back, I wouldn't have waited for you outside the Bureau last Friday."

"If I did show up last Friday, perhaps my grandmother would have called me then too," replied Michael as he stared at Wendy coldly and inquisitively. There was nothing in his gaze that indicated he had any feelings for his wife.

Wendy could not argue with his logic.

If Michael was determined to pin it all on her, there was nothing she could do about it.

"If you insist on believing that, then let's just complete the divorce proceedings right now," said Wendy. With that, she started walking back into the Bureau.

"If we complete the divorce proceedings today, are you going to cry to my grandmother next week during her birthday and complain that I forced you to get a divorce?" Michael sneered. There was nothing but contempt in his gaze. He said, "Wendy Stewart, you better not challenge my bottom line."

With that, Michael left the Bureau ruthlessly.

As Wendy listened to the footsteps behind her, her smile eventually turned into tears. She thought, 'look, this is the man that I've loved for the past three years.'

No matter what she said or did, he would always suspect that she had ulterior motives.

Even when she finally agreed to the divorce he had been asking for, he still suspected that she was up to no good.

Wendy thought, 'Michael, why won't you just trust me a little bit?'

Since Michael had left, there was no way they could still go ahead with the divorce.

Wendy should be happy about this.

The marriage that she had worked so hard to preserve over the past three years could last for a little longer. However, she inexplicably found herself unable to feel any joy.

She could not help but question if her persistence over the last few years had been worth it.

She knew that Michael would not believe her, but she still crafted a text message and sent it to him, "Michael, I swear I did not talk to your grandmother about wanting to get a divorce. Also, since it didn't work out today, you can choose another suitable day for us to do it. When our divorce is finalized, perhaps then you will finally believe my intentions."

After sending this message, Wendy tilted her head back to look at the sky. The sun was a little dazzling.

She lowered her head, wiped away the tears on her face, and drove home.

...

Wendy did not return to work. She remained at home to nurse herself back to health. She could not let anything happen to the child in her belly.

Without a job, and since there was no way Michael would give her an allowance, Wendy knew that she could not just sit around at home.

Since she studied design, fashion design and jewelry design were all things that she was good at.

Zen was right-she used to be such a dazzling person in school, one that was praised by her teachers and idolized by her classmates.

In her sophomore year, she also represented her school in an international competition and won the first prize.

However, after falling in love with Michael, Wendy devoted her whole life to him. She became his personal assistant and stoop designing entirely.

Now that she was pregnant, the doctor warned her that the first three months would be the most crucial period.

Her body had been malnourished for a long time, so it was important that she take care of her fetus during this period.

Hence, it was not advisable for her to go out and look for a job right now.

Zen, however, had given her a very good idea. He recommended that she post short videos on a social media application called Tik Tok. Tik Tok had become a must-have application on every person's mobile phone, attracting high volumes of traffic.

If she could gather a certain number of fans on Tik Tok, perhaps some companies might gain an interest in her and approach her for collaborations.

Wendy used Tik Tok occasionally, but she never found enough courage to post short videos of her own. And today, all the skills that she had acquired before went to waste.

"Wendy, don't undermine yourself like that," said Zen over the phone. "Think about it, our teachers in school used to say that you were the most talented student they had ever seen. Even though you haven't touched anything related to design over the past few years, your talent is still within you. It's a good thing that you've decided to divorce Michael, but after the separation, you still have to support yourself and your child. Picking up design again is the best decision you'll ever make. I believe in you; you can do it ...

"I've sent you a few Tik Tok accounts; you can take a look at their videos. I have also sent you a tutorial on how to edit short videos. Since you have nothing to do at home anyway, you can give it a shot."

Zen was there with Wendy every step of the way and he had watched her become who she was today.

In the past, Wendy longed for a sweet romance. Now, looking at Wendy's predicament, Zen felt as though she might remain alone for the rest of her life.

"You should revisit your past designs to revive your inspiration. I believe you are still passionate about design. It's okay for a woman to be without a man, but she cannot be without a career as well."

Zen's words of encouragement repeated over and over in Wendy's head.

After taking a deep breath, Wendy nodded her head. It was time for her to jump out of the cage that she had trapped herself within.

After hanging up, Zen even dug up old videos of Wendy representing the school in design competitions, which included her standing on stage and giving a speech.

Wendy burst into tears as she watched those videos.

She thought, 'is that energetic and shining woman on stage really me? Can I really still do something like this?'

Perhaps it was her self-confidence from back then that gave Wendy motivation, or perhaps she just wanted to find something to enrich her life and help her forget about her feelings for Michael.

Finally, she picked up her pen and started to design again.

For three days in a row, Wendy found herself unable to regain her inspiration from back then. She felt very depressed.

Zen came over after work one day to accompany her. He worked on her designs with her and chatted with her about inspiration and ideas.

With Zen's encouragement and support, Wendy gradually regained some inspiration.

As the week passed, Wendy devoted herself to working on designs. She worked all day so that there would be little time to think about Michael.

But once night came, she would look around her empty room and wonder where Michael was, wonder if he was with Yvonne.