

## **Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 2 - Wake Up! Michael Doesn't Love You**

### **Chapter 2: Wake Up! Michael Doesn't Love You**

Yvonne joined the company as Michael's personal assistant but she had no actual responsibilities. All she did every day was wandering around the company, win over the hearts of her colleagues, and when it was time, have lunch with Michael.

Just as Michael had told her, all Yvonne had to do was look as pretty as a flower.

Of course, Yvonne also plotted to get Wendy in trouble.

The only thing Wendy could do was put up with it.

In the afternoon, Michael personally entered their office.

"Michael." Upon seeing Michael, Yvonne instantly greeted him with a smile. "Are you done with your meeting?"

"Yes, I am. I'm here to have lunch with you," Michael replied with a smile on his face. His arm wrapped around Yvonne's waist smoothly. He completely ignored Wendy's existence and led Yvonne past her, exiting the room.

Wendy's gaze trailed after their interlocked hands, her eyes unblinking.

Nobody knew just how much misery she felt in her heart whenever Michael and Yvonne put up such a public display of affection in front of her.

Wendy clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her skin. However, she felt nothing but numbness.

Inhaling a deep breath, Wendy regulated her own emotions. She comforted herself quietly. After all, this was not the first time. What was the point of getting angry now?

She thought, 'if I cannot even put up with this, how can I continue working in this company?'

As Wendy lowered her head to arrange the documents on the table, she caught sight of fresh blood dripping from her palms. Almost mechanically, she grabbed a piece of tissue to clean her wounds.

Not long after, Zen Tanner entered the office. He said, "Wendy, I just found out that President Lucas deducted money from your salary again. Why didn't you tell me that you have no money to eat? Come on, let's go get some food."

"I'm not hungry, and anyway, I'm trying to lose weight. I don't want to eat. You can go ahead," said Wendy. The truth was, she was afraid of running into Yvonne and Michael at the cafeteria in the third story.

"Don't tell me you're not hungry again. You haven't been eating lunch for the past few days, have you? Aren't you afraid you'll end up starving your body? If that really happens, you'll just be letting Yvonne win." Zen paid no attention to Wendy's rejection. He grabbed her and walked out of the office.

Wendy had no appetite, to begin with. However, Zen was right. She thought, 'if I really fall sick from starving myself, I would be letting Yvonne win.'

She followed Zen to the third story.

Halfway through their meal, Michael and Yvonne walked out of the private room.

Wendy heard the people around her express their envy, but she did not have the courage to look up at the couple.

When Yvonne saw Wendy, her eyes flashed.

Releasing her grip on Michael, she approached Wendy with a smile. Yvonne took out a bracelet from her purse and handed it to her, saying, "Miss Stewart, I have a gift for you ... I wanted to give this to you previously as well, but you refused to accept it. This time, I hope that you will accept it in front of everybody. In the future, let's work hard together and help Michael, okay?"

Yvonne had never tried to give Wendy any gifts. Her words were only meant for the people around them to hear, to highlight her generosity and Wendy's pettiness.

"I don't need it," Wendy rejected her coldly.

She thought, 'why would I possibly accept anything from Yvonne?'

When she looked up, she saw delight swimming in Yvonne's eyes.

Indeed, everyone around them was talking about her.

Someone said, "Wendy Stewart really doesn't know where she stands."

Another person added, "How dare she act so arrogant when Miss Taylor is personally offering her a gift?"

"Miss Taylor is the president's real girlfriend. Where does Wendy get her guts from? really respect her."

"Indeed, the whole company knows what she's up to. I really don't know how such a shameless woman can exist in this world."

"I heard that Wendy Stewart threatened Yvonne Taylor on her first day here. I really don't know where she got the courage to act like that."

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"Miss Stewart, are you saying you don't want to work harmoniously with me?"

Yvonne's tone quickly turned indignant. She continued, "I know that you detest me, but I just want to do my job well."

Wendy thought, 'she wants to do her job well?'

She wanted to laugh.

Has Yvonne even done anything at all over the past few days?

Yvonne schemed endlessly to enter the company, all because she wanted to always remain at Michael's side.

Just like ... Wendy herself.

Wendy did not have a good reputation in the company. She did not care and could not be bothered to explain herself.

Lowering her head, Wendy continued eating the rice in her bowl.

Zen could not continue watching this. He stood up. But before he could say anything, he was held back by Wendy. "It's not necessary," she said.

Wendy knew that Zen was doing this for her good.

However, she worked at MC Enterprise where Michael was the president of the company. On top of that, Yvonne had gotten a job as his assistant. If Zen tried to stand up for Wendy right now, even if he did not get fired immediately, he would have a hard time in the company.

As Michael observed Wendy's indifference, anger rose in his chest.

He thought that this woman really did not know any better.

Michael stepped forward. He took the bracelet on the table and turned around, pulling Yvonne with him. In a cold voice, he said, "She's not worthy of such an expensive gift."

Yvonne turned her head to glance at Wendy and made sure she was loud enough to be overheard by the latter when she spoke, "I know I shouldn't give away the bracelet that you bought for me, Michael, but I really had nothing but good intentions. I just want to remain in the company and be able to stay by your side."

Hold on ...

Wendy thought, 'that bracelet was a gift from Michael?'

Wendy inhaled deeply.

In the past three years of their marriage, Michael had never given her anything-not even a flower petal, much less a bracelet.

Today, however, Yvonne was about to give her a bracelet that Michael had bought for her.

She knew Yvonne did it on purpose.

Wendy did not hear a single word of Michael's subsequent response.

"Wendy, your palms are bleeding!" Zen called Wendy's name several times but he failed to get her to return to her senses.

Seeing that she was injured, Zen quickly unfurled her fists and saw blood dripping from her palms.

The wounds were a result of Wendy's nails digging deep into her flesh.

Wendy came to her senses and immediately retracted her hands. "Let's get back to work now that we've finished our meal." With that, Wendy stood up and left.

Feeling worried about Wendy, Zen quickly trailed after her. "Wendy, please don't scare me. You're bleeding so much. Let me go back to the office with you and bandage your wounds," he said.

"I'm fine, just ignore me," said Wendy. She had long grown numb to the pain.

"How can you possibly be fine?" asked Zen. "I know that you're upset, you can cry or talk to me, but please don't suppress your emotions."

"I'm really fine," Wendy repeated.

Looking at Wendy's soulless appearance, Zen felt worried and angry at the same time.

Sensing no intention on Wendy's part to stop walking, Zen shouted loudly, "Wendy Stewart!"

The sudden loudness of his voice made Wendy stop in her tracks momentarily. Zen sneered at her from behind. "Can you take a look at what you've turned into? ... In the past three years, you have grown submissive and relenting."

"You used to be high-spirited, proud, and confident. You were the most attractive girl in our school. Half of the male student population wanted to woo you. You were also the most outstanding student in our school-you was praised by the teachers and were a role model for the other students. Back then, you said that you wanted to become the brightest star in the design industry. You wanted to stand on the international stage and shine radiantly ... You were clearly the bright moon, but for a man like this, you turned into a grain of dust."

"You gave up on design, gave up on your dreams, and instead chose to stay beside Michael, making coffee for him every day!"

"Wendy Stewart, when will you wake up? Michael doesn't love you, why do you devalue yourself like this?"