

Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 3 - Something Felt Fishy

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Zen's words replayed in Wendy's mind.

Indeed, Michael did not love her.

However, the first time she laid eyes on Michael, she had already lost herself. How could she possibly let go of three years of obsession?

When she returned to the office, Wendy witnessed Yvonne feeding Michael some sliced fruits. The smiles on their faces made her eyes sting.

They could have gone to the president's office to behave intimately, yet they deliberately chose to remain in the assistant's office.

More blood trickled down Wendy's palms, hidden beneath her sleeves.

When Yvonne saw Wendy coming in, she said with a smile, "Miss Stewart, it's currently still lunchtime. Michael and I intend to rest on the couch, why don't you go hang out in the lounge for a while?"

"This is my office," said Wendy and she remained where she was without moving.

Yvonne was obviously the guest in this office, yet she continued acting as though she owned the space.

Yvonne grabbed Michael's hand and started whining unhappily, "Michael."

Michael lifted his head. He regarded Wendy with raised eyebrows, his face displeased. "I own this entire company, you have to go wherever I tell you to go. If you don't wish to work here anymore ..."

Before Michael could finish speaking, Wendy finally lost her temper. She said, "Michael, is this the only thing you can threaten me with? Back then, you promised me that I could join the company and that you would not fire me if I did not leave voluntarily. In exchange, I would not appear before you and

Yvonne whenever she came to the company. Now that she is working here as your assistant, I want you to agree to another condition."

"Wendy Stewart, when did you become so obstinate?" Michael could not help giving Wendy another glance as he observed the anger on her face.

He thought, 'this woman has never dared to disobey me. Now, she's negotiating with me?'

"I know you detest me and I cannot do anything about you wanting to bring Yvonne into the company. However, both of you are forbidden from public displays of affection before me. Otherwise, I will ..."

Before Wendy could finish speaking, Michael snorted. "Otherwise? You're probably just going to complain to my grandmother."

"You're absolutely right," said Wendy. At those words, she whipped out her mobile phone and stared directly at Michael. "If you don't agree to my condition, I'll call your grandmother right now and tell her that you gave Yvonne a job in the company."

Michael gazed at Wendy's hands and frowned lightly, feeling surprised about her injury.

However, he felt nothing but disgust and hatred toward Wendy. Naturally, he did not care that she was hurt.

"Michael ..." Yvonne was afraid that Michael would agree just like that. She said coquettishly, "I just want to hang out with you for a little longer."

The atmosphere had grown really tense.

All three individuals in the office were silent. The entire space was alarmingly quiet.

This was the first time that Wendy was negotiating with Michael so bravely.

As his wife, her condition was for them to stop behaving intimately before her eyes. However, she was terrified. She was afraid that Michael would chase her out of the company in a moment of anger and insist on getting divorced.

Wendy felt that she was pitiful and pathetic at the same time.

After some time, Michael stood up and left the office.

Michael's lack of an outburst allowed Wendy to heave a sigh of relief.

"Wendy Stewart, don't presume that Michael's departure means that he has agreed to your condition," said Yvonne with a smile. "You can threaten him with his grandmother for now, but I don't believe you can do that for the rest of your life. Just wait and see, I'll make sure Michael kicks you out of this company."

Wendy paid no attention to Yvonne. She returned to her own desk and lowered her head, immersing herself in her work.

She knew she could not beat Yvonne.

Even though she was reluctant to admit it, Michael's heart did indeed belong to Yvonne.

In the following days, Yvonne and Michael still walked around the company around together. However, they never lingered at the assistant's office again.

Wendy knew that they continued their intimate behavior in places she could not see.

Sighing softly, she sorted out the documents on her desk and went to deliver them to Michael.

At that moment, Mr. York happened to be reporting to Michael about his work schedule for the rest of the day, "In half an hour, you have a meeting with Mr. Collins about your collaboration. Your meeting location has been fixed at Hotel J. Miss Zendaya is the secretary assigned to this project. It takes about fifteen minutes to get there, so you should get ready to leave now."

Yvonne had been sitting by the side using her mobile phone. When she spotted Wendy entering the room, her gaze changed. She rose and walked over to Michael, saying, "Let me go with you. I want to make use of this opportunity to learn how I can help you with your work, Michael."

"About that," said Mr. York, "Miss Taylor, you have no experience in these matters. Why don't you wait until you're more familiar with the workflow?"

Mr. York was Michael's best assistant. He had been with Michael for five years and he had always been a hard and conscientious worker.

At the same time, he was also someone who could separate work and personal matters very well.

"Won't you and Michael be there as well? I just want to follow you along so I can gain some experience. I promise I won't be a hindrance," said Yvonne. The truth was that Yvonne was not a hardworking person, she merely wanted to agitate Wendy.

"Let her come along if she wants to. After all, the discussion is almost finished," Michael said before he turned to Yvonne and continued, "Go look for Miss Zendaya and have her hand over the documents to you."

"Thank you, Michael," said Yvonne. She set off to look for Miss Zendaya happily, but before she left, she raised her eyebrows at Wendy triumphantly.

Mr. York stared at Yvonne's retreating back, looking rather displeased.

He tried to persuade Michael, "Mr. Lucas, you shouldn't allow Miss Taylor to have her way like that. It doesn't matter what you do in your private time, but it's better to set boundaries in work-related affairs."

Michael raised his head unhappily. He retorted, "Are you letting how much I pay you get to your head?"

Mr. York knew that there was nothing he could say that would be effective. Hence, he made no further comment.

After they left the office, Wendy packed up his work area.

She had just returned to her own office when the phone on her desk started ringing.

"Good afternoon, this is the assistant's office of MC Enterprise ..."

Before Wendy could finish speaking, Yvonne's voice was heard over the phone, "Miss Stewart, we forgot to bring one of the documents. Can I please trouble you to bring it over for us? The folder is on my desk, you will see it when you walk over there."

Wendy could not help but frown when she heard Yvonne's voice. She thought, 'this woman wants me to deliver a folder?'

Something about this felt fishy.

"Why are you asking her to do that, you can just get someone else," Michael's voice could be heard over the phone as well.

"She works in the same office as m and since the folder contains the business plan for this project, I don't feel at ease having someone else deliver it."

Business plan?

Wendy thought, 'how can Yvonne claim to want to do a good job and then forget to bring such an important document?'

Wendy replied coldly, "I'll send it over right away."

After hanging up, Wendy walked over to Yvonne's table and saw the folder just as instructed.

She picked it up and made her way to Hotel J.

Yvonne was waiting for her outside the private room. Wendy handed the folder to Yvonne and immediately turned around to leave.

She had only managed to take two steps when Yvonne's furious voice could be heard from behind her, "Miss Stewart, even if you have something against me, you should remain impartial at work. Today's discussion with Mr. Collins is such an important one, how could you ... how could you do this ..."

Wendy's footsteps came to a halt.

When Michael heard those words, he immediately emerged from the private room.

"Michael, look, this is the folder that Wendy delivered to me," said Yvonne as she handed it over to Michael. "It's filled with blank paper."

When Wendy heard those words, she shifted her gaze to the folder in Michael's hands.

Indeed, it was filled with blank paper.

"What is going on?" Naturally, Wendy was the first person Michael interrogated.

"She told me that the folder was on her desk, and this is what I took from her desk," replied Wendy honestly.

She had already realized that Yvonne was trying to frame her.