

# **Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce!**

## **Chapter 18 - Let Me Treat You To Dinner Tonight**

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Wendy and Michael left the mansion separately.

It was Saturday, and they were supposed to finalize their divorce the day after tomorrow.

Michael's phone rang. The moment he saw Yvonne's name, he suddenly felt a little irritated.

For a fleeting second, he found himself reluctant to answer her call. But after hesitating for some time, he answered the phone. His tone was slightly unpleasant as he said, "Is there something wrong?"

Yvonne was quite surprised to hear his tone. Michael rarely spoke to her in this manner.

"Michael, it's me, Yvonne," replied Yvonne. She pondered the situation and decided that Michael might not have seen her name on his screen.

Michael reached out, pinching the area between his eyebrows as he soothed his own emotions.

He asked, "Where are you now?"

When Yvonne heard his response, she immediately smiled. Michael's words meant that he wanted to go to her.

"I'm at home. I made your favorite dishes, I'm waiting for you to come home so we can eat together," said Yvonne.

"I'll be right there. There's something I want to talk to you about."

Yvonne lived in an apartment under Michael's name. Over the past few years, her entire life had been sponsored by Michael's money-everything she wore, ate, and even the place where she lived.

Michael drove directly to Yvonne's apartment, which was located in a luxurious neighborhood.

The moment Yvonne opened the door and saw Michael standing there, she jumped right into his arms. She said, "Michael, I've been waiting for a while."

When Michael heard Yvonne's usual coquettish tone, he felt rather vexed. His disposition remained unchanged as he pushed Yvonne away and took large strides into the apartment.

Sensing something off with Michael's behavior, Yvonne immediately closed the door and followed behind him. She asked, "Michael, what's wrong?"

Since it was Saturday, Yvonne had not gone to work today, which meant she had not met Michael before this. Hence, she did not know what exactly had taken place.

"Yvonne, I'm getting a Wendy and I are finalizing our divorce on Monday," Michael looked into Yvonne's eyes when he spoke. He sat down on the couch.

A smile she couldn't conceal instantly surfaced on Yvonne's face. She said, "Are you for real?"

"Are you that happy about the two of us getting divorced?" asked Michael, smiling. He shook his head.

Yvonne had been by his side for so many years. If not for Wendy, they would have gotten married long ago. Naturally, news of their divorce brought happiness to Yvonne. Michael's question, however, put Yvonne at a loss. She thought, Michael's behavior is really strange today.

Yvonne slowly walked over to the couch and sat down beside Michael. Grabbing Michael's elbow with her hands, she leaned her head against him. When she spoke, her tone was both gentle and distressed, "Michael, did I do something wrong?"

"Answer me, why did you leak our photos to the media?" Michael's had come here specifically to ask this question.

He had worked out an agreement with the media companies in Lake City a long time ago, without his permission, no one would dare to expose his

scandalous relationship. Even though his relationship with Yvonne was a relatively open secret, the Lucas family had never admitted to it.

This included Michael.

"Photos?" Yvonne knew about the tabloid news on the internet, but she still feigned innocence. She asked, "Michael, what are you talking about? I don't understand a word you're saying."

Michael took out his phone, dug out the news articles, and showed them to Yvonne. After reading the articles, Yvonne said in an indignant manner, "Michael, I'm not the one who did this. You told me a long time ago that our private relationship must never be revealed to the media. I also know that you have an agreement with the media companies. No matter how oblivious I am, I would never disobey you."

Michael was willing to believe Yvonne's words. After all, she had been by his side for so many years. He knew that Yvonne often set Wendy up, but these had all been rather innocuous actions.

Michael always turned a blind eye to them. After all, he did not love Wendy, and since she had tricked him into marrying her, he allowed Yvonne to take revenge for him.

"Is that so?" Michael questioned Yvonne.

"Michael, don't you trust me?" As Yvonne spoke, her eyes turned teary. She bit down on her bottom lip, an extremely upset look plastered on her face.

Michael's heart softened instantly. He said, "This is so strange."

"Indeed, it is," replied Yvonne, "Your family is the richest in Lake City. It stands to reason that the media would not dare to mess around like that without your permission."

The truth was that Michael had already guessed what was going on. He only asked Yvonne so that he could confirm his theory. He thought, Christian has just returned from abroad and he's already declaring war with me? Michael knew that Christian had not simply spent his years abroad studying. He had been secretly establishing his own company in the dark.

However, no matter how influential Christian was overseas, he was still no match for Michael in Lake City right now. Christian's return to Lake City was definitely not good news for Michael, though.

"Michael, have you guessed the culprit behind this exposé?" Yvonne had an anxious look on her face, but internally, she was overjoyed.

All these years, Michael had treated her as a secret mistress. If not for her frequent visits to his office which revealed her status as his girlfriend to his employees, Yvonne would never have received any kind of recognition.

Now that someone had leaked those photos, even if they only made it to the front pages of tabloid news, it was still a good opportunity to affirm Yvonne's identity as Michael's girlfriend.

"I still have some work to do at the company, I get going now," said Michael. He stood up with the intention of leaving.

Yvonne followed Michael and said anxiously, "But you haven't had dinner. It's not too late to deal with it after dinner."

"You can eat by yourself," replied Michael. He then left without looking back.

As Yvonne watched Michael walk away until he disappeared from her view, a sense of unease filled her heart. She thought, why do I feel like Michael is not happy about his impending divorce? He hates Wendy, so it stands to reason that he should feel very glad and excited about their divorce on Monday. Yet, he showed no signs of happiness. In fact, he couldn't seem to control his emotions. Could it be that he does not want to get divorced after all? This thought gave Yvonne a good Scare.

She shook her head and muttered to herself, "That's impossible. Michael has been wishing for a divorce for the past three years. I'm sure he's just preoccupied with other things. That must be it.

Michael had merely used work as an excuse to get away from Yvonne. Ever since he left the mansion, he felt like there was something wrong with his emotions. In the past, he never really got angry with Yvonne.

Yet, even though he knew that the photos had little to do with Yvonne, he still went to interrogate her. It even escalated to the point where he nearly lost his temper with her.

Michael lit a cigarette as he sat in the car. The cigarette's lit tip illuminated his fingers. After a long time, Michael took a drag.

Christian was his greatest opponent. Perhaps ever since they were born, the two half-brothers had been destined to kill each other. He was mad at Christian, but he could not direct that anger to Yvonne. Michael had given Yvonne a pampered life all these years. She was completely unaware of the happenings in the business world. Yvonne had no hope of helping him in matters like this, which involved both personal grievances and business competition.

Even if she knew about this, she would only behave coquettishly with him and advise him not to get angry. All she would do was reassure him that he was the best. Hence, Michael had decided to leave Yvonne's place and take some time to cool down on his own.

For a fleeting moment, Michael thought of Wendy. Wendy was usually submissive and despite her role as his personal assistant, she mostly did only simple tasks within the company. However, Michael knew that she used to be the best design student in Lake City. He wondered, how would she perceive what was going on with Christian? And what would she advise me to do?

At this thought, Michael was convinced that he must have gone mad. They were going to get divorced in two days. After that, their paths would never cross again.

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They had already announced their divorce to Mrs. Lucas.

Wendy felt particularly flustered on Sunday. Even though their decision to get divorced had been going on for a while, Wendy still felt terribly heartbroken at the thought of ending her marriage with Michael and thoroughly cutting all ties between them. She had no intention of holding on to anything. She knew very well that if she could not convince someone to stay even after three years, it would make no difference even if she spent the rest of her life continuing to do the same.

In the evening, she received a call. This number had called her before. It belonged to Christian.

Wendy had nothing to do with Christian. At most, she was his sister-in-law. However, she and Michael were getting divorced tomorrow.

Her affiliation with Christian was nothing more than a bubble that was about to burst.

The moment the call went through, Christian's breezy voice reached her ears, "Wendy, let me treat you to dinner tonight so we can officially meet each other. Things ended on such an unpleasant note during Grandmother's birthday. I want to apologize to you about that, I hope you will accept my invitation."

"That's not necessary," Wendy rejected him. "I have nothing to do with you, so there's no need to apologize. Moreover, we haven't reached the stage where we should be having a meal together."

"Don't reject me so ruthlessly," said Christian in an irresistible tone, "I'll wait for you at Sky Garden Restaurant at 6 P.M. tonight. I'm not leaving until I see you."

"I won't show up," replied Wendy. She did not know Christian's intention behind calling her, but she knew that there should not be any interactions between them.

"Wendy, if you insist on that.." Christian twirled the pen in his hand and chuckled softly, "Then you leave me with no option but to go to your house. I don't even know where you stay yet."

"Christian Lucas, what exactly do you want from me?" From the moment Wendy met Christian, she knew that he was a dangerous figure. But she never expected herself to become his target.

She continued, "Michael and I are getting divorced tomorrow, and when that happens, I'll no longer be your sister-in-law. There will be no kind of relationship between us, none at all. I don't care what grudges you have against Michael, and I don't care what your motive for tonight's dinner is, but please don't harass me, Okay?"

"Wendy, listen to yourself. I just wanted to treat you to dinner," Christian's voice was low and laced with anger. "I'll see you at Sky Garden Restaurant at 6 P.M. If you fail to show up, you can prepare an extra table setting at home for me."

With that, Christian hung up.

Listening to the beeping sound over the phone, a bad feeling grew in Wendy's heart. She wondered, what exactly does Christian want from me? Why is he insisting on having dinner with me? She was not afraid of what would happen if Christian came over. After all, Michael rarely returned. Even if Christian came over, there was no risk of any misunderstanding.

However, Christian had forced her into this. She did not know just how influential she was. But she was very clearly aware of the fact that no matter how bad Christian was, he was still a descendant of the Lucas family.

Once she got divorced, all of this would stop mattering. Hence, she had to meet him for dinner tonight. She had to figure out Christian's goal and get her message across to him. After packing up, Wendy left the house at 5.30 P.M.

Since she had already decided to go, she would not deliberately show up late.

When Wendy arrived, she saw Christian already there waiting for her.

Upon seeing Wendy, Christian picked up the bouquet of fresh flowers he had set aside. There was a slight smile on his face, and he looked gentlemanly and charming. If Wendy was not in love with Michael, she might have been seduced by his charm.

"I thought all women loved arriving late," said Christian as he handed the flowers to Wendy.

His tone was sincere and warm as he said, "I hope you like this."