

Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 4 - You're Pregnant

Chapter 4: You're Pregnant

"I did leave the folder on the desk. I was in such a rush when we left that I forgot to bring it along with me," cried Yvonne. "I know that you hate me very much and you want me to mess this up so that Michael will be disappointed in me. But I never expected you to take revenge at the expense of the company. Miss Stewart, do you know how important today's project is? Do you think that what you've done is fair to Michael and the rest of the company?"

Mr. Collins heard the commotion and emerged from the private room as well. Bewildered by the situation, he asked, "What's going on?"

Michael glanced furiously at Wendy before he turned to Mr. Collins and explained, "My deepest apologies, my assistant made a mistake and brought the wrong business plan. Why don't we postpone the meeting to tomorrow instead? Since this is our mistake, MC Enterprise will provide reasonable compensation."

Mr. Collins's face revealed his displeasure, but since there was nothing much he could say, he left.

"You better give me a reasonable explanation," said Michael as he pinched the blank pieces of paper, veins protruding from the surface of his hands.

Although Wendy had not followed up on today's project, she knew how important the collaboration with Mr. Collins was.

It was not strange for Michael to be so angry.

Even though this was not her fault, Wendy dared not look into Michael's eyes.

With her head slightly bowed, Wendy explained, "I merely followed Miss Taylor's instructions and delivered the folder that she specified. I didn't know what the folder contained. I believe Miss Taylor knows very well what happened. Mr. Lucas, I don't believe you're stupid enough to fall for this."

"Wendy Stewart, what do you mean by that?" Upon hearing those words, Yvonne pointed a finger at Wendy's nose. Aggrieved, she said, "Are you

accusing me of placing the blank paper in the folder to frame you? No matter how immature I am, I understand the importance of this project. Moreover, I love Michael so much. Why would I tamper with his business affairs and create problems for his project?"

"We failed to finalize the project today and this is damage done to the company. You will have to bear the full responsibility for your mistake," said Michael mercilessly.

"From tomorrow onwards, you can stop coming to work."

"What?" Wendy was in disbelief. She finally met Michael's gaze. "You told me that unless I voluntarily leave, you will not ..."

"You have already caused enough damage to the company," said Michael as he threw the blank paper onto the ground. He added coldly and firmly, "I allowed you to remain in the company on the condition that you behave yourself."

"Haha ..." Wendy finally understood the situation. Michael merely wanted to fire her.

She thought, 'he obviously does not care about the truth of this matter.

"Michael, do you hate me that much?"

Wendy's tears streamed down her face, one teardrop after another.

The truth was she knew Michael's answer already.

Indeed, Michael affirmed her question without hesitation.

Wendy cried and cried, then started laughing. She pointed at Yvonne, saying, "Michael, she's not the pure and kind woman you think she is. And I'm not the cunning and scheming one here, she is."

"Michael." Yvonne leaned against Michael's body, crying fiercely.

Michael wrapped his arm around Yvonne.

He said nothing more to Wendy and simply walked past her.

Wendy watched Michael and Yvonne's retreating figures until her vision grew blurry from tears.

Suddenly, she felt lightheaded and her whole body fell heavily to the ground. They did not get too far before Michael let go of Yvonne's hand.

Yvonne wanted to continue holding his hand but Michael flung her hand away at once.

"Michael ..." Unable to comprehend the situation, Yvonne's face was filled with indignance.

"Yvonne," said Michael sternly as he faced her. "I don't want something like this to happen again. You cannot deal with personal matters at the expense of the company."

Yvonne wanted to explain herself, but when she saw the seriousness in Michael's eyes, she bit her lower lip and nodded pitifully.

When Wendy regained consciousness, she was lying on a hospital bed.

The person sitting by her side was Zen. When Zen saw that Wendy had woken up, he immediately leaned forward and asked gently, "Wendy, you're finally awake. How do you feel? You fainted yesterday. It was Mr. York who called me to inform me that you were at Hotel J."

Wendy nodded her head. She thought, 'it might have been due to low blood sugar from eating less these days. Moreover, I got so agitated yesterday, that's what resulted in me fainting.'

"Wendy, the doctor said..." Zen stopped at that.

Sensing something off, Wendy thought that she had contracted a major disease. She said, "Just tell me what it is, I can bear it." After all, her body had not been in the best condition recently.

"You're pregnant," said Zen. There was no happiness in his tone. Instead, it was laced with concern and worry. "The doctor said you're three weeks pregnant, and your health is very poor. If you don't take care of yourself, it's unlikely you can keep this child."

"I'm pregnant?" Wendy thought she had heard Zen wrong. To confirm her doubts, she asked again, "Are you serious?"

Zen smiled bitterly as he looked at Wendy's agitated state. "I'm serious."

A smile surfaced on Wendy's face as her mind filled with the news of her pregnancy.

She reached out to touch her belly, color returning to her face.

Wendy thought, am I really pregnant?

Three weeks ...

That's the night Michael got drunk and came to me, asking for a divorce.

In the past three years, Michael rarely touched her. Whenever he did, it was in a state of drunkenness.

And every single time that happened, Michael would force her to eat the morning-after pill.

Wendy only appeared to consume it on the surface and would spit it out after Michael left.

She had always hoped that she would get pregnant one day.

Even if Michael did not love her, he would probably care a little more for her on account of this child.

His grandmother had also told her that she would be able to keep Michael by her side once she got pregnant with his child.

"I have to tell Michael about this," Wendy said as she tried looking for her phone.

Zen looked at Wendy's joyful expression. He had no choice but to remind her of the cruel reality, "Wendy, think this through before you make that phone call."

Zen's voice made Wendy calm down slightly. Slowly, her smile froze.

Even though she was very happy about this, Michael might not necessarily want the child.

Before learning about Michael's stand, she could not recklessly tell him about this. Otherwise, Michael might force her to abort the child.

When Wendy returned home at night, she was surprised to find Michael there.

Michael sat at the dining table with a bowl of instant noodles in his bowl.

Subconsciously, Wendy said, "Let me cook something else for you. This is not nutritious enough."

"You're not dead yet? I thought that with your fragile body, you would have died from anger," Michael said coldly as he lowered his head to eat his noodles.

Wendy was pulling open the refrigerator door at that moment. Her actions halted, her heart aching.

After Michael finished his meal, he grabbed his coat and started to leave.

"Where are you going?" Wendy followed him anxiously.

"That's none of your business."

"Michael ..." Wendy reached out to touch her belly. She bit down on her lower lip, and appeared determined as she asked tentatively, "Do you like children?"

She knew that she should not take such a direct approach and that there was no need to be so anxious.

However, she could not wait to learn about Michael's stance on this matter.

"Children?" Michael turned his head, glancing at Wendy's belly. He snorted, "Don't tell me you're pregnant."

"I ..." Wendy found herself stumped at that moment.

"Over the past three years, I've only touched you a few times. And every time, I made you eat the morning-after pill. If you're trying to trick me with a child, you can forget about it."

"What if, and I mean what if." Wendy asked cautiously, "What if I'm pregnant?"

"Then abort it!" said Michael without hesitation. "You're not fit to bear my child." With that, he turned around and left.

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In the darkness of the night, Michael sat in his Bentley with the windows rolled down.

The streetlights illuminated his figure, and the lit cigarette between his fingers shone like a star.

Wendy's words from earlier surfaced in his mind.

From Michael's perspective, Wendy's question was only meant to feel him out. As he thought, Wendy was a woman who had resorted to unscrupulous means to marry him.

When she realized that he had not fallen in love with her despite the past three years of marriage, she was now thinking of faking a pregnancy.

Michael had every reason to suspect that if he had affirmed his desire to have children, Wendy would certainly come up with ways to conceive his child.

He thought, 'that woman is vicious and scheming.'

How could he possibly let her bear his child?

He felt stupid for falling into Wendy's traps all the time and for inexplicably returning home to check if she came back, if she was alright.

Feeling frustrated, Michael raised his cigarette and took a long drag.