

Unwanted Marriage: Honey, No More Divorce! Chapter 8 - We're Not Getting Divorced Anymore

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Mr. York felt that Michael's behavior was very strange today.

Michael had spent some time in a daze after arriving at the company that morning then he requested that Mr. York notify the various departments that he was holding a conference.

There had been no such arrangement for this morning but Michael insisted on getting all the relevant executives from the various departments to come down.

And so they were having a meeting that lasted until now.

Mr. York could not help but wonder if this had something to do with Wendy Stewart.

However, the likelihood of it was slim the more he thought about it.

After all, Michael never cared about Wendy Stewart.

It was unlikely that he would exhibit such abnormal behavior because of her.

As for Yvonne, she had become even lazier ever since Wendy stopped coming to work .

Today, she requested for a day off so that she could go shopping with her friends. She did not even report to work at all .

So Mr. York concluded that it was unlikely Michael's behavior had anything to do with Yvonne as well.

However, Mr. York was not the only person to question his strange behavior today. The company executives who had been dragged into the meeting were equally puzzled.

Initially, they thought that there had been an emergency in the company that required a last-minute meeting to deal with and they were all afraid that something had gone terribly wrong.

However, in the conference room, Michael only brought up the mundane, daily affairs of the company.

They were all dumbfounded.

Wendy waited at the Civil Affairs Bureau for another two hours, but Michael was nowhere to be seen.

Michael took every opportunity to tell her that he wanted to get a divorce .

Wendy thought, 'now that we can finally get a divorce, why isn't he here? 'Did something major happen in the company that he has to deal with urgently?

She was reminded of her phone call with Mr. York, and that he had told her that Michael was in a meeting.

It seemed like the company had some tricky issues to deal with urgently .

Wendy waited and waited until the employees working at the Civil Affairs Bureau were about to knock off work but Michael still did not come.

She did not dare to call and disturb Michael again, unwilling to distract him from his work.

An employee from the Civil Affairs Bureau who had seen Wendy waiting there since the morning kindheartedly approached her before getting off work, "Good afternoon, Miss, is your partner still coming today? If he's not, I'm about to get off work."

"I ..." Wendy bowed her head slightly and seemed to want to speak, but ultimately decided not to.

At this, the employee assumed that she was upset because her partner had failed to show up to get their marriage certificate.

She comforted her, saying, "Hey, I've worked here for over ten years, and I've seen a few people get ditched on their wedding days. It's a good thing that he's not showing up. You should stop waiting for him. Women must learn to love and respect themselves, otherwise, men will never learn to cherish you. "

Her words made Wendy take in a deep breath.

She was a woman with no self-love and respect, which explained why no one had ever cherished her.

Wendy thought, let's not talk about cherishing-Michael has never even cared about me .

"Actually, I'm here to get divorced," Wendy said as she lifted her head. She smiled slightly, but her smile was filled with bitterness and helplessness .

"That ..." the employee had mistakenly thought that Wendy was here to get married because of the red dress she was wearing.

She said, "My apologies, let me take back what I just said. If you're here for a divorce, perhaps your husband does not want to get one? Go home and have a proper chat with him, perhaps you guys don't even have to go so far as to get a divorce."

Wendy thought, 'he does not want to get a divorce?'

If it was somebody else in this situation, Wendy would believe that explanation. But Michael-how could he possibly not want a divorce?

He even dreamed about it at night.

After returning home, the first thing Wendy did was to cook herself a bowl of noodles. She had only eaten some light snacks for lunch. Now that she was pregnant, she had to be responsible for the baby in her belly.

After finishing her noodles, Wendy looked at the time and saw that it was almost 8 pm. Michael should be knocking off work by now.

Gathering her courage, she gave him another call .

It took a while for him to answer.

"I waited for you at the Civil Affairs Bureau the entire day, didn't we agree on getting a divorce?" Wendy asked.

Over the phone, Michael finally realized that Wendy truly wanted to get a divorce.

All along, he thought Wendy had deliberately talked about divorce to attract his attention.

"I was in a meeting the entire day, I didn't have the time to go down," Michael's tone remained cold.

"In that case, let's meet tomorrow at 10 am again. I'll wait for you outside the Bureau" said Wendy.

"Tomorrow is Saturday, do you think you own the Civil Affairs Bureau?" Michael asked.

Wendy had completely forgotten that the following day was Saturday.

"But if you say something to the Bureau, perhaps they might- "

Before Wendy could finish her words, Michael shouted at her, "Why are you so stupid? You're asking me to say something to the Bureau just so I can get divorced? Don't you know that this corrupts social values? Also, do you think that getting a divorce is such a glorious affair and that should let the entire city know how happy you are about it?"

"I ..."

As soon as Wendy finished speaking, Michael hung up on her .

A wry smile surfaced on her face when she thought about what the employee at the Bureau had told her earlier.

She thought, 'does this seem like the attitude of someone who did not want to get a divorce?'

Since they could not get a divorce on Saturday, Wendy waited until Sunday night to send Michael a text message, informing him that she would wait for him at the Bureau at 10 am the following morning. Fortunately, Michael did not make her wait too long this time.

He reached the Bureau at around 11 am.

The truth was that Wendy hoped that he would not show up.

She hoped that her waiting would turn out to be futile.

Unfortunately, he came after all.

"Let's go," Wendy said as she watched Michael stand before her with an indifferent face. Turning around, she led their way in.

When the employee asked if they were willing to get divorced, Michael easily affirmed her question.

Wendy clenched and unclenched her fists beneath her sleeves repeatedly.

At last, she took a deep breath and, as though she was using all the strength she had left in her body, answered, "Yes."

The employee received their marriage certificate and divorce papers and was just about to start processing their divorce papers when Michael's phone started ringing.

When Michael saw that it was a call from his grandmother, he immediately answered it. His tone was much warmer when he spoke, "Grandmother."

"You rascal, it's been a long time since you came back to visit me with Wendy," his grandmother said begrudgingly.

Michael glanced at the employee who was checking the information on their papers and wished he could tell his grandmother that they were processing their divorce, that he would never bring Wendy back with him ever again.

However, he swallowed his words.

Grandmother was very fond of Wendy.

"It's my birthday next week, I hope you have not forgotten that. I want you to visit me with Wendy, and if you come late, you'll be in deep trouble. Also, treat Wendy a little better. Wendy is very sincere toward you, no woman can match up to her," his grandmother said.

When Michael heard those words, he glanced at Wendy. His eyes were still filled with disgust.

Wendy met Michael's eyes and subconsciously lowered her head. This was a habit she had developed over the years.

She dared not meet Michael's gaze directly .

"Alright, I'll take her to visit you," said Michael, "Well buy you a big gift and spend some time with you."

Michael's gaze landed on the employee. At that moment, she was holding her seal and was just about to stamp it on the marriage certificate .

Michael instantly snatched the certificate away and said coldly, "We' re not getting divorced anymore. "

Grandmother, who had heard his words over the phone, immediately asked in an anxious voice, "Michael, what are you talking about? Don't tell me you're getting divorced? "

"No," Michael denied. "Don't worry, I'll definitely bring Wendy back with me next week."