

# The Divorce Prescription 1091-1100

## The Divorce Prescription

Adam had arrived.

Celine's long lashes trembled. They had just parted ways, so she hadn't expected him to show up right after.

Nathan looked over at Adam. "Adam, long time no see."

Adam walked straight to Celine's side and sat down next to her. "Nathan, you came back to the country without telling me first. I'm a little hurt, you know. Some friend you are!"

Adam sat next to Celine, making his position clear-Nathan was the visiting friend who had just returned to the country, and the two of them were there to host him.

Nathan and Adam had known each other for years. Of course, he could read the message between the lines. Adam was still possessive and jealous as always.

Nathan raised a brow. "I was planning to tell you. But I heard you're about to marry Carly, the heiress of the Hamptons. I figured you'd be too busy to care, so really, I was just being thoughtful."

Nathan lifted his cup of coffee with an elegant motion, clearly enjoying himself. He was curious to see how Adam would answer.

Adam fell silent. Trust Nathan to bring up the one topic that hit a nerve.

Not one to back down, he fired back, "Please. I could never be busier than you. Word is, you and the Landons' precious daughter, Michelle, make quite the power couple. I heard Mr. Lynch Senior is already urging you to give him a great- grandchild. You must be busy in the room."

Nathan paused mid-sip. He was speechless.

Satisfied, Adam's mood was much lighter. He reached over and took Celine's hand. "See, that's where I've got you beat. Our daughter's already five. Better catch up, my friend."

Nathan shot him a glare, not saying anything.

Adam laughed. "What's that look for?"

"I don't like your face. You've got a problem with that?" Nathan said.

That made Adam laugh harder.

Celine curved her lips into a faint smile. The two families had known each other for generations, and they had grown up together. Seeing that their friendship hadn't soured because of her gave her a sense of quiet relief.

She slipped her hand out of Adam's grasp. "You two talk. I need to use the bathroom."

Once she left, only the two men remained.

"You're still as possessive and

as

C and Celine are t

Can't you just let me have a

Nathan asked

"Sure. Planning to commit bigamy? That's a crime, you know," Adam said.

Nathan went silent.

Adam continued, "Unless you're planning to divorce Ms. Landon first?"

"I've been thinking about it," Nathan admitted, taking another sip of coffee.

"She won't agree?" Adam asked.

"You're overthinking it. She wants out too!"

A faint crease formed between Nathan's brows, probably from the thought of Michelle.

"So, even Mrs. Lynch wants a divorce?" Adam asked again.

"What did you expect? We were forced into an arranged marriage. We've been married five years, but

we've never even lived together She

does her thing, I do mine. We've

barely seen each other a handful of

times!" Nathan said.

"I heard Mrs. Lynch is quite the socialite. A jewelry designer, isn't she?" Adam said.

Nathan nodded. "That's what I've heard."

The way Nathan said it was telling  
enough, Celine was a socialite and a  
lead jewelry designer. They were,  
practically strangers bound by a piece of paper.

Adam's voice was calm but sharp. "You're a married man, I suggest you keep your distance from Celine."

Nathan gave a weary sigh. He knew five years ago that Celine and he could never happen.

Then he looked at Adam and asked, "Is there really no way to break the Heartstring Venom curse you carry?"

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"No. There still isn't a way to undo it," Adam said defeatedly.

"Fine. Until your Heartstring Venom is cured, I'll take good care of Celine for you," Nathan said.

Adam shot him a warning look.

Nathan laughed. "Relax. As a friend. There you go being jealous again."

"Celine has plenty of friends. She doesn't need you!" Adam said.

Nathan went silent for a beat.

"I'm stepping out to make a call," Adam said, standing before leaving the room.

Nathan looked around the huge private room, now empty except for him.

Just great. He resigned himself to drinking coffee.

Outside, Adam really was making a call. He pulled out his phone and dialed a familiar number.

A moment later, Martin's voice came through. "Adam? What made you call this old man today?"

The two families had been close for generations. Martin Lynch had practically watched Adam grow up.

Adam smiled. "Mr. Lynch Senior, Nathan came back today. I'm having dinner with him now."

"That brat came back without warning? Did he bring Michelle with him?"

Martin really liked Michelle.

"No. He came back alone!" Adam said.

"What a brat. He's already married yet still acts single. I'm waiting for great-grandchildren!" Martin said.

"Mr. Lynch Senior, if you want great-grandchildren, you'd better give Nathan and Mrs. Lynch more

chances to actually be together outbe waiting forever"

Otherwise you'

Adam said.

"I know. I'll call the Landon family now. They'll send Michelle over immediately!"

Martin replied.

Adam's goal

was achieved. Michelle

would be here soon. He would get to watch the show, and the get to ival at his doorstep would finally be handled.

Just then, Celine walked up. "Adam, why did you come out?" Adam raised a brow. "I was making a call."

"To whom? You look way too pleased," she said suspiciously.

"That's classified. I'm not telling you," Adam replied.

Celine remained silent.

Adam slipped an arm around her shoulders. "You and Nathan—"

She cut him off quickly. "Mr. Alvarez, he and I are just friends. Stop assuming the worst!"

Adam reached out and pinched her cheek lightly. "I'm not worried."

She stared at him. "Then why did you come after us? Didn't the curse flare up?"

She took his wrist and checked his pulse. "Let me see."

Her brows knitted almost instantly. "Adam, did you take painkillers again?"

He knew he couldn't hide it. Celine was a doctor, after all. He rubbed her hair gently. "I'm fine!"

She pushed his hand away. "Don't say you're fines  
have serie Those painkn  
hurting you!"

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"I'm strong. My body can handle the painkillers!" Adam said.

He stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Celine. "Celine, I really don't want to lose you. The moment I heard Nathan was back, I rushed over. I was scared, really scared. I was afraid that while I was gone, someone would slip into your life and into your heart. I was afraid you'd replace me."

Now that he was hugging her in silence, she could feel the steady, forceful rhythm of his heartbeat against her ear and his whispered confession.

So a man like Adam was afraid too afraid she would be taken from him.

Celine's resolve melted. She slowly lifted her arms and held him back. "You won't lose me! I'm still looking for a way to break the curse. Adam, I'll find a cure!"

"I believe in you. You're my cure!" Adam murmured.

Everything was going to get better.

While they were wrapped around each other's arms, Nathan appeared at the end of the hallway. He had gotten bored sitting alone in the private room and stepped out, only to catch them in an embrace.

Nathan froze. He really did like Celine. She was beautiful, resilient, and talented- the kind of woman who lit up a room. However, she loved Adam.

His smile faded with resignation.

They pulled apart when they noticed him.

Adam greeted, "Nathan."

Nathan walked over. "Dinner's paid for. Let's head back."

"Where are you staying? Do you want to crash at my place?" Adam offered.

Nathan rejected. "Two single men living together? People would talk. I'll go back to my villa."

"You're ungrateful. I'm just trying to keep you from being lonely," Adam muttered.  
"Thanks," Nathan said dryly.

A cheerful ringtone chimed. An unknown number was calling Nathan. He answered anyway. "Hello? Who's this?"

A female voice came through. "It's me. Michelle."

Nathan's hand stiffened. He hadn't expected that. They hadn't even exchanged numbers, and she had never called him before. This was a first.

"What is it?" His tone was cold.

"I just landed. I'm in Kingshire. Come pick me up!" Michelle said.

"You're in Kingshire? Why?" Nathan was in shock.

"I didn't want to come. But Mr. Lynch

put called my grandpa, and he

on a private jet and sent me

Over!" Michelle said. Content belong's

Nathan fell silent.

"And my grandpa told me I have to live with you. So you need to come get me!" Michelle continued.

"Live with me?"

Nathan was speechless. Before he could respond, another call came in. It was Martin.

Nathan switched lines. "Grandpa, did you send Michelle here?"

"You brat. Why did you go to Kingshire without her? You've been married for five years, and nothing has happened. Her stomach is stifles flat. Both families are waiting for great-grandchildren!" Martin said.

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Nathan said, "Michelle and I-"

Before Nathan could finish, Martin suddenly wailed, "Oh! My heart hurts! My head hurts! Everything hurts!"

The voice of the Lynch family's butler, Julian Baker, came through the line. "Mr. Lynch Senior, what's wrong? Please take your medicine. Here, the medicine is ready!"

"I'm not taking it! I don't want to! Our family has no heir. Just let me die. How am I supposed to face our ancestors in the afterlife?" Martin said.

"Mr. Lynch Senior, please don't joke about your health! Nathan, please say something! Don't upset him. His health can't handle any stress, you know what the doctors said!" Julian cried.

Nathan knew Martin was acting, but the truth was that Martin's health had really been failing. Five years ago, he had collapsed and spent days in the ICU.

Nathan still remembered Martin, pale and hooked up to tubes, gripping Nathan's hand and pleading with him to marry Michelle. Nathan had said yes then.

Martin survived. He held on year after year by taking care of his health, fueled by one stubborn wish, which was to see the family line continue.

"I guess this brat doesn't care anymore. Everyone else gets to hold a great-grandchild, just not me. There's nothing left for me in this world. Tomorrow I'll call Mr. Landon Senior and we'll go hang ourselves together," Martin cried dramatically.

Nathan fell silent. Luis was just as dramatic and relentless when it came to pressuring for great-grandchildren.

Nathan could already imagine exactly how she got shoved onto that private plane. Usually, she wanted nothing to do with Nathan.

"Alright, Grandpa. Stop acting. Michelle has already landed. I'm going to pick her up now!" Nathan said helplessly.

Martin immediately perked up. "Then hurry! Don't make Michelle wait!"

"So, Michelle is the real grandchild here, got it!" Nathan muttered.

"You're taking her home. You're living together, and sleeping together too!" Martin added.

Nathan replied nonchalantly, "I know."

"Don't try to brush me off, you brat. I've sent Rosa over. She's there to supervise both of you for me and the Landon family!" Martin said. "

Martin even sent a spy.

Nathan felt a headache coming on. "Alright, I'm hanging up."

He ended the call and immediately pulled up the unfamiliar number from earlier, dialing it back.

Michelle answered almost at once, her voice coming through. "So you understand the situation now?"

"Yeah," Nathan answered.

"I'm with Rosa at the airport. Come pick us up!" Michelle said.

"Alright."

When Nathan hung up, he looked up and met Adam's and Celine's stares. Both of them looked way too entertained.

Adam smirked. "Not bad, Nathan. I

was just saying you'd be lonely. Next thing we know, your wife gets delivered right to your doorstep."

Celine had heard he was married, but she had never met Michelle. himself, so it was impossible that Celine would see Michelle.

Nathan rarely saw hollet

She asked, curious, "I heard she's the top socialite. I've never seen her."

Adam grinned. "You'll get your chance soon. They say she's breathtakingly beautiful!"

Coming from Adam, that meant Michelle was truly stunning.

Celine laughed. "So, your wife is a beautiful woman. Congratulations, Nathan. You should treasure her!"

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Nathan looked at the two who were clearly enjoying his misery and sighed. "Go on, laugh it up!"

Adam waved a hand. "Alright, alright. Mrs. Lynch is already waiting at the airport. Go pick her up."

"Fine. I'm heading out. We'll catch up again soon."

After leaving the restaurant, Nathan drove his Maybach straight to the airport.

15 minutes later, he arrived.

He spotted Michelle instantly. They had only met a few times, but a beautiful woman like her was impossible to miss. Even in a crowd, she stood out like a rare gem.

She was sitting on one of the airport seats and was dressed in a white coat. Her long, wavy hair cascaded over her shoulders. As the Landon family's heiress and the city's most admired socialite, she carried herself with effortless grace, polished in every detail.

Rosa Kramer noticed Nathan first and lit up. "Nathan!"

Michelle rose to her feet, lifting her gaze toward him. Her skin looked smooth and fair, her small, delicate face framed by a cool light. She wore no jewelry except a pair of pearl earrings she designed herself, simple yet striking.

Nathan walked up to them.

"You're here," Michelle said.

He took the suitcase from Rosa's hand. "Let me. The car's outside. Let's go home!"

Michelle nodded. "Alright."

The three of them left the terminal. Nathan loaded the luggage and then opened the passenger door for Michelle. "Please."

"Thanks," she said, getting in.

Rosa took the back seat. As she watched the couple, she couldn't help thinking that even after five

years of manage, they were still

Sot

as

polite as strangers.

As Nathan drove, Rosa spoke up. "Nathan, Mr. Lynch Senior sent Michelle home with a task for the two of you."

Nathan's fingers pressed lightly on

the steering wheel. "If he wants

that badly, he should go have elakid

another one himself .net

Rosa was taken aback. "Nathan,

don't talk nonsense! His health isn't good. You really can't afford to stress him out I'm here to make sure you and Michelle complete the task!"

Nathan glanced at Michelle. Noticing his gaze, she turned to look at him as well. Their eyes met.

"Don't worry, Rosa. I have no problem doing my part. If anything goes wrong, you can talk to Nathan. Michelle smiled at him.

Nathan went quiet. Of course, he understood what she meant. She was throwing the responsibility straight at him.

He lifted a brow. "Since Mrs. Lynch is fully committed, I have no problem either!" Just like that, he tossed it back to her.

Michelle gave him a look, as if asking, if they couldn't have a child, then who was to blame?

Rosa was delighted. "Wonderful! No time like the present. Tonight, the two of you can start making a baby!"

...

Half an hour later, the Maybach rolled into Nathan's villa. The three of them headed inside.

Nathan led Michelle into his bedroom. "Mrs. Lynch, we'll be sleeping here tonight."

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"Okay," Michelle said.

"Nathan, Michelle, where am I sleeping?" Rosa asked.

"You're sleeping in the guest room. Where else would you sleep?" Nathan replied.

"Nathan, Michelle, I came here with a mission. Mr. Lynch Senior told me to keep an eye on you both and make sure you have a baby. You know what, I can sleep here. On the couch!" Rosa said.

Nathan stared at her, completely speechless. "Rosa, how about this? You don't sleep on the couch. You can sleep right between us."

She blinked. "That wouldn't be appropriate."

"So you do know it's inappropriate. With you sitting in the room watching us, how exactly are we supposed to make a baby? Mr. Lynch Senior doesn't expect you to supervise us step by step, does he?" Nathan said.

Rosa hesitated. "Sleeping here really doesn't seem right. Then, Nathan and Michelle, do your best!"

With that, she finally left.

With the room quiet again, only Nathan and Michelle remained. He said, "Mr. Lynch Senior is watching us, so we have to sleep in the same room. Are you okay with that?"

Michelle slipped out of her white coat, revealing a fitted dress underneath. She shook her head lightly. "I'm fine with that."

Nathan glanced at her. The dress hugged her waist perfectly, outlining every curve, and he quickly looked away.

"I'll take the couch. You can take the bed."

Michelle looked up. "Rosa is monitoring us. We should share the bed tonight."

Nathan hadn't expected her to be that straightforward. He shrugged. "If Mrs. Lynch insists, then we'll share the bed. Do you want to shower first, or should I go?"

"I still need to finish a jewelry design. You go ahead," Michelle said.

Nathan headed into the bathroom. Soon after Michelle sat down, the sound of water filled the room.

Just then, her phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, she picked up. "Hello, Mom." "Michelle, you're with Nathan right now, aren't you?" Sabrina Watson asked. "Yes. He's in the shower," Michelle said.

"Michelle, you know your dad has an illegitimate daughter outside. Lately, he's been talking about bringing her home. He even wants to put her in the family registry and bring her into Landon Group!" Sabrina said.

Michelle's gaze turned cold. "Mom, don't worry. As long as I'm here, that illegitimate daughter is not stepping a single foot into the Landon family!"

Sabrina sounded sad. "Michelle, you're my only daughter. When your dad cheated, it nearly destroyed me, but I endured it for your sake.

"I know you're a good kid. You've worked so hard all these years to carry the role of the Landon family's daughter, to study, to build your career to become the lead jewelry designer, your grandpa adores you. That's the only reason we still have a place in this family. I know you've suffered."

"Mom, you don't have to say all that. No one gets to live exactly how they want. I'm fine!" Michelle said.

"Your dad secretly transferred five percent of Landon Group's shares to that illegitimate daughter," Sabrina added.

Michelle's expression shifted. She had never cared much for her father, Kyle Landon. For as long as she could remember, he was never home. He preferred his other family, his mistress, and Madelyn Landon.

At home, it had always been just Michelle and Sabrina. She remembered the nights Sabrina cried alone, and the day Michelle hugged Sabrina and promised to protect her so Sabrina wouldn't have to cry anymore.

Michelle hadn't expected Kyle to be this impatient.

BUT

Sabrina continued, "Michelle, the battle for Landon Group has already started. Your grandpa said that as long as you get pregnant, he'll transfer ten percent of his shares to you and let you inherit the entire Landon Group. So Michelle, you need to get pregnant as soon as possible!"

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The battle for control of the Landon family had officially begun. With Kyle backing Madelyn, Michelle's half-sister was already itching to make a move.

Meanwhile, Michelle had spent years earning Martin's favor, and her marriage alliance with the Lynch family solidified her position.

However, if Madelyn managed to obtain shares in the company, Michelle would need Martin's full support. His condition was that she had to get pregnant with Nathan's child as soon as possible.

In families like hers, everything was always about leverage. Only if she carried Nathan's child would the alliance between the Landon and Lynch families become unshakeable.

The fact that she and Nathan still hadn't consummated their marriage after all these years wouldn't stay hidden from either Martin or Luis Landon much longer.

Sabrina's voice softened. "Michelle, I know you and Nathan don't have feelings for each other. Asking you to get pregnant is putting you in a difficult spot."

Michelle cut her off. "Mom, I'll do it!"

Sabrina paused. "Michelle..."

"Mom, Nathan is the Lynch family's only heir. If I can get pregnant, it really is the best strategy. Don't worry. I'm not letting that illegitimate daughter set one foot into this family. I'm not letting anyone touch anything that was supposed to be ours," Michelle said.

Hearing the firm resolve in Michelle's voice, Sabrina said nothing more. They ended the call.

Michelle lowered the phone just as the bathroom door clicked open. Nathan walked out.

Michelle looked at him. He was wearing black silk pajamas, with a towel in hand as he dried his damp hair. Tall and sharply built, with droplets of water still clinging to his skin, he looked even younger, like he had stepped straight out of a comic panel. His looks were truly one-of-a-kind.

Beyond his looks, his background made him even more of a rarity. The Lynch family came from an old military lineage with a strong foundation, and unlike the Landon family, they didn't have internal power struggles.

The Lynch men were known for their loyalty and devotion to one wife, and Nathan was the sole heir of his generation, their direct descendant.

Michelle looked at him, thinking a man like him must have exceptional genes. Having a child with him was a deal she didn't lose on. Even a top-tier genetic bank wouldn't have someone this ideal.

Maybe her gaze lingered a little too

long because Nathan turned his ne

head and met her cool, clear eve

He paused mid-motion. "What are you staring at?"

Michelle didn't flinch. "Are you done?"

"Yeah. Go ahead," Nathan replied.

"Alright. I'll go wash up." Michelle stood and stepped into the bathroom.

Nathan finished drying his hair, sat

down, and

opened a few

them Content belong is

on his phone. He began

SWI

A few minutes later, Michelle's voice called out from behind the door. "Nathan?

Nathan!"

He set his phone aside and walked over. "What is it?"

"I forgot to take my pajamas. Can you bring them to me?" Michelle said.

Pajamas? Where could her pajamas be? This was his villa, his room. There were no women's clothes here.

However, he didn't need to wonder long. Rosa had already placed a set of sleepwear on the bed beforehand. Sure enough, a red silk nightdress

neatly folded.

Nathan picked it up and tapped lightly on the bathroom door. "Your pajamas are here."

"Come in and hand them to me," she said.

Nathan froze for a moment. She actually wanted him to bring them inside?

He placed his hand on the doorknob and pushed the door open.

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Warm steam filled the bathroom, carrying the soft scent of Michelle's shower gel. Water pattered steadily from the showerhead, and through the frosted glass door, Nathan could see a faint silhouette. It was blurred, but with enough outline to reveal every curve.

He schooled his expression back under control. Taking advantage of a woman simply wasn't in his nature. It was something drilled into his bones.

He announced, "I brought your nightdress!"

The frosted glass door cracked open by an inch. A slim, fair arm reached out. "Give it to me!"

Nathan walked over and handed her the dress. "I'll head out now!"

He turned to leave.

However, Michelle's voice came from behind him. "What is this nightdress? Nathan, did you do this on purpose?"

Nathan stopped and looked back. "What?"

Michelle, still in the bath, poked her head out. Her hair was damp, and she had no makeup on. With skin as smooth as porcelain, even her fine baby hairs were visible. Her face was fresh from the shower, and it hit him straight in the chest.

Nathan went still for half a second.

She held up the nightdress as she looked at him. "Nathan, how am I supposed to wear this?"

Only then did he really glance at it. The red nightdress had barely any fabric at all and was held together by a few straps. It was blatantly meant to be seductive.

Nathan had never actually dated anyone or been intimate with a woman, but he wasn't innocent. He knew what this kind of thing was at first glance. He pressed his lips. "I didn't prepare that."

"Then who did prepare it?" Michelle asked.

"Rosa. She put it in the room earlier," Nathan said.

With her head poking out, Michelle tossed the nightdress aside and said, "I'm not wearing that. Go find me another one!"

"I don't have any others here!" Nathan said helplessly.

Michelle stared at him. "Really? You bring women back here, but you don't keep anything for them?"

"What women? I've never brought anyone back here!" Nathan said.

She knew that already. The room showed no signs of any woman having stayed there. So, his private life was clean. "So what now? can't

walk out there naked. Fine. Let me

borrow one of your shirts."

"My shirt?" Nathan was confused.

"Yeah. Rosa is watching us like a hawk out there, and I can't call someone to send over a set of pajamas. Nathan, it's just a shirt. Don't be stingy," Michelle said.

"Alright. I'll get you one!" Nathan replied.

Nathan stepped out, opened his wardrobe, and chose a white dress shirt. He returned and handed it to her.

"Here. It's new!"

Michelle took it. "Thanks."

"No problem."

He walked out again.

Michelle stepped back under the shower. A mirror hung on the wall, reflecting her damp, delicate face.

Since she had already met

have child with him, she needed to assess his situation first. His private life was spotless, and she was happy with that.

When she

made

de him come inside earlier, the way he looked at her carried that quick avoidance, that flicker of restraint. It was a man's instinctive reaction when faced with a beautiful woman. It meant there was potential.

Michelle looked at her reflection. Tonight, she was going to take Nathan down.

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When Nathan returned to the bedroom, he picked up his phone and continued reviewing documents.

Not long after, the bathroom door clicked open, and Michelle stepped out.

Nathan looked up at her. She was wearing his white shirt, and the loose fabric outlined her curves just enough to hint at the shape beneath. The hem covered her hips and fell to the tops of her thighs, leaving her long, beautiful legs fully exposed.

He had already been visually overwhelmed once tonight, and now it hit him all over again. There was a reason people called her a beauty. She really lived up to the

name.

Michelle turned her head toward him. "What are you looking at?"

Nathan smiled faintly. "I'm admiring Mrs. Lynch's beauty. Is that not allowed?"

She tossed the towel in her hand straight onto his face. "No. I'm going out to get some water."

She disappeared through the doorway.

Nathan pulled the towel off, her scent lingering on it. It smelled like something sweet and milky. The kind of scent that hit a man hard and set his blood rushing.

In the living room, Michelle poured herself a glass of water. Rosa walked out just then. "Michelle."

Michelle turned to face her. "Rosa."

Rosa looked her up and down. "Michelle, why aren't you wearing the nightdress I prepared?"

Michelle remained silent.

Worried that Michelle might disagree, Rosa kept going, clearly trying to persuade her.

"Michelle, you and Nathan have been married this long and still haven't consummated the marriage. Mr. Lynch Senior is getting anxious! Think about it. Nathan is handsome and wealthy, and the two of you are a perfect match.

"Hurry and complete the task, and give Mr. Lynch Senior his great-grandson! Once you're pregnant, the child will be the Lynch family's firstborn heir. If he wants the stars, Mr. Lynch Senior would pull them straight out of the sky for him!"

Michelle quietly took two sips of water before saying, "Rosa, that nightdress was too revealing. Sometimes what men like most is what they can almost see but not quite. I think this shirt does a better job."

Rosa's eyes lit up.

Michelle continued, "Rosa, go make a cup of cocoa for Nathan."

"What cocoa would he like? I'll prepare it right away," Rosa said.

"Rosa, what he wants doesn't matter. What he should be drinking does. It's late. We're getting ready for bed," Michelle said.

Having served in the Lynch family for years, Rosa was as sharp as Michelle. Smart people didn't need things spelled out for them.

Rosa immediately nodded. "I understand, Michelle. I'll make it now!"

She hurried off.

Michelle finished the rest of her

water slowly. Rosa might have been Martin's eyes and ears but tonight she could be Michelle's besto leverage.

Rosa, having lived her whole life in a wealthy household, certainly had access to the right cocoa.

Settling the glass down, Michelle

returned

speak the bedroom. She didn't

speak to Nathan, just sat down and continued working on her jewelry designs.

Soon, a knock came. Rosa's voice followed. "Nathan, Michelle."

"Come in," Nathan said.

She entered with a cup of cocoa and walked over to him. "Nathan, I made this for you."

Nathan didn't look up from his documents. "Just leave it."

"Nathan, this cocoa is from Lynch Manor. It helps with sleep and calms the nerves. Drink it while it's hot,

then you and Michelle cartests

early," Rosa reminded him.

Michelle glanced at him. He seemed to think nothing of it and picked up the cup. He

drank it all. "Thank you, Rosa."

Rosa beamed. "Nathan, Michelle, rest early. I'll take my leave."

With that, she left.

Only the two of them remained. Michelle set her pencil aside. "Should we head to

bed first?"

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When Nathan was done with work, he announced, "Alright. It's bedtime."

He and Michelle walked over to the bed. He wondered aloud, "So, what's the sleeping arrangement?"

She said, "You'll sleep on the outer side. I'll sleep on the other side."

He nodded. "Sure."

They lay in bed and tucked themselves in.

He asked again, "Shall we turn off the lights?"

"Yes."

He reached for the light switch, plunging the bedroom into darkness. However, he didn't drift to sleep right away, which was odd. He should have slept well on this massive bed in his own bedroom within the villa he owned.

It was all because he was sleeping next to a woman. Her soft breathing tingled his ears. His nose picked up the sweet vanilla scent on her body.

Nathan felt aroused. He tossed and turned for a while before whispering, "Hey, Mrs. Lynch?"

Michelle did not respond. Had she fallen asleep?

He was about to ask again when she flipped over and fell right into his arms.

His body stiffened and nearly went numb. Reaching out to turn on the wall light, he observed her face in his arms, illuminated by the soft glow. She was less aloof and more innocent when she was asleep.

Now, she had sleepily rolled into his arms, her soft body pressing against him. With only sheer fabric on their bodies, Nathan felt a rush of blood to his head. His body was screaming at him.

Swallowing hard, he croaked, "Mrs. Lynch?"

Michelle remained motionless.

"Michelle? Michelle? Wake up! Roll back to your side!"

"No," she mumbled before grabbing his muscular waist.

Lowering his head, he gazed at her. Before he knew it, he was caressing her face. Her skin was so smooth to

the touch.

His attention drifted to her rosy red lips. Then, he rubbed his thumb against them.

As if it wasn't enough, he bent over for a kiss, but he pulled himself together before that could happen.

Shooting up in bed, he sweated profusely, wondering what he was doing.

He nearly slapped himself for having indecent thoughts about Michelle.

But the sight of Michelle only made him even more restless. He pushed away the blanket and got out of bed, and stumbled into the shower,

He desperately needed a cold shower.

Michelle's eyes fluttered

open when she heard the

sounds

from the shower in fact she had

only pretended to be asleep.

Nathan's self-control impressed her. She couldn't believe he'd go for a cold shower.

A smirk appeared on her face. Slowly sitting up, she didn't feel demotivated at all.

Growing up in the Lynch family, she had been through many situations. This was not enough to faze her.

Tonight was guaranteed to be more fun, especially with Nathan's incredible self-control.