

The Divorce Prescription 1111-1120

The Divorce Prescription

When Nathan and Michelle went back into the restaurant, Celine asked Michelle, "Have you managed to drive away that fly?"

Michelle grinned. "Yes!"

However, she knew that Madelyn was a difficult person who wouldn't give up so easily.

But that was beside the point. To Michelle, whoever got pregnant first would be the winner. And she needed to secure this win.

Celine had a soft spot for Michelle, not only because they were both successful in their fields, but also because they shared similar woes growing up.

Celine, too, had a difficult stepsister-Carly.

Nathan announced, "We're done with dinner. Time to go home."

While holding Bella, Adam said to them, "Let's meet again next time."

Michelle bid the family goodbye before leaving with Nathan.

Nathan and Michelle left the restaurant.

He asked, "Shall we head home?"

She nodded. "Let's go. I drove here."

He pulled out his car keys. "Leave your car here and take mine home."

"Sure," she said before getting into the front passenger seat.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the villa, where Rosa hurried out to greet them. "Nathan, Michelle, you're home! Have you had dinner?"

Michelle replied, "Yeah, Rosa. We had dinner."

Nathan explained that he would get some work done in the study, and he made his way up the stairs.

Rosa approached Michelle, asking, "Michelle, should we make some cocoa for him? By the way, Mr. Lynch Senior was beyond himself when he learned that you had consummated your marriage. He said that you'd be carrying the first great-great- grandchild!"

Michelle was more aware of the importance of her future child than anyone else. Kyle only had two daughters. If Michelle were pregnant with Nathan's child, that child would be the heir or heiress to both the Landon Group and the Lynch Group.

Although Michelle was a career

woman, she understood the

importance of lineage to wealthy families. So she had to carry Nathan's child no matter what.

"Rosa, make the drink again for Nathan, and make it stronger this time!"

After some calculations, she realized that she was fertile in these two days. She wouldn't want to miss that window.

Rosa beamed. "Don't worry about it, Michelle! Leave it to me."

Michelle reminded her, "He must not know about this."

"I understand, Michelle! He'll never know. What matters is to get you pregnant. As long as he can still get it up, just go for it!"

Michelle seemed satisfied with Rosa's answer.

"Rosa, I'm going to take a bath."

After Michelle went into the

bedroom, she enjoyed a rose petal bath. While relaxing, she wondered how Nathan would react if he found out that she had conspired with Rosa to serve him the special cocoa.

Any man would be upset if they learned that they were treated as a mere tool to produce babies.

But Michelle couldn't care less about his feelings. All she wanted was the results.

Rosa carried the tray of cocoa she had prepared to the study and knocked on the door.

"Nathan."

He quickly answered, "Come on in."

Rosa pushed the door open and saw him working on his tablet in his office chair.

She made her way over. "Nathan, I made some cocoa for you."

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He stared at the changing figures on the screen without so much as looking at her. "Rosa, please take the away dom feet like dunking,

cocoa away

it today."

Her heart sank. "But Nathan, the cocoa helps with your sleep! Are you saying the cocoa doesn't taste good?"

He explained, "No. I just had a lot of drinks today. That's why I don't need any more cocoa tonight."

He turned down the offer purely because he didn't feel like drinking cocoa.

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Rosa couldn't allow this to happen.

She argued, "Nathan, I've made the drink. Let's not waste it. Just finish it today, and we'll skip it tomorrow."

Nathan glanced at her. "Isn't this supposed to help with sleep? You can take it."

There was no way Rosa would drink this.

She persuaded him, "Nathan, just drink it and get some rest."

He paused in the middle of typing and looked over at the cup in her hands. "Why are you forcing me to drink it?"

She stammered, "Uh, Nathan..... It's for your own good! Oh, well, I'll drink it if you won't."

To avoid raising his suspicion, she quickly left. Once she was out of the study, she decided to inform Michelle about the botched plan.

She knocked on Michelle's door, and Michelle came to the door very soon.

"Hey, Rosa."

Rosa whispered, "Michelle, I have bad news. Nathan refused the cocoa tonight." Michelle's eyes wavered in shock. "He refused it?"

"Yeah! I had to stop talking him into drinking, or he'd suspect my motive! Michelle, without the drink, you can only count on yourself tonight!"

"What do you mean?"

Rosa studied Michelle's pretty face and voluptuous body. Then, she explained with complete confidence, "Michelle, even without the cocoa, Nathan will not resist you! He's young, virile, and he slept with you last night. Once he had a taste of it, he'd crave it all day. Good luck!"

With that, Rosa hurried away, leaving behind a speechless Michelle.

Michelle returned to the bedroom and took a seat. She pulled out some design sketches. Since Nathan wouldn't drink the cocoa, she had to seduce him. She believed in herself.

She turned her focus to the design work. Three hours went by in no time. When she looked up to check the time, it was already 11:00 pm.

She couldn't believe that Nathan was still working in the study. Her eyelids grew heavier, and soon, she fell asleep over the table.

Half an hour later, Nathan returned to the bedroom after work. He immediately saw Michelle sleeping under the dim desk light. She was in a champagne colored nightdress, her long locks tumbling all over her shoulders. She resembled a

painting.

Nathan walked up and peeked at her design sketch. She was a renowned designer

known for her talent and soul. He took a few more glimpses at her sketch.

A smile danced on his lips.

He called out to her. "Mrs. Lynch?"

But Michelle slept like a log.

He tried again. "Mrs. Lynch! Wake up. Get into bed."

She was too deep asleep to hear him.

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Left with no choice, he scooped Michelle into his arms. This wasn't his first time carrying Michelle He couldn't forget that soft, supple body in his arms last night.

He gently placed her in the bed before leaving. At that moment, her eyes suddenly fluttered open.

Their eyes met.

They were currently stuck in a rather suggestive position. He looked like he was on top of her.

He quickly clarified, "This is not how it looks! I carried you to the bed because you were asleep on the table!"

He attempted to get up, but she reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck.

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Nathan and Michelle were face-to-face after she pulled him closer, and he was now on top of her.

They could hear each other's breaths, and he picked up the scent on her body-not the artificial scent of a perfume but a natural, soft scent fresh out of the bath.

He steadied himself. While staring squarely at her, he demanded to know. "What are you doing?"

But Michelle had truly fallen asleep just now, so she was still groggy. "Nothing. Thanks for putting me in bed."

Did she seriously give him a suggestive hug as thanks?

He snickered. "This is surely a special way to thank someone. Alright. I got the message. Can you let me go now?"

But she didn't let go of him. Unwilling to pass this opportunity by, she raised her head and kissed him.

His body stiffened. She pulled away and stared at him after the light peck.

He questioned, "And what was that about?"

She circled her arms around his neck. "What do you think?"

He stole a look at her rosy lips. "Do you want it again tonight?"

She teased him, "Don't you?"

Nathan wrapped his slender fingers around her tiny wrist and pinned her to the bed. "This morning, I thought we agreed to forget about last night."

She was so cold to him in the morning. He almost thought they had agreed to forget memories from last night. But now, she enthusiastically offered herself to him. Her ambiguous attitude was confusing.

Her lashes fluttered seductively. "Do you want to forget about last night?"

As a gentleman, he respected her decision. "It's up to you."

She drew closer to kiss him. "We enjoyed last night. I'd like that again for tonight."

A dangerous gleam appeared in his eyes.

She kissed him on the corner of his lip, all the way to his Adam's apple. It felt as though a vixen was tempting him. The happy memories from last night flooded his mind—it was so pleasurable, and the chemistry between them was electrifying.

He swallowed hard.

Michelle noticed that he was aroused. She freed her hand from his grip and clung to his neck. This time she kissed him deeply.

Nathan's breathing grew shallow. He cupped the back of her head and responded to the kiss. She had started unfastening his shirt buttons, but in a hurry, she fumbled and failed to unbutton it.

She asked, "How do you unbutton this?"

Kissing her flushed cheeks, he pressed his hand over hers. "What's the rush?"

Her eyes sparkled. "I am in a rush."

Since she couldn't unbutton his shirt, she slid a hand through the gap to caress his abs.

Nathan had never seen Michelle so desperate and thirsty before. He covered her hand while he panted.

"No way!"

Without the help of the cocoa, she worried that Nathan might deny her tonight. "What do you mean?"

He explained, "I haven't showered! Let me shower first."

He proceeded to leave, but she opened her arms. "Give me a hug?"

"What?"

She repeated herself with a slightly coquettish tone, "Give me a hug, Nathan!"

Chapter 1114

Nathan gave Michelle a hug like she wished.

She whispered into his ear, "Carry me to the bathroom. I'll shower with you."

A fire burned in his eyes. Just like any other man, he couldn't resist the temptation.

He lifted her into his arms. She clung onto him, legs around his waist.

They entered the bathroom. He turned on the shower. As hot water sprinkled down, she started undressing him.

He kissed her. "Michelle, what are we?"

"We're a married couple."

He fixed his gaze on her. "You know what I'm referring to."

They went from an arranged marriage to having accidentally slept with each other, and it wasn't just once. Both seemed to be thinking about developing a long-term relationship.

Michelle was in a rush. In her eyes, Nathan was too talkative. She preferred a man with less talk and more action.

She told him, "Nathan, stop overthinking. We could be a married couple in bed and strangers outside of the bedroom! There's no pressure on either of us if we get a divorce in the future. It's consensual."

He moved her hand away when he realized she was serious. "Do you mean we're friends with benefits?"

She was speechless. He didn't have to say it aloud.

Nathan refused the idea. "I don't want to be friends with benefits with a woman. Let's put a stop to it."

With that, he left the bedroom. Stunned, Michelle racked her brains for a solution— she had to keep him around.

She immediately threw herself at him and held him by the waist. "Fine, Nathan. I need to confess."

"What is it?"

"I... I love you!"

Taken aback, he whipped around. "Do you?"

Deep down, she didn't love him at all, but she knew better than to be honest. She

had to lie to him to get him in bed and give her a child.

With that in mind, she put on the best acting performance of her life. "Yes, Nathan, I love you! I have been

attracted to you since yest

you on our first blind date: love you, but I've always kept it a secret... because you have a crush on Dr. Táte!

"But what happened between us last night gave me hope. Nathan, even if you don't

love me, I still want you your body, your warmth."

She took a step forward, her gaze pleading and affectionate. "Nathan, we're married. I'm not asking for

love but can you at least... give me this?"

She stood on tiptoe again and kissed him.

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Her confession came as a shock to Nathan. She had always felt distant and untouchable. He never once suspected she held feelings for him.

But she wouldn't have taken the lead unless she truly loved him. Right?

In that moment, he was sure that she did.

She said urgently, "Nathan, kiss me!"

He grabbed her by the wrist, unable to resist her enthusiasm, and sealed her lips

with an aggressive kiss.

A slight pain stung her lips. He

kissed her until she was breathless.

Terrified he might pullaway she

reached for him and began to

undress him.

He pinned her against the wall. Suddenly, something came to his mind. "No!"

She groaned. "What is it this time?"

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Nathan cast a serious gaze on her face. "I don't have condoms."

Michelle paused. Why did he think of condoms at this moment? It wasn't like he needed any, since she was trying to get pregnant!

She hugged him. "It's fine."

He gently pushed her away. "No. You might get pregnant."

She looked up. "Don't you love children?"

He lifted a brow. "I'm not huge on kids. And I'm not ready to be a father just yet."

She questioned, "So, what happens if I get pregnant?"

"That's why we need protection!"

He clearly had no intention of getting Michelle pregnant. She came to realize that if she ever did conceive, she would need to hide it from him. She didn't mind, because all she wanted was the child. Once she became pregnant, Nathan would be out of the picture.

She lied, "That won't happen. It's my safe period."

"You sure?" He sounded hesitant.

It was a blatant lie, but she met his eyes with sincerity. "Of course! Why would I want to get pregnant?"

She rose onto her toes, brushing a kiss against his Adam's apple, then the corner of his mouth. "Take me, won't you?"

He shoved her against the wall, yanked her nightdress down, and kissed her forcefully.

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The next morning, Nathan and Michelle were still curled up in bed, hugging each other even at 8:00 am. It was getting late.

Soon, his other assistant, Leon Maynard, knocked on the door and woke them up. "Mr. Lynch?"

Michelle stirred in Nathan's arms. He promptly woke up.

Looking groggy, she asked, "What's the time now?"

Nathan reached for his phone on the bedside table. It was eight in the morning.

"It's eight?" She immediately pulled away from him and shot up in bed.

Neither of them had ever slept in this late. They had slept past midnight because they had too much fun.

"Holy moly! I'm gonna be late! I'll get up now!"

She hopped out of bed and made a

beeline for the bathroom. At the

same time, Nathan was

disappointed with his lack of

self-discipline. As an heir, he had never caved in to his desires like last night, not when there was a morning meeting today.

He crawled out of bed and was greeted by the sight of clothes strewn all over. Michelle's champagne colored nightdress from last night had been torn apart.

He walked over to the bathroom.

Leaning against the doorframe, he

"You're

watched Michelle wash up. "Ye

running late anyway. Why don't you put aside your work and have breakfast with me?"

After brushing her teeth, she splashed cold water on her face. A blush bloomed across her cheek, a radiance breaking through her usual cool composure.

She said, "No! I need to hurry to work! There's still time."

But her expression soured the moment she noticed the hickies on her neck in the mirror she shot Nathan a look through the reflection. "Mr. Lynch, don't kiss me on the neck next time."

She had no choice but to wear a collared shirt to hide the evidence of last night.

Nathan stepped in behind her, bracing his hands on the countertop. They weren't hugging, but their bodies were pressed together all the same.

He whispered, "But that's not what you said last night. You were the one who asked me to kiss you."

Her cheeks reddened in embarrassment. So what if she had changed her mind?

Nathan watched as she turned red. He slipped an arm around her waist and started kissing her softly on the neck.

Chapter 1116

Nathan realized that he was becoming increasingly obsessed with Michelle. He shouldn't have gotten involved in the first place.

Meanwhile, she had sensed his manhood pressed against his body. While wiggling, she confronted him, "Nathan, what are you doing?"

"What do you think?"

Holding her chin, he bent over to kiss her, but she slid a hand between their lips.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"It's daytime, not to mention your assistant is out there!" She pushed him away and ran into the bedroom. "I need to go to work. I'm running late."

Nathan watched Michelle speechlessly as she gathered her stuff in a hurry. In the day, she reverted to her aloof self, as though they were strangers.

At night, she wouldn't get her hands off him. She professed her love for him and begged him to take her with such a fiery intensity.

After Michelle collected all her stuff, she pulled the door open.

Leon greeted her, "Mrs. Lynch, good morning."

"Morning." She rushed down the stairs.

Rosa called out to her, "Michelle, come have breakfast."

"Rosa, I'm running late. I've got to go!"

She vanished from sight.

Rosa mumbled, "Michelle, I know you're busy, but you need breakfast."

A moment later, Nathan stepped out of the room, fully prepared for the day.

Leon followed closely behind. "Mr. Lynch, I've postponed your meeting by half an hour."

"Cool. Let's head to the office."

Left behind, Rosa grumbled, "Nathan, you too? Why is no one having breakfast?"

Nathan arrived at Lynch Group and dove straight into a packed

from his work it was okeel

schedule. By the time he looked

was already noo

up

Leon reminded him, "Mr. Lynch, I'll have the chef prepare your lunch."

Nodding, Nathan checked his WhatsApp. He received no new messages- none from Michelle.

Why did she not contact him?

They had texted before, but things were different now. They had slept with each other, and she confessed her love, even saying that she wanted him even if he didn't have feelings for her.

If she was so in love, why didn't she text him?

She didn't act like a woman in love at all.

He frowned.

Leon walked in at that moment. "MK Lynch, you have a social event tonight. Do you need to let Mrs Lynen know that you be hook late?"

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"Don't bother."

She would have asked about his day if she cared.

At night, Nathan showed up at a bar, where he and his business partner, Derik Dahl, had a dinner appointment.

Derik beamed when he saw Nathan. "Welcome, Mr. Lynch! I heard you don't often visit such places."

Nathan flashed a polite smile. Indeed, he never liked bars and clubs.

Derik teased him, "Why are you here alone? No plus one?"

Derik and everyone else had at least one woman next to them. Nathan looked out of place among the men.

Seeing this, Derik suggested, "Mr. Lynch, there are lots of hotties at this bar. Shall I get one of them to keep you company?"

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"Absolutely not," Nathan refused without a second thought.

Derik waved his hand dismissively. "Bring your best hostess over. Make sure she's attractive and untouched," he emphasized. "We don't want anyone who doesn't meet those standards."

The bar owner smiled obligingly. "I have the perfect person. Irene is new here. She's a lovely thing, and very proper. I'll send her right over."

Within moments, Irene Cooper appeared before them.

Derik looked pleased. "Mr. Lynch, this young lady is both charming and innocent. Irene, you'll be keeping Mr. Lynch company tonight."

Irene spotted Nathan the moment she arrived. His commanding presence and youthful good looks naturally made him the center of attention, even among these seasoned executives.

From his central position on the dark red couch, his tailored black suit seemed to draw in the light, lending him a reserved yet compelling aura.

Irene sat down beside him. "Mr. Lynch, hello."

Not a flicker of emotion crossed Nathan's handsome features. His indifference was unmistakable in his refusal to even glance in her direction.

"How old are you, Irene?" Derik asked, breaking the silence.

Irene smiled and replied, "I'm 21 this year."

"21?" Derik said, raising a brow. "That means you're still in university!"

Irene nodded. "Yes! I have a younger brother still studying, so I'm working part-time to support him."

While many modern men might hesitate to marry a woman with a younger brother due to perceived financial burdens, the wealthy executives in this room viewed it as an advantage. It signaled a feminine pliancy and a need for protection that fed their own desire to play the savior.

"Make sure Mr. Lynch has everything he needs, Irene," another executive chimed in. "He'll treat you right."

"Why don't you peel him an orange, Irene?" Derik added.

Irene picked up an orange and began peeling it. Once done, she looked at Nathan. "Mr. Lynch."

Derik and the others started egging her on, "Irene, you should feed it to Mr. Lynch!"

As Irene gazed at Nathan's

handsome face, her heart began to

pound a wild rhythm. Around man like him, who wouldn't feel a little flustered?

She picked up a segment of the orange and brought it to Nathan's lips. "Mr. Lynch, here you go!"

Nathan glanced at her. "I don't want any. Thank you."

His courtesy was a flawless facade, masking an impenetrable chill that held all others at a distance.

Irene's pretty face instantly flushed with embarrassment.

Derik chuckled, "Mr. Lynch, there's no need to be so stern. You'll frighten Irene!"

Nathan's gaze swept across the room before he stated, "I'm married."

A stunned silence fell.

"Married?" Derik exclaimed.

Nathan and Michelle's marriage was a business arrangement between their families. They never had a wedding, and since their relationship was only for show, they both quietly agreed to keep the marriage private.

Aside from close friends like Adam and other top elites, no one else knew.

Now, Nathan was announcing that he was married.

The crowd was astonished. "Mr. Lynch, how come we've never heard you were married?"

"Who is the fortunate Mrs. Lynch?"

"Whoever captured Mr. Lynch's heart and married into the Lynch family must be truly remarkable!"

An image of Michelle's exquisite

face surfaced in Nathan's mind. By

day, she was calm and graceful. By night, she was all fire and passion. This mesmerizing duality wrapped her in mystery, making him ache to discover what lay beneath. .net

He pulled out his phone, but the screen showed no new WhatsApp notifications.

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It was currently 8:00 pm. Nathan hadn't gone home, nor had he told her in advance. Strangely, she hadn't even sent a WhatsApp message to ask where he was.

She claimed to love him, but outside of the bedroom, he felt no affection. Did she just want him for his body?

Nathan allowed himself a thin, humorless smile. "My wife enjoys her privacy," he explained. "She avoids these social events. However, she'd be very unhappy to smell another woman's perfume on me."

Derik laughed. "It sounds like Mrs. Lynch loves you very much, Mr. Lynch! You have a truly solid marriage."

Irene felt a flush of awkward humiliation at being so thoroughly ignored.

She had come here tonight hoping to attract a wealthy man. She didn't care if Nathan was married. In her experience, that was a solvable problem. If she could just get a foothold with Nathan, she was sure she could eventually replace his wife.

However, he wasn't giving her a single chance.

Nathan turned to Irene and handed her a token. "Get me a pack of cigarettes and charge it to my tab."

This was his way of offering her a graceful exit.

Irene picked up the token. "Yes, Mr. Lynch. I'll go now."

After Irene left, Derik shook his head with a laugh. "Mr. Lynch, you really don't know how to treat a lady, do you?"

Nathan smiled to himself. Every man knew how to be gentle with a woman, but it depended entirely on which woman. He was very particular about such things. He would never get involved with women from places like this, especially not one like her.

His preference had always been consistent. He preferred women like Celine and Michelle, who were a combination of intelligence and beauty. A merely pretty face couldn't interest him.

As Irene stepped into the hallway, Wendy Anderson immediately approached her. "Irene, is it true you were just with Mr. Lynch?"

The top hostesses here were always competing. Getting assigned to a VIP like Mr. Lynch was the ultimate status boost.

Irene would never admit the truth. She nodded and replied, "Yes, Mr. Lynch is right inside."

Wendy's face lit up with admiration. "Irene, what's Mr. Lynch really like? Is

he as handsome and wealthy as

they say? A VIP like him is

completely out of our league

You're

so lucky! We're all incredibly jealous!*

Irene showed the token Nathan had given her. "Mr. Lynch asked me to buy him cigarettes."

Wendy's eyes widened. "Wow, he gave you his token? With that, you can practically rule this bar!"

Irene smiled. Even if she hadn't gotten close to Nathan tonight, being associated with him had already elevated her standing among the others.

"Come on," Irene said. "Let's go get those cigarettes for Mr. Lynch."

"Of course, Irene, right this way!"

Irene and Wendy were so engrossed in their conversation that they failed to watch where they were walking. As they rounded a corner they collided squarely with someone.

Irene looked down at her new shoes. "Watch where you're going! You ran right into me!"

The person she had bumped into was none other than Michelle.

Michelle had brought her team to the bar to celebrate a recently completed design project. On her way back fro

the restroom, Irene

and Wendy came

bufrying around

the corner and bumped right into

her.

Michelle looked down at her limited edition LeVinci heels. She had been the first in the country to get them straight from the runway.

However, before Michelle could speak up, Irene immediately began accusing her.

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Janet Hunt, the assistant beside Michelle, spoke up immediately.

"Please get your facts straight. We were walking normally. You're the ones who weren't watching where you were going and ran into us!"

She turned to Michelle with concern and asked, "Michelle, are you okay?"

Michelle glanced down at her brand-new shoes and shook her head. "It's nothing."

Irene instantly bristled. "What kind of attitude is that? Even if we were coming toward you, couldn't you have moved out of the way?"

Michelle and Janet were both rendered speechless by her logic.

Wendy snapped angrily, "You stepped on Irene's shoes! They're from LeVinci! She spent several months' salary on them. Can you even afford to compensate her?"

What a coincidence another LeVinci.

Michelle was a designer. Runway pieces from top luxury brands were always sent to her first, and as a Landon family heiress, she'd been surrounded by luxury since childhood.

With just one glance, she could tell Irene's LeVinci shoes were from a past season - probably on discount by now.

Michelle looked at Irene calmly. "They're leather shoes. Stepping on them just now didn't cause any damage. Just wipe them clean when you get home."

Irene looked at Michelle. She had always taken pride in her looks, but the moment her eyes met Michelle's breathtaking face, she froze.

She suddenly felt dull and insignificant standing next to Michelle.

Her gaze drifted to Michelle's dress. Although she couldn't afford luxury brands herself, she loved studying them. Michelle was wearing a Chanel runway piece.

The expensive dress hugged her slender waist perfectly. Her features were cool and striking, her skin fair and luminous—the kind of refined glow that came from being carefully raised and well cared for. She practically shone just standing there.

Meanwhile, Irene's outfit looked like a patchwork of mismatched pieces. In front of a true beauty and an heiress, she simply couldn't compare.

Jealousy flared instantly in Irene's heart. Between women, hostility could stem from something as simple as that.

She lifted her chin arrogantly. "You stepped on my shoes today. You have to compensate me."

Janet scoffed. "What are you talking about? You want us to pay? You've really got some nerve."

Michelle chuckled. "If we were at fault, I'd pay whatever it costs. But if you're being unreasonable and obnoxious, then sorry I don't have the time to waste on you!"

Wendy snapped, "How dare you! Do you even know who Irene is backed by?"

Janet raised an eyebrow. "Who?"

Wendy sneered. "Irene has a powerful backer. If we say his name, you'll piss your pants! You'd better compensate us before we do."

Irene interjected, "No. I want compensation, and an apology too!"

Michelle let out an incredulous laugh, then looked straight at Irene. "Then go on. Tell me, who is your backer?"

Irene smirked. "Since you want to know, I'll tell you. You see this token?"

She pulled out the token Nathan had given her.

Janet's eyes were sharp. She immediately noticed the word engraved on it—Lynch. "Lynch?" she muttered.

Michelle saw it too. This bar was infamous as a high-end money pit. Only top-tier VIPS-people with

absolute privilege could possess a token like that.

It was no wonder Irene and Wendy had been acting so arrogantly.

Seeing the word "Lynch" immediately made Michelle think of Nathan. Could it really be him?

She dismissed the thought almost immediately.

The two women in front of her were

obviously vain hostesses chasing status and money. It wasn't about trust, but Michelle simply couldn't believe that someone with Nathan's taste and standards would ever be interested in people like them.

She asked calmly, "Your backer's last name is Lynch?"

Irene lifted her chin proudly and exclaimed, "That's right. I'm Mr. Lynch's woman!"

Janet frowned, suspicious. "Mr. Lynch?"

The only "Mr. Lynch" she knew was Nathan Lynch-Michelle's husband.

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Could it really be Nathan?

Janet scoffed. "There are tons of people with the Lynch last name. How am I supposed to know which Mr. Lynch you mean? If you've got the nerve, tell us his full name!"

Wendy sneered. "Irene, go on, give it to them and see if they piss their pants!"

Irene said smugly, "Listen carefully, both of you. The Mr. Lynch I'm talking about is none other than Nathan Lynch himself!"

Nathan Lynch?

Michelle's eyelids trembled. She hadn't expected it to actually be Nathan.

Had he been hanging out at this bar? And... with a shallow woman like Irene?

Michelle was speechless.

Janet gasped in shock. "Ms. Landon... It's really Mr. Lynch!"

Seeing their reaction, Irene and Wendy were clearly pleased.

Irene said triumphantly, "Scared now, aren't you? Let me tell you—I'm Mr. Lynch's woman!"

Wendy added, "Of all the people you could've offended, you chose Mr. Lynch. You've truly got a death wish!"

Janet snapped back angrily, "Why would Mr. Lynch ever be interested in the likes of you two?"

Irene's expression darkened. "How dare you talk back to me! Do you want me to call Mr. Lynch over right now and have him teach you a lesson?"

Wendy chimed in. "Enough nonsense! Pay up and apologize to us!"

Michelle's mind raced. She hadn't expected to run straight into the woman Nathan was keeping on the side.

Right now, she couldn't afford to fall out with him. She still needed him to get pregnant.

She was in the middle of her ovulation window. Whether she could conceive depended entirely on these few days.

Of course, the thought of Nathan fooling around outside with women like this made her stomach churn with instinctive disgust and revulsion. However, she could deal with that later.

For now, perhaps it was better just to pay up and settle this.

Michelle looked at Irene. "Fine. I'll compensate you."

Janet stared at her in disbelief. "Ms. Landon! Why are you paying?"

She was in shock. The wife had caught the mistress red-handed, and instead of tearing her hair out, she was actually paying the mistress compensation?

Wendy said smugly, "These shoes were expensive to begin with. Now that you've dirtied them, we want triple compensation!"

Michelle just glanced at them. These two women were truly something else.

After witnessing this, she found herself reevaluating her understanding of Nathan.

Irene took a step forward, staring at Michelle provocatively.

ets

"Compensation isn't enough. I want an apology And that's not all I want you to get on your knees when you apologize to me!"

She wanted Michelle to get on her knees and beg for forgiveness.

Michelle's expression instantly turned icy.

She looked straight at Irene and

curled her lips into a cold smile.

don't want to waste my time onnet

so suggest you take the money and Stop pushing your fuck."

Irene sneered. "I want you to get on your knees and apologize!"

All her life, she'd been the one to cater to others' whims. Given this chance, making someone like Michelle kneel to apologize would satisfy her vanity beyond measure.

Janet immediately stepped forward. "You've really got some nerve! Even if Mr. Lynch himself were standing here, he wouldn't make. Ms. Landon get on her knees to apologize to you!"

Irene flew into a rage. "Who do you think you are, talking back to me like this?" Wendy grabbed Janet by her clothes. "How dare you bully Mr. Lynch's woman!"

However, Janet was no pushover. She immediately grabbed a fistful of Wendy's hair. "How dare you bully Ms. Landon!"

"Ah! My hair!"

Irene instantly rushed into the fry. "Let go of her!"

Seeing Irene join the fight, Janet seized Irene's hair with her other hand as well. "You shameless homewrecker! I'm going to teach you a lesson on Michelle's behalf!"