

# The Divorce Prescription 1121-1130

## Chapter 1121

Michelle was stunned. She stood there, watching as Janet grabbed Wendy's long hair with one hand and Irene's with the other, taking them both on at once.

Janet pinned them to the floor and went at them mercilessly, nails raking down hard.

Irene and Wendy tried to fight back, but under Janet's brutal strength, they had no chance at all.

Before long, scratches bloomed across their faces. Their earlier arrogance vanished completely, replaced by panicked cries for mercy.

"Ah! Stop it! Stop hitting me!"

"Don't pull my hair!"

"Not my face, please!"

"I just had my nose done!"

Michelle was speechless.

When she chose Janet as her assistant, she'd deliberately picked someone strong, someone trained in taekwondo. This way, she could protect the team of young women. Clearly, she made the right choice.

Michelle stood off to the side and did nothing. Frankly, Irene and Wendy deserved to be taught a lesson.

Since Janet had already stepped in, Michelle decided to enjoy the show.

Irene and Wendy wailed miserably, crying out for help. "Please, stop! It hurts! Help! Someone help us!"

Janet cursed as she struck them, "Shameless homewreckers! How dare you ruin someone else's family and still act so arrogantly! You want us to apologize on our knees? You motherf..."

The rest of her words were... very much unsuitable for the public.

Soon, the bar owner rushed over after hearing the screams. His face paled at the sight of the scene.

"What's going on? Why are you fighting? Stop! Stop right now!"

The commotion grew louder and louder, spreading through the bar until it reached Nathan.

He was still in the private room when someone burst in through the door. "Mr. Lynch, you need to come out. Something happened!"

Nathan sat back on the sofa, lifting his eyes calmly. "What happened?"

"Irene, the woman keeping you company earlier... she got into a fight!"

Derik and the others were stunned by the news. "What? Irene got into a fight? My. Lynch, let's go take a look!"

Nathan remained unmoved. "If they're fighting, just call the police."

It was obvious he didn't want to get involved.

Derik and the others got to their feet anyway. "Let's go have a look!"

"Who is Irene fighting with?" one of them asked.

"I don't know... I heard the other woman was really beautiful. Someone called her... Ms. Landon?"

Nathan froze when he heard the mention of Michelle's name, then quickly shot to his feet. "What did you say her name was?"

"I think it was Ms. Landon or something. I heard the one doing the hitting call her that!"

Michelle was here?

Nathan didn't hesitate and bolted

out of the room. The very man who had just refused to move now sprinted out the moment he heard Michelle's name.

Derik and the others stared at him in disbelief.

"Why does Mr. Lynch care so much about that woman?" someone asked.

"It's like someone flipped a switch and he bolted," another added.

"Come on, let's follow!"

Nathan ran to the corridor, which by now had gathered quite a crowd. He shoved his way through and barked, "Stop fighting!"

Janet still had Irene and Wendy pinned beneath her, locked in a tussle. The moment she heard Nathan's voice, she froze immediately.

Michelle spotted the approaching Nathan. He had come, after all.

Michelle immediately pulled Janet up and positioned Janet behind herself.

"Stand behind me and don't say a word!"

Irene and Wendy looked utterly

miserable. By now, their clothes

were torn and their makeup ruined, making them quite a disastrous sight to behold

The moment Irene saw Nathan, she rushed straight to him, tears streaming down her face. "Mr.

Lynch You're finally here! They hit me! They attacked me!"

She pointed straight at Michelle.

Nathan turned his gaze to look straight at Michelle, and the two locked eyes.

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Michelle felt a flicker of awkwardness.

Wendy immediately spoke up. "Mr. Lynch, look at us! We're covered in scratches! You have to stand up for us!"

Nathan strode straight up to Michelle and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Michelle curved her lips, forcing a casual smile. "Hi there. What a coincidence. I brought my team here for dinner. I didn't expect to run into you here."

Nathan asked flatly, "What happened? Why did it turn into a fight?"

Irene jumped in. "Mr. Lynch, they bumped into me! Not only did they refuse to compensate or apologize, but they even attacked us!"

Janet countered, "How dare you twist the truth like that! You were the ones who ran into us! You even stepped on Ms. Landon's brand-new shoes!"

Nathan glanced down at the heels on Michelle's feet. "Are they alright?"

Michelle immediately used the hem of her long dress to hide them. She lowered her voice apologetically. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lynch. They did bump into me, but we were wrong to throw the first punch. I'm willing to compensate."

Janet tugged at her arm in disbelief. "Ms. Landon, don't pay them!"

"Shush," Michelle said quietly.

She then turned to Nathan. "Mr. Lynch, I didn't know these two ladies were associated with you. My apologies."

Nathan furrowed his brows immediately. "My people?"

Wendy jumped in at once. "Of course Irene is one of yours! She was holding your VIP token, and these people still dared to bully her. Their disrespect of Irene is the same as disrespecting you!"

Irene looked slightly uneasy. After all, Nathan had never acknowledged her. "Mr. Lynch, whatever it is, they were wrong to hit us."

Nathan stared at Michelle. "You intend to compensate them?"

Michelle couldn't read his thoughts. He had always been inscrutable, after all.

However, she could clearly feel his anger radiating off him.

Was he angry because Janet had hit his woman?

Michelle met his eyes cautiously. "Then what do you want, Mr. Lynch? If you want me to apologize to her, I can do that."

"Ms. Landon!" Janet exclaimed.

Wendy chimed in eagerly. "Yes! She must apologize!"

Nathan stared at Michelle and said, "Come with me."

Michelle froze. "What?"

Nathan reached out, seized Michelle's slender arm, and dragged her away.

Derik and the others hurried after them.

"Mr. Lynch, where are you going?" someone asked.

"Why is he pulling a woman away like that?" another asked.

"Just from her back... Those curves... She's definitely a beauty!"

Irene and Wendy stood there, dumbfounded.

Wendy whispered, "Irene, why did Mr. Lynch take her away? Do they know each other?"

"I... I don't know!" Irene replied, flustered.

Janet snorted coldly. "Do you even

know w

Ms. Landon's

relationship with Mr. Lynch is? Just you two wait!"

Nathan dragged Michelle to a quiet spot by the windows. There was no one else around.

Michelle tried to pull her arm free. "Mr. Lynch, please release me."

head, caging

With a light shove, Nathan pushed her against the wall, then placed one palm beside her head. His lips curled into a cold, dangerous smile.

who

"Alright, it's just us now. Don't you think calling me 'Mr. Lynch' sounds a little too distant?"

Michelle fell silent. Was he in a bad mood or something?

She looked up at him and asked, "Nathan... are you angry?"

He stared down at her. "What do you think?"

She lowered her eyes. "I'm sorry."

He pinched her cheek and forced her

to

meet his gaze. "You've been telling me 'sorry' a few times now. What exactly, are you apologizing for

Michelle replied, "I really didn't know Irene was your woman. I'm sorry for hitting your woman."

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The moment those words left her mouth, Michelle felt a sharp pain in her jaw. Nathan had tightened his fingers, gripping her chin hard.

Michelle shoved at him. "Nathan, you're hurting me!"

Nathan felt both irritated and amused. "Good. You deserve it. Bear with it."

Michelle fell silent.

What kind of crazy fit is he throwing this time? If it weren't for her trying to get pregnant, she would've kicked him away long ago.

"I already apologized to you. Do you really care that much about Irene?" she retorted.

Nathan scoffed. "Who told you Irene is my woman?"

Michelle countered, "Everyone says so!"

Nathan paused for a moment, then asked, "If Irene really were my woman, would this be your attitude?"

Michelle was taken aback. "What's wrong with my attitude? Isn't it good enough? I'm your legal wife, and I've been yielding to her at every turn!"

Even Janet had been furious on her behalf.

Nathan let out a cold laugh. "So you do know you're my legal wife. For a moment there, I thought you'd forgotten."

She snapped. "Nathan, what exactly are you trying to say?"

She was at a loss. What more did he want from her? After finding out Irene was his woman, she had already been more tolerant than she should have been.

Nathan's gaze darkened. "Answer me. Do you love me?"

Michelle's lashes fluttered and answered in an earnest tone, "Yes. I love you."

"So this is how you 'love' me? If Irene were my woman, you'd step aside for her and even apologize to her?"

Michelle was stunned. "Yes. I let her have her way because she's your woman. Because I love you, I have to accept everything about you!"

Nathan was rendered utterly speechless. He released her chin, then suddenly wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her into his arms.

Their bodies pressed together, separated only by the fabric of their clothes. The closeness was unmistakably intimate.

Michelle's face flushed instantly.

What was he doing? They weren't at home, for goodness' sake!

She pressed her hands against his chest, trying to push him away. "Nathan Lynch, let go of me!"

Nathan's eyes took on a dangerous gleam. "Do you know what it means to love someone? Real love is filled with jealousy—it's being possessive! If you really loved me you wouldn't share your husband with another woman, you wouldn't keep yielding to her, and you definitely wouldn't talk about accepting everything about me!"

"With the way you're acting, it's like you can't wait to send Irene to my bed. Michelle Landon, my dear Mrs. Lynch, how tell me do you really love me?"

Michelle was stunned. Real love... was like jealousy?

That wasn't a good sign. She hadn't even gotten pregnant, and he'd already seen through her?

Michelle opened her mouth, trying to explain. "Let me explain—"

Nathan cut her off coldly. "What do you want to explain? You don't rely on me, and you're not at all possessive. Aside from what we do in bed at night, how are we different from strangers?"

His gaze slid down to her luscious, red lips. "Everything that comes out of your mouth... I can't even tell what is real anymore."

Michelle's heart sank. Was she about to be exposed?

No! Not now, at least.

She reacted instantly, lifting her arms to wrap them around Nathan's neck. "Nathan, listen to me. I really do love you."

Nathan gave a cold laugh, his eyes fixed on her, clearly looking forward to how she was planning to spin this.

"Please believe me, Nathan," she whispered, then leaned forward and kissed him.

Nathan caught the soft, sweet scent of her body first, then the gentle, yielding warmth of her lips.

In an instant, it stirred the most primal desire deep inside him.

However, he didn't react to her move.



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Michelle noticed that Nathan hadn't closed his eyes at all. He was staring straight at her the entire time.

The look made her uneasy.

She had no choice but to let go of him. "Nathan... Do you not have feelings for me anymore?"

Nathan's expression was cold. "What do you think? Didn't you assume Irene was my woman? That I've kept a mistress outside? If that's the case, isn't it normal for me to have no feelings for you?"

Michelle's face drained of color in an instant, and she panicked.

If he really had no feelings for her, how was she supposed to get pregnant?

If nothing else worked, then she would have no choice but to drug him—the kind of aphrodisiac that kept a man going all night long.

Nathan watched her carefully, noticing her beautiful eyes darting around as if she were calculating something. He was furious.

Nathan shoved her away and turned to leave.

Seeing him about to leave, Michelle called out, "Nathan!"

She panicked and rushed forward, wrapping her arms around him from behind. "Don't go!"

Nathan replied mercilessly, "Let go."

He was furious. First, she hadn't contacted him the entire day. Then tonight, when she finally saw him, she had been so tolerant, so yielding toward his so-called mistress.

He knew Michelle well. She had pride and class. How could she possibly stoop to fighting with a bar hostess? Deep down, she looked down on someone like that.

But it was precisely this detached, composed attitude that set his heart on fire. It felt like she didn't care about him at all.

What he wanted was for her to question him, to be jealous, to want him for herself.

Not this calm indifference, this complete lack of concern.

Michelle tightened her grip. "I won't let go! Nathan, don't leave!"

Nathan reached back and pried her fingers open, one by one, before striding away. Michelle stood frozen in place.

She had never been in love before, and she had no experience with relationships. She didn't know how to make him stay.

Her mind was filled with only one thought-to get pregnant.

If Nathan left... how was she supposed to get pregnant?

For the first time, Michelle could empathize with Sabrina-how helpless a woman must feel when abandoned by her husband.

Was Nathan going to abandon her too?

A dull sadness rose in her chest.

No sooner than Nathan reached the door and pulled it open than Derik and the others stumbled inside.

They had been eavesdropping at the door the whole time.

Derik scrambled to his feet. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lynch!"

All eyes landed on Michelle, and their gazes lit up instantly. "Mr. Lynch, this must be Mrs. Lynch, right?"

One after another, they greeted her. "Hello, Mrs. Lynch."

Michelle nodded politely. "Hello."

Nathan snorted. "I knew you were all listening outside."

He turned back into the room, sat down on the couch, and looked down at Derik and company.

"This is Mrs. Lynch, my wife. She's misunderstood something. She thought Irene was my mistress."

His gaze shifted to Derik. "You were the one who brought Irene here, so I'll have you explain things to my wife."

Michelle paused, confused by what Nathan was up to.

Derik hurriedly said, "Oh, Mrs. Lynch, this is a huge misunderstanding! Irene is absolutely not Mr. Lynch's mistress! Mrs. Lynch, how could you think that? We were all in the private room earlier.

"Yes, Mr. Dahl did call Irene to keep Mr. Lynch company, but Mr. Lynch didn't even spare a single glance! Mr. Lynch said he's already married and was afraid you'd get jealous, so he gave her his token and sent her out to buy cigarettes!

"Who

way back, Mrs. Lynch? We can all him. Today was the first

VoShe'd run into you on the

time Lynch ever met frene, and nothing happened between them at all!" s̄wnovels

## Chapter 1125

Michelle was utterly stunned. At that moment, it was like her mind had just crashed.

Truth be told, she hadn't actually cared that much about what Nathan might be doing outside. What she cared about was whether this situation would affect her chances of getting pregnant.

She had thought Nathan was angry, but she never expected him to bring those executives in to explain to her that he had never had an affair at all.

Michelle had always believed that all men in the world were the same, just like her father, Kyle.

However, at this moment, she felt it clearly that Nathan was nothing like Kyle. They were from entirely different worlds.

Just then, Nathan turned to look at her. "Did you hear what they said?"

Michelle snapped back to herself. "What?"

Nathan extended his hand. "Come here."

He beckoned her over, and Michelle walked toward him as he'd told her to.

He reached out, grabbed her wrist, and gave it a firm tug. Michelle lost her balance and dropped onto the couch beside him.

Nathan chuckled softly. "Did you hear what they said?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I heard."

He said calmly, "So, I have nothing to do with that woman. Do you understand now?"

She was silent for a moment, then said meekly, "Understood."

Then, she quickly admitted her mistake. "I'm sorry. I misunderstood you earlier."

Derik and the others hurriedly chimed in, "Mrs. Lynch, you really did misunderstand Mr. Lynch. It would've been terrible if Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had a conflict because of us!"

Nathan stood up and looked toward Michelle. "Get up."

She was confused. One moment, he told her to come over, and the next, he was telling her to get up.

Nathan wasn't someone who wore his emotions on his face, but Michelle could sense it clearly-he was still angry.

Even after her apology, he hadn't softened at all.

She knew she was in the wrong, so she immediately stood up. "I'm up."

Nathan said curtly, "Come with me."

Michelle had no choice but to follow him.

The two walked out together. Meanwhile, Jeremy was already waiting outside.

Nathan asked, "Where are they?"

Jeremy replied, "Inside."

He opened a door, and Nathan led Michelle in.

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Irene and Wendy were inside the room, and even Janet was there as well.

Because the three women had been yanking each other's hair earlier, everyone was tender to their injuries from the scuffle.

Of course, the treatment was only for Irene and Wendy.

Janet's assistant-due to her exceptional skills-hadn't suffered a single scratch.

With several scratches on her face, Irene was furious. "My face! How dare you scratch up my face!"

Janet scoffed. "What about your face? A shameless bitch like you who throws herself at a married man deserves to have your face scratched up!"

Wendy

How dare she seethe. "You shrew! You get here You'll

you hurt Irene? Just wait

for this!"

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Janet wasn't afraid in the slightest. "Relax. We don't know who will be the one paying for it yet."

Just then, the door opened, and in came Nathan and Michelle.

Irene and Wendy's eyes lit up instantly.

They had been waiting for Nathan to come and uphold justice for them. After all,

they were the badly injured ones.

Irene cried out, "Mr. Lynch!"

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Wendy exclaimed, "Mr. Lynch, Irene was beaten! You have to stand up for her!"

Janet walked over to Michelle and stood behind her. "Ms. Landon."

Michelle gave a slight nod, signalling her to stay calm.

Nathan's handsome face showed no trace of emotion. His gaze settled lightly on Irene and asked, "You were beaten?"

Irene knew the importance of appearing weak and pitiable before a man like Nathan. Her eyes immediately reddened as she put on a pitiful expression.

"Mr. Lynch, I was beaten up. I was only going out to buy you cigarettes, but they bullied me..."

Nathan replied evenly, "So? You suffered a beating. What does that have to do with me?"

His words froze Irene in place with shock and horror. Her face turned deathly pale.

Wendy stared at Nathan in disbelief. "Mr. Lynch, what's wrong with you? Irene is your woman! Someone hitting her is just the same as them disrespecting you!" Nathan looked straight at Irene. "You're my woman? Is that what you told her?"

Irene stammered, "I..."

Wendy pressed anxiously, "Irene, what exactly is going on between you and Mr. Lynch? Why doesn't he want to acknowledge your relationship?"

Irene felt utterly humiliated.

In truth, back in the private room, Nathan hadn't paid her much attention at all, and he had made it very clear that he was already married.

It was her own vanity, her need to save her ego, that made her boast in front of Wendy. She'd let the entire bar believe she belonged to Nathan, just to raise her own value.

Nathan's voice cut through sharply. "Speak. Why are you suddenly quiet? Are you mine? Have I ever touched you?"

Irene felt as though someone had just poured a bucket of ice water over her head. Wendy grabbed her arm. "Irene, what's going on?"

At Wendy's question, Irene looked up and saw Michelle watching her calmly, with Janet beside her. They seemed as though they were waiting to see her make a fool of herself again.

Irene forced out, "Mr. Lynch, this is between us. Let's not talk about it in front of outsiders."

Nathan asked bluntly, "Who here is an outsider?"

As he spoke, he turned to look at Michelle. "Come here."

Michelle walked over. Nathan reached out, took her hand, and threaded his fingers through hers, interlacing them tightly.

Nathan and Michelle stood there, hand in hand.

Irene and Wendy were dumbstruck.

Irene asked nervously, "Mr. Lynch... what's your relationship with her?"

Janet spoke coldly, "Ms. Landon here is Mr. Lynch's wife-Mrs. Lynch!"

What? Michelle was... Nathan's wife?

Irene's mind went completely blank.

She knew Nathan was married, but she never imagined that his wife was Michelle, the very woman she had just provoked.

Wendy gasped. "Mr. Lynch is married? Irene, what's going on?"

Nathan tightened his grip on Michelle's hand. "I already told you I was married in the private room This is my wife the Mrs Lynch Do you not understand basic language?"

He shot a cold, merciless glance at Irene.

Michelle looked at Nathan. They had been in a low-profile marriage for years. She

never expected him to acknowledge it, especially in a bar openly.

Only now did she realize how little she truly understood him.

Nathan was nothing like the man she had imagined.

Irene felt like she had fallen straight

into hell. She had never dreamed that Michelle was Nathan's wife. This day, she hadn't just offended someone—she had offended Nathan's wife, Mrs. Lynch.

Nathan spoke calmly. "I gave you that token only to send you off to buy cigarettes. Couldn't you even understand that? You used my name to throw your weight around, ran into my wife, and offended her. So tell me how do you think I should deal with you?"

He was going to deal with her.

Irene's legs went weak. "Mr. Lynch, please spare me! It was my fault! I'm sorry!"

Nathan asked quietly, "And who do you think you should apologize to? Who should you beg for forgiveness from?"

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Irene tried to speak. "I—"

Nathan tightened his grip on Michelle's hand and cut Irene off. "You should apologize to my wife. You owe her an apology."

Irene froze where she stood.

Nathan let out a sneer. "What? You don't want to say it? I gave you a chance, but it seems you don't even know how to cherish it."

The threat in his voice was unmistakable. He was forcing Irene to apologize to Michelle.

Michelle looked at Nathan in surprise. He was actually standing up for her!

Irene panicked. She admired Nathan's power and feared it just as deeply.

Swallowing hard, she turned toward Michelle. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Lynch. This was all my fault. I shouldn't have been rude. I shouldn't have been full of myself. I shouldn't have raised my hand at you. Everything was my fault. Please forgive me!"

Michelle turned to Janet, who was standing behind her. "Are you willing to forgive her?"



Janet shook her head without hesitation. "She was arrogant when she was being the bully. Now she's backing down only because she has no choice. I don't want to forgive her."

Everyone had to pay for their mistakes. As adults, very few things could truly be settled with just a simple apology.

At that moment, the bar owner, Fredrick Paulsen, hurried in. "Mr. and Mrs. Lynch."

Nathan said calmly, "You're just in time. This woman is an eyesore. From now on, I don't want to see her here again."

Fredrick immediately nodded. "Yes, Mr. Lynch. I'll take care of it."

Nathan then took Michelle's hand. "Come on. Let's go home."

She nodded. "Okay."

After Nathan and Michelle left, Janet glanced at Irene. "Don't puff yourself up pretending to be something you're not, and don't be a wretched homewrecker!"

With that, she turned and walked away.

Irene's legs gave out, and she collapsed to the floor. She knew she was finished.

Fredrick said bluntly, "Irene, you don't have to come back to work anymore. Pack your things and leave the Capitol. Mr. Lynch doesn't want to see you again."

Tears streamed down Irene's face. This time, they were real.

She cried bitterly, "Mr. Paulsen, can you please spare me this once? I don't want to leave the Capitol!"

Fredrick snorted. "Blame your own ignorance. Of all people, you had to offend Mrs. Lynch. Look at her born into wealth a famous designer, beautiful and talented. How Could Mr. Lynch possibly abandon her for someone like you?"

Irene sobbed. "Mr. Paulsen, please... Give me one more chance."

Fredrick shook his head. "Pack up and leave. And you, Wendy. You're fired, too. You can leave together."

With that, Fredrick walked away.

Wendy slumped to the floor as well, staring at Irene in disbelief. "So you weren't Mr. Lynch's woman at all... He never liked you..."

"Wendy, listen to me—"

Wendy screamed, cutting her off. "I don't want to hear it! You ruined my life!"

Outside, Nathan, Michelle, and Janet walked toward the car. Jeremy stood by the luxury vehicle and greeted, "Mr. Lynch, Mrs. Lynch."

Nathan opened the rear door with practiced ease. "Get in."

Michelle smiled politely. "Thank you."

She settled into the back seat, and Nathan followed, sitting beside her.

Janet climbed into the front passenger seat, and Jeremy started the car.

The luxury vehicle glided smoothly down the road.

Janet couldn't hold back her excitement. "Mr. Lynch, you were amazing tonight! I honestly thought you had something going on with that Irene, but I didn't expect you to be so self-disciplined and also protect Ms. Landon like that. You're the gold standard of husbands!"

She gave him an enthusiastic thumbs-up.

Jeremy added calmly, "I've followed Mr. Lynch for many years. His private life has always been

spotless. With standards that high, only someone as exceptional as Mrs. Lynch could ever catch his eye."

eye."

Michelle smiled and turned to Nathan. "Looks like I really married a good husband."

Nathan glanced at her. She was smiling sweetly, her red lips curved, clearly trying to please him.

The corner of Nathan's lips lifted slightly, and he let out a short laugh.

What was the meaning behind that laugh?

Michelle thought that it didn't feel warm at all. It somehow felt more like a quiet, knowing sneer. It was almost as if he was mocking her.

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Michelle had just praised Nathan, but she was only met with cold indifference, so she fell silent.

She had never coaxed a man in her life. Seriously, why were men so hard to placate?

Wasn't it supposed to be women who were difficult instead?

Janet spoke up. "I live around here. Just drop me off at the next intersection."

Jeremy stepped on the brakes, pulling the car to a stop.

Janet got out, waved cheerfully, and said, "Bye."

Michelle waved back. "Okay. See you."

The luxury car drove on. Half an hour later, it pulled to a stop outside the villa. They were home.

Nathan and Michelle got out of the car and entered the villa.

Rosa hurried out to greet them. "Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, you're back. Shall I prepare dinner?"

"No need," Nathan replied flatly.

"We already ate out," Michelle added.

Rosa nodded. "Alright then. It's getting late. Please rest early."

They went upstairs and retired to their bedroom.

Michelle picked up her pajamas. "I'll shower first."

"You go ahead. I'll use the guest bathroom," Nathan said.

"Okay."

Michelle went into the bathroom and enjoyed a long, relaxing soak. When she came out, Nathan had already finished bathing. He stood by the floor-to-ceiling window in silk pajamas, phone in hand, replying to messages.

They needed to cut to the chase tonight and get pregnant as soon as possible.

Michelle walked over and wrapped her arms around Nathan from behind.

Nathan was working on some files on his phone. When her soft arms wrapped around him, he paused.

He turned off his phone, turned around, and looked at Michelle. "What? You still want it tonight?"

Of course she did!

Micelle lifted her arms and hooked them around his neck. "You don't want to?"

She rose on tiptoe and leaned in to kiss him. However, she missed. Nathan turned his head aside, avoiding her lips.

Michelle froze. A beauty was practically in his arms, and he still dodged her? Just a few nights ago, he'd been anything but restrained.

She looked at him. "What's wrong?"

He replied, "I have some documents to deal with tonight. I'll go to the study. You go to sleep first."

Was he going to work again?

Michelle immediately tightened her arms around his neck, standing on tiptoe again, her lips hovering near his face.

"Can't it wait until tomorrow? It's already so late. I want your nights to belong to me."

Nathan chuckled softly. "You don't contact me at all during the day, but at night you cling to me like you can't get enough. What's this? Do you have an alarm that reminds you to clock in on time every evening?"

Though he was only joking, his gaze was assessing her intently.

Michelle's heart clenched.

She couldn't let him see through her, not before she got pregnant! She had to be careful.

"I know you're busy during the day. don't want to disturb you. Grandpa taught me how to be a proper wife, and that's to support my husband's work and carry myself with O modesty."

Nathan let out a short laugh. "Then your grandfather did a great job. Not only do you not bother my work, but you can even tolerate me having a woman outside

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Michelle fell silent.

So he was still angry about Irene.

If she couldn't placate him, then forget it.

Her patience finally snapped, and she said, "Nathan, I honestly don't understand what you're even angry about!"

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Nathan asked, "What do you think I'm mad about then?"

Michelle exclaimed, "I know exactly what you're mad about! You're not just mad about the fact that I misunderstood and thought you were having an affair. More importantly, you're angry that I didn't get jealous, and you feel like I don't value or care about you enough.

"Is that it?"

Nathan let out an incredulous laugh. He had thought she didn't realize this, but she actually knew everything. Then again, she had always been sharp, so of course she'd figure it out.

Nathan asked, "So what are you getting at now, Michelle? Are you saying I'm the one at fault and not you?"

Michelle retorted, "This isn't even about who's right or wrong. You're just acting really strange, Nathan!"

Nathan paused. "What?"

Michelle asked, "Why do you want me to care about you so much? Other men might feel this way because of their ego. Even if they don't love their wife, they still want her to give them all her love.

"But you're Nathan. I know you always look down on women you have no feelings for. Could it be that you've gotten angry because you've fallen for me?"

Nathan froze. There was absolutely no way he had fallen for Michelle!

He frowned and denied it. "Of course not!"

Michelle demanded, "Then why are you acting this way?"

Nathan reached out and grabbed her face. "You're the one who's acting strange, Michelle! You're always cold toward me during the day, but at night, you'd get so passionate in bed. That's why I keep feeling like you're hiding something from me!"

Michelle fell silent. She had always known how capable Nathan was. As expected, he was already starting to suspect her.

Michelle closed her eyes briefly. "What could I possibly be hiding from you? You're overthinking it!"

Nathan said, "You'd better be telling the truth! If I find out that you're actually doing something behind my back, you're dead meat!"

As he leaned in, their faces got so close they could feel each other's breath. Michelle caught the crisp scent of his body wash. But more than that, she could sense the dangerous air he exuded just like a leopard lying in wait.

Not wanting to show any cracks in front of Nathan, she forced herself to stay calm. "I've told you everything. If you don't believe me, there's nothing I can do about it!"

Nathan studied her for a moment, then said, "Go to bed first, then. I'm going to handle some documents in the study."

After all this conflict, there was no way Michelle could keep him here for baby- making tonight. She could only nod. "Okay. Go ahead."

Nathan released her and left.

Michelle immediately pulled out her calendar. Strictly speaking, her ovulation period had already ended. It wouldn't be long before she'd find out whether she was pregnant.

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If that was the case, it didn't really matter that she couldn't sleep with Nathan tonight, of course it would've been best they hack She didn't want to miss any chance, after all.

Michelle wanted to get pregnant so badly, partly because of pressure from the Lynch family, and partly because of Nathan himself. If things continued like this, she was afraid her plan would be exposed. Besides, she didn't want to keep clinging to Nathan and throwing herself at his cold shoulder.

As soon as she got pregnant, the first thing she would do was to dump his sorry ass.

With that thought in mind, Michelle took out her design sketches and started working. Soon her eyelids grew heavier and heavier, and she fell asleep at the desk.

Nathan had actually gone to the study to handle paperwork. By the time he came back, it was already midnight.

As he pushed open the bedroom

door, he saw the warm glow of the desk lamp. Michelle was slumped over the desk with her long dark hair spilling softly around her. Her eyes were closed as she slept soundly.

Nathan couldn't help but wonder how she fell asleep at the desk. He walked over and found a pencil still in her hand. The desk was covered in design sketches.

He picked up one of the designs. Everyone knew that Michelle had so much talent and flair in design. Her reputation was well deserved.

## The Divorce Prescription

While others only saw Michelle's achievements, Nathan saw her hard work. She had put in far more effort than the others on her work.

Setting down the design sketches, Nathan stared at Michelle's face as she slept. He knew plenty of heiresses from influential families, but most were very pampered before marrying into equally prestigious families through arranged unions.

This was the first time he had seen someone from her background who worked this hard. It was actually quite inspiring.

Nathan reached out and lifted Michelle gently into his arms. He placed her on the soft bed, then pulled back the covers and lay down beside her.

Michelle rolled over and burrowed straight into his arms, her arms wrapping tightly around his waist. Nathan smirked as he looked at her. "Michelle, can't you behave yourself for once?"

They had gone wild on this bed quite a few times before, but this was actually their first time lying here in peace like this. But she wasn't one for staying still. She wriggled closer into his arms, and her leg kept rubbing against him.

Heat flared through Nathan's body. He had never known his desires could be so overpowering before.

Nathan tried to push her away. "Michelle, let go! Just sleep on your own!"

But Michelle clung to him with a dissatisfied pout. "Stop moving! Don't disturb me from sleeping!"

Nathan was speechless. He reached out to touch Michelle's face. Her skin was so smooth, and her lips were rosy and tempting. Having her in his arms like this was literally the greatest test of his self-control.

But Nathan could not bother to test his own limits right now. "Michelle, you asked for this!"

He lowered his head and kissed her fiercely.

Even in her sleep, Michelle felt like she couldn't breathe. She pushed against him. "Let me go!"

Nathan wanted nothing more than to wake her up. She was just so seductive. He tilted her chin up and deepened the kiss.

Michelle felt uncomfortable as she found it harder and harder to breathe, and her face flushed red.

Nathan never closed his eyes, watching as she grew flushed and breathless beneath his kiss. He had always been a refined gentleman, so it was rare for him to behave this way.

Perhaps it was because she had made him upset today.

When he finally noticed how uncomfortable she was, Nathan released her lips and began kissing her neck instead. His hand grew restless, too, as it slipped under her nightgown.

Holding onto Nathan, Michelle murmured, "Mom..."

Nathan froze. She was calling for her mom as she lay beneath him. He did not know what to say.

Then Michelle called out again, "Mom! Mom, don't leave me! I will protect you!"

Nathan looked at her. Her brows were knitted tight, and she looked as helpless as a child right then. It was the first time Nathan had seen her like this.

Actually, he had heard a few things about her family situation.

Kyle kept another woman on the side and even had a love child. Because of this, Sabrina had

developed depression early on



Rumor had it that she had almost jumped from a building several times to end her life.

The desires in Nathan's body slowly cooled. He rolled onto his back, then reached out to pull Michelle into his arms.

Softly, he said, "Sleep well. No one's going to hurt you or your mother."