

The Divorce Prescription 1141-1150

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When Michelle remembered she still had Nathan to deal with, that brief moment of relief faded. She couldn't guess what Nathan would do.

He would definitely be angry. Furious, even.

But the child in her belly would be treasured and cherished by Martin. With Martin backing her, there was really no need to be so nervous. The thought of that made Michelle relax again.

"Nathan went out early today, Michelle. Do you want to call him and tell him the good news?"

Michelle said, "Rosa, please don't tell Nathan about my pregnancy yet. I'll find a chance to tell him myself."

Rosa said, "Sure thing!"

"I'll head to work after breakfast."

"Michelle, I know you'll work even while pregnant, but please try to take it easier. The baby comes first now."

Michelle placed her hand on her belly. "Don't worry, Rosa. I'm the baby's mother. No one is more excited about his arrival than I am!"

...

Nathan had been busy at work all day. He'd canceled all his plans yesterday to take Michelle on a date, so there was more work than usual for him to handle.

By the time he finished, it was already afternoon. Kelvin set a coffee beside him. "Mr. Lynch, here's your coffee."

"Thanks."

Nathan took a sip and then picked up his phone. There was no notification on his screen. He was surprised that Michelle hadn't messaged him on WhatsApp. Yesterday, she'd bombarded him with texts and even showed up at his work with homemade soup. But she'd vanished today.

Nathan smiled helplessly. Sometimes, he really couldn't figure out what Michelle was thinking.

"Mr. Lynch, why are you smiling? Did something good happen?" Kelvin asked curiously.

Nathan said, "Do you think women are all like this?"

"Like what?"

"They'll be passionate for one minute, then become cold all of a sudden. They're like some kind of puzzle you can never solve."

Kelvin didn't answer the question. Instead, he chuckled.

Nathan looked at him. "And what are you laughing about now?"

"Let me guess. Mrs. Lynch Madam hasn't contacted you today, has she?"

Nathan was quite speechless. "How did you know?"

"Mr. Lynch, I've noticed that you'd look super confused whenever Mrs. Lynch gives you the cold shoulder. Have you realized you seem more and more interested in her lately, and your mood gets affected by her easily?"

Nathan paused and said impassively, "Really?"

"Of course! You're in a great mood whenever she's warm toward you. When she's distant, you'll be in a bad mood. Though you and Mrs. Lynch have been married for three years, it feels more like you're dating@ight now."

Dating? The word felt novel to Nathan. Their marriage had been an arrangement between wealthy families. When he married Michelle, he'd never planned on divorcing her.

He'd thought they would simply

show each other respect, putting on a show for the family. He had never expected to feel this way about her, and he actually liked the current dynamic.

If he could just date Michelle like this, it didn't sound like a bad idea at all. After all, they were a legally married couple who'd registered their marriage.

Nathan set down his coffee and picked up his phone to call Michelle.

The phone rang several times before the call was hurriedly answered. Michelle's pleasant voice came through, "Hello, Mr. Lynch. How do you have time to call me?"

Nathan could tell she was busy because he heard her flipping through drafts. "What, am I not allowed to call you?"

"Of course you are! Do you need something? I'm a little busy right now, and there's a meeting later."

After pausing for a bit, Nathan said, "I might be home late tonight."

"Okay. I might be home late too."

Nathan did not know what to say. "All right then. I'll let you get back to work."

Michelle, "Okay. Bye."

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Michelle hung up after saying that to Nathan.

While holding his phone, Nathan's brows furrowed. Something felt off about Michelle's tone, but maybe she was just too busy.

"Mr. Lynch, let's head to the meeting."

Nathan stood up. "Let's go."

...

Nathan returned at eight in the evening. Rosa immediately came to greet him. "Nathan, you're home!"

Noticing the smile on Rosa's face, Nathan asked, "Rosa, what's the occasion? You seem really thrilled today."

Rosa chuckled. "It really is a special occasion!"

Nathan asked, "What kind of occasion?"

Rosa remembered Michelle's instructions and kept her mouth shut. "I can't tell you."

Nathan laughed. Even Rosa was being all mysterious now. He looked around but didn't see Michelle. "Is Michelle not back yet?"

"It was getting late, so I called her. She said she's already on her way home and will be back soon. You know, the Lynch family has more than enough money. She really doesn't need to work at all."

Nathan replied, "If she likes working, let her work. Family and marriage shouldn't trap a woman. She has a career she's passionate about, after all."

Rosa nodded. "I'll support whatever Michelle wants. Nathan, why don't you go up and take a shower first?"

Nathan went up to the bedroom and took a cold shower first. As he turned off the water, he heard movement outside in the room. Michelle must have come back home.

Nathan put on his pajamas and stepped out, and sure enough, he saw Michelle.

Michelle had taken off her coat, revealing a white sweater dress. Her long hair fell loosely around her shoulders, and with no makeup today, she looked even fresher and purer than usual.

Nathan said, "You're back?"

Michelle reached up to remove the

pearl earrings from her earlobes and

glanced back at him. Set

you done showering

"Just finished. Do you want to go in and wash up?"

Michelle said, "Okay."

She reached back to pull down the zipper, but she couldn't reach it. "Nathan, help me out. Can you get the zipper?"

She stood in front of him with her back turned, sweeping her long hair aside to reveal her neck.

Nathan stepped forward and pulled the zipper down. They were so

he cou

perfume, but her natural fragrance catch her scent. It e

"Done."

"Thanks."

Michelle was about to step into the shower, but Nathan suddenly hugged her waist from behind. She immediately felt his tall, well built. body press up against her back he leaned in close, and his lips brushed against her hair near her ear.

A shiver ran through her. "Nathan, what are you doing?"

Nathan kissed her hair again. "Are you going to shower?"

"Yeah."

"Want to shower together?"

Michelle turned to look at him. "Didn't you just shower?"

"I want to shower again."

He leaned in to kiss her, but Michelle turned her head away, dodging his kiss.

Nathan frowned. "Why are you pulling back?"

She had never avoided him before. In fact, she was always the one taking the initiative.

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Of course, Michelle had to avoid Nathan. She was carrying a baby now, and intimacy was off the table during early pregnancy.

She actually hadn't thought about the whole sleeping-together issue yet. After all, Nathan never initiated unless she did first. She hadn't expected him to want to shower together tonight.

Michelle still hadn't figured out how to tell him about the pregnancy. For now, she could only turn him down tactfully. "I just got home, so I want to take a shower first."

Gazing at her beautiful face, Nathan tightened his arm around her, pulling her close. "Don't you want to shower with me? Have you forgotten how you used to cling to me? Are you playing hard to get now?"

Michelle was instantly tongue-tied. She was absolutely not playing hard to get. "I'm not!"

Afraid he'd suspect something, Michelle placed her hand against his silk pajamas. "They say married couples should keep a bit of distance, or things lose their spark. I don't want to shower with you because I'm afraid you'll get bored with me too quickly."

Nathan did enjoy her sweet talk. He smirked and said, "With all those tricks you pull at night, do you really think I could ever get tired of you?"

Michelle's cheeks flushed. Now that she was pregnant, she had to behave herself. It was best for her to forget about whatever she had done before.

"Nathan, my stomach doesn't feel good today."

Nathan paused, a flicker of concern crossing his face. "What's wrong with your stomach? Did you see a doctor?"

"My period's about to come. I'm a little uncomfortable, so I don't want to do it tonight."

Nathan immediately released her. "Alright. Hurry and take your shower."

"I'm going in then."

Michelle stepped into the bathroom.

As Nathan watched the door close behind her, a small smile played on his lips. He lifted the covers and got into bed, working through documents on his phone.

After Michelle finished her shower and came out, she saw Nathan working and left him alone. Just then, her phone rang.

She took it out and looked. It was Kyle calling, but she wasn't surprised at all. She'd known Kyle would call her, only it was sooner than she'd expected.

She stepped onto the balcony and answered. "Hello, Dad."

Her father's voice came through

with barely contained anger. "So you our father den

do remember I'm

don't

you? Do you even still think of me as

your father?"

Michelle's expression remained unchanged, and there was only a hint of mockery in her eyes. "Dad, what are you so angry about?"

"Don't play dumb with me, Michelle. You know exactly why I'm angry! I just got

Madelyn into Landon Group, and today Dad notified the HR team to fire her.

"They even threw all her things outside. Everyone's laughing at her. She came home and cried her eyes out!"

Michelle said, "So you called because Madelyn cried. But what does that have to do with me?"

"How long are you going to keep up this act, Michelle? You must have told Dad about this. That's why he gave that order!"

Michelle gripped the phone and said softly, "Dad, how do you still have the courage to call me if you know did this? Believe it or not, if I call you're

Grandpa and tell our

disturbing my rest, he'll have all your numbers blocked."

"Michelle!" Kyle roared in fury.

"Dad, just because I've called you that all these years doesn't mean you're actually my father."

"You're such a terrible daughter!"

"I am not. I'm not even your daughter to begin with! Have you ever treated me like your daughter for a single day? You've only ever cared about Madelyn!"

Kyle was so angry that he couldn't speak. Soon, a gentle, graceful voice replaced his. "Michelle, it's all my fault. Just take it out on me if you're angry. Madelyn has done nothing wrong."

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Michelle recognized the voice immediately. It was Jordyn Lomson, the mistress Kyle had kept hidden away for years.

Jordyn sobbed and said, "Michelle, if you won't forgive me, I'll go find your mother right now. I'll kneel and beg for her forgiveness."

Michelle's heart clenched. Jordyn knew exactly how to torment Sabrina more than anyone else.

Sabrina had long struggled with depression. The last time Jordyn showed up, Michelle came home to find out that Sabrina had swallowed an entire bottle of sleeping pills and was lying in bed. If she hadn't rushed her to the hospital in time, Sabrina would've been gone.

Michelle had raised hell after that. Only after that did Kyle promise he would never let Jordyn come by again, and that Jordyn would never appear before Sabrina.

And now Jordyn was threatening to visit Sabrina again. This had always been her way of doing things—she would use such a gentle tone to say the cruelest things.

Michelle's gaze went cold. "Go near my mother and see what happens!"

"You ungrateful child! How dare you talk to Jordyn like that? I must have spoiled you rotten, and your mother clearly failed to raise you properly!"

"I'm taking Jordyn to her right now. We'll ask her how she managed to produce such a disrespectful daughter!"

Michelle felt her blood run cold. Her so-called father kept shattering what little faith she had left in him.

She couldn't let them go to Sabrina; Sabrina wouldn't be able to take it.

Michelle was in the Capitol now, so there was no way she could fly back in time. If something happened to Sabrina, what would she do?

Michelle gripped her phone tightly. "If you dare lay a finger on my mother, I swear I'll do something you'll regret. Don't you dare push me!"

The words had barely left her mouth when she felt some warmth on her shoulders. She turned to find Nathan behind her on the balcony, draping his black coat over her shoulders.

The chill left her body instantly.

Nathan looked at her. He had never seen her with that kind of expression before. Her eyes were red and glistening with unshed tears. Furious yet helpless, she seemed so fragile that it was heartbreakingly.

"Is that your father calling?" he asked.

Michelle nodded.

Nathan said, "Let me speak to him."

Before Michelle could react, Nathan took the phone from her hand. "Hello, Dad, it's Nathan."

Hearing Nathan's name, Kyle froze at once. Though they'd been married three years, Nathan had never once visited the Landon residence.

Kyle quickly recovered. The anger in his voice vanished, replaced by careful deference. "Nathan! What a surprise."

"Kyle, Sabrine isn't really healthy right now. She needs peace and

right chelle and I wouldn't want

quiet. I

her. You

anyone disturbing mean, right

understand what I mean, righ

Michelle's breath caught as she looked at the man by her side. Was he actually standing up for her?

Kyle barely hesitated before answering, "Don't worry, Nathan. No one will bother Sabrina."

"Good. Get some rest then, Dad."

Nathan hung up and handed the phone back to Michelle.

Michelle felt deeply moved. She knew better than anyone the weight Nathan's words carried. Kyle and Jordyn's family had tormented her for years precisely because they, knew Nathan had no real attachment to this arranged marriage.

One word from him would change everything.

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Perhaps Michelle had been staring at Nathan's face for too long, for he smirked and asked with a hint of amusement, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Michelle snapped back to herself and said sincerely, "Nathan, thank you!"

Although he hadn't asked, he understood her situation with her family.

Nathan said, "We're husband and wife. If someone bullies you, they're triggering me too. You can tell me if you ever run into something like this again, or if you want me to do something for you. As long as it doesn't cross certain lines, I can do it."

Warmth spread through her chest. "What counts as crossing a line then?"

Nathan said, "Nothing illegal or against regulations."

Michelle felt wordless. She really hadn't expected such a serious answer. Didn't he know that she was a law-abiding citizen too?

"Are you saying that you'll do anything for me as long as it's nothing illegal or against regulations?"

"Try me next time and find out."

He didn't answer the question head-on, but Michelle was happy anyway. He was just a husband from an arranged marriage with her, so she was grateful enough that he was willing to go this far, whether he meant it or not.

"It's cold outside. Let's go back to the room."

Michelle said, "Okay."

They returned to the bedroom, where Michelle pulled back the covers and got into bed. "Are you still going to work?"

"Are you?"

Michelle replied, "No. I'm going to rest."

She was pregnant, after all. She needed to rest well for the baby's sake.

Nathan set his phone aside. "Then let's sleep."

They lay down together. They usually shared a bed every night too, but only after exhausting each other physically. It was actually the first time they're sleeping like this, with nothing happening between them.

Michelle rolled over, sleeping with her back to him.

Just as she was about to drift off, she felt him move. He shifted closer, pressing against her from behind. His deep voice brushed her ear. "Are you asleep yet?"

Michelle woke instantly. "Not yet. Why aren't you sleeping?"

Nathan's arm wrapped around her, his large hand resting on her flat stomach. Michelle was startled. Had he found out that she was pregnant?

"Nathan, what are you doing?"

Nathan said, "Didn't you say your stomach felt uncomfortable? I'll rub it for you."

Hearing that he hadn't figured it out, Michelle let out a sigh of relief.

His palm moved in slow, gentle circles over her lower belly. It felt really nice.

She turned to look at him. "Mr. Lynch, you seem quite skilled at this. Be honest with me. Which ex-girlfriend taught you that?"

Nathan said, "I don't have any ex-girlfriends."

Michelle arched her brow. She knew Nathan liked Celine, which made sense. After all, his standards were impossibly high.

"So you figured it out on your own?"

"How hard can it be? It's just rubbing a tummy."

"Maybe not for most people, but you're Nathan Lynch. You're literally the prince of the Lynch family. I'm still surprised you know how to take care of someone like this content

Nathan met her gaze. "That just means you don't know me well enough yet. It's fine.

You'll have plenty of time to get to know me."

Would they really have plenty of time

in the future? Michelle hadn't

thought about that. But right now, as he massaged her belly under the dim, warlight everything felt just right.

Nathan looked at her, his gaze dropping to her rosy lips.

Michelle's heart skipped a beat. The two of them were so in sync in bed that, even if he didn't speak, she knew what he wanted. Was he really in the mood for lovemaking tonight?

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Suddenly, Michelle leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. Staring at her, Nathan lowered himself over her and captured her mouth in a deeper kiss.

As Michelle wrapped her arms around his neck, she responded with just as much warmth and tenderness.

They had never tried kissing for this long. It was just kissing and nothing else. Michelle felt herself melting.

Nathan buried his face against her neck, his lips brushing against her silky hair.

Michelle's hands wandered upward, cradling his head gently. Carefully but boldly, her fingers threaded through his neat, short hair. She tugged at it and suddenly giggled.

Nathan's voice was hoarse. "Are you having fun?"

He had noticed her pulling his hair.

Michelle was giddy, like a playful and mischievous child. "A little."

Nathan shot her a look, then rolled off and lay flat on his back. "Go to sleep early."

With that, he was about to get up when Michelle asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to take a cold shower."

Michelle grabbed his pajama top. "No. You can't."

Nathan lay back down. "I can't even take a cold shower?"

Michelle rolled into his arms. His body was burning hot.

She kissed his face, then slid her hand beneath his pajamas. His muscles were firm and defined, lean in that effortlessly attractive way. She loved it.

Nathan caught her hand. "Michelle, stop teasing me."

Michelle shook him off. She then flipped over and straddled his strong waist, reversing their positions.

Fire flickered in Nathan's eyes as he grabbed her waist. "What are you doing? Get off. Didn't you say your stomach was acting up?"

Michelle planted her hands on his pillow. "My stomach does feel uncomfortable."

"Then why are you-?"

"Nathan, let me make you feel good tonight."

Nathan's gaze darkened. "What do you mean?"

"Take a guess!"

She pressed her lips to the curve of his throat, then trailed kisses all the way down.

Early the next morning, Michelle opened her eyes slowly.

Pale sunlight filtered through the layers of curtains. Without checking the time, she knew she'd overslept again. It had to be at least eight o'clock now.

Michelle tried to move and get up, but then she froze. She realized she was wrapped in a warm embrace.

Michelle looked up and saw Nathan's handsome profile. She couldn't believe that Nathan hadn't gotten up yet. He was still holding her, fast asleep.

Michelle paused. She knew how disciplined he was about his routine. Every other morning, he'd have already left for the company before she woke up.

This was the first time he'd stayed to sleep in with her.

Gazing at his handsome, sleeping face, she slowly reached out to trace his features. Her fingertips glided over his sharp brows to the bridge of his nose, then across his lips. He was gorgeous, like something carved by an artist.

The more Michelle looked, the more she liked what she saw.

Just then, her finger

caught. Nathan's eyes fluttered

l.ne

open still heavy with suddenly

sleep MS.

Lynch, what exactly are you doing so early in the morning?"

Michelle beamed. "You're awake!"

Nathan looked at her. "It's hard to stay asleep with you touching me like that."

"Mr. Lynch, it's already eight o'clock. You're slacking! Hurry and get up."

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Nathan made no move to get up. He held Michelle tightly in his arms. His body clock had actually woken him at six, but with Michelle soft and warm in his arms, he'd stayed right where he was.

Nathan looked at her lips. "Are you tired?"

Michelle knew exactly what he meant. "Nope."

Nathan reached out to trace her mouth. "You've got a little split at the corner here."

Michelle shot him a playful glare. "It's all your fault. Don't act innocent after getting what you wanted."

Nathan smiled with indulgence. "Alright. It's all my fault."

The mood between them turned a little suggestive. Michelle stared at him. "If you're not getting up, what else do you plan to do?"

Nathan answered her question with one of his own, "What do you think I'm planning to do?"

Michelle grinned, her hand landing on his abs and sliding lower. "Who knows what goes on in that head of yours?"

Nathan's throat tightened, and heat instantly flared in his eyes.

"Nathan, I've realized something about you. You're really good at pretending."

"What do you mean?"

"You act all cold and untouchable, but you're actually super lustful!"

Nathan lowered his head to kiss her.

Michelle laughed and dodged. "No, stop!"

The two of them started teasing and laughing on the bed.

Just then, there was a sudden knock. Rosa's voice came from outside the door. "Nathan, Michelle, are you up?"

Michelle immediately pushed Nathan off her. "Yes, Rosa. We're up!"

"Wonderful. I've made breakfast. It's ready whenever you want to come down."

Michelle turned to Nathan. "Mr. Lynch, we really should get up now."

She climbed out of bed, so Nathan had no choice but to get up as well. He had actually noticed his own change. He was growing more and more attached to Michelle, wanting to be with her all the time.

The two washed up and went downstairs. Rosa greeted them warmly, "Good morning."

"Good morning, Rosa."

"Did you sleep well, Michelle?"

"I had a great sleep. Let me grab the plates."

Michelle rose on tiptoe to take the plates.

Rosa immediately stopped her. "Michelle, don't move. Let me do it!"

But before Rosa could intervene, Nathan stepped up behind Michelle and took the plates himself.

Michelle said, "Thanks!"

Nathan replied, "Let's eat."

Just then, Nathan's phone suddenly rang. He pressed a button to answer. "Alright, I'll head to the company now."

Hanging up, Nathan looked at Michelle. "Something urgent came up at the office. I need to go."

"Aren't you eating breakfast?"

"You take your time and enjoy the food." He then added, "I'll pick you up after work today!"

With that, Nathan left.

Michelle was quite surprised that Nathan actually wanted to pick her up from work.

Rosa set a glass of milk by Michelle's hand.

"Michelle, I don't mean to nag, but you're pregnant now. You really need to be careful about intimacy in the first three months. It's best to avoid

it entirely, and if you can't, you absolutely can't do anything strenuous."

Michelle took a sip of milk. "Don't worry, Rosa. Nathan and I didn't do anything like that."

Rosa replied, "If you say so. But I noticed the way he was looking at you, like he wanted to devour you."

Michelle's cheeks flushed. Was Nathan really that obvious? Though she had to admit after last night Nathan did seem even more gentle with her than before.

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All Michelle had done was make him feel good last night, so she hadn't expected such an intense response from him.

She felt she'd discovered the secret to handling Nathan. She didn't know if other men were like this, but with Nathan, as long as she made him happy in bed, he would make her happy too.

"Rosa, don't worry. I'm pregnant now, so I know my limits. And I can't keep hiding the pregnancy from Nathan. I'll tell him when the time is right."

Rosa was delighted. "That's right, Michelle. Tell Nathan sooner so he can take care of you and the baby. That's his responsibility as a husband and father!"

Michelle wasn't so sure she wanted Nathan to take responsibility. She was more worried about how he would react if he found out she was pregnant.

...

Michelle arrived at the studio and threw herself into work. Soon, it was time to clock out.

Janet walked over. "Michelle, we've taken care of this batch of design drafts. We should get off from work now."

Michelle checked the time. Nathan had said he'd come pick her up after work. When would he get here?

Michelle pulled out her phone and dialed Nathan's number. The phone rang twice before the call was connected.

Nathan's low and rich voice came through. "Hello."

Michelle said, "Mr. Lynch, I'm about to be done with work. When are you coming to pick me up?"

Before Nathan could speak, Michelle added, "If you're too busy, you don't need to come. I can drive myself home."

Nathan said, "Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

Michelle smiled. "Okay."

After hanging up, Michelle was about to get back to work when her phone rang. She glanced at the screen. It was a call from Madelyn, her stepsister.

Life in the Capitol had been peaceful lately, but back home, the Landon family was probably in chaos. Kyle had called last night just to scold and threaten her.

And now, Madelyn was calling her too.

There was no way the three of them would let her off easily.

The phone kept ringing, so Michelle reached out and declined the call. She didn't want to answer it.

Madelyn had already arrived

downstairs right then, listening to the automated voice on the other end. "Sorry, the number you dialed is currently unavailable Please try again later

Hearing this, Madelyn's face turned

livid. She gripped her phone tightly, her eyes burning

with resentment."

She Couldn't believe that Michelle wouldn't answer her call.

Michelle was pregnant, and Madelyn herself had been kicked out of

Landon Group. Luis had even

declared that she and her mother. would the would never

never be allowed in her,

Landon residence again.

She refused to accept this. How could she possibly accept this?

Just then, a luxury car pulled up. The driver's door opened, and a tall, striking figure stepped out of the car.

Madelyn's eyes lit up. It was Nathan.

When Michelle had called Nathan just now, he had already been on his way. And now, he had arrived.

Madelyn was delighted. She immediately adjusted her outfit and stepped forward.
"Nathan!"

When Nathan saw Madelyn, he spoke with an indifferent look, "I'm not your brother-in-law, so don't try to act as if you're close to me."

With that, Nathan headed inside.

The smile on Madelyn's face froze. Nathan was humiliating her by denying her status on purpose.

Fury boiled inside her. Clenching her fists, she shouted at Nathan's back, "Nathan, I'm here to congratulate you. Congratulations on becoming a father!"

When Nathan heard that, he stopped walking at once and turned to face her. "What did you just say? Say that again."

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Madelyn said, "Nathan, you're going to be a father! Don't tell me you still don't know that Michelle is pregnant!"

As she spoke, her eyes never left Nathan's face, carefully watching for the slightest change in expression. She wanted to know whether Nathan knew about this.

Michelle's pregnancy was already common knowledge in both the Landon and Lynch families. The benefits tied to this high-society marriage had caused an uproar, and Michelle had openly gone to war with them. The situation was already at a fever pitch.

And yet, just now, Madelyn suddenly sensed something was off. Nathan seemed...
unaware.

Nathan's mind was blown, sending him into a momentary daze.

He knew absolutely nothing.

He didn't know Michelle was pregnant. In fact, he and Michelle had never planned on having a child, at least not for now.

Every time, he had insisted on using protection, but Michelle had always said she was in her safe period, that she wouldn't get pregnant.

And now... she was pregnant?

After catching the probing look in Madelyn's eyes, Nathan quickly collected himself. His expression remained calm as ever as he asked indifferently, "Are you really that interested in whether I know or not?"

With that, he turned and walked inside, clearly uninterested in continuing the conversation.

Madelyn still couldn't tell whether Nathan knew the truth. But if she could drive a wedge between Michelle and Nathan—better yet, make Nathan despise Michelle—then it would be perfect.

She quickly followed after him. "Nathan, do you think Michelle really likes you?"

His lips curved faintly, his smile neither warm nor cold. "Are you saying my wife doesn't like me?"

Madelyn fell silent.

A man like Nathan was born to rule, as though he was favored by fate itself. Every word he spoke was flawless, revealing nothing of his true thoughts and giving no one leverage. He was distant and unfathomable.

Madelyn steadied herself and

pressed on Nathan, you and Michelle were brought together through high-society marriage. How much genuine feeling can there really be? Something like that? Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know whether Michelle truly likes you or not?"

She glanced at him again before adding, "I'll go ask her myself. I'll ask Michelle whether she likes you. If you want to know the answer, you can listen outside the door."

Without waiting for his response, Madelyn turned and walked straight inside to find Michelle.

At the moment, Michelle was still in her office, focused on her design work. She had been ready to leave, but since Nathan had said he would pick her up, she continued working while she waited.

Soon, the office door was pushed open.

Michelle looked up. "Nathan—"

Her voice stopped short. "Madelyn? Why are you here?"

She hadn't expected Madelyn to show up. More accurately, she had known Madelyn would come eventually. She just hadn't expected her to come here.

Madelyn walked in as if she owned the place. "Michelle, I came to see you. I haven't seen you in days."

Michelle's expression turned icy. "You're not welcome here. Either leave on your own, or I'll have security escort you out."

Madelyn hated that cool, aloof air about Michelle more than anything.

In the past, whenever they appeared together, the socialites could tell at a glance that. Michelle was the

legitimate eldest daughter of the net'

Landon family. In contrast Madelyn was the illegitimate child who could never truly stand on the same stage.

Wherever Michelle stood, Madelyn was nothing more than a background prop meant to highlight someone else's brilliance.

Madelyn forced a smile. "Michelle, don't chase me away. I know you're pregnant. I came especially to congratulate you."

Michelle curled her lips slightly. "I've received your congratulations. You can leave now."

Madelyn's smile deepened, her tone sharpening. "Michelle, honestly, I really didn't expect you to get pregnant for real. I had people look into it.

"Over the past three years, you and Nathan have never consummated the marriage. He has no feelings for you, and you don't like him either. You've only been husband and wife in name."

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Michelle lifted a brow slightly, her expression calm and indifferent. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Madelyn stepped forward, her tone sharp and pressing. "Michelle, you don't actually like Nathan at all, do you? Three years ago, Grandpa forced you into a marriage alliance with him. Three years later, Mr. Lynch Senior joined forces with Grandpa to pressure you into getting pregnant as soon as possible!"

"Mr. Lynch Senior and Grandpa both promised you that as long as you got pregnant, they would permanently ban me from setting foot in the Landon family and stop me from ever touching the Landon Group. It's under their pressure that you chose to get pregnant!"

"But what I didn't expect was how quickly you got pregnant. Michelle, what trick did you use to convince Nathan to have a child with you? You don't like him at all. To you, Nathan—and even the child in your womb are nothing more than means to an end!"

She poured out every suspicion she had harbored, then instinctively glanced toward the doorway.

There was no sign of Nathan.

Madelyn's heart tightened. She didn't know whether Nathan had been listening, but she prayed he had.

Michelle let out a soft, mocking laugh. "Madelyn, it seems you've planted quite a few spies around me. As for your questions, I won't answer a single one. You can die of curiosity if you want."

Madelyn's expression instantly changed. "Why, you..."

Michelle got up. "And one more thing—don't come looking for me again. Otherwise, I'll call Grandpa myself. You know exactly what the consequences will be."

Madelyn's hands clenched tightly by her sides. She knew better than anyone that Luis was Michelle's strongest backing, and that backing existed for one reason only Nathan.

As long as Nathan no longer wanted Michelle, everything would collapse on its own.

With a dark expression, Madelyn forced out, "I'll take my leave, then!"

With that, she turned and walked out.

The hallway outside was empty. There was no sign of Nathan at all.

Madelyn's brows knit together tightly. Had Nathan really not been listening after all?

Frustrated, Madelyn stomped her foot and had no choice but to leave.

Michelle hadn't wanted to see

at all. She gathered up her sketches, but still didn't

any sign of Nathan.

Why wasn't he here yet?

So

Michelle took out her phone and dialed Nathan's number.

The ringtone sounded once before the call was answered in an unburned manner Nathan's stow magnetic voice came through the line.

"Hello."

Michelle curved her lips slightly. "Mr. Lynch weren't you coming

after work? Why haven't you

arrived yet?"

Nathan replied calmly, "I've been here for a while."

Michelle froze. "You're here?"

Nathan said calmly, "Turn around."

Michelle turned and saw Nathan walking toward her.

Her lashes trembled slightly. "When did you get here?"

He kept the phone to his ear, his gaze fixed on her as he answered coolly, "I came with Madelyn."

Michelle was caught off guard.

Her expression changed instantly. "Then... You heard everything Madelyn and I said just now?"

Nathan lowered the phone, his legs carrying him closer step by step.

"You said quite a lot," he said slowly. "Which part are you asking about?"