

# The Divorce Prescription 1151-1154

## The Divorce Prescription

As Nathan advanced, Michelle instinctively stepped back. She could already feel the icy pressure rolling off him.

Even though his expression remained unreadable, the chill was still sharp enough to make her scalp tingle.

Michelle felt guilty. More than that, she was panicking-Nathan had been here far earlier than she thought.

Had he overheard everything?

Michelle's throat tightened. "I..."

Nathan caught the flicker of avoidance in her eyes and let out a cold, humorless laugh. "Why aren't you talking anymore? Don't you have anything you want to say to me?"

Michelle retreated until she hit the edge of the desk. There was nowhere left to go.

She could only ask the same thing again. "You came early, didn't you? And everything I said to Madelyn... You heard it all, right?"

Nathan finally stopped.

His tall, lean body cast a deep shadow over her, completely swallowing her in it.

With a heavy voice, he asked, "Michelle Landon, you should be answering my question. Tell me do you have anything you want to say to me?"

The anger in his gaze was barely restrained, like a storm being forced back behind locked doors.

In that instant, Michelle understood he didn't just hear part of it. He heard everything.

Since it was already exposed, there was no point hiding it anymore.

Besides, her pregnancy would inevitably be exposed. It was just a matter of time.

Michelle took a slow breath, forcing herself to meet his eyes.

"Nathan... I'm pregnant."

Those words echoed loudly in Nathan's ears.

Having heard those words from her straight, his expression turned dark in an instant.

His voice turned icy. "You did it on purpose, didn't you? Every time I wanted to use protection, you told me you were in your safe period. You said you wouldn't get pregnant. You lied to me!"

Michelle said meekly, "Nathan... I'm sorry. I can be honest now. You've probably already heard something about my family situation, whether from others or the rumors I had to get pregnant.

"Only if I'm pregnant will I get Grandpa and Mr. Lynch Senior's support'll never hand over net to me to anyone else. For I'll do whatever it takes."

Nathan's hand suddenly shot out. He gripped the back of her head and dragged her face close, forcing her to look at him.

In a low, dangerous voice, he said, "So what am I, then? Tell me, Michelle... What exactly am I to you?"

Michelle's fingertips trembled slightly, but she still answered. "Even if it's a high- society marriage... You're my husband."

Nathan actually laughed. "What a politically correct answer! So the way you said you liked me... was a lie too? You were just using me, right?"

Michelle replied honestly. "Nathan, we're both adults. I admit I used you when it came to getting pregnant. But as for what happened between us these days, it was mutual. Both of us got what we wanted. Are you going to tell me you weren't happy, that you didn't enjoy it?"

Nathan's temple visibly twitched with anger. "Michelle Landon, if I wanted that kind of pleasure there, are countless women I could choose from. It wouldn't need to be you-a liar

Michelle's face went pale in that instant. Was her worst fear about to happen?

She had secretly gotten pregnant, so she had to bear the consequences of that choice. And right now, she couldn't read what Nathan would do.

Would he divorce her?

Michelle's mind raced at lightning speed. She needed the title of Mrs. Lynch right now, and desperately so.

But if Nathan insisted on ending everything... she might not need to be scared.

After all, she wasn't alone anymore. She was carrying a child of the Lynch family inside her, the firstborn of the entire Lynch Group business empire.

Between Nathan and the child, Michelle would choose the child.

Her lashes trembled. "Nathan, I'm really sorry. I know you're angry. You can do whatever you want to me, but I'm definitely keeping this child!"

Nathan stared at her calm face-so steady and determined. It made his teeth grind with fury.

"Michelle, you know I don't want a child," he said through clenched teeth.

Michelle's palm pressed firmly against her belly as if protecting it. "But the child already exists. Nathan... You can't touch my baby."

The next second, Nathan yanked her hard into his arms, locking her against his chest.

"Michelle Landon, is this how you talk to me? You lied to me, used me. So tell me, what makes you think you can be so bold?"

What was she supposed to do? Get on her knees and beg for his mercy?

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"Nathan, I already told you as long as you don't touch this child, you can do whatever you want to me!" Michelle retorted.

Nathan asked, "Whatever I want? Like what?"

Michelle hesitated, then said, "For example... if you want to divorce me, I'll agree to it."

Even she was dumbfounded by her own words.

Nathan instantly let out a low growl, and his gaze darkened to a frightening degree. If looks could kill, she would've died a thousand times over.

Nathan's anger surged uncontrollably. "So even if I divorce you, you'd agree so generously? Well, should I be thanking you for your generosity at this rate?"

Michelle's throat tightened. "I—"

She hadn't even finished when Nathan lowered his head and kissed her.

Michelle's mind went blank.

It wasn't until the full force of his uniquely masculine presence swept over her—overbearing and scorching that she finally reacted.

He was kissing her!

But this wasn't the same kiss as before.

This kiss was harsh, forceful, and relentless. It carried the weight of rage and humiliation, like he was deliberately punishing her, making sure she felt every second of it.

Michelle pushed against his chest, struggling to breathe. "Nathan, let go of me!" Nathan didn't. Instead, he carried her forward and shoved her onto the desk.

"Now you want me to let go? Why didn't you say that earlier? Have you forgotten how you clung to me? How you lied to my face and said you liked me?"

"I" Michelle tried to protest.

Nathan didn't let her finish. His lips moved down the side of her neck, pressing a harsh kiss there. Meanwhile, his hand tugged at her clothes with impatience.

Michelle was gripped with fear. "Nathan, don't do that!"

Nathan pinned both her wrists against the desk, holding her down. A cold, mocking smile tugged at his lips.

"Michelle, do you really think I don't know what you're thinking? You're not afraid of divorcing me at all because you're pregnant now. This child is the biggest trump card you have."

Michelle's breath caught.

Nathan pressed, "But if I don't want you—if I don't want this child either, do you think the child would have any value? This child only has value because it's mine!"

"As for my grandfather, if he wants a grandchild, I can easily have other women outside give him a dozen or more. By then, do you really think he'll still care about the one in your Womb?"

Michelle felt her heart plunge straight into the abyss. In that moment, her mind went utterly blank. She could only stare at him, stunned.

For a man like Nathan, his composure and refinement were just a perfectly tailored facade.

Underneath, he could control everything as he wished without even trying.

From the very beginning, this high-society marriage had never been an equal match. The ball had always been in his court.

Nathan gritted his teeth and glared at her. "Listen here. What you should be holding on to isn't the child in your womb. It's me-Nathan Lynch!"

Then, he kissed her again, and his fingers were already at her buttons.

This time, Michelle didn't struggle.

However, Nathan realized something was off-he tasted the saltiness of her tears.

He pulled back and released her.

Michelle's eyes were shut tight, silent tears slipping down her cheeks. Crystal clear droplets clung to her lashes, trembling there like fragile glass.

The sight was heartbreakingly.

Nathan stiffened completely. He couldn't wrap his head around it. What right did a liar like her have to cry?

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Nathan straightened up and took a few steps back. Without saying anything, he turned around to leave.

And just like that, he left.

Michelle slowly opened her eyes, but the tears still kept rolling down from the corners, one heavy drop after another.

Just then, a clear, lilting ringtone rang out. Someone was calling her.

Michelle took out her phone to check and saw that it was Sabrina.

She answered, and Sabrina's voice immediately came through the line. "Hello, Michelle."

"Mom."

"Michelle, that illegitimate girl came to see you again, didn't she? Now that you're pregnant, that homewrecker and her bastard daughter are going crazy. The Landon family won't even let them through the door, and Landon Group has kicked them out, too!"

"As I watch them suffer like this, all the resentment and bitterness I've had in my heart finally eased a little."

Michelle stared blankly at the office ceiling. She didn't speak.

"Michelle? Why aren't you saying anything?"

"Yes, Mom, I'm listening."

"Michelle, you're pregnant now. Don't push yourself so hard at work. You have to bring this child into the world safe and healthy."

"Okay."

"Michelle, I know how hard you've worked all these years. I know how much you've endured. The proudest thing I've ever done in my life is giving birth to you. You're my pride."

Michelle tightened her grip on the phone. "Mom... I'll be fine. Don't worry."

"Great."

The call ended. Michelle slowly lowered her phone, sat up, and put it back into her bag.

She lifted her gaze to the mirror. Her face was pale, and her gaze was hollow. For a moment, she couldn't even tell what she was thinking.

She had grown up in a family that was never whole, never warm.

She didn't know what fatherly love felt like.

All she knew was that from the moment Sabrina had tried to take her own life, she couldn't afford to be weak anymore.

She had to fight-fight that homewrecking bitch and her bastard daughter.

In more than 20 years of living, she had never allowed herself to make a single mistake. She studied hard and worked hard. She never once had the luxury of falling in love

And when it was time for marriage, she simply followed Luis' arrangement and married Nathan.

Then the struggle reached its critical point, and she had to get pregnant.

She felt like a machine-controlled, manipulated, and pushed along by invisible hands.

And just now, when Nathan had

forced her onto the desk-when he'd said that if he wanted, that he could abandon her and the child with a single sentence, that other women could give him a dozen kids...

Her tears had fallen without warning, without restraint.

Because, at that moment, she felt like a joke.

All her effort felt like a joke. Even her entire life felt like one.

A crushing exhaustion surged up

violently it almost swallowed her

whole After 20 years of holding herself together, something inside her finally broke.

Michelle cried for a long time. Then, she dragged her heavy, exhausted body home.

The moment she stepped inside, Rosa hurried out to greet her. She asked with concern, "Michelle, you're back? Have you eaten?"

Michelle nodded quietly. "It's alright, Rosa. I ate."

Rosa offered, "I've made some clam chowder for you. Have some and then go rest."

"Alright."

Michelle sat at the dining table while Rosa brought the clam chowder over.

Michelle picked up the spoon and ate slowly.

Honestly, she couldn't even taste it. All she knew was that after crying, life had to go on.

She couldn't fall now. There were still too many things she needed to do.

She needed the child in her womb, and she really did love this child. In her whole life, she had never truly owned anything.

But this child... This child truly belonged to her.

Just then, Rosa asked softly, "Michelle, where's Mr. Lynch? Didn't he say he was picking you up from work?"

Michelle's hand paused midair, the spoon in her hand trembling slightly.

Then she lowered her gaze and said calmly, "He went back to the office."

She had no choice but to tell a white lie.

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Rosa frowned. "It's already so late. What's he going back to the office for? No matter how busy work is, it can't be more important than his wife and child!"

Michelle simply smiled and didn't say another word.

After finishing the clam chowder, she returned to her room. She took a hot shower, then climbed into bed.

As she stared at the empty space beside her, she couldn't help but think of Nathan's handsome face again.

Where was he now? Would he come home tonight?

She understood his anger completely. How could a proud and noble man like him tolerate being used?

She was probably the first person who dared to do it. Even if she had a hundred or a thousand reasons to do so, she still couldn't bring herself to say it out loud.

After all, in this world, no one was obligated to tolerate anyone unconditionally.

As for what Nathan would do next, she couldn't even begin to guess.

Whatever he chose to do, she had no way to interfere.

Michelle lowered her hand onto her tummy and whispered, "My baby... let's sleep."

She was weighed down with worries. But after becoming pregnant, the hormonal exhaustion made her fall asleep faster than she expected.

When she opened her eyes again, it was already the next morning.

Michelle sat up and looked to her side. It was still empty. If she wasn't mistaken, Nathan hadn't come home at all.

She threw back the covers, got out of bed, washed up, and went downstairs.

Rosa greeted her with a bright smile. "Michelle, you're awake! Breakfast is ready- come eat."

Michelle walked over and took a sip of milk.

Rosa asked, "Where's Mr. Lynch?"

Michelle answered honestly, "Rosa... Nathan didn't come back last night."

"What?" Rosa's eyes widened. "Mr. Lynch didn't come home all night? What was he doing out there?"

Michelle stayed silent.

Noticing the change in her mood, Rosa quickly comforted her. "There, there. I've watched Mr. Lynch grow up I'm sure he stayed at the office last night. His private life is spotless, and he's got a serious obsession with cleanliness. He would never go to those shady places. I can guarantee it!"

Michelle tugged at her lips. "I know, Rosa."

"But still..." Rosa muttered, clearly annoyed. "No matter how busy the company is, he shouldn't be staying out all night."

Just then, a luxury car swept onto the lawn outside the villa at high speed.

A moment later, a tall, lean figure stepped out.

Nathan was back.

Rosa saw him through the floor-to-ceiling window and brightened instantly. "Look, Michelle! Mr. Lynch is back!"

Michelle's heart jolted. She hadn't expected him to return.

He stayed out all night, yet he came back first thing in the morning.

The front door opened, and Nathan walked in.

Rosa hurried forward. "Mr. Lynch, you're back!"

Nathan wore a crisp white shirt and black trousers. His suit jacket hung from one arm. He lifted his gaze at Rosa and only gave a faint, indifferent hum of

acknowledgement.

Rosa asked, "Mr. Lynch, why didn't you come home last night?"

Nathan didn't answer.

Rosa continued, "Mr. Lynch, Michelle was just talking about you. You didn't come home all night. She's been missing you!"

Michelle's mind went blank for a

second What was that supposed to mean? When did she ever tell Rosa. that she missed Nathan? .net>

Michelle lifted her head and looked toward Nathan.

Nathan turned over as well, raising those good-looking eyes of his and looking straight at her.

Their gazes met.

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