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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 231 - 240

Ronan must be dying to know the identity of the man I loved. He had an insatiable curiosity, which was why I definitely could not tell him anything.

If he were to find out that Michael, his own cousin, was the man I loved, I guessed he would take it pretty hard.

“It doesn’t matter who he is,” I argued. “He’s nothing but someone insignificant in my life anyway. No matter how much I like him, it would be impossible for us to be together even in the future.”

I felt awful saying it. It was like I was giving up a part of something within me. I wasn’t even sure if I would be able to forget Michael with the passage of time. Maybe sometime in the future, I would be able to say his name without having the same heartache as I did at this moment.

“Since you are destined to not be together, why don’t you give me a chance instead? I’m very fond of you, and I’m certain that I could give you love and happiness.”

Everybody was selfish in their own way. Though Ronan appeared to feel sorry for me, I was sure that he was hoping with all his heart that I would not end up with my mysterious lover.

“You’re talking nonsense again,” I chastised. “Haven’t I told you before? You’re like a little brother to me. I’ve also told you many times that it is impossible for us to be together.”

I sighed with exasperation at Ronan trying his luck with me again. He was always on the lookout for opportunities to declare his undying love for me.

“I’ve told you many times before, too,” said Ronan stubbornly. “I don’t want you to see me as your little brother. Start thinking of me as a potential boyfriend or even your future husband.”

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It was evident that my rejection had displeased Ronan. Being the playboy that he was, his annoyance had already been forgotten as he inched his face closer to mine, wearing a suggestive smile as he did so.

“Ronan, if you get any closer I swear I will punch you in the face.” I leaned as far back as I could, determined to maintain a distance between me and that boy.

Sometimes his teasing can go too far which really put my tolerance to a test.

If I had not known him as well as I did, I would never have befriended someone like him.

“Are you really willing to put a dent in a face as handsome as mine? You will have to be responsible for me for the rest of my life if you damaged my face!”

Ronan stared up at me with large puppy eyes, with a twinkle of mischief in them. When did he learn to be such a scumbag?

“Ronan, you’re really asking for it, aren’t you?” I said threateningly.

Despite my warning, he came even closer. I realized a little too late that I was stuck against the car seat with nowhere else to turn to.

I waved a fist in alarm in front of Ronan’s face as our lips were about to meet. I wouldn’t hesitate to hit him if he got any closer. Faced with a punk like him, one would have to exert brute force.

“Anna, are you even a woman? Shouldn’t you be closing your eyes and anticipating a kiss when a handsome guy like me leans in?” Ronan gazed at me, looking as innocent as a poor little lamb.

Though I had always viewed him as a little brother, I couldn’t deny the fact that he was indeed a good-looking guy.

Ronan’s confidence had been shattered when he realized that his charms were not working on me.

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“Did I even tell you that you look are handsome?” I gazed at him as his eyes twinkled hopefully.

Though Ronan and I often bickered whenever we hung out, I had to admit that he did have a way of making me feel better.

It had just occurred to me that everything he did was with the intent of distracting me from dwelling on any unhappy thoughts.

My heart swelled with appreciation for Ronan. Though everything was a laughing matter to him, he really did have my best interests at heart. For that, I felt very grateful.

“Thank you, Ronan,” I said softly as I turned to face him.

Though the awkwardness that had flashed before his eyes had not gone unnoticed by me, he regained his composure quickly by laughing it off.

“I’m not used to you being this formal with me,” he joked as I rolled my eyes in exasperation.

It looks like I can’t say anything nice about him since he would make a big fuss out of it. Well, well, well... he’s more used to me being mean to him.

“I’m hungry,” I complained as my stomach started growling. “Take me out to dinner.”

I saw Emma at the office today, which upset me so much that I had lost my appetite for lunch. Since my mood had improved, I had suddenly realized that I was ravenous.

“No problem. What would you like to eat? It’s on me.” Ronan was delighted when I had finally smiled again. He looked as if he was a flaky fellow but he had always been good to me to the point of accommodating to all my requests.

“How do beer and barbeque sound? Has a rich brat like you ever had street food like barbeque?”

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I had a sudden hankering for beer, but I wasn't sure if a rich guy like Ronan would deign to accompany me to go for some cheap food.

"You have underestimated me, Anna. I'm pretty sure I've had more street food than you!" Ronan glared at me indignantly, though I couldn't tell if he was being serious or not.

"Excellent! Let's go then. I'm excited to have a drink with you, little brother." I placed my arm on his shoulder boldly.

Life could be sad sometimes, but Ronan's presence made it impossible for me to not let things go and relax. Perhaps I had already considered him as a friend subconsciously.

"Don't ever call me your little brother!" Ronan grimaced.

"Why not? I'm several years older than you, am I not?"

Ronan's sudden seriousness had had me speechless with surprise. It was such a small thing to be upset about.

"I don't want to be called anything else except 'husband' or 'boyfriend' standing next to you," Ronan said with a pout. "Since you have yet to fall for me, let's just greet each other by names, shall we?"

It appears that he took offense to being called "little brother" to heart.

Shaking my head incredulously, I decided to comply with his request as I wasn't in the mood to argue with him.

"Let's go, Ronan. I'm starving."

Pleased that I had dropped the matter, Ronan started the engine and drove off to the place.

When we got to the restaurant, I had ordered almost everything on the menu and pigged out. Ronan was true to his word. He enjoyed himself as much as I did, not looking out of place in a restaurant serving cheap food.

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In between bites, we drank beer heartily. Nothing bothered me at that moment.

However, having a low tolerance for alcohol as I did, I felt pretty dizzy after only two bottles. On the other hand, Ronan had almost an entire crate by himself. It was my idea to drink, but it seemed like he was making the most out of it.

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Ronan and I got pretty hammered soon after. Knowing well that he was not in any state to drive, he hailed a cab for me to get home.

Somehow I made it back to Birchwood in one piece, which was a miracle considering the fact that I didn't remember how I got there. Even though this wasn't my home, I had begun to treat it like one.

After stumbling into the bedroom, I fell face down onto the bed without even changing out of my dirty clothes. It felt amazing being drunk; the pleasant sensation of floating had cast the worries and frustrations away to the back of my mind.

In my stupor, I felt someone touching my face. It was familiar and comforting which reminded me of Michael.

I was convinced that it was a dream that I had, as real as it had felt. I opened my bleary eyes with difficulty and caught sight of Michael's silhouette in front of me.

I must be dreaming, I thought to myself as a smile spread across my lips. It's over between me and Michael. What reason would he have for being here? I think I must be dreaming of him because I miss him too much.

I had originally intended on shutting my eyes and going back to sleep, but it was such a rare occurrence that I had the chance to see Michael again. Even if it was a dream, I wanted to gaze at him for a little longer.

"Michael, I miss you..." I muttered, gazing upon the blurry face.

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If it was a dream, then so be it. I would pour my heart out to him, and tell him everything that I wanted to say because it was very likely that I would never get a chance to for as long as I live.

“You miss me, Anna?” Michael whispered. Like his usual self, he spoke in a manner that suggested that he was always in control of the situation.

“I think of you every day, Michael. What happens now that I have fallen for you?” I pleaded. I was not afraid of what he might think, as I knew well even through the haze of insobriety that I was conversing with a figment of my own imagination. I just had to get the words out or it’d haunt me forever.

“Anna, say it again.” Michael looked shocked.

“Michael, I’ve fallen for you... I love you” I repeated only this time I said it with more passion and affirmation.

“If you had fallen for me, then why did you break up with me?” Michael’s voice returned to its usual casual manner, though it sounded like it contained suppressed grief.

I was saddened by his question. I ended things with him only as an attempt to keep whatever dignity I had left.

“I do not want to be left with no self-respect. Your mother has come to me. If I didn’t break up with you, nobody would ever respect me again.”

I smiled bitterly as the pain in Michael’s eyes became more apparent. If it was not for the sudden appearance of his mother, I might still be immersed in temporary and superficial happiness.

At my response, Michael’s eyes became more guarded though he did not pursue the matter.

Gazing upon his beautiful face so close to mine, I could not resist any longer. The next thing I knew, my hands were around his neck as I kissed him affectionately.

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I could do whatever I want in my dream. I didn't have to care about what he thought. All I wanted was for him to stay with me.

Michael was caught off guard by my move, though it didn't take long for him to reciprocate.

I kissed him vigorously. Perhaps it was due to the knowledge that my actions would have no repercussions in the lucid realm, I acted without restraint. Soon, Michael had succumbed to my passions.

Climbing into my bed eagerly, he held me tightly in his arms as his hands wandered all over my body which felt extremely erotic. I surmised it was due to the effects of the alcohol.

Being drunk had its perks in making me more brazen too. I took the initiative undoing his belt and reaching into his pants.

I hesitated when I felt his erection. Michael wouldn't know what I did in my own dream, I reminded myself. There's no need to be shy.

With that encouraging thought, I became emboldened.

It was true that the effect of alcohol was a catalyst to all brazen acts.

Our bodies moved in sync with each other. With each successive peak up the roller coaster of pleasure, I had reached climax more times than I could remember.

Even through the haze of a dopamine surplus in my brain, I was rather embarrassed that I had wet dreams when I was drunk.

It seemed like I was more salacious than I realized.

Michael's turn to climax came. He shuddered in rapture before sliding off to lay beside me. As he held me tightly in his arms, his lips never left my skin.

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“Anna, I think I’ve fallen for you too,” said Michael softly. Even in the depths of my dream, my heart thumped wildly at the sound of his voice. The man’s influence on me was profound.

I said nothing but turned around to hug him back, afraid that he would disappear if I did not hold on to him.

I wasn’t sure if it was due to the alcohol or the physical exertion I just went through that had made me drop promptly off to sleep.

The following morning, I woke up with a monstrous hangover. With a groan, I opened my eyes and had to quickly shield them as I have yet to adjust to the blinding rays of the morning sun streaming through the blinds.

I had intended on getting out of bed. However, a soreness throughout my entire body quickly discouraged me from doing so.

“What the hell happened for me to be this sore all over?” I muttered to myself.

Suddenly, I recalled my saucy dream from last night. As vivid as it was, it was only a dream and would have no reason to have its effects manifested into a reality.

Alarmed, I spun around to stare at the bed where Michael used to sleep before. There was no trace of him, as it should be.

It really was a dream, after all.

It had been a couple of days since we had parted ways with one another. When we ran into each other at work, he saw me as a stranger. It was really foolish of me to expect him to have spent the night with me.

Perhaps I missed him that much to have concocted that fantasy for myself.

With a self-deprecating laugh, I pulled myself together and got up. With a start, I realized in horror that though I did not change out of my dirty clothes before climbing into bed

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the night before, somehow I woke up not wearing anything. Aside from that, I had red spots all over my body. They were faint but definitely there.

What the hell is going on?

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That wasn't even the worst part as my lady parts felt awfully sticky too.

Could I have actually climaxed in my sleep? I thought to myself with embarrassment.

It felt so real, though. How is my sex drive this high?

This is embarrassing!

I shook my head vigorously, trying to clear the feelings of disappointment and shame.

I went into the bathroom and took a shower. It had made me feel much more relaxed though an ache persisted in between my legs as if it had been through friction. I was beginning to doubt if the events from the night before had actually happened in my dream.

After a quick breakfast, I dashed off to the office. If not for the alarm I had set in advance, I would undoubtedly have turned up late for work.

Since Michael and I were not seeing each other anymore, my failure to be punctual might result in my dismissal. That was how I expected him to treat any other employee.

When I arrived before the elevators at the lobby of the office, I was rooted to the spot by the sight of Michael occupying the only elevator that was available.

The sight of him caused my heart to flutter helplessly especially after yesterday night. Afraid that he would deduce what I dreamt about if he looked deep into my eyes, I glanced quickly away to avoid catching his eye.

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It was too late as Michael had already seen me. He merely frowned as he stared at me without a word. The tension in the air between us was thick as neither of us spoke.

I remained outside the elevator as I had no idea how I was going to interact with Michael.

“Anna, you’re showing up at work looking sloppy!” Michael cast a cold eye as he looked up and down, taking in every detail of my appearance.

I smoothed my hair nervously. In a haste, I had run all the way in from the entrance of the building to the lobby. When I had arrived at the elevator, I’m sure I looked an awful sight with my hair looking like a rat’s nest and panting like a winded dog.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Shaw. I will pay closer attention next time.”

His cold attitude had made me feel worse than I already did. Oh no, it looks like my dismissal is imminent.

I tried my best to appear polite yet unconcerned. I didn’t want Michael to see me being upset.

Michael glanced toward me indifferently one last time before closing the elevator doors to my face.

Somehow that had upset me even more. Even though we had broken up, that didn’t mean that he had to talk to me in such an attitude. I didn’t understand why he was so cold.

It was me who initiated the breakup. But I was also the one who seemed to not be able to accept it, not Michael.

When I had arrived at the office, Michael was nowhere to be seen. It was only recently that he showed up at the office every day to deal with some documents. Otherwise, it was rare to see him out and about.

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On the other hand, Emma had shown up every day. Unfortunately for me, Michael did not seem to detest her as much as he used to. Perhaps they really were a good fit being together.

Though it caused my heart to ache whenever I saw Emma and Michael being intimate together, I did make a conscious effort to ignore it whenever I was at work. I was determined to not let my personal issues affect my professional performance.

When I was about to get off work that day, Mom called me. It had been a peaceful couple of weeks of not hearing her voice, so I was curious at her motive for calling this time.

I did ask her about why she called, however, she just told me to go home to her without providing an explanation.

She was family after all. And it had been a long enough time for my anger to abate. I had my share of responsibilities back home to bear.

When I arrived back home a couple of days later, Steven was training to walk with crutches in the living room. Though he looked like it took him a great deal of effort to walk, his progress was astounding.

"I'm back," I called out.

Mom was supporting Steven on his waist with a pained expression on her face.

"I'd heard that you broke up with Michael. Is that true?" Mom glanced at me. This is unbelievable. The first thing she says to me after all this time is about Michael.

I did not expect her to ask this question. At the sound of his name, I could not repress a shudder.

"Mom, why do you ask?" I did not answer her immediately. Instead, I posed a question in return.

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“It doesn’t matter how I found out. Just tell me if it’s true?” She persisted irritably at my attempt to wriggle out of answering her. Conversations between us were always like this. She always had an ulterior motive.

“Yes, it’s true. I have nothing to do with Michael anymore,” I replied while looking her dead in the eye.

It was a good decision to inform her about our breakup. That would effectively put an end to her schemes of asking him for money.

“What’s wrong with you? That woman, Emma, had offered you a million to break up with Michael but you didn’t. And now you did it for free! Are you doing this on purpose?” Mom lost it and flew into a fit of rage.

I frowned in disgust at her response. I wasn’t upset about her being furious with me. It was more the fact that all she cared about was the million that I had been offered.

She was still mad that I had missed out on that one million.

“Mom, it’s not the same. Me breaking up with Michael had nothing to do with that deal. We are just not meant to be.”

Michael and I had begun dating because of an agreement. I didn’t want to end things based on that agreement too. Our relationship involved the benefits of many parties. I wanted things to end well rather than a motive.

“It sounds the same to me. The fact is that you have broken up with him! Anna, tell me that you didn’t do it on purpose just so that our family wouldn’t receive that sum of money!”

Mom wouldn’t understand my rationale. All she could think of was the one million that had slipped past her greedy fingers.

Her motive of summoning me home became clear. It was to discuss the loss of the one million.

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It was too late to be upset about that, anyway. My relationship with Michael was over. Even if I were to face the same situation again, I would still make the same choices. I would never strike a bargain with my relationship.

“Mom, that is history now. Can you just let it go?” I sighed with frustration at her anger. I had tried everything I could think of to talk her out of it in the past but to no avail. She remained stubbornly set in her ways.

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“What do you mean to let it go? It’s so easy for you to say that!” Mom yelled. She was, even more, infuriated the more I tried to talk sense into her. “That one million was so close at hand and poof! It was gone! And it’s all your d*mn fault! Do you think I’m going to let this go?”

She sounded like if I had been an obedient daughter and listened to her, she would have gotten the money. It was all my fault that I blew the money away.

At that moment, Mom could not be reasoned with. No matter what I said, it would be in vain as she definitely was not in a receptive mood.

“Mom, breaking up with Michael is my business. I don’t have an obligation to get you that money. In the same way, you have no right over my decisions. I am an adult now, I have the right to walk the path of my choice.”

I would have swallowed my pride and complied to appease Mom in the past. However, my mood had gone from bad to worse. I would not stand to be insulted any longer.

“Oh, you’re an adult now, aren’t you? Do you know anything about showing gratitude to your parents? You’re an ungrateful brat! Raising you is the biggest regret of my life!”

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With an accusatory finger pointed at my face, Mom's voice rang with blame in every syllable.

I scowled with indignant rage.

After so many years of pouring my heart out for the family, how could she say that I am ungrateful?

I am always here to help out whenever our family runs into trouble, without a word of complaint. And now, Mom thinks that I'm an ungrateful brat.

I should be the one with bigger regrets instead of her. I didn't understand why I was born and raised in such a dysfunctional family. I had no wish to be born into a rich family, but one with loving parents was more than enough.

"Mom, if this is what you think of me, I don't think I can do anything to change your mind. However, I feel that I have fulfilled the responsibilities of a daughter to you. If you continue to make unreasonable demands like this, I will not condone it!" I said calmly despite my internal turmoil.

My patience for her was slipping away.

It would be more accurate to say that my tolerance for their ill-treatment of me had gone past its limit. I wasn't sure if I became heartless or it had been their endless demands that had pushed me to the edge.

"Get out of my house. Get the hell out of here. You're not my daughter!" Mom pointed at the door, her face contorted in fury.

The worse her attitude became, the more my temper grew. With the amount that weighed on my mind in the past few days, my patience had worn thin.

I spun around and left without looking back. Sometimes I wondered if I were more vicious, I might have even disowned them and cut them out of my life completely. That would spare me a lot of heartache and sorrow, but I knew myself best. My biggest weakness was my family.

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Nothing else would explain why I foolishly gave in to their demands for years on end.

I was still simmering in a rage as I trotted along the road. However, I called Natalie to ask if I could come over before hailing a cab.

I have been in a foul mood recently, and it had been a long while since I last saw Natalie. I haven't even kept track of how she had been doing with Yuval.

I found Natalie at home alone watching television when I arrived.

With a casual glance toward the TV, I sat down next to her and watched it together without a word exchanged between the two of us.

It was an animated series. Though it seemed childish, the simplicity of the story was very comforting. If everybody could live life with the innocence and curiosity of a child, the world would be a much better place.

"Aren't you busy, Anna? What brings you here today?" Natalie asked without tearing her eyes away from the screen. She munched on crisps before she addressed me.

"I'm in an awful mood. I'd like to be around a friend right now."

Like Natalie, I kept my eyes fixed on the TV and spoke in a level voice.

"You're stuck with Michael every day. How is it possible for you to be in an awful mood? You haven't called me in days, so I thought that you have forgotten all about me."

Natalie responded sarcastically to my remark, she could not believe that I would be unhappy being with Michael.

My heart skipped a beat at the mention of his name, "It's over between me and Michael," I said after a brief pause.

Natalie knew how genuine the feelings I had for Michael were. Hence, I could be myself and not hide anything in front of her.

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“What happened? Weren’t you guys doing well together? Why did you break up with him?” Natalie was in shock at the news.

I told her about Michael’s mother locating me and Emma giving me trouble. Natalie was my best friend. There was nothing I needed to hide from her.

Natalie was outraged. “This is too much! That’s between you and Michael. What the hell is wrong with those two?”

“It’s his girlfriend and his mother, the two other women in his life. We both know that nothing will ever happen between me and Michael.”

Though it hurt to end things with Michael, I did not blame anybody for standing in our way. We were just not destined to be together.

I hung my head dejectedly. No matter what, I was still fond of Michael. To watch a crush of mine be with another woman, possibly getting married and raising children together, was soul-crushing.

“Anna, why can’t you focus on the bright side of things instead of fixating on the fact that it is impossible for you and Michael to be together? Nothing is impossible in this world!”

Natalie was not accustomed to me being down in the dumps. She glared at me in anger and spoke loudly to me as if I couldn’t hear her through the shroud of my own self-pity.

I flinched at the volume of her voice. She was so loud that she could have damaged my eardrums.

“I’ve told you this before, the difference in social status between me and Michael is too great. His future wife has to be compatible with him.”

All the elites of society care about in a marriage was to strengthen their status to form powerful alliances. Emotional connections were the last factor of consideration. Michael was a very good example.

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With such a domineering personality, he was accustomed to having his orders carried out. However, when it came to his own marriage, his mother had actually set him up to marry Emma. Though he did not like her, he did not reject her either. It was his mother's arrangement that he had so meekly accepted.

Even Michael accepted this reality as the way society worked for people like him. Other rich young men of his ilk would undoubtedly feel the same way.

"Anna, you underestimate yourself. I could tell that Michael is very fond of you. It's very possible that he liked you a long time ago! Love is something that messes with one's sense of judgment and rationality. If Michael had indeed fallen for you, he would pay no heed to his mother's choice for a daughter-in-law."

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Natalie did not agree with my point of view due to her simplistic way of thinking. If two people like each other, they would find a way to be together. If they had no feeling for each other, nothing would work out.

If I could be as brave as Natalie, things between me and Michael might have turned out very differently.

"Enough about me and Michael, Natalie. How's it going between you and Yuval? Are you together yet?"

Talking about Michael made me feel sad, and I was really sick of feeling that way so I was determined to talk about something else.

At the mention of Yuval's name, a sense of doubt appeared in Natalie's eyes.

"What is it? Is there something you can't tell me? We're best friends, Natalie. You can trust me."

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I felt a slight twinge of annoyance at her reticence. Being only concerned about her romantic life, I didn't feel that my question constituted as prying.

"I don't know how to tell you, Anna. I haven't figured out how I feel toward Yuval. I can't even tell if I like him that way. All I know is that I don't hate him."

Ever since that trauma with John, Natalie had grown wary of her feelings toward men. Though she appeared to be unmarred by the experience, I knew her well enough to know that it had hurt her deeply.

"If you find him bearable, you could try dipping your toe in and see how you get along with him. If you find that you really don't like him that much, you could still be friends with each other."

Though I knew that Yuval was a pretty good guy, it still depended on how much Natalie enjoyed being with him. That was something she had to figure out herself.

After having dinner at Natalie's, I went home. Whenever I come back to this place, I would always be reminded of all the memories with Michael when he used to be here.

I stood in the living room trying to wrench myself back into the present. But, I found it hard to forget him even after we had ended our relationship. It was a sad truth but I realized that I didn't even have the courage to let go of our relationship.

With a resigned sigh, I chastised myself for overthinking. After a quick shower, I climbed into bed.

That large bed in the bedroom had been occupied by Michael and me in the past. It bore the memories of the numerous incidences of intimacy between us. Besides, Michael only belonged to me when he was in bed with me.

Lying on the bed, I could still feel the rhythm of his breath next to me despite him being gone for many days. When I closed my eyes and listened, it really did feel like the good old days when he had held me in his arms.

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However, the harsh reality reminded me that nothing could ever happen between the two of us.

I shut my eyes tightly, determined not to overthink. The more reluctant I was to let go, the more it hurt me.

The next couple of days were routine and dreadfully boring. The monotony had me believe that my life was withering away before my very eyes.

At the office, Michael had treated me like a complete stranger. He was very clear-cut whenever he spoke to me. Though it was hurtful, I had finally begun to get used to his absence in my life.

One morning when I arrived at work, I found my colleagues gathered around for some gossip.

Being uninterested in matters like these, I did not join them. Instead, I headed straight to my desk.

I turned on my computer and picked up where I left off on the advertisement design that I was working on yesterday. Suddenly, Millie detached herself from the crowd and made her way toward me.

“Anna, you’re such a model employee to be working as soon as you get in. Aren’t you curious about what we’re gossiping about?” Millie said with her arm around my shoulder, a grin on her face.

“No, thank you. I’m not interested in celebrity gossip. Besides, I don’t even recognize half of them,” I replied without looking up, my eyes being fixated on the keyboard on which my hands were flying around drafting a letter.

“We are not gossiping about any celebrity but Mr. Shaw!”

At Millie’s proclamation, my hands and my heart felt as if they have screeched to a halt.

“What about Mr. Shaw?” I asked calmly despite the nervous hammering of my heart.

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“Mr. Shaw is getting engaged this weekend! What a juicy piece of news, isn't it?” Millie was beyond herself with excitement when she spilled the beans.

Unfortunately, that news was more like a knife cutting into my heart, and I felt a hand squeezing my heart so hard it threatened to burst.

“This weekend. That's pretty sudden, isn't it?” Despite my best efforts, my voice still trembled at the query.

“Everyone got the news today. Man, what a shocker! Mr. Shaw is actually getting engaged.”

Millie was too busy being in awe at the news to notice my ashen face.

The news of his engagement had occupied my mind to such a degree that my head felt like bursting. There goes my ability to think about work for the rest of the day.

Has he really fallen for Emma to be engaged to her this quickly?

“Anna, what's going on? You didn't respond.” Millie gazed at me curiously at my prolonged silence.

“It's... nothing.” I stared at my shoes in an attempt to hide my despair.

“You have your mind so buried in work that you don't even seem to care about Mr. Shaw's engagement,” Millie remarked, apparently displeased that I did not react in the way she had expected me to.

I waited for Millie to leave before turning my gaze toward the CEO's office. Michael was in there, about to be engaged to Emma in a couple of days.

I had mentally prepared myself for this eventuality, but it still hurt more than I could bear.

The rest of my day was spent in a daze. I had contemplated to barge into Michael's office to beg him not to go through with the engagement by telling him how I felt a few

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times. However, I managed to control the irresistible impulse every time. I just didn't have it in me to do something as brazen as that.

On the way home from work, I opted to walk along the road instead of taking the subway. As I walked, my mind swirled with the news of their engagement.

Being as occupied as I was, I did not notice the Ferrari driving slowly next to me to match my pace. I didn't even hear the driver tooting his horn obnoxiously, to the chagrin of other pedestrians.

"Anna!" shouted a familiar voice.

I glanced toward the direction of the voice only to see Ronan's handsome face staring in my direction.

However, I was not in the mood. With merely a glance at him, I continued with my forward march. How nice it would have been if it were Michael who had stopped beside me.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 236

When Ronan noticed me ignoring him, an annoyed look crept onto his face, and he yelled, "Anna, what kind of response is that? I'm talking to you!"

I frowned as my mood soured. I was not in the mood to fight with him. All I wanted was some peace.

"What happened to you? Why did you ignore me? Have I offended you in any way?"

Ronan asked as he stuck his head out of the window. He could sense that I was not being myself.

"You didn't make me mad. I just want to have some time alone. Don't follow me," I uttered without sparing him a glance.

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Then, I quickened my pace.

In the past, Ronan would insist on following me, but to my surprise, he listened to me. It made me relax.

Soon, I came to a river and sat there alone. It was spacious and quiet, which was exactly what I wanted. I did not want to say nor do anything.

After I heard about Michael's engagement, it felt like someone had stuck their hand into my chest and dug my heart out. I felt hollow on the inside.

I sat there for what seemed like ages. The sky gradually darkened, but I still did not want to go home. That was a place that harbored the memories of Michael and me, so it would only make me suffer.

Once he was engaged with Emma, I would not even have the right to even fantasize about being with him anymore. Therefore, I had to learn to control myself.

At some point, Ronan appeared and came to sit by my side.

"What happened? You seem upset," he asked.

"He's getting engaged this week," I murmured as I stared at the surface of the river. It felt as if it was a reply to Ronan and a reminder to myself too.

Ronan turned around to look at me. He kept quiet, but I could see the sadness he felt for me in his eyes.

"Do you know that I was really upset when I heard that he was getting engaged earlier today?"

My eyes remained fixed to the front. It did not matter to me if Ronan would reply. To me, he was just a listener. Perhaps I would feel better after telling him the things that were bothering me.

He sighed. Then, he reached out to pull me into his arms.

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“Remember that you have me no matter what. I won’t ever hurt you or make you sad.”

The determined way he said that was as if he was promising me something.

I did not know whether he was comforting me or he meant what he said but those words made my heart shudder. I was really touched.

“If only he were you...”

I thought I was strong. Not a single tear had escaped from my eyes when I heard about Michael’s engagement. Yet, my tears started falling upon hearing Ronan’s words.

“If only he were you...”

In that period of time, I could sense that Ronan’s feelings for me were genuine. Moreover, he had done so much for me. I was truly moved by him, but he was not Michael.

If Michael were him, I would’ve been the happiest person on earth, wouldn’t I?

However, the words I said hurt Ronan instead. Right as they left my lips, I could sense him tensing up as a disappointed look flashed past his face.

It was as clear as day how important Michael was to me from those words.

“I wish I were him too. That way, the one you love would be me, not the man who’s always making you sad.”

Every time I talked to Ronan, it was because Michael made me upset. I had been venting to him without considering his feelings. As it turned out, I, too, was a selfish person.

I knew Ronan had feelings for him, but I still continued to tell him about the other man I love. I guessed he must have felt sad every time he listened to me.

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have said that earlier. You’re who you are, you’re an excellent person too,” I hastily apologized when I realized my words might have hurt him.

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Although I wanted to pour out my feelings, I did not want to upset the other person when I did that.

“So what if I’m excellent? I still can’t catch your attention.”

Ronan was unfazed by my praise. Normally, my praise would have made his day. Yet, he remained calm.

“You’re important to me, but I don’t like you romantically. Ronan, you’re someone who cares about me.”

Then, I hugged him. Other than Natalie, Ronan was probably another one of my best friend. He was a ray of sunshine, bringing warmth and light into my life.

“That’s enough. Can you not continue saying those words that’ll break my heart? I’ve heard them thousands of times by now,” Ronan interrupted frustratedly when he heard me clarifying our relationship.

I knew he did not like what I said, but it was the truth. He had to realize that we were not compatible. Hopefully, he would not keep sacrificing himself for me.

In the past, I would have been adamant about continuing the topic. However, I was not in the mood to talk about us.

We were silent for a long time. In the end, Ronan was the one who broke the silence.

“It is a beautiful night, and this place is quiet. Why don’t we have a drink?”

“A drink? Where would we get that?”

A drink was exactly what I wanted, but getting it would seem difficult in a place like this.

“I knew you were in a bad mood, so I’ve bought some drinks on my way here. It’s in the trunk. I’ll get it.”

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It was not long since I knew Ronan, but it was as if he knew me so well. He was able to guess what I wanted to say.

“Quite the preparation. Go ahead. I’ll wait for you here,” I said after giving him a small smile.

Right as I thought Ronan would let me go and head to his car, he abruptly pecked a kiss on my forehead.

At that, my heart skipped a beat. For a moment, I was in a daze.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 237

By the time I came back to my senses, Ronan was gone.

He sneaked a kiss! Isn’t he getting more and more courageous? Have I been too nice and gentle to him recently?

I was unhappy about Ronan kissing me, but I was not as angry as I thought I would be.

Soon, he returned with a bag of beer. Still sitting by my side, he opened a bottle and handed it to me.

Instead of taking it, I looked at him and grumbled, “What did you do earlier?”

He froze for a second when he heard my question. In the next second, a cheeky expression crept onto his face, and he grinned.

“I kissed you. Didn’t you realize that?”

Glee was written all over his face, and for a moment, I had the urge to smack him.

“Ronan, have you forgotten what I said to you? How dare you kiss me? Are you asking for a good round of beating?”

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That was simply outrageous. However, the more he acted that way, the more annoyed I was.

“I’ve liked you for such a long time. What’s wrong with me stealing a kiss? I didn’t do anything to cross the line anyway,” Ronan whined.

His words only made me angrier.

“According to your theory, if you were to have feelings for me for a few years, you’ll get to sleep with me?”

I could not understand what kind of logic he had. He has liked me for a while, so he gets to kiss me? Does he mean that if he likes me for a long time, he’ll get to sleep with me?

“If you want it, I’d do it gladly.”

My words were meant to be a retort, but it was as if the implication had gone over his head. In fact, he had even twisted the meaning of my words.

Furious, I glared at him. Right as I was about to say something, he interrupted me.

“Let me tell you a secret,” he muttered as he leaned closer to me with that same grin on his face.

I was a curious cat, so my interest was piqued by the mysterious way he said that. I wanted to find out what secrets Ronan could possibly have.

At my apparent interest, his grin widened. Leaning closer to my ear, he whispered, “I’m very good in bed. I can last a long time, and I’m big and long. If you’d like to have a go with me, I’ll be more than happy to serve you.”

“Ronan, what you need is a punch!”

The shameless words of Ronan made my face flush bright red. In the next second, I smacked my palm onto the back of his head. He is so shameless to say such things to me!

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When will he ever be serious? We're friends, so how can he say something like that?

Ronan was staring at me with a displeased expression, but he whined, "Anna, can't you be gentler with me? I'm a handsome man. You can't keep hitting me like this."

"Whatever. You're not allowed to say this to me anymore. I'll smack you every time you do that."

Actually, I was not angry with him. Instead, I felt awkward, for we were supposed to be friends and nothing more.

However, I knew that he loved teasing others, so he was only joking with me earlier.

"Do you have to be so cruel? If you won't let me sleep with you, why can't you let me just think about it?" he mumbled with a frown.

"If you say this again, Ronan, I'll ignore you for the rest of my life."

He's getting more and more shameless. Even as friends, a joke like this is definitely overbearing.

"All right, all right. I won't say it anymore. I was just joking with you."

Noticing my anger, Ronan stopped and began apologizing to me frantically.

Nevertheless, the frown remained on my face as I kept quiet. The upsetting feeling about his words was still churning in my stomach.

"Here, let's not talk about that anymore. Have a drink. Aren't you in a bad mood today? I'll drink with you until we drop."

My silence made Ronan panic even more. It seemed like he realized he had taken the joke too far earlier.

Hearing that, I decided to let the matter go. Taking the beer from his hand, I then began gulping down the content.

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I didn't know when I had started the habit of drinking whenever I felt frustrated. Maybe I'll end up as an alcoholic.

Knowing that I seemed to have forgiven him, Ronan sighed in relief. He then began drinking as well. Soon, the two of us finished all the beers. My alcohol tolerance was far from good; it was only two bottles before I began losing track of my surrounding.

Ronan's face had turned red from the alcohol as well. I just realized it's always Ronan who kept me company whenever I'm vexed about something. Honestly, I'm glad he's around.

A long while later, both of us finished several bottles respectively. I could feel my head spinning, so I rested on Ronan's shoulder, not wanting to move anymore.

"Ronan, I think I had too much..."

I could barely speak those words without slurring.

"Same here."

There was a similarly drunk look on Ronan's face. He's no better than me.

"How are we getting home? I want to go home and sleep."

I was drunk, and so was Ronan. Neither of us knew how we were going to make it home at that point.

"Lean on my shoulder and sleep, then. I promise I won't do anything to you."

Ronan tilted his head to the side as he began slurring as well.

My mind was nothing but mush, so I did not know what to say. Thus, I closed my eyes and rested instead.

However, the night by the river was freezing. At the start, the breeze felt comfortable, but soon, I began shivering.

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With that, I moved closer into Ronan's arms, trying to steal some of his warmth.

An indefinite amount of time passed, and in my drunken state, I felt someone draping a jacket over me. Ronan sobered up so quickly?

With much effort, I opened my eyes. After blinking away the blurriness, what greeted me was the sight of Michael's face. My heart sank before I blurted out, "Ronan, I can't believe I'm seeing you as Michael. Say, do you think I'm missing him too much?"

Then, I started laughing at myself.

The look on the man's face darkened right after hearing my words. In fact, I could even see the rage in his eyes.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 238

I frowned in dissatisfaction when I felt Ronan's coldness.

I initially wanted to say a few words in protest. However, because I felt dizzy, I held my tongue and closed my eyes to sleep.

The next day, I reluctantly opened my eyes because the sunlight caused discomfort to my eyes. I spent quite some time adapting myself to the brightness.

When I got up to change my clothes, I was surprised to find myself in my own room.

What happened? Didn't I drink with Ronan and fall asleep by the river? Why am I at home now? What transpired?

Did Ronan bring me home?

But I thought I saw Michael last night. Could it have been him?

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I tried to recall how I had made my way home. However, I rejected the thought of Michael being the one who brought me home the moment it surfaced in my mind.

Since Michael was busy preparing for the engagement ceremony, I figured he didn't have time to bring me home. Besides, he couldn't possibly do it, for he didn't know I had been drinking with Ronan by the river.

In that case, there was only a probable explanation – Ronan brought me home after he sobered up.

Since the man had drunk a lot yesterday, I was surprised that he could still bring me home. As such, I couldn't help but think that I had underestimated Ronan, for he could drink like a fish.

I initially wanted to call him to thank him for his help. Nonetheless, I dismissed the thought once I realized that my phone had shut down due to a low battery percentage.

It was already past 8 a.m. when I checked the time. Since I would probably be late to work, I immediately changed my clothes and freshened up.

As I was brushing my teeth, a wave of nausea engulfed me all of a sudden. I tried to vomit but didn't end up throwing up anything.

I frowned and looked at my pale face in the mirror. Then, I heaved a sigh at the thought of me not yet sobering myself up because I had too much alcohol last night.

I couldn't help but feel curious about why I hadn't been able to hold my liquor. After all, I only had two to three bottles of beer. It was a wonder why I still felt like throwing up the next morning.

Due to time constraints, I took a cab instead of the subway. Despite that transportation change, I was still late to work.

When I arrived, Michael was standing in the office of the design department and saying something.

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My heart skipped a beat uncontrollably once I saw him. Nonetheless, I concealed my emotions and lowered my head as I walked toward my desk.

However, my presence still grabbed everyone's attention because Michael was having a meeting with every staff. As if he could tell that I felt extremely uneasy, he shifted his gaze toward my face.

"I realize that many of our staff come late to work recently, particularly those from the design department!"

I was startled upon hearing it, for he was criticizing me in front of everyone.

I felt a little angry, but the feeling of sadness overruled that emotion. After maintaining my composure, I stood up and said to Michael calmly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shaw. I'll never be late to work next time."

As Michael stared at me, I lowered my head and dared not to meet his gaze.

In the past, the man wouldn't say anything if I was late. Now that he had scolded me before everyone in the design department, I wondered if it was a sign that he didn't care about our past relationship anymore.

It wasn't my intention to disregard the company's rules, merely because I used to sleep with Michael. Nonetheless, I felt hurt when he criticized me before everyone.

"From now on, whoever is late to work will have a month's bonus deducted!" he announced coldly after glancing at me.

Once the man gave the order, everyone turned their hot gazes toward me.

In this company, a month's bonus could sometimes be higher than our salaries. Hence, deducting bonuses due to lateness was a disproportionately heavy punishment.

I lowered my head and fell silent. However, tears welled in my eyes uncontrollably, for I couldn't understand his motive for doing so. Is he trying to embarrass me and force me out of the company?

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“Anna, come to my office now!” Michael glanced at me again and growled out crossly.

With that, Michael walked into his office. Every staff in the design department was frightened and dared not utter a word.

Although I didn’t know what he wanted to tell me, it would be something unpleasant to hear. After all, his recent attitude toward me was the clearest sign.

Meanwhile, many of them flashed me a gleeful glance, for they probably thought something terrible would ensue soon.

As I came into the CEO’s office, Michael glanced at me from his desk as though he was waiting for me specifically.

“Mr. Shaw, may I know why you want to see me?”

When only a two-meter distance stood between us, I halted in my tracks and lowered my head. Besides, I tried my best to make myself calm.

“What do you think the reason is?”

Michael gazed at me aloofly and asked me back. As I looked at him, I could see his eyes beaming with anger.

“Mr. Shaw, I’ve already apologized for being late to work. I promise not to repeat it. Please give me a chance.”

Since he had embarrassed me in front of all my colleagues over my tardiness, my first thought was that he wanted to continue scolding me.

“Why do you always get drunk recently? Do you think you can be late to work just because you’ve drunk too much?” Michael questioned furiously.

My heart lurched upon hearing it. I looked at Michael shockingly and wondered how he knew I had been late because I was hungover.

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“How... how did you know?”

I frowned, feeling at a loss. Given that I had drunk with Ronan last night, he was supposedly the only one who knew it.

“You reek with alcohol! Do you think no one will notice it? Anna, you’re the staff of my company. I don’t want my staff to have a messy private life!” Michael said coldly and gave me a look of reproach.

As I was already in a bad mood, his accusation about my private life hurt me even more.

“Messy private life? Am I a promiscuous woman in your eyes? Don’t you know why I drank last night? It was because you and Emma are about to get engaged! Michael, have you ever truly cared about my feelings?”

With that, I laughed bitterly and glanced at the man. A moment later, tears welled up in my eyes, for I didn’t wish to hold in my emotions anymore. I felt incredibly drained after faking my feelings every day.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 239

Michael froze when he realized that I was emotional. He frowned deeply and stared at me for a long time but didn’t utter a word.

Meanwhile, I met his gaze squarely. Michael would probably think that I wanted to be with him out of sincerity or the need to get money. No matter what he thought of me, I didn’t care and only wished to vent my feelings at him at that moment.

“Anna, what do you mean when you say such things? Do you want to continue to be with me?”

Michael’s eyes were unreadable. Besides, his flat tone of voice made it difficult for me to guess if he was delighted or furious.

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He used to warn me many times that we were merely friends with benefits. Also, he reminded me that I shouldn't have any expectations nor feelings for him. However, my words clearly revealed that I was fond of him.

My heart raced because I was unsure how to answer him. I was afraid that I could hardly convince him nor myself if I told him that I wished to end our relationship. After all, I truly liked him.

I wanted to open my mouth to say something, but a sudden wave of nausea overcame me.

I couldn't help but bend down and retched. The next moment, I quickly ran out of the office.

Given that Michael was germophobic, I could imagine that he would break down mentally if I vomited in his office.

Although everyone was looking at me, I didn't have time to keep my grace and dashed toward the washroom hastily.

In the washroom, I stood in front of the vessel sink and retched uncontrollably. However, just like what happened in the morning, I only threw up some gastric juice.

I frowned as I looked at my pale face in the mirror. I had to admit that I did drink a lot the night before. However, since I usually had a high alcohol tolerance, I wasn't sure why I felt so uncomfortable this time.

I continued splashing my face with some cold water in an attempt to sober myself up. Deep down, I told myself not to drink too much anymore, for I wouldn't want to feel this amount of discomfort anymore.

I stayed in the washroom for quite some time before coming out. Knowing that Michael and I had nothing to talk about, I didn't bother heading back to his office. Moreover, I wasn't obliged to answer any of his questions.

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As I returned to my desk, I saw Michael standing at the door and staring at me as if he wanted to scrutinize me.

Although I didn't know what was on his mind, I avoided his gaze, pretending that I didn't see him. After all, his attitude toward me earlier on revealed that there was nothing to talk about between us.

"What's wrong, Anna? You don't look well. Are you sick?" Millie, who stood in front of me, asked me with concern in her tone the moment she saw how pale I looked.

I still felt waves of nausea while sitting at my desk; nonetheless, I was a lot better than just now.

"I'm alright. My stomach just feels slightly uncomfortable. I threw up in the washroom just now," I explained weakly and flashed her a smile as a gesture to thank her for her kindness.

"Hmm, could it be that you're pregnant? I have a friend who just got pregnant, and she looks just like you now," Millie stated as she looked at me curiously.

Meanwhile, my heart skipped a beat upon hearing it. My mind went blank, for I had never thought about the possibility of being pregnant.

My period came a day later this month. Nonetheless, since I had had irregular periods, I never thought about pregnancy.

Despite Millie's reminder, I could hardly believe that I was pregnant.

"I don't think so. I think my body simply can't take the amount of alcohol I drank last night. Anyway, I'll feel better when I have some pills at home later."

I flashed Millie a stiff smile and denied her casual suggestion of the possibility of pregnancy.

"Alright. I initially thought you would have good news coming your way. Now I realize that you drank too much last night."

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Millie looked somehow disappointed after listening to my explanation. After that, she lowered her head and proceeded with her work silently.

Meanwhile, I felt uneasy and worried that the woman was right about it.

After all, I had never prepared myself mentally for pregnancy and would be clueless on how to proceed from that point in my life if it was true.

As I lowered my head frustratedly, my mind was in turmoil as it repeatedly played Millie's words.

Besides, Michael had probably heard our conversation because he was still standing at the door of his office.

Nonetheless, I deliberately ignored his gaze the entire time I was at work.

After getting off work, I bought some pregnancy test kits from a pharmacy. Since many people said pregnancy test kits weren't 100% accurate, I decided to buy a few kits to check more than once.

The first thing I did after I got home was rushing into the washroom to do the test.

When the first red line appeared, I was nervous and kept staring at the rising liquid.

Deep down, I was praying to God that I wasn't pregnant.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as I wished because a faint second line soon appeared. My heart sank instantly at the sight of it.

I'm really pregnant...

Since I had never thought about such a possibility before, I was anxious and clueless about what I ought to do next.

I had never experienced abortion. Also, I grew scared at the thought of thought going infertile; many people had become infertile after undergoing such a procedure.

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After a moment, I took a deep breath to calm myself down. Since it was only the first test, I told myself that the result was possibly inaccurate.

With that remaining hope in mind, I took the rest of the test kits and tried them one by one.

However, the results were all consistent—I was really pregnant.

Each test kit had two red lines — one was clear, while the other was faint.

Once all the test kits showed two lines, my last hope was shattered.

Needless to say, I was a 100% pregnant.

What should I do now...

I had never experienced such a dilemma before. I now carried Michael's baby, but our relationship had long ago ended.

If I gave birth to the baby, it would mean that I had conceived a child out of wedlock. I knew I would feel a wave of shame about myself, and my parents would probably drive me out of the house out of anger.

Hence, the only thought I had was to get an abortion.

Since I couldn't keep the baby, it was the only way out. After all, I wouldn't be able to stand it when people talked ill of me if I had indeed conceived a baby out of wedlock.

I took my phone out with shivering hands and scrolled through it, looking for Michael's number in my contact list. The fear of getting an abortion was overwhelming, so I hoped he could accompany me to the hospital. I needed him to provide me with some kind of support.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 240

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I hesitated for a long time. In the end, I decided to turn off my phone. I didn't have the courage to call Michael.

If he found about my pregnancy, he would definitely be furious. He would probably think I had purposely gotten myself pregnant.

I had a sleepless night, worrying about my pregnancy. When I made my way to the office the next day, I was in a really bad state of mind.

I had been absent-minded at work ever since I realized I was pregnant. I couldn't focus on my work at all. At noon, when everyone else went for lunch, I didn't bother. I didn't have much of an appetite. Besides, I wasn't in the mood.

As soon as the entire department left during the break, I turned on the computer to search for information about the abortion procedure.

I had no other choice but to abort the baby. My heart was in my throat when I read about the risks of having an abortion. I was already scared, and after reading about the risks involved, I began to worry even more about it.

As I was concentrating on it, the door of the CEO's office opened. I hurriedly closed the page, pretending to be working.

Michael walked out of the office. He was a little surprised when he saw me, but he made his way towards me anyway.

He stood behind me and asked indifferently, "Why are you still here?"

I could feel his hard gaze on me.

"I'm not hungry, and I still haven't finished my work."

I didn't bother raising my head as I spoke; I didn't want to look at Michael.

After I had found out about my pregnancy last night, I was truly afraid to face him. Michael was smart and quick-witted, so I was afraid that he might notice something.

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Will he change his mind and be together with me if he knows I'm pregnant?

I immediately got panicked at that thought. Am I actually thinking about using the baby to threaten Michael to be with me? How could I think such a thing? Since when did I become such a scheming woman?

"What happened to you yesterday? You had an upset stomach because you drank too much? Is that true?"

The man's sudden question about me retching yesterday had caught me completely off guard. I felt even more panicked. Did he really discover something?

"Yeah. I drank too much. My stomach was not well."

I tried my best to sound calm, not wanting him to notice something was off. I then made up my mind to get an abortion as soon as possible.

I was afraid that he might get to the bottom of what went wrong. Fortunately, he didn't ask any further questions. His eyes fell on my face for a moment before he left.

Once he was gone, I let out a long sigh of relief. I could still feel my heart pounding because of nervousness.

After work, I headed straight to the hospital. I had already studied a little about abortion, but it was still information I had gotten on the internet. It would be better to clarify things through a doctor.

At the hospital, I went to the obstetrics and gynecology consultation room.

It was my first time visiting such a place, so I seemed to be constrained and nervous. I couldn't bring myself to relax in front of the doctor.

"Are you pregnant? Or?"

I didn't reply. After a brief moment of awkward silence, I spoke, "I believe you're pregnant."

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I kept my head down as I whispered those few words.

“Alright. Please proceed for a checkup. I will look at your medical report soon.”

The doctor finished the notes on the prepared report as she spoke.

After the Doppler Ultrasound and blood test, I held my medical report and walked into the consultation room again.

Looking at my test result, the doctor’s expression was indifferent. “Your result looks fine. The baby seems healthy so far, so there’s nothing unusual with your report. Just remember to rest well. Don’t overexert yourself.”

Upon hearing the doctor’s words, I lowered my head, unsure of how to respond. In fact, it was a wonderful feeling to know that there was another life in my stomach. I secretly hoped I would one day have a baby that wasn’t birthed through wedlock.

“Are there any other questions?” the doctor frowned in confusion at the sight of my reaction and asked.

“Actually, I came here to get an abortion. I don’t wish to keep the baby.”

In the end, I decided not to keep the baby.

“You don’t want the baby? Have you thought it through?”

The doctor’s expression darkened upon hearing that. She did a great job at maintaining her professionalism as a doctor, but I was aware of how her gaze had changed upon hearing me say such a thing.

“Yes. I’ve considered it carefully. I can’t keep the baby. So, please arrange the surgery for me as soon as possible.”

I had pondered over my decision for a long while and finally made up my mind after hesitating many times.

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“Fine. If that’s the case, then I’ll schedule your surgery this weekend. I’ll be on duty then. Besides, you’ll probably be working on weekdays. Do you have time during weekends to come?”

The doctor immediately scheduled a time for me.

“That arrangement sounds good. Thank you so much.”

It would be Michael’s engagement on the weekend. Meanwhile, I would be aborting our baby on the same day. How ironic!

After exiting the hospital, I was surprised to see that I didn’t feel any sense of relief even though the surgery time and date were confirmed. Instead, I actually began to feel a little depressed.

After all, it was another life in my stomach. It was such a cruel decision not to allow the baby to come into this world.

How could a mother be so cold-blooded to her own kid? I felt so guilty and remorseful. But I really didn’t have any idea on what else I could do.

This was the first time I was experiencing a situation like this. My thoughts had been a jumbled mess ever since I found out about my pregnancy. Except for abortion, I didn’t know what other options I had.

As I walked down the streets, my phone rang – it was Ronan on the line. Immediately, I felt myself grow irritated.

The moment I answered the phone, Ronan asked me out for a meal, but I rejected him almost instantly. After the mentally exhausting day I had, I was not really in the mood for a meal.

It seemed that Ronan could feel my irritation over the phone. Hence, he didn’t insist on it and ended the call.

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I sat down by the side of the road, suddenly overwhelmed by the feeling of loneliness. I had come to a realization that there was no one by my side when I was going through such a hard time.

I retrieved my phone and searched for Michael's number. I hesitated for a long time and finally made that call.

The call went through almost immediately, and the man sounded deep and sexy on the other side of the phone as he said, "Hello?"

I immediately teared up upon hearing his voice. I didn't know what I should tell him; I didn't even know I had called him in the first place.

"You're getting engaged in two days. Congratulations."

I was silent before saying those snipped words.

The man on the other end of the phone remained silent. I could hear the sound of him breathing heavily; he was silent for quite a while. I thought he didn't wish to speak with me. Therefore, I moved to end the call.

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