

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 391

### Michael Gets Jealous

Michael's tone softened, and he had a gentle look in his eyes as he wiped my tears with the back of his hand.

“Can we still go back to the way we were before? Do you really not love me anymore?” I sobbed with my vision all blurry from the crying.

The pain I felt in the delivery room earlier was so excruciating that I really thought I wouldn't survive it, but Michael was all that I thought about at the time.

Michael frowned slightly after hearing that, and I felt the disappointment building up in my heart again.

“Don't stress yourself out over this. You've just finished giving birth, so you should rest well for now. We'll talk about this when you're all better,” Michael said calmly while feeding me a spoonful of soup.

I was disappointed that he avoided answering my question, but I could also feel that he hadn't gotten over what happened to Josephine.

I gazed into his eyes as I drank the soup he was feeding me. Maybe I'm demanding too much from him. His attitude toward me has changed significantly, so it'd be greedy of me to ask for anything further.

Michael continued to look after me meticulously throughout the next couple of days. Had it not been for the questions in my heart, I would've thought that things were back to normal between us.

However, we both knew full well that wasn't the case. After all, not everything could be fixed once broken.

On my third day of recovering from delivery, Michael headed off to take care of something at work after getting a phone call. He had hired a caretaker to help look after me and my baby right after he was born.

I had been imagining what my baby would look like even before he was born, so seeing him in my arms filled my heart with joy.

Whatever pain I endured while giving birth to him was all worth it.

Right then, the door to the ward was opened, and Ronan came walking in seconds later. He was dressed in light-colored casual attire, which added a bright and cheerful vibe to his handsome face.

“I came to see if my nephew is handsome!” he said with a smile as he made his way toward me.

His gaze then fell upon my baby as he continued, “Hmm... He looks a lot like you. I'm sure he'll grow up to be a handsome guy someday!”

Judging by what he had just said, it would seem that he had taken a liking to my newborn son.

“What brings you here today?” I asked with a chuckle in order to change the topic.

Ronan arched an eyebrow at me as he replied with a concerned expression, “As I said, I came to see you and your baby. How can I not visit you after you’ve given birth?”

Jeez... Why is he caring so much about my child? It’s not like he’s the father or anything! I pouted.

Suddenly, the look in Ronan’s eyes grew serious as he turned to look at me. “By the way, how are things between you and Michael?”

Naturally, I knew what he was asking about. Although I still felt a little disappointed by Michael’s response, I was satisfied with how well he had looked after me over the past few days. It was indeed undeniable that things had gotten a lot better between us compared to how they had been before.

“Quite well, actually. Michael has been really nice to me. He’s looking after me in the hospital every day.”

Fearing he would tell me the truth after knowing how I actually felt, I flashed Ronan a smile and tried my best to play it off casually.

The look on Ronan’s face eased up significantly. “That’s good to hear. I was worried you’d be feeling down or something. Your body is still weak after delivery, so you need to take good care of yourself or you’ll get sick very easily.”

I flashed him a smile and reassured him confidently, “Don’t worry, things between Michael and I are going to be fine. It’ll be like nothing ever changed!”

Seeing as Michael’s attitude toward me had changed so much, I believed we would return to the lovey-dovey state we used to be in after a while.

“All right, then. Just give me a call if you run into any trouble, and I’ll help you out.”

“Thanks, Ronan!”

For some reason, I was in a much better mood after giving birth to my baby. Ironically, Ronan was the only one who had always stayed by my side and supported me during my times of need.

“Oh, please! Is there a need for thanks between us? I’m just trying to protect the woman I like!”

Ronan’s words caught me completely off guard, and the atmosphere became awkward after I realized what he said.

Damn it, Ronan! Why say something like this now that Michael and I have a child of our own?

I did not expect Ronan to pull such a sudden move out of nowhere, and my eyes were darting about the ward as I anxiously tried to find the right words.

Ronan was about to say something further, but he held himself back when he noticed the awkward tension in the room.

The door to the ward was opened once again, and Michael came in wearing a black suit. A frown formed on his face when he saw Ronan inside the ward.

He then began taking his coat off as he made his way toward me.

“What are you doing here?” His indifferent tone made it impossible to read his emotions at the time.

“Why can’t I be here? Is there a problem with me coming over to visit Anna and my newborn nephew?” Ronan snapped back at him with displeasure written all over his face.

“Well, you’ve already seen them, so you can leave now. Anna needs to rest. Don’t disturb her by sticking around here unnecessarily,” Michael said coldly without even looking at Ronan.

He then sat down beside me and began playing with our baby.

Angered by his cold attitude, Ronan leaped to his feet and shouted angrily at Michael, “What’s with that attitude of yours, Michael? I came here to visit your wife and child! How could you just kick me out like this?”

Ever since Michael found out about Ronan’s feelings for me, the two of them had been butting heads whenever they saw each other. Although they claimed to treat each other like brothers, it still pained me to see them fight like this.

Michael stood up and stared at Ronan’s fuming face as he replied calmly, “As you said, she’s my wife, and this is my child.”

Ronan usually had a way with words, but he always found himself speechless when arguing with Michael.

He glared daggers at Michael, unable to say anything in response.

Eventually, he shifted his gaze back toward me and said, “Rest well, Anna. I’ll come to visit you some other time.”

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### Business Trip

I noticed a conflicted look in his eyes, but I simply nodded at him without saying anything, as I was still feeling uncomfortable about his statement earlier.

After Ronan left, Michael maintained that indifferent look in his eyes and continued playing with the baby in my arms.

As the tension in the ward grew increasingly tense, Michael broke the silence by asking, “What did he say to you?”

His tone was neutral. I couldn’t read his emotions at all.

I began panicking a little when I recalled what Ronan had said about protecting the woman he liked.

There’s no way I could ever tell Michael that! Things are already tense between us, so he’d definitely get mad if he knew what Ronan had said to me!

“Nothing much, really. He just came by to check on me and the baby. Told me to take care and rest well, that’s all,” I replied with my head held low and a faint smile on my face.

Even so, I felt really nervous, as Michael had always been able to see through all of my lies.

Michael arched his eyebrow and raised his voice slightly as he asked, “Is that really all?”

“Yeah, that’s all. What else is there for us to talk about?”

I continued to avoid his gaze for fear of him seeing through my lie.

“Remember, you can only be mine no matter what. Ronan will only be your cousin-in-law at best,” Michael said sternly while staring straight into my eyes.

Although he was obviously giving me a warning, I found myself getting a little excited when I heard that. Is Michael trying to tell me that he doesn’t plan on leaving me?

With that in mind, I flashed him a smile and said, “I know. I will be yours alone for the rest of my life.”

Resting my head against his shoulder, I tried my best to enjoy the moment we were having.

Even if Michael hadn’t reminded me, I would’ve known to carry myself appropriately anyway. Being his woman, I wanted nothing more than to stay by his side for the rest of my life.

Michael barely returned to the office after I got discharged from the hospital. He had his secretary deliver most of his documents to the mansion and would spend all of his time outside of work keeping me and our child company. As long as Michael could stay by our side, all the pain and suffering I had gone through was worth it.

I got so carried away by the happiness of having my husband and child by my side that I never considered the possibility of us being separated in the future.

It had almost been a month since my baby was born, and Michael had been meticulously looking after us both the whole time.

After getting my baby to fall asleep, I carefully placed him in the crib before climbing into bed with Michael.

Ever since our baby was born, Michael had moved back into our bedroom and no longer went to his study, much to my delight.

“I’ll be leaving for a business trip tomorrow.”

Michael’s deep and sexy voice rang out.

I turned around and stared longingly at his handsome face as I asked, “Where will you be going?”

“Anglandur. I might be gone for quite a while. As for that question you asked after delivery that day, I will provide you with an answer,” Michael replied while looking straight into my eyes.

Obviously, he was referring to my question about us going back to how we were in the past.

So, he still remembers my question? And here I thought he's been actually proving himself through his actions during this one month, but it looks like I was wrong...

With that in mind, I asked nervously, "Okay. How long will you be staying there? A week? Two weeks?"

As I had grown dependent on him, the mere thought of not being able to see him for a long time made me incredibly uneasy.

"It depends. I'll let you know the details when I get there," Michael said and closed his eyes after that.

Tons of conflicting thoughts kept racing through my head as I stared at him in silence. Why would he suddenly say he wants to give me an answer? Hasn't he done enough in the past few weeks to prove his point?

I ended up being barely able to sleep that night. Michael got up really early the next morning to pack his suitcase.

Knowing that he would be leaving that day, I decided to get out of bed and help him pack. That was when I realized I couldn't stand being away from him for even just a minute.

"Give me a call once you get there, okay?" I reminded him softly while packing his clothes into the suitcase.

"Okay," he mumbled.

The entire mansion felt incredibly empty after Michael left. The housekeeper and the caregiver were the only people I had left to keep me company.

For some reason, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was about to happen during his absence.

Fortunately, the next two days went by rather peacefully. The caregiver had taught me a lot of useful information about looking after my baby.

However, that brief moment of peace was soon interrupted when Lincoln dropped by at the mansion.

I knew full well that his attitude toward me had changed completely. He was no longer gentle and nice to me like before, thinking I was the one who had put Josephine in a vegetative state. An intense hatred was all that he felt whenever he saw me. Had it not been for me, Josephine would have still been perfectly fine by his side instead of lying in a hospital bed. Even so, I naively assumed he had simply come over to have a look at my baby.

“Hello, Dad,” I greeted him softly.

Lincoln simply sat down in the living room and didn't seem like he would be leaving soon.

“I came here today to see your child and to inform you of something.”

The look in his eyes was just as cold as the tone of his voice.

“What is it, Dad? I’m listening,” I asked respectfully when I heard he had something to tell me.

Lincoln shot me a glance before retrieving a document from the man standing behind him. He placed the document on the coffee table nearby and motioned at me to have a look at it.

I wasn’t really sure why, but I had a terrible feeling about everything. With a confused frown on my face, I walked up to the coffee table and picked up the document.

A sharp pain tore through my heart the moment I saw the words “Divorce Agreement” written on the first page, and my body began trembling uncontrollably.

“W-What is this, Dad?” I asked, looking up at Lincoln in disbelief.

Despite already having an idea of what this was about, I desperately held on to what little glimmer of hope I had left.

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### Divorce Agreement

“A divorce agreement,” Lincoln replied coldly, looking back at me.

Hearing it directly from him sent waves of terror through my body.

I fought back the feelings of panic and anxiety in my heart and asked anxiously, “A divorce agreement for me and Michael? Why would you bring this here all of a sudden, Dad?”

“I actually liked you when you first married into our family, Anna. I thought of you as a very kind person, but what you did was simply unacceptable. Because of you, my wife is now lying in the hospital and might remain bedridden for the rest of her life!”

Lincoln got a little emotional as he said that, and I finally understood the reason behind this divorce agreement.

So, he’s doing this because of Josephine... Since I have claimed responsibility for Josephine’s condition, I am willing to accept Lincoln’s hatred toward me. However, I will not divorce Michael because of this! They can hate me all they want, but I won’t leave Michael! Our child has just been born! He needs the love of both his parents!

My voice trembled along with my body as I said, “I know you still blame me for what happened to Mom. I know this is all my fault, so you can hate me, scold me, and even hit me all you like. But I will never agree to divorce Michael! I won’t leave him!”

This was something I had to stand very firm on. I was determined not to leave Michael regardless of what Lincoln said to me. Seeing as my relationship with Michael had improved a lot lately, I believed that he would never agree to divorce me either.

“I will not allow you to remain in the Shaw family, so you will sign this divorce agreement today. I have even brought a lawyer with me today. Let’s get this all over with right here and now.”

Lincoln completely disregarded everything I had just told him.

I looked at him in utter shock, as I didn't expect the gentle and supportive father-in-law to be so heartless.

Given the fact that the man behind him was a lawyer, it became obvious that he didn't come here to negotiate at all. Lincoln had come here with the sole purpose of getting me to sign that divorce agreement.

“I won't divorce Michael, and I'm sure he won't agree to it either! Besides, whether we divorce or not is our decision to make, not yours! You have no say in this matter!” I shouted while staring at him with a determined look in my eyes.

Although my mind was all over the place, I knew I had to stand my ground and refuse the divorce. I would never leave Michael unless he told me he wanted to divorce me.

Lincoln's tone grew a lot colder as he asked with a frown, “What will it take for you to sign this, then?”

“I'm going to give Michael a call and tell him about this. Michael will never agree to divorce me! He loves me!”

In my state of panic, I whipped out my phone and punched in Michael's number.

I'm going to tell Michael about this and have him stop his father!

However, I couldn't get through to him no matter how many times I tried. Every call ended with an automated voice message stating that his phone was outside of the coverage area.

That made me panic even more, as Michael was my only source of hope left. If I gave in to Lincoln's pressure and signed the divorce agreement, then my relationship with Michael would truly be over.

“Your call won't get through, so don't bother wasting your time and energy. Michael won't answer your call even if you manage to get through. Hasn't it occurred to you that his business trip to Anglandur was just to avoid you?” Lincoln said calmly when he saw how anxious I was, but his words only worsened things for me.

What is he talking about? Is he saying that Michael knew he would have me sign this divorce agreement? Did Michael really choose to go on a business trip just to avoid me? Did Michael know what was going to happen today? Did he know that his family would bring this divorce agreement over?

All sorts of questions filled my head. I didn't want to doubt Michael because I believed in his love for me, but Lincoln's words were making me feel extremely uneasy.

I couldn't bring myself to believe that Michael knew about this, as he had taken such good care of me over the past month. I saw no sign of him wanting a divorce at all.

“No, I don't believe you! Michael wouldn't do this to me!” I shouted at Lincoln out of agitation.

Instead of getting mad at my rude behavior, Lincoln simply maintained a firm attitude as he said, “There are things in life that you are better off not knowing too much about. Hurts a lot

less that way. Do you really think I'd bring this divorce agreement over if Michael wasn't aware?"

I could clearly tell from the tone of his voice that he was dead-set on having me sign those papers that day.

"Michael and I have gone through a lot before we ended up together, so I don't believe he would agree to divorce me like this. I know you're still mad at me, Dad. I feel really bad about what happened to Mom too, and I really do want to make it up to you. But please don't make me leave Michael. We have a child now! What would happen to the child if we ended up getting divorced?"

My voice was still trembling as I pleaded with Lincoln. I couldn't bring myself to imagine what life would be like for both me and my child if we got divorced.

"The child is a descendant of the Shaw family, so we will raise him and provide him with the best education possible. When he grows up, we will hand the family business over to him as well."

What Lincoln meant was that my child would belong to the Shaw family entirely.

Naturally, I wasn't about to just hand over my child. I had gone through great pains to bring him into this world.

"I don't agree with this arrangement. That's my child, and I'm not going to let anyone take him away from me!" I glared at Lincoln.

I can't believe Lincoln would be so heartless! Not only does he want me to divorce Michael, but he won't let me keep my child either! I carried my child in my womb for ten months! Lincoln has no right to take him away from me!

Lincoln let out a sigh and said calmly, "Anna, our family is simply trying to resolve this matter peacefully. If you insist on being so stubborn, then we will have no choice but to take this to court. The police will then investigate how Josephine got injured, and you might end up going to prison. It'd be impossible for you to see your child then."

Although it seemed like he was doing this out of sympathy for me, I knew that sympathy was definitely the last thing he felt toward me.

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### Child Taken Away

Lincoln is blatantly threatening me with the possibility of prison time if I refuse to compromise! He knows it would be near impossible for me to see my child if I ended up in prison! As such, signing the divorce agreement would be the only option available to me.

With that in mind, I tightened my grip on the divorce agreement. Although it was incredibly tempting to just tear it to pieces, I managed to fight the urge and maintain my composure.

"Don't worry. The Shaw family will be sure to repay you in kind for bringing us a son. I will pay you five million as compensation, so you should have an easy life ahead of you."

The cold look on Lincoln's face eased up significantly when he saw me hesitating, and his attitude became a lot better as he tried to persuade me to sign the papers.

I don't need their money! I just want to keep my child by my side! Having to leave Michael is painful enough as it is, so I'm going to make damn sure I at least get to keep my child!

Having made up my mind, I clenched my fists and stared into Lincoln's eyes as I replied, "All I want is my child. I don't want your money, so you can keep the five million. If I am to get divorced, then I demand custody of my child!"

The look in Lincoln's eyes went back to being icy-cold instantly when he heard that. He then leaped to his feet and yelled angrily, "The child is a Shaw! We will not let you have him, so you can forget about it! If you sign these papers, you will be allowed to visit your child whenever you feel like it. If you end up in prison, you will never get to see him again! It would be a great dishonor for us to have a convict as a part of our family, after all!"

Each and every one of his words stabbed at my heart like knives as he continued pushing me into a corner.

I took a deep breath and forcefully suppressed my burning anger as I pleaded with him, "I can't reach Michael right now, Dad. Can we at least wait till he comes back before we discuss this further?"

"You still don't believe that this is Michael's decision, do you? In that case, why don't you take a closer look at the divorce agreement? Michael has already signed his name on it. Surely, you can recognize his signature?"

Lincoln was really well-prepared before he came over. Perhaps he already knew that I wouldn't agree to the divorce.

I didn't read the rest of the divorce agreement earlier, but hearing Lincoln's words prompted me to check it again. I quickly flipped to the last page, and sure enough, Michael's signature was there.

The sight of Michael's name and signature stabbed at my heart once again, and whatever remaining flames of hope I had left were extinguished completely.

So, this really is Michael's idea... He actually wants to divorce me... Is this the answer he said he'd give me? Heh... I thought we would go back to being the lovey-dovey couple we used to be, but I suppose that's just wishful thinking on my part. I've overestimated the place I hold in Michael's heart, after all.

"Now that you've seen it and confirmed it, you should hurry up and sign the papers!" Lincoln urged me impatiently while his lawyer handed me a pen.

With trembling hands, I took the pen over from him. At first, I was determined to stand my ground no matter what. However, seeing Michael's signature caused my resolve to disappear instantly.

I wouldn't shamelessly cling to Michael if he didn't want to be with me anymore.

As much as it hurt me to divorce him, I would go through with it because I knew Michael all too well. Not a single person in the world could change his mind once he had made his decision.

However, I really didn't want to be separated from my child, who was just a little over a month old.

As if he had read my mind, Lincoln said in a gentle voice, "Don't worry. You may drop by to visit your child anytime."

After taking into consideration that it was better than not being able to see my child at all while in prison, I decided to proceed with the divorce.

My tears fell uncontrollably when I glanced at Michael's signature once again, and my hands were shaking like crazy when I signed my name.

I hate you, Michael!

My heart was filled with hatred for the Shaw family, Michael, as well as his decision to divorce me, which prevented me from living with my child.

A satisfied smile formed on Lincoln's face when he saw me sign the papers. He then placed a check worth five million on the table before telling the caregiver she would be working in the Shaw residence from then on.

Seeing her carry my child out of the room hurt me like a sledgehammer to the chest, and the pain snapped me out of my daze.

"Don't take my child away! I just want to have him by my side! I don't want anything else!" I screamed as I ran toward her and snatched my child out of her arms.

My child was all I had left after divorcing Michael, so I couldn't afford to lose him.

"Please let go, Mrs. Shaw. You'll hurt the baby! He's too young to withstand such rough handling!" the caregiver shouted anxiously when she saw how agitated I was.

"No! Give my child back to me! This is my child! I won't let anyone take him away from me!"

My child began crying, and hearing him cry hurt my heart even more. Although I didn't want to cause him any pain, the fear of losing him was a lot stronger than my ability to think rationally at that time.

He is only a little over a month old! He still needs me to keep him company as he grows up!

"Look, the baby is crying, Mrs. Shaw! He'll get hurt if you don't let go of him!"

The caregiver's tone grew increasingly anxious when she saw my child crying non-stop.

"Then let go of him! Let go of him right now!" I shouted back at her.

It hurt me the most to fight over my child like this, but I didn't dare to let go as I feared I would lose him forever.

Unable to watch this any longer, Lincoln called out to his subordinates, "Hey, you two! Subdue Mrs. Shaw!"

Two strong men then came over and grabbed both of my arms before yanking me aside.

I kept screaming at the top of my lungs as I watched my child get taken away from me, but no one cared about my feelings at all. No one knew how much pain I was in at the time.

My heart felt as if it had been hollowed out when I saw the caregiver walk out of the house with my child. The two men only let go of me after she got into the car.

Desperate to get my child back, I ran straight out the front door as quickly as I could. However, the car sped off before I could even get close to it.

I tried to chase after it on foot, but that was obviously not going to work. In the end, I simply stood there and watched as the car slowly disappeared from my sight.

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### Stopped Outside

Balling my fists, I watched as the car disappeared into the horizon. I had never panicked as badly as I was at that moment, and never had I ever been so furious as well.

While I despised the Shaw family, I despised Michael even more.

What happened in the past month was only a temporary blissful moment before our relationship came to an end. He told me he was going on a business trip, but I guessed that he was trying to end things with me.

I had underestimated how ruthless the man could be. We had been together for such a long time, and I had never thought that he would do such a cruel thing to me.

Without missing a beat, I hailed a cab and handed the driver all the money I had on me to have him drive me to the Shaw residence as quickly as he could.

After reaching the Shaw residence, a security guard stopped me before I could even enter the premise.

“Let me in! I’m Michael’s wife!” was what I roared at the security guard when he stood in my way.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve received instructions from Mr. Andy not to let you into the place from now on,” the security guard said impassively, ignoring the fact that I was looking daggers at him.

He did not let me in despite my relationship with Michael.

I had been to the Shaw residence many times before, so I was sure that the security guard knew who I was. Hence, the Shaws were definitely the ones who instructed the guard to stop me outside. They had just forcibly taken my child away, and yet, they were forbidding me from entering their residence.

They had told me that I could see my child any time I wanted, but those words from them were nothing but a lie!

“Let me in! I’m going to bring my child home!”

The Shaws did not keep their promise. I had just signed the paper, and almost immediately, they refused to let me see my child.

There was no way I was going to let him stay in their residence anymore. It was at that moment I was filled with remorse.

At the same time, I suddenly realized how big of a fool I was. The Shaws were already treating me mercilessly, so I should have known they would not possibly give me the chance to see my child again.

“Ms. Garcia, if you insist on barging in, please don’t blame us if we’re rough with you. I hope you won’t put us in a difficult spot,” said the other security guard in a cold tone.

It seemed like they were not planning to let me into the place at all.

“Please let me in. I want to bring my child away from here. I just want to see my child, and I’ll leave right after that, please?” I pleaded while looking at them.

At that very second, the only thing I wanted was to see my child.

“Ms. Garcia, I’d advise you to leave quickly. You won’t be able to enter this place. If we let you in, I’m afraid we’ll be fired.”

One of the security guards was looking at me with sympathy, but at the end of the day, that was all they could offer to me. They were only employees of the Shaw family. If I were to enter, they would be fired from their post.

“I won’t leave! If I don’t see my child, I won’t leave!” I cried out determinedly.

As I stared at the Shaw residence, the urge to murder the Shaws emerged in my heart.

Nevertheless, the two security guards never let me in, no matter what I did. Knowing that they were only following orders, I did not blame them for it. Still, the abhorrence I had for the Shaws grew more intense.

At the start, there was a hint of guilt in me. Yet, after getting stopped outside the Shaw residence, the only feeling left in me was nothing but pure hatred.

I then took out my phone to call Michael again, but like before, the call did not go through. Lincoln had already told me clearly that Michael was aware of it, yet I refused to give up. However, upon hearing the automated voice coming out of the speakers, I could not help but wonder if Michael did have a part in this.

I wanted to know why he was treating me in such a way and why he had to be so cruel to me. Even if he thought I hurt his mother, there was no need for him to be so heartless toward me. I refused to believe that he would not be the least bit affected to watch our child lose his mother.

My hand that was holding the phone lowered. At that moment, all of my hopes were shattered. Since they refused to let me into the premise, I decided to sit right by the gate. I was going to wait there because I refused to believe that they could stay in the house forever. As long as I remained there, I would surely be able to see my child.

Time ticked away, and soon, it was nighttime. The sky was dark, while the Shaw residence was brightly lit. However, no one from the Shaw family came out. Having not seen my child for hours, I grew restless. Anxiety bloomed in my chest; I wanted to know if he was crying and if he had eaten.

Right then, the two security guards by the entrance glanced at me and sighed. Perhaps it was because they never expected me to be that stubborn.

Wearing a sympathetic expression, one of the guards walked over to me and said, “Ms. Garcia, you’ve been waiting here for such a long time, but the Shaws haven’t let you in. You should go back. They won’t let you see your child.”

“I won’t go until they give me back my child.” I spoke with a determined voice as I stared at the brightly lit mansion.

Regardless of what would happen, I was going to take my child away. I would not leave until I saw him.

To be honest, I was still consoling myself that the Shaws were only treating me in that way because they were still in a temper. I told myself it was because they wanted to teach me a lesson after hurting Josephine. Deep down, I still believed that they would not be that callous toward me.

However, as time passed, I realized how naïve I was. A night had gone by, and the sun had risen to the sky again. Yet, there were still no signs of the Shaws.

I had not eaten nor drunk for an entire day, so the hunger and thirst were starting to sap me of energy. In fact, I could not summon any strength to my limbs at all.

Honestly, I knew that I could not last long waiting outside the Shaw residence like that, but I did not want to give up. I was scared that, once I left, I would miss the opportunity to see my child. That was why I repeatedly told myself that I could not go and had to remain there to see my child.

The sky was gray, and it looked like it was about to rain. Since I did not wear many layers when I came out the day before, I was shivering from the chilliness in the morning of fall.

When the cold breeze blew onto me, I shook like a leaf. Turning to look at the Shaw residence, I still saw no signs of the Shaws. By then, I was convinced that they knew I was right outside and that they were deliberately avoiding me.

Thus, I took out my phone to dial Lincoln's number. Just as the call went through, he hung up. Refusing to admit defeat so easily, I called him a few more times, but it all ended the same way as the first.

It was then my suspicions were confirmed. When Lincoln declared that I could see my child at any time, he was only saying it so that he could trick me into signing the paper. At that thought, I found Michael's seemingly kind and caring father to be vile.

The sky darkened even more. Soon, the sounds of thunder began filling the air. I knew it was going to rain, but I had no plans to leave.

“Ms. Garcia, you should really leave now. It’s going to rain soon, and you’ve been here for almost twenty-four hours.”

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### Getting Hit By A Car

The security guard came to my side and offered me another reminder out of goodwill, but the only thought I had the entire time was to see my child.

Nothing else mattered to me. Even if the sky began raining knives down, I was going to stay where I was until I saw my child, let alone mere water droplets.

“Ms. Garcia, why do you have to do this to yourself? You’re powerless, so how are you going to fight against the Shaw family? Aren’t you just making things difficult for yourself?”

The guard then looked at me with pity in his eyes. At the same time, his voice carried a touch of resignation.

“My child is still inside. That’s my son. He’s just there, but they won’t let me see him. What right do they have to do this?”

When I thought about how I had not seen my child for one whole day, I could not help but feel agitated. Tears began rolling down my cheeks uncontrollably as I screamed at the guard. Never had I ever lost control over my emotions like that moment.

“I know where you’re coming from, and we feel bad for you too, but it’s pointless even if you stay here. Moreover, it’s about to

rain soon. It's best if you find a place to shelter yourself from the rain first.”

The guard was nice, in a way. I know that he was only saying that for my sake, but I was inundated with the thoughts of wanting to see my child. There was no way I was going to just leave like that.

Hence, I ignored him and continued to stand by the gate.

Right then, rain droplets began falling from the sky. The cold water poured on me, and soon, shivers racked my body. However, the rain did not seem like it would stop any time soon, for it only became heavier and heavier.

After some time, the world around me began spinning, and I was starting to feel weak. It was then I had the urge to lie down on the ground.

However, I could not collapse yet, not when I had yet to see my child. His well-being was still unknown, so there was no way I would allow myself to black out.

Hence, I balled my fists and let my nails dig into the flesh of my palm. The resulting pain was what kept me awake, preventing me from passing out until I saw my child.

Nevertheless, my body began swaying, and my vision started to blur. At that, I shook my head, forcing myself to stay awake.

Right then, I spotted the butler holding up an umbrella for Lincoln and escorting the latter to the car.

At the sight of Lincoln, my eyes lit up, and I regained my strength. Then, I watched as his car slowly drove toward the gate.

As it was raining cats and dogs, the car was driving extremely slowly. The moment it drove past the gate, I rushed over and blocked it fearlessly.

Instantly, the driver slammed on the brakes and started honking at me. Unfazed, I darted to the window of the car's back seat and repeatedly smacked it.

I knew Lincoln was in there, and I knew he was the one who took my child away. The only one I could go to and request to have my child back was him.

Therefore, I continued rapping on the car window despite being unable to see what was going on inside. After a long time, the window was finally rolled down, and Lincoln's face appeared in my sight.

Immediately, I was beside myself with fury. "Give my child back to me! Give my child back to me now!"

In the past, I treated him with nothing but respect, but all I could feel at that moment was pure, unadulterated hatred.

"You've already signed the divorce agreement. It's stated clearly in black and white that Michael has full custody of the child. Therefore, from now on, the child has nothing to do with you anymore."

Unlike me, Lincoln was the epitome of calmness. The way he was looking at me was cold and unfeeling.

“You lied to me. You said I could see my child any time I wanted after signing the paper. How could you go back on your words?”

Lincoln’s nonchalant attitude only made me even angrier, and I could not help but yell at him. I was utterly disappointed with him.

“You’ve hurt my wife, and I’m already being very merciful toward you. Don’t ever think of seeing the child anymore because I won’t be giving you any more chances,” Lincoln said while staring at me expressionlessly. He did not care how upset I was.

My hands clenched into fists, and I wanted to kill him then and there. Trying to open the car door, I tugged at the door handle forcefully, but it was locked. My efforts were fruitless.

As though he had expected me to do so, Lincoln merely shot me an indifferent look before ordering the driver, “Drive.”

At his command, the driver stepped on the accelerator without hesitation and sped off.

I had been waiting for one of the Shaws to show up for such a long time. Since Lincoln was out, it would be my only shot to see my child, so I could not give up so easily.

Hence, I summoned all the strength I could to run after the car. The rain continued to pour, and the raindrops obstructed my vision. Still, I ran with all my might.

As the car went further and further, my legs gradually weakened. I was already feeling uncomfortable, and after the vigorous activity, all I could think of was to fall to the ground.

However, that was the one thing I could not do. If I did, I would not be able to get back my child.

I did not stop running despite knowing that it was impossible for me to catch up with the car and for Lincoln to return my son to me. Even if the chance to have my child back were as slim as one out of ten thousand, I would never give up.

Unfortunately, luck was not on my side. Just as I was running after Lincoln's car on the road, a car sped toward me from behind. The driver kept honking at me, but I could not be bothered to pay attention to it. At that moment, fear did not exist in my world.

It was only when my entire body was wracked with pain did I realize what kind of situation I was in.

My head felt like it was going to explode as I lay in the pool of rainwater. All strength had fled me by then, and I was sure that even my soul was leaving my body.

My vision became blurrier and blurrier with each passing second, and my body felt lighter and lighter. When I closed my eyes, all I could see was my child.

The hatred toward the Shaw family blazed within me, and I swore I would take my revenge on them one day.

At the same time, I abominated Michael with every fiber of my body. I detested his heartlessness and vowed to make him pay for the pain I had gone through in folds.

Amid my muddled state, I felt as though I had a long dream. The throbbing pain in my head was what made me stir. When I regained my consciousness fully, I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling dazedly.

Then, I looked around to scan my surroundings, only to realize I was in a place that looked a lot like a hospital ward. At that, I frowned in puzzlement, bewildered by the change in location when the last thing I remembered doing was chasing Lincoln's car.

“You're awake?”

Just as I struggled to recall the earlier events, an unfamiliar voice of a man sounded beside my ear. His voice was low, carrying a hint of concern.

Puzzled, I turned in the direction of the voice to see a man with attractive features. He had a slight smile on his face, and his gaze was lingering on my face.

“Where is this place? Why am I here?”

My frown deepened as I looked at him in confusion. I had no impression of the man beside my bed at all.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 397

Become Stronger

“I’m Nicholas Cadman. I accidentally hit you with my car the morning before yesterday, so I sent you to the hospital. How do you feel now? Do you feel better?” the man asked in a soft, worried voice.

Upon hearing his words, I abruptly recalled getting hit by a car before losing consciousness.

Since he said he hit me the morning before yesterday, it meant that I had been in the hospital for two days.

The moment I came to that realization, I flew into a state of panic and struggled to sit up. Then, I pulled away the covers to get out of bed. After all, it had been three days since I last saw my child.

Seeing my actions, Nicholas swiftly stood up to push me back onto the bed. At the same time, he hastily exhorted, “Don’t move! Your head’s injured, and the doctor said you have to recuperate.”

“No, I have to leave this place. I have to find my child. I have to go to the Shaw residence right away.”

I was in no mood to recover from my injuries at all. It had been three days since I last saw my son. I could not rest in the hospital when I had no idea how he was doing at that moment.

“Stay here and recover first. I’m sure your family will take good care of your child. By the way, please give me your husband’s number so that I can call him and inform him to come over,” Nicholas said, forcing me to lie in bed.

His actions and commanding voice somehow reminded me of Michael.

I froze. For a moment there, I nearly blurted out Michael's number, but in the next second, I recalled that we were divorced.

My world had turned upside down in a mere span of a few days. I still found it unbelievable that my relationship with Michael had come to an end.

"I don't have any family; I only have my child. I'm going to look for my child now, so let me go!"

I repressed the urge to cry as I struggled to get out of Nicholas' grasp. The words I said were the truth. The only family I had left in the world was my son, and I had to bring him to my side.

Nicholas then frowned and looked at me dubiously. "What about your husband? If you have a child, shouldn't you have a husband?"

"We just signed the divorce agreement a few days ago," was what I replied to him flatly. I seemed calm on the surface, but only I knew my heart was in pieces.

Despite that, I told myself that it was not worth it to be upset because of Michael, for he was ruthless toward me.

Nicholas' frown deepened, and he fell silent.

The whole time, I kept struggling, wanting to leave the place and find my child. Left without a choice, Nicholas then asked the doctor to give me a sedative. Afterward, the doctor informed him

that I was in an emotionally unstable state and might develop psychological issues if I continued to stay in that state for long.

After the sedative, I was in a daze. Although I could not move, my mind was still working. Hence, I could not help but depreciate myself.

Inwardly, I deliberated the Shaws' intentions, wondering if they were determined to drive me mad and why they had to be so cruel to me. As I dozed off, I swore I would find a way to get my child back for as long as I was still alive.

When I awoke again, Nicholas spoke before I could even start struggling to look for my child. "I've had someone to look into your matter. Kicking up a fuss at their residence won't make them give back your child to you. Not only is it useless, but you also won't even get to see your child at all."

When I heard his words, my struggle came to a halt. Of course, I knew my efforts were fruitless, but there was nothing else I could do except go to the Shaw residence and beg them to let me see my child. The Shaw family was influential in Avenport, while I had nothing.

"Are you telling me to yield and give up on seeing my child for the rest of my life? Why do they have to be so cruel to me? Why?"

Tears rushed out of my eyes uncontrollably as I looked at Nicholas. I had never felt as helpless as I was at that moment.

Even though I knew where my child was, I could not see him. No matter what I did, the Shaw family refused to let me in. I was at my wits' end.

“If you want to see your child again, you’ll have to make yourself stronger. There’s no way you’ll be able to get your child back with your current state,” came Nicholas’ voice.

He said those words in a soft tone, but they carried a sense of calmness and confidence.

From the moment I saw him, I could tell that he was no ordinary person. One could figure out another person’s character through their eyes.

“Do you think it’s possible for me to become stronger? Do you really think I can be stronger than the Shaw family?”

I then let out a self-deprecating laugh. I knew the theory, but what he said was an impossible feat. No matter how strong I became, I could never be a match against the Shaw family.

“If I help you, then it’s possible.”

Nicholas’ lips quirked into a smile as he gave me a confident look.

“You’re going to help me? Why?”

I could not help but stare at him in shock. We were but strangers, yet the man in front of me was offering to help me. After all, to be on my side meant going against the Shaw family. I did not believe in the existence of free lunch in the world.

“I’m sure you despise the Shaw family now, right? My terms are simple—I want to take over the Shaw family’s company. As long as you assist me, I’ll help you get back your child.”

When Nicholas articulated those words, there were barely any emotions on his face. Instead, he wore a confident smile on his face as though he was certain I would agree to his condition.

Shock washed over me as I stared at him. I never thought that the man would be so ambitious as to want to gobble up Michael’s company. After all, the Shaw family’s business was the leading company in Avenport. At that moment, I wondered if the man in front of me was delusional.

I almost wanted to ask if he was even aware of Michael’s personality and how he had the guts to try to outsmart a man as shrewd as Michael.

“Do you think it’s possible for you to take over the Shaw family’s company? I think your goal is even tougher than mine to achieve,” I said and gave a mocking laugh.

At that moment, I regarded Nicholas as a lunatic. He was nothing but a delusional man with the wishful thinking of taking over the Shaw family’s company.

“Of course, I know that this is an extremely difficult matter. That’s why I’m hoping you will help me. Even if my plan doesn’t succeed, I’ll still help you get your child back. Sounds good? You won’t be losing out on anything for this deal,” Nicholas patiently continued despite my mocking tone.

When I saw the serious look in his eyes, I began to have doubts. I wondered if he could really help me and if he had the capabilities to do so.

“Give me a reason to believe you,” I stated in a cold tone while looking him in the eye.

Although that was what I said, I had actually made up my mind. As long as Nicholas had the capability of going up against the Shaw family, I would agree to work with him. After all, I had no other options left.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 398

### Becoming Unfeeling

As if he had expected those words from me, Nicholas smiled and took out a name card from his pocket.

I took it over and saw that the text on it was: Nicholas Cadman. General Manager of Nifty Group, Anglandur.

Once I registered the information on the card, my eyes widened in shock. I had come across the name Nifty Group on the news before. They were a powerful company, almost on par with the Shaw family.

“You’re from Nifty Group?” I questioned, looking at him in disbelief.

Instead of answering my question, Nicholas asked, “Now, do you think that I have the capability of helping you out?”

My eyes darted back to the card as my heart skipped a beat. Truthfully, I never thought of doing anything to Michael's company, but since the Shaw family was treating me so heartlessly, I found no point in being nice to them.

“All right. Deal!”

If I wanted my child, I had to agree to it. Only by working with Nicholas then could I make myself stronger and be powerful enough to get my son back.

“I'll be going to Anglandur the day after tomorrow. Come with me.”

The moment Nicholas heard my agreement, a smile reappeared on his face. The confidence in that smile convinced me that he had the power to acquire Michael's company.

“To Anglandur? I'm not going to go there. If I go to Anglandur, I'll have even lesser chances to see my child.”

My child was in the Shaw residence. If I were to leave the country, I would be further from him. By then, not only would I be unable to see my child, but I would also be unable to receive any news about him.

Therefore, I could not and would not leave the country.

Frowning, Nicholas said in a solemn tone, “Is there a point for you to stay here? Will the Shaws let you see your child if you stay here? If you come to Anglandur with me, you'll meet a professional training team there. I'm asking you to help me take

over the Shaw family's company, so you'll have to learn the ropes of the corporate world. When you return to the country again, it'll be the time for you to get your child back."

I then mulled over his words. I knew he was right, but I could not bear to leave the place and part with my child.

Hence, I hung my head in silence as the two conflicting thoughts fought in my head.

Just as I was hesitating, Nicholas added, "At the end of the day, whether you stay or leave is up to you. However, you must know that your child will never return to you if you don't leave for Anglandur with me."

He spoke in a monotone, but his words still managed to catch my attention.

I, too, was fully aware that it was meaningless for me to stick around. Lincoln's actions had shown me how merciless the Shaw family could be to me.

Thus, I took a deep breath and raised my head to meet Nicholas' amber eyes before nodding.

To get my child back to my side, I had to harden my heart and leave the country. If I hemmed and hawed, I would never be able to achieve anything.

"Very well. You're a smart woman."

In response to my decision, Nicholas nodded in delight and satisfaction.

For reasons unbeknownst to me, I felt a little uneasy. Perhaps it was because I had yet to steel myself fully.

Two days later, I went to Anglandur with Nicholas. On my second day there, I began studying everything as quickly as possible. Previously, I was only a normal employee in an advertising company's design department. In order to grow stronger, I had to make myself look at the big picture and go for the long game.

As it was my first time at Anglandur, I had many difficulties understanding the language. During the day, I would learn from Nicholas how to win a client's heart and maximize the profits I could reap. At night, upon returning to a house that he bought for me, I would study as much Ustranasion as I could.

In the past, I would not have put in so much effort. However, for the sake of getting my child to come back to my side, I had to do my best.

Michael called me during my first few days in Anglandur, but I did not pick up his call. In fact, I even changed my number, determined to cut ties with the Shaw family.

Although I was in Anglandur, I would still sometimes see Michael on finance channels since he also had businesses in Anglandur. Every time I looked at his familiar handsome face, the scabbed wound in my heart would reopen and hurt again.

That face used to be what I was most familiar with, but at that moment, all I could feel was unfamiliarity. I was filled with hatred toward him. He was the man I loved the most in my life, but he was also the man who hurt me the most.

That was why I maintained a frosty look as I watched Michael on the television screen. Despite the throbbing pain in my chest, I did my best to convince myself not to be softhearted. I had to help Nicholas acquire Michael's company and get my child back.

While I was in the middle of a trance, the screen abruptly turned black. Nicholas had appeared behind me.

“Don't watch his news anymore. Time will make your pain and memories fade. I'm sure you don't want your hard work to go to waste, right? No one will bear the pain you felt on your behalf. If you let your heart soften, your child will never return to your side,” he said indifferently.

Although his words were not easy on the ear, I knew he was right. I still could not stop myself from becoming softhearted whenever I saw Michael.

“Don't worry. Only my child can make my heart soften,” I said to him in a frosty yet determined tone.

“Good to hear that. It's getting late, so rest early.”

Nicholas then patted my shoulders. He seemed like he had something else to say, but in the end, he left without another word.

For the next six months, I spent my days studying hard. At the same time—perhaps because of Nicholas—I slowly became an aloof and decisive person. Regardless of whether I was facing my subordinates or the company's competitors, I showed no mercy.

Nicholas told me that I was improving swiftly. At that, I let out a self-deprecating laugh. If I had a choice, I would not want to become an unfeeling woman. I only ended up in such a way because of my goal—to have my child return to my side. It was because I knew if I were to remain the same person I used to be, I would never see him again.

While I was in Anglandur, the feelings Nicholas had for me changed. He told me that witnessing my metamorphosis made him fall in love with me. In response to his confession, I merely smiled. I was unperturbed by it, but I did not reject him either.

Sometimes, I even thought he could be the perfect partner for me after I got my child back.

A few months later, Nifty Group wanted to enter my home country's market, so they made a temporary branch office. Nicholas and I were assigned to take the helm there. He was the general manager, and I was the director of the operations department.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 399

### I Am Back

When I returned to the country, I realized that everything seemed to have changed a lot. I had not stepped foot in the country for a year, and although it had not been a long time, every day of that one year was agonizing for me. There was not a single day that I did not look forward to returning to the country.

That day had finally arrived. Soon, I would be able to see my child and the Shaws. That time around, I was not going to show them any mercy.

When I arrived at Nifty Group's branch office, I discovered that the employees had been recruited before we came. After getting down from the car, I followed behind Nicholas. He was wearing a pure black suit, and so was I. Ever since we left for Anglandur, Nicholas said I had developed a stronger character, but at the same time, I lost some of my feminine charms.

I gave no response to his comment. Whether or not I had feminine charms was irrelevant to me. As a matter of fact, I even wished I was no longer a woman.

When Nicholas and I entered the office, the employees immediately greeted us.

Upon entering Nicholas' office, he told me that our mission there was to dominate the local market. Simultaneously, if possible, we would be taking over the Shaw family's company as well.

I remained silent as I listened to Nicholas go on about the details of the plan. Truthfully, I still felt a little hesitant about it.

Noticing my silence, he threw me a curious look and asked softly, "What's the matter? Why aren't you saying anything?"

"I'm fine," I replied once I returned to my senses. At the same time, I quickly repressed my panic and did my best to sound as calm as possible.

At that, Nicholas drew his brows together and asked, “It seems like you’re reluctant to do it. Have you forgotten how the Shaws treated you?”

His tone was flat, but I could tell he was trying to give me a reminder.

“I won’t. How can I possibly forget how they’ve treated me back then? Their cruelty is that one thing I will never forget even till the last day of my life!”

After hearing Nicholas’ words, I hardened my heart again. Gone was the slight hesitance I felt earlier. In comparison with how wicked they had been to me, I was very merciful.

“Good. You have to remember that your kindness toward them is cruelty to yourself. You have to do this if you want to get your child back,” Nicholas reminded again, as though he was still worried that I would back down.

“I know what I should do. You don’t need to keep reminding me about it.”

Of course, I knew his repetitive reminder was because he was afraid my hesitance would ruin his plan. I was annoyed by that, but he was the only one who could help me. The two of us were in the same boat.

“Good. I was scared that you’d return to your past self after coming back and forget the agonizing days you’ve been through the past year.”

Perhaps he had sensed my anger as he fell silent after that. All he did was flash me a smile.

“No one knows that better than me. I know what I should do. Please excuse me now. I have something to do.”

Not wanting to continue the topic, I rose to my feet and walked out of his office before he could say anything else.

An unfathomable look crossed Nicholas’ frowning face as he watched me leave.

After leaving the branch office, I went to the neighborhood that Michael used to let me live in. I did not know why I went there. My legs brought me to that area without me realizing it.

Honestly, I knew that I had not let go of the matter yet. It was impossible to let go of someone I had loved so deeply.

However, at the same time, he and his family were the reason for my change in personality. No matter how much I still loved him, I would not humble myself as I used to anymore. I would not let anyone manipulate me, nor would I ever let myself feel that helpless again.

After glancing at the house I used to live in, I turned and left. I did not return to be hesitant. By hook or by crook, I had to get my child back.

The first task I received from Nicholas since coming back to the country was to head to Michael’s company to discuss a collaboration.

At the start, I was against it. However, Nicholas managed to convince me by saying that I could not avoid meeting Michael after returning to the country.

Hence, I ended up agreeing to it and went to Joyful Success Advertisements.

When I reached the office, many employees turned to look at me. As I had worked there before, they knew who I was. Perhaps my sudden appearance puzzled them.

I then went to the reception, and when the receptionist saw me, she was baffled.

“My name is Anna Garcia, and I’m the director of Nifty Group. I’ve made an appointment with your CEO to meet at ten in the morning,” I said as she stared at me in shock.

“You’re Nifty Group’s director?”

The receptionist gasped, seemingly still in disbelief.

I frowned in displeasure at her continuous staring and said coldly, “Is there any problems with that? My secretary has already made an appointment with your CEO.”

If it were in the past, I would have explained it to her patiently, but as of then, I did not have the patience.

“N-No... I’ll inform the CEO’s secretary now...”

Seemingly sensing my vexation, the receptionist uttered that sentence hastily before calling Michael’s secretary.

Five minutes later, I arrived at the meeting room. Once upon a time, I used to work in that company for a while. Being back at the building gave me a vague sense of familiarity.

After I sat down on a chair in the meeting room, my heart lurched at the thought of meeting Michael again.

It had been a year, and I wondered if he still remembered how heartless his family was to me.

Just as I let my mind wander, someone opened the door to the meeting room. Then, a slender figure appeared in my line of sight.

Michael was wearing a pure black suit, and his handsome face was devoid of expressions. Compared to a year ago, he seemed to have become more mature and reliable. At the same time, something about the way he carried himself deterred others from coming close to him.

Even after entering the room, he did not spare a glance at me. It was as if I was nothing but air. He was as prideful as always.

“Mr. Shaw, it’s been a long time.”

Although my heart raced at the sight of him, the most intense emotion I felt was resentment. It was especially so when I thought about how he had fled overseas to hide for the sake of getting a divorce from me.

I wondered how he felt when he saw me again.

Nevertheless, I kept a mocking smile on my lips as I stared at him frostily.

Upon hearing my voice, Michael visibly jerked before turning around to look at me in surprise.

“Anna, it’s you!”

He then strode toward me and put his hands on my shoulders.

His voice was so excited that it seemed as though he was thrilled to see me.

Still, I stared at him in utter indifference. The man before me appeared in my dreams every night for the past year, but I felt nothing but abhorrence for him.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 400

### Meeting Michael

I pried Michael’s hands away from me and regarded him impassively.

“Why, are you disappointed to see me?”

A slight smile remained on my lips, but the words out of my mouth were chilly.

Probably sensing something amiss from my tone, Michael frowned slightly, and puzzlement showed in his gaze.

“What’s wrong, Anna? You’re finally back! Where have you been in the past year? Do you know I’d been searching for you almost every day?”

He clutched my shoulders once more, his voice carrying a touch of urgency.

At the sight of the delight and anxiety in his eyes, my heart skipped a beat. For a moment, I wobbled, but I soon remembered how I had been spending each day in torment during the past year and having daily nightmares about my child crying incessantly. At once, hatred surged within me once more.

“Searching for me? Hah! You’re the one who wished that I’d leave the most, no?”

I looked at him with mockery written all over my face.

Back then, he made up an excuse of going abroad just to have a divorce from me and had his father hand me the divorce agreement. Then, he forbade me from seeing my child after taking him away. Yet, he was brazen enough to tell me that he had been searching for me every day. I could not help but wonder why he did not find his own words ridiculous.

“What are you talking about? Do you know that I thought I was dreaming when I saw you earlier? Even in my dreams, I’d hoped that you would return to my side every single day. But now, you’re finally back! From now on, I’ll never allow you to leave me again!” Michael gushed emotionally.

In the next second, he yanked on my hand and pulled me into his embrace.

As the unique fragrance wafting off him entered my nostrils, my heart raced. He still smelled as good as before.

In the next second, I pushed him away forcefully and stared at him without a shred of emotion on my face. “That’s enough. You don’t need to put on a show here. I’m here to discuss business dealings with you today, Mr. Shaw.”

Straightening my somewhat rumpled clothes, I sat down in a nearby seat and eyed him dispassionately.

Having been shoved away, Michael stared at me in incredulity. His hands remained suspended in midair, and his eyes brimmed with disappointment.

“Where have you been in the past year? Why couldn’t I contact you? I want an explanation on all that,” he demanded accusatorily in a thundering voice while looking down at me after striding over.

I was stunned for a moment following his bellow. For a split second, I had an illusion that my departure had seemingly hurt him. However, I swiftly jolted back to reality, remembering that my hellish days in the past year were all thanks to him and his family.

Refusing to back down, I lifted my head and stared impassively into his eyes. “Is that any of your business? Please don’t forget that there’s nothing between us now. We’re just strangers!”

He had no right to question me when he had hurt me so much.

“Your guts have grown considerably in the year you’ve been away, Anna! You left for a year without a single word. Now that we’ve met again, you don’t bother explaining things and are even giving me attitude!”

Michael leaned down and propped his hands on the table behind me, his ebony eyes ablaze with fury.

When I saw his furious expression, my heart lurched. In the past, I was most afraid of his wrath. Surprisingly, I was still a tad intimidated to see the rage blazing in his eyes even a year later.

However, he had no grounds to be angry at me. He was the one who hurt me, so even if one of us should flip our lid, it ought to be me. The nerve of him to get into a snit when I had not!

“Michael, it’s working hours now, so I don’t want to discuss personal matters with you. As I said earlier, I’m here for the business dealings!”

I tried my best to ignore the trace of panic within me, locking eyes with him calmly and speaking in an even voice.

“Business dealings? What kind of business do you have to discuss with me?”

Likely realizing that he had been too emotional, Michael inhaled deeply and suppressed the anger within him. He sat down across from me, his voice indifferent though the fury in his eyes as he looked at me blazed all the hotter.

“This is my name card, Mr. Shaw.”

Composing myself, I slid my name card over to him. Then, I continued regarding him coolly.

His brows furrowing slightly, he threw me a chagrined look. Still, he took it. The moment he saw the details printed on it, the crease of his brows instantly deepened.

“Nifty Group? When did you start working for this company?”

Michael placed the name card on the table, his voice again colored by accusation as he spoke.

“That has nothing to do with you. It’s my personal affair. My purpose in coming today is actually to inform you that Nifty Group wants to get involved in the domestic market. As we heard that Joyful Success has already monopolized the entire advertisement industry, naturally, we have to start with Joyful Success if we want to gain a firm foothold.”

It was all thanks to the Shaw family that I started working for Nifty Group. If I had not chased after Lincoln’s car that day, I would not have been hit by a car, much less leave my child for a whole year in order to get him back.

“What do you mean by that? I’ve already monopolized Avenport, so it’s clear as day that Nifty Group wants to go against me when it establishes a branch office within the country at such a time. Is that not so?”

After hearing that, Michael narrowed his eyes into slits, and his voice turned notably colder.

“You can look at it that way, Mr. Shaw. Of course, the establishment of Nifty Group in the country will cause many of your clients to switch sides.”

Michael was astute, and as expected of someone who had been in the corporate world for many years, he grasped the stakes right away.

Nonetheless, I had expected him to surmise all that. After all, he could not possibly lead such a massive company if he failed to perceive such a trivial matter.

“How are you so confident that you can replace Joyful Success when your company had just established an office locally? That’s a pipe dream.” Michael sneered.

Nonchalance was etched on his face, making it abundantly clear that he was not taking Nifty Group seriously.

Indeed, only a handful of people were his match in the corporate world, but I did not think Nicholas was necessarily inferior to him. Instead, I felt that they were likely equally matched in terms of capability.

If it were anyone else backing me up, I definitely would not have the confidence to make such a statement, but the person standing behind me was Nicholas. He said he would help me get my son back, so I must trust him.

“You’ll know soon enough whether it’s a pipe dream, Mr. Shaw. Never underestimate Nifty Group or the resolution of someone determined to overthrow the Shaw family!”

My hands that were on my sides clenched into fists. At the thought that my child was still with the Shaw family then, the detestation within me bubbled once more.