

## Chapter 96 Suffering From Her Absence

Jonathan had long expected that Hannah and Jacob would divorce. However, he did not expect Jacob to drag his wife and daughter into the public eye in such a despicable manner.

After seeing the article, his first thought was to give Michaela a call.

However, she did not answer his call for a long time. When she finally answered, she told Jonathan that she would not be returning to Shappiray Mansion but would go home to keep her mother company.

Michaela had good reasons for doing that. Hannah needed someone by her side at this moment. Therefore, having Michaela by her side would comfort her.

When Jonathan heard Michaela's hoarse voice, he suspected that she had been crying. However, before he could ask anything, the woman had already hung up the call.

He sent numerous WhatsApp messages to express his concern, but she only replied with "Thank you, Mr. Jonathan" and nothing else.

Her response made Jonathan feel down in the dumps.

He considered for a moment and decided to call Walter over. Since he would be alone if he returned home at night, he decided to call for a video conference and asked each subsidiary company to assign someone to present a report on its status. The video conference proceeded until eight o'clock at night before Walter advised Jonathan to end it.

Walter did not know the reason behind Jonathan's behavior and had nothing to say when everyone looked at him with confusion about their boss' attitude.

He thought to himself. Ms. Michaela, what did you do this time? Since you made Mr. Xander sad, he is making us suffer. Such a cycle of suffering is too hard to bear.

Jonathan remained glum on the way home. Walter felt troubled to see him like this. I wonder what's going on... But it's not like I have the guts to ask anyway. Being an assistant is difficult enough, but being Mr. Xander's assistant is even harder!

When they arrived at the Shappiray Mansion, they saw Vincent sitting on a couch, covered with a blanket while watching TV. Seeing Jonathan entering the living room, Vincent glanced behind the man and asked, "Where's Mich? Why didn't she come home with you?"

"She's returned to her home to accompany Mdm. Simmons," Jonathan answered flatly with a sullen look.

Walter suddenly understood why Jonathan was depressed.

Seriously? This is why he was depressed? Goodness, it's not like Ms. Michaela abandoned him. Why does he have to look as if she had broken up with him?

Walter felt like he should get insurance when he had the time. He was concerned that he would suffer a heart attack from dealing with Jonathan's unpredictable moods.

Hearing Jonathan, Vincent nodded and pulled out a tissue to wipe away his snot. "That's understandable. Mich's presence would comfort Mdm. Simmons at such moment."

"What's wrong with you?" Jonathan asked despite knowing the answer.

He did not see Vincent when he sent Michaela to work in the morning. As such, he thought Vincent had left and was surprised to find him here.

Jonathan remembered what Vincent did last night and felt an intense urge to strangle him.

On the other hand, Vincent had blacked out from drinking last night and was unaware of what Jonathan was thinking. He thought Jonathan was asking out of concern for him and sniffled before saying, "I caught a cold! I drank too much last night and woke up at midnight to find myself soaked in cold water. It was freezing!"

"You should drink less next time then," Jonathan replied.

Wayne was walking out of the kitchen with a cup of ginger tea when he heard Jonathan and nearly dropped the cup.

Weren't you the one who ordered a cold bath to sober up Mr. Sullivan? How can you behave so calmly and composed? Don't you feel any shame? If Mr. Sullivan doesn't wise up, I'm afraid he will die by Mr. Xander's hand one day.

"Oh, Jonathan. Hearing your concern for me makes me think that getting the cold is worth it!" Vincent was touched to hear Jonathan's concern for him. With snot dripping from his nose, he was completely unaware that the person who caused him to catch a cold was right in front of him.

Wayne could not help but feel concerned about Vincent's intelligence. He quickly brought the ginger tea to Vincent and said, "Mr. Sullivan, please drink this while it's warm."

"Thank you, Wayne," Vincent replied.

He was delighted with the treatment he got from Jonathan. Ah, it seems love can change someone. Even Jonathan learned to show concern for me. It's such a wonderful feeling!

"Have you informed your parents that you are staying at my place?" Jonathan asked.

The sensitive topic caused Vincent to choke on his ginger tea.

He coughed for some time before saying indignantly, "I went home before this. My father saw that I had caught a cold and chased me out of the house again. He told me not to come home until I have recovered."

"Why?" Jonathan asked.

Snot kept dripping from Vincent's nose, so he wiped it as he answered, "My father said I could spread the cold to his wife! Jonathan, do you think there's a possibility that I was adopted? How could my own father say that to me?"

"Who knows, it might be true," Jonathan muttered softly.

"What did you say?" Vincent sniffled again and did not hear what Jonathan said.

Jonathan pulled a few tissues and stuffed them into Vincent's hand. "You should wipe your snot properly. It's bad to leave them in your brain."

It could oppress your intelligence.

Feeling much better after his conversation with Vincent, Jonathan decided not to continue verbally sniping his friend.

Soon, used tissues filled with Vincent's snot piled up before him. Jonathan knitted his brow disdainfully.

He suppressed the urge to chase his friend out of his house. Getting to his feet, he told Vincent to get a good rest before heading to the backyard.

After watching Jonathan walking away, Vincent grinned at Wayne and said, "Wayne, don't you feel that Jonathan is different after entering a romantic relationship?"

"Is that so?" Wayne remained expressionless as he said, "He seems no different from before."

The words that came out of his mouth is as foul as usual.

Just then, Wayne's phone vibrated. He took Vincent's empty cup to the kitchen and glanced at his phone, only to see that it was a message from Jonathan.

Although the message was short, it fully expressed Jonathan's despicable character.

The text read: Make sure to disinfect the places Vincent went!

Wayne glanced at Vincent from afar with pity. Then, he quickly texted: Yes, Mr. Xander.

It wasn't before long that Jonathan's mood turned glum again.

Since Michaela wasn't around, there was no one to keep him company. Silence hung around him as his footsteps echoed back at him.

Soon, the loneliness he tried so hard to suppress started to overwhelm him again.

It wouldn't have felt so bad if he had never experienced love. Now that he was alone, every second felt like torture.

Jonathan could almost see Michaela's petite figure standing before him. He remembered how she looked when furious, shy, or obedient. There were times when she would even be as sly as a fox.

He missed every side of her.

Although he knew it was not the right time, he could not resist calling Michaela on her phone.

At the moment, Michaela and her mother had just finished moving their luggage from Haversville Pavillion to the Simmons residence.

Michaela was helping her mother hang her clothes in the bedroom when she heard her phone ringing. She guessed it was a call from Jonathan and sneaked a glance at her mother. Seeing that her mother was too busy to pay attention, Michaela left to answer the call. "Mr. Jonathan."

"Mich, have you had dinner?" Jonathan sounded raspy on the phone, which in turn made him seem even more seductive.

"Yeah, we ate out and are now unpacking our clothes in the Simmons residence," Michaela replied.

After what Jacob did, it was understandable that Hannah wanted a change of environment to collect her thoughts.

"How is Mdm. Simmons?" Jonathan asked.

"She's doing okay. Mr. Jonathan, your voice sounds hoarse. Are you having a cold?" she asked.

Hearing Michaela's concern for him instantly comforted Jonathan's lonely heart. He could not resist smiling and said in a low and magnetic voice, "Mich, I don't have a cold, but I do miss you. My heart feels empty without you here with me."