

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 15

### Chapter 15 Abortion

I lied on the surgery bed, legs wide opened while the ice-cold steel tools and machines worked their ways in my body, I could feel myself hearing a baby's cry.

The doctor said, a 3 month old baby already has human form.

When she told me it was done, a single tear rolled down my cheeks.

"You are not any different from just giving birth, remember to take warm bathes instead of cold. Rest for a month, if not you develop a weak body." The doctor informed.

"Thanks, doc." I said.

Trested at home for a few days. Lance's assistant called me and said that he was back and needed me to go back to work. I need to at least rest for 7 day, but yet I had to go back work just after a few days. "

And the person who forced me to go back to work is my aborted child's biological father, how ironic.

But I didn't know, could I still stand his bully after this?

Before I went out, I put on some makeup to cover up my pale face.

When I reached the office, Lance's female assistant Wendy pulled my wrist and said in a panic: "Jennie, why are so slow? Boss and the rest of the designers are all waiting for you in the meeting room! Boss is kind of mad right now."

I followed Wendy. When she opened the door, Lance glared at me.

He said to Wendy: "Inform the finance department to deduct Jennie Gomez's salary for this month completely."

All of the designers looked at me with pity in their faces. As designers, we survive on project and monthly salaries, without it, we can't survive.

I stared at Lance and said coldly: "I was sick, I applied leave from your assistant."

After that, I sat down at a place furthest away from Lance and didn't look at him anymore.

"Not happy? Do you think this is your company? Do you think you can come and not come whenever you want and even make all of us wait for you?" Lance was obviously

not happy with my attitude and smashed the pen in his hands on the table. The pen bounced back and knocked on my forehead. Ouch.

I massaged my forehead and looked up at him without emotions. I picked up the pen and handed it to him: "I won't be late again, I apologize."

I didn't want everyone in the meeting room to see me as a joke and resorted to apologize to get this over with.

Lance acknowledged my surrender and didn't bully me any further.

The meeting started and Lance reported that the Mason's company was currently slowly transferring to different type of business, therefore he was prioritized this project very much.

Lawrence was the main designer for this project while I assisted him. This really wasn't my area of profession yet Lance forced me into it.

My instincts told me this must be Lance's plan to punish me. He would wait until I do something wrong and throw me into jail. This was how evil he was to me.

The meeting ended after around 45 minutes and everyone left the room. Since Lance's and I were working in the same office, we walked together but I walked behind him, keeping a huge distant between us. I guessed there were a lot of people confused about my relationship with Lance.

Why would a small designer like me work in the same office as the boss?

Reaching Lance's office, I continued straight into my place. Lance suddenly stopped me.

I turned around. "Yes, boss?"

Lance nodded and said in a low voice: "Come to side of the office."

I followed him in and I saw Wendy sitting on the table outside, smiling at me. The smile was a little odd.....

Lance sat at the corner of his desk. Without his permission, I dared not sit too. So I stood in front of him.

Lance's eyes travelled up and down my body, making me really uncomfortable.

"My assistant said you were very sick? How serious was it?" Lance asked, while taking out an expensive looking cigar from his drawer.

I nodded and answered his question. "Yes, I was really sick so I rested for a few days."

Lance put the cigar in his lips and gestured me to come over. I went over to him. He pointed at the lighter on the desk and commanded: "Light it up for me."

I picked up the lighter and bent down a little, lighting his cigar for him.

He sucked in a big breath and released the smoke all over on my face. I immediately

I am born with mild chronic bronchitis, this smoke made me really uncomfortable and sick.