

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 316

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Chapter 316 Michael Injured

“I’ll make certain that every single person who hurt you pays the price!”

Michael’s hands balled into fists with popping sounds, sounding rather bloodcurdling.

When he shifted his gaze back to the men in front of him, the chilliness in his eyes turned increasingly pronounced, and I could even sense that he wanted to kill them.

I had always harbored an inexplicable sense of faith in him. While he was facing so many people, I still couldn’t help trusting him after hearing his remark earlier. I believed in his capability and had every confidence that there was nothing he couldn’t resolve in this world.

“How impudent of you! You only got me because I was careless earlier! Now, I’m going to teach you a lesson!” snarled the man whom Michael defeated earlier.

He stared into Michael’s eyes with resentment written all over his face, the fury within his eyes bursting into life once again.

“Well, that depends on whether you’ve got the ability to do so. Since you dared to make a move against my woman, you must pay a steep price!”

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With a tense face, Michael pinned his dark and ominous gaze on the few men before him while exuding a suffocating aura.

The man probably didn’t expect him to have the guts to talk back when he was outnumbered, for he immediately went ballistic and barked at the men behind him, “Why the hell are the lot of you still standing there, twiddling your thumbs? Get him! I want him to be pummeled to within an inch of his life!”

As soon as his words rang out, the men behind him charged forward. They surrounded Michael and started raining punches upon him.

My heart clenched tightly. Can he really fight so many people at once?

A short distance away, Emma was likewise stricken as she hid in the corner when she saw the men hitting Michael. I knew that she had feelings for him and naturally didn't want to see him hurt. But if she were to order them at such a time, his attention would undoubtedly shift to her. And once he realized that it was her doing, he would never let her off the hook.

I initially thought that Michael would be hurt, but there wasn't a hint of panic on his face despite a few men attacking him at the same time. He deftly dodged their attacks and struck them mercilessly. In doing so, he put a lot of strength into it and hit them at the weakest parts of the human body. Soon, the five or six men were all groaning on the ground, seemingly in excruciating agony.

I had never seen him fight and had always thought that he was a mature man who would never do so. That day, however, gave me a new understanding of him. His look when he brawled had a feral allure compared to his usual aloofness.

Even though I had just experienced such a horrific incident of having almost been violated, I was entirely at ease right then. Michael is so powerful that the men here aren't his match at all. We'll definitely be able to leave safely!

There were still two men standing. One of them was the man who was first beaten by Michael. When he saw Michael defeating the few of them without sustaining any injuries, fear crept onto his face.

"I didn't expect you to have such good fighting skills that you could beat a few of us alone. Anyhow, you shouldn't be poking your nose into this when there's no beef between us. If you leave now, I'll just pretend that nothing ever happened. But if you want to continue making trouble here, we're no easy prey either!"

Upon seeing the unfavorable situation, the man wanted Michael to leave. Nonetheless, he couldn't lower himself to say that, thus feigned benevolence.

At that, a sneer tugged at Michael's lips. Then, he proclaimed in an icy voice, "If you don't have Alzheimer's, you should remember me saying that she's my woman! Having made a move against my woman, you should be the ones begging for mercy!"

His low and deep voice radiated arrogance, making it painfully clear that he wasn't at all intimidated by the man before him.

The man initially wanted to use that opportunity to recoup his dignity, but his gaze turned vicious again when Michael gave him no leave. "It seems

that you're adamant about making an enemy of us. In that case, don't blame us for showing you no mercy!"

After saying that, he whipped out a knife from his pocket and pointed it at Michael. His gaze was already colored with murder at that moment.

The rest of the men got up from the ground, swaying on their feet. They, too, fished out knives from their pockets. From the look of things, they carried them around all the time.

In the end, six or seven men pointed a knife at Michael. At that sight, I couldn't help sucking in a breath. If they were merely fighting barehanded, Michael would only suffer a blow or two at most, even if he were injured. Now, however, they all have knives in their hands while Michael has no weapon. If he were slashed by a knife, the consequences would be disastrous!

With my heart in my throat, I kept my eyes firmly on the few men circling Michael, watching as the knife swiped past him every single time. Never had I been that afraid in my entire life. Verily, I was scared that something would happen to him.

Though he's extremely skilled, all who surround him now hold knives in their hands. Naturally, it was far more difficult for Michael to deal with them at present. They all rushed at him, but no fear showed on his face. Instead, his gaze turned all the colder.

As he dodged their knives, he looked for opportunities to attack them. In that short time, the few men couldn't inflict any injury on him either.

At that precise moment, the leader threw a look at the man beside him. The man instantly understood his meaning and charged at Michael.

Michael snorted, not in the least bit perturbed about the man. Turning his body sideways, he dodged the attack. In the next second, he grabbed the man's wrist and twisted hard. A snap rang out, and the man's arm was probably fractured.

It was then that the leader seized the opportunity to stab Michael in the back. Fortunately, Michael reacted quickly and dodged. While he wasn't wounded fatally, the knife sliced deeply across his arm.

"Michael!"

As the blood gushing out of Michael's arm ran down his hand in rivulets and dripped onto the floor, I cried out his name in agony. At that very moment, it felt as though the knife stabbed me through the heart.

I struggled up from the table to rush over to him and check the severity of his injury.

“Stay back!”

Michael seemed to have noticed my intention, for his brows furrowed even as he bellowed that to me.

At once, I stood frozen to the spot, aware that he was worried that I would be in danger if I were to go over. At the same time, it would only hold him back since he would have to divide his attention to protect me.

Regardless, I felt truly discomfited to see blood flowing down his arm and dripping down his fingers. If it weren't for me, he wouldn't have gotten hurt! This is all my fault!

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Chapter 317 An Inflamed Michael

Sheer guilt and regret weighed me down as I took the blame upon myself. It's all because of me that Michael is injured!

“Hah! You can't even protect yourself right now, yet you're still concerned about that woman?”

A sneer manifested on the face of the leader when he saw that Michael was still worried about me at such a time. And now that Michael was injured, he wasn't afraid of him anymore.

“Do you think that you can really defeat me with just the lot of you? You've completely pissed me off!”

Michael's jet-black eyes were turbulent, and the coldness in them rendered him just like Grim Reaper in the dead of night. With just a single look at him, one's blood would inevitably run cold.

Upon hearing his brazen remark, the men's expression changed. But still, they didn't respond further to that.

Michael maintained his silence as well. He bent slightly and picked up a knife from the ground. Then, he stood there quietly while exuding a wintry aura all over.

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"Why have you all stopped? Go and get him!" the leader roared at the men behind him when he saw that his men were all stunned.

At that moment, I glimpsed a flash of panic on his face.

They had been fighting for a long time earlier, but he only managed to graze Michael by sneaking up on him. Hence, he started worrying that he wouldn't be able to wound him anymore now that Michael had a knife in hand.

Michael's gaze was exceedingly chilly. Striding right up to them while avoiding their knives, he stabbed the knife into their arms instead.

His incensed expression was both ferocious and bloodthirsty. Right then, he stabbed them without an ounce of mercy. Despite that, he still acted with his sanity intact and ensured that it wouldn't be fatal.

In no time, several men were all inflicted with stab wounds from Michael's knife while Michael's hand was also covered in blood. The men lay on the ground, groaning incessantly.

Michael then shifted his gaze to the leader, who was the only one still standing.

Thereafter, he drew closer to him step by step. By then, the man had realized that Michael was not one to be trifled with and kept backing away while trembling violently.

Meanwhile, I was presently rooted to the spot. Michael's brutal and unflinching action earlier shocked me greatly and even struck a modicum of fear within me. As far as I knew, he was at most apathetic and callous. For that reason, I began feeling as though I didn't understand him all that well after seeing him stabbing someone else without any hesitation.

"S-Stay away from me!"

The leader was scared out of his wits, and he was even stuttering as he spoke.

Nevertheless, Michael ignored him entirely and continued prowling toward the man. The knife in his hand was still dripping blood and appeared particularly gruesome.

At that instance, the leader had already reached my side. A cold gleam flickered in his eyes. In the next second, he swiftly raced over to me and placed his knife against my neck.

“Stay away! If you continue walking over, I’ll kill this woman!” he threatened coldly with his eyes trained on Michael’s tall figure.

However, there was a trace of trepidation in his voice.

While I was still spacing out earlier, terror instantly inundated me when I sensed the cold blade of the knife at my neck. I never thought that he would dare hold me hostage.

When Michael saw that, his gaze stilled. Right on the heels of that, the rage in his eyes became a blazing inferno.

“Try hurting her again if you dare!”

Michael’s hand tightened around the knife, and his voice grew all the more glacial.

“You care about her a lot, right? I’ll kill her if you come any closer! I’m not your match anyway, so I’ll just drag her down with me!”

The hand of the man who had a knife to my neck was shaking, betraying his fear that it wouldn’t work on Michael though he was holding me hostage.

“You’d better let me go. If I die, your death will definitely be even more ghastly. Michael will never let you and your family off the hook if anything happens to me. You should know his influence full well!”

It was likely that no one in the whole of Avenport was a stranger to Michael’s name. Everyone was aware of his power and knew that offending him would result in spending the rest of their days in abject misery.

“Michael? Are you saying that he’s Michael Shaw?”

After hearing Michael’s name, the expression of the man holding me hostage grew increasingly terrified. He gaped at Michael in disbelief, seemingly contemplating the veracity of my claim.

“You dared to kidnap me when you had no idea who he was? You’re really ballsy. Are you sick of living?” I remarked, enduring the terror within me.

The look in the man’s eyes turned progressively horrified as he stared at Michael. Seeing that, I knew that my words had worked.

Mounting frantic showed in his expression. By then, he was already certain that the man standing in front of him was Michael and knew that it

certainly wouldn't end well for him after having offended the man. Nonetheless, he no longer had a way out.

A myriad of expressions flickered across his face, but he promptly regained his composure. At the same time, the knife at my neck dug deeper. Sensing a stinging pain, I knew that he must have cut me.

The moment Michael saw blood on my neck, murder brewed in his eyes as he regarded the man.

"How dare you hurt my woman? I'll make certain that you pay the price!"

Michael wanted to rush forward after saying that, but I was still being held hostage by the man. Unsurprisingly, the man's confidence also skyrocketed.

"Okay, I'll just take your woman with me! Oh yes, I even heard that she's pregnant. As such, I'll also have her baby keep her company in the afterlife!"

He knew that he would never be rid of Michael. Even if he could escape that day, he would have to spend the rest of his life in hiding. Thus, he decided to go all out with Michael.

Once again, Michael halted in his tracks. Of course, he wasn't afraid of the man but the possibility that the man would hurt me.

Just when I thought that he was going to capitulate, someone abruptly kicked the man, sending him flying a great distance away. The knife in his hand was also tossed away.

My eyes went wide in shock, and I was at a total loss. But as soon as I spotted Ronan behind me, I immediately understood what had happened.

Phew! It's fortunate that he came in time and ambushed the man from behind. Otherwise, Michael would be at an infinite stalemate with him.

When the man crashed to the ground, Michael strode up to him and stomped his shiny leather shoes on his hand. Hearing the sound of bones snapping, I knew he must have placed a tremendous amount of force into it.

A wail erupted from the man's throat, and he tried his best to pry Michael's leg with his other hand in a bid to ease the agony in his hand.

Alas, he had already inflamed Michael through and through just now. Hence, Michael wouldn't possibly let him off so easily. In the next second, the knife in his hand pierced the man's palm.

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Chapter 318 His Concern

At once, the man howled in agony. When I saw that bloody scene, my heart lurched, and I grew unsteady on my feet. I had never witnessed such a violent fight or seen Michael acting so ruthlessly. With some lingering fear within me, I peeked at the man who was wailing incessantly on the ground.

All color drained from my face. An ordinary woman would definitely be stricken at such a bloody scene, and I was no different.

Behind me, Ronan hastily went over to me and shielded my eyes when he noticed my pale face and trembling body.

"Don't look."

His voice was incredibly gentle. I knew that he was afraid that I would be scared, but I had already seen everything earlier. Therefore, it was too late for him to utter such a remark then.

I merely stood there without saying a single word. I didn't know what to say at that moment, and I was already shell-shocked since I had never experienced such a thing.

Only after dropping his hold on the man did Michael head toward me. By then, I had long since removed Ronan's hand from my eyes.

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When he glimpsed the blood on my neck after having gotten to me, anguish brimmed in his ebony eyes. The chilliness in his gaze previously had long since vanished without a trace.

"Does it hurt?"

His voice was a tad hoarse, yet it inexplicably filled me with a sense of warmth. Although his actions just now were extremely cruel, I knew that he only acted thus to save me. Considering the situation back then, we

wouldn't have been able to get out of here alive if he hadn't wounded those men.

"I'm fine. How are you doing? Your arm was injured earlier."

Recalling the knife grazing across Michael's arm, I started growing worried. I hurriedly lifted his arm to check the injury.

A cut of more than ten centimeters marred his arm. It was still bleeding right then and appeared rather horrifying.

"I'm fine. It's just a paltry wound that will be healed in a few days."

Despite his verbal claims of being fine, I could tell that the wound must be exceedingly painful from the slight crease of his brows. It's such a long gash that bled a lot, so it surely hurts!

As he only got injured while saving me, the guilt within me ballooned. Throwing myself into his arms, I started sobbing. I really thought that I was going to be ruined today! If he hadn't shown up, I probably wouldn't even have the courage to continue living!

Michael stiffened for a moment before he hugged me tightly in return. Beside me, Ronan lowered his eyes in dejection at the sight of us locked in an embrace and turned his face away.

After crying my heart out, I wiggled out of Michael's arms.

Since Michael's hands were covered in blood, he didn't wipe my tears for me. Nonetheless, I could sense his distress from the look in his eyes. He must be feeling exceedingly guilty as well that such an incident befell me today.

Sniffing, I perfunctorily wiped my tears with the back of my hand and flashed him a smile to reassure him that I was well.

Only then did Michael's heart that had been lodged in his throat finally settle back into his chest. Subsequently, his gaze fixated on Emma a near distance away.

Hiding in the corner, she trembled violently, probably also traumatized by the bloody scene earlier.

Michael dropped his hold on me and walked toward her. The moment he caught sight of her, his gaze had turned glacial once more.

He was an incredibly astute person, so he naturally understood the significance of Emma's presence there. At the thought of everything she did, his eyes radiated a dangerous aura as he stalked toward her step by step.

Emma, on the other hand, trembled even more violently when she noticed the look in his eyes. Besides, his hands were currently coated in blood. Any woman would be terrified to behold that.

Right then, Ronan returned to my side. Something seemed to have occurred to him when he saw my tattered gown, upon which his gaze darkened.

Slipping off his jacket, he draped it over me. He usually wasn't too fond of dressing formally, so I reckoned that he was probably wearing a suit jacket that day to attend my wedding with Michael.

Truth be told, I didn't really want to accept his jacket. However, I had no choice but to relent since my gown was currently all torn, exposing much of me.

"Thank you."

I flashed him a faint smile and thanked him.

"There's no need to stand on ceremony with me. I was truly scared witless when I heard that you'd been abducted. I'm glad you're fine. Otherwise, I'd surely grieve for the rest of my life."

When Ronan spoke of my kidnapping, his gaze remained haunted with lingering fear. I could distinctly feel his concern for me, yet it had already gone beyond the boundaries of friendship.

I knew that his feelings for me hadn't changed though he didn't verbalize it. Alas, I had no way of reciprocating his feelings as Michael was the only person who occupied the space in my heart.

Dipping my head, I placidly murmured, "I'm fine."

Ronan could probably tell that I didn't want to hear such words, for he didn't say anything further despite looking a touch disappointed.

By then, Michael had already reached Emma. He bore his cold eyes into hers, chilliness emanating from his ebony eyes.

"Why are you here?"

He looked down at her as he spoke in an interrogative tone.

He had already surmised the truth, yet he was still questioning her. Emma's fear multiplied the more he acted in such a manner.

"I... I..."

She gazed into his eyes in a panic and wanted to absolve herself of all responsibility, but she couldn't even utter a single word. Her supercilious and pompous demeanor toward me earlier was gone without a trace. At that instance, guilt was all that was left within her.

"Emma, you've been challenging my patience time and again! And you're now so ballsy that you even dared to kidnap my woman!"

Michael's chest heaved with rage when he received no response from her after an eternity. It was glaringly obvious that he was forcefully suppressing his wrath at that moment.

"Let me explain, Michael. It's not what you think. I really didn't want to do this at first. I just wanted to..."

Emma rushed forward and grabbed Michael's hand, no longer having the presence of mind to bother about the fact that his hand was covered in blood. All she wanted was to quickly justify herself to him.

"It's not what I think? Are you trying to play me for a fool?"

Michael was an inordinately shrewd person. As such, he could tell at a single glance that those men were working for her. Furthermore, they weren't local. Otherwise, they would have known about my relationship with him with a few well-placed inquiries. And in the whole of Avenport, no one would dare make a move against his woman.

"I'm sorry, Michael. Please don't be angry with me, okay? I just wanted to teach her a lesson. I really didn't expect things to get so bad." Emma clutched at Michael's hand tightly. Even then, she harbored no remorse and hadn't yet given up on him.

Hearing her words, I couldn't help sneering. Hah! Things have already gotten to this, yet she's still denying her role in this!

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Chapter 319 You Have Pissed Me Off Completely

“Emma, I’ve long since told you that my patience is limited. Yet, you challenged my bottom line again and again. This time, you’ve pissed me off completely!”

Michael forcefully shook off Emma’s hand. The look in his eyes as he regarded her was cold and indifferent. He never had any feelings for her, and the only thing he felt toward her was repugnance.

Emma could sense his wrath from his tone, and her gaze turned even more frantic. I could clearly see that she was trembling.

“Michael, it’s really not what you think! I only did such a thing because I love you too much. I know I’m wrong, so please forgive me this once, okay? I promise that this will never again happen in the future!”

Emma’s expression froze for a moment as she stared at the hand Michael shook off. Although Michael was downright callous in his words, she continued begging him endlessly.

She’s always high and mighty, yet she’s forever this lowly before him. Perhaps her love for him is real. However, the fact that she would do such a despicable thing just to have him proves that she’s a selfish woman through and through.

The incident whereby she ordered those few men to sully me earlier was still vivid in my mind.

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If Michael hadn’t shown up in time, I would’ve ended up being debased by those men. Therefore, no one would believe in her love when she could do such a reprehensible thing despite being a woman herself.

I walked over to Michael and eyed Emma coldly. Regardless of whether her love for him is real, my hatred of her had already gone bone-deep when she instructed those few men to force themselves on me. I’ll never forgive her for using such a deplorable method on me when she’s a woman herself!

“So, you’re regretting it now, Emma? Then, why did you not hesitate in the slightest when you ordered those men to violate me just now?”

I pinned my frosty gaze on her, the words out of my mouth undoubtedly intensifying her culpability before Michael.

When Michael heard the word “violate,” his gaze turned chilly, and his eyes glinted dangerously.

Of course, Emma knew that my remark would only infuriate Michael and put the nail in the coffin of her obtaining Michael’s forgiveness.

No sooner had my words rang out than she shrieked, “Stop spouting nonsense here, Anna! It was those men who wanted to violate you! It had nothing to do with me! Why are you shoving the blame on me?”

Emma shot daggers as though she had suffered a great injustice. If I hadn’t heard and seen it with my own eyes, I would even doubt whether I was blaming her wrongly.

However, the scene whereby she threatened me with a knife and even filmed those few men helping themselves to me with her phone remained distinctively engraved in my mind.

“Do you think there’s any use even if you were to deny it now? The men are still here, so why don’t we ask them who the mastermind was?”

Snorting, I threw her a disdainful look. Does she really think denial will still work now? There are many of them here, and they’re all aware of Michael’s influence now. Hence, they wouldn’t dare lie.

Sure enough, Emma’s expression changed after hearing that. She went silent and glared at me with hatred etched on her face. Right then, she was definitely seized by the urge to kill me.

“Do you really have to be so ruthless, Anna?”

After a lengthy silence, she finally hissed those words out through gritted teeth, her expression wintry. Her hands clenched into fists, and the loathing in her eyes grew all the more pronounced.

Conversely, I didn’t care whether she detested me. I’ve endured the many things she did to me in the past, but this time, she actually wanted to do such a despicable thing to me. As such, I will not take it lying down anymore!

“Ruthless? Emma, I didn’t take you to task even though you targeted me time and again, hurting me in various ways. Yet, you still dare to make such a claim? You know what? My patience is limited. Today, you even wanted to hurt me and the baby I’m carrying. This time, I won’t forgive you no matter what!”

I'll never let anyone who threatens the safety of my child off the hook! No matter what it takes, I want her to bear the consequences of her actions!

In the past, Emma never took my threats seriously. This time, however, she was a tad afraid since Michael was there. Her gaze teemed with panic as she glowered at me, a hint of hatred shining through.

I took a deep breath and tried my utmost best to suppress the anger burning within me since it wasn't good for the baby in my stomach. Argh! If it weren't for the sake of my child's safety, I really want to rush forward and rip her pretentious face to ribbons!

"Michael, can you really bring yourself to hurt me when I love you so much? Besides, I sacrificed a lot because of you. I just want you to spare me a look. Is that too much to ask for?"

Emma was also a quick-witted person. Knowing that I would never forgive her that day, she turned her attention back to Michael after shooting me a hateful look.

As men had a weakness to women's fragility, she wanted to put on a feeble act before him so that his heart would soften for her.

Regretfully, Michael had never been soft-hearted toward her. He merely looked at her coldly with repugnance in his eyes.

"Emma, you must pay the price since you made a move against my woman!" he asserted glacially.

Without sparing her another glance, he bent down and scooped me up before striding away.

I was initially startled by the sudden bridal carry. When I recalled that his arm was injured, anxiety instantly swamped me.

"Put me down, Michael! Your arm is injured, and it'll only bleed even more if you carry me!"

While the cut on his arm isn't fatal, it must be very deep since it bled so profusely! Thus, I was worried that his injury would worsen from carrying me.

"It's just a paltry wound, so don't worry about it."

Michael headed out with me in his arms, not at all bothered about my concern. In fact, it was as though he wasn't the one injured.

It's such a deep wound that's still bleeding, yet he doesn't even grimace. I wonder if he doesn't feel any pain.

"But your wound is still bleeding..."

Although Michael didn't seem to be in pain, I still couldn't help worrying.

"There's a cut on your neck, so I'm sending you to the hospital first."

Michael threw me a disgruntled look, making it clear as day that he wasn't going to put me down. When he glanced at the cut on my neck, anguish again manifested in his eyes.

Since he had already said as much, I could only nestle in his arms quietly and luxuriate in the warmth of his embrace. My heart was still hammering wildly at the sight of him going all out to save me just now.

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Chapter 320 An Awkward Atmosphere

It's only during the critical times that I realize how important I am to him!

I wrapped my arms around Michael's neck, feeling touched then. At that very moment, I felt that everything was worth it to be with him for the rest of my days.

Ronan followed behind us, and his gaze dimmed when he saw me snuggling into Michael's arms with bliss written all over my face. I knew that he was feeling dejected, but I only wanted to be with Michael.

Meanwhile, Emma stood frozen to the spot with her face drained of all color, saying nary a word further. While Michael didn't do anything to her then, considering his character, I believed that he wouldn't let her off easily this time because she had gone past his bottom line.

When we climbed into Michael's car, his arm was still bleeding. I looked at him in distress, wishing that I was the one injured instead. Seeing him injured while saving me, I was even more devastated than if that knife had grazed me.

Ronan drove behind our car, and we headed straight for the hospital.

It wasn't until the doctor cut off Michael's shirt and revealed his arm did I see how bad the injury was.

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The cut was at least ten centimeters long and was very deep. The doctor even said that it almost hurt the tendon, cleaning the wound with antiseptic while treating it. At the same time, another doctor treated the cut on my neck. When he cleaned the injury with antiseptic, stinging pain assailed me. My injury is insignificant, yet it's already unbearably painful. I really don't know how Michael can bear the excruciating agony when the cut on his arm is so deep.

Michael sat there expressionlessly, merely allowing the doctor to clean and suture his wound. From beginning to end, he didn't make a single sound. However, I could sense that he was holding himself in check from the sweat dotting his forehead.

When I was done, I went over to him and grasped his other hand. I looked at him in anguish, words eluding me.

"I messed up this time. I promise that such an incident will never happen again in the future."

Michael's gaze stopped on the gauze on my neck. Then, he stared into my eyes and enunciated that solemnly.

In the face of his promise, my heart skipped a beat. I didn't say anything, merely nodding seriously.

For some inexplicable reason, I was actually rather glad that such an incident transpired. If Emma hadn't kidnapped me, I wouldn't have known how important I am to him. I'd always thought that he merely likes me, but I'm now certain that he loves me!

Throughout it all, Ronan remained by our side silently. At the sight of our intimacy, he appeared rather despondent though he didn't make it obvious. After all, he knew that it wasn't the time for that.

"The incident this time was Emma's doing. How are you planning to handle it?" he subsequently questioned.

He trained his eyes on Michael, and his expression seemed rather gloomy, which was a sharp contrast from his usual sunny disposition.

"This time, I'm not going to let her off so easily anymore."

Hearing Ronan's question, Michael balled his hands into fists as wrath manifested on his face once more. I knew that Emma had enraged him to the point of no return. He had been turning a blind eye to the paltry matters in the past, but considering the severity of the incident this time, his character dictated that he wouldn't let the matter rest.

"Just tell me if you need my help."

Ronan's gaze shifted from his face to me after having obtained his answer before saying that in an impassive voice.

I knew that Ronan also wanted to get involved in the matter, but I didn't really want him to do so for my sake. It was unfair to embroil him into our affairs since I wouldn't be able to reciprocate no matter how much he did for me.

"I'll settle this matter by myself."

Michael naturally understood why Ronan wanted to get involved in such a matter. He fixated his complicated gaze on him for a brief moment before saying that placidly.

Ronan didn't insist further after his offer was turned down. However, I could tell that he was truly crestfallen then.

While I felt a smidge guilty, I reckoned that it was the best for him. I didn't want to see him fall even deeper while I couldn't do anything about it.

When we were having our wounds treated at the hospital, Michael's secretary delivered a set of clothes over since the wedding gown on me was already ripped into pieces and appeared extremely revealing.

After I had changed, Michael was also done having his wound bandaged. I then returned the jacket Ronan draped over me earlier.

"Thank you, Ronan."

Verily, I was incredibly grateful that he suddenly appeared and saved me that day. If he hadn't appeared out of the blue and sneaked up on the man who was holding me at knifepoint, Michael probably wouldn't have been able to liberate me so easily.

Furthermore, it was exceedingly dangerous there, so I was truly touched that he would come to my rescue at the risk of his life.

"Why are you being such a stranger to me? Didn't you say back then that we're friends forever?"

Ronan flashed me a bitter smile when I thanked him. His gaze dimmed as well, perchance feeling perturbed by my distant tone.

“Of course, I’ve got to thank you since you risked your life to save me today.”

In truth, I instinctively wanted to keep a distance from him as I didn’t want him to do so much for me or sacrifice too much for my sake.

“Anna, do we really have to be such strangers? Can’t we return to how we were in the past?”

Looking into my eyes, Ronan chuckled wryly, sounding rather forlorn.

Dismay inundated me to see him in such a state, yet I didn’t know how to comfort him and was at a loss for words. All I wanted to do then was to shy away.

“I’m done here, so let’s go,” Michael said to me casually after walking out of the examination room.

His sudden appearance rattled me, for I wasn’t quite sure whether he heard my conversation with Ronan just now.

He’s an incredibly possessive man, so he’ll definitely be angry if he overheard our exchange.

I cautiously studied his expression, only to see his gaze stilling on Ronan’s face for a moment before shifting away.

At that, I breathed a sigh of relief, concluding that he hadn’t heard our conversation.

“Let’s go.”

Walking over to him, I took his arm.

As Ronan stared at our linked arms, his gaze darkened. But still, he didn’t say anything in the end.

After we were done having our wounds bandaged at the hospital, Michael drove me back to the Shaw residence. Due to my abduction that day, the wedding was ruined, causing a tremendous negative impact on the Shaw family. Michael’s wedding was wrecked twice, so there was no news more explosive than that.