

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 491

Chapter 491 Being Complained About

After a few days, I had totally forgotten about Alicia. Michael didn't remind me of her too. On that particular day, I left for the hospital after finishing my breakfast. Even though I had a falling out with my parents, I couldn't abandon them, as they were still my parents at the end of the day. Therefore, I decided to drop by and see if they needed anything.

When I arrived in the ward, I saw my mom wiping my dad's face with a towel. Despite not having any major achievements in life, I couldn't deny that both of them enjoyed a loving relationship. That was one of the few things that my family could actually be proud of.

After a momentary silence, I greeted, "Dad, I'm here to visit you."

When they turned around after hearing my voice, their faces looked indifferent. It was as if they weren't happy to see me at all.

Despite their lack of enthusiasm, I had gotten used to it and didn't take it personally. Nevertheless, I couldn't help but feel disappointed.

When they didn't respond to my greeting, I walked into the ward and put the fruits beside the bed. I then remarked, "I bought some fruits. It will help with your recovery."

"What are you doing here? Didn't you say that you don't care about us anymore two days ago?"

Finally, my mom said something. Her tone was extremely unpleasant as if she was still angry over what happened.

"Mom, since when did I say that? I was talking about Steven. I didn't say that I stopped caring about you both," I patiently explained with a sigh. After all, I was well aware of how much they hated me still.

"You don't even care about your brother anymore, so why do you still care about us? Compared to us, your brother needs your help a lot more."

Instead of quelling her anger, my words triggered a sarcastic response from her.

I knew that they still blamed me for what happened to Steven.

Since they insisted on bringing up the matter up again, I chose to remain silent instead.

Sitting by the bed, I took out an apple and began peeling it for my dad.

My silence infuriated my mother further. She walked up to me and snatched the apple away from my hand and scowled, "Look at you. As long as I talk about Steven, you will just keep silent. Isn't it obvious that you don't want to help your brother? If you continue to maintain that attitude, you can stop coming here. I'm telling you upfront that we don't need a daughter like you!"

In truth, although I had expected to be treated badly during the visit, I still chose to go. Unfortunately, their attitude toward me was worse than I thought.

I took a deep breath in response. Although I had not wanted to talk about the matter, I couldn't suppress my rage anymore. Springing to my feet, I retorted with a frosty tone, "Mom, can you stop bringing that matter up? I already told you that I tried my best. Why must you keep forcing me?"

I had come to visit with good intentions but didn't expect them to treat me so badly.

"You didn't even bother to help Steven at all. How dare you claim to have tried your best?"

"Mom, I'm here today to see Dad and not here to quarrel with you. If you don't welcome me, I'll leave right away!"

I had never flared my temper at my mom before. After she recovered from her shock, her expression darkened further.

I was there to see my dad out of goodwill, for I was worried about both of them staying in the hospital alone. Nonetheless, my mom's attitude utterly infuriated me.

"Go ahead and leave. Once you go, don't you ever dare come back!"

My threats were of no use against my mom. In fact, she couldn't wait to chase me out.

Frozen at my feet, I trembled slightly as I gave my mom a look of disappointment. I felt the urge to ask her if I was truly her birth daughter and how could she treat me with such heartlessness. In fact, I already felt the words choking in my throat.

"Fine, I'll leave right now!"

Outraged, I no longer wanted to speak to my mom any further. Just when I grabbed my bag and prepared to leave, my phone suddenly rang.

I had no choice but to stop in my tracks and check.

When I saw that it was Alicia, I was shaken for a fleeting moment before I answered.

“Mrs. Campbell, it’s a surprise to hear from you.”

Despite how awkward Mrs. Campbell made me feel during our encounter, I couldn’t deny the warmth she showered upon me. Furthermore, I didn’t detect any sense of hostility from her. Thus, I answered the call with a polite smile, for it was the proper thing to do.

“Anna, I just want to ask when are you coming over to my place? Quite a few days have passed since I invited you over. As you haven’t gotten in touch with me, I decided to check in with you.”

Mrs. Campbell’s voice rang out from the phone. Even over the line, I could sense the radiance of her smile. Nevertheless, I also detected a hint of anxiety in her tone.

Now that she mentioned it, I remembered the invitation she extended to me. Back then, I didn’t think too much of it, as I assumed that she was doing so out of courtesy. Therefore, I was surprised when she made an effort to follow up.

“Mrs. Campbell, I’m sorry that I’ve forgotten, as I was too caught up with work,” I quickly explained with an embarrassed laugh.

“Don’t worry about it. I understand that you’re a busy woman.”

I had thought that someone as distinguished as her would be angry at my reply. Contrary to my expectations, she was entirely understanding of my predicament.

“In that case, are you free today? If you are, come over to my place for dinner. I’ll be cooking today.”

I assumed that she would no longer bring up the matter given that I had forgotten about it. Therefore, I was astonished by her overtures.

“Sure, I’ll let Michael know once he gets off work, and we’ll head over there together. Is that all right?”

To be honest, I had wanted to minimize my interaction with her. But since she was adamant about inviting me over, it would be really rude for me to refuse.

“All right then, I’ll send my housekeeper out to shop for ingredients right away so that I can cook up a storm for you tonight.”

Alicia was ecstatic upon hearing my agreement. Her excitement made her sound as if she was a mother who had waited for a long time for her daughter’s return.

The moment the thought flashed across my mind, I shook my head in a panic to cast it out of my mind.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 492

Chapter 492 Plans For The Night

Just as I hung up the phone, Mom's voice traveled into the ward before I could exit. "Now that you've married into a wealthy family and are living a luxurious life, won't you take pity on your brother? You have people waiting to butter you up every day, but Steven is struggling. His life is miserable."

Mom must have overheard the phone conversation just now, which explained her bitter tone. My footsteps came to a halt as I turned to look at her. Though I was seething with rage, I kept my expression blank and replied impassively, "Mom, if that's what you think, then I have nothing to say to you. I have other business to handle. I'll leave first."

No matter what I said, Mom would have a way to redirect the conversation to the fact that I refused to spoon-feed Steven. I was tired of quarreling with her. It was pointless to waste my breath arguing something I could not win.

I strode out of the ward before Mom could reply.

I was still fuming by the time I left the hospital. It bothered me that Alicia, who I barely knew, would shower me with affection when my biological mother never even spoke to me with such warmth. In times like this, I had trouble wrapping my head around the dynamics of my relationship with Mom.

At noon, I called Michael to tell him that Alicia had invited me to her house for dinner tonight. He was unfazed by the news as if he had known early on.

Fortunately, he agreed to accompany me to the dinner.

With much time to kill, I decided to visit his company and wait for him to leave work.

All of the company staff appeared to be aware of our relationship status, so they greeted me with enthusiasm—save for a few female employees.

They shied away from me, probably out of fear that I would seek revenge for all the distress they brought upon me in the past.

However, I prided myself on being magnanimous, and I didn't want to stoop to their level. Since they worked for Michael, it was only a matter of time before they got a taste of their own medicine.

Michael was focused on his work when I arrived at his office. I knew that he had a heavy workload, so I decided against disrupting his flow. Instead, I took a seat on a couch nearby, pulled out my phone, and scrolled mindlessly through the applications.

I understood that it was a nuisance to be distracted when one was in the zone, and I could tell from the tottering tower of files on his desk that he was drowning in work.

“It’s so kind of you to let me concentrate on my work,” Michael teased, breaking the silence. His eyes glimmered with amusement as he raised a brow.

“Well, would you rather I pester you all the time and stop you from working? I’ll have you know that I’ve always been understanding,” I retorted, pursing my lips to feign annoyance.

“Come here,” he ordered. A cheeky smile played on his alluring lips, indicating that he was in a pleasant mood.

“What for?”

My brows furrowed with displeasure, but I still complied and approached him.

Once I got near, Michael wrapped his fingers around my wrist and yanked me toward him. I lost my balance and fell into his lap.

My face burned with embarrassment. I moved to get up, but his arms snaked around my waist, trapping me in his embrace.

“Don’t move!” His irritated voice rang behind me. I could hear the dominance in his voice that demanded my obedience.

“Michael, what are you doing? You’re still at work! What if someone barges in here and sees us like this?” I exclaimed frantically.

I could not bear to imagine the mortification of being caught in this suggestive position.

“What are you afraid of? You’re my wife. Isn’t it natural for us to act this way?” Came Michael’s flippant reply.

My worries were insignificant in his eyes. I supposed that his nonchalant disposition was to be expected. After all, he was never one to care about how others viewed him.

“We may be married, but this sort of behavior in the company will still stir up gossip.” I tried to reason with him.

His response had left me flabbergasted, but I struggled to escape his embrace regardless.

“This is my company. Anyone who dares to gossip behind my back is asking to be fired. Anna, when will you stop being so shy? Do I have to wait for the right time and venue to be intimate with you?”

His large hand seemed to sear my waist as he tightened his grip on me. Dissatisfaction colored his voice.

Despite his cold exterior, Michael craved closeness and affection. It was a fact that I had known for ages.

I was well aware that he would become upset if I continued to act prudish, so with a resigned sigh, I relented and stopped squirming.

Realizing that I was giving in, Michael broke into a smile that reached his eyes.

He made no further advances and read through the documents with me in his arms. However, moments later, I felt something hard poking at my bottom, and the culprit seemed to come from between his legs.

After many exciting nights between the sheets with him, I knew exactly what that was. My heart beat erratically. Surely this man is not getting turned on now?

“Michael, I think I should get up. It’s probably uncomfortable to read documents with me on your lap,” I chuckled nervously as my expression stiffened. Michael’s desire was like kindling—it would burst into flames from the tiniest spark.

“Feels pretty comfortable to me,” he murmured into my ear. His voice was thick with desire, and I could feel the rumble of his chest against my back.

We had just done it last night. Not even a day had passed, and he was already itching for another round. Michael’s appetite was insatiable.

“Michael, we’re in the office...”

Anxiousness seized me. History had proven that Michael would let his second head lead him with no regard for consequences.

Even so, I had to be subtle and choose my words carefully. I knew that Michael would be irked if I rejected him bluntly.

“And what about that?” Michael shot back casually. His lips brushed against my earlobes when he spoke, sending shivers down my spine.

However, as desire surged through me, alarm bells rang in my mind.

“Michael, could you please stop it? Can’t you wait until we get home tonight?”

His hand began to wander up and down my body. My heart leaped into my throat, and I fought to speak to him conversationally.

“And what awaits me at home? Why are you being so vague?”

Michael was hell-bent on keeping up the ignorant act. He pretended confusion when in reality, he knew what I was implying.

I did not reply. My heart hammered against my ribcage as I felt the thing beneath me grow harder. I was still in Michael’s lap, and our current position only fueled my fear that he would soon succumb to lust.

“Why are you being so quiet all of a sudden? Answer me. What waits for me at home tonight?”

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 493

Chapter 493 An Awkward Scene

I still had not answered him. I naively thought that he would let it slide if I remained silent, but Michael was adamant. His hand gently squeezed my waist as he prompted me to reply.

I knew that he was having a blast seeing my flustered state. I had always been conservative when it came to physical intimacy, and Michael had no qualms about taunting me about it.

Embarrassment gave way to irritation. With a cold glare, I snapped, “You know what I mean! Stop asking me!”

He was well aware that I was shy about vocalizing anything sexual, yet he still kept prodding me to say the words. His fondness for teasing me was infuriating.

“Of course, I know what it means, but I want to hear you say it out loud. It would be so much more titillating to hear those words come out of your mouth,” he whispered suggestively.

Puffs of warm breath caressed the nape of my neck, and my heart skipped a beat.

He is doing this on purpose!

“I’m not saying it! Let me go right now. If someone comes in now and sees us like this, how are you going to maintain your reputation?” I questioned, growing more exasperated by the second.

Had we been in the comfort of our homes, I would have allowed him to do as he wished. However, we were at the company, and there were employees bustling around on the other side of the office door. I could not risk us being caught in this indecent state.

“I won’t let go! I wasn’t satisfied last night, and you still expect me to let you go right now? Impossible!” Michael whined like a petulant child as his arms tightened around me.

“We did it twice last night! How are you not satisfied? Can’t you just be normal?”

Ever since we got together that time, I realized that his lust for me had only grown more intense. I was legitimately concerned for his health if we continued with this frequency.

Although he had great libido, it was not an excuse to do it every night. Even a guy jacked up on testosterone would not be able to withstand such intensity.

“So you do know that we only did it twice last night..”

Though I had to admit that twice was not outrageous, from my understanding, having only one round of sexual intercourse was the norm for most spouses.

Yet, this man had the gall to emphasize that we “only” had two rounds. Rendered speechless by his audacity, I stared at him, deadpan.

Michael took my silence as submission. It had somehow slipped my notice, but his hand had made its way to my chest. He leaned forward and captured my lips with his own.

I heaved a sigh when I saw his aroused expression. I’ll allow him to touch or kiss me, but I can’t agree to have intercourse in the office!

Though he might not be afraid of societal judgment, I was! I would rather die than live with the shame of getting caught in the act.

Unfortunately, fate enjoyed messing with me. Just as the thought crossed my mind, I heard a knock on the door. The door swung open before Michael could respond, and in walked Jackson.

Jackson froze on the spot when his gaze landed on our entangled limbs. The blood in my veins turned to ice as my worst fear came true.

My body went rigid, and my mind went blank. The embarrassment was worse than I had imagined.

“Get out and don’t come back for an hour!” Michael roared from behind me.

He emanated an air of menace. If looks could kill, Jackson would be dead by now.

Interrupting in his boss' naughty time was probably a first for Jackson. Stupefied, it took him several moments to regain his senses and flee the room.

The door slammed shut behind him, leaving the two of us some belated privacy. Though Jackson had already left, I was still drowning in mortification.

Michael, on the other hand, appeared unperturbed. His hand explored my body, leaving a trail of fire wherever his skin touched mine. Jackson's stunned expression flashed across my mind, and I slapped Michael's hand away. My cheeks were tinged with pink as I glowered at him.

"Behave! Didn't you see someone come in just now?"

Getting caught by Michael's secretary was an absolute nightmare. I wished that the ground would open up and swallow me.

"That was just an accident. No one will come in from now on," Michael reassured.

The corners of his lips tilted upward in a seductive smile. It was evident that he was unaffected by the interruption, unlike me, who was busy worrying about all the awkward encounters with Jackson in the future.

"Let go of me! I'll get mad if you continue being so stubborn," I warned.

Not only was I not in the mood to get intimate, but I could also feel the anger brewing within me.

I thought that he would understand the gravity of the situation and respect my request, but instead, Michael leaned forward and shut me up with his lips.

In one swift move, Michael swept all the documents off his desk. He pinned me onto the table and kissed me as if he were trying to devour me. The kiss escalated into something possessive and passionate. His unique scent enveloped me, and I could taste him on my tongue.

"You can moan if you want. You don't have to hold it in," Michael encouraged.

His lips curved into a smirk, and I could see the devilish glint in his eyes.

Annoyed by his crude remark, I shot daggers at him. Unfortunately, to Michael, my glare resembled a coy look of invitation.

"Michael, you are shameless!"

I fought the natural urge to moan and scowled at Michael. How am I supposed to look everyone in the eye when I leave here?

Michael paid no heed to my discomfort. He simply glanced at me and began to pepper kisses down my neck.

My neck was a sensitive spot. Soon enough, my brain stopped functioning as I became intoxicated by his kisses. Whimpers escaped my lips and filled the air.

Michael finished on the dot. He had told Jackson to be back after an hour, and he spent a good fifty minutes engaging in the act. Exhausted, I smoothed out my disheveled clothes in a pathetic attempt to look presentable. My body was still quivering from the after-effects of the hour.

There was a sharp rap on the door, followed by a tense silence as the person quietly waited outside. Only after Michael gave his permission did the visitor walk in.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 494

Chapter 494 A Pleasant Surprise

Jackson came in, took a glance at me, and cleared his throat. His reaction made me feel even more embarrassed. I wished I could bury my head in the sand when I recalled how he bumped into Michael and I when we were kissing.

“Say what you want to say, and get out!” Michael expressed his dismay when he noticed Jackson kept staring at me. Jolted by Michael’s voice, Jackson instantly looked away and put down the files on Michael’s desk. “Here are the documents that need your signature.”

Jackson kept his head down. I knew he was afraid that Michael might scream at him again.

I walked away from Michael, sat on the couch, and tried to regain my composure. The only way to get over this embarrassment was for me to act as normal as I could.

Michael picked up the documents, skimmed through the content, and dropped his signature on them.

Jackson then immediately picked up the documents and left the office in a hurry.

There were only two of us left in the office. I heaved a sigh of relief, but at the same time, I felt Michael was being a little too hard on Jackson.

Jackson was only doing his job. I was sure he didn’t expect to bump into us getting intimate in the office.

Since now there were only two of us in the office, I no longer felt embarrassed. I walked up to him and sat on his lap. After wrapping my hands around his neck, I expressed my dismay. "Why did you treat Jackson like that? He didn't do anything wrong, did he? I cannot imagine the anxiousness your secretary has to deal with when he works with you."

"Didn't you notice he was staring at you all the time?" Michael raised his brows, and his expression turned grim.

Michael was a possessive man, and I could tell he was jealous. But I didn't expect him to be so petty. Why should he get mad at Jackson for looking at me?

"So what if he took a glance at me? Unless you don't want him to look at me because you think I'm hideous?" I rolled my eyes at him. I knew he was jealous, but I just wanted to tease him.

"No one else can lay their eyes on my woman, especially right after we did the monkey dance."

He was still being as arrogant as usual. It seemed he didn't take my remark to heart.

His words rendered me speechless, and I could only shake my head. I knew I'd never out-talk him if we continued to argue on this topic.

I waited for Michael the entire afternoon and left with him after his working hours.

Since we were going to visit Alicia, we thought we should buy some health supplements for her instead of going empty-handed.

Alicia was not originally from Avenport, but she had a house in the city. From what I knew, she relocated here without her family.

That got me thinking. Why would a rich woman like her, who didn't need to run business for the company, come to Avenport for no reason? But of course, some things were better left unknown.

After Michael and I arrived, we pressed the doorbell. A middle-aged woman, whom I believed was the housekeeper, opened the door for us.

She asked, "Mr. Shaw and Ms. Garcia?"

She studied us from head to toe after opening the door.

"Yes, that's right," I replied with a grin.

"Come on in. Mrs. Campbell is busy in the kitchen."

The housekeeper welcomed us into the house after hearing my reply. Alicia must have told her about us.

When Michael and I were about to take our seats on the couch, Alicia came out of the kitchen and greeted us. Despite having an apron on and dressed in casual attire, she still looked elegant.

“Hello, Anna.”

Alicia immediately smiled when she saw me. She kept looking at me and held my hands.

“Thanks for having us. Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Campbell.”

I had gotten used to her enthusiasm ever since we met, so I could conceal my emotions very well.

“Not at all. I was the one who invited you over. I would be much happier if you could come every day.” She patted my hand and grinned.

Not knowing how to react to that remark, I responded with an awkward smile. How could I come to bother her every day? We’re not that close in the first place.

“All right. Please have a seat first. Make yourself comfortable too, Mr. Shaw. Please excuse me. I’m gotta go check on the soup in the kitchen.” Alicia then let go of my hands and rushed back to the kitchen.

Growing up, I had never encountered someone who treated me with such affection.

What’s going on? Why did she treat me so well? Could she have an ulterior motive?

I sat on the couch and knitted my brows as I couldn’t figure out why. I knew I was never the kind of person people would like to get close with.

“Come, have some tea.”

The housekeeper served us two cups of tea. I could feel the housekeeper was treating us exceptionally well too.

“Thank you.”

“Mrs. Campbell has been busy preparing since the afternoon. She hasn’t stepped into the kitchen in years, but this time, she said she wanted to cook for you,” The housekeeper said while taking a glance at the kitchen.

That was another pleasant surprise. I knew Alicia had been hospitable to me, but I didn't expect her to do so much for me. I didn't even know how to describe my feelings after hearing what the housekeeper said.

"Why would she cook for me though?" I gave the housekeeper an awkward smile. I wanted to know why Alicia treated me so well.

"I'm not sure about that, but she seems to be very happy every time she talks about you. I don't think Mrs. Campbell has treated her daughter like this before. She must have liked you very much," the housekeeper said with a smile.

She must be thinking that I would once again be stunned by what she said.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 495

Chapter 495 Something That Troubles Alicia

Her words rendered me speechless. For a moment, I didn't know what to say. It was weird to hear someone say that. Upon noticing how quiet I was, the housekeeper ended the conversation and went to help Alicia in the kitchen.

Only Michael and I were left in the living hall. "What's on your mind?" he asked, looking into my eyes. "Why is Mrs. Campbell so nice to me? Do you think she has an ulterior motive?"

I lifted my head to look at him quizzically. I had never had a hard time reading someone's mind like this before.

"We all do certain things for certain reasons. I'm sure she has her reason too."

After he took a glance at the kitchen, a hard glint flashed across Michael's eyes.

I continued asking, "Then, what's her motive? I've only gotten to know her recently, yet all of a sudden, she treated me as if I was a VIP. What does she want from me?"

Michael had always been good at reading people's minds, and I was desperate to hear what he had to say.

I liked hospitable and affectionate people like Alicia. She treated me as if I was her own daughter even though I knew it was impossible.

"I'm sure she must have her reason for approaching you, but I'm not sure if you want to know the truth. I believe she wouldn't do anything to harm you."

Michael glanced at me. There was still something else on his mind, but he chose not to say it. Instead, he picked up the cup and took a sip of the tea.

I frowned and gave him a confused look. I felt he knew something but kept acting like he didn't know anything.

"Are you hiding something from me? Tell me if you know it unless you enjoy seeing me confused."

Someone as careful as Michael must have sent someone to investigate Alicia. I bet he must have found out something about her but refused to tell me.

"Let Mrs. Campbell do what she wants. You just need to enjoy her hospitality, and don't overthink."

Clearly, Michael didn't want to tell me anything. He looked away right after ending that sentence.

I gave him a sullen glare. He knew something but still wanted to keep me in the dark. This is too much!

Soon, Alicia brought out all the dishes and placed them on the dining table. She then walked to me. "Come, Anna. Dinner's ready."

She held my hands and walked me to the dining table. I turned around to look at Michael, but he only had a deadpan expression on his face.

Throughout the dinner, Alicia kept advising me to eat more. Even when I was about to try the grilled fish, she reminded me to be careful with the fishbones.

"I hope you like the grilled fish I prepared. Tell me if it doesn't suit your taste. I'll cook it better the next time," Alicia said with the corners of her lips quirked up.

Tears started welling up in my eyes, but I didn't know why.

Never in my life had someone treated me this well, not even my mom. Alicia had indeed made me feel at home.

I sniffed and tried to hold my tears. It would be so embarrassing if I were to shed a tear over some grilled fish.

No matter how I tried to hide my emotions, Alicia seemed to have spotted the change in my expression.

“What’s wrong? Does it taste bad? I should talk to a chef to brush up on my culinary skills. I supposed I had lost touch with cooking since I haven’t done it in years. Sorry about it.”

Alicia felt bad and looked lost.

“No, no, no. It’s delicious. I felt touched because no one has ever been so kind to me.”

At first, I was a little suspicious of Alicia’s motive, but now, I had completely let my guard down.

The worry on her face had vanished. She wanted to say something but hesitated for a moment.

After a short pause, she asked, “Anna, can you tell me more about your childhood?”

I could tell she was eager to hear my story.

Though I was a little surprised by the question, I answered her out of courtesy. “I grew up in a village. My parents paid more attention to the boys and didn’t really care about me. They have never done what you did for me just now.”

The way Alicia cared for me might be a usual act of kindness, but to me, that was something extraordinary since I had never enjoyed such attention before.

“It looks like your parents didn’t treat you well. Have you not told me this, I would think that you have had a great childhood.”

I could sense a pang of guilt in Alicia’s voice. There were even tears in her eyes.

Though I didn’t have a pleasant childhood, it wasn’t actually that bad. I didn’t know what to do upon seeing her reaction.

“It’s all right, Mrs. Campbell. I’m used to it now.”

As a child, I used to hope that my mom would treat me better, but as I grew up, I realized that was impossible. I eventually gave up hoping and learned to move on.

Upon hearing that, Alicia started crying. She quickly wiped away her tears with her hand to conceal her emotions.

Why did she cry?

I was taken aback, and at the same time, her dramatic reaction made me feel a little awkward. I felt I shouldn’t have talked about such a topic over dinner.

I opened my mouth and asked in a gentle voice, "Are you okay, Mrs. Campbell? I didn't mean to upset you with my story."

"I'm fine. I'm sorry to hear about your childhood experience. I had a daughter, but for some reason, she was taken away from me, and I miss her very much. I wonder if she had a childhood like yours too."

I could see a complicated reaction in her facial expression when Alicia uttered those words.

For a second, words were caught in my throat, and I didn't know how to console her.

A wealthy and influential family would not simply divulge to others, but she was willing to share her family problem with me. Hence, I was quite surprised that she actually did that.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Campbell. Perhaps, a well-to-do family has adopted her, and she's living a great life now." I tried my best to comfort her.

"But unfortunately, that wasn't the case. I felt guilty, and I want to make it up to her. In fact, I've found my daughter and would like to tell her the truth. But I don't have the courage to do so. What should I do?"

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 496

Chapter 496 Hypothetical Question

I thought Mrs. Shaw would move on from the topic, but she started speaking again. Looking at her devastated gaze, I did not know how to console her. It must be hard to accept the fact that her daughter was not doing well.

"Anna, what do you think I should do? Should I tell her the truth? Perhaps I should tell her everything?" Mrs. Campbell's gaze once again fixated on me and she seemed anxious and distressed.

Stunned by her sudden questioning, I did not know how to respond. After all, I did not want to be involved in their family matter.

I was not sure what exactly happened, so I should not offer my opinion recklessly.

But seeing Mrs. Campbell's expectant eyes, I couldn't help but sympathize with her. Although she was overly enthusiastic at the beginning, she continued to treat me very well throughout dinner. In fact, her loving care made me feel the warmth and I did not want her to be sad.

“Mrs. Campbell, this is your own family matter. I’m an outsider and it is not appropriate for me to be involved.”

After serious consideration, I decided not to be involved or give my opinion on the matter.

“For example, if you are my daughter, will you forgive me because of my current condition? Will you reunite with me?”

Mrs. Campbell hurled another tough question at me. Such a hypothetical question was really impossible to answer.

Because I had never experienced it before, I could not understand what her daughter felt. Besides, I would not know how to react if I were in her daughter’s position to find out that she had a mother out of the blue.

My brows furrowed. Indeed, no matter what the reason was, it would be hard for a daughter to accept the fact that her mother had abandoned her. At least that was how I would feel.

However, I could not resist the urge to console her. At the end of the day, what I felt did not necessarily reflect what her daughter would feel. There may be a chance that her daughter might want to reunite with her.

“Of course! A daughter will surely forgive her mother no matter what.”

I smiled and answered brightly, though deep down I was diffident.

“Is that true? You will forgive me if it were you?”

After listening to my answer, Mrs. Campbell got excited immediately. She held my hand gently and I could feel her trembling hand caused by her rippling emotions.

“Of course. After all, it’s one’s mother we’re talking about. Even though she might not be able to accept it at the moment, I am sure she will be able to forgive you eventually if you give her some time.”

Once again, I smiled awkwardly and uttered something that I was not sure of.

Mrs. Campbell appeared to be satisfied with my answer. Her eyes had reddened and tears started to well up. However, she still managed to put up a smile.

Michael looked at me with mixed feelings in his eyes, but he did not say anything.

“Mrs. Campbell, let’s change the topic. How about we start eating? You have prepared so many dishes! It will be a waste if we don’t get to enjoy it.”

I looked at the dishes on the table and changed the topic immediately, refusing to continue the same conversation.

“Okay. Let’s eat! We can talk about it later.”

Perhaps Mrs. Campbell could tell that I didn’t want to continue the conversation, she stopped talking about it as well.

The meal with Mrs. Campbell was heart-warming and awkward at the same time. I guessed it was because of those hypothetical questions that she just posed to me.

After the meal, Mrs. Campbell stayed back and chatted with me. Almost all of the questions were about my childhood, but I didn’t give it much thought and treated it as a normal conversation.

The interaction with her this time made me realize that she did not have any bad intentions. Hence, I answered her questions truthfully as she asked.

As the time was about to hit ten, Michael came by my side and whispered in my ears, “It’s late. We should head back.”

In fact, I was getting rather tired but did not have the heart to interrupt Mrs. Campbell; hence, I was quite happy that Michael took the initiative to break the conversation and remind me of the time.

“It’s late already. Sorry for bothering you for such a long time, Mrs. Campbell. I think we should go. Talk to you next time?”

Glancing at my watch, I realized that it was getting really late at night. I stood up and bid goodbye to Mrs. Campbell.

“No, no, don’t mention it. I’m very happy that you can accompany me for dinner. Next time when you’re coming, let me know in advance and I will prepare something nice for you!”

Mrs. Campbell seemed to be displeased that I was about to leave, and she ignored me after that.

“All right. If I have the time, I will surely pay you a visit again.”

I smiled and accepted her offer without hesitation. However, I was merely being courteous.

When I got into Michael’s car, I was able to finally heave a sigh of relief. I was rather awkward earlier and I could not be myself. After all, I did not know her very well.

“Michael, I did not expect that a rich person like Mrs. Campbell will have such a devastating life.

Mrs. Campbell had mentioned last time that her daughter was separated from her. I was very disheartened to hear that.

When I was having the conversation with Mrs. Campbell, Michael kept quiet all the while. Hence, I couldn't help but bring up the topic again.

“Do you sympathize with Mrs. Campbell? Remember the question that she asked? Will you forgive her if you are her daughter?”

Michael did not respond to my question. He turned his head around and stared at me. His gaze was difficult to read.

“I'm not her daughter. How will I know? I was merely being courteous while consoling her. Do you not know that?”

I was taken aback by Michael's response. He should know that I was just trying to console Mrs. Campbell. She was all devastated so I had to say something to elevate her mood.

“You may think so, but Mrs. Campbell might think differently. Your answer gave her hope, and it will be pernicious if things did not pan out the way she expected.”

Michael looked at me without any facial expression, and he uttered the sentence in a complex tone.

“What do you mean? Are you trying to tell me that I shouldn't say what I said? I should not give her hope?”

Michael had been saying depressing things to me. Besides, the way he looked at me made me feel that something was bound to happen. However, I was not sure if I was imagining it.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 497

Chapter 497 Visiting The Illegitimate Daughter Of My Mother

Michael ignored my question and his gaze intensified.

“Michael, are you hiding something from me? Did you find out about something?”

I glanced at Michael and asked in a serious tone. Michael was behaving too oddly today for me to ignore.

“Nope. It’s late. Let’s go back home.”

Michael gave me one last look before diverting his attention away.

I knitted my eyebrows, obviously displeased by his answer. Michael must know something but he refused to disclose it. I was fuming with anger at the thought.

After returning to the Shaw residence, I wanted to continue pestering Michael about Mrs. Campbell’s matter. However, Michael appeared to be disinterested in having a conversation and he went to bed immediately after taking a shower.

Hence, I had no choice but to bury those thoughts. Nevertheless, I was determined to ascertain the truth, or else I would feel like an idiot.

These few days were exceptionally tiring for me. Michael was already gone by the time I woke up. Hence, I did not have the opportunity to ask him about Mrs. Campbell’s matter.

In addition, I was occupied with work and quickly forgot about my question.

After days of looking for a job, I decided to work in a small company. It was tough looking for a company that fit my requirement. Thus, I decided to work in a company that was about to close down. If I could bring the company back to life, then it would be a valuable skill worth uplifting myself with.

Everyone from the Shaw family disagreed with my choice. They were of the view that with my status in the Shaw family, I should not work at a company that was about to close down. If I wanted to, I could get any job that I wanted and there was no necessity to get myself involved in the mess.

Knowing that their intentions were genuine and kind, I could feel the warmth in my heart. However, that did not make me change my mind. I stared at Michael and he too did not stop me from doing what I wanted.

After working with the company for a few days, I found out that the company was riddled with all kinds of problems. The rectification of those problems would be insurmountable. However, I was confident that I could save the company.

During this period, I kept receiving calls and messages from Mrs. Campbell reminding me to take good care of myself.

Although it felt weird, I was grateful for her kind gesture.

Today, as I was browsing the company's reports, a young lady barged into the office suddenly. She was young and appeared to be four or five years younger than me. Armed with a pretty face, she wore a pair of sunglasses and was dressed in branded clothes. Undoubtedly, she came from a wealthy family.

I frowned at the presence of the lady who showed up abruptly. Putting aside my work, I raised my head and looked at her.

"Hello, may I know who you are?"

I spoke in a nonchalant tone while sizing her up.

"You are Anna Garcia?"

She took off her sunglasses and started scrutinizing me as well. Her eyes were full of rivalry.

"Yes I am. And you are?"

I immediately frowned upon realizing that she was here to cause trouble.

"My name is Janette Campbell. I'm looking for you!"

She stared at me scornfully and she did not even bother to hide the disdain in her eyes.

"Ms. Campbell, I don't think I know you. How can I help you?"

I had no idea who Janette was. Hence, I could confirm that we had never met before. However, my initial impression of her hateful appearance was subpar at best.

"I know that you don't know me. But I do know you. My mom came all the way here because of you. I'm here today to find out who you are!"

When Janette was speaking, her stare exuded a strong sense of hatred.

"Your mom? Who is your mom?"

I could not wrap my head around the situation. I had never met her, but she came out of nowhere and was now trying to settle the score with me.

Her name is Janette Campbell. When she mentioned her Mom, the first thing that popped into my head was Mrs. Campbell. I recalled that Mrs. Campbell mentioned that she had a daughter. Could it be her?

“Is your mom Mrs. Campbell? Are you her daughter?”

I tried to test the waters. Although I framed it in the form of a question, my tone sounded like I was certain of the answer.

“Yes. You’re asking the obvious!”

Janette glanced at me coldly as if I was feigning my confusion.

“Ms. Campbell, I’m not sure why you are here, but I am working. Please leave now.”

Even if she was Mrs. Campbell’s daughter, I had no obligation to entertain her rudeness and sense of entitlement. After all, it was office hours and she just showed up in my office unannounced. Even worse, she was finding fault with me!

“I’m here today to find out what my mother’s illegitimate daughter looks like!”

Perhaps Janette realized that I was not a person that would respond to the carrot or the stick, she started uttering audacious and unpleasant remarks. I looked up immediately and stared at her in shock, perturbed by what she just said.

“Ms. Campbell, what nonsense are you saying? Who’s your mother’s illegitimate child? Are you trying to humiliate your mother or me?”

Despite knowing Janette’s ill intentions from the beginning, I was still infuriated upon hearing her atrocious statement. Even if she was Mrs. Campbell’s daughter, her behavior was way out of line.

I had my own parents and got nothing to do with Mrs. Campbell! How could I be Mrs. Campbell’s daughter? That was preposterous!

“Humiliate you? As my Mom’s illegitimate child, she would surely take good care of you in the future. You must be feeling lucky!”

Janette was unaffected by my outburst. She continued to stare at me scornfully as if I was going to snatch her mother’s inheritance.

“Janette, you must speak with proof and evidence. If you continue to behave in such a barbaric manner, I will have to call the police!”

I stood up and slammed on the table. With my gaze fixated furiously on her, I was struggling to contain my boiling rage. Initially, I thought that I would be able to tolerate her as she was Mrs. Campbell’s daughter. However, her statement was beyond reprehensible.

“Do you think I’m speaking without any basis? If you are not my mom’s illegitimate child, why would she treat you so nicely? I heard that she even cooked for you herself! And she has been calling and messaging you every day. Why does she care so much about you? Does she not have anything better to do?”

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 498

Chapter 498 You Are The Daughter Of Alicia Campbell

I was stunned momentarily after hearing what Janette said. A trace of panic rose within my heart. I recalled how Alicia treated me nicely the first time we met. My heart skipped a beat as I heard what her daughter said.

I immediately suppressed my anxiousness and recollected myself. As I cast an indifferent look at Janette again, I noticed her gaze was filled with rage.

“Ms. Campbell, I hope you don’t say such a thing ever again! Please get this clear. I have my parents, and I am not your mom’s illegitimate child!”

I have grown up with my parents since I was a kid. They are my biological parents. How could I be Alicia’s illegitimate child? Janette must have been mistaken.

“You can’t just deny such things with words! And I came here today to tell you something. I would never approve of an illegitimate sister like you!”

She seemed to be ignoring my explanation completely. After shouting harsh words toward me, she did not give me a chance to respond as she left abruptly.

She closed the door rudely with a loud bang. I froze on the spot, devoid of expression. My mind kept thinking of what she had just said.

She said I am Alicia’s illegitimate child. How could that be possible? This must be some mistake!

However, if what she said is not valid, why did Alicia treat me so nicely from the beginning? Not only did she cook for me, but she also asked me a lot of questions about my childhood. What exactly is going on?

I was left utterly dumbfounded. Even though I had my parents, I could not help but start to suspect if what she said was right.

I did not know why but my body kept trembling incessantly. I had no idea why I was so afraid.

I had no mood to work anymore, so I took out my phone anxiously and dialed Michael's number.

My mind went blank. I had never expected such a thing would happen to me.

I wished I could ignore what Janette said. Yet, her words kept echoing in my mind.

"Are you done with work? Why are you calling me now?"

The call went through, and Michael's gentle voice appeared. However, I was not in the mood to exchange pleasantries with him.

"Michael, a girl came to my office to see me just now."

I grabbed the phone tightly and spat out those words with a mixed feeling.

"Many people go to your office to see you every day. What's so special about this girl?"

Michael still sounded casual as he spoke. He did not notice something was off with my tone.

"Her name was Janette, and she was Mrs. Campbell's daughter. She told me just now that I was Mrs. Campbell's illegitimate child."

My expression turned utterly ugly as I said that. To me, an illegitimate child sounded highly insulting.

I thought Michael would respond by saying that Janette was talking nonsense. Yet, there was a long silence from his end. I waited for him to speak, but he did not.

I felt a little uneasy with his sudden silence. I grabbed my phone and asked him, "Michael, why aren't you saying anything? Did you hear what I have just said?"

"What would you do if what she said is true?"

He finally responded after a long while. Yet, that was not the answer I wanted to hear.

"Michael, can you stop fooling around with me? You know I have my parents. How could I be Mrs. Campbell's daughter, let alone an illegitimate one?"

My expression darkened upon hearing his words. My tone turned stern as my heart filled with utter resistance.

I did not know why but Michael's words made me even more nervous than Janette's.

"Anna, it's hard to make things clear over the phone. Let's meet and talk."

Michael did not say anything else, but he asked me to meet.

My heart turned extremely troubled after he ended the call. I started to feel that what Janette said might be true. Otherwise, Michael would not act so strangely.

I have my parents. How could Mrs. Campbell be my mother? This must be a misunderstanding!

I tried to comfort myself and tried not to let this affect my mood.

Half an hour later, Michael appeared at my office. I was eager to know all the answers to my doubts.

Yet, he showed no desire to explain it to me right away. He grabbed my hand and took me out of the office. After getting into his car, I was unable to control my emotions.

“Michael, what exactly is going on? Do you know something? Why aren’t you explaining to me?”

I raised my voice as I was overwhelmed with emotions. I felt I would lose control at any second.

My gesture did not piss Michael. He stared at me with a complicated look.

“Please tell me that what Janette said was not true. This must be a misunderstanding.”

I grabbed his hand tightly, hoping he might give a negative answer.

“I had known about this a long time ago. I was worried that you could not accept it, so I didn’t tell you.”

Michael did not answer my question with a simple yes or no. However, his statement explained clearly that what Janette said was true.

Looking at his sincere eyes, I knew he was telling the truth. I felt life draining from my body. I let go of his hand and stared at him in disbelief.

“What do you mean by that? Are you telling me that what Janette said was true? How could that be? Michael, please don’t make this kind of joke with me. It is not funny at all!”

I let out an unnatural laugh. That was the only way I could express my fear and worry at the moment.

“You know I will never make this kind of joke. Anna, you are indeed Mrs. Campbell’s daughter.”

I thought Michael would hold back his words after seeing my reaction. Yet, he continued to confirm his statement with a firmer tone.

“I don’t believe it! That’s impossible! You know I have my parents. How could I be Mrs. Campbell’s daughter? That does not make any sense!”

I shouted at Michael, but I had started to believe it. I knew it was probably the fact, but I did not know how to accept it.

Michael furrowed his brows as he looked at me. His gaze filled with concerns. I still somehow hoped he would deny it. Yet, he did not say anything.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 499

Chapter 499 Not A Biological Child

“If you want to know what is going on, you will have to ask Mrs. Campbell.” Michael glanced at me calmly. Initially, I felt I should not trust Janette’s words so easily. However, since Michael also said the same thing, I knew it was true.

I did not know if I could stand the shock. It was such a drastic change in my life.

Even though I always thought my parents did not treat me well enough, I had never felt that they were not my biological parents.

“So do you want to go and ask Mrs. Campbell now?”

Seeing how I kept quiet, Michael asked again.

“I am not going. I don’t want to see anyone now. Let’s go home. My mind is a mess, and I need some time alone.”

I did not know how I could face Alicia right now. If I were her daughter, I would not be able to talk to her calmly.

Michael did not say anything. He did not force me to find out the truth. I somehow blamed him as he knew my relationship with Alicia, but he never gave me any clue.

If I had known about this, I would have kept my distance from her from the beginning.

After I went back to the Shaw residence, all the family members were in the living room. I did not greet them as I went upstairs directly. They wanted to talk to me, but I did not give them any chance to do so.

Going back to my bedroom, I locked myself in the room. I fell into silence for a long while. My mind could not stop thinking about the truth that I was Alicia's illegitimate child.

Michael cast me a glance. He was the person who knew me the best. He knew I could not take it for the moment. Hence, he did not say anything but left me alone in the bedroom.

Right now, I needed some peace to clear my thoughts. I needed to recollect myself and let my emotions ease.

I lay on the bed and kept recalling the memories between Alicia and me. She once told me that she had a daughter who lost contact with her but was found. She even asked me whether I would forgive her if I were her daughter.

Now that I thought of it, all those words were meant for me. She wanted to test my attitude.

That was exactly how a mother would treat her child. Finally, it explained why she treated me extraordinarily well from the beginning.

I could not believe how foolish I was at the time. I had sensed it was not normal for her to treat me so well, yet I did not give much thought to it. If only I had spent some effort looking into it back then, things would not be in such a mess now.

With that, I thought about it the whole afternoon. I started to calm down a little around the evening.

I got out of my room and went downstairs. Everyone was there except for Michael. Their expressions turned complicated after they saw me.

"Anna, are you all right?"

Josephine walked toward me and asked hesitatingly.

"Anna, you must not keep it to yourself if something is troubling you."

Andy approached me too and patted my shoulder gently.

I guessed Michael must have told them upon hearing their words. I bet they were as shocked as I was.

"Grandpa, Mom, I am fine. Please don't worry about me."

I displayed a faint smile at them. I did not want them to worry about me.

"I plan to go back and ask my parents about this. Please tell Michael when he comes back."

I did not want to meet Alicia as I was not ready to face her. However, I figured I should at least confirm with my parents.

I started to feel that they would not have treated me so indifferently if I were their biological daughter. Nevertheless, I still bore some hope in my heart.

I hoped all that happened today was not real. I did not want anything to do with Alicia. Even though she was nice to me, I did not want to become an illegitimate child.

"Okay. Drive safely."

Josephine looked at me with a concerned look.

Since my dad had almost recovered, they had gone back to the village.

Maybe it was because I was too anxious. It only took me slightly over two hours to reach a destination that was supposed to be four hours away.

As I had not gone back for a long time, many people greeted me once I entered the village. If it were before, I would have greeted them back one by one. However, I was not in the mood for that today.

My mom was bewildered to see me home.

"Why are you back? Aren't you busy with your work?"

My mom looked at me but there was not a trace of surprise in her gaze.

She always treated me so indifferently. It made me feel bad.

"Mom, aren't you happy that I come back to visit you? Other parents will be happy if their children come back to visit them."

I spoke with a stern tone.

"Why should I be happy? I raised you for so many years. Yet, now you are having a good life elsewhere without thinking of us!"

My mom rolled her eyes at me.

"Mom, why do you always treat me indifferently? Is it because I am not your biological daughter? Other people will think I was adopted."

I cast an indifferent look at my mom.

I deliberately said so as I wanted to know her reaction.

As expected, my mom's expression changed upon hearing that. There was a flash of complex emotion in her eyes.

"You're becoming bolder by the day. What nonsense are you talking about?"

My mom cast a displeased glare at me, but her eyes seemed evasive.

Her reaction made me even more sure about it. My heart ached even more.

"Mom, I came back today to ask you about this. Am I your biological daughter? I heard from others that I am not."

This time, I cut to the chase as I looked into my mom's eyes. I did not care about anything else as I only wanted to know the truth.

"Who did you hear that from? Who told you this kind of crap?"

My mom started to panic. She probably did not expect me to ask such a question. She did not even dare to look at me.

I had never seen her acting so guilty in my life. Now, I knew for a fact that I was indeed not her biological daughter.

"Mom, so I am not your biological daughter. Why didn't you tell me all these years?"

Even though I had expected this truth, it was hard to accept. They had been my parents for over twenty years, and suddenly, they were not. I did not think any human could take this. At least I could not.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 500

Chapter 500 Adopted From An Orphanage

"Where exactly did you hear this from? Who told you this?"

My mom did not answer my question. Her gaze turned utterly nervous.

I could see she was nervous in her heart.

"My biological mother came to see me. I have met her."

I looked at my mom in her eyes and spoke calmly.

As soon as I finished my sentence, the glass in her hand dropped onto the floor. The water splashed all over the place.

“Did you say your biological mother came to find you? How is that possible?”

My mom stared at me in disbelief.

“It doesn’t matter what you think. That is the truth.”

My expression seemed utterly composed, but my heart was already dead.

From the moment Michael told me about this, I knew it was a fact that I could not change. Yet, when I looked at my mom, a deep sorrow rose within me.

“That’s not possible. When your dad and I adopted you back then, someone from the orphanage told us clearly that you belonged to no one. Now it has been over twenty years. How could your biological mother find you?”

My mom still did not seem to believe my words. She was overwhelmed with emotions.

As I heard she mentioned the orphanage, my heart fell with a thud. So I was adopted from an orphanage.

Alicia said that she separated from her child since the latter was still very young. It turned out that she dumped me at an orphanage

Initially, I thought she had good reasons for that. However, when I heard my mom mention it, it felt as though a knife had stabbed through my heart. The pain was too much for me to bear.

I had always thought that a mother would never abandon her child no matter what.

Yet, she abandoned me at an orphanage when I was small. I did not understand why she had come back to find me after twenty years. I feel very heartbroken about it, but I also felt that the whole thing was more like a joke.

“So I am not your child. No wonder you guys treated me so indifferently. Since you guys don’t love me, why did you adopt me back then?”

I could no longer suppress my emotion as tears rolled down my cheeks.

I did not understand why they did not try to love me like their own since they had decided to adopt me.

If you don't love me, why did you adopt me?

My mom frowned tightly upon hearing my words. She walked toward the couch and sat down. A long while later, she finally opened her mouth.

"Your dad and I were married for years and did not have any child. We thought there was a problem with me, so we went to an orphanage and adopted you. We did not expect that I would get pregnant with your brother after that."

Even though my mom sounded utterly calm when she spoke, I could somehow feel her regret.

I thought she regretted the part that she adopted me. If she had gotten pregnant earlier, she would not have adopted me.

Even though she merely explained it in two sentences, I felt like a thousand needles were stabbing through my heart.

"Got it. Now I understand why you have never given me any love before. It is because I am not your child. I am indeed an adopted child."

I displayed a bitter smile as I shifted my gaze toward her. At the moment, she felt like a stranger to me.

"Anna, I know I mistreated you these years. But I think you should understand. Your brother is my child. I could not even give him enough love. How could I have more to spare for an adopted child?"

My mom looked utterly guilty, but her words made me feel really sad.

"If you didn't have enough love to spare me, you should have given me away. I tried my best to be a good daughter all those years, but all I got was this. You guys are such a big disappointment!"

She never treated me as her child, yet I treated them like my biological parents all those years. Whenever they spoke harshly to me, I would tell myself that I was the one who did not do well.

I had been persuading myself to do better so that my parents would like me. In fact, I could not even remember how many times I had told myself that. Yet, now I realize it was such a joke.

"Since your biological mother has found you, what do you plan to do? Are you going to go to her?"

My mom did not seem to blame me for my harsh behavior to my slight bewilderment. I thought she felt that she owed me even though she did not love me.

“It’s none of your business!”

I did not want to face her anymore, so I turned around and ran outside.

I ran forward with full might. My heart was filled with utter sadness. What did I do wrong? Why is everyone so cruel to me?

I thought I had suffered enough during those years. Just when I thought I could finally enjoy the fruits of my labor, I found out I was an adopted child. Why is my life such a misery?

I did not know how long I ran.

I ran until my legs could barely move. I stopped and knelt by the road. I buried my head between my legs. I did not even have the strength to cry anymore.

As the sky started to turn dark, my phone rang. I took a deep breath and took out my phone. I gasped when I saw Michael’s name on the screen.

Tears welled up in my eyes again. At this moment, he was the only one who could give me hope.

“Hello.”

I answered the call. My voice was hoarse, probably because I had just cried.

“Where are you right now?”

Michael’s voice sounded anxious. I could feel how worried he was for me.

“I am in the wheat field behind the village.”

I came to the wheat field as I did not want anyone to see my miserable state. I knew there was hardly anyone passing by this place.

“Stay right there and wait for me!”

Upon hearing my reply, Michael’s voice appeared again.

Based on his tone, I knew he most probably had come to the village. When I was about to hang up, his voice appeared again.

“Don’t hang up!”

I knew he was worried about me. That was why he asked me not to hang up. At that moment, warmth filled my heart.