

Love from My Dominant Boss

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When Ronan noticed me ignoring him, an annoyed look crept onto his face, and he yelled, "Anna, what kind of response is that? I'm talking to you!"

I frowned as my mood soured. I was not in the mood to fight with him. All I wanted was some peace.

"What happened to you? Why did you ignore me? Have I offended you in any way?"

Ronan asked as he stuck his head out of the window. He could sense that I was not being myself.

"You didn't make me mad. I just want to have some time alone. Don't follow me," I uttered without sparing him a glance.

Then, I quickened my pace.

In the past, Ronan would insist on following me, but to my surprise, he listened to me. It made me relax.

Soon, I came to a river and sat there alone. It was spacious and quiet, which was exactly what I wanted. I did not want to say nor do anything.

After I heard about Michael's engagement, it felt like someone had stuck their hand into my chest and dug my heart out. I felt hollow on the inside.

I sat there for what seemed like ages. The sky gradually darkened, but I still did not want to go home. That was a place that harbored the memories of Michael and me, so it would only make me suffer.

Once he was engaged with Emma, I would not even have the right to even fantasize about being with him anymore. Therefore, I had to learn to control myself.

At some point, Ronan appeared and came to sit by my side.

"What happened? You seem upset," he asked.

"He's getting engaged this week," I murmured as I stared at the surface of the river. It felt as if it was a reply to Ronan and a reminder to myself too.

Ronan turned around to look at me. He kept quiet, but I could see the sadness he felt for me in his eyes.

“Do you know that I was really upset when I heard that he was getting engaged earlier today?”

My eyes remained fixed to the front. It did not matter to me if Ronan would reply. To me, he was just a listener. Perhaps I would feel better after telling him the things that were bothering me.

He sighed. Then, he reached out to pull me into his arms.

“Remember that you have me no matter what. I won’t ever hurt you or make you sad.”

The determined way he said that was as if he was promising me something.

I did not know whether he was comforting me or he meant what he said but those words made my heart shudder. I was really touched.

“If only he were you...”

I thought I was strong. Not a single tear had escaped from my eyes when I heard about Michael’s engagement. Yet, my tears started falling upon hearing Ronan’s words.

“If only he were you...”

In that period of time, I could sense that Ronan’s feelings for me were genuine. Moreover, he had done so much for me. I was truly moved by him, but he was not Michael.

If Michael were him, I would’ve been the happiest person on earth, wouldn’t I?

However, the words I said hurt Ronan instead. Right as they left my lips, I could sense him tensing up as a disappointed look flashed past his face.

It was as clear as day how important Michael was to me from those words.

“I wish I were him too. That way, the one you love would be me, not the man who’s always making you sad.”

Every time I talked to Ronan, it was because Michael made me upset. I had been venting to him without considering his feelings. As it turned out, I, too, was a selfish person.

I knew Ronan had feelings for him, but I still continued to tell him about the other man I love. I guessed he must have felt sad every time he listened to me.

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have said that earlier. You’re who you are, you’re an excellent person too,” I hastily apologized when I realized my words might have hurt him.

Although I wanted to pour out my feelings, I did not want to upset the other person when I did that.

“So what if I’m excellent? I still can’t catch your attention.”

Ronan was unfazed by my praise. Normally, my praise would have made his day. Yet, he remained calm.

“You’re important to me, but I don’t like you romantically. Ronan, you’re someone who cares about me.”

Then, I hugged him. Other than Natalie, Ronan was probably another one of my best friend. He was a ray of sunshine, bringing warmth and light into my life.

“That’s enough. Can you not continue saying those words that’ll break my heart? I’ve heard them thousands of times by now,” Ronan interrupted frustratedly when he heard me clarifying our relationship.

I knew he did not like what I said, but it was the truth. He had to realize that we were not compatible. Hopefully, he would not keep sacrificing himself for me.

In the past, I would have been adamant about continuing the topic. However, I was not in the mood to talk about us.

We were silent for a long time. In the end, Ronan was the one who broke the silence.

“It is a beautiful night, and this place is quiet. Why don’t we have a drink?”

“A drink? Where would we get that?”

A drink was exactly what I wanted, but getting it would seem difficult in a place like this.

“I knew you were in a bad mood, so I’ve bought some drinks on my way here. It’s in the trunk. I’ll get it.”

It was not long since I knew Ronan, but it was as if he knew me so well. He was able to guess what I wanted to say.

“Quite the preparation. Go ahead. I’ll wait for you here,” I said after giving him a small smile.

Right as I thought Ronan would let me go and head to his car, he abruptly pecked a kiss on my forehead.

At that, my heart skipped a beat. For a moment, I was in a daze.

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By the time I came back to my senses, Ronan was gone.

He sneaked a kiss! Isn’t he getting more and more courageous? Have I been too nice and gentle to him recently?

I was unhappy about Ronan kissing me, but I was not as angry as I thought I would be.

Soon, he returned with a bag of beer. Still sitting by my side, he opened a bottle and handed it to me.

Instead of taking it, I looked at him and grumbled, “What did you do earlier?”

He froze for a second when he heard my question. In the next second, a cheeky expression crept onto his face, and he grinned.

“I kissed you. Didn’t you realize that?”

Glee was written all over his face, and for a moment, I had the urge to smack him.

“Ronan, have you forgotten what I said to you? How dare you kiss me? Are you asking for a good round of beating?”

That was simply outrageous. However, the more he acted that way, the more annoyed I was.

“I’ve liked you for such a long time. What’s wrong with me stealing a kiss? I didn’t do anything to cross the line anyway,” Ronan whined.

His words only made me angrier.

“According to your theory, if you were to have feelings for me for a few years, you’ll get to sleep with me?”

I could not understand what kind of logic he had. He has liked me for a while, so he gets to kiss me? Does he mean that if he likes me for a long time, he’ll get to sleep with me?

“If you want it, I’d do it gladly.”

My words were meant to be a retort, but it was as if the implication had gone over his head. In fact, he had even twisted the meaning of my words.

Furious, I glared at him. Right as I was about to say something, he interrupted me.

“Let me tell you a secret,” he muttered as he leaned closer to me with that same grin on his face.

I was a curious cat, so my interest was piqued by the mysterious way he said that. I wanted to find out what secrets Ronan could possibly have.

At my apparent interest, his grin widened. Leaning closer to my ear, he whispered, “I’m very good in bed. I can last a long time, and I’m big and long. If you’d like to have a go with me, I’ll be more than happy to serve you.”

“Ronan, what you need is a punch!”

The shameless words of Ronan made my face flush bright red. In the next second, I smacked my palm onto the back of his head. He is so shameless to say such things to me!

When will he ever be serious? We’re friends, so how can he say something like that?

Ronan was staring at me with a displeased expression, but he whined, “Anna, can’t you be gentler with me? I’m a handsome man. You can’t keep hitting me like this.”

“Whatever. You’re not allowed to say this to me anymore. I’ll smack you every time you do that.”

Actually, I was not angry with him. Instead, I felt awkward, for we were supposed to be friends and nothing more.

However, I knew that he loved teasing others, so he was only joking with me earlier.

“Do you have to be so cruel? If you won’t let me sleep with you, why can’t you let me just think about it?” he mumbled with a frown.

“If you say this again, Ronan, I’ll ignore you for the rest of my life.”

He’s getting more and more shameless. Even as friends, a joke like this is definitely overbearing.

“All right, all right. I won’t say it anymore. I was just joking with you.”

Noticing my anger, Ronan stopped and began apologizing to me frantically.

Nevertheless, the frown remained on my face as I kept quiet. The upsetting feeling about his words was still churning in my stomach.

“Here, let’s not talk about that anymore. Have a drink. Aren’t you in a bad mood today? I’ll drink with you until we drop.”

My silence made Ronan panic even more. It seemed like he realized he had taken the joke too far earlier.

Hearing that, I decided to let the matter go. Taking the beer from his hand, I then began gulping down the content.

I didn’t know when I had started the habit of drinking whenever I felt frustrated. Maybe I’ll end up as an alcoholic.

Knowing that I seemed to have forgiven him, Ronan sighed in relief. He then began drinking as well. Soon, the two of us finished all the beers. My alcohol tolerance was far from good; it was only two bottles before I began losing track of my surrounding.

Ronan’s face had turned red from the alcohol as well. I just realized it’s always Ronan who kept me company whenever I’m vexed about something. Honestly, I’m glad he’s around.

A long while later, both of us finished several bottles respectively. I could feel my head spinning, so I rested on Ronan’s shoulder, not wanting to move anymore.

“Ronan, I think I had too much...”

I could barely speak those words without slurring.

“Same here.”

There was a similarly drunk look on Ronan’s face. He’s no better than me.

“How are we getting home? I want to go home and sleep.”

I was drunk, and so was Ronan. Neither of us knew how we were going to make it home at that point.

“Lean on my shoulder and sleep, then. I promise I won’t do anything to you.”

Ronan tilted his head to the side as he began slurring as well.

My mind was nothing but mush, so I did not know what to say. Thus, I closed my eyes and rested instead.

However, the night by the river was freezing. At the start, the breeze felt comfortable, but soon, I began shivering.

With that, I moved closer into Ronan’s arms, trying to steal some of his warmth.

An indefinite amount of time passed, and in my drunken state, I felt someone draping a jacket over me. Ronan sobered up so quickly?

With much effort, I opened my eyes. After blinking away the blurriness, what greeted me was the sight of Michael’s face. My heart sank before I blurted out, “Ronan, I can’t believe I’m seeing you as Michael. Say, do you think I’m missing him too much?”

Then, I started laughing at myself.

The look on the man’s face darkened right after hearing my words. In fact, I could even see the rage in his eyes.

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I frowned in dissatisfaction when I felt Ronan’s coldness.

I initially wanted to say a few words in protest. However, because I felt dizzy, I held my tongue and closed my eyes to sleep.

The next day, I reluctantly opened my eyes because the sunlight caused discomfort to my eyes. I spent quite some time adapting myself to the brightness.

When I got up to change my clothes, I was surprised to find myself in my own room.

What happened? Didn't I drink with Ronan and fall asleep by the river? Why am I at home now? What transpired?

Did Ronan bring me home?

But I thought I saw Michael last night. Could it have been him?

I tried to recall how I had made my way home. However, I rejected the thought of Michael being the one who brought me home the moment it surfaced in my mind.

Since Michael was busy preparing for the engagement ceremony, I figured he didn't have time to bring me home. Besides, he couldn't possibly do it, for he didn't know I had been drinking with Ronan by the river.

In that case, there was only a probable explanation — Ronan brought me home after he sobered up.

Since the man had drunk a lot yesterday, I was surprised that he could still bring me home. As such, I couldn't help but think that I had underestimated Ronan, for he could drink like a fish.

I initially wanted to call him to thank him for his help. Nonetheless, I dismissed the thought once I realized that my phone had shut down due to a low battery percentage.

It was already past 8 a.m. when I checked the time. Since I would probably be late to work, I immediately changed my clothes and freshened up.

As I was brushing my teeth, a wave of nausea engulfed me all of a sudden. I tried to vomit but didn't end up throwing up anything.

I frowned and looked at my pale face in the mirror. Then, I heaved a sigh at the thought of me not yet sobering myself up because I had too much alcohol last night.

I couldn't help but feel curious about why I hadn't been able to hold my liquor. After all, I only had two to three bottles of beer. It was a wonder why I still felt like throwing up the next morning.

Due to time constraints, I took a cab instead of the subway. Despite that transportation change, I was still late to work.

When I arrived, Michael was standing in the office of the design department and saying something.

My heart skipped a beat uncontrollably once I saw him. Nonetheless, I concealed my emotions and lowered my head as I walked toward my desk.

However, my presence still grabbed everyone's attention because Michael was having a meeting with every staff. As if he could tell that I felt extremely uneasy, he shifted his gaze toward my face.

"I realize that many of our staff come late to work recently, particularly those from the design department!"

I was startled upon hearing it, for he was criticizing me in front of everyone.

I felt a little angry, but the feeling of sadness overruled that emotion. After maintaining my composure, I stood up and said to Michael calmly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shaw. I'll never be late to work next time."

As Michael stared at me, I lowered my head and dared not to meet his gaze.

In the past, the man wouldn't say anything if I was late. Now that he had scolded me before everyone in the design department, I wondered if it was a sign that he didn't care about our past relationship anymore.

It wasn't my intention to disregard the company's rules, merely because I used to sleep with Michael. Nonetheless, I felt hurt when he criticized me before everyone.

"From now on, whoever is late to work will have a month's bonus deducted!" he announced coldly after glancing at me.

Once the man gave the order, everyone turned their hot gazes toward me.

In this company, a month's bonus could sometimes be higher than our salaries. Hence, deducting bonuses due to lateness was a disproportionately heavy punishment.

I lowered my head and fell silent. However, tears welled in my eyes uncontrollably, for I couldn't understand his motive for doing so. Is he trying to embarrass me and force me out of the company?

"Anna, come to my office now!" Michael glanced at me again and growled out crossly.

With that, Michael walked into his office. Every staff in the design department was frightened and dared not utter a word.

Although I didn't know what he wanted to tell me, it would be something unpleasant to hear. After all, his recent attitude toward me was the clearest sign.

Meanwhile, many of them flashed me a gleeful glance, for they probably thought something terrible would ensue soon.

As I came into the CEO's office, Michael glanced at me from his desk as though he was waiting for me specifically.

"Mr. Shaw, may I know why you want to see me?"

When only a two-meter distance stood between us, I halted in my tracks and lowered my head. Besides, I tried my best to make myself calm.

"What do you think the reason is?"

Michael gazed at me aloofly and asked me back. As I looked at him, I could see his eyes beaming with anger.

"Mr. Shaw, I've already apologized for being late to work. I promise not to repeat it. Please give me a chance."

Since he had embarrassed me in front of all my colleagues over my tardiness, my first thought was that he wanted to continue scolding me.

"Why do you always get drunk recently? Do you think you can be late to work just because you've drunk too much?" Michael questioned furiously.

My heart lurched upon hearing it. I looked at Michael shockingly and wondered how he knew I had been late because I was hungover.

"How... how did you know?"

I frowned, feeling at a loss. Given that I had drunk with Ronan last night, he was supposedly the only one who knew it.

"You reek with alcohol! Do you think no one will notice it? Anna, you're the staff of my company. I don't want my staff to have a messy private life!" Michael said coldly and gave me a look of reproach.

As I was already in a bad mood, his accusation about my private life hurt me even more.

“Messy private life? Am I a promiscuous woman in your eyes? Don’t you know why I drank last night? It was because you and Emma are about to get engaged! Michael, have you ever truly cared about my feelings?”

With that, I laughed bitterly and glanced at the man. A moment later, tears welled up in my eyes, for I didn’t wish to hold in my emotions anymore. I felt incredibly drained after faking my feelings every day.

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Michael froze when he realized that I was emotional. He frowned deeply and stared at me for a long time but didn’t utter a word.

Meanwhile, I met his gaze squarely. Michael would probably think that I wanted to be with him out of sincerity or the need to get money. No matter what he thought of me, I didn’t care and only wished to vent my feelings at him at that moment.

“Anna, what do you mean when you say such things? Do you want to continue to be with me?”

Michael’s eyes were unreadable. Besides, his flat tone of voice made it difficult for me to guess if he was delighted or furious.

He used to warn me many times that we were merely friends with benefits. Also, he reminded me that I shouldn’t have any expectations nor feelings for him. However, my words clearly revealed that I was fond of him.

My heart raced because I was unsure how to answer him. I was afraid that I could hardly convince him nor myself if I told him that I wished to end our relationship. After all, I truly liked him.

I wanted to open my mouth to say something, but a sudden wave of nausea overcame me.

I couldn’t help but bend down and retched. The next moment, I quickly ran out of the office.

Given that Michael was germophobic, I could imagine that he would break down mentally if I vomited in his office.

Although everyone was looking at me, I didn't have time to keep my grace and dashed toward the washroom hastily.

In the washroom, I stood in front of the vessel sink and retched uncontrollably. However, just like what happened in the morning, I only threw up some gastric juice.

I frowned as I looked at my pale face in the mirror. I had to admit that I did drink a lot the night before. However, since I usually had a high alcohol tolerance, I wasn't sure why I felt so uncomfortable this time.

I continued splashing my face with some cold water in an attempt to sober myself up. Deep down, I told myself not to drink too much anymore, for I wouldn't want to feel this amount of discomfort anymore.

I stayed in the washroom for quite some time before coming out. Knowing that Michael and I had nothing to talk about, I didn't bother heading back to his office. Moreover, I wasn't obliged to answer any of his questions.

As I returned to my desk, I saw Michael standing at the door and staring at me as if he wanted to scrutinize me.

Although I didn't know what was on his mind, I avoided his gaze, pretending that I didn't see him. After all, his attitude toward me earlier on revealed that there was nothing to talk about between us.

"What's wrong, Anna? You don't look well. Are you sick?" Millie, who stood in front of me, asked me with concern in her tone the moment she saw how pale I looked.

I still felt waves of nausea while sitting at my desk; nonetheless, I was a lot better than just now.

"I'm alright. My stomach just feels slightly uncomfortable. I threw up in the washroom just now," I explained weakly and flashed her a smile as a gesture to thank her for her kindness.

"Hmm, could it be that you're pregnant? I have a friend who just got pregnant, and she looks just like you now," Millie stated as she looked at me curiously.

Meanwhile, my heart skipped a beat upon hearing it. My mind went blank, for I had never thought about the possibility of being pregnant.

My period came a day later this month. Nonetheless, since I had had irregular periods, I never thought about pregnancy.

Despite Millie's reminder, I could hardly believe that I was pregnant.

"I don't think so. I think my body simply can't take the amount of alcohol I drank last night. Anyway, I'll feel better when I have some pills at home later."

I flashed Millie a stiff smile and denied her casual suggestion of the possibility of pregnancy.

"Alright. I initially thought you would have good news coming your way. Now I realize that you drank too much last night."

Millie looked somehow disappointed after listening to my explanation. After that, she lowered her head and proceeded with her work silently.

Meanwhile, I felt uneasy and worried that the woman was right about it.

After all, I had never prepared myself mentally for pregnancy and would be clueless on how to proceed from that point in my life if it was true.

As I lowered my head frustratedly, my mind was in turmoil as it repeatedly played Millie's words.

Besides, Michael had probably heard our conversation because he was still standing at the door of his office.

Nonetheless, I deliberately ignored his gaze the entire time I was at work.

After getting off work, I bought some pregnancy test kits from a pharmacy. Since many people said pregnancy test kits weren't 100% accurate, I decided to buy a few kits to check more than once.

The first thing I did after I got home was rushing into the washroom to do the test.

When the first red line appeared, I was nervous and kept staring at the rising liquid.

Deep down, I was praying to God that I wasn't pregnant.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as I wished because a faint second line soon appeared. My heart sank instantly at the sight of it.

I'm really pregnant...

Since I had never thought about such a possibility before, I was anxious and clueless about what I ought to do next.

I had never experienced abortion. Also, I grew scared at the thought of thought going infertile; many people had become infertile after undergoing such a procedure.

After a moment, I took a deep breath to calm myself down. Since it was only the first test, I told myself that the result was possibly inaccurate.

With that remaining hope in mind, I took the rest of the test kits and tried them one by one.

However, the results were all consistent—I was really pregnant.

Each test kit had two red lines — one was clear, while the other was faint.

Once all the test kits showed two lines, my last hope was shattered.

Needless to say, I was a 100% pregnant.

What should I do now...

I had never experienced such a dilemma before. I now carried Michael's baby, but our relationship had long ago ended.

If I gave birth to the baby, it would mean that I had conceived a child out of wedlock. I knew I would feel a wave of shame about myself, and my parents would probably drive me out of the house out of anger.

Hence, the only thought I had was to get an abortion.

Since I couldn't keep the baby, it was the only way out. After all, I wouldn't be able to stand it when people talked ill of me if I had indeed conceived a baby out of wedlock.

I took my phone out with shivering hands and scrolled through it, looking for Michael's number in my contact list. The fear of getting an abortion was overwhelming, so I hoped he could accompany me to the hospital. I needed him to provide me with some kind of support.

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I hesitated for a long time. In the end, I decided to turn off my phone. I didn't have the courage to call Michael.

If he found about my pregnancy, he would definitely be furious. He would probably think I had purposely gotten myself pregnant.

I had a sleepless night, worrying about my pregnancy. When I made my way to the office the next day, I was in a really bad state of mind.

I had been absent-minded at work ever since I realized I was pregnant. I couldn't focus on my work at all. At noon, when everyone else went for lunch, I didn't bother. I didn't have much of an appetite. Besides, I wasn't in the mood.

As soon as the entire department left during the break, I turned on the computer to search for information about the abortion procedure.

I had no other choice but to abort the baby. My heart was in my throat when I read about the risks of having an abortion. I was already scared, and after reading about the risks involved, I began to worry even more about it.

As I was concentrating on it, the door of the CEO's office opened. I hurriedly closed the page, pretending to be working.

Michael walked out of the office. He was a little surprised when he saw me, but he made his way towards me anyway.

He stood behind me and asked indifferently, "Why are you still here?"

I could feel his hard gaze on me.

"I'm not hungry, and I still haven't finished my work."

I didn't bother raising my head as I spoke; I didn't want to look at Michael.

After I had found out about my pregnancy last night, I was truly afraid to face him. Michael was smart and quick-witted, so I was afraid that he might notice something.

Will he change his mind and be together with me if he knows I'm pregnant?

I immediately got panicked at that thought. Am I actually thinking about using the baby to threaten Michael to be with me? How could I think such a thing? Since when did I become such a scheming woman?

"What happened to you yesterday? You had an upset stomach because you drank too much? Is that true?"

The man's sudden question about me retching yesterday had caught me completely off guard. I felt even more panicked. Did he really discover something?

"Yeah. I drank too much. My stomach was not well."

I tried my best to sound calm, not wanting him to notice something was off. I then made up my mind to get an abortion as soon as possible.

I was afraid that he might get to the bottom of what went wrong. Fortunately, he didn't ask any further questions. His eyes fell on my face for a moment before he left.

Once he was gone, I let out a long sigh of relief. I could still feel my heart pounding because of nervousness.

After work, I headed straight to the hospital. I had already studied a little about abortion, but it was still information I had gotten on the internet. It would be better to clarify things through a doctor.

At the hospital, I went to the obstetrics and gynecology consultation room.

It was my first time visiting such a place, so I seemed to be constrained and nervous. I couldn't bring myself to relax in front of the doctor.

"Are you pregnant? Or?"

I didn't reply. After a brief moment of awkward silence, I spoke, "I believe you're pregnant."

I kept my head down as I whispered those few words.

"Alright. Please proceed for a checkup. I will look at your medical report soon."

The doctor finished the notes on the prepared report as she spoke.

After the Doppler Ultrasound and blood test, I held my medical report and walked into the consultation room again.

Looking at my test result, the doctor's expression was indifferent. "Your result looks fine. The baby seems healthy so far, so there's nothing unusual with your report. Just remember to rest well. Don't overexert yourself."

Upon hearing the doctor's words, I lowered my head, unsure of how to respond. In fact, it was a wonderful feeling to know that there was another life in my stomach. I secretly hoped I would one day have a baby that wasn't birthed through wedlock.

"Are there any other questions?" the doctor frowned in confusion at the sight of my reaction and asked.

"Actually, I came here to get an abortion. I don't wish to keep the baby."

In the end, I decided not to keep the baby.

"You don't want the baby? Have you thought it through?"

The doctor's expression darkened upon hearing that. She did a great job at maintaining her professionalism as a doctor, but I was aware of how her gaze had changed upon hearing me say such a thing.

"Yes. I've considered it carefully. I can't keep the baby. So, please arrange the surgery for me as soon as possible."

I had pondered over my decision for a long while and finally made up my mind after hesitating many times.

"Fine. If that's the case, then I'll schedule your surgery this weekend. I'll be on duty then. Besides, you'll probably be working on weekdays. Do you have time during weekends to come?"

The doctor immediately scheduled a time for me.

"That arrangement sounds good. Thank you so much."

It would be Michael's engagement on the weekend. Meanwhile, I would be aborting our baby on the same day. How ironic!

After exiting the hospital, I was surprised to see that I didn't feel any sense of relief even though the surgery time and date were confirmed. Instead, I actually began to feel a little depressed.

After all, it was another life in my stomach. It was such a cruel decision not to allow the baby to come into this world.

How could a mother be so cold-blooded to her own kid? I felt so guilty and remorseful. But I really didn't have any idea on what else I could do.

This was the first time I was experiencing a situation like this. My thoughts had been a jumbled mess ever since I found out about my pregnancy. Except for abortion, I didn't know what other options I had.

As I walked down the streets, my phone rang — it was Ronan on the line. Immediately, I felt myself grow irritated.

The moment I answered the phone, Ronan asked me out for a meal, but I rejected him almost instantly. After the mentally exhausting day I had, I was not really in the mood for a meal.

It seemed that Ronan could feel my irritation over the phone. Hence, he didn't insist on it and ended the call.

I sat down by the side of the road, suddenly overwhelmed by the feeling of loneliness. I had come to a realization that there was no one by my side when I was going through such a hard time.

I retrieved my phone and searched for Michael's number. I hesitated for a long time and finally made that call.

The call went through almost immediately, and the man sounded deep and sexy on the other side of the phone as he said, "Hello?"

I immediately teared up upon hearing his voice. I didn't know what I should tell him; I didn't even know I had called him in the first place.

"You're getting engaged in two days. Congratulations."

I was silent before saying those snipped words.

The man on the other end of the phone remained silent. I could hear the sound of him breathing heavily; he was silent for quite a while. I thought he didn't wish to speak with me. Therefore, I moved to end the call.