

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 376 - 380

Chapter 376 A Materialistic Woman

"Anna, Michael, nice to meet you," Yvette greeted us like how Steven addressed us.

I flashed her a polite smile. Meanwhile, Michael only nodded slightly at her, devoid of expression.

When Yvette looked at Michael, I caught a glimpse of unmistakable admiration that flashed across her eyes.

As I observed her discreetly, I noticed that she had been scanning the whole restaurant excitedly ever since she stepped into the place. It seemed she was over the moon to have the chance for a meal in a five-star restaurant. Apart from that, she could barely take her eyes off Michael.

"Yvette, please take a seat first," I uttered placidly, breaking her reverie.

Wearing a look of sheer blissfulness, Yvette seemed oblivious to my presence. In an instant, I could not help but dislike her even more.

"Yvette, how old are you? What do your parents do?" I cut the crap right after Steven sat down with her. I put on my brightest smile and tried to look as sincere as possible.

"Anna, aren't we here for a meal? But why do you sound like an officer probing for information?" Steven responded preemptively with a hint of displeasure written all over his face. He was seemingly trying to stop me from asking Yvette all those questions.

I refuted casually, "Take it easy. I'm just chatting with Yvette. After all, it will take quite a while before the dishes are served. Yvette, you don't mind that, do you?"

Shooting Steven a glance, I felt a prickle of annoyance. Hmph! Does he know that I'm sounding her out for his sake? I need to ensure she does not have an ulterior motive to be with him!

"Anna, no issue at all. I'm twenty-one years old, and my parents are just general workers," Yvette replied briefly.

I could sense she lacked confidence when mentioning that her parents were general workers.

“Oh! That sounds great! We’re from the village too.” I sounded casual.

So her parents are just general workers? But how could the daughter of the general workers afford all these branded outfits? I had a feeling that she was a good-for-nothing spendthrift.

Since she’s not from a well-to-do family, doesn’t she know the importance of leading a simple and practical life? How could she spend extravagantly instead? I bet she must be telling lies or having some personality issues.

“Anna, I heard from Steven that you used to work in this city before marrying Michael?” Yvette switched the topic at once. After flashing a glance at me, she turned to cast a look at Michael.

There was not even the slightest bit of change in Michael’s countenance. He lifted the glass of water and took a sip without sparing Yvette a glance.

“Oh yeah! Yvette, I have told you that Michael is a millionaire and possesses a lot of properties before. Joyful Success Advertisements, which is deemed the largest in the city, is one of his businesses. Other than that, he has shares in hotel franchises and real estate too!” Steven cut me off by changing the topic and babbling about Michael instead.

I furrowed my brows at Steven’s impulsiveness. Undeniably, I was displeased when he blabbered about Michael’s wealth. No doubt, anyone could get to know more about him by searching online. However, I felt it was unwise to reveal so much to Yvette before we could get to know her better.

“Wow! Michael, you are already so capable at such a young age!” Yvette’s eyes lit up in an instant with gleams of wonder.

“Please excuse me. I need to use the washroom.” I glared at Steven and picked up my bag to head for the washroom.

The moment I got to my feet, Yvette gasped, “Ah! Anna, the bag you’re holding is the latest design from LV, am I right? It costs almost two hundred thousand! My goodness! You’re really rich!”

Her eyes widened in sheer disbelief as she fastened her gaze on the bag in my hand.

Sensing her penetrative gaze, I lowered my head to look at my bag instinctively. However, I had never really been into all the so-called designer brands. Thus, I was unaware that it actually cost almost two hundred thousand! Good gracious! How could such an ordinary-looking bag cost so much!

Undoubtedly, she was a materialistic girl who was a freeloader. If not, how could someone from an ordinary family know that my bag is the latest design of the year with only one glimpse?

“She can easily grab handfuls of bags like this and doesn’t even realize how much they cost!” Michael, who had remained silent for quite a while, piped out exaggeratedly.

I was startled by his unusual brags. As far as I knew, he had never sounded insolent like someone filthy rich before. It seemed he was doing so deliberately in the face of Yvette.

“Ah! You can easily grab handfuls of these bags! Anna, you and Michael are really rich! I’m envious of you for owning such eye-catching bags!” Yvette heaved a sigh admiringly.

Apparently, Michael’s words had whipped her up. When she turned to look at me again, there were inexplicit glitters in her eyes. I could not help but grimace at her repulsive reaction. It was as though she was trying to get closer to me in a way.

“Haha, I’m not really particular with these items. Any brand is fine for me, as long as I like the design.” I chuckled, not knowing what else to say.

“It’s really a blessing for Steven to have such a well-off sister like you! If we happen to be in a situation after getting married, you and Michael will surely lend us a hand, won’t you?” Yvette asked tactfully.

At the same time, she continued to scan me from head to toe gleefully as she did not sense my displeasure.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement again the moment she caught a glimpse of my dress, but she did not comment anything on that. At that moment, I did not expect that I was wearing a dress that cost a few hundred thousand!

“Of course. Since Steven is my brother, I’ll surely lend him a hand if he’s in deep water,” I replied matter-of-factly.

Even though Yvette seemed to have a point, I could sense that she was hinting at something. Could it be she’s hinting at me to support them financially?

Moments later, she turned to look at Steven and yelled out, "Steven, you mentioned that it's hard as h*ll to buy a car that costs five hundred thousand, didn't you? But look at your sister! Even her bag costs almost two hundred thousand! I bet it must be easy as pie for her to buy us a car!"

I was utterly speechless. It never came to my mind that she had the audacity to say so in our faces. In an instant, I was even repulsed by her greed. How ridiculous! Why should Michael spend five hundred thousand to buy a car for her?

"Yvette, don't you think that a car that costs five hundred thousand is a bit too costly for villagers like us? I'm sure you know that we can't afford it," I mocked as I was seated again. As I looked intently at her, there was a flicker of sheer coldness in my eyes.

Hearing that, Yvette was dumbfounded. I bet it never occurred to her that I would throw a wet blanket over her on the spot. Nonetheless, she flashed me a sweet smile and retorted eloquently, "Anna, you're Steven's sister. Not to mention, your husband is the wealthiest man in Avenport. Now that your brother is getting married, won't we become the laughing stock if we don't even have a car? By then, we'll only bring shame to you, and Michael too, isn't it?"

Unable to stifle my simmering fury, I fumed, "Yvette, don't you feel that this is too much? Why should Michael and I give you five hundred thousand to buy a car? In my opinion, you seem to be taking full advantage of us! Do you think you have the right to make us foot the bills for all your expenses just because you're married to Steven?"

Right that instant, I could not resist feeling that her mind was prevailed by her repulsive greed. I even doubted if she entered a relationship with Steven because of Michael and me. Does she have something up her sleeve all this while?

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Chapter 377 Break Up

"I... That's not what I meant. Did you misunderstand something, Anna?"

Yvette looked at me with panic in her eyes when she noticed the sudden change in my expression.

"Yvette, if you genuinely want to be with Steven, the family and I will definitely welcome you with open arms. However, I think you should forget about it if you're doing this with

ulterior motives in mind. My husband's quite wealthy, but money doesn't grow on trees. We'll do whatever we can to help Steven if he's ever in any trouble, but we'll not comply with any absurd requests. Do you understand?"

I looked at her and spoke calmly. I wanted to make it clear that Michael and I wanted no part in the car. To me, Yvette was a materialistic woman. There was no telling what would happen if women like her did not get what they wanted.

"What are you talking about, Anna? Why are you talking to Yvette like that!"

Yvette's face paled while Steven stared at me, upset. His voice was filled with reproach, clearly blaming me for my terrible attitude toward Yvette.

"Don't be mad, Yvette. My sister's like this sometimes. Rest assured that she definitely won't turn a deaf ear to me. She'd listen to whatever my parents said back then," Steven comforted Yvette seeing that she was not looking so good.

That said, what he said annoyed me even more.

"Steven, let's make one thing clear, I'm not buying a car for you, and neither is Michael. If you want the car, buy it yourself. Why do you want us to buy it for you?"

Does he not know that Yvette's dating him just because he has a wealthy brother-in-law and that she merely wants to live a carefree life off him? Why is he still defending her?

"Anna!" Steven stared at me angrily.

"Steven, since your sister put it that way, I don't think there's a need for us to go on. I want to marry you, but if you can't promise me a good life, I have no reason to do that!"

Then, Yvette stood up and turned around before leaving.

"Don't go, Yvette! I can explain!"

Steven chased after her, trying to keep her there, but Yvette never gave him the chance to talk and ran away.

To be frank, it was not unexpected. What Yvette wanted was money. So it was only natural for her to leave Steven if he could not give her what she wanted.

At that moment, Steven looked a bit down after Yvette left, but it did not take long before he stood in front of me once again and glared at me with his faintly red eyes.

"You've crossed the line this time, Anna Garcia! Why did you have to talk to Yvette like that? She's my girlfriend and your future sister-in-law!" Steven roared at me in a condemning tone.

I was not in the best mood myself, seeing that my brother was arguing with me over a woman he had just met months ago. I'm doing this for your own good! She's not someone you can handle! You'll only get hurt!

"Steven Garcia, can't you see she's just using you? She doesn't love you but money!"

I looked him in the eyes and held my anger at bay when I spoke.

"I don't care. I'm marrying Yvette no matter what. She's my girlfriend, and I love her. You're the one that caused this rift between us, so it's your responsibility to fix it!"

At that point, I doubted that he would listen to anything I had to say as his eyes were completely bloodshot. It looked like he was going to murder me, and I was actually afraid that I was at a loss for words.

"Try shouting at her one more time, Steven! I dare you!"

It was Michael with his chilly voice. He was staring straight at Steven with his cold and piercing gaze.

Anyone could tell that Michael was mad from just the intensity of the pressure he was exuding by merely sitting there.

When Steven heard him, his expression completely shifted as he turned to look at Michael with a hint of fear in his eyes.

"I don't care! You two are the reason why Yvette and I turned out like this. You need to bring her back to me!"

Steven had placed all the blame for Yvette's departure on Michael and me. There was not the slightest sign that he had thought there might just be something wrong with Yvette's mindset.

At the same time, I looked at Steven in silence. I was furious but speechless at the same time. Besides, I figured he would not be able to listen to anything I said since he was deadset on me being the one who had ruined their relationship.

"That's your problem. If you want a car, buy it with your own money. I'm not giving you even a single dime!" Michael exclaimed before he got up and walked straight to Steven.

He stood in front of Steven and looked down at him with an intense air about him.

His dark pupils gradually turned cruel as he watched Steven while his cold voice was rather imposing.

Under Michael's strong presence, Steven could not help but start to panic. He did not even dare look Michael in the eyes. Even though he was angry, he dared not make a sound in front of Michael.

"Listen carefully. If you ever shout at your sister again, there will be consequences. You're welcome to try if you don't believe me," Michael threatened before he came over and pulled me away.

He did not give Steven any time to react and merely left him standing there, dumbfounded.

Truth be told, I still wanted to say something to Steven but quickly gave up on the notion because I figured he would not listen and would only place more blame on me.

Inside Michael's car, I felt frustrated, at a loss for how I was going to settle that predicament.

"Are you still mad?"

Michael held my hand and looked at me adoringly, seeing that I was quiet. It was a complete shift from how he spoke to Steven just moments ago.

It was a gentler side of Michael that only I got to see.

"Even I could see that Yvette's in it for the money. Surely you saw through it too, right?"

I was not sure what was on Michael's mind since he did not say anything back there.

"Yeah, I knew. That woman's not fit to be married into your family."

Michael looked relaxed, clearly unperturbed about Yvette.

"But you saw Steven's stance. I don't really know what I should do here. What do I do if Steven insists on marrying that woman?"

It was the first time I had seen Steven hold on to something like that. Has she cast a spell on him?

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Chapter 378 A Talk With Michael

“Just do what you think is right. If you compromise now, things will become more difficult in the future. Do you think you’ll get any peace with a sister-in-law that’s just like your other family members?”

Michael looked at me with knitted brows. It was clear that he knew what I was thinking, and he did not agree with it.

“But...”

I looked at him, still wanting to say something.

“No buts.” Michael interrupted. “You need to stand your ground, Anna Garcia. When will you stop being so indecisive!”

He spoke assertively and looked at me with eyes that would not accept no for an answer.

I gulped while I stared at his handsome face. I knew he was right, that I needed to be more decisive.

When the car stopped, my phone rang before we got out. It was my mother, which only meant that Steven had told her about what had happened.

I took a glance at Michael before swiping to pick up. “Hi, Mom.”

“What have you done, Anna Garcia! You said you wanted to meet Steven’s girlfriend, but how could you say those things to her! Are you trying to ruin your brother’s life!”

My mother’s voice blasted out of the phone before I could say anything, almost deafening me through it.

So, I pulled my phone away from my ear with a frown. I knew my mother would be infuriated when she found out about what happened.

"I'm doing this for Steven's sake, Mom. That woman, Yvette, is not the girl for him. It's a good thing if they were to break up."

I did not apologize to my mother like how I used to but instead told her what was on my mind in a calm manner.

"Good thing? You ruined your brother's relationship, and you call that a good thing? What were you thinking, Anna? Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

My mother became even more enraged, seeing that I did not apologize.

"Steven's still young, Mom. He can find someone way better than Yvette. What she wants is not something we can afford. This time, it's a car. Next time, it might be a house for all I know. Are you going to buy that for her?"

Yvette's a greedy girl, so the chance of her asking for a house after they got married isn't actually zero. Our family could never satiate someone like that!

"I don't care! Your brother likes her, so you have to get them back together no matter what! I'll never forgive you if you don't! And don't come back until you do that!"

My mother was practically roaring by then as she chastised me in her high-pitched voice.

I knew what I did was hard to accept, but I also knew what I did was the right thing to do. So, my heart ached a little after hearing what my mother said.

However, before I could reject her, Michael took the phone from me. "This is Michael."

My mother immediately quieted down even though Michael spoke to her very casually.

"Michael, you two are married now, so Steven's your brother too. I doubt you'll turn a blind eye to the situation, right? five hundred thousand is nothing to you. But to Steven, his happiness is at stake. Can't you just help your brother out?"

My mother spoke as though she had found a lifeline to cling to after she heard Michael's voice.

As I said, my mother had a high-pitched voice, so I could hear everything. What she said got me feeling even more frustrated. Did she just ask Michael for five hundred thousand? Is she really doing anything for Steven now?

"I'm not giving him a single dime! That woman is not suitable for Steven. Breaking up is the best option. On the other hand, I know you're Anna's mother, but she's my wife and is now pregnant with my child. I don't want anything to affect her mood, so please speak to her more politely from now on."

Michael said that calmly, without a hint of emotion on his face. I knew he was doing that to protect me because he knew I was upset.

When he finished, my mother stayed quiet. I figured it was because she did not expect that from Michael since he was still her son-in-law. Even though Michael was of high social standing, it was still rude of him to treat her like that.

At that moment, I tugged on Michael's shirt and shook my head. I did not want him to speak to my mother like that. Although my mother was being unreasonable, she was still my mother. Things would get awkward if Michael continued the next time they met

Michael looked at me with confusion in his eyes.

"Michael, why would you say that? Anna is my daughter, and I raised her. Does she not need to repay her family in times of need?"

My mother sounded a little angry after the moment of silence.

"Repay the family? How selfish of you to think like that. Steven's just Anna's brother. Legally speaking, she's not obligated to do anything for him, so you should forget about it!"

Michael responded more coldly this time. He was actually angry now. And even though I was worried about how he and my mother would get along after this, hearing what he said made me steel my determination even more.

I should not involve myself with this issue. I need to hold on to my principles. If I do things like how I did back then, it would only get worse.

"You're merely my son-in-law, Michael Shaw. What gives you the right to say that? I raised her. Is it too much to ask her to buy a car for her brother?"

My mother sounded angrier the more she spoke. It seemed like Michael was really getting on her nerves. That said, even though Michael was her son-in-law, my mother knew he was not someone she could easily control.

"It's just emotional blackmail at this point! So enough is enough! My wife and I have other things to attend to, so please refrain from calling us anymore. If you don't, I can't guarantee I won't do something about it!"

Michael furrowed his brows and ended the call as soon as he finished.

After that, he placed the phone in my hand. He looked cold and emotionless, so I figured he was annoyed by what my mother said. It was unlikely for him to ever experience something like that before he met me. But after we met, it felt like an everyday occurrence somehow.

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Chapter 379 Josephine Is Hurt

Despite feeling concerned, I could not help heaving a sigh of relief. Since Michael spoke so bluntly, Mom will probably understand how I feel now.

Seemingly sensing my disquiet, Michael held my hand and shot me a reassuring glance.

Mom really did not call me for the next few days. It left me wondering whether the matter would blow over just like that. Meanwhile, it was as if Steven had vanished into thin air.

Although many things still felt up in the air, I could not deny that those few days were much more peaceful. I contemplated calling to ask how Steven and Yvette were doing but later dismissed the idea. In truth, I thought it would be a good thing if they broke up.

It was not because I was against Steven having a family of his own, but because I hoped he could find someone who truly loved him. It was clear to me that Yvette was not that person.

I had hoped we could put everything that had happened behind us, but as it turned out, it would not be that easy. Since I was pregnant and needed to get some moderate exercise, I went out on walks every day.

That day, the housekeeper had something to attend to back home. Hence, I gave her the day off.

I was out taking a walk at a park close by the mansion when my phone rang. It was Josephine. Her calls were usually a sign of bad news, so I was genuinely a little reluctant to answer my phone.

If it were not for the fact that she was Michael's mother, I would have rejected her call. Nonetheless, I answered it in the end.

"Hello, Mom."

I no longer hoped to have a good relationship with Josephine. As long as she did not deliberately try to cause me trouble, that was enough for me.

"Where are you? Why is nobody at home? You have such a big house, yet you don't have the means to hire a housekeeper?" Josephine asked in an accusatory tone.

I frowned when I heard that. Don't tell me she's at the mansion!

"Mom, are you at the mansion?" I enquired, puzzled.

"What's the matter? It sounds as if I'm not welcome here. Anna Garcia, you'd do well to remember that the mansion you live in belongs to the Shaw family!"

I merely wanted to confirm that she was at the mansion, but it's like she's purposely twisting the meaning of my words. I felt vexed, but I did my best to suppress my emotions.

"Mom, I didn't mean that. I was-"

Naturally, I tried to explain myself. But before I could finish my sentence, Josephine interrupted me impatiently.

"Get back here right now!"

Her tone was commanding, and it irked me. However, she hung up immediately without giving me the chance to say anything.

My brows furrowed as I listened to the dial tone. That attitude of hers really drives me up the wall! I'm Michael's wife now, not one of the Shaw family's helpers. But she always uses that tone when she speaks to me. How irritating! And there's nothing I can do about it. The moment I display any sign of resistance, she'll surely kick up a fuss and blow the incident out of proportion. I'm not afraid of falling out with her. It's just that I don't want the Shaw family to become like mine.

I turned to leave the park and hurried back to the mansion at once. Even so, it took me more than twenty minutes to get home.

I walked into the living room, expecting Josephine to be sitting on the couch like she usually did and glaring at me frostily.

But I was wrong. Josephine was not sitting there. My gaze traveled over the couch until it fell upon something next to it. There was someone sprawled on the floor, lying in a pool of blood. It was Josephine!

“Mom! Are you okay? What happened?”

I could see she was still bleeding from her forehead, and I started panicking because I had never encountered such a situation.

She glared at me and opened her mouth, but no words came out. Finally, her eyes closed.

“Mom! Don’t scare me! What’s going on?”

I shook Josephine’s shoulder, but she gave no response.

The bloodstains on my hands finally jolted to my senses, and I realized that I should be calling for an ambulance.

I took out my phone and made the call. After that, I sat next to Josephine blankly, dazed and pale.

In all honesty, I was terrified at finding Josephine in that state. I could not help fearing for her life. Whatever it is, she’s still Michael’s mother! What if something happens to her?

At that moment, I inadvertently noticed that Josephine seemed to be gripping something in her hand. I pried it out and saw that it was a black button. It looks familiar. I must’ve seen it somewhere before. Could this button’s owner have something to do with what happened to her?

With that thought in mind, I slipped the button into my bag. Just then, the ambulance arrived. I got in as well, then called Michael to tell him Josephine had gotten into an accident and that we were on the way to the hospital.

I stood outside the hospital’s operating theater, staring at the lit-up sign that indicated the operating theater was in use. I was fraught with anxiety, worried about what would

happen to Josephine. She got hurt while at the mansion. If she doesn't make it, I'll never be able to explain what happened, no matter how hard I try.

Suddenly, there was the sound of hurried footsteps. I turned to look toward the elevator and saw Michael, Lincoln, and Andy rushing over.

"Anna, how's Mom?"

Michael was the first to reach me, and I could see the panic in his eyes. I had never seen him like that before.

The Michael I knew was always steady and mature. Nothing could ever ruffle his calm demeanor. However, with his mother in the operating theater and her fate unknown, he was as alarmed as anyone else.

"I don't know either. Before the doctor wheeled her in, he said it doesn't look too good and asked us to prepare for the worst."

As I spoke, I gazed at Michael, my face as pale as a sheet. I could not imagine how he would take it if the worst did happen.

"How can this be? What on earth happened? Why did she end up like this?" Michael responded agitatedly, raising his voice as he stared into my eyes, searching for an answer.

Seeing the worry etched across his face, I opened my mouth. However, I did not know what to say because I had no clue what had happened either.

"I don't know..."

I wish I could shed some light on what happened, but what can I say? By the time I got back to the mansion, she was already lying in a pool of blood!

Michael frowned and glanced at me when he heard my reply, but he did not press further. Instead, he hurried to the operating theater's doors and stood there, his distress evident.

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"All right. There's no use worrying now. Let's wait and see what the doctor says."

In comparison to Michael, Lincoln was much more anxious. He began pacing in front of the operating theater as soon as he arrived.

After a long time, the light indicating that an operation was in progress turned off, and the doors to the operating theater swung open. All of us gathered around at once.

"Doctor, how's my wife?" Lincoln asked worriedly.

The doctor gave a long, heavy sigh. He looked at Lincoln with a helpless expression and said, "It's not looking good. She's still in critical condition. Even if she does pull through, she might be unconscious for a long time."

"How can that be? Doctor, you have to save my wife! Nothing must happen to her!"

Overwhelmed with panic, Lincoln grasped the doctor's hand and pleaded frantically.

Michael was also frowning heavily, looking anxious. They were all so worried about Josephine. Well, even I don't hope for anything bad to happen to her.

"Don't worry. I'll do everything I can. We've completed the patient's operation and will be transferring her to the ward."

Faced with Lincoln's pleas, the doctor could only promise to do everything he could since he was not absolutely confident of saving Josephine.

Lincoln looked like he wanted to say something, but he forgot all about it as soon he saw the nurses wheeling Josephine out of the operating theater with her forehead heavily bandaged.

Everyone rushed forward, including me. As I gazed down at Josephine's tightly-shut eyes and deathly pale face, uneasiness crept through me.

Once Josephine was in the ward, Lincoln stayed next to her while holding her hand. Everyone was silent.

No one pressed me for further details about the incident. Perhaps it was because they were all too worried about Josephine's condition at the moment.

Nonetheless, I kept puzzling over the matter. I wanted to get to the bottom of what happened.

The following day, news of Josephine's critical condition was splashed in headlines across the globe. Everyone was busy speculating the reason she got hurt.

When I went to visit her with Michael, she was still unconscious.

Suddenly, my phone rang. I took it out and saw that the call was from Steven. Not wanting to disturb those in the ward, I went into the corridor to answer the call.

"Hello?"

From the other end of the line came Steven's voice. As he spoke, he stammered a little. "Hello, Anna... Is... Is Michael's mother really in such serious condition as reported on television?"

I felt it odd that Steven would suddenly show concern for Josephine, but I replied, "Yes. It's not looking good. The doctor said she's still in critical condition and told us to prepare for the worst."

Once again, uneasiness washed over me as I recalled how Josephine was still not yet out of danger.

"Is... Is it really that serious? Then... Then have you found out how she got hurt? Has the culprit been identified?"

I did not know why, but I sensed that Steven seemed extremely nervous. I could not help feeling suspicious of his peculiar behavior.

"Not yet. But with Michael's capabilities, it's only a matter of time before we find out everything. The police have also started investigating the matter. As soon as we find out who was behind this, Michael will make sure he gets punished severely."

Although I had no idea who the culprit was, I was sure that Michael would not spare that person once he discovered the person's identity!

Steven fell silent after hearing my response, which aroused my suspicions even further. In all the time I was with Michael, Steven had never bothered himself about what happened with us. But now, he was suddenly calling to enquire about Josephine's condition. Hence, I could not help but find it surprising.

Seeing that he did not say anything for a long time, I broke the silence by asking, "Did you call me today just to ask me that?"

"Huh? Oh, I just... I just saw it on the news, so... so I thought I'd call and check in on you," Steven answered, stuttering even harder.

I know him well. He wouldn't waste his time calling me about something that didn't concern him.

For some reason, a thought suddenly surfaced in my mind. What if what happened has something to do with Steven?

"Steven, I have something to ask you. Did you have anything to do with what happened to Michael's mother?" I asked nervously.

Despite my suspicions, I could not bring myself to believe them. Steven was no honorable gentleman, but I did not think he had it in him to be capable of something like that.

"Anna, what... what nonsense is this? How could it have anything to do with me? I... I'm busy. I have to go now."

As soon as Steven heard my question, he became rattled and gave a flustered answer. Without giving me the chance to respond, he hung up immediately.

I did not know why, but my instincts told me Steven was somehow involved.

Even if he was not the culprit, he had to know something about it.

I put away my phone, unable to compose myself for a long time. What should I do if Steven is really involved in this whole thing?

Standing rooted to the spot, a myriad of countermeasures began formulating in my mind, and I became increasingly suspicious of Steven.

"Who was that? You were on the phone for quite a while."

Lost in my panicked thoughts, I was startled when Michael's voice rang out behind me. I spun around and found myself staring straight into his eyes.

His piercing gaze seemed like it could see right through me. I did not dare to meet his eyes as I replied, "Nothing... It was just something at home. I've got something to do. I'll be back soon."

The mere thought of Steven's phone call is enough to make me jittery again. Regardless of whether it has anything to do with him, I have to get to the bottom of this.

"Where are you going?" Michael called out behind me. However, I ignored him and hurried away.

After hailing a cab, I went to Steven's rented house and found that all the doors and windows had been locked. I knew he had not been to work after what happened with Yvette, so I felt sure he was inside the house.

I rang the doorbell and waited for a long time, but no one answered the door. I had even begun to think there was no one home. Nonetheless, I took out my spare key to unlock the door and entered the house.