

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 391 - 395

Chapter 391 Michael Gets Jealous

Michael's tone softened, and he had a gentle look in his eyes as he wiped my tears with the back of his hand.

"Can we still go back to the way we were before? Do you really not love me anymore?" I sobbed with my vision all blurry from the crying.

The pain I felt in the delivery room earlier was so excruciating that I really thought I wouldn't survive it, but Michael was all that I thought about at the time.

Michael frowned slightly after hearing that, and I felt the disappointment building up in my heart again.

"Don't stress yourself out over this. You've just finished giving birth, so you should rest well for now. We'll talk about this when you're all better," Michael said calmly while feeding me a spoonful of soup.

I was disappointed that he avoided answering my question, but I could also feel that he hadn't gotten over what happened to Josephine.

I gazed into his eyes as I drank the soup he was feeding me. Maybe I'm demanding too much from him. His attitude toward me has changed significantly, so it'd be greedy of me to ask for anything further.

Michael continued to look after me meticulously throughout the next couple of days. Had it not been for the questions in my heart, I would've thought that things were back to normal between us.

However, we both knew full well that wasn't the case. After all, not everything could be fixed once broken.

On my third day of recovering from delivery, Michael headed off to take care of something at work after getting a phone call. He had hired a caretaker to help look after me and my baby right after he was born.

I had been imagining what my baby would look like even before he was born, so seeing him in my arms filled my heart with joy.

Whatever pain I endured while giving birth to him was all worth it.

Right then, the door to the ward was opened, and Ronan came walking in seconds later. He was dressed in light-colored casual attire, which added a bright and cheerful vibe to his handsome face.

"I came to see if my nephew is handsome!" he said with a smile as he made his way toward me.

His gaze then fell upon my baby as he continued, "Hmm... He looks a lot like you. I'm sure he'll grow up to be a handsome guy someday!"

Judging by what he had just said, it would seem that he had taken a liking to my newborn son.

"What brings you here today?" I asked with a chuckle in order to change the topic.

Ronan arched an eyebrow at me as he replied with a concerned expression, "As I said, I came to see you and your baby. How can I not visit you after you've given birth?"

Jeez... Why is he caring so much about my child? It's not like he's the father or anything! I pouted.

Suddenly, the look in Ronan's eyes grew serious as he turned to look at me. "By the way, how are things between you and Michael?"

Naturally, I knew what he was asking about. Although I still felt a little disappointed by Michael's response, I was satisfied with how well he had looked after me over the past few days. It was indeed undeniable that things had gotten a lot better between us compared to how they had been before.

"Quite well, actually. Michael has been really nice to me. He's looking after me in the hospital every day."

Fearing he would tell me the truth after knowing how I actually felt, I flashed Ronan a smile and tried my best to play it off casually.

The look on Ronan's face eased up significantly. "That's good to hear. I was worried you'd be feeling down or something. Your body is still weak after delivery, so you need to take good care of yourself or you'll get sick very easily."

I flashed him a smile and reassured him confidently, "Don't worry, things between Michael and I are going to be fine. It'll be like nothing ever changed!"

Seeing as Michael's attitude toward me had changed so much, I believed we would return to the lovey-dovey state we used to be in after a while.

"All right, then. Just give me a call if you run into any trouble, and I'll help you out."

"Thanks, Ronan!"

For some reason, I was in a much better mood after giving birth to my baby. Ironically, Ronan was the only one who had always stayed by my side and supported me during my times of need.

"Oh, please! Is there a need for thanks between us? I'm just trying to protect the woman I like!"

Ronan's words caught me completely off guard, and the atmosphere became awkward after I realized what he said.

Damn it, Ronan! Why say something like this now that Michael and I have a child of our own?

I did not expect Ronan to pull such a sudden move out of nowhere, and my eyes were darting about the ward as I anxiously tried to find the right words.

Ronan was about to say something further, but he held himself back when he noticed the awkward tension in the room.

The door to the ward was opened once again, and Michael came in wearing a black suit. A frown formed on his face when he saw Ronan inside the ward.

He then began taking his coat off as he made his way toward me.

"What are you doing here?" His indifferent tone made it impossible to read his emotions at the time.

“Why can’t I be here? Is there a problem with me coming over to visit Anna and my newborn nephew?” Ronan snapped back at him with displeasure written all over his face.

“Well, you’ve already seen them, so you can leave now. Anna needs to rest. Don’t disturb her by sticking around here unnecessarily,” Michael said coldly without even looking at Ronan.

He then sat down beside me and began playing with our baby.

Angered by his cold attitude, Ronan leaped to his feet and shouted angrily at Michael, “What’s with that attitude of yours, Michael? I came here to visit your wife and child! How could you just kick me out like this?”

Ever since Michael found out about Ronan’s feelings for me, the two of them had been butting heads whenever they saw each other. Although they claimed to treat each other like brothers, it still pained me to see them fight like this.

Michael stood up and stared at Ronan’s fuming face as he replied calmly, “As you said, she’s my wife, and this is my child.”

Ronan usually had a way with words, but he always found himself speechless when arguing with Michael.

He glared daggers at Michael, unable to say anything in response.

Eventually, he shifted his gaze back toward me and said, “Rest well, Anna. I’ll come to visit you some other time.”

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Chapter 392 Business Trip

I noticed a conflicted look in his eyes, but I simply nodded at him without saying anything, as I was still feeling uncomfortable about his statement earlier.

After Ronan left, Michael maintained that indifferent look in his eyes and continued playing with the baby in my arms.

As the tension in the ward grew increasingly tense, Michael broke the silence by asking, “What did he say to you?”

His tone was neutral. I couldn't read his emotions at all.

I began panicking a little when I recalled what Ronan had said about protecting the woman he liked.

There's no way I could ever tell Michael that! Things are already tense between us, so he'd definitely get mad if he knew what Ronan had said to me!

"Nothing much, really. He just came by to check on me and the baby. Told me to take care and rest well, that's all," I replied with my head held low and a faint smile on my face.

Even so, I felt really nervous, as Michael had always been able to see through all of my lies.

Michael arched his eyebrow and raised his voice slightly as he asked, "Is that really all?"

"Yeah, that's all. What else is there for us to talk about?"

I continued to avoid his gaze for fear of him seeing through my lie.

"Remember, you can only be mine no matter what. Ronan will only be your cousin-in-law at best," Michael said sternly while staring straight into my eyes.

Although he was obviously giving me a warning, I found myself getting a little excited when I heard that. Is Michael trying to tell me that he doesn't plan on leaving me?

With that in mind, I flashed him a smile and said, "I know. I will be yours alone for the rest of my life."

Resting my head against his shoulder, I tried my best to enjoy the moment we were having.

Even if Michael hadn't reminded me, I would've known to carry myself appropriately anyway. Being his woman, I wanted nothing more than to stay by his side for the rest of my life.

Michael barely returned to the office after I got discharged from the hospital. He had his secretary deliver most of his documents to the mansion and would spend all of his time outside of work keeping me and our child company. As long as Michael could stay by our side, all the pain and suffering I had gone through was worth it.

I got so carried away by the happiness of having my husband and child by my side that I never considered the possibility of us being separated in the future.

It had almost been a month since my baby was born, and Michael had been meticulously looking after us both the whole time.

After getting my baby to fall asleep, I carefully placed him in the crib before climbing into bed with Michael.

Ever since our baby was born, Michael had moved back into our bedroom and no longer went to his study, much to my delight.

"I'll be leaving for a business trip tomorrow."

Michael's deep and sexy voice rang out.

I turned around and stared longingly at his handsome face as I asked, "Where will you be going?"

"Anglandur. I might be gone for quite a while. As for that question you asked after delivery that day, I will provide you with an answer," Michael replied while looking straight into my eyes.

Obviously, he was referring to my question about us going back to how we were in the past.

So, he still remembers my question? And here I thought he's been actually proving himself through his actions during this one month, but it looks like I was wrong...

With that in mind, I asked nervously, "Okay. How long will you be staying there? A week? Two weeks?"

As I had grown dependent on him, the mere thought of not being able to see him for a long time made me incredibly uneasy.

"It depends. I'll let you know the details when I get there," Michael said and closed his eyes after that.

Tons of conflicting thoughts kept racing through my head as I stared at him in silence. Why would he suddenly say he wants to give me an answer? Hasn't he done enough in the past few weeks to prove his point?

I ended up being barely able to sleep that night. Michael got up really early the next morning to pack his suitcase.

Knowing that he would be leaving that day, I decided to get out of bed and help him pack. That was when I realized I couldn't stand being away from him for even just a minute.

"Give me a call once you get there, okay?" I reminded him softly while packing his clothes into the suitcase.

"Okay," he mumbled.

The entire mansion felt incredibly empty after Michael left. The housekeeper and the caregiver were the only people I had left to keep me company.

For some reason, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was about to happen during his absence.

Fortunately, the next two days went by rather peacefully. The caregiver had taught me a lot of useful information about looking after my baby.

However, that brief moment of peace was soon interrupted when Lincoln dropped by at the mansion.

I knew full well that his attitude toward me had changed completely. He was no longer gentle and nice to me like before, thinking I was the one who had put Josephine in a vegetative state. An intense hatred was all that he felt whenever he saw me. Had it not been for me, Josephine would have still been perfectly fine by his side instead of lying in a hospital bed. Even so, I naively assumed he had simply come over to have a look at my baby.

"Hello, Dad," I greeted him softly.

Lincoln simply sat down in the living room and didn't seem like he would be leaving soon.

"I came here today to see your child and to inform you of something."

The look in his eyes was just as cold as the tone of his voice.

"What is it, Dad? I'm listening," I asked respectfully when I heard he had something to tell me.

Lincoln shot me a glance before retrieving a document from the man standing behind him. He placed the document on the coffee table nearby and motioned at me to have a look at it.

I wasn't really sure why, but I had a terrible feeling about everything. With a confused frown on my face, I walked up to the coffee table and picked up the document.

A sharp pain tore through my heart the moment I saw the words "Divorce Agreement" written on the first page, and my body began trembling uncontrollably.

"W-What is this, Dad?" I asked, looking up at Lincoln in disbelief.

Despite already having an idea of what this was about, I desperately held on to what little glimmer of hope I had left.

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Chapter 393 Divorce Agreement

"A divorce agreement," Lincoln replied coldly, looking back at me.

Hearing it directly from him sent waves of terror through my body.

I fought back the feelings of panic and anxiety in my heart and asked anxiously, "A divorce agreement for me and Michael? Why would you bring this here all of a sudden, Dad?"

"I actually liked you when you first married into our family, Anna. I thought of you as a very kind person, but what you did was simply unacceptable. Because of you, my wife is now lying in the hospital and might remain bedridden for the rest of her life!"

Lincoln got a little emotional as he said that, and I finally understood the reason behind this divorce agreement.

So, he's doing this because of Josephine... Since I have claimed responsibility for Josephine's condition, I am willing to accept Lincoln's hatred toward me. However, I will not divorce Michael because of this! They can hate me all they want, but I won't leave Michael! Our child has just been born! He needs the love of both his parents!

My voice trembled along with my body as I said, "I know you still blame me for what happened to Mom. I know this is all my fault, so you can hate me, scold me, and even hit me all you like. But I will never agree to divorce Michael! I won't leave him!"

This was something I had to stand very firm on. I was determined not to leave Michael regardless of what Lincoln said to me. Seeing as my relationship with Michael had improved a lot lately, I believed that he would never agree to divorce me either.

"I will not allow you to remain in the Shaw family, so you will sign this divorce agreement today. I have even brought a lawyer with me today. Let's get this all over with right here and now."

Lincoln completely disregarded everything I had just told him.

I looked at him in utter shock, as I didn't expect the gentle and supportive father-in-law to be so heartless.

Given the fact that the man behind him was a lawyer, it became obvious that he didn't come here to negotiate at all. Lincoln had come here with the sole purpose of getting me to sign that divorce agreement.

"I won't divorce Michael, and I'm sure he won't agree to it either! Besides, whether we divorce or not is our decision to make, not yours! You have no say in this matter!" I shouted while staring at him with a determined look in my eyes.

Although my mind was all over the place, I knew I had to stand my ground and refuse the divorce. I would never leave Michael unless he told me he wanted to divorce me.

Lincoln's tone grew a lot colder as he asked with a frown, "What will it take for you to sign this, then?"

"I'm going to give Michael a call and tell him about this. Michael will never agree to divorce me! He loves me!"

In my state of panic, I whipped out my phone and punched in Michael's number.

I'm going to tell Michael about this and have him stop his father!

However, I couldn't get through to him no matter how many times I tried. Every call ended with an automated voice message stating that his phone was outside of the coverage area.

That made me panic even more, as Michael was my only source of hope left. If I gave in to Lincoln's pressure and signed the divorce agreement, then my relationship with Michael would truly be over.

"Your call won't get through, so don't bother wasting your time and energy. Michael won't answer your call even if you manage to get through. Hasn't it occurred to you that his business trip to Anglandur was just to avoid you?" Lincoln said calmly when he saw how anxious I was, but his words only worsened things for me.

What is he talking about? Is he saying that Michael knew he would have me sign this divorce agreement? Did Michael really choose to go on a business trip just to avoid me? Did Michael know what was going to happen today? Did he know that his family would bring this divorce agreement over?

All sorts of questions filled my head. I didn't want to doubt Michael because I believed in his love for me, but Lincoln's words were making me feel extremely uneasy.

I couldn't bring myself to believe that Michael knew about this, as he had taken such good care of me over the past month. I saw no sign of him wanting a divorce at all.

"No, I don't believe you! Michael wouldn't do this to me!" I shouted at Lincoln out of agitation.

Instead of getting mad at my rude behavior, Lincoln simply maintained a firm attitude as he said, "There are things in life that you are better off not knowing too much about. Hurts a lot less that way. Do you really think I'd bring this divorce agreement over if Michael wasn't aware?"

I could clearly tell from the tone of his voice that he was dead-set on having me sign those papers that day.

"Michael and I have gone through a lot before we ended up together, so I don't believe he would agree to divorce me like this. I know you're still mad at me, Dad. I feel really bad about what happened to Mom too, and I really do want to make it up to you. But please don't make me leave Michael. We have a child now! What would happen to the child if we ended up getting divorced?"

My voice was still trembling as I pleaded with Lincoln. I couldn't bring myself to imagine what life would be like for both me and my child if we got divorced.

"The child is a descendant of the Shaw family, so we will raise him and provide him with the best education possible. When he grows up, we will hand the family business over to him as well."

What Lincoln meant was that my child would belong to the Shaw family entirely.

Naturally, I wasn't about to just hand over my child. I had gone through great pains to bring him into this world.

"I don't agree with this arrangement. That's my child, and I'm not going to let anyone take him away from me!" I glared at Lincoln.

I can't believe Lincoln would be so heartless! Not only does he want me to divorce Michael, but he won't let me keep my child either! I carried my child in my womb for ten months! Lincoln has no right to take him away from me!

Lincoln let out a sigh and said calmly, "Anna, our family is simply trying to resolve this matter peacefully. If you insist on being so stubborn, then we will have no choice but to take this to court. The police will then investigate how Josephine got injured, and you might end up going to prison. It'd be impossible for you to see your child then."

Although it seemed like he was doing this out of sympathy for me, I knew that sympathy was definitely the last thing he felt toward me.

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Chapter 394 Child Taken Away

Lincoln is blatantly threatening me with the possibility of prison time if I refuse to compromise! He knows it would be near impossible for me to see my child if I ended up in prison! As such, signing the divorce agreement would be the only option available to me.

With that in mind, I tightened my grip on the divorce agreement. Although it was incredibly tempting to just tear it to pieces, I managed to fight the urge and maintain my composure.

"Don't worry. The Shaw family will be sure to repay you in kind for bringing us a son. I will pay you five million as compensation, so you should have an easy life ahead of you."

The cold look on Lincoln's face eased up significantly when he saw me hesitating, and his attitude became a lot better as he tried to persuade me to sign the papers.

I don't need their money! I just want to keep my child by my side! Having to leave Michael is painful enough as it is, so I'm going to make damn sure I at least get to keep my child!

Having made up my mind, I clenched my fists and stared into Lincoln's eyes as I replied, "All I want is my child. I don't want your money, so you can keep the five million. If I am to get divorced, then I demand custody of my child!"

The look in Lincoln's eyes went back to being icy-cold instantly when he heard that. He then leaped to his feet and yelled angrily, "The child is a Shaw! We will not let you have him, so you can forget about it! If you sign these papers, you will be allowed to visit your child whenever you feel like it. If you end up in prison, you will never get to see him again! It would be a great dishonor for us to have a convict as a part of our family, after all!"

Each and every one of his words stabbed at my heart like knives as he continued pushing me into a corner.

I took a deep breath and forcefully suppressed my burning anger as I pleaded with him, "I can't reach Michael right now, Dad. Can we at least wait till he comes back before we discuss this further?"

"You still don't believe that this is Michael's decision, do you? In that case, why don't you take a closer look at the divorce agreement? Michael has already signed his name on it. Surely, you can recognize his signature?"

Lincoln was really well-prepared before he came over. Perhaps he already knew that I wouldn't agree to the divorce.

I didn't read the rest of the divorce agreement earlier, but hearing Lincoln's words prompted me to check it again. I quickly flipped to the last page, and sure enough, Michael's signature was there.

The sight of Michael's name and signature stabbed at my heart once again, and whatever remaining flames of hope I had left were extinguished completely.

So, this really is Michael's idea... He actually wants to divorce me... Is this the answer he said he'd give me? Heh... I thought we would go back to being the lovey-dovey couple we used to be, but I suppose that's just wishful thinking on my part. I've overestimated the place I hold in Michael's heart, after all.

"Now that you've seen it and confirmed it, you should hurry up and sign the papers!" Lincoln urged me impatiently while his lawyer handed me a pen.

With trembling hands, I took the pen over from him. At first, I was determined to stand my ground no matter what. However, seeing Michael's signature caused my resolve to disappear instantly.

I wouldn't shamelessly cling to Michael if he didn't want to be with me anymore.

As much as it hurt me to divorce him, I would go through with it because I knew Michael all too well. Not a single person in the world could change his mind once he had made his decision.

However, I really didn't want to be separated from my child, who was just a little over a month old.

As if he had read my mind, Lincoln said in a gentle voice, "Don't worry. You may drop by to visit your child anytime."

After taking into consideration that it was better than not being able to see my child at all while in prison, I decided to proceed with the divorce.

My tears fell uncontrollably when I glanced at Michael's signature once again, and my hands were shaking like crazy when I signed my name.

I hate you, Michael!

My heart was filled with hatred for the Shaw family, Michael, as well as his decision to divorce me, which prevented me from living with my child.

A satisfied smile formed on Lincoln's face when he saw me sign the papers. He then placed a check worth five million on the table before telling the caregiver she would be working in the Shaw residence from then on.

Seeing her carry my child out of the room hurt me like a sledgehammer to the chest, and the pain snapped me out of my daze.

"Don't take my child away! I just want to have him by my side! I don't want anything else!" I screamed as I ran toward her and snatched my child out of her arms.

My child was all I had left after divorcing Michael, so I couldn't afford to lose him.

"Please let go, Mrs. Shaw. You'll hurt the baby! He's too young to withstand such rough handling!" the caregiver shouted anxiously when she saw how agitated I was.

"No! Give my child back to me! This is my child! I won't let anyone take him away from me!"

My child began crying, and hearing him cry hurt my heart even more. Although I didn't want to cause him any pain, the fear of losing him was a lot stronger than my ability to think rationally at that time.

He is only a little over a month old! He still needs me to keep him company as he grows up!

"Look, the baby is crying, Mrs. Shaw! He'll get hurt if you don't let go of him!"

The caregiver's tone grew increasingly anxious when she saw my child crying non-stop.

"Then let go of him! Let go of him right now!" I shouted back at her.

It hurt me the most to fight over my child like this, but I didn't dare to let go as I feared I would lose him forever.

Unable to watch this any longer, Lincoln called out to his subordinates, "Hey, you two! Subdue Mrs. Shaw!"

Two strong men then came over and grabbed both of my arms before yanking me aside.

I kept screaming at the top of my lungs as I watched my child get taken away from me, but no one cared about my feelings at all. No one knew how much pain I was in at the time.

My heart felt as if it had been hollowed out when I saw the caregiver walk out of the house with my child. The two men only let go of me after she got into the car.

Desperate to get my child back, I ran straight out the front door as quickly as I could. However, the car sped off before I could even get close to it.

I tried to chase after it on foot, but that was obviously not going to work. In the end, I simply stood there and watched as the car slowly disappeared from my sight.

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Chapter 395 Stopped Outside

Balling my fists, I watched as the car disappeared into the horizon. I had never panicked as badly as I was at that moment, and never had I ever been so furious as well.

While I despised the Shaw family, I despised Michael even more.

What happened in the past month was only a temporary blissful moment before our relationship came to an end. He told me he was going on a business trip, but I guessed that he was trying to end things with me.

I had underestimated how ruthless the man could be. We had been together for such a long time, and I had never thought that he would do such a cruel thing to me.

Without missing a beat, I hailed a cab and handed the driver all the money I had on me to have him drive me to the Shaw residence as quickly as he could.

After reaching the Shaw residence, a security guard stopped me before I could even enter the premise.

"Let me in! I'm Michael's wife!" was what I roared at the security guard when he stood in my way.

"I'm sorry, but I've received instructions from Mr. Andy not to let you into the place from now on," the security guard said impassively, ignoring the fact that I was looking daggers at him.

He did not let me in despite my relationship with Michael.

I had been to the Shaw residence many times before, so I was sure that the security guard knew who I was. Hence, the Shaws were definitely the ones who instructed the guard to stop me outside. They had just forcibly taken my child away, and yet, they were forbidding me from entering their residence.

They had told me that I could see my child any time I wanted, but those words from them were nothing but a lie!

"Let me in! I'm going to bring my child home!"

The Shaws did not keep their promise. I had just signed the paper, and almost immediately, they refused to let me see my child. There was no way I was going to let him stay in their residence anymore. It was at that moment I was filled with remorse.

At the same time, I suddenly realized how big of a fool I was. The Shaws were already treating me mercilessly, so I should have known they would not possibly give me the chance to see my child again.

"Ms. Garcia, if you insist on barging in, please don't blame us if we're rough with you. I hope you won't put us in a difficult spot," said the other security guard in a cold tone.

It seemed like they were not planning to let me into the place at all.

"Please let me in. I want to bring my child away from here. I just want to see my child, and I'll leave right after that, please?" I pleaded while looking at them.

At that very second, the only thing I wanted was to see my child.

"Ms. Garcia, I'd advise you to leave quickly. You won't be able to enter this place. If we let you in, I'm afraid we'll be fired."

One of the security guards was looking at me with sympathy, but at the end of the day, that was all they could offer to me. They were only employees of the Shaw family. If I were to enter, they would be fired from their post.

"I won't leave! If I don't see my child, I won't leave!" I cried out determinedly.

As I stared at the Shaw residence, the urge to murder the Shaws emerged in my heart.

Nevertheless, the two security guards never let me in, no matter what I did. Knowing that they were only following orders, I did not blame them for it. Still, the abhorrence I had for the Shaws grew more intense.

At the start, there was a hint of guilt in me. Yet, after getting stopped outside the Shaw residence, the only feeling left in me was nothing but pure hatred.

I then took out my phone to call Michael again, but like before, the call did not go through. Lincoln had already told me clearly that Michael was aware of it, yet I refused to give up. However, upon hearing the automated voice coming out of the speakers, I could not help but wonder if Michael did have a part in this.

I wanted to know why he was treating me in such a way and why he had to be so cruel to me. Even if he thought I hurt his mother, there was no need for him to be so heartless toward me. I refused to believe that he would not be the least bit affected to watch our child lose his mother.

My hand that was holding the phone lowered. At that moment, all of my hopes were shattered. Since they refused to let me into the premise, I decided to sit right by the gate. I was going to wait there because I refused to believe that they could stay in the house forever. As long as I remained there, I would surely be able to see my child.

Time ticked away, and soon, it was nighttime. The sky was dark, while the Shaw residence was brightly lit. However, no one from the Shaw family came out. Having not seen my child for hours, I grew restless. Anxiety bloomed in my chest; I wanted to know if he was crying and if he had eaten.

Right then, the two security guards by the entrance glanced at me and sighed. Perhaps it was because they never expected me to be that stubborn.

Wearing a sympathetic expression, one of the guards walked over to me and said, "Ms. Garcia, you've been waiting here for such a long time, but the Shaws haven't let you in. You should go back. They won't let you see your child."

"I won't go until they give me back my child." I spoke with a determined voice as I stared at the brightly lit mansion.

Regardless of what would happen, I was going to take my child away. I would not leave until I saw him.

To be honest, I was still consoling myself that the Shaws were only treating me in that way because they were still in a temper. I told myself it was because they wanted to teach me a lesson after hurting Josephine. Deep down, I still believed that they would not be that callous toward me.

However, as time passed, I realized how naïve I was. A night had gone by, and the sun had risen to the sky again. Yet, there were still no signs of the Shaws.

I had not eaten nor drunk for an entire day, so the hunger and thirst were starting to sap me of energy. In fact, I could not summon any strength to my limbs at all.

Honestly, I knew that I could not last long waiting outside the Shaw residence like that, but I did not want to give up. I was scared that, once I left, I would miss the opportunity to see my child. That was why I repeatedly told myself that I could not go and had to remain there to see my child.

The sky was gray, and it looked like it was about to rain. Since I did not wear many layers when I came out the day before, I was shivering from the chilliness in the morning of fall.

When the cold breeze blew onto me, I shook like a leaf. Turning to look at the Shaw residence, I still saw no signs of the Shaws. By then, I was convinced that they knew I was right outside and that they were deliberately avoiding me.

Thus, I took out my phone to dial Lincoln's number. Just as the call went through, he hung up. Refusing to admit defeat so easily, I called him a few more times, but it all ended the same way as the first.

It was then my suspicions were confirmed. When Lincoln declared that I could see my child at any time, he was only saying it so that he could trick me into signing the paper. At that thought, I found Michael's seemingly kind and caring father to be vile.

The sky darkened even more. Soon, the sounds of thunder began filling the air. I knew it was going to rain, but I had no plans to leave.

"Ms. Garcia, you should really leave now. It's going to rain soon, and you've been here for almost twenty-four hours."