

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 381

It Was Really Steven

There was no one in the living room when I opened the door. Could it be that Steven really isn't at home?

I couldn't help but frown in bewilderment. When I was about to leave, I suddenly noticed that Steven's bedroom wasn't closed properly. It turned out that Steven was hiding in his bedroom.

Feeling a bit angry, I strode toward the bedroom and pushed the door open. Apart from Steven, I was shocked to see Dad and Mom inside.

“Dad, Mom, why are you here? I knocked on the door many times just now. Why didn't you open the door?”

At that moment, I was overwhelmed by confusion. After all, everyone was at home, yet no one opened the door for me.

“Anna, why have you come here?”

Steven was seemingly afraid of something and did not look into my eyes as he spoke. I didn't have to be a genius to know that he acted strangely.

“Exactly. Why have you come here all of a sudden? Aren't you supposed to be staying in the hospital to take care of your mother-in-law?” Mom came up to me and asked carefully.

In the meantime, Dad merely frowned and didn't utter a word.

Since everyone acted bizarrely, I couldn't help but recall Steven's conversation with me over the phone. Earlier, he suddenly called and asked me about Josephine's condition. As such, I had a sneaking suspicion that something was wrong.

"Steven, I'm here to ask whether what happened to Mrs. Shaw is related to you. Did you go to the mansion?" I looked into Steven's eyes and asked in a serious tone.

Surprisingly, Steven's body shivered, and a hint of guilt flashed across his eyes.

"Anna, what did you say? How could it be related to me? I didn't go to your house yesterday morning," Steven replied nervously and continued to avoid my gaze.

"I didn't tell you that Mrs. Shaw was injured yesterday morning. How did you know it?" I questioned Steven coldly once I noticed that he had a slip of the tongue.

I had never told anyone that Josephine was injured yesterday morning. Besides, the exact time when Josephine was hurt was not reported in the news. Therefore, Steven's knowledge about it confirmed my suspicion that he was involved.

"I... I merely made a guess. Anna, I'm your brother. How can you suspect me for no reason?"

Steven gave me an unconvincing reason and stared at me in anger.

Without responding to Steven, I continued to stare at him in the hope of getting more clues from his expression.

Once I noticed that a button on Steven's shirt was missing, my heart skipped a beat. The other buttons looked the same as the one Josephine held in her hand.

“Steven, you're lying. Was Mrs. Shaw injured because of you?” Staring at Steven, I suppressed the anger within me and asked coldly.

“Anna, I'll be angry if you keep talking nonsense. Besides, I'm your brother. How can you hurl some random accusations against me?” Steven questioned me furiously.

Although he was loud, I could still sense the hint of guilt in his voice.

Since I had confirmed that Steven did it, what he said couldn't move me. Nonetheless, I found it difficult to believe that the incident was related to him.

Moreover, I didn't know how I could face Michael after he learned that Steven was involved.

“Steven, how dare you continue to lie? Look at this!” I shouted furiously.

The next moment, I took out a button that looked the same as the other buttons on Steven's shirt.

At that moment, I was infuriated and almost felt like killing Steven.

Steven was stunned once he saw the button in my hand. Then, he nervously checked the buttons on his shirt. His confidence shattered when he realized that one of the buttons had fallen off.

As Steven remained silent, my heart was filled with rage. In the meantime, Dad and Mom's expressions also changed.

“Steven, what do you have to say now? This button comes from your shirt!” I threw the button on Steven and bellowed at him.

At that moment, I finally couldn't suppress my anger and disappointment. Even more so, I couldn't imagine how I could face Michael and the Shaw family if they knew that Steven was the one who did it.

Steven lowered his head and didn't utter a word. Deep down, I hoped he could continue to deny it instead of admitting it.

“Steven, say something! Tell me that the button doesn't belong to you!”

I came up to Steven and shook his shoulder with all my might. Steven took a few steps back because I unknowingly pushed him.

“That's enough, Anna. Don't force Steven anymore. It was an accident, and Steven didn't do it on purpose!” Mom pulled me away from Steven and said with dissatisfaction. In fact, she rebuked me.

“An accident? Mom, do you have any idea about how big a trouble he has caused? How can you not scold him but protect him instead?”

Mom's attitude irritated me. Even though Steven had done something wrong, she didn't advise him to make amends but helped him cover the truth.

“I understand that Steven made a mess, but he didn't do it on purpose. Besides, he knows that he did something wrong. Anna, although Steven did it, you cannot reveal it to anyone else. Otherwise, Steven will be in trouble.”

Knowing that Steven got in trouble, Mom didn't shout at me like how she used to. However, she still wanted to protect Steven at all costs.

“Are you out of your mind? Do you think we can keep it secret after Steven caused such trouble? Michael is so powerful that he will certainly figure out the truth sooner or later. What makes you think you can keep it a secret forever?”

Given the gravity of the situation, the Shaw family wouldn't let go of the culprit. Hence, I felt like reprimanding Mom altogether when she still intended to protect Steven.

“Anna, I understand that it isn't easy to keep it a secret. However, the Shaw family must never know that Steven did it. Moreover, isn't Michael's mom safe now?”

When Mom pulled my hand, I could feel that she was a bundle of nerves.

However, my heart was still filled with rage when I gazed at Mom and Steven.

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Being Forced By The Family

“Anna, I have made a grave mistake. I didn’t expect that something like this could happen. Initially, I went to your house, hoping to ask you to apologize to Yvette. Then, I planned to discuss buying a car with you. However, you weren’t there, and Michael’s mom ridiculed and picked on me the moment she saw me. I was too furious and accidentally...”

Steven began to explain it to me, his face filled with regrets. Although I understood that he was afraid, it couldn’t justify his attempt to hide the truth.

“Steven, no matter what Mrs. Shaw said to you, you are in the wrong. Do you know you’ve committed a crime and can go to prison? Michael will do everything to search and punish the culprit once he nails the culprit!”

Michael could be cold and heartless toward any outsider. Even though Steven was my brother, Michael didn’t have a good impression of him. Hence, I didn’t know what Michael would do to Steven once he found out.

At that time, my mind was a mess. Apart from Steven, I was also affected by the incident. After all, he was my brother, and everything happened because of me.

“Anna, please... I beg you. Please don’t tell Michael about it. I know that it’s my fault. I didn’t mean to do it. It was really an accident.”

Upon hearing my warning, Steven was terrified. He immediately pulled my hands to beg me.

“I can’t help you on this. I have to tell Michael the truth. Steven, I have helped you a lot in the past, and I’m sorry that I can’t help you this time. Besides, I don’t even know how I can face Michael now. How can I stay in the Shaw residence since you made such a terrible mistake?”

I could barely save myself now and had no idea how to face the Shaw family. Apart from my anger toward Steven, I suffered such feelings of guilt toward Michael. I didn’t know if Michael would blame me for the incident and regret choosing to be with me.

As I was flustered, I even thought about dragging Steven to see Michael and letting Michael kill him.

“Anna, Steven can’t go to prison. He is the only son in our family. What should your dad and I do if he is jailed?”

At that time, Mom also came up to me and begged me.

Before coming here, I had foreseen that Mom would say so and protect Steven. However, I really couldn’t do much about it.

“Mom, it’s not that I refuse to deal with the situation. Do you realize I can’t do anything about it because we can never hide the truth!”

Once the Shaw family knew the truth, Steven would go to prison. Although I couldn’t bear to see my brother suffering, there was nothing I could do to salvage the situation.

“Anna, I beg you. You can’t sit idly and watch as your brother goes to jail.”

Mom got emotional after I said that I couldn’t do anything. Besides, her grip on my arms became tighter.

I remained silent, yet my mind didn’t change because of what she said.

“Anna, I beg you!” With that, Mom kneeled before me to plead subserviently.

“Mom, what are you doing? Please get up!”

Initially, I had told myself not to change my mind regardless of what Mom said. Nevertheless, I felt nervous once she kneeled before me.

When I pulled Mom up, she said, “Anna, please promise me that you’ll not expose Steven. If you don’t agree to help him, I’ll not get up.”

Mom was determined to protect Steven and refused to stand up as long as I didn’t agree to her request.

“Mom, please get up. I can’t do anything even if you kneel. You have to understand this. Whether I say it or not, the Shaw family will figure it out sooner or later.”

Gazing at Mom, I was surprised and sad about how much she was willing to sacrifice for Steven.

“Anna, there must be a way to solve it. Since Michael loves you so much, you can surely find a perfect solution.”

Mom grabbed my hand nervously and gazed at me in anticipation.

“Mom, what do you mean by that?”

At that time, I couldn't help but feel a bad premonition.

“Anna, Michael loves you so much, and you're carrying his baby. If you say that you accidentally pushed Mrs. Shaw, I believe the Shaw family won't make things difficult for you. Besides, they surely won't bring you to the police station. Am I right?”

When Mom finally spoke her mind, I felt that my heart wrenched as if a knife had plunged into my heart.

Does Mom want me to take the blame by admitting that I was the one who did it?

“Mom, what did you say?”

I stared at Mom in disbelief. Although what she said was clear, I couldn't believe my ears that Mom chose to sacrifice me for the sake of Steven.

Although I knew my parents always favored Steven over me, I didn't expect that Mom would ask me to be his scapegoat.

Since I'm her daughter, how could she do this to me? Both Steven and I are her children. Doesn't she feel guilty at all? Besides, this accident has nothing to do with me. Why must I take the blame?

“Anna, I understand that this is unfair to you, but there are no other options. I’ll never let you do it if I can find another way. Besides, Steven is your brother. I think you can’t bear to see him go to jail, can you?”

“What about me? Have you thought about the consequences that can happen to me if I admit to it? How can I live with Michael if he knew that I was the one who hurt Mrs. Shaw?”

Heart-wrenching despair surged from the depth of my heart, for I felt my closest and beloved family wanted to throw me to the wolves.

“You’re carrying the baby of the Shaw family. Hence, the Shaw family won’t make things difficult for you because of that. Anna, can you help your brother for one last time?”

“No, I won’t agree to it. I’ll never do it!”

As my body shivered, I took a few steps back. I stared at Mom with my pale face. At that moment, I felt that every word she said was like a needle that pricked my heart.

“Anna, please help Steven. I beg you too!” my father chimed in.

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Go Home

Dad, who had been silent the entire time, came to my side and knelt beside Mom.

For Fast update and Novel Query

The last perseverance in my heart crumbled at that moment. I felt as though I had fallen into a dark abyss, forever trapped in the dark, never able to see the bright sun again.

“Dad, do you want me to take the blame too for something that I did not do, just like Mom?”

My face was as white as a sheet. My entire body was trembling. Even though I already knew the answer to my question, I refused to believe it. Am I not important to them at all?

“Anna, we’re begging you. We’ve raised you to be who you are today. It wasn’t easy for us. Consider this the last thing you’re doing for us. I promise you that this will be the last time.” Mom squeezed my hand tightly.

My entire body was shivering from the coldness surrounding my heart. I felt as though I was drowning in icy waters.

I inhaled deeply to stop the tears from falling. I didn’t want to take the blame, but my heart gave in to their pleas. Their actions that day had disappointed me greatly.

“All right. I’ll promise you, but you will no longer be my parents after this incident. I don’t have heartless parents like both of you,” I screamed at them, then spun around and left.

Unable to hold it back any longer, I let the tears of despair flow down my face once I turned around.

I had never expected my family to be so cruel. I never thought they would sacrifice me to protect Steven regardless of how I felt.

Why? Why are they doing this to me?

I was unwilling to accept the truth. I wanted to turn back and scream at them and let them know that I was their daughter. How could they be so unsympathetic toward me? Wouldn't their conscience hurt when they treated me like this?

No matter how furious I was, I suppressed all of them down. I had known from the beginning that the outcome would have been the same no matter how much I struggle or what I ask them. Their intention to protect Steven would never change.

I walked mindlessly on the sidewalk, feeling so helpless, feeling as though I was forsaken by the entire world. Why didn't anyone think about my feelings? About how I would feel? I wanted to know if they had ever loved me even a little.

The minutes ticked by. My phone had been ringing the entire time, but I didn't pick it up. I pretended to be deaf, not wanting to talk to anyone. All I wanted was to be alone.

The phone rang and stopped, then rang again in an endless cycle. It went on for a long while. I finally reached for my phone and saw Michael's name on the screen.

My heart clenched when I saw that familiar name. Perhaps Michael was the only person who truly cared about and loved me.

However, his love for me would be gone soon. I wasn't sure how he would react after hearing me admit to hurting his mother. Would he hate me?

I didn't even dare to think about what would happen to my relationship with Michael. The happiness that I had tried so hard to attain... Would it disappear like smoke?

I clicked on a button to take the call, trembling. I didn't want to face it, but I knew the problem wouldn't go away with me running away. There was no escaping the inevitable.

"Hello," I said once the call connected, my voice choking with sobs, but I tried to endure it. I didn't want Michael to hear that there was something wrong with me.

"Where are you? Why didn't you pick up my calls? I called you so many times?"

Michael's worried voice came from the other end. His tone was full of concern for me.

I was in a dejected state, having faced the relentlessness of my family. Hearing his concern for me, I couldn't stop the tears from rolling down my cheeks.

I covered my mouth, trying to hide my sobs. I didn't want him to hear my cries, but he was smart and knew me so well. I couldn't hide my emotion from him.

"You're crying? Where are you? I'll come and pick you up," Michael asked anxiously. I could hear the panic in his voice.

"I-I'm near Steven's house."

I had intended to tell him that his mother got hurt because of me when I picked up his call, but I had cold feet and chickened out at the last minute. I didn't want to spoil my relationship with him.

It was not easy for us to be together. I was the only one who knew that. I couldn't bear to watch the happiness I strived so hard for slip away from my grasp.

“Wait for me. I'll come and pick you up right away.”

Michael hung up, shortening a thirty-minute drive to fifteen minutes.

I was squatting down on the sidewalk with tears streaming down my face.

Michael got out of the car and rushed to my side, wrapping his arms around me and looking worried.

“What's wrong? Tell me what happened.”

Michael's voice was gentle. I could feel the warmth from his body and breath as he held me.

“Michael...”

I circled my arms around his waist. I couldn't get any words out other than his name. There were too many things I wanted to tell him that I didn't even know where to start.

“What's wrong? Did your family bully you?”

Michael patted my back. I could hear his heart breaking for me in his voice.

“No, they didn’t.”

When I recalled how my parents had dropped to their knees to beg me to take the blame on behalf of Steven, ice froze over my heart. I held no hope for that family anymore.

This is the last time I’m helping them. They will no longer be my parents after this. I’m disowning them. From now on, they are strangers to me. They’ve smothered any remaining affection I had for them.

“If nobody bullies you, then why are you crying? Tell me what happened. I’ll take care of it no matter what it is.”

Michael tightened his arms around me. I could feel the determination in his tone. Every word he told me and every action he did made my heart ache even more.

I missed his hugs and gentleness. I truly hoped we could be together like this forever.

“Michael, bring me home. I have something to tell you,” I said softly, looking into his eyes. I didn’t want to tell him about my family affair.

I have to tell him about his mother as soon as possible before I chicken out and change my mind.

“All right. Let’s go home.”

He didn't continue pursuing the matter after hearing that I wanted to go home. He carried me bridal-style into the passenger seat of his car.

After we both got in the car, he focused on driving while I turned my head toward the window, not wanting him to see the tears that kept dropping.

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Your Joke Is Not Funny

“Didn't you say you have something to tell me? You can tell me now.”

Michael took his eyes off the road and cast me a glance. His voice was soft as though he was afraid of scaring me.

Hearing his gentle voice, I looked at him. But when I saw the concern in his eyes, I didn't know how to start.

“Michael, will you forgive me if I make a huge mistake?”

I was wringing my hands as I asked him. I couldn't look into his eyes as I waited for his answer.

“No matter how huge the mistake my girl has committed, it's not a mistake in my eyes. You have me by your side. I don't care what you've done.”

He reached his hand out to grab mine. Determination and affection were laced in his words.

My heart lurched at the warmth I felt from his hand. I'm touched by his words, but he doesn't know the severity of my mistake this time.

I know he won't get mad no matter the mistakes or trouble I've caused, but this is an exception. Will he still tell me such kind, loving words if I tell him that I hurt his mother?

I lowered my head in silence. I still haven't figured out how to tell him. I was reluctant to spoil the happiness between us.

The car continued smoothly, and soon we arrived at the mansion.

He steadily pulled the car to a stop and turned to me with a small smile.

I merely sat there like a statue, still hesitant to tell him.

“What's wrong? You're acting very different today.”

I could see the concern in his eyes.

“Michael, I have something to tell you. But I'm scared we wouldn't be as how we are right now once I told you.”

I glimpsed at him nervously. Since I've already decided to take the blame for Steven, I have to do it.

“What do you want to tell me? I'm worried about the way you're acting right now.” He furrowed his brows.

I know he'll freak out over the way I'm acting right now.

“It’s about Mom. In truth, I was the one who hurt her.”

My words came out in a whisper. I lowered my head, unwilling to see his reaction. My heart was racing as I waited for him to blow up.

He stayed silent, but I could feel his gaze on me. My palms began to sweat. I was worried about what he would say.

“What are you saying? What do my mom’s injuries have to do with you? Even though she got hurt at our house, it has nothing to do with you. You don’t have to feel guilty about it.” He pulled me into his arms and let out a sigh instead of getting angry at what I said.

I knew he had misunderstood my words. He didn’t understand what I was trying to tell him. Anxiety filled me once again.

I screwed my eyes shut and inhaled a deep breath, pulling my courage from deep within me as I said, “No, Michael. You don’t understand. I’m trying to tell you that I was the one who caused the injury to your mom’s head.”

“W-What did you say?”

He stared at me with wide, dark eyes. They were so sharp and keen as though they could see through my lies.

I forced myself to meet his gaze and kept telling myself to be strong.

“Michael, I’m sorry. It’s my fault.”

I hung my head, hiding the tears that were falling.

“Anna, do you know what you’re saying?”

His face froze. He gripped my shoulder with both hands as he yelled at me. It was a first for me to see him losing his temper like this.

I knew he couldn’t accept what I had told him since it was too sudden. I knew he would be mad and hate me for it.

“Michael, I’m sorry. I’m truly sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

I didn’t dare to lift my head as I let my tears continue to fall. Pain and despair filled me. I had never felt so upset before, feeling as though someone was tightly squeezing my heart.

“Anna, do you think I’ll believe what you’ve just said? I know who you are. I know, for sure, that you won’t do something like that. Tell me, why did you say that?”

He shook me as rage filled him.

I let him shake me in silence. That was all I could tell him. I couldn’t force myself to say anything else, worried I would blurt the truth.

“Michael, please don’t force me anymore. I’ve told you that it’s all my fault. Please don’t force me to say anything else. I don’t want to say it.”

I freed myself from his grip and used my screams to cover up my guilt and anxiety.

He breathed heavily and took a few deep breaths. After a long silence, he finally calmed himself down. “Have you ever thought about how I would deal with you if you were the culprit? Anna, you’re challenging my limits.”

His voice turned cold. I could sense that there was a volcano in him that would erupt at any time.

Josephine had an important place in his heart. With her lying hurt and unconscious in the hospital, he couldn’t pretend that nothing had happened, knowing I was the culprit.

“I don’t know what you will do to me, but I hope this doesn’t affect our relationship and feelings for each other. Michael, I love you. I didn’t want to tell you this. I’m scared you’ll break up with me over this.”

I looked up at him in a fluster. I had never seen him like this before.

“If you don’t want to break up with me and want to stay by my side, then tell me the truth. Tell me who did it.”

He focused his cold gaze on me, trying to read my expression.

My stomach dropped. He didn’t buy it. I don’t know if I should be glad or afraid of that.

Should I be glad for his trust in me? Or should I be worried about him finding out about Steven?

“I told you I was the one who did it. Michael, I’m touched that you trust me, but I’m the culprit.”

I lowered my head again, not daring to meet his sharp gaze. I was afraid that he would still refuse to believe me.

“Anna, your joke is not funny,” he yelled, then alighted from the car and walked into the house.

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A Slap From Lincoln

The car door slammed shut. The loud bang was like a blow to my heart.

“I’m sorry, Michael. I’m really sorry.”

My fingers were digging into my head. I hated myself for giving in to them and doing what they told me all the time.

I sobbed as I sat alone in the car. That was the day I had cried the most in my entire life.

Suddenly, my phone rang. I felt the irony as I stared at the word “Mom” on the screen.

No mother in the world would force their children to take the blame. I wanted to know how heartless they were.

“Hello.”

I sucked in a deep breath, trying to sound as cold as possible.

“Anna, I’m just calling to ask if you have told Michael. You didn’t sell your brother out, right?” An urgent voice came from the other end.

She didn't even ask about me. Steven is all she cares about.

“You don't have to call me to remind me. I'll do as I promised. But don't call me again after today. You're no longer my family. All of you.”

I hung up, not giving her the chance to say anything else.

This is the last time. I will ignore whatever happens to them after today. I'll consider this as a parting gift to them.

I don't have parents or a brother after this. I want to live my life. I want to be selfish and live the way I want.

Wiping away the tears on my face, I entered the mansion and saw Michael sitting in the living room with a cold expression on his handsome face. I knew he was still mad about earlier.

“It's late. Go up and rest,” I softly reminded as I walked up to him.

“You don't plan to tell me the truth?”

He didn't answer me. Instead, he looked up at me with cold eyes simmering with anger.

My body stiffened. I knew what he was asking. Does he still not believe? What do I have to say to make him believe me?

“I've told you the truth. Why don't you believe me? Do you think I'll lie to you about something like this?” I asked somberly, looking into his eyes.

His face darkened, and rage burned in his eyes. I could see that he was about to explode.

Fear gripped me whenever he was angry, but this time, it was within my expectations.

“I will make that person who hurt my mother pay, Anna. Don’t you know that I will hate you if you insist on admitting to it?”

He shot to his feet and strode to me, looking down at me with a mix of anxiety, anger, and panic in his eyes.

Something flashed across my eyes. I averted my gaze hurriedly.
“I know. My answer is still the same. I was the one who hurt Mom. And I know you’ll hate me for it.”

I shut my eyes to stop the tears. With his character, I knew he wouldn’t let the person who hurt his mother off.

“Fine. If you insist, I’ll accept it as you want me to. Anna, you better not regret the choice you make today.”

He shot me one last glance before turning around and climbing up the stairs.

I was confused by his words. Did he finally believe me? Did he believe that I was the one who had hurt Josephine?

I sat on the couch the entire night, and not once did he come down to look for me. Perhaps he was really furious this time.

I woke up the next morning, unsure when I had fallen asleep. I climbed to the second floor to check on Michael, but he wasn't in the bedroom or study.

Soon I received a text asking me to head over to the Shaw residence to explain myself to Lincoln and Andy.

I can't run from this.

I took a cab to the Shaw residence. When I reached the living room, I saw that Andy and Lincoln were already sitting on the couch. There was a scowl on their faces and they didn't say anything when they saw me. The affection they had had for me was gone from their eyes.

I stood in front of them and greeted, "Grandpa, Dad."

Michael was there too. His gaze was fixed on me, but I couldn't find any gentleness there.

"Anna, Michael said that Josephine's injury has something to do with you. Is that true?" Lincoln piped up. The usual amiable look on his face had long since been replaced by a layer of frost.

I had seen that coming. Even though I had prepared myself, I still felt uneasy. I raised my head and looked into Lincoln's eyes.

"Dad, I'm sorry. It was an accident. I accidentally pushed her and caused her to hit the coffee table."

I lowered my head. I wasn't sad about taking the blame; I was sad knowing that I couldn't take my words back after admitting it in front of the Shaw family.

Michael had called me here today to test me. He wanted to force me to tell the truth. However, I couldn't change my mind, not when I had made the decision to take the blame. If I told him the truth, Steven would be going to prison.

“Anna!” Michael shouted.

He wasn't happy with my answer.

I knew what he was doing, and I knew he refused to believe that I was the one who did it. However, all I could do at that moment was to feign a calm look and not let my heart waver at his words.

“So it's really you!”

Lincoln pounded the table and shot to his feet. His voice rose an octave from the anger.

“Dad, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to happen. I didn't expect that she would suffer such a serious injury either.”

Josephine was important to Lincoln. I could feel it from the day when she had surgery. She was still in a critical condition at that moment, so it was only natural for him to be furious.

Hearing my confession, Lincoln was completely convinced that I was the one who had hurt his beloved wife. He stomped toward me and slapped me across my cheek. My face turned to the side from the impact, and I could feel a burning sensation on my cheek.

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Is This The End Of Our Love

Michael was going to stop his father from hitting me, but he was too late. Before he could utter a single word, I felt the pain from the slap on my cheek.

Lincoln used to treat me like his own, precious daughter in the past. I thought of him as someone who was easy to get along with. However, the thought completely disappeared with that slap of his. Not only did I feel the pain in my cheek, but my heart ached too.

“Didn’t we treat you well after you got together with Michael? I know Josephine has her temper and nags at you a lot, but you didn’t have to do that! No matter what, she’s still your elder! How could you hit her? I can’t believe how wrong I was to even think that you were a sensible daughter-in-law!” my father-in-law shouted while looking at me. His gentle and doting eyes were replaced with disappointment.

In the Shaw family, he was always the one to support my relationship with Michael. Therefore, I would be lying if I said I wasn’t sad.

“That’s enough! Anna’s still pregnant! How could you hit her? If anything happens to my great-grandchild, it’ll be your fault!” Andy shouted angrily at Lincoln after he saw his son hit me.

I knew Andy was disappointed in me too. If I weren’t mistaken, the reason he was mad at Lincoln was because of the child inside me. If I’m not pregnant, will you still defend me?

“Dad, my wife is still in a critical state in the hospital! I don’t have time to bother with this woman! If anything happens to Josephine, I won’t let her off!”

Lincoln was really furious this time. He used to be a gentle and kind man. However, all traces of kindness were gone. I couldn’t do anything but suppress my feelings and stay quiet.

“Anna, you did this. The Shaw family will not forgive you easily. But we’ll decide what to do with you after Josephine’s out of immediate danger,” Andy said as he looked at me with cold eyes. Although he wasn’t as harsh as Lincoln, his fondness toward me was gone.

I kept quiet with my head down the entire time because I had expected their reactions. However, it hurt more than I thought it would be.

Even after Lincoln and Andy went upstairs, I was still rooted in the spot. At that time, Michael was glaring at me with pure fury while suppressing his anger.

“Anna, you will regret this!” he spat coldly as he took a few strides toward me. Right after saying that, he turned and walked away without looking at me.

Over the next few days, I tried to visit Josephine in the hospital to see how she was doing. However, I was chased out by Lincoln every time I went. The way he treated me had completely changed. Right at that moment, I recalled the time of how my own family treated me when Steven was hospitalized in the past. Fortunately, the doctor said my mother-in-law was out of danger.

on the fifth day. However, no one knew when she would regain consciousness. There was also a possibility that she would be in a vegetative state for the rest of her life.

Everyone in the Shaw family let out a breath in relief while feeling saddened by the news. It was devastating to them that a person they loved, who was still alive and kicking a few days ago, was lying motionless on a hospital bed. Besides her beating heart and other signs of life, she was no different than a lifeless body.

As for Michael, he hadn't spoken to me ever since that day. It was as if our love had come to an end. Every passing second of seeing him but not being able to talk to him, as if we were enemies, was pure torture.

There were a few times I wanted to tell Michael the truth. But I couldn't bring myself to it. What about Steven ?

As months passed, my tummy grew bigger. There were only a few days left before the estimated date of delivery. Because of that, I needed to go to the hospital for routine check-ups more frequently.

In the months following the incident, Michael never accompanied me for any check-ups in the hospital. It was as if he had forgotten my existence. There were countless times when I resented him for it. However, I kept telling myself that it was my decision. All of this is because I decided to take up the responsibility. That's why I should accept the consequences.

I thought Michael loathed me and didn't care about our baby anymore, but it was until a long time after that I found out he was

always following me in secret whenever I went to the hospital. He was afraid that I would get into any accident. However, I didn't know about this then.

On one of my trips for a check-up, I bumped into Ronan. He became a lot more mature after I got married to Michael. He wasn't the languid and irresponsible man anymore.

After my check-up, we went to a nearby café and chatted. We sat facing each other.

I tried to force a smile, but I forgot how it felt to curve my lips up for a smile after not smiling for two months. In the end, I could only look at him without any expression.

“Anna, I heard about what happened with Aunt Josephine some time ago. Did you really do it?” Ronan asked while looking straight into my eyes. His question broke the silence.

I knew he would ask me about this. However, I couldn't help but feel nervous about it when he really did. Since things had already happened, there was no need for me to deny anything.

“Yeah. It's true,” I replied plainly and sipped my drink to hide my true feelings.

“I know you're lying to me by just looking at your eyes. I've known you for a long time, Anna. You're not that kind of person,” he said seriously while staring into my eyes. There wasn't a hint of surprise in him.

My heart raced a little by his response. It was probably because of the fuzzy feeling that someone trusted me, but I didn't have any other choice.

"It's true that I did it. Thank you for trusting me," I replied. I didn't have the courage to look at him because I knew my eyes would give me away. At that time, I was focused on calming myself down so that he wouldn't see through me.

"You can't deceive me, Anna. I'm sure it has nothing to do with you! What made you shoulder the blame? Don't you know what will happen to you after you admit it was you?" Anxiety and worry filled his eyes. It was obvious that he cared a lot about this.

Ronan and Michael were completely different. Michael was calm and composed who preferred to keep things to himself. On the contrary, Ronan wasn't afraid to show his emotions. At that time, he didn't even try to hide his concern for me.

"Ronan, I'm really grateful for your trust, but it is the truth. I have nothing else to say."

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 387

He Knows The Truth

I had my head down and spoke calmly. I didn't want to continue this conversation anymore.

"Anna Garcia, are we best friends? Can't you tell me the truth? Why don't you tell me what really happened?" he asked me with hurt and worry in his eyes as he grabbed my hand abruptly.

Ronan's hands felt so warm that his faith momentarily cheered me. However, I managed to pull my hand back and look at him nonchalantly. I didn't want to be caught in the situation of such intimacy with him because it wasn't appropriate.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I did it. If I didn't, then why would I admit it? I'm not that stupid." I laughed bitterly. Although I was composed, I felt I might burst into tears at any second.

"No matter what you say, I will never believe it was you! I know you, and I trust you. There's no way you'll assault Aunt Josephine," he said determinedly as I pulled my hand away. No matter how I tried to lie, he still believed in me. To be honest, I was pretty touched by his trust.

"I have something I need to do, so if you'll excuse me." I stood up and turned to leave.

I was afraid that he would expose my lie if I continued to stay.

"I'll send you back. It's not safe for you to be alone when your tummy's so big," he said casually behind me.

Despite the casualness in his voice, he was persistent. That was why I hesitated for a while knowing he would bring up the matter again on my way back. I allowed him to accompany me to avoid arousing his suspicions.

Throughout the entire journey in his car, I stared wordlessly at the passing view. It was obvious I didn't want to talk.

“How are things between you and Michael? I heard from the nurse that you’ve been going for check-ups alone,” Ronan said after a long silence.

I lowered my head in response to that question. I didn’t know how to answer that. I thought about the way Michael had been treating me since the incident with Josephine, and my heart ached. Before the incident, we were so lovey-dovey that others envied us. Now, only the two of us knew how hard and forced things were between us.

Judging from my silence, Ronan frowned and looked at me as he sensed something was wrong between us. It pained him to see me like this.

“Why do you have to do that? I really don’t understand. But, come to think of it, I can’t help feeling it has something to do with your family. Am I right?” He tried again.

My heart lurched violently this time at Ronan’s words, and I turned to look at him immediately with panic in my eyes.

How did he know it has something to do with my family? Could it be that he has already found out Steven was the culprit? Does it mean the Shaw family knows about this as well? Would Steven be sent to jail, then?

“W-Why do you say so?” I asked as I looked into his eyes while trying to keep my composure. My voice was so soft that it was barely audible.

“The look in your eyes tells me I’m right. So, the whole thing is really related to your family?” he asked with a poker face instead of answering my question.

It was my attitude that gave me away. Although he looked expressionless, the pain in his eyes became more obvious.

“No. It has nothing to do with my family. How do these two things relate to one another, anyway?” I replied while lowering my head.

Stay calm, Anna! He’s only making guesses. There’s no concrete evidence. As long as I don’t admit it, he’ll never know!

I tried to convince myself, but I was still worried.

He didn’t care if I denied it. The next moment, he pulled his car over and turned in my direction as he looked at me seriously. Although he was asking me questions, he knew his guesses were correct.

“Who else in the world can make you do such things other than your family? You’ve always been a person who sticks to your principles, but whenever your family members are involved, you’ll choose to compromise. I’m sure that’s how things are this time too. Am I right?”

I looked at him nervously. “Ronan, don’t be ridiculous! My mother-in-law is in the hospital because of me! It has nothing to do with my family, so stop making strange assumptions. And don’t even think about saying any of these to the Shaw family!” I said angrily as I tried to hide my real emotions.

I had never expected Ronan to think of it when Michael couldn't. Have I underestimated him all this while? I thought I hid it well enough. I can't believe he can still guess it.

“You know, the more worked up you get, the more I feel everything is related to Steven.”

I didn't know my reactions had betrayed me until he told me. When I heard what he said, I completely panicked, and my entire body felt cold. Could it be that he has already found out?

“W-What do you know? Ronan, just finish what you want to say!”

It dumbfounded me that Ronan had somehow figured out the culprit's identity. How can it be? Steven didn't leave any evidence at the scene!

“Do I hear a confession?” he asked in a serious tone.

I lowered my gaze without saying anything. Since he already knew, there was no point in denying further.

A sense of unease welled within me.

“How did you find out? Why do you think it has to go with Steven?” I asked nervously when Ronan kept staring at me in silence.

“I saw the surveillance footage from that day. Steven appeared at the same location. To be honest, I wasn't sure that he was involved, but I know you. I'm sure you will never do such a thing.”

So, the only possibility I can think of is you did it for your family again.”

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 388

He Is Back

I was still frustrated by Ronan’s answer because he didn’t have concrete evidence. If I didn’t admit it, he would never find out the truth for sure.

I was at a loss for words as my mind kept thinking about what I should do. A few minutes later, I raised my head and looked at him. “I have a favor to ask of you. Since you’ve already found out, please keep this a secret. Don’t let anyone from the Shaw family know.”

I was afraid Ronan would reveal the truth to the Shaw family, and Steven would be imprisoned. Although I hated everyone in my family, this was the last time I would sacrifice myself for them. Besides, I hoped Steven could live a normal life.

Ronan widened his eyes and stared at me. There was shock and worry in his eyes. “What? Keep it a secret? Anna, do you know how stupid you are right now? Steven attacked Josephine on purpose! He deserves to be imprisoned for his action! The Shaw family won’t send you off to jail, but it’ll make your life in the family a living hell!”

“I know. Besides, you said so yourself. They won’t send me to jail. However, if they find out it’s Steven, they won’t hesitate to punish him! That’s why I took the blame. It’s for the best.”

I had already considered everything Ronan said before I made up my mind. The main reason I took the blame was because I didn't want Steven to be imprisoned.

The moment he heard my words, Ronan went stiff. His eyes were full of anger.

“You may be able to protect Steven this time. But what about next time? What if he kills someone? Will you take the blame for him then too?”

It was the first time Ronan had raised his voice at me.

“No. This is the last time. After this, I'll cut ties with that family. Ronan, please. Pretend you know nothing about this. Can you do that?” I begged while looking into his eyes.

If he tells the Shaw family the truth, Steven will be imprisoned!

“No. I must tell Michael! He needs to know you're innocent! The Shaw family shouldn't be lashing everything on you!” he shouted as he took out his phone to dial Michael's number.

My pleads were ignored.

I panicked and snatched his phone away.

“Ronan, please. I'm begging you. Please don't tell the Shaw family about this. I don't need you to lie. You only need to pretend not to know anything,” I pleaded while looking into his eyes again.

He stared at me intently for a long time. There was disappointment written all over his face.

“Are they really worth it? If the Shaws don’t know the truth, they’ll give you a hard time.”

“I’ve already made my decision. No matter what you say, I won’t change my mind. The only thing I want right now is your sworn secrecy,” I replied in a determined tone and looked calmly at him.

Ronan took a long time to consider it. Finally, he spoke in a disappointed tone as he looked at me with pain in his eyes. “Fine. I promise. But I still hope that you can really think it through.”

I lowered my head. I knew he was only giving me a kind reminder, so I didn’t repeat what was on my mind. I’ve already decided, so there’s no way I’ll easily change it.

Later, Ronan dropped me off outside the mansion and left saying nothing else. I was afraid that we would talk about things that I wanted to avoid.

The moment I entered the living room, I saw Michael sitting on the couch with a gloomy expression.

I hadn’t seen him much in the past two months. Even if I did, it was very brief, and he never looked at me. My heart throbbed at the sight.

“Don’t you need to go to the office today?” I asked softly from a few feet away.

“Ronan sent you back?” He looked at me with calm eyes.

However, there was an inexplicable hostility about him.

“Yeah.”

Michael was bothered that Ronan still had feelings for me. I thought my husband would say something else, but he didn't. Nor did he look at me again. The atmosphere turned tense.

“Well... I'm going back to my room then,” I said.

There were so many things I wanted to tell him. However, I knew he didn't want to see me, so I suppressed it and made my way toward the stairs.

“Wait,” he said coldly as soon as I was about to leave.

“Yeah?” I whispered as I stopped in my tracks.

“Since our baby's due next week, I'll be home from now on,” he said nonchalantly without looking at me.

Although it sounded casual, my heart felt warm, and my tears flowed like a river.

Despite his indifference toward me for the past few months, at this moment, I could feel his concern for me. If it isn't because of the baby, there's no way he'll choose to accompany me now.

“Okay.” I hurriedly wiped my tears away and smiled.

I don't care if he's cold towards me. If he's concerned about me, I'm already satisfied.

Michael looked at me with an indescribable expression as though he had more to say. In the end, he simply walked upstairs to the study without another word.

For the past two months, he had been staying in the office, so we hadn't seen each other much. I was happy when I thought about how I would see him every day in the coming week.

I knew it wouldn't be easy for him to forgive me, but I was willing to wait. Michael, I know your love for me is real. I'm sure this will pass.

Because of that, my mood became better. In the evening, I went to the kitchen to make his favorite dish for dinner. It had been too long since the two of us ate together.

Feeling clumsy with my enormous tummy, I could only make some simple dishes.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 389

I Have Nothing To Say

After dinner was ready, I went to the study and stood outside the room for a long time in a state of exhilaration. Finally, I knocked.

“Come in,” Michael said right after.

When I entered and saw him reading some documents, I didn't know what to say.

“What is it?” he asked emotionlessly while looking at me after I said nothing.

“I-I just wanted to ask you to go downstairs to have dinner together,” I whispered.

“Okay. I got it.”

I was a little disappointed by his response. I missed the time when he would treat me with affection before the incident with Josephine.

“Then, I’ll go down first.” I left the room.

Right then, I didn’t know what else to say to him anymore. To him, I was a stranger living under his roof.

At the dining table, the two of us sat across from each other and ate. However, it wasn’t the same as last time. We were happy then. All that was left between us was emptiness.

“How are things at the company lately? Have you been busy?” I asked to break the ice. I didn’t want things to continue like this between us.

“Yeah.”

One word. It was as if he felt it was a waste of his time to talk to me.

I looked at his handsome face briefly before I lowered my head and continued eating.

“Are we going to stay like this forever? Have you thought about how we should get along in the future?” Finally, I mustered the courage to ask him.

I couldn't take it anymore.

Michael raised his head to look at me, frowning. A second later, he said, “We'll talk about us next time. I don't have the time or mood to think about that now.”

There was a hint of impatience in his voice. He knew what I wanted. Maybe he still can't bring himself to forgive me for what happened.

I would be lying if I said I wasn't devastated by his words. We were once happy and loved each other very much.

“Okay. I'll talk to you when you're feeling better.” I forced a smile as I tried to stop my tears from flowing.

After dinner, I cleaned things up and went into my room. Meanwhile, Michael went back to the study. I didn't know if he would come into my room, but I hoped he would.

Time passed. It was almost eleven o'clock, but there was still no sign of Michael. I was disappointed. Are we going to be like this forever?

I lay in bed and dozed off. In my sleep, I thought I heard the door opening and the familiar footsteps.

It's Michael! He's here!

I opened my eyes excitedly in hopes of seeing him, but the room remained empty. Did I imagine it? I let out a bitter chuckle.

That's expected. He was still treating me coldly earlier. There's no way he'll want to sleep with me in the same bed now.

As expected, he didn't come into the bedroom that night.

The next morning, I went downstairs after I washed up.

"Good morning, Mrs. Shaw. Your breakfast is ready. Please go and eat something," the two housekeepers greeted me.

"Thank you. Where's Michael? Didn't you inform him breakfast is ready?" I asked softly as I glanced at the study.

"Mr. Shaw isn't home. He left early in the morning."

My heart sank when I heard that.

The food was tasteless when I ate alone. Every passing second was torture.

Before I knew it, four or five days had gone by in a flash.

I looked out the window. The wind howled as the downpour beat against the window panels. Flashes of lightning accompanied the roars of thunder. The sight of rain made me feel depressed.

Meanwhile, Michael was still sleeping in the study. Although it was only a few steps away from my room, the distance between us grew.

I lay on my bed and tried to sleep so that I'll forget everything. It was the best time to sleep during the rain. Soon, I dozed off. However, around midnight, my tummy started to hurt.

The pain woke me up. At that time, I was already covered in sweat. I had a feeling the baby was coming.

The contraction worsened. To be honest, I was terrified. Although every woman experienced childbirth, the pain still terrified me.

I tried to endure the pain as I stood up to get a glass of water in the room to calm myself down. Fortunately, the contraction subsided for a bit. Before my mouth came into contact with the glass, the pain returned. In an instant, it slipped from my hand and shattered on the floor.

I placed my hand over my bump and squatted down. Blood drained from my face because of the pain. I had never felt this agony before in my entire life.

I slowly got up as I breathed through the pain and walked toward the bed. All this while, my hand was still placed over my bump. Suddenly, I remembered Michael was in the study.

Before I got to the bed, he had rushed into the room. When I saw him, I let out a relieved breath and sat on the floor. The pain was too overwhelming.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?” he asked and walked toward me in big strides while looking at me worriedly.

“My stomach hurts. I think it’s time,” I said through the pain as I grabbed his hand.

I instantly felt aggrieved when I saw his worried expression. Michael, I thought you' don't love me anymore!

“We're going to the hospital now!” he said and carried me. After putting me in the back seat, he sped toward the hospital.

It was still raining heavily when we left. Judging by how fast he was driving, it was obvious he was nervous.

The pain became unbearable as it intensified. I couldn't stop myself from moaning in agony.

It was excruciating. I finally understood how every mother felt when they were about to give birth.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 390

The Child Is Born

“Bear with it a little more. We're reaching the hospital soon!” Michael said hastily as he glanced at me.

Two days ago, he was still treating me indifferently. However, all that vanished.

I didn't reply because the pain was overwhelming.

Although I had expected the pain of having a baby, I wasn't prepared for the intensity. No one should go through this agony.

I grabbed the fabric of my clothes tightly as I tried to distract myself from the pain, but it only made things worse.

Michael suddenly slowed down. It turned out an accident at the traffic light was obstructing the flow.

“D*mn it!” he cursed and continued to honk.

He was panicking. It was the first time he saw me in that much pain. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as I moaned.

“What’s going on there?” I asked.

I was already terrified by childbirth, but now that his car had stopped, my anxiety grew stronger.

“It’s nothing. We’ll reach the hospital soon!” Seeing me in such agony broke his heart.

After that, he stepped on the accelerator and sped off.

In the upcoming traffic lights, Michael completely ignored the red light. He continued driving without stopping. Within minutes, we reached the hospital. It felt like an eternity to me.

The contractions were driving me crazy.

On our way to the hospital, Michael had called Ronan and asked him to prepare for my delivery. The latter agreed immediately.

The moment Michael got me out of the car, he put me down on the bed and I was wheeled into the delivery suite. A few nurses stopped him from entering.

“I want to go in!” he said unhappily to the nurses while furrowing his brows.

“Are you sure?” one nurse asked.

“Of course!” he said and walked toward me before the nurse could say anything else.

I was happy that he wanted to be there for me during my hardest time, but at the same time, I didn’t want him to see me in a mess.

Michael held my hand as he stood beside my hospital bed. Although he said nothing, I could feel his heartache and anxiety.

A male doctor entered the room. Michael’s face darkened instantly when he saw the man.

“Get out! I want a female doctor!” he half-shouted at the doctor before the latter even got to my bed.

The doctor was stunned, probably because he didn’t expect Michael to say that. “Sir, I’m a gynecologist. To me, your wife is only a woman who is about to deliver a baby. Please don’t think too much about it.”

Michael continued to look angry. I knew he wouldn’t allow a male doctor to deliver our baby. He’s always been possessive. There’s no way he’ll let another man see my body, especially my vagina.

Although what the doctor said made sense, and I didn’t have any discrimination about that, it felt weird to have a man deliver my baby.

“Are there any other female doctors around? I prefer a woman,” I whispered through the pain with gritted teeth.

“Hurry up! If you continue to waste my time, I’ll tear the whole hospital apart!” Michael yelled at the doctor who was standing at the side.

I was sure Michael was worried about me when he saw how painful I looked. It was also obvious he couldn’t bear to let another man see my private part.

The doctor scurried away after Michael yelled at him. In minutes, a female doctor rushed into the delivery room.

The nurses had already completed the disinfection procedures. The doctor asked me to spread my legs wide right after she got here.

I was quite conservative, so I felt uncomfortable letting others see my private part. However, when I thought about my child, none of this mattered.

The pain intensified. With the guidance of the female doctor, I continued to take deep breaths and pushed.

Michael was staring at me with furrowed brows the entire time. I couldn’t help but moan when the pain was at its peak.

It was all that I could remember. My child was finally born after what seemed like an eternity. When I heard my baby’s cries, my motherly instinct was activated.

Although I was completely exhausted, I still wanted to see my baby.

“Congratulations! You gave birth to a healthy boy,” the nurse announced as she brought my baby to my side.

Everything felt so surreal when I wrapped my arms around my son, and I couldn’t deny how happy I felt.

Our baby is finally here! Our son!

Michael looked at the baby and finally relaxed.

“You’ve done well,” he said as he kissed my forehead.

My labor broke him. He had completely changed from the cold person he was a few days ago.

I looked at him while smiling in silence. If our baby can mend things between us, it will be the happiest thing in the entire world!

The moment I was sent to the normal ward, the Shaws, including Lincoln and Andy, got there too. However, they came to see the baby instead of me.

Lincoln didn’t even look at me. When he got into the room, he walked straight to the baby’s cot and continued to compliment the baby. It was the same for Andy. No one was happier than him at that moment when he looked at his great-grandson.

Michael asked the housekeeper to prepare some nutritious meals for me, and he fed me. I couldn’t remember when he last treated me with such kindness and care.

My tears flowed as I ate. I looked into his eyes and hoped this moment would freeze. I don't care what others think about me. I only wish for us to stay this happy forever, Michael!

“Why are you crying? Our son is finally born. Shouldn't you be happy about it?”