

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 286 - 290

Chapter 286 Insecurity

Michael's hand froze at my words. He looked at me, an indecipherable expression in his gaze. Sometime later, he wordlessly turned his attention back to his food.

I was not angry that he had not said anything in response. He was introverted, and I saw no need in forcing him to profess his love for me in all sorts of grand manners. I know that he loves me, and that's enough for me.

After dinner, I lay on the bed, tossing and turning as I struggled to fall asleep. Our wedding was but a week away, yet Josephine still hoped that Michael was marrying Emma. I was worried that she would refuse to give her blessings during our wedding.

Deep in my heart, I knew that marrying Michael would make me the happiest person alive. Still, that did not mean that I could not care less about his family's blessing.

I flopped over and slung an arm around Michael's waist, sighing as I did so.

"What's wrong?" I would never grow tired of Michael's alluring tone.

"Michael, do you sometimes regret choosing me?" I lifted my head and asked timidly, gazing at his moonlit profile.

"It's late. You should get some sleep instead of worrying yourself over such nonsense." He frowned at my question, evidently displeased.

"Well, I feel guilty. Your relationship with your mom wouldn't be strained today without me in the picture. I can't help but worry if this is going to make you regret our relationship years down the line." Shifting myself to nestle in his embrace, I ignored Michael's frown and voiced my concerns.

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Michael may have kept mum about his relationship with his mother, but I could sense that my presence had driven a wedge between them.

They were family at the end of the day. I did not think that my concern over his potential resentment was unwarranted.

Michael lowered his head and gave me a piercing stare. "Anna, if you insist on filling your head with such ridiculous ideas, I'll show you right now that you're the only person I could ever love. Aren't my actions obvious enough? Or do you need me to repeat myself?"

I knew Michael would never joke about such a thing. I'm trying to engage him in a serious conversation here! Why is his mind turning to sex? Sometimes, I swear I have no idea how his mind works.

Despite my dissatisfaction with his threat, I bit my tongue and kept quiet; I was well aware of his personality. The slightest protest was all the motivation he needed to fulfill his threat.

We may have been living together now, but beyond that first night, Michael had refrained from being intimate with me for our baby's safety. Every time I happened to see the longing in his gaze, the guilt in my heart grew a little more.

I knew he was struggling to keep his urge in check for the baby in my womb. His efforts alone spoke volumes about how much he loved and cherished me.

I closed my eyes and pretended to fall asleep, though I could feel his gaze burning a hole through my body.

He can't possibly be thinking of doing it, right?

"Anna?" Michael's voice had gone hoarse, betraying his lust and desire.

"Yes?" I grew nervous at his tone, sensing that his self-control was about to snap at any moment.

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"I can't wait anymore."

The sheets rustled from Michael's movement, and I saw a faint glow coming from the nightlight he had just switched on. The light illuminated his handsome face and imbued the room with a romantic ambiance.

My heartbeat quickened at his words, a plethora of emotions whirling in my heart.

It was a heart wrenching decision to refuse him, but I had to prioritize the safety of the baby. I spoke hesitantly, "The first trimester is the most dangerous period—"

Michael cut in, "I promise I'll be gentle. I won't hurt the baby."

In the next moment, he placed his hand on my shoulder and caressed my arm, sliding it down toward my elbow.

I began shivering, desire and logic warring in my mind. I knew what he was about to do, yet it seemed a herculean task to voice my objection. His ragged breathing was gradually chipping away at my insistence.

Even on our first night together, it was evident that he had been holding back. I found myself softening even more toward his struggles.

"Michael, I—"

"Not a word." He pressed a finger on my lips to silence me.

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Chapter 287 Succumbing To Desire

I glared at Michael's cheery expression. His grin soon turned wicked, and I scoffed, burying my head into his chest.

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He placed his mouth right next to my ear and whispered, "Someone seems enthusiastic."

The sensation of his warm breath grazing my ears sent goosebumps all over my skin. I would be lying if I said I was not the least bit tempted to give in to desire.

Right on cue, my face became as red as a tomato. I turned my head away to avoid meeting his eyes.

Michael knew me as well as I knew him. Instead of getting upset at my silence, he merely let his hands do the talking.

His teasing touches were driving me crazy, bringing me to the edge of ecstasy before retreating and leaving me hanging. Is he going to mess around with me like this the whole night?

Annoyed, I shoved him away and prepared to turn around and sleep.

Michael seemed to have caught on to my intention. He upped the ante before I managed to push him away.

To my horror, I closed my eyes and actually moaned. I was starting to lose myself in a web of desire.

Hazily, I saw Michael admiring my facial expression with a knowing smile.

My reaction was a test of self-control for him as well. His admiring gaze soon turned into repressed longing as my pleasure intensified. His patience was hanging on a thin line, and it was only a matter of time before he snapped.

"Help me take it off," Michael groaned into my ear.

Always a sucker for his low and rich baritone voice, my heart tingled with need. My hands started moving on their own accord and fumbled for his pajamas.

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The dim glow of the nightlight was more than enough for me to admire his chiseled body. I could not help but swallow as a fresh wave of lust overwhelmed me. I knew without a doubt that Michael was the fittest and most attractive man I knew.

My ogling seemed to please Michael, who wore a triumphant smirk on his face. I guess he was not immune to admiration shown by the woman he loved.

“Faster. I can’t wait anymore!”

Michael found his release just as I thought I was about to collapse in exhaustion.

We were both panting heavily at the end. Michael stared at my flushed cheeks and smirked knowingly before pulling me into his arms.

I was secretly pleased when I heard the sound of his rapid heartbeat. Slinging my arm over his waist, I sighed in satisfaction.

As our wedding day approached, I spent my days suspended in a sort of anxious anticipation. Despite my concerns over how the wedding would turn out, I knew that I would be happy as long as I could be with Michael.

That evening, I decided to get some groceries at the supermarket and whip up some of Michael’s favorite dishes. All this while, the housekeeper had prepared all our meals according to my pregnancy cravings, which often clashed with Michael’s preferences.

Since I noticed that he had been eating less than usual as a result, I wanted to surprise him with a homecooked meal seasoned to his tastes.

I smiled at the thought of preparing a comforting meal for my husband-to-be. Soon, I was ready to leave for the supermarket.

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Chapter 288 The Bitter Reality Of Coffee

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Michael had showered me with so much love these days that I could not help but think of this period as the most blissful time of my life.

I had just set foot beyond the main gates of our development when a black Mercedes-Benz drove up to me and stopped, blocking my path.

I frowned slightly, displeased at the driver's manners. Since I was in an excellent mood, I decided to let it go and walk around the car. Suddenly, the back window of the car was lowered. I was Josephine inside the car.

Her unannounced visit made my heart sink. I had a bad feeling about this.

Josephine had been vocal about her objections to Michael's relationship with me. She was undoubtedly here to pursue her agenda of destroying our relationship.

She must be getting anxious now that our wedding is near.

Regardless of how unsettled I felt at her appearance, I forced myself to approach the open car window and greet her politely. "Hello, Mrs. Shaw."

I had never treated Josephine with anything less than respect, yet despite my best efforts, her icy demeanor toward me never thawed.

Josephine glanced at me coolly before shifting her gaze to stare ahead. "Ms. Garcia, I'd like to speak with you about some matters. Shall we have our conversation here or do you think we should talk somewhere else?"

She said all this somewhat casually, yet I felt chills down my spine.

It was not difficult to guess the purpose of this conversation, even if I did not have the specifics.

Common courtesy demanded that I invite Josephine to my house. However, the thought of being cooped up in the house alone with Josephine stressed me out.

I looked at my surroundings; to my relief, I spied a café in the distance.

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"Mrs. Shaw, we can try the café over there. They've just opened recently and I've heard good reviews about their menu."

The café alleviated my fears about being alone with Josephine. I thought a public space would help to reduce some of the tension between us. Like it or not, once Michael and I were married, she would be my mother-in-law, and I did not wish to have a poor relationship with her.

Josephine followed my gaze, and I saw surprise flitting through her eyes. She's probably shocked that I suggested a café instead of my place. I guess now I know that she's got some pretty choice words for our conversation.

"Drive," she ordered her driver instead of replying to me and rolled up the window soon after.

I sighed in resignation as I watched the luxury sedan driving toward the café. What is she going to say this time?

Nothing she could say would make me leave Michael. That did not mean that I desired Josephine's blessing any less. No one wants to enter their marriage on the wrong foot with the husband's mother.

By the time I got to the café, Josephine was already waiting at a table. I took a deep breath to steel myself before taking a seat opposite her.

"Mrs. Shaw, would you like something to drink?" I asked nervously at the sight of her stoic expression.

She spared the briefest of glances for me before saying, "You know this place best. You can order a drink for me."

On the surface, Josephine's words seemed like an olive branch of sorts, yet the only thing they did was to deepen my sense of unease. I did not know her preferences and I worried that picking the wrong drink would worsen her already poor impression of me.

"A cup of Blue Mountain coffee, please."

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I stopped a waiter walking behind me and placed an order. Josephine's expression did not do anything to soothe my nerves.

My ignorance about her taste and coffee in general put me in a dilemma. In the end, I ordered the Blue Mountain coffee because of its exorbitant price tag. Even if she doesn't like it, I don't think she would scoff at its prestige.

Thankfully, the waiter arrived with the coffee quickly. Josephine had remained silent the whole time. I followed suit, unsure of what to say to break the silence.

She used a teaspoon to gently stir the coffee before raising the cup to her nose to capture its fragrance.

I fretted at Josephine's display because I was concerned that she would find my choice lacking.

She eyed me once more and took a sip of the coffee. Her brows scrunched slightly, sending alarm bells going off in my head.

"Ms. Garcia, what do you think of their Blue Mountain coffee? Is it nice?" Josephine placed the cup on the table, staring at me with the ghost of a smile on her face. If I did not know any better, I would have believed that she was here to have a serious discussion with me about coffee.

I knew little about coffee and I struggled to come up with an answer to her question. Meanwhile, Josephine looked completely unruffled as she patiently awaited my reply.

"I think it's quite nice. It has a rich and fragrant aroma."

Frankly, I had only tried Blue Mountain coffee once in my life and I thought all coffees tasted pretty similar.

Coffee appreciation had always seemed like an expensive hobby to me. Besides, I preferred tea over coffee any day.

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“Contrary to popular belief, Blue Mountain coffee isn’t the best coffee. The water used to brew this coffee is a disgrace; they should be using distilled water. The minerals in the water have distorted the taste of the coffee. I find it quite unpleasant.”

Josephine’s nonchalance as she delivered her criticism only amplified my shock. I could not comprehend how she could derive so much information from a mere sip of her coffee.

I could barely begin to tell the difference between good and bad coffee. While Josephine’s knowledge impressed me, I could not help but feel like I had failed a test of sorts.

“Mrs. Shaw, that is amazing. You could tell so much about the coffee from just one sip.”

My plan to remain silent failed under her steely gaze. I smiled weakly at her and voiced my admiration somewhat unnaturally to break the ice.

“This is basic knowledge for anyone who appreciates coffee. Ms. Garcia, are you truly ignorant of this?” Josephine’s humility was a thinly-veiled jab at my poor roots.

Soon enough, the telltale sneer appeared in her gaze. I knew she had used this coffee incident to insult me.

I was furious, but on account of her status as Michael’s mother, I could only swallow my feelings of injustice.

Josephine’s “test” filled me with a fresh wave of shame. Tasting the great coffees of the world was always a hobby for the rich. A village girl like me would not have had the time or means to enjoy such a luxurious activity.

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Chapter 289 The Power Of Love

I lowered my head and fell silent. Josephine's motive was now clear as day: she merely wanted to remind me of my inferiority compared to their family.

"This is but one example of the differences between you and Michael. You come from different worlds and naturally possess different tastes. Even if you get married, you'll struggle to cope with each other's lifestyle habits. Michael has never had to worry about putting food on the table for a day in his life while you're used to your rural ways. Your marriage is doomed from the start."

I remained silent. Her deceptively calm tone worsened instead of soothing the sting of her words.

I would be blind not to notice the stark difference between our lifestyles. Still, I believed that love transcended all borders in class and status.

Josephine may have succeeded in humiliating me and reminding me of the differences in our social standing, but that did not mean she had convinced me to give up on my relationship with Michael.

"With all due respect, Mrs. Shaw, Michael and I may occasionally run into such problems in the future, but I'm confident that our love for one another will trump these differences," I delivered my line earnestly and met Josephine's gaze.

I had made my stance clear; I would never leave Michael, no matter what Josephine said. I love him, and I want to spend the rest of my life with him.

She fumed at my determination. Her angry stare seemed to have lasted an eternity before she eventually said, "Ms. Garcia, are you telling me that you won't leave Michael?"

Josephine had dropped all pretense of acting civil toward me. Evidently, my obstinance was driving her mad and she had no qualms about baring her claws now.

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I was surprised at how quickly her attitude soured. Still, I was not about to give in. I nodded my head and said, "Yes. I'm going to be with Michael regardless of what anyone else thinks. The only person who can convince me to leave him is himself."

Being with Michael meant putting up with both the good times and the bad. I swore to myself that I would never leave him unless he initiated the breakup himself.

Josephine's rage intensified. I could tell that her patience with me had run dry.

"Ms. Garcia, I was going to spare you your dignity, but it looks like I was overly concerned for your wellbeing."

Her tone seemed to have chilled several degrees.

I scrunched my brows in confusion. My gut instinct told me that things were about to take a turn for the worse.

Josephine rummaged in her purse that was sitting on the chair beside her. A couple of seconds later, she pulled out some photos and tossed them on the table between us.

The photos were of Justin and me at a café two days ago. One of them was a replica of the photo Michael had received.

I was dumbfounded and turned to look at Josephine. Why does she have so many photos?

"Ms. Garcia, you must be familiar with these photos. The man in these photos is your ex-boyfriend, Justin Xenakis."

Josephine must have taken my shock as a sign of guilt. So eager was she to manufacture an illicit relationship between Justin and me.

I immediately explained, "Mrs. Shaw, you must be mistaken. Justin and I haven't been in a relationship for ages and we will never be involved with one another again."

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I did not want Josephine's impression of me to sink even further thanks to a misunderstanding.

"You're not involved? Then how did these photos come about? Ms. Garcia, it seems like you have many enemies. This morning, I received an anonymous e-mail containing these very photos."

Josephine stubbornly refused to believe my explanation. She's probably already made up her mind about my relationship with Justin.

"Mrs. Shaw, things are not what you imagine. I'm no longer involved with Justin. Michael investigated his matter himself and he traced the photos back to Emma."

I suddenly recalled Michael telling me that Emma had a hand in Justin contacting me out of the blue. Hopefully, she believes me now.

Instead of being convinced, Josephine was infuriated at my audacity to pin the blame on Emma.

"Ms. Garcia, you're shrewder than I thought. How could you push the blame onto Emma at such a time? If it weren't for you, Emma would've been my daughter-in-law a long time ago!"

She had never forgiven me for ruining Michael's wedding. She has never wanted anyone other than Emma to be her daughter-in-law; I was never in the running. She's probably still hoping for them to reconcile. My marriage with Michael is throwing a wrench in her plans.

I felt increasingly dejected at Josephine's stubborn desire to make Emma her daughter-in-law. Still, I bit my tongue and made a last-ditch attempt to appeal to her acceptance.

"Everything I've said is the truth, Mrs. Shaw. If you don't believe me, you can talk to Michael or run your own investigation. You'll see that I have no need to lie to you. I'm innocent."

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I was a bit hesitant about throwing out that line about running an investigation, but I did not think it would be too difficult given Josephine's ample resources.

Alas, she was too fixated on the idea of welcoming her precious Emma into the family. She was never going to blame Emma for her involvement in the first place.

"I don't need to investigate this matter. So what if Emma's involved? It doesn't cancel out the fact that these photos are real. What makes you think I'll believe your show of innocence?"

Ah, so she knew that Emma was behind this. She's not above playing dirty tricks to force me to leave Michael.

"Mrs. Shaw, I don't need your trust. I'm satisfied as long as Michael believes me."

Josephine's earlier words had been the final nail in the coffin. I now understood that nothing I said would change her mind. She was never going to look at these photos objectively in the first place and that everything was a ploy to paint me as a cheater.

Frankly, I found her behavior disdainful. I would have upped and left if she was not Michael's mom.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 290

Chapter 290 Meals Made With Love

"Y-You!" Josephine sputtered with anger, now offended at my indifference about the photographs.

"Mrs. Shaw, if you're here to convince me to leave Michael, I'm sorry, but I can't concede to your request. Nothing you do or say can force me to change my mind!" I declared firmly and calmly, undeterred by her rage.

Being together with Michael was the only silver lining in my life right now. I would not allow anyone to take my happiness away from me.

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"Anna Garcia, I'm Michael's mother. What do you think he'll say about your rude attitude?"

Josephine had regained her composure at an astonishingly fast speed, though rage still burned in her eyes.

"It's exactly because you're his mother that I've been putting up with your antics, but you've never once shown me the respect I deserve."

I've wasted too much time trying to convince her to accept me. How can she sacrifice Michael's happiness to further her interests?

"Respect? I refuse to respect a gold-digger! If you knew your place, you should have left Michael a long time ago!"

Gone was Josephine's calm facade as she glared at me disdainfully.

I inhaled deeply to suppress my rage. Her words and her assumptions were nothing short of offensive. Is that what she truly thinks of me? A gold-digger?

I wondered if the members of high society viewed everyone around them through a materialistic lens. Is one's self-worth truly defined by his or her class? Do the poor have no right to pursue their happiness?

"Mrs. Shaw, I've always been patient and civil to you for Michael's sake. My only wish was for you to return my respect. I may come from the village, but my pride is as valuable to me as the next person. I won't allow you to trample over it."

Her status as Michael's mother did not give her the right to insult and humiliate me as and when she pleased. Enough was enough.

Josephine looked like she had more to say, though I did not wish to subject myself to further humiliation.

I stared at her and hesitated for the briefest of moments before I stood up. Bowing slightly to her, I turned and took my leave.

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Her stubbornness left no room for reasonable discussion. I'm not going to listen to anything else she has to say. Either way, I'm not leaving Michael.

I could feel her glare on my back as I left the café. To her credit, she did not stop me. Perhaps she realized the futility of bullying me into leaving Michael.

After leaving the café, I sighed deeply before heading to the supermarket.

The encounter with Josephine had doused any excitement I felt at preparing dinner for Michael.

I splurged on ingredients in the supermarket, yet my mood only worsened with time.

Michael came home that night looking fatigued. Our wedding was less than a week away and he had been busy handling the final details of the big day.

His dedication to planning our wedding touched me. Though his previous wedding to Emma had been a much grander affair, he barely showed any interest in planning it and had instead allowed Josephine to organize the wedding as she pleased. I was elated at his hands-on involvement in our big day.

Michael's actions spoke volumes about the difference in his feelings toward Emma and me. I was confident and thankful for his love.

When he came in, I hurried to him and retrieved his briefcase. I helped him remove his blazer after that.

Michael felt uncomfortable wearing his blazer at home. It was a habit of his that I had observed during our relationship.

"You look exhausted." I could not help but express my concern.

"I'm fine. Things are just a bit hectic lately because the wedding is happening so soon." Michael lifted his head and smiled at me reassuringly.

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Soon, he turned his head toward the dining table, enticed by the aroma of a home-cooked meal.

"You've been planning the whole wedding yourself. I feel sorry that I haven't been able to help with anything."

I felt guilty about spending my days at home, helplessly waiting for Michael to return while he bustled about managing our affairs. I regretted being unable to offer him any help during this time.

"Don't be. You should focus on taking care of yourself and the baby." Michael tapped my nose fondly, which immediately soothed my concern.

I shuddered at his affectionate gesture. I loved it when he treated me this way; it kept the romance alive.

"I prepared your favorite dishes for dinner. You should try them and let me know how they taste. I haven't cooked in a long time."

Michael had not had my cooking since our breakup. I fretted incessantly in the kitchen earlier, worried that my cooking would ruin his appetite.

"Someone's in a great mood. You haven't cooked for me in ages." I was gratified that Michael seemed pleased at my initiative.

"Of course, I'd love to cook for you, but I'm never allowed in the kitchen because the housekeeper's always around."

Michael made it sound like I had not cooked in eons when, in truth, the housekeeper had kept me out of the kitchen to prevent me from overexerting myself. With her preparing all our daily meals, I could barely even make a piece of toast.

"Is this your way of telling me that you would like to cook more often? I have no objections to that, by the way. You can become my personal chef from now on," he teased and arched a brow.

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I knew he was pulling my leg but his taunting expression still raised my hackles.

“No, thank you. Just let me know if you’re in the mood for my cooking. It’s a hard pass on being your personal chef.”

I planned to head back to work after our wedding. I need to make a living and support my baby. I’ve got no time to worry over his meals.

My refusal was well within his expectations. Instead of feeling upset, he merely picked up his fork and started eating.

I was suddenly reminded of my encounter with Josephine as I stared at the dishes on the table. My mood soured immediately.

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