

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 366 - 370

Chapter 366 Help Me

However, Michael did not want to give up. After a moment of silence, he said, "I'll be careful!"

He did not give me a chance to speak before he instantly lowered his head to kiss me.

Ten minutes later, he said, "I can't do it like this. You'll need to help me!"

Michael turned to look at me with a tensed look.

I was stunned when I heard him, and I did not understand what he meant. "Help you? How?"

"Use your hands. If you're willing to use your mouth, I'll be more than happy."

Michael's eyes were locked on my lips, and his voice sounded low. Clearly, his desire for me was getting stronger as he spoke.

I looked at him speechlessly. How can he be so shameless? He wants me to...

The atmosphere was filled with awkwardness. Although I had tried it once before, I did not enjoy it at all.

Looking at his dark eyes, I asked, "Can I not do it?"

"Do you want to see me suffering? If something bad happens to me, you won't get to enjoy in bed for the rest of your life."

Michael raised an eyebrow as he uttered those shameless words. He was making himself clear that I had no choice but to do it for him.

In the end, after much effort, I finally let out a sigh of relief. Ever since I was pregnant, Michael could not find a chance to do it. I felt guilty every time I saw him holding back.

"Not bad. You've improved so much under my training."

He was looking at me with a mischievous look.

Knowing exactly what he meant, I blushed and looked away. This man is being so bold with his words.

“So, should I thank you for training me?”

Michael loved messing around with me when I felt shy. Looking at him, I pouted. He made it sound like it was all his effort after I did a favor for him.

“How are you going to thank me? I won’t mind it if you want to.”

Michael smirked before he rolled over and pinned me under him. Looking at his devious smile, I could feel my heart trembling.

Although we had been together for very long, my heart would still pound furiously whenever I looked at him so closely.

As expected, attractive looks had given him an edge.

I was just joking. Did he take it seriously?

Speechlessly, I looked at Michael and noticed that he was in a good mood.

“I was just being polite. You shouldn’t take it seriously.”

I let out a chuckle to bail out on it. My hands felt exhausted after helping him, so I was not in the mood to do anything with him now.

Michael pouted as he looked at me. Then, he lay back on the bed. Right at that moment, I could feel his body part turning hard again.

“Nothing is better than your body. I’ve been holding back because of this little guy in your stomach.”

Michael lowered his head to glance at his lower body exasperatedly.

I could not believe it had turned hard again in such a short time. Hence, I quickly shut my eyes to pretend that I did not see it. What if he’s not satisfied and asks me for help again? Although I only used my hands, it’s still exhausting. I’m not doing it again.

Michael knew that I was faking sleep, but he did not expose me. He turned around and put his arm around my waist before he shut his eyes to sleep.

Since the Shaw family knew that I had an argument with Michael, I went back to the Shaw residence with him so that Andy would not be worried about us.

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Chapter 367 Just Be Yourself

I was upset over the previous incident, but Michael's family was involved; hence, I knew I would have to forgive them. Otherwise, I would seem like a petty woman who refused to let the matter slip.

In the living room, everyone was waiting. Josephine accepted a piece of fruit from the housekeeper and bit into it. When she spotted Michael and me, she shot me a frosty look and said nothing.

Previously, she did a one-eighty after finding out that I was pregnant with a baby boy. Right now, she had returned to her usual aloof self. I was displeased by the change in her attitude.

Nonetheless, it was a blessing in disguise. I'd rather have her treating me this way every day instead of treating me kindly for the sake of my child.

Michael's grandfather, Andy, was reading the papers on the couch. I went over to greet him politely. "Hello, Grandpa."

Andy lifted his head and nodded. "You're back."

"Yes. I'm sorry, Grandpa."

I knew what Andy meant and immediately offered a shy apology.

"There's no need to apologize, young lady. It's normal for a young couple to fight; moreover, I'm not that traditional," Andy said with a smile.

He didn't seem to mind what happened.

In the Shaw family, Andy was the only one who treated me kindly, and I was thankful for that. Hearing his words, I felt warmth spreading all over my heart.

"Dad, you're too generous. If you don't interfere in their matter, others will talk behind our back. They'll say Mrs. Shaw left home, for there is discord in the Shaw family!" Josephine declared.

Clearly, Andy's forgiving words had made her upset. She whipped her head around and gave me a dirty look.

I knew Josephine despised me since our first meeting. Hearing her words, I lowered my head silently.

"All right. It's normal for young ladies to be feisty. You should be a considerate mother-in-law," Andy retorted.

He frowned and sent Josephine a withering glance that spoke volumes.

Even though I was new in the family, Andy would always defend me every time Josephine admonished me. I was rather touched by his actions. After all, I was an ordinary girl from the countryside. I was grateful that Andy could accept me despite my background.

"Mom, stop it. I was responsible for the DNA results, too. I promised Anna that it wouldn't happen again," Michael said, and there was a finality to his tone that warned Josephine to stop kicking up a fuss.

Michael walked towards me and placed himself in the eye of the storm. He then reached out to hold me tightly in his embrace.

Sensing his protective manner, I lifted my head and glanced at him. As Michael had made that announcement, it meant that he knew his mistake. The realization brought me a ray of happiness. Relief filled me so instantly that I felt about ten pounds lighter.

"Michael, are you saying it was my fault? I just want to know if she is pregnant with a baby boy. How is that wrong?" Josephine snapped.

Clearly, she didn't expect Michael to rebuke her for her actions. An ominous black thundercloud of temper had settled over her after learning her son's stance.

"That's enough. From today onward, I don't want to hear anyone discussing the child's gender!" Michael declared.

As Josephine staunchly pursued the matter, Michael's frown deepened, and a spark of anger stained his gaze.

Josephine jolted up from her seat on the couch and quivered in anger. A wave of fury crashed through her as she demanded, "Michael, I'm utterly disappointed in you. You've changed after marrying this woman! How dare you go against me lately? Did you forget that I'm your mother?"

Michael's brows knitted as he gazed at her without a word. He had made himself clear that he was siding with me.

The silence was so palpable that it seemed to solidify in the air.

Suddenly, Andy broke the silence. "Enough! This isn't a serious matter. I can't believe you have to argue every time you meet! We're a family, so why can't you get along with each other? Stop pushing my buttons!"

He got to his feet and sent both Josephine and Michael a withering glance.

It was obvious that Andy was frustrated at Josephine and Michael's frequent arguments after I came into their life.

"Grandpa, it was all my fault," I offered apologetically and hung my head low.

It might not be my fault, but I was the reason every time Michael and Josephine fought. I would be lying if I said I didn't feel anything about it.

Hearing my apology, Andy came over to me and gave me a comforting pat on the shoulder. "Anna, it isn't your fault. I adore you. Michael's lucky to have you as his wife, and I get a filial granddaughter-in-law!" he said kindly.

In response, I flashed a smile. I knew he had a heart of gold. Andy was the nicest person in the world after Michael.

Josephine might be hot-tempered, but she was afraid of Andy. After Andy said that, she dared not utter a word despite her fury.

I watched as Michael close the distance with quick strides and announced, "Grandpa, I brought Anna here to visit you today. If there's nothing else, we shall take our leave now."

He wrapped his arm around my shoulder and led me out of the house.

After getting into the car, I turned to Michael and asked, "Are we leaving just like that? Isn't that rude?" I couldn't hide the disappointment in my voice.

I would experience a qualm of unease without fail every time we paid a visit to the Shaw residence. Josephine would always utter harsh words, and Michael would respond by defending me. Every visit would end on a bad note, and our relationship would deteriorate further.

Back then, I was naïve enough to assume that Josephine would change her attitude as time passed. By then, Michael and I would've been together for some time, and she would probably cave in. Alas, I was wrong. Josephine would do anything to kick me out of the Shaw family.

"Do you want to stay behind to get yelled at? That might be your wish, but I won't let that happen."

Michael's brows were furrowed together. I could tell he was in a bad mood, no thanks to Josephine's previous attitude.

"Michael, what do you suggest I do to get on your mother's good side? I don't want her to get mad at the sight of me." I turned to look at Michael and posed a serious question.

Despite not liking Josephine, I hoped to strike up a good relationship with her. After all, Michael was an influential figure, and the public kept an eye on his private life.

If the news of Josephine and I being at odds were splashed over the papers, Michael would definitely be affected. I didn't mind that, but I had to consider his reputation.

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Chapter 368 Attending A Gala

"Just be yourself and ignore everyone else. You don't have to change to please anyone else. You'll only have to focus on being my wife."

An affectionate smile played around his lips as he spoke. The next second, he reached out to take my hand. His tone was both gentle but firm.

I met his raven black eyes and bobbed my head slightly.

I would only have to focus on being Michael's wife. Nothing else mattered as long as we were both blissful together.

"There is a charity gala a few days later. Let's attend it together. You hadn't shown yourself in public after our marriage," Michael suggested as he started the engine and drove away.

"Charity gala? I don't think that's appropriate. I've never attended anything like that..."

After learning that Michael wanted to take me to a gala, I couldn't stop panic from flaring in my heart. Only those from the upper echelons of society would get to attend galas, and I had never got the chance to attend one. A bolt of panic hit me, and I instinctively rejected his invitation.

"You're my wife, Michael Shaw's wife. Why is it inappropriate? My wife has the right to attend any gala she wants."

Sensing my fear, Michael turned to meet my gaze solemnly. His commanding voice was overwhelming.

He was right. After marrying Michael, my status increased greatly. However, that was what the outside world thought.

I might be married to Michael, but some things would never change. I knew nothing about the upper-class society's events. In fact, I wasn't even interested.

"I'm afraid of embarrassing you," I admitted.

Those events were meant for wealthy ladies to flaunt their wealth and connections, so I would pale in comparison. Michael was a prominent figure, and I might embarrass him with my bad social skills.

"No."

Michael gave me a reassuring smile.

I knew he had made up his mind. Although my discomfort remained, I couldn't say no after Michael said that.

"I'll get back and prepare myself for the event."

I cast him an anxious look and agreed to his request.

"There's no need to prepare anything. My secretary will deliver the gown back home. You'll only have to change into it. Remember, don't put on makeup," Michael stated calmly as the corners of his mouth turned up.

"No makeup? Do you want me to show myself without any makeup?"

At that, I gaped at him incredulously as I wondered whether I had misheard him. It's normal if he told me to dress up, but did he actually ask me to not put on any makeup?

"Makeup isn't good for your skin and our baby," came his answer.

I was touched by his concern but had the niggling feeling that something was not right.

If I were to attend the charity gala, barefaced, I would obviously become the center of attraction.

I tamped my irritation down for the sake of my baby. After all, my child was of utmost importance now. Besides, Michael didn't mind me embarrassing him in public. There was no need for me to fear anything. It was a known fact that men cared for their reputation more than women.

Back in the mansion, Michael told me to rest before he left for work.

I had just lay down when my mom's call arrived.

After answering the call, she told me Steven had gotten himself a new girlfriend. He had brought his girlfriend home, and she was very pleased with his choice.

I was surprised to learn that Steven had found a girlfriend shortly after his previous scandal. However, I was delighted to hear my mom praising his girlfriend.

I was glad to learn that Steven had a new girlfriend. That meant he wouldn't fool around anymore. Many women resorted to prostituting themselves in society and slept with countless men. If Steven fooled around and got infected, that would be horrible.

After ending the call, my mood had lifted. Now that Steven had a girlfriend, he wouldn't act foolishly anymore.

If he were to get married, my parents wouldn't have to worry about him. They could help to take care of his children, too.

The charity gala was held at Imperial Hotel at eight o'clock the following night. On the day itself, Michael's secretary delivered the gown at four in the afternoon.

It was a pink strapless gown that reached my ankles. Michael was thoughtful enough to get me a matching pair of ivory white flats. Sometimes, he was more thoughtful than I was.

The strapless gown draped out under the bustline, rather than at the natural waistline. Thus, it was perfect for me. My tummy would still bulge out, but it wasn't that obvious or strange-looking.

After getting off work, Michael came back home to pick me up. He was afraid someone would kidnap me on the way to the venue.

When I heard him saying that over the phone, I held back the urge to roll my eyes. No one will dare to kidnap Michael's wife. Besides, I'm pregnant!

Despite thinking that way, I found his behavior endearing. I knew he was concerned about me.

When we arrived at Imperial Hotel, the entrance was full of luxurious cars. I clutched Michael's arm anxiously after getting down from the car. After all, it was my first time attending such a grand event.

"Don't be nervous. Just be yourself," Michael told me.

He grinned and gave my hand a comforting pat before leading me into the hotel.

Once we entered the venue, I was stunned by how luxurious the decoration was. The chandelier on the ceiling in the hall was dazzling and illuminated the entire space.

The guests were big shots in high society. They were clad in extravagant and glamorous outfits. The wealthy ladies had gathered in circles and were chatting elegantly.

As someone who grew up in a village, I had never seen such a scene in my life. I felt extremely out of place. Perhaps it was because I didn't belong here.

"Michael, should I head home instead?"

I whipped my head around to stare at Michael anxiously. He was right beside me, but I couldn't get used to the environment.

"We're already here. Why do you want to leave? If you need time to get used to the event, just take a seat somewhere."

As expected, Michael grabbed my hand and refused to let me leave.

Left with no choice, I entered the hall with him. Michael's appearance immediately attracted the guests' attention. I felt as if every gaze in the hall was boring into me. Those who came to talk to him were mostly business people. Michael plastered a perfunctory smile and greeted them, but I could sense the impatience in his voice.

Michael was the most powerful man in Avenport. Plenty of people would die to strike a connection with him, but he was a picky person, especially when it concerned his business partners. Thus, he wouldn't bother to talk to ordinary people.

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Chapter 369 A Gift

"Mr. Shaw, long time no see! You've gotten more good-looking after getting married!"

Right then, a man decked in a crisp suit came to Michael and greeted him warmly. He was evidently trying to suck up to Michael.

"Not at all, Mr. Lobston."

Michael's reply to Chris Lobston was placid as he raised his glass to clink glasses with the latter.

After Chris talked to Michael, some guests started to form a circle around us. I wasn't used to being surrounded by a crowd.

"Mr. Shaw, this must be Mrs. Shaw. I didn't get to see her face clearly during the wedding as my seat was too far away. She's such a beauty!"

As Michael's gaze constantly flitted to me, the crafty guests realized I was important to him and began lavishing praises on me.

I pursed my lips at the comment. I didn't put on any makeup today, not even any lipstick. Look at how he managed to come up with that awestruck expression. I have to admit that they are good at lying through their teeth to butter someone up.

I wasn't bothered, but Michael thought otherwise. His lips curved up upon hearing the praise as though he was delighted to hear it.

Realizing that Michael liked hearing others praising me, those who wanted to butter Michael up immediately started complimenting me. I got goosebumps from getting praised by so many people.

Women loved it when others praised their gorgeous appearances, and I was no exception, but these people's praises had gone overboard. Hypocrites! I rolled my eyes inwardly.

Yet, the grin on Michael's lips remained. He turned to regard me, the adoration in his gaze evident.

He seemed relaxed as though they weren't lying through their teeth.

"I'm tired. I'll wait for you over there."

Refusing to stay to listen to the fake compliments, I got to my feet and strode toward an empty seat not far away.

It was clear by now that someone as straightforward as me shouldn't attend similar events. The previous compliments got me shuddering in disgust. Indeed, business people had to be shameless in order to strike business deals.

I plopped onto a couch in a corner and sipped on a glass of juice. My gaze never left Michael's figure.

I knew no one here, and there was nothing in common between me and the socialites, so I had no choice but to sit here and hope that the gala would end soon.

Bored out of my wits, I sipped on my juice. Soon, a pretty lady in her thirties approached me and took a seat beside me.

I didn't know who she was, but I flashed a polite smile anyhow. She could be the wife of Michael's business partner.

"You must be Mrs. Shaw," the lady greeted me with a smile.

"Yes, I am. May I know who you are?"

I didn't know she would greet me out of the blue and blinked in surprise.

"My husband is Chris Lobston. He's the owner of a small real estate company. I am Fiona. You can call me Mrs. Lobston."

Hearing my reply, the lady's smile widened.

"Hello, Mrs. Lobston." I responded with a smile.

I wasn't too fond of talking to strangers, but the guests might be Michael's business partners, so I couldn't risk offending them.

"Mrs. Shaw, you're young and beautiful. Look at how fair your skin is."

As I fell silent, Fiona proceeded to break the silence.

"Thank you," I replied cordially.

After hearing various compliments previously when I was with Michael, I was unbothered by her comment.

"Mrs. Shaw, I bought a diamond necklace today. Isn't it pretty?"

Fiona whipped out a jewelry box from her LV bag and placed it on the desk before us.

She then opened the box to reveal a gorgeous diamond necklace that sparkled magnificently under the incandescent lights of the chandelier.

I wasn't a diamond expert, but I assumed it was expensive, as she had deliberately shown it to me. Otherwise, it would be humiliating to show a cheap necklace at such a grand event.

"It looks pretty nice," I responded half-heartedly with a tiny smile.

I didn't know her previously, so it felt awkward for her to show me her diamond necklace as though we were friends.

"Really? I think it's nice, too. It's a perfect fit for you, Mrs. Shaw."

Fiona was beaming with joy. However, I got confused to hear her response. Why is she saying that her necklace is a perfect fit for me? Shouldn't be saying that it suits her instead?

I couldn't really find fault with her here, so I flashed an awkward smile. Silence surrounded us while I waited for her to elaborate, and she did.

"Mrs. Shaw, since you like the necklace, I shall give it to you. It suits you better than me anyway," Fiona told me.

I nearly spat out the juice in my mouth at her words.

"You're giving the necklace to me? But why?"

Never in my wildest dreams did I expect Fiona to gift the newly bought diamond necklace to me. I gazed at her in shock.

We don't even know each other. Why would she give me something out of the blue?

"Mrs. Shaw, I shall be honest with you. My husband had been wanting to work with Mr. Shaw, but we couldn't meet a big shot like him even if we wanted to. After finding out that he'll be attending the gala tonight, we came to try our luck out."

Fiona's expression turned grim after hearing my question, and she seemed nervous as she offered an explanation.

Finally, I understood her intention. She wanted to collaborate with Michael's company.

"Michael is right there. If you want to collaborate with him, you can talk to him now. I don't interfere in the company's business, so I can't make any decisions," My answer was firm.

Only then did I realize Fiona's motive for giving me the diamond necklace was to push for collaboration with Michael. I belatedly realized that this was how things worked in the upper-class society.

It was normal to give and receive gifts. However, as someone who grew up in the countryside, I couldn't accept an expensive diamond necklace as a gift.

As I didn't take the necklace from her, Fiona grew flustered. She met my gaze and parted her lips hastily.

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Chapter 370 Refusing To Accept The Gift

"My husband had talked to Mr. Shaw previously, but he didn't seem to have the plan to collaborate with us. I have no choice but to ask for your help, Mrs. Shaw. It's obvious that Mr. Shaw adores you. If you help us out, we might get a chance," she pleaded.

She was gazing at me earnestly, but I rolled my eyes inwardly after hearing what she had to say.

I knew nothing about her, let alone her company. There was no way I could intercede for her sake.

Besides, Michael had run the company for years, and the business had flourished under his management. I knew he had high standards for his business partners. As he didn't want to work with them, it was obvious their company didn't meet his standards.

Since their company wasn't on Michael's collaboration list, so I wouldn't be a fool to persuade him to change his mind.

I flashed a smile and rejected her request politely. "Mrs. Lobston, I'm afraid I can't do that. I never intervened in the company's business. Thus, it is impossible to talk to Michael about the collaboration."

I loved money, but I wasn't a gold digger. There was no way I would accept someone else's gift, especially when the gift came with an ulterior motive.

Michael had bought plenty of necklaces which I kept in the mansion's dressing room. However, I never liked such tacky stuff, so the necklace couldn't tempt me to do as told.

As I was unfazed, Fiona grew increasingly agitated. "Mrs. Shaw, is this necklace too cheap for your taste? Never mind. You can let me know what you want. As long as we get to collaborate with Mrs. Shaw, I'll satisfy all your demands."

Initially, I had a good impression of her as she took the initiative to greet me. Now that I knew what she came for, my impatience grew. Is it a trend to bother other people nowadays in order to achieve one's goal?

As Fiona seemed insistent, I decided to explain once again. "You've misunderstood my words. I wasn't asking for more expensive stuff. I was just telling the truth. The company's affairs have nothing to do with me, and I believe Michael has his own judgments," I answered solemnly.

Hearing my explanation, she slumped down in disappointment.

"Please excuse me."

Afraid that Fiona would continue harassing me, I bade goodbye to her calmly and headed to the restroom without looking back.

After exiting the restroom, I stood before the mirror and exhaled sharply. It was normal for small companies to seek collaboration with huge companies at such events.

I was bored out of my wits and wanted to leave right away.

Walking out of the restroom, I returned to the hall to see Michael striding toward me. He had a pleasant smile playing on his lips.

"Why do you look like you're in a foul mood?" Michael's voice was gentle as he pulled me into his arms.

I told him how Fiona tried to bribe me with a gift and shot him a conflicted look.

"It's normal for them to bribe you with gifts. No matter what they offer, don't accept it. If they happened to offer you something you like, let me know and I'll get it for you."

Perhaps Michael had expected I'd encounter such matter, for he didn't seem astonished and only flashed an affectionate grin.

Clearing my throat, I asked, "This event is boring. When will it end?"

I gave Michael a helpless look as I didn't want to remain here.

I wasn't about to accept any gifts from the guests, but Michael had no idea how difficult it was to reject them.

My rejection might come off as arrogance, and they were probably thinking I was turning up my nose at them.

"It will end soon. Ronan and Gabby will be coming here too. You can talk to Gabby later."

Michael patted my shoulder in a comforting manner and led me to a secluded spot.

Ronan's adorable sister popped up in my mind. I was certain she'd make the time less unbearable with her presence.

Michael and I had just taken our seats when Ronan and his sister, Gabriella, stepped into the venue.

Gabriella's gaze swept over the hall until she spotted Ronan and I. Without hesitation, she scurried over to us. Ronan followed behind her, looking resigned.

"Anna!" Gabriella greeted me sweetly after coming to a stop before us.

I was rather happy to see her.

"Why are you here?" I asked warmly.

After all, Ronan wasn't someone who would bother to show up at such events.

Shaking his head resignedly, Ronan pushed the blame onto his sister. "She insisted on coming, so I had to keep her company." His voice seemed a little exasperated.

"I have just returned to the country and had nowhere else to go. This is the only place where I can have some fun!" Gabriella flopped into the seat next to me and explained.

My lips quirked up at her words, for she had always been the type to speak her mind loudly and boldly.

Michael spoke up. "All you do is roam about after coming home. Have you thought about getting a job?" He then met Gabriella's gaze calmly.

"Michael, can you stop talking about work? I've just returned and haven't had enough fun yet. Why are you already asking me to get a job?"

Gabriella glared at him in displeasure. It was obvious that work was a topic that she did not wish to discuss.

Michael snorted. "I think it will take a few years for you to have enough fun." His voice held a hint of humor.

A resigned smile tugged at his lips, and it was obvious that he adored his little cousin.

"Then I shall wait till then. My parents will take care of me even if I am unemployed. My brother is also capable of supporting me!"

Gabriella tapped on Ronan's shoulder with a smug expression on her face.

"I don't want to take care of you. You should ask your boyfriend to do that."

Calmly, Ronan shoved Gabriella's hand away. He had no intention of playing along with her despite the fact that Michael and I were right before them.

"Ronan, how could you say that? Isn't it normal for a brother to take care of his younger sister?"

Gabriella whipped her head around and stared at Ronan furiously with her hands on her hips.

Gabriella's voice was quite loud and attracted the guests' attention. Sensing the stares, Ronan sighed helplessly and caved in. "All right, it is normal. We're in public, so please mind your manners," he reminded her.