

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 371 - 375

Chapter 371 Siblings Argument

Not far away, some people were coming toward us. Clearly, they wanted to talk to Michael. Knowing how I hated socializing, Michael got to his feet and whispered in my ear, "Wait for me. I'll deal with them and get back soon." He then strode away without waiting for a reply.

Gabriella gaped in disbelief as she stared at his departing figure. She tutted and commented in a teasing manner, "Anna, what did you do to Michael? I can't believe he's this affectionate. He used to be an aloof man!"

Knowing it was a joke, I grinned and said nothing else as quiet contentment spread through my entire being.

Michael would only direct his indifference to those who he despised. I was his wife, so he wouldn't give me the cold treatment.

Ronan remained expressionless after hearing Gabriella's words. He glanced at me but stayed silent.

Right then, a young lady made her way to Ronan. She was dressed in a fashionable and expensive outfit. It was obvious she was a socialite born into a wealthy family.

"Mr. Moore," she greeted Ronan shyly as her cheeks turned rosy.

Gabriella and I shared a knowing look.

I can't believe Ronan's charming enough to attract a young lady to strike up a conversation with him!

"Who are you?" Ronan asked with a frown.

"My name is Alexis Lobston. You probably don't know me before this. My family is involved in the real estate business," Alexis explained.

As her smile was bashful, it was obvious that she had romantic feelings for Ronan.

"Hello," Ronan responded with a grin.

Alexis hung her head low and mumbled shyly, "Can we be friends?"

I could tell Alexis had set her eyes on Ronan. My lips curled into a smirk as I thought, Wow, Ronan's charm has attracted a beautiful lady to flirt with him at this event.

"Of course, here is my name card."

Realizing the young lady's intention, Ronan maintained his smile and fished out his name card before handing it to her.

Alexis accepted the card and almost jumped for joy. She wasn't expecting to get his contact that easily.

After glancing at the name card, she lifted her head and cast Ronan a hesitant look. Her cheeks were flushed in embarrassment.

Standing beside them, I couldn't help but look forward to what would happen next. Deep down, I wanted Ronan to get a girlfriend soon.

"Is there anything else you need?" Ronan gazed at the young lady and urged.

After a long pause, Alexis mustered her courage to ask, "I have a question for you. Do you have a girlfriend?"

Gabriella and I exchanged glances yet again. Finally, she's getting to the point.

"No," Ronan responded in a calm manner.

He was still smiling, but it didn't reach his eyes. I could tell that was a perfunctory answer.

Alexis could hardly contain her happiness as she queried, "C-Can I treat you to a meal sometime?"

After confirming that Ronan didn't have a girlfriend, her gaze had lit up. She gazed at him and waited for his answer earnestly.

To her dismay, Ronan answered politely, "I'm sorry, but I am a little tied up now. We'll talk about that later."

It was a clear rejection from him despite the smile playing on his lips.

Hearing that, I exhaled in exasperation. I was wrong to think that Ronan had met his future partner tonight. Why did he reject her? Alexis seems like a nice girl. Why didn't he try to get to know her?

The young lady was smart enough to understand the underlying meaning of Ronan's words. Her face stiffened in dismay before she slumped in disappointment.

"All right. I understand."

She lowered her head in dejection. Ronan looked like a playboy who loved flirting with women, so she hadn't expected his rejection.

I let out a sigh, for it was game over for Alexis.

"Let's keep in touch," Alexis said softly.

As Ronan didn't look like he wanted to continue the conversation, she trudged away sadly.

After she left, Gabriella ran over to him and flashed a cheeky smile. "Ronan, you have an admirer!"

She put one arm on his shoulder and glanced at Alexis' retreating figure.

"Scram, brat. You know nothing. I have plenty of admirers." Ronan slapped her hand away mercilessly, and his voice was dripping with disdain.

"Tsk!"

Gabriella rolled her eyes at him before coming back to me.

"Anna, has Ronan changed? He used to be a womanizer. I can't believe he didn't flirt with her today! Before I left the country, he would never let any pretty woman leave!" she mocked.

Gabriella pretended to be surprised at her brother's change. I knew she had said those words on purpose, but that didn't stop me from giggling out loud.

It felt like Gabriella loved embarrassing her brother on purpose, for she had revealed all his weaknesses.

“Gabrielle, if you continue to talk nonsense, I swear I will pluck your head off and kick it like a ball!” Ronan gritted his teeth as a fresh swell of rage rose in him.

As his expression had darkened ominously, I knew he meant what he said.

“You wouldn’t dare to do so!” Gabriella retorted.

She met his gaze smugly and even stuck her tongue out in a provoking manner. She wasn’t at all bothered by his threat.

Breathless with anger, Ronan marched over to Gabriella to teach her a lesson.

Gabriella seemed bold, but she immediately hid behind me when Ronan came for her.

“Ronan, if you dare to lay a finger on me, I’ll complain to Dad back at home. You’ll get punished for sure!” she warned.

Her hands were clutching my shoulders tightly. She refused to give in despite being afraid of him. I could sense her figure trembling and was certain that she was frightened down to the soles of her shoes.

“Gabriella Moore, come out this instance! I shall teach you a lesson!” Ronan roared. He looked like he was about to explode with rage.

He paid no heed to her warning and reached out to grab Gabriella, but the latter was clinging onto my shoulders. As I was standing between them, Ronan couldn’t touch her at all.

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Chapter 372 Desperate

I’m trapped in the middle of the two siblings and my head was spinning.

“All right. Can you two talk to each other nicely? Others who do not know you might think that you two are enemies. I’m going to puke if you continue this.”

On top of my morning sickness, now I had to deal with the uneasiness caused by the siblings.

Upon hearing what I said, Ronan gazed at me worriedly and stopped the tussle with Gabriella.

“Are you all right?”

Ronan asked in a gentle voice.

“I’m fine. But please, stop fighting. If this continues, I’m afraid something bad might happen to me.”

Although the constant fighting between the siblings could be amusing at times, it was definitely vexing if I was dragged into the fight.

“We’ll stop. Drink some water and take a rest.” Ronan’s gaze was gentle and loving.

She took a glass of water and passed it to me.

I took a few sips of the water and instantly felt better.

“It’s all on you, Ronan. Anna is not feeling well now!”

As Ronan was checking up on me, she conveniently put all the blame on Ronan. I must admit that Ronan looked all worried and concerned.

“Gabriella, shut up. I’ll teach you a lesson when we get home!”

Ronan was infuriated as he stared angrily at Gabriella, obviously offended by her statement.

Interestingly, Gabriella seemed to be terrified of Ronan and his threat. Although unwillingly, Gabriella eventually kept quiet and did not utter a single word.

Meanwhile, Michael was done with socializing around and walked toward us. Although we were here for around an hour, it felt forever, and I didn’t want to stay any longer.

“What did I say? It’s boring, right?”

Michael came by my side and wrapped his arm against my shoulder in a loving manner.

“Right, it’s boring. It’s more like a socializing club instead of a Gala Night.”

Initially, I thought that the people attending the event were genuinely doing it for charity. However, I soon realized that it was all but a show by the rich and wealthy. In the name of charity, their true intention was to search for business partners.

“You’ll get used to it.”

Michael smiled and did not comment anything about my statement.

“Tsk... Michael, you make me feel like a blind bimbo today. Is there something wrong with my eyes? Is this really you? You’re speaking in such a gentle manner!”

Gabriella who finally kept quiet for a short while started speaking again. With a bewildered look, she walked toward Michael and tapped on his shoulder.

“A blind bimbo? Why are you describing yourself in such a way?”

Michael however was not a short-tempered person like Ronan. Knowing very well that Gabriella was trying to rile him up, he showed no signs of agitation. On the flip side, he was able to turn the situation around and mock Gabriella.

Truth be told, Michael’s knowledge and maturity far exceeded Ronan’s.

“Michael, how can you say something like that? I’m just trying to express my shock, you know? What a bummer!”

Gabriella blushed and her eyes widened while she tried to explain herself.

“I’m taking my wife back home. Please excuse us!”

Michael couldn’t care less about Gabriella’s explanation. He grabbed my hand and pushed Gabriella to the side gently, before leaving together with me.

“Michael, I’m not finished!”

Gabriella called out to Michael, but he acted like he did not hear anything.

I turned my head around at saw Gabriella stomping his feet on the ground furiously. Obviously, Gabriella was triggered by how Michael ignored her.

Beside her, Ronan appeared to be enjoying the fiasco, gloating at his sister in amusement.

They're really interesting...

"Your cousin sure is something, and she's very cute."

Michael and I were seated in the backseat of the car. Because Michael had to socialize tonight, he asked the driver to come with us.

"She's been like that ever since she was young, a spoiled brat," answered Michael.

"It looks like you two are quite close. I have always thought of you as a cold and distant person."

Although Michael did not interact much with Gabriella just now, I was able to tell that Michael pampered Gabriella a lot.

"Do you think I'm a person that's hard to deal with?"

Michael raised his brows and looked at me coldly.

"Uh..."

Immediately, I started to doubt if what I said was appropriate.

"That's not what I mean."

I waived my hands in protest while my mind was racing to find a way to get myself out of the situation.

The corner of his lips raised and he started inching closer to me.

My heart was pounding rapidly. Before I could react, he kissed me on the lips.

I could vaguely smell the faint alcohol scent in his breath, and it was not too overwhelming. Then, I closed my eyes and kissed him back.

Nowadays, I was starting to get used to the moments when Michael would kiss me randomly.

The driver looked at both of us from the rear mirror before shifting his gaze to the front awkwardly. Perhaps this was his first encounter in his years of experience as a driver.

The kiss lasted for a long time, and I could tell that he was getting into the mood.

Realizing that we were in the car, I forcefully pushed Michael away, worried that he would lose control. I was not prepared to put on a show before the driver.

“Anna!”

Michael stared at me furiously.

“We’re in the car. Stop fooling around!” I gazed at the driver before reminding Michael.

Michael quickly came back to his senses, but his gaze radiated displeasure as he stared at the driver.

“Find a quiet spot in front, park the car, and leave us alone after that.”

Michael put up a straight face and instructed the driver.

The driver was stupefied and did not go against Michael’s instruction. However, I bet he understood what was Michael’s intention.

Knowing what Michael wanted to do, my face immediately turned bright red. We were only ten minutes from reaching home, why couldn’t he just wait?

“Michael, can’t you wait for a little longer?”

I looked at him and reprimanded him softly.

The driver was not stupid. He would definitely know what was going on.

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Chapter 373 Let Us Look For A Quiet Place

“Not even a minute.”

Michael did not feel awkward at all, and he spoke normally like his usual self.

I was rendered speechless as I warily looked in the direction of the driver, my face blushed with embarrassment. There was someone in the car and Michael had the audacity to utter those words. Is he not ashamed?

The driver managed to disguise his facial expression well. He said nothing and continued driving the car. When we passed by a junction, he swerved the car into a secluded spot far from the main road before stopping the car.

Without uttering a single word, the driver left the car and walked far away.

Looking at how the driver acted with familiarity, I was starting to guess the frequency in which Michael pulled off the same stunt.

“Now that there’s no one here, we can start.”

Michael smirked and started inching closer toward me. I didn’t notice that he had already taken off his coat.

“Before we start, let me ask you a question.”

I crossed my hands against my chest to prevent him from coming closer. My eyes were fixated on his eyes.

“What question?”

Michael was displeased by the interruption. However, to ensure that he got what he wanted, he tried to hold off his temper and eventually entertained my question.

“Do you often do this with other girls in the car?”

I knew that the question would definitely spoil the mood. But looking at how things transpired just now, I couldn’t help but harbor such thoughts.

Michael’s expression fell and he glanced at me unhappily.

“This is the question that you wanted to ask?”

Michael’s facial expression and voice turned glacial, obviously displeased by my question.

“Yes, this is the question. Answer me quickly.”

As he was silent and did not answer my question, I asked him again.

Actually, I did not care if Michael had other women before me. After all, he was a man and had his sexual urges. However, looking at how the driver behaved like he was used to Michael's request, I couldn't help but feel troubled.

"Do you really want to know? Are you not afraid that the truth will make you feel even worse?"

Michael did not answer my question directly. Instead, he looked me in the eyes and asked me in return.

My heart sank and my expression fell. It appeared that he was giving a hint that the answer would not be pleasant.

I started to regret asking the question. Although I had hooked up with other men before him, the fact that he slept with other women before still made me feel disappointed.

"You don't have to answer the question. I can understand."

I lowered my head and said in a disappointing voice.

"You should know that the answer to the question will make you unhappy. Why do you find the need to ask me? Isn't the displeasure self-inflicted?"

The way Michael looked at me showed that he was starting to lose interest in having sex.

I pursed my lips and kept quiet.

"Besides you, I had never slept with other women," said Michael.

His answer came when I was just about to ignore him. After that, he sighed and looked at me in frustration.

My heart bloomed upon hearing the answer and my eyes widened in shock. However, I was still doubtful of his answer.

"Are you telling the truth? You really did not sleep with any other women before?"

I frowned and looked at Michael in doubt.

“Since when did I ever lie to you? Why do you not trust me?”

Michael did not like being doubted, especially if it was me. The moment I sounded like I did not trust him, his face immediately turned sour and he glanced at me unhappily.

The doubt that I had vanished. Indeed, Michael had never lied to me before in our relationship. He was a person that would never lie.

“How about sleeping with other women in the bed?”

My heart felt relieved. Despite feeling better already, I continued asking him such stupid questions.

“Anna, are you really trying to spoil the mood tonight? Why do you want to find out if I slept with other women? Do you really want me to look for a woman and demonstrate it in front of you?”

Michael stared at me furiously. Obviously, he wanted me to stop asking stupid questions.

I pursed my lips and stopped talking. If I were to continue, he would definitely lash out in anger.

“All right, I’ll stop asking. Why are you so mad? Are you feeling guilty?”

I lowered my head and ranted softly. I only wanted to know the women in his life before me. Why was he so angry?

“If you ask this kind of question again, I’ll make sure you can’t get out of bed. I’ll do it every time you ask such a question.”

Michael stared at me while making the threat. However, I must admit that his threat was rather peculiar. It was the first that I had heard.

Be that as it may, the threat was effective against me. Knowing that I had asked him to resist his urges to protect our baby, he used it as a weakness to threaten me. That’s preposterous!

“Ok. I got it, I got it. I won’t ask again,” I unwillingly replied.

Truth be told, the bigger his reaction, the more I wanted to know about it.

“That’s good. Now, can we start?”

Michael smirked and inched closer to me again.

His body reeked of alcohol. However, the captivating scent had the effect of dazing me, and I quickly fell prey to his seductive moves.

Luckily Michael's car was spacious enough for the two of us, or else it would be impossible for a pregnant lady like me to have sex with him. A luxurious car had its benefits after all.

I had no idea how much time had passed, but I was exhausted after the rendezvous and wanted to take a nap.

Michael finally got to unleash his sexual urges. I heaved a sigh of relief after he was done. If we did not stop anytime soon, the driver would be baffled by how wild and crazy we were.

I lay down in the backseat and did not even want to move. Meanwhile, Michael put on his clothes after resting for a while.

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Chapter 374 An Unwelcome Call

I wanted to sit up and straighten out my clothes. Just then, Michael removed his coat and placed it over me. He then gently coaxed me to recline and rest.

After that, he got into the driver's seat and drove us home, leaving the chauffeur behind.

Confused, I asked, "Michael, what about the chauffeur?"

The chauffeur had been waiting for half a day. Michael didn't forget about him, right?

"He'll be fine. He can get himself home," Michael replied curtly. He continued driving steadily, seemingly unconcerned over ditching the chauffeur.

I sighed in resignation as I stared at his profile.

"Still, that can't be nice of us; he waited for half a day."

Unlike Michael, I was a softie through and through, and I was uncomfortable about leaving the chauffeur behind to fend for himself.

Michael's tone left no room for argument as he gritted out, "How can I let someone else in the car with my wife looking like this?"

He stared at me briefly, and I read the determination in his gaze.

I returned his gaze wordlessly, only realizing that Michael's possessiveness had fueled his earlier decision to leave the chauffeur behind.

I swear, his jealousy borders on irrationality.

Still, I could not help but find his behavior endearing. I was pleasantly surprised to have underestimated his concern for me.

Once we got back to the mansion, Michael carried me all the way into the house.

After our last argument, Michael showered me with more love than before. He was sweet, considerate, and the picture of an absolute gentleman. I counted my lucky stars to consider him my partner.

As time passed, my belly swelled, increasing my anticipation for the birth of our child.

Josephine still disliked me, but for the sake of my unborn child, she seemed to have called a ceasefire of sorts.

Alas, the peaceful days were too good to last.

My mom called as I was eating breakfast alone in the mansion one day.

Our recent phone conversations revolved around Steven's blossoming relationship and some trivial household updates. Thus, I answered her call with little thought to the presence of any ulterior motives.

I greeted her, "Mom, why are you calling so early today? Have you had your breakfast?"

"I have, I have," came my mom's reply.

She paused for a moment before continuing, "Anna, your brother is getting married."

“Really? That’s great news!”

I was pleased for him. He was my only sibling, after all.

“Of course. We’ve fixed the wedding date, by the way. We’re planning to have it on the tenth of next month. You must attend with Michael.”

I barely thought twice of her invitation as I replied, “Of course, we’ll be there. Steven’s marriage is an important family occasion.”

Mom fell into silence once more, sounding like she had more to say.

I prodded, “Mom, what’s wrong? Why are you quiet all of a sudden?”

My mom should have been bubbling with joy over Steven’s impending nuptials. Instead of being elated, she sounded like something was troubling her.

Finally, she lamented, “Anna, I’m worrying over our finances. Holding a nice wedding isn’t cheap, you know, and it’s not like your father and I have much savings.”

It was impossible not to catch on to her not-so-subtle attempts at wangling money from Michael.

Fearing her wrath, I replied cautiously, “Mom, what about Michael’s betrothal gift? Two hundred thousand is more than enough to hold a lavish wedding.”

After what seemed like an eternity, my mom replied sheepishly, “Well, we’ve almost spent every dime of that. Your father and I have fifty thousand left.”

“What? It has barely been a few months! How did you and Dad spend everything so quickly?” I exclaimed in horror, my eyes widening in disbelief.

“Steven’s girlfriend has a taste for branded goods, you know. They cost a pretty penny.”

My rage ballooned after hearing her explanation.

I sputtered, “Mom, that’s a lot of money!. They were only dating when you showered her with such expensive gifts. What will happen after they’re married?”

My impression of Steven’s girlfriend took a sharp nosedive as I immediately pegged her for a gold-digger.

She must have known about my family's poor roots. Her audacity in demanding lavish gifts irked me, and I suspected that she loved the money more than she did Steven.

"She's dating your brother, and we can hardly be stingy toward his girlfriend. What if she dumps him? He finally brought a girl home after so long. Of course, I want them to get married as soon as possible."

My mom's indifference toward my concerns exasperated me. Can't she see that Steven's girlfriend only wants his money?

I summoned all the patience I could muster and said, "I want Steven to get married too, but I don't think he's marrying the right person. I haven't met his girlfriend before, but judging by your description, I don't believe she truly loves him."

How will Steven ever manage to support her lifestyle if she can squander more than a hundred thousand in a few months?

Mom barreled on, "Anna, I'm calling you today to see if Michael would be kind enough to fork out some money for the wedding. We've already fixed the date, you see, and we can't possibly cancel the wedding now."

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Chapter 375 The Girlfriend Of My Brother

I started to get worked up. Surprisingly, my mother was not infuriated and sounded unusually patient. Even so, I had foreseen something similar would blurt out from her mouth before that.

"How much do you think I need to top up?" I cut to the chase.

Even though I could not resist disliking Steven's girlfriend, it was pointless to say anything as the wedding date had already been fixed. Thus, I made up my mind to give him a hand. After all, I presumed they would not have to spend a lot since the wedding would be held back home. I believe it would be more than enough if I topped up with the money in my account.

"I think around seven hundred thousand," my mother answered from the other side of the line.

The moment I heard the figure, I thought I was hearing things!

Dumbstruck, I raised my voice uncontrollably. "Seven hundred thousand? Mom, are you pulling my leg? What kind of luxurious wedding are you planning to hold for Steven? How is it possible for a simple wedding to cost around seven hundred thousand?"

By right, two hundred thousand was already more than enough to cover the expenses for a wedding in the village. It never came to my mind that my mother would request such a large sum.

"It's not only for the expenses of the wedding. We need the money to buy a new car too," she replied sheepishly. It seemed she felt she had requested a bit too much too.

"Money to buy a car? If the wedding costs one hundred thousand, do you need six hundred thousand just to buy a new car?" I questioned her right away.

My frown creased into a scowl as a surge of fury started to well up from within me. Whenever my mother requested me to support them financially, it was always a large sum. No doubt, I should be filial to her; yet, her request was way beyond my ability.

Oh my! How am I going to get her seven hundred thousand within such a short span of time? Should I seek help from Michael again? Does it make sense for him to bear all the expenses for my family after marrying me?

"Steven's girlfriend likes a car that costs more than five hundred thousand, but how can we afford to buy it? Anyway, we're already grateful as she doesn't insist Steven on buying a house. But we fear that she'll break up with him if we can't buy her a car!" my mother whined.

"Pfft! A car that costs more than five hundred thousand? Who does she think she is? How dare she requests to have such a costly car! How about her family? Are they giving her anything as dowry?" I snorted.

Temper flaring, I could barely wait to meet Steven's girlfriend. My goodness! What type of woman is she? How could she have the audacity to request a car that costs more than five hundred thousand?

"Anna, I understand that we're requesting a bit too much this round. But if she breaks up with Steven just because of a money issue, don't you think it is not worth it?" Sensing my reluctance, my mother was obviously trying to talk me into helping them.

"I don't have so much money. Where can I obtain seven hundred thousand? Mom, why are you putting me in a tight spot?" I could not help but let out a deep sigh.

Deep down, I knew she hoped I could help obtain money from Michael. However, I did not wish to request money from him again for the sake of my family.

"Anna, can't you help your brother again this round? After all, the wedding is one of the most important moments in his life. Do you have the heart to see him break up with her girlfriend?" my mother started to persuade me.

Needless to say, I also wished that Steven would have an ideal girlfriend and later embark on his new journey via marriage. As his sister, I would surely lend him a hand if he was short of money for his wedding. But how could I help him for such an absurd reason?

"Mom, since there's still one month to go before the wedding, let's talk about this again a few days later. If there's time, I wish to meet Steven's girlfriend first. They're already in a relationship for quite a few months, but I haven't even met her before!" I said wittingly.

I did not make my promise or reject it right away. At the moment, I was curious to find out what type of a person Steven's girlfriend was.

"All right! I'll ask Steven to make time to meet you with his girlfriend. Please serve her well, okay?" my mother reminded me eagerly. Since I did not turn her down, I presumed she must have seen a ray of hope.

Even so, I only responded placidly before hanging up. Even though I had not yet met Steven's girlfriend, my gut instinct told me that she might be the type of woman good at playing mind games.

As a result, I could not resist sinking into deep thought after the phone conversation with my mother. I could not fathom why they did not sense anything awry about Steven's girlfriend. Don't they feel that she doesn't suit him?

My parents were not irrational people who acted impulsively. However, they tended to be swayed by emotions whenever it was anything related to Steven. That was exactly what happened again this round.

When Michael came back at night, he was astounded to see me low in spirits while seated on the couch. Sensing something amiss, he walked toward me and sat next to me.

Wrapping his arms around me, he gazed at me and asked gently, "What's wrong? Is anything bothering you?"

I threw him a glance and remained silent. After quite a while, I finally broke the silence by pouring out to him about my mother's words earlier. Nonetheless, I kept mum from him about her request to borrow money. Even though we were husband and wife, I felt bad to keep on asking for money from him.

Michael knitted his brows after hearing what I said. There was an instant flicker of frigidness in his eyes.

Moments later, he seemed to have regained his composure. He looked at me again and asked placidly, "What do you plan to do?"

I shook my head. "For the time being, I have no idea. I feel like meeting the girl first."

It's inappropriate for me to jump to a hasty conclusion without meeting Steven's girlfriend. Thus, I decided to meet her first.

"I'll accompany you then," Michael uttered gently as he tightened his arms around me.

"Okay!" I gladly replied.

Undoubtedly, Michael had a clearer insight into everything. I was convinced that he would be able to judge whether the girl suited Steven if he accompanied me to meet her.

A few days later, Steven called me and mentioned that he had made time for her girlfriend to meet me. As it was my first meet-up with her, I told myself to put up a good show regardless of anything. Initially, I planned to choose a nice hotel. Somehow, Michael made a reservation at a five-star restaurant.

I disagreed with him for making such a decision. In my opinion, it was not worth it to spend on that as though we were showing off that we were filthy rich. Not to mention, we were still clueless about what type of person Steven's girlfriend was.

Nevertheless, Michael tried to convince me that there was a reason for him to do so. Even though I could not wrap my head around his stance, I had no choice but to give in to him.

On the day, we reached the restaurant almost twenty minutes earlier. Steven was quite punctual as well. Shortly after, he showed up with his girlfriend.

Tall and slender, she was decked out in designer brands from top to toe. As she was wearing exceptionally heavy makeup, I could not even make out how she actually looked.

“Yvette, this is Anna, my sister. He’s Michael, my brother-in-law,” Steven introduced us to her blissfully.