

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 381 - 385

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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Chapter 382 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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Chapter 383 Go Home

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

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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Chapter 384 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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Chapter 385 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.