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# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 296 - 300

## **Chapter 296 We Are Always Friends**

As I sensed the warmth from Michael's fingers, my heart skipped a beat. I gazed at him through teary eyes. Although he had already explained things earlier, I couldn't help feeling aggrieved.

"Were you truly discussing the breach of contract with Emma?"

I stared at him uneasily. I felt truly unsettled because I had been betrayed once. Fear inundated me, and I was terrified that Michael would end up just like Justin.

"Don't you believe me anymore?"

Surprisingly, Michael didn't get up in arms in the face of my doubt. Mayhap he knew I was only feeling disquieted from my past.

"It's not that I don't believe you. I'm just afraid..."

I lowered my eyes. Truth be told, I particularly abhorred myself at that moment. I was wholly dependent on him at present that I might feel as though the sky had collapsed if he truly left me.

"As I said, I'll never hurt you. Anna Garcia, you're the only woman I love."

Michael hugged me tightly again, his voice deep and beguiling. Inexplicably, I felt much more at ease then.

That night, he slept with me tightly in his arms. Perchance it was because he explained things to me that my reliance on him grew increasingly stronger.

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When I woke up the next day, he was no longer beside me. I glanced at the time, only to see that it was already past nine in the morning. Ever since I got pregnant, I became increasingly fond of sleeping and would slumber for hours on end each time I intended to take a nap.

I truly felt that I was going to become a pig soon.

Subsequently, I cast a look at the date and realized that I should be going to the hospital for a checkup that day. Michael even reminded me about it two days ago and said he would accompany me for the prenatal checkup. However, I couldn't quite bring myself to trouble him since he had been very much busy in the past few days.

He already has his plate full with his company matters. It'll be more exhausting if he still has to take the time to accompany me now.

After changing, I ate something simple for breakfast before setting out for the hospital.

Upon learning that the hospital where I had been having my prenatal checkups belonged to Ronan, I actually felt a tad perturbed. On second thought, he hardly ever makes an appearance. Besides, how could a freedom lover like him possibly come to the hospital every day?

A wave of guilt inexplicably surged within me. It was more than ten days since we last had any contact. I wonder whether we could even be friends anymore.

I hailed a taxi to the hospital. When I went to the lobby to make payment, I caught sight of someone who looked like Ronan. Nevertheless, there were too many people, and I couldn't see clearly either.

Preoccupied with getting into line to make payment, I quickly forgot about him. At that exact moment, a voice that made my heart lurch slightly rang out behind me.

"Anna."

It was Ronan's voice, lacking his usual insouciant nonchalance.

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At that, I glanced back over my shoulder. When I saw his handsome countenance right before my eyes, my heart jolted, and words momentarily eluded me.

“What a coincidence to see you here today!”

That trite remark was all I could say as a greeting to him after a long silence.

“Are you here for a prenatal checkup?”

Ronan’s expression remained impassive, and that had me feeling a touch disconcerted. In my memory, he was a touch rogue with a wicked smile. Now, his cheerful face was blanketed by a layer of tranquility that wasn’t him at all.

“Yeah,” I replied softly, even as I averted my gaze awkwardly upon noticing his intent gaze on my stomach.

I knew he must be still feeling extremely upset right then, so I felt particularly guilty every time I saw him like that. I didn’t know what I could do to make up for it.

“Let’s go. I’ll take you there. You can skip the queue.”

Ronan stalked over to me after a moment of silence while looking straight into my eyes. Taking my hand, he dragged me to the bank of elevators.

His sudden action had panic surging within me. I instinctively wanted to break free from his hold, but his grip on me was too strong. Thus, I had no choice but to allow him to continue grasping my hand.

“Where are you taking me, Ronan?”

It was going to be my turn, but look what happened now. He pulled me out of the queue! If I were to queue all over again, I really don’t know how long I’d have to wait.

“As I said earlier, I’m taking you for a prenatal checkup.”

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Ronan didn't even bother looking at me, dragging me right into the elevator before pressing the floor button.

We were the only ones inside. I felt exceedingly awkward with just the two of us in this enclosed space.

"Actually, I'll be fine on my own. It's just a normal checkup. You don't need to follow me."

Remembering the agonized look in his eyes when he regarded me back then, I didn't quite dare look him in the eye. After having hurt him so deeply, regret inexorably lingered within me.

"Why are you here alone today? Did he not come with you?"

Ignoring my comment, Ronan changed the subject. I knew he was referring to Michael. The tense relationship between the two cousins had me concerned.

"He has a lot of work at the office recently, so I didn't tell him I was coming for a checkup today."

Indeed, Michael had already told me a few days ago that he would accompany me for my prenatal checkup. I didn't want to disrupt his work, so I came alone.

Besides, I was just in the first trimester. It wasn't as though I was close to giving birth and needed someone to keep me company.

After having obtained my answer, Ronan didn't comment further. The elevator plunged into silence once more, making me even more ill at ease.

"I apologize for losing control of my emotions a few days ago and treated you in such a reprehensible manner," Ronan said.

He dipped his head a fraction, but his gaze was fixated on my face.

"Let's not speak of the past anymore. Furthermore, I hurt you first, so you did nothing wrong in this matter. If anyone has to apologize, I should be the one."

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While his words back then were extremely unpleasant and upsetting, I certainly didn't blame him. Conversely, I felt very much guilty to see him in his current state. If it weren't for me, he wouldn't be so tormented.

"Can we still be friends in the future?" Ronan cautiously inquired as he looked into my eyes.

I could see hope burning brightly in his clear eyes.

"Of course! We're always friends!"

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 297

### Chapter 297 You Are Eating My Steak

While I had no romantic feelings toward him, he was an exceedingly important friend to me. Hence, I had never thought of giving up our friendship from the very beginning.

With my affirmative answer, Ronan's expression eased considerably. The corners of his mouth tilted upward, forming a faint arc. He was a striking man in the first place, and he was even more dashing when he smiled. Truly, I loved to see him smile.

However, his smile didn't reach his eyes. Although we were currently chatting and laughing, the feeling had changed entirely. We were now treading on eggshells when we interacted with each other.

Just when I was at a loss for words, the elevator doors finally opened. I stepped out first. Only when I was with Ronan in public did my awkwardness dissipate.

"Let's go. I'll take you for a checkup."

He grabbed my hand again and headed toward the ultrasound room.

"I haven't registered or paid yet."

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As he pulled me along, I abruptly realized that he had dragged me upstairs before I could register just now.

“With me here, you don’t need to register or pay.”

Ronan didn’t even look at me despite hearing my words

When the nurse in the room saw him dragging me over, she was stunned for a moment before a faint smile bloomed on her face.

“Have her go first.”

Without even sparing her a single glance, Ronan pushed me right in front of her.

“Sure, I’ll make the arrangements right away.”

The nurse immediately took me into the ultrasound room.

I was a tad averse inwardly. After all, plenty of pregnant women were waiting outside, and here I was cutting queue thanks to Ronan. Besides, I could clearly see the dissatisfied looks thrown my way by several pregnant ladies.

It was already too late since they had already led me into the ultrasound room.

My checkup was smooth sailing. I didn’t have to queue for any tests, and that was indeed a plus point in my book.

I completed all the tests within an hour or so. The baby was still in perfect health, which granted me much peace. Being my first pregnancy, I had been worrying about many things and would only rest easy upon hearing that the baby was fine after each prenatal checkup.

When I was done, Ronan and I went to the bank of elevators once again. I originally wanted to leave right away, but I couldn’t quite bring myself to say it outright.

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“You must be tired after bustling around. Let’s have lunch together.” The elevator doors opened, and I was just about to step in when Ronan spoke at that precise moment.

“No, it’s okay. You’re probably very busy. I’ll just go home and eat,” I reflexively declined.

It was still acceptable when he helped me out with my checkup earlier, but I still felt a tad awkward to have lunch with him alone.

At my demurral, the corners of Ronan’s mouth curved into a bitter smile.

In the end, he remarked once more, “Are we really going to be strangers henceforth after this?”

His voice was a soft murmur, but it inexplicably tugged at my heartstrings. Actually, I don’t want to see our friendship come to this too.

As I looked at the wry expression on his face, a sliver of distress crept into me.

“All right, let’s go and have lunch together. But it’s your treat, okay?”

I couldn’t bear to see him crestfallen. And honestly, I didn’t mind whoever footed the bill. I merely said that to ease the atmosphere between the two of us.

“Sure. As long as you’re willing, I don’t mind treating you to a meal every day!”

Seeing that I had agreed, Ronan lifted his face. The gloominess that was shadowing him disappeared in the blink of an eye.

I flashed him a smile but said nothing further.

After leaving the hospital, we went to a nearby restaurant. As soon as we arrived, the manager instantly came up and arranged a table for us. Ronan was probably a regular patron there.

“The steak here is pretty good. You should try it.”

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After we had taken our seats, Ronan gazed at me with a faint smile. While he was missing his blasé air of the past, that was already a vast improvement from before.

“You seem to be a regular here. You must have brought tons of women here to eat, huh?”

The manager spoke at length to him earlier, so it’s clear as day that he has spent quite a fortune here.

“You’re the first woman I’ve ever brought to this restaurant. Ever since making your acquaintance, no other woman has caught my interest. Oh, well...”

I only wanted to ease the atmosphere, but his unexpected reply that followed had me feeling more awkward.

I knew he was serious about me back then. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have volunteered to stay and offered to raise the child with me after learning about my pregnancy.

However, I was now with Michael and would be his cousin-in-law in the future. It was really inappropriate for Ronan to make such a comment now.

I lowered my head in embarrassment without responding to that. Right then, I couldn’t think of any topic and didn’t know what to say.

Fortunately, the steak was promptly served. Thus, I could then bury my head in the food to conceal my uneasiness.

I was still having morning sickness. My appetite was lacking, and I didn’t feel like eating anything.

Ronan had his head lowered as he concentrated on cutting his steak, yet he didn’t eat any. While I was a touch perplexed, I didn’t ask him about it.

In no time, the steak on his plate was all cut into pieces. Then he placed it before me and swapped with mine.

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Huh? So, he was actually helping me to cut my steak earlier.

“No, it’s okay. I can manage on my own.”

It was an intimate gesture shared only between lovers. I felt rather mortified that he did that for me right then.

“We both ordered steaks of different flavors. This plate is actually mine.”

My demurral did not offend Ronan. Instead, he pointed casually at my plate.

When I registered his meaning, embarrassment inundated me in an instant. I had been eating his steak!

Oh my God, why didn’t he say anything? I’ve already eaten his!

I initially wanted to object to him taking my steak. However, I no longer had any reason to do so.

Ronan looked at me with amusement, and he seemed very much jubilant to see me all mortified.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 298

Chapter 298 Slapping Emma

I was actually resentful that Ronan said nothing about me eating his steak. Upon seeing his smile, I felt that my embarrassment didn’t matter. Well, I’d just consider my humiliation as making it up to him.

Then, I stared at the cut steak he handed me just now. Putting my mortification aside, I started wolfing it down.

Without realizing it, the atmosphere between us eased considerably.

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At some point, I noticed Ronan frowning slightly at something behind me.

Following his gaze, I likewise glanced behind me in puzzlement. The moment I glimpsed Emma's countenance, my appetite swiftly vanished.

My brows scrunched together, and I planned to ignore her since there was nothing more to contend between us. Michael has already decided to be with me. She won't be able to affect me, no matter what she says.

"What a coincidence to bump into you here, Anna! And you're even having lunch with Ronan!" Emma smirked.

I could see the sheer hatred in her eyes, but she was currently suppressing it and feigning a calm expression.

"I don't think it's any of your business who I have lunch with."

I eyed her frostily, not in the mood to entertain her. Hearing her scornful tone, I knew she must be plotting something or other. Nonetheless, I didn't want to go head to head with her since Ronan was here.

"Ronan, I heard you courted Anna in the past, yes? At that time, your relationship with her seemed to be extremely intimate. Is that true?"

Surprisingly, Emma wasn't offended by my indifference. Instead, she turned to Ronan and spoke to him in a mild voice.

The man was a shrewd person, so he could tell at a single glance she was deliberately picking on me. All at once, his expression went stony.

"Who are you to meddle with my relationship? Who are you to me? My cousin-in-law? Oh yes, I forgot my cousin has already called off his wedding to you! You're nobody to me now."

"How dare you, Ronan Moore?"

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Ronan was also one who could kill someone effortlessly. He didn't use any profanity or blow his temper, yet a nonchalant remark was all it took to aggravate Emma.

She shot daggers at him, obviously infuriated at being ridiculed.

"Please leave if there's nothing else, Emma. Don't hamper our appetites here!"

Ronan didn't give a sh\*t whether she was pissed off. Emma was livid, but Ronan feigned ignorance and he chased her out of the restaurant.

Emma was a proud woman. At the sight of the man's contempt for her, the reins of the wrath within her instantly snapped.

"You're really something else, Anna. You've finally stolen Michael away from me, and now you're seducing Ronan. Can't you live without a man?"

Although Emma was fuming because of Ronan, she directed her anger at me instead. After all, he was still Michael's cousin, and his power in the family wasn't to be underestimated. She probably didn't dare offend him, so she could only vent all her rage on me.

Her remark was simply a declaration that I was cheating on Michael and insinuating that I was a sl\*t. I had no problems inferring that implicit meaning when it was so conspicuous. I initially didn't want to bicker with her, but she was always so relentless that I was truly enraged this time.

"Emma, please watch your tongue when you speak. Ronan and I are friends. Is it against the law for us to have lunch together? Besides, what has whomever I eat with has got to do with you that you're pointing fingers here?"

I abruptly shot to my feet and looked right into her eyes. I usually refrain from kicking up a fuss, but that doesn't mean that I'll allow others to pick on me! She always assumes that I'm easy prey; she has underestimated me. Also, she's only targeting me because Michael doesn't love her and doesn't care about her.

Many people swung their gazes at her when my words rang out.

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Emma had always been an arrogant person, so she glared at me irately now that she was left with no retort. The loathing in her eyes glinted even more vividly.

“Anna, don’t think that you now have nothing to worry about anymore. You’re not worthy of Michael! I’ll never allow you to marry him!”

Having nothing else to say to that, she could only spit out those words.

“You have no say in whether I can marry Michael. He’s willing to marry me, and I’m also willing to marry him. Therefore, you can’t stop it from happening.”

I regarded her coldly, not at all intimidated by her threat.

“Anna, you’re truly shameless, you b\*tch! You already have Michael, so why are you still seducing Ronan?”

At my words, Emma hit the roof. After bellowing that in high dudgeon, she lifted her hand to swing it at my face.

My eyes went wide in shock. Oh no, it’s already too late for me to dodge! Am I really to just take this blow from her?

Fortunately, Ronan was quick to act. He grabbed her wrist in one fell swoop. At that moment, his expression was icy cold, making it evident that he was furious.

His grip was extremely strong, and fury blazed in his gaze as he stared at her.

“What are you doing, Ronan? Let go of me!”

Emma wrenched her hand away hard when pain shot up her wrist. Likewise, her eyes radiated outrage as she glowered at him.

Hmph! She must have thought that her hand would’ve surely landed on my face and never expected Ronan to stop her at that critical moment!

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My heart that had been previously lodged in my throat finally settled back into my chest. Turning, I eyed her with wrath similarly burning in my gaze.

Facing her, I raised my hand and slapped her across the face without an ounce of hesitation. I put a lot of strength into the blow, so much so that even my hand was smarting.

Emma's face snapped to the side at my strike. When she finally gathered her wits about her, she gaped at me in disbelief even as the anger in her eyes blazed all the more hotly.

"How dare you hit me, Anna Garcia? Who do you think you are that you actually dared to hit me?"

After jolting back to her senses, her face contorted into a mask of fury, and she struggled desperately. Right that moment, her blood was boiling so hot that she wanted to kill me.

She wanted to charge at me, but before she could do so, Ronan shoved her away and stood in front of me.

"Emma Jones, is this your manners as the daughter of a prominent family, simply hitting someone just for the sake of it?"

Ronan's expression was glacial then, making it unmistakable that his patience toward Emma had reached its end.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 299

Chapter 299 All Loose Down There

"You claim to be mere friends with her when you're defending her thus, Ronan? Are you such a staunch defender of hers because she slept with you?"

When Emma saw that even Ronan was shielding me, the rage within her grew into a conflagration. She spoke icily while staring at his face.

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Good Lord! She's still defaming me at this time, huh? Towering rage likewise mounted within me. Ugh! My slap across her face earlier was just too paltry! A woman like her really needs to be taught a lesson!

"Watch your words, Emma! I've been tolerating you from the very beginning, but you've truly crossed the line now!"

I was so incandescent that I trembled all over. Looking at her coldly, I tried to suppress all my wrath.

I knew that she was only deliberately slandering me because she was jealous that I was now with Michael. Nonetheless, the anger within me continued spiraling.

"I've crossed the line? Judging from your expression now, you must be feeling guilty, huh? Anna, who do you think will believe you when you claim that you've never slept with Ronan when the two of you are so close?"

Emma could distinctly perceive the storm brewing in my eyes, yet she wasn't the least bit bothered. Instead, her gaze turned a touch triumphant as she scrutinized me, looking as though she had dirt on me.

"Emma, there's a limit to my patience! Therefore, it's best that you do not provoke me!"

My hands that were hanging by my sides were balled into fists, and I was currently putting all my effort into curbing my wrath. Argh! How I wish I could slap her several more times now! How could there be such a woman in this world?

"So what if just want to provoke you? How can you compare to me other than by relying on Michael and Ronan? Anna, I truly wonder what tricks a b\*tch like you has up your sleeve that you actually managed to bewitch two men!"

While uttering the last sentence, Emma's eyes were filled with envy.

Well, well... She truly doesn't care about her image anymore after having lost Michael. In the past, she would feign gentleness and graciousness in front of others, but now, she doesn't even bother putting on the most basic facade!

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Keeping a lid on the bubbling outrage within me, I was just about to retort when Ronan roared, "That's enough!"

His handsome countenance was terrifyingly grim. It was my first time seeing him in such an inflamed state. Although he had always given me the impression of an easygoing man with no temper, I still couldn't help shuddering at his infuriated expression right then. After all, his frigid expression was just too similar to Michael's.

Emma, who was going to insult me further, was stunned for a moment upon hearing his bellow. But when she realized what was happening, she flipped her lid once more.

"You're going to protect this b\*tch as well now, Ronan? Don't forget that she's presently Michael's woman! Don't you see red and feel resentful when you imagine her seeking pleasure beneath him every night? Yet, you're still defending her here? Don't you feel as though you're a fool?"

Her voice was indifferent as she stared at his face, and every single word out of her mouth was clearly meant to sow discord between Ronan and me.

My heart sank, and outrage enveloped me. As I stared at her, hatred surged within me.

Ronan hadn't completely accepted the fact that I had gotten together with Michael, so her words at that moment were undoubtedly rubbing salt into his wound.

I turned my gaze on the man, only to see that his expression had indeed turned glacial. His face was scarily grim even as a glimmer of ruthlessness flashed across his eyes.

Mild-tempered people were all the scarier when they flew into a rage, and Ronan was precisely that kind of person. I've always thought that Michael is the most terrifying person I've ever seen in my life when he loses his cool, but from the look of things now, Ronan is no less intimidating.

Similarly, Emma's gaze flickered when she saw Ronan's riled expression. Nonetheless, she swiftly masked her emotions. She then turned smug instead upon seeing that he had already gotten vexed because of her words. As such, she was sure that he wouldn't be siding with me anymore.

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“Ronan, a man like you can have any woman you like. Why must you pine for a b\*tch like her? A woman like her has been defiled by tons of men, so she’s probably all loose down there.”

She sounded increasingly triumphant as she spoke, and her eyes brimmed with provocation. Perhaps she now believed that her persuasion had worked its magic, and Ronan would no longer stand up for me.

Hearing such a shameful comment from her, I went off the deep end. I lifted my hand to slap her again since she needed to be taught some manners.

However, before my hand could land on her face, a slap sounded, and Ronan struck her across the face.

He glowered at her with fury etched on his face. At that moment, he resembled a predator lying in wait, making one’s blood run cold.

Emma’s hand flew to her face as she gaped at him incredulously. She probably never expected him to get physical and hit her.

Her eyes were as wide as saucers, and it was a long while before she finally snapped back to her senses.

Glaring at him, she immediately shrieked, “How dare you hit me, Ronan Moore? Do you know who I am? Yet, you had the guts to hit me?”

She had been living a pampered life since young, so she was naturally a stranger to such grievance. In fact, likely no one had ever dared to hit her in all her years. But today, two people had slapped her across the face. Hence, she definitely couldn’t tolerate such an insult.

“Listen here carefully, Emma. Anna isn’t someone you can simply disparage. And now, I’ve finally understood why my cousin didn’t want you. No man will like a shrew like you!”

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Ronan looked down at her condescendingly, his gaze so cold that not a trace of emotion could be discerned. After declaring that frostily, he no longer spared her a single glance but took my hand and strode away.

“Just you wait, Anna! I’ll never let you off the hook!”

Emma’s livid voice again rang out from behind me. Not only am I aware that she’s bursting with hostility toward me right now, but she certainly won’t give up easily either. Thus, I’ve got to be careful in the future. Otherwise, no one knows what she’ll do.

Ronan dragged me out of the restaurant without saying a single word throughout it all. Besides, his striking face remained as dark as ever.

After getting into his car, I could sense that the atmosphere was particularly oppressive. Despite his lack of reaction earlier, I knew that Emma’s words had already affected him inwardly.

He had feelings for me, so he instinctively regarded me as his woman. As such, he was naturally upset to hear about me being intimate with Michael since men were inherently possessive.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 300

Chapter 300 A Diamond Ring

Ronan sped on the road with his eyes trained straight ahead. From beginning to end, he said nary a word.

I felt exceedingly uneasy at his present state, and distress engulfed me. I wanted to comfort him, but I didn’t know what to say. After all, it was an indisputable fact that I was intimate with Michael, and I was even pregnant with his child right then.

“Ronan...” I called out his name softly after hesitating for an eternity.

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“You don’t need to say anything. I know Emma was deliberately disparaging you, and you’re not the kind of woman who sleeps around. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have fallen for you.”

Ronan seemed to have anticipated my words, for he had already made his stance clear without waiting for me to explain myself.

Lowering my head, I heaved a helpless sigh. Guilt showed in my eyes as I gazed at him, yet I just didn’t know what to say.

“I know you truly love Michael, but I still hope that you’ll give me a chance. If you’re not happy with him and wish to leave him, please consider me first, okay?”

Stopping the car, Ronan turned and regarded me seriously.

I could see the solemnity in his eyes, but it was precisely that which had me feeling all the more guilty. He has sacrificed a lot for me, but all I gave him in return was hurt.

I hung my head since I wasn’t quite certain how to answer him.

If I concur, then I’ll be giving him hope, and he won’t be as sad as he is right now. However, I also know all too well that I’ll only be holding him back if I do. I’ve got no idea what will become of me if I break up with Michael, nor do I have any idea whether I’ll fall in love with him then. But as of now, the answer is no.

“Please promise me that, Anna!”

Upon seeing my prolonged silence, Ronan’s voice became tinged with a hint of urgency, and his gaze turned pleading. At the sight of him then, I really couldn’t bring myself to turn him down.

After a long silence, I finally nodded. “Okay, I promise you that.”

While this is an empty promise, I already owe him too much, so I’m willing to give him if it makes him feel better.

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Of course, I didn't think that I would break up with Michael because he was the only man I had ever loved irrevocably in this lifetime. I felt that I wouldn't leave him for the rest of my days.

Having said that, if we truly broke up one day, I would fulfill my promise and make it up to Ronan.

When Ronan saw that I had agreed, he was thrilled and clutched my shoulders with both hands. Delight shone in his eyes as he gazed at me.

It's just an empty promise, yet he's over the moon. But looking back at the past, I've been rejecting him from the very beginning and never gave him any hope. This is the only time, so he'll naturally be ecstatic.

"It's rather late, so please drive me home. I'm a bit tired."

Not wanting to continue lingering on that subject with him, I straightened and stared right ahead as I said that placidly.

Immersed in his exhilaration then, Ronan didn't notice anything amiss about me. "Sure! I'll drive you back right away!" he agreed readily.

After saying that, he started the car and drove toward Birchwood.

The car came to a stop at the entrance of the community. In the past, he would insist on seeing me to the door, but he probably knew that Michael was also staying here at present, so he didn't offer to accompany me upstairs.

Anyway, that was a good thing because the longer we spent in each other's presence, the more awkward I felt.

When I had alighted from his car, I was instantly much more relaxed.

But upon returning home, I was still bugged by the incident earlier. Emma seemed extremely resentful, so I was worried that something would happen before our wedding.

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I did my best to calm myself and kept comforting myself inwardly. No matter what happens, I still have Michael by my side. He'll definitely resolve the problem, and our wedding will undoubtedly go smoothly!

Returning to my room, I took a nap. When I woke up in the afternoon, my mood had improved significantly. I glanced at the time, only to see that Michael would be getting off work soon.

Although the housekeeper had already prepared dinner, I knew that he preferred eating my cooking, so I dismissed her.

Then, I started cooking dinner in the kitchen alone. At the thought that Michael would be able to eat my cooking every night, happiness suffused me.

I wore a blissful smile on my face. When I had finished cooking, Michael had also arrived home from work. He smelled the aroma of food the moment he stepped into the house. He walked over to me with his thin lips curved into a faint arc.

We sat at the dining table across from each other. As he swept a gaze over the dinner I prepared, he seemed very much contented. Ever since he came home, a faint smile lingered on his face. While it wasn't conspicuous, it was exceedingly captivating.

I loved his smiling countenance, and it simply possessed an indescribable allure that enticed me.

Halfway through dinner, Michael suddenly stilled and stared at me solemnly.

"What's wrong? Is the food not to your liking?" I asked in a murmur while looking at him in bemusement.

In the past, he ate plenty as long as it was something I cooked, but he only ate a few bites today. Could it be that the food isn't to his liking?

"No, it's just that I've got something more important to do right now."

A seductive smile tugged at Michael's lips, and he reached into his pocket.

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When he said that, my puzzlement grew. Isn't eating the most important thing now? Is there anything else that takes precedence?

My gaze was riveted on his hand as curiosity drove my desire to know what exactly he meant.

Shortly after, he took out a square jewelry box from his pocket and handed it to me.

As I stared at the jewelry box, my heart hammered wildly. I already had my suspicions, but I still didn't dare believe it.

My eyes were rounded from shock, and my heart pounded in a frantic rhythm. Even my outstretched hand was trembling slightly.

"Open it and have a look."

Michael flashed me a smile upon seeing my nervousness. Then, he motioned for me to open the jewelry box.

I took the jewelry box from him. Although it was light, it felt exceedingly heavy in my hand.

When I opened the jewelry box, the dazzling diamond that greeted me had me momentarily falling into a trance. It was a diamond ring.

The diamond ring wasn't massive. Instead, it appeared to be of the exquisite type and was incredibly stunning.

My heart skipped a beat. While I had already surmised that it might be a ring, I still couldn't help being shocked when beholding it with my own eyes. At the same time, tears started shimmering in my eyes.

I always thought that he didn't care about giving me a ring. It'd always bothered me greatly, but I didn't dare mention it to him and had been bottling it instead.

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