Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 336 - 340

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 336

Actually, Michael had specially prepared a car and a driver for me. If I wanted to use the service, the driver would arrive in less than ten minutes. However, I was unaccustomed to the living habits of high society. Thus, I felt more at ease to go about as I liked.

When I arrived at Steven's house, I realized that his door had been left ajar, signifying that he was home.

As it was currently working hours, I felt displeased seeing that he was at home and not at work. Was the advice I gave him last time all for naught? He didn't change at all!

When I walked inside, I was met with a pungent stench of alcohol. Immediately, I furrowed as I could not stand strong scents due to my pregnancy.

Walking into the living room, I saw a few men sitting on the floor with empty bottles of beer surrounding them.

With their dyed hair and freakish hairstyle, they seemed to be the usual hooligans that could be found on the streets, and Steven was sitting in the center of them.

"Let's continue drinking until we get drunk!" A man with unnaturally red hair raised his beer bottle.

"Quentin! Here's a toast to you!" At that moment, Steven spoke to the man with red hair while raising his beer bottle groggily. By the respectful tone he had, it was evident that he was trying to butter him up.

"Okay! Cheers!" the man answered and gulped down the beer.

Steven quickly followed suit and chugged the beer down.

I locked my gaze on Steven angrily, unable to believe that he was drinking with hooligans.

Initially, I wanted to rush up to him immediately. However, I feared for my safety as the men did not appear decent. In the end, I decided against it and sent a message to Michael to ask him to pick me up.

"Steven, why is there a woman here? Who is she?" After I finished sending the text message, a yellow-haired man noticed me and sized me up lustfully.

When Steven noticed me, his expression turned serious, and he asked in a displeased tone, "Sis, why are you here?"

It was evident that he did not want me to be there.

"Steven, is this your sister? Your biological sister?" The yellow-haired man stood up and walked up to me unsteadily upon hearing that.

"Xavier..." Steven called with a hint of worry in his tone.

"I didn't know that you have such a beautiful sister. She's absolutely stunning! Does she have a boyfriend?" The man called Xavier had already walked up to me and was staring at my chest. By the looks of it, saliva was about to ooze out of his mouth any moment now.

Upon hearing that, Steven shot a worried look at me and walked toward me wobbly. "Xavier, she's already married. Besides, her husband is—"

"So she's already married? That's such a shame! She's still so young, too." Although Xavier said that, he still tried to caress my face. Steven shot forward and shielded me as I was about to avoid the man's touch.

"I don't think this is appropriate. She's already married, so don't do anything stupid." Steven tried to defend me, understanding Xavier's intention toward me. As I could hear the worry in his voice, I knew that he was concerned for me. So he still has the conscience not to ignore me in this situation.

Then, Steven gestured for me to leave quickly behind his back. Although I was furious at him, I knew it was better for me to go in that situation. I would have to find another chance to teach him a lesson.

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When I turned to leave, Xavier spoke up. "Don't go! Since you're Steven's sister, you're also our friend. How about you stay and drink with us?"

After that, Xavier yanked Steven aside and walked toward me.

At that moment, I was frozen at the same spot and could not even move.

"It's okay. I still have some things to attend to, so I'll be leaving," I replied calmly and wanted to leave quickly. However, Xavier grabbed my arm and pulled me back in place.

Instantly, I was repulsed by his touch and pushed him away hard.

Hooligans like him were the people I looked down upon the most, so I hated being near him.

"Hey, Steven! It seems that your sister is a feisty one. Despite that, I like her. If you can let her accompany me for a night, I'll allow you to join us. How about it?" Although Xavier was talking to Steven, he kept his gaze on me.

After hearing his arrogant words, my displeasure intensified as I wore a look of disgust while looking at him.

Steven was at a loss. "I don't think this is a good idea. She's my sister, after all. Besides, if my brother-in-law gets wind about this, he'll kill me."

At least Steven was not horrible enough to agree to his deal. If he did, I would be utterly disappointed in him.

"What are you worried about? If he comes and finds you, you have me! I'm the boss of this entire area, so he won't dare to say anything."

Although Steven helped me out, Xavier paid no heed and stretched out his hand again. Meanwhile, anger flooded my veins. How dare a hooligan like him insult me!

Once again, my brother hid me behind his back and begged, "Xavier, please let my sister go. She's extremely straightforward and definitely different from the usual woman you have encountered. She'll no doubt cause you anger!"

I could hear how scared Steven was while saying that. It might be because he was afraid that the man would deal with him instead.

"Who do you think you are? You should know that nobody has dared to stop me from getting the woman I wanted. Plus, I only allowed you to become one of my men because you're a fast learner. So if you dare to get in my way again, I won't go easy on you!"

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 337

Chapter 337 Michael To The Rescue

Losing his patience, Xavier was smoldering with resentment as he glared at Steven.

"What a bunch of gangsters. Aren't you scared of the police locking all of you up?" After seeing how terrified Steven was of Xavier, anger stirred within me. Is Steven even a man? How could he not fight back when seeing others touching me? Why do I have such a useless brother?

"What did you just say? I dare you to repeat that!" The man with red hair shouted while walking over to me. He pointed a beer bottle at me, seemingly ready to hit me with it at any time.

Although I was scared, I was not as cowardly as my brother. Anyone could tell that those men were an insult to society, and I was not one to stand back and try to please them.

"I'm saying that you're a bunch of scoundrels! If I were you, I would leave right now.

Otherwise, once my husband arrives, he won't let you off the hook so easily!" Albeit scared, I felt myself at ease when I was reminded of Michael.

After all, he would not forgive them if any of them dared to lay a hand on me. Besides, hooligans like them were a piece of cake for Michael to take care of.

"Anna! Can you stop talking to them? If you continue, you might be in trouble before Michael can get here!" Steven muttered while looking at me worriedly. As he spoke in a soft tone, his words were unheard by the others.

After hearing Steven's words, I did not say anything else despite still being angry. After all, I could not confirm that Michael was on his way or if he had seen the message at all.

"You're saying that your husband won't forgive us? No one has ever had the guts to be so arrogant to me before. Since you're being so disobedient, I'll make sure you get a good punishment. How about this? You can be my woman from today onward, and I'll be your husband instead of him." Xavier burst out in laughter, thinking that I was just joking around.

"Anna, run! I'll hold them off." Knowing that they would not let me off easily, Steven looked like he was ready for death when he turned around and whispered.

When I heard that, my heart clenched tightly. I can't believe Steven just said that!

After all, Steven had always been a selfish person in my mind, and I always thought he would leave me to fend for myself in a dangerous situation. Thus, I did not expect him to protect me when the situation called for it.

Without answering him, I looked at Steven with mixed emotions. Although I knew it was best for me to run away at that moment, I could not leave my younger brother behind.

"What are you still waiting around for? Go!" Seeing that I was frozen in place, Steven could not help but urge me. Meanwhile, Xavier had already walked over and trapped me in his arms.

I furrowed deeply and felt my disgust for Xavier growing deeper. Although I tried hard to break free from his grasp, a woman's strength could not be compared to a man's. Consequently, I could not move and could only watch helplessly as he touched my face.

When Steven saw that, he steeled his heart and rushed up to us, pushing Xavier off of me.

Upon seeing that, the other men in the living room naturally sided with Xavier. Thus, they shoved Steven down onto the floor. At that moment, Steven's nose was already bleeding from the impact.

"Steven! Are you okay?"

After seeing how he did that to Xavier to protect me, I felt genuinely moved. I did not expect my younger brother would choose to save me in such a dangerous situation. It was also the first time I felt something other than anger toward him.

"Why didn't you run when I told you to?" Steven shouted while being pressed down, displeasure flickering in his eyes.

"You're my brother! How can I leave you behind?" No matter how displeased I was with him, he was still my brother. Therefore, there was no way I would run off without him.

At that moment, Xavier had walked over to me. Then, he stretched out his hand with a smile and remarked, "Since you don't want to leave, you should stay behind and accompany me. I last quite long in bed, just so you know."

When I saw the look in his eyes when he was ogling me, I resisted the urge to slap him.

As I was used to Michael's handsome looks, I felt disgusted looking at his ugly and fat face.

"Get lost! You'd better not touch me!" I warned while slapping his hand away. Although I knew I could not get away, it did not stop me from resisting.

"Hah! Feisty, aren't you? But it's fine since I like women like you. When we're in bed later, the feeling of conquering you will be sweet."

Rubbing his palms in anticipation, Xavier reached out to me. Meanwhile, I could not escape as I was cornered. When his hands were about to touch my breasts, the door was suddenly kicked open with a loud bang.

Everyone in the room was taken aback by the loud noise, immediately looking toward the direction of the door. When Michael appeared in the doorway, I heaved a sigh of relief. Michael's here! I'm saved.

"Michael!" The anxiety in my heart slowly faded upon seeing him, for I knew he would undoubtedly protect me.

"What is this?" When he saw me being cornered, he furrowed coldly.

However, when I wanted to answer him, Xavier walked over to Michael while glaring at him in vexation. "Who are you?"

Angered by Michael's interruption, Xavier had a questioning tone in his voice as he scowled.

"Her husband," Michael answered coldly while shooting him a look.

With his curt reply and cold tone, he clearly did not think highly of the hooligans.

After all, it was normal for someone as influential as Michael to look down on those thugs, not to mention his personality had always been so arrogant.

"So you're the husband she kept raving about? I don't think you can withstand one punch of mine with that skinny figure of yours! I'd advise you to leave right now. Or else, don't blame us for being merciless!" Xavier snorted, completely disregarding Michael as a threat. Plus, he was convinced that the latter could never defeat that many people at once.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 338

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 338

"You guys have to pay the price for touching my wife!"

Michael clenched his fists as he exuded a murderous chill. He was a possessive person. Since gangsters were harassing his woman, he was undoubtedly enraged.

"You sure have guts, punk! Are you aware of who Xavier Woodwork is? How dare you speak to me like this? You must be tired of living!"

Michael was not even a tad bit afraid in front of those people, which infuriated Xavier. Thinking that people in the area feared his own name, Xavier was displeased by Michael's nonchalance.

"Never heard of it."

Michael's cold gaze was locked on Xavier, who was walking toward him as the former said those words. Listening to what Michael said, Xavier's body trembled in rage.

"You brat! It looks like you're trying to mess with me. I'll let you know what I am capable of! That way, you will learn your lesson not to mess with me anymore!"

Once Xavier finished his sentence, Steven, who was being pressed on the ground, was let go by Xavier's underlings. The men then walked toward the direction of Michael.

Although I had witnessed Michael's capability previously, I was still worried about the injury on his arm. Even though he had rested for almost two weeks, he couldn't have fully recovered from his injury.

"Do you guys have a death wish?"

There was a flame of fury roaring within Michael as he locked his gaze on the hooligans when he spoke with his low and cold voice. The next second, he gave the frontmost person a strong kick.

His kick was so powerful that it sent the person flying into the other hooligans behind, causing all of them to fall to the ground.

"You are a brave guy! How dare you make a move before I do!"

Seeing his underlings on the ground, Xavier was stunned for a second before he snapped back to his senses. He then glared at Michael. It was probably because he had never met someone as arrogant as Michael before.

Michael remained expressionless as he stared at the hooligans in front of him. I knew Michael was a person who wouldn't be afraid no matter what problems he encountered.

Ever since Michael saved me that time, my perception of him changed again. He looked cool when he fought for me, but I knew that this was not the time for admiring Michael as there were quite a few hooligans that he had to handle. If Michael was injured, I am the one who would be heartbroken.

Hiding behind his back, I whispered, "Michael, please be careful."

I was a little heartbroken as my gaze shifted to his injured arm.

He wouldn't have been injured if he hadn't saved me previously. If he gets injured again this time, I will feel even more guilty.

"Go and hide at somewhere safe."

Michael nodded as he spoke.

I knew if I stayed beside him, I would only be a burden to him. This situation made me recall the time when I was kidnapped. If I wasn't held as a hostage that time, Michael would've dealt with them easily.

I retreated to Steven's side obediently as I looked at Michael with a face full of worry.

"Anna, there are so many of them. Can Michael handle them by himself?"

At that moment, Steven put himself in front of me, a picture of concern.

Although Steven was much more mature that day, I was still infuriated as everything would not have happened if it wasn't for him.

"Don't you feel bad for saying that? You kept skipping work to hang out with this bunch of hooligans. Now that things turned out this way, it's all on you!"

Once I heard his remark, I was so mad at that moment as Michael had to fight with so many hooligans because of my unreliable brother. He only knows how to create trouble for me. I really have no idea what else he is capable of doing. I really have the urge to give up on him now.

"Why are you blaming me again? If you didn't come to my place so frequently, would any of this have happened? If you had not come, none of this would have happened."

Steven looked at me with a face of indignant. He thought that it was me who caused this mess to happen and was not remorseful at all.

"If Mom didn't tell me she couldn't contact you and made me come to check on you, do you think I would be here right now? Listen to me, Steven. If anything happens to Michael today, I will never forgive you!"

I frowned from irritation as I glared at Steven. If Michael weren't fighting with the hooligans, I would really teach Steven a lesson right then and there.

Seeing I might be infuriated, Steven pursed his lips and said no more.

However, my worry was unnecessary. The hooligans were unarmed and were no match against Michael. He subdued the hooligans easily without much effort.

Seeing his underlings beaten up by Michael one after another, Xavier was shocked with his eyes widened. "Who the hell are you? So incredible!"

He looked horrified as he gawked at Michael. The man knew that he had no chance to beat Michael once his underlings were down.

"Michael!"

Michael stood in front of him and glowered at him with a cold gaze.

"You... Are you Michael Shaw?"

Xavier trembled once he heard Michael's name as if it was something unbelievable.

Judging from his reaction, he should have heard of Michael's name. However, he would have never thought that Michael would appear in such an old and shabby house, and he even started a fight with Michael.

"What do you think?" Michael answered his question with another question as he stared at Xavier with his icy gaze.

"|-|..."

After confirming Michael's identity, Xavier's body trembled even more. He was even stuttering as he spoke.

I frowned in puzzlement and looked at Michael. Is his name that powerful? Why would Xavier be so scared after hearing his name?

"Get lost!" Michael demanded coldly without saying anything unnecessary.

Xavier's attitude at that instant was different from his arrogant attitude previously. He was so afraid of Michael that he left the place instantly.

His underlings also followed him and left swiftly.

The room was only left with me, Steven and Michael. Michael only came to my side to check on me after those hooligans left the room.

"What happened? Why was there a bunch of hooligans here?" After scrutinizing me, Michael questioned with a worried expression.

Hence, I told him about my mom asking me to check on Steven. After I arrived, I saw Steven drinking with them, and they tried to harass me after they saw me.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 339

Chapter 339 Furious Michael

Michael's expression darkened as he took in what had been said to him. His blazing gaze shifted to Steven in the blink of an eye.

"Did I let you stay here just to endanger your sister?" Michael's voice was ice cold. As he approached Steven, the latter panicked when he sensed Michael's presence emitting a powerful aura.

In his fear, Steven looked at me after glancing at Michael as he approached. After that, he glanced back toward Michael many times in a row.

"Michael, I'm sorry. It's my fault. I didn't mean to do it." Steven gave Michael a cheeky grin as he stared at him. However, his uneasiness was still clearly visible on his face.

"You have no idea how much Anna has given up for your sake. Every day, you've been slacking off at work and not showing up to the office. Even more so now that you've started to offend these gangsters."

Steven's apologies did not go over well with Michael as the latter's face remained expressionless. He was also aware that Steven's repentance was not sincere.

"I'm truly sorry, Michael. I promise not to contact them again. Please forgive me just once. Not to mention, I just protected my sister from harm. You can ask her if you don't believe me."

My advice to Steven was never taken to heart. He didn't act like that in front of Michael, though.

Yes, he did protect me earlier, but that couldn't erase the fact that he incited the gangsters in the first place.

"Tomorrow, these gangsters will be sent to jail. I was debating whether or not to send you over so that you might learn from your mistakes." Michael's fury dissipated almost immediately. As he talked, he looked into Steven's frenzied eyes. After hearing what Michael had to say, even I was in fear.

The instant Steven heard that he would be going to jail, he was terrified and knelt in front of Michael. "Michael, I've definitely learned my lesson. Please accept my apologies for this one time. In the future, I swear to arrive on time for work each and every day."

Although Steven was a jerk, he had a small amount of courage. When he heard he was going to jail, he was immediately terrified and kept promising to behave.

On the other hand, Michael was not as empathetic as I was. He wasn't persuaded in the least. His expression remained icy the entire time. Hearing Steven's apologies would have already convinced me if it were me.

Michael glanced at Steven coldly. He stepped right up to me, grabbed my hands, and marched out of the place before he could finish his sentence.

Riding in Michael's car gave me a sinking feeling in my stomach. Would Michael really have sent Steven to jail as he had claimed?

Michael started the car's engine. He acted as if he didn't want to go into detail about Steven's situation with me. This made my heart race even faster, as I was already anxious.

"You're not going to put Steven in jail, are you?" Uncomfortable, I asked Michael, with my face turned to him.

"Are you reluctant to let him go?" Michael continued driving his car. He didn't even bother looking at me. His voice sounded soft. Hence, I wasn't sure if he was delighted or upset. I couldn't always see through Michael's thoughts. Even at this point, I couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

"Steven will always be my brother. I cannot bear the thought of him going to jail. Surely you're frightening Steven, then? You wouldn't put him in jail, would you?"

Steven was still my brother, no matter what he had done. Of course, I hoped that he wouldn't wind up in prison.

"Yeah, I'm just trying to scare him a little bit. However, Xavier's gangsters will be locked up tomorrow. I promised you that no one would ever be able to hurt you, and I will have to keep my word."

My tense muscles were eased by Michael's reassuring responses. Thankfully, Michael was simply frightening Steven. My parents would kill me if Steven were ever imprisoned.

"I hope Steven has learned his lesson this time around and will improve from here on. I truly hope he doesn't go on living like this anymore." I let out a sigh of despair. Thinking back on Steven's deeds, I was deeply frustrated. How long would it take for Steven to mature and stop causing me so much stress?

"Don't overestimate your brother. I told you that people are resistant to change. Sometimes, I wonder why you and your family members have such different personalities. You don't feel like family at all."

Every time I had a glimmer of hope for Steven, Michael was there to remind me of the reality. However, what he said at the end made me quite upset.

"What are you talking about? Obviously, we're related. Besides, having different personalities in a family is very normal."

At times, I felt like I wasn't truly a part of the family. Mom and Dad were always hot and cold to me. I felt as if I were an outsider. Because of that, I made a considerable effort to improve my relationship with them. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't obtain the desired results.

"I guess so." Michael lightly blurted out those three words and remained silent for the rest of the journey. However, his words made me feel uneasy.

After returning to the mansion, I called my mother. I did not tell her that Steven had been hanging out with gangsters. To ease her heart, I simply told her that he didn't answer her calls because he had been drinking too much.

What happened today was a close shave. Despite the fact that there had been no harm done, I was nevertheless terrified. There were far too many evil people in our society. Anyone and everyone could run into them at any time.

After a quick power nap, it was already afternoon. In the meantime, Michael had already returned to work. As I remembered, it was the day of my prenatal checkup. In order to avoid wasting Michael's time, I decided to go on my own and not tell him about it.

Joy filled my heart as I walked alone on the sidewalk, thinking about how the baby in my womb was growing day by day.

At that very instant, a beep came from behind me. As I frowned and turned around, I saw a silver Maserati.

I squinted a little bit. I had no idea who this car belonged to as I had never seen it before.

I turned around and kept going, ignoring the car as I went. At that exact moment, a familiar voice called out to me from behind.

"Anna." It was Ronan's voice.

I felt a slight shiver run down my spine. I turned around once more. This time, Ronan had already pulled up in front of me with his head popping out the window.

When I realized it was really Ronan, I was taken aback. This man had been driving a flashy red Ferrari for as long as I knew. I felt a little out of place when I saw him driving a more toned-down sports car today.

"Why are you here?" I halted my steps and greeted Ronan softly as I looked at him.

"I was just passing by. How about you? Where are you heading to?"

In Ronan's eyes, there was tenderness. The faintest smile appeared on his handsome face. It was a lovely sight to see.

"I... am going to the hospital for a checkup."

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 340

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 340

After a moment of silence, I decided to tell him the truth.

When I mentioned a checkup, Ronan immediately understood what I was referring to. The light in his eyes dimmed as soon as the words came out of my mouth. After a long pause, he finally smiled at me again.

"I was just about to go to the hospital. Hop on. I'll drive you there." As Ronan was speaking, he had already gotten down from his car. He went over to the passenger seat and opened the door for me.

"It's okay. I can get there by myself."

It was clear to me by the look of sadness in Ronan's eyes that he hadn't totally moved on. That was one of the reasons I avoided getting too close to him.

The door had been opened for me by Ronan when I turned down his offer. He frowned and glanced at me as if he was a little let down.

"What's the problem? I'm only offering you a ride since I'm also on my way. Do you have to avoid me like that? Are you really so afraid of me?" Ronan spoke softly. Even so, it was loud enough to sense his disappointment.

I sighed in exasperation. I didn't know what to say. I wasn't afraid of Ronan. I just didn't want him to feel upset because of me. Every time I looked at his sad eyes, I felt terrible.

"I didn't mean that. I was just..." Ronan kept staring into my eyes as I opened my mouth and tried to think of something to say.

"All right, I know what you're trying to say. You don't need to say it. I was just kidding." Ronan unknowingly let out a cynical smile. Seeing him in this manner brought up memories from the past.

I was stunned. Ronan remained patiently at the door, waiting for me to get into the car. Eventually, I made my way over to him.

While I was in Ronan's car, I felt uncomfortable being in an enclosed space with him.

Ever since I got together with Michael, my feelings for Ronan have changed. We didn't argue at all during this time. It was as if we were trying to keep the atmosphere down on purpose. However, by doing it purposefully, the awkwardness was made worse.

"Why did you drive a different car today? What happened to your flashy Ferrari?"

For the whole trip, neither of us spoke a word. As a result of my desire to avoid further awkwardness, I spoke up.

"I just thought switching my car would switch my mood." Ronan spoke faintly. Although he didn't say anything specific, it felt to me that he was talking about our situation.

"Don't you think this silver sports car suits me better since it looks more depressing?" Ronan looked at me after I stopped talking. I could tell from his eyes that he was smiling, but he didn't truly mean it.

To the people around him, Ronan appeared to be depressed. The once-vibrant young man had long vanished. When comparing him today to before, he had undergone a major transformation. He matured a lot more, but his smile lost a lot of its radiance.

And it was because of me that he turned into someone like that.

"Do you still mind me being together with Michael?"

Before I turned to face Ronan, I had been silent for quite some time. I couldn't help myself but ask him this question over and over again. All I ever wanted for Ronan was to return to the way he used to be.

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't mind. However, as long as you're happy and Michael is able to give you the happiness you desire, I won't mind."

As far as I knew, Ronan was the one who had been looking out for me this whole time. I had found my other half. My only hope was for him to do the same soon.

Ronan opened the back door for me as soon as we arrived at the hospital so that I could skip the line and head straight to my checkup.

Before he bumped into me, I had no idea if Ronan wanted to come to the hospital. However, he was right outside the door when I went in for my appointment, doing nothing but waiting.

There were a few pregnant women waiting outside last night when I got out of the ultrasound room. I overheard them whispering about how handsome my husband was.

Ronan was, of course, the husband they were referring to. For a moment, I was a little embarrassed as we had already developed an uncomfortable relationship between us. I felt even more twisted in my heart when people misunderstood the situation.

On the contrary, Ronan's mood improved as a result of their conversation.

Ronan was following right behind me as I made my way to the elevator. I had to stop and stare at him because I couldn't hold my emotions in any longer.

"I'm done with my checkup. I appreciate you taking me to the hospital today. If there isn't anything else, I shall make a move."

Despite the fact that I was thanking Ronan with my words, I wanted him to quit following me. We didn't have a good relationship. Hence, I'd feel even more awkward if he kept following me.

"Since I'm here and I have nothing else to do, let me take you home." Ronan decided to join me in the elevator as soon as I entered it.

There was a devilish grin on his face.

I sighed exasperatedly as I stared at his face. I was confident he did it on purpose. He only wanted the opportunity to spend more time with me.

"It's fine. I'll leave on my own. It'll be difficult for you to send me home." I insisted on declining Ronan's offer since it was inappropriate for us to be so close, given our current relationship.

"I'm just offering you a ride home. You don't have to be so adamant about rejecting my offer. We are, after all, friends. Simply think of it as a friend helping a friend."

Ronan's eyes began to lose their sparkle. He was clearly hurt by my decision to reject him. Despite this, he refused to let me go and insisted on sending me home.

"Ronan-"

"Please don't constantly turn me down. I'm aware of your concerns. Don't worry. I will not ruin your relationship with Michael. All I want to do is to keep an eye out for you." My words were interrupted by Ronan before I had a chance to finish. A sad gaze flashed across his pair of sparkling eyes.

As far as I could tell, I was supposed to say no. However, my heart broke every time I saw his sorrowful eyes. Ronan's sadness seemed to stem only from my actions.

Ronan had always treated me well. It was just unfortunate that he had feelings for the wrong person. He shouldn't have liked me from the start because I was already in a complicated relationship with Michael at the time.

"Let's go then." I was convinced in the end. I spoke with a dropped head as if I didn't want to.

I couldn't help but sigh in frustration once more. In the end, Ronan had to come up with the solution on his own. Any effort I made to convince him would be in vain otherwise. Besides that, my rejection would just intensify his heartbreak.

I then entered Ronan's car. He might have felt the same way about the awkwardness of the situation, so he turned up the music to make it more bearable.