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Chapter 346 Receiving A Massage From Michael

It seemed like Michael had no ulterior motive in uttering those words on the surface. In truth, he was telling Elisabeth that I was his woman.

I was pretty astonished when Michael only needed one sentence to deal with Elisabeth while I had to say so much to her. That was also a demonstration of the stark difference between Michael and myself. Every word that came out from him was with intent.

“There’s no telling when that kid will have a girlfriend. He’s not attending the matchmaking sessions I prepared for him right now. I wonder why.” Elisabeth cast a glance toward me nonchalantly when she said those words. She probably thought I was the culprit for Ronan to behave in such a manner.

Again, I would not deny that I had something to do with Ronan’s current state, but I had rejected his confession incontrovertibly. It would be unacceptable to me if I were still the one getting blamed.

“I believe it’s only a matter of time. Everything will be fine after Ronan thinks it through,” Michael responded to Elisabeth emotionlessly while looking at her.

Upon listening to his words, Elisabeth’s expression changed. Her gaze at Michael had become a little indecipherable. However, I was unsure what was in her mind as one of the best traits of a socialite was hiding one’s authentic emotion.

“Hope that will happen soon. Anyway, I’m leaving now as I don’t want to bother you guys any longer on your wedding day. We’ll chat some other time when we’re both free, Anna. Goodbye.” Elisabeth left the dressing room straight after finishing those words, perhaps because of the awkward atmosphere.

As soon as Michael and I were the only people left in the dressing room, I lowered my head in frustration.

“Did Aunt Elisabeth bring up Ronan just now?” Michael turned and looked at me with an imperturbable expression. It was as if he had already figured it out early on.

Without saying a word, I nodded as an admission. Encountering such an incident during my wedding was still an unpleasant experience. After all, anyone would desire to go through the best moment of one’s lifetime on that big day.

“Don’t take it to heart. It’s Ronan’s problem, not yours. Still, you should keep your distance from him in the future.” Michael looked toward me with a warm

smile on his face. Yet, his last sentence had dumbfounded me. I would appreciate it if he could admit to being petty instead of using Elisabeth as a cover.

Regardless, I was still pretty happy since Michael's words indicated that he cared for me.

It was already evening when the wedding ended. At the moment, I was dead-tired, possibly because of my pregnancy.

After returning to the mansion, I sat on the couch without doing anything. The only thing I wanted at present was to have a good night's sleep.

As for Michael, he was sitting right by my side. His eyes were full of anguish when he looked at my exhausted look.

"I'm sorry for what you have gone through today," Michael uttered in a tender voice while holding me in his arms. His gaze toward me was overflowing with affection.

"Stop it, Michael. Today's our wedding. My weariness pales in comparison with that. Ah, I feel like the most blissful woman in the world today."

Michael and I had officially become one flesh. That was a terrific feeling beyond a shadow of a doubt. I believed my greatest happiness would be to spend the rest of my life with him.

Hearing that, Michael curved his lips into a grin cheerfully. It was apparent that my words had delighted him.

He then placed his hands on my shoulder and began to massage it. I felt a little uneasy as he had never been that meticulous before. However, the perfect amount of strength he applied made me feel very comfortable.

While he massaged my shoulder, astonishment surged in my heart as I never thought a dignified man like Michael would know how to massage.

"It feels so good..." I could not help but express my feeling while indulging in the massage with closed eyes.

"You feel good, huh? Do you realize how seductive your expression is? You're arousing me to make love with you right now," Michael whispered into my ear after listening to my utterance.

The sensation of his warm breath grazing my ear caused my heart to palpitate uncontrollably.

When I became conscious of Michael's words, I widened my eyes and would not dare to look into his eyes. Does he want to have sex again tonight?

My heart sank in an instant when I thought about that possibility. Not a chance! I repeated that thought in my heart probably up to hundreds of times. If Michael tortures me in my weary state, I may die!

Hence, I stared at Michael pitifully without speaking a word, hoping that he could grow a conscience by letting me off.

“Are you unaware that your gaze will only further inflame a man’s desire to dominate? Aha! You’re seducing me. Isn’t that right, Anna?” Instead of showing sympathy, Michael accused me of seducing him. I felt an urge to pull out my hair in frustration by his words. Unbelievable! I was pleading with him not to have sex tonight, for heaven’s sake!

“What? No! I’m tired, Michael. Could you bear to torture me in my current state?” I looked at Michael in displeasure. If he still insisted on tormenting me later at night, I could guarantee that I would throw a tantrum at him.

Before giving a response, Michael looked into my eyes for quite some time and sighed in disappointment. “When is the baby coming out from your womb? I have endured for months!”

Helplessness saturated his countenance as he gazed at my baby bump.

“There’s still a couple of months left. Keep it up.”

I felt a little ecstatic when Michael implied that he would not do anything to me later. I can finally have a good night’s sleep tonight without his disturbance! Hooray!

“The baby is at fault for depriving my benefits every night! I can’t wait to teach our kid a lesson after birth for that!” Michael spoke those words in a pretty loud voice deliberately as a jab toward me. His aggrieved expression made me wonder if I was too cruel.

That said, I changed my mind instantly on second thought. Michael has tortured me every night thus far despite my pregnancy. Is it that difficult for him to have self-control for only one night? Inconceivable!

With that thought, the heartache I felt for him only seconds ago faded away. I decided to ignore him and continue to enjoy his massage.

Unbeknownst to me, I drifted off to sleep a while later. How I got upstairs was unknown to me as well. The only thing I knew when I woke up the next day was that I was on the bed in the bedroom. Concerning Michael, he was lying beside me and had not awakened yet.

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Michael would have gone to the office at this hour. Is it because of the wedding last night that he is too tired to follow his routine today?

I was still lying in Michael's arms at the moment. My clothes had long been stripped off. I felt speechless when I looked at my naked body and Michael, who was also in the nude.

I wondered why he took off my clothes despite the fact that we couldn't have sex. Wouldn't it be more unbearable?

I shifted slightly. It seemed that I had slept in the same position for the whole night. My body felt unusually heavy and sluggish.

Michael was a light sleeper. Following my single movement, he opened his eyes and looked at me. There were traces of fatigue in his gaze.

"Why are you up so early? Don't you usually sleep until noon?"

His voice was hoarse with morning tiredness.

"Why are you still sleeping? Isn't it time to wake up and head to the office?"

I looked at the time. It was already ten in the morning. Michael would already be at the office around this time in the past. Strangely enough, he was still here with me. Has he decided to skip work?

"Office? We just had our wedding yesterday, and now you force me to head to work? Don't tell me you want to give up our honeymoon?"

Michael raised his brows. A trace of dissatisfaction flashed through his eyes as he looked at me.

"Honeymoon? Are we going to have a honeymoon?"

I looked straight into his eyes and threw the question at him in surprise.

I thought he would get busy with his work after the wedding. Unexpectedly, he actually wanted to go on a honeymoon.

"Do you think I would want to end my wedding hastily like that? My woman deserves the best. Where would you like to go on our honeymoon? I will spend a month together with you."

Michael stared at me with a grin. The tiredness had already disappeared from his face.

"I want to visit Pillere. What do you think?"

Without a second thought, I spoke up and looked at Michael excitedly. The thought of going on a honeymoon with him was exhilarating.

He had always been occupied with work. So when he suggested that we go on a honeymoon, I felt like I was in a dream.

"Okay, we will go wherever you want."

An affectionate smile played around his lips as he spoke. The next second, he pulled me into his arms.

"Michael, it's great to have you around."

Lying in his arms, I somehow felt that the happiness came to me too quickly and unexpectedly. I had never thought that I would have such a happy life.

"Since you're happy with me, don't you think it's your turn to satisfy me? I've been suppressing my desire since last night. And you've had enough sleep now."

I expected to hear some romantic words from him. However, his whole mind still revolved around the fact that I hadn't satisfied him last night.

I was at a loss for words as I looked at him. After all, I failed to gain the upper hand each time we discussed this kind of topic. Closing my eyes, I pretended that I didn't hear him.

"Since you're not saying anything, I will take it as a 'yes.'"

He wasn't mad at my silent treatment. Instead, he broke into a smile. The next second, he leaned close to me. My heart skipped a beat as I felt his breath. I immediately opened my eyes, only to find that his face was inches away from mine.

Distancing myself from him, I stared at him warily. My silence didn't constitute a "yes." I just didn't feel like talking to him.

"Michael, could you please think of something else other than filling your head with sex? Are you addicted to it?"

I was lost for words as I looked at him. To be frank, I can barely stand his lust for me.

"Do you want me to lose interest in you? You should be happy now that I can please you every night. What do you hope to see from your husband then? Do you want me to act like trash? Will that make you happy?"

Michael raised his brows with a smug look on his face. Funnily enough, he regarded my criticism as a compliment. Again, I was left speechless.

Technically, women are not into men with sexual dysfunctions. Despite that, being with a person who has a strong sexual desire is, in fact, stressful. Besides, I'm pregnant now.

"What? Cat got your tongue? Or are you just waiting for it?"

Seeing that I remained silent, Michael broke into a suggestive smile and threw the shameless remarks at me. As always, he liked teasing, especially when he was in bed.

"Can't you restrain yourself? Don't you know that overindulgence is bad for your body? What if you become impotent several years later because you have too much of it now? It's not worth it, right?"

All men were concerned about this aspect. Of course, Michael was no exception. At this moment, I could only make him aware that it was all for the sake of our harmonious future. Otherwise, I would definitely be ravaged by him later.

"Are you really worried that I would lose my ability to enjoy my sex life? Don't fret! It's all about your future happiness so I will take good care of it. Moreover, I have been restraining myself for two months now. Can't you tell?"

I thought my words would raise his concern. It seemed that I had underestimated him. He met my gaze and smiled devilishly. It was clear that he couldn't care less about what I said.

"Michael..."

Looking at his handsome face, I expected him to say something. However, he locked his lips with mine the next second.

My heart was racing. What's wrong with this guy? Despite everything I told him, he still didn't let me go. I should decide whether to sleep in separate rooms in the future.

His kiss was gentle. A long time passed before he pulled his lips away from mine.

I opened my mouth, gasping for air.

More often than not, he would take the next step in this situation. I sighed helplessly. If he really wanted to go all the way, it would be impossible for me to stop him. Thus, I closed my eyes and was ready for what was coming to me next.

However, I didn't feel his next movement after waiting for some time. Opening my eyes, I looked at him in puzzlement. He stared at me suggestively with a smile on his face.

His expression made me confused. I couldn't seem to find the usual desire he had in the past.

"You..."

I wanted to ask him why he ceased to continue. On second thought, it might make me seem to have longed for it if I threw such a question at him. In the end, I decided not to ask.

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"I'll let you go this time because you look tired. After giving birth, you have to make it up to me."

Upon hearing his words, I heaved a sigh of relief inwardly. Well, at least he still has some conscience and didn't throw himself on me by force.

"I got it. After giving birth, I promise I won't turn you down. Just try your best to restrain yourself during my pregnancy."

Since he said so, it was best to call it quits, and I even made a promise to him.

Despite that, it was not what I had in my mind. After all, there were a few months left until the baby arrived. At least, he would have to abstain from doing it for the following months. By the time I gave birth, he might have already forgotten what I had said. By then, I would just ask him to control himself a little.

Michael seemed to have guessed my idea. Pursing his lips, he clearly didn't believe what I said.

"Okay, it's time to get up now, or I will not be able to control myself. Do you know that you are lying naked now? If I don't do anything to you now, I will feel sorry for myself."

As he spoke, he lifted the blanket. Gazing at my body, he playfully squeezed my buttocks.

With that, my face turned bright red instantly. Did he just grab my butt?

I was worried that he might no longer be able to control himself, so I immediately sat up and put on my clothes while ignoring his gaze. It was already amazing that I was able to make him abstain from doing it for the whole night. Thus, I had to be fast, or I would definitely be at his mercy again.

He couldn't help smiling as he looked at me. A cheeky glint could be seen in his eyes. I somehow felt that he had deliberately thrown such words at me.

"Michael, are you pulling my leg?"

Realizing that he was fooling me, I shot him an indignant glare.

"Does pregnancy make your brain slower? How come it took you such a long time to come to the realization?"

I couldn't see a trace of guilt in his expression even after hearing my words, and his eyes were telling me that he wanted to laugh.

"Michael, how dare you!"

I was even angrier seeing that he admitted it. Since when did he start to behave mischievously? Why do I get the feeling that he takes after Ronan now? Sure enough, people bear a resemblance to those who are blood-related.

To vent my anger, I picked up the pillow and threw it at him. Before the pillow got to him, he had already reached out to catch it.

I had expected it anyway, so it didn't irritate me. I merely stared at him with a look of annoyance coupled with a hint of disappointment. Has he been acting like he was interested in me all this while?

I couldn't help feeling disappointed at the thought of that. I guess no woman will embrace the fact that the man she loves is not interested in her.

Seeing that the smile faded from my face, Michael raised his brows and beamed an imperceptible smile.

"What's wrong?"

His tone was gentle as he tried to please me. I should have felt happy when a nobleman like Michael tried to make me feel loved. However, the thought of everything he said was nothing but sweet talk left me in a loop of feeling let down.

"Have you lost interest in me? Do you feel nothing even if I'm naked in front of you?"

Feeling depressed, I looked into his eyes and spoke my mind. I don't know what's wrong with me. I just want to tell him how I really feel. If I don't, it will keep bothering me.

After all, we were a married couple. I could just tell him directly instead of beating around the bush.

My questions caught Michael off guard. The next second, he looked into my eyes as if trying to read my mind.

“Why would you ask me such a stupid question all of a sudden? Is my affection for you not strong enough? Can’t you feel my love?”

He raised his brows as he spoke. His tone sounded easy and relaxed. Besides, he seemed to be greatly interested in me.

“Did you put on an act just now?”

I was worried that he had just pretended to be interested in me.

“Who told you that I was acting?”

Michael seemed at a loss for words at the moment. A look of despair was on his face as he stared at me.

“It’s clear that you are just acting all this while.”

I ended up losing my temper. This whole thing got on my nerves. Perhaps it was the pregnancy that changed the way I thought. If it had happened in the past, I wouldn’t have thrown a tantrum because of such a trivial matter.

“Okay then. Let me show you my interest in you,” he replied helplessly.

His eyes never left me as he spoke.

I looked at him quizzically. For an instant, I couldn’t make sense of what he said until he lifted the blanket and revealed his enlarged private part. My face instantly flushed bright red. It then dawned on me that this showed the “interest” in me that he was talking about earlier.

Right at this moment, his private part stood away from his body. It was clear that he had been suppressing his lust for a long time. I finally came to the realization that he did take an interest in me.

Nevertheless, he had done a great job suppressing his sexual desire. I was even under the impression that he was just faking.

“W-What’re you doing? Quickly cover yourself,” I uttered those words while blushing.

It was indeed embarrassing, but I couldn’t help looking at it.

“Aren’t you desperate to know if I’m interested in you? You can see it to your heart’s content. Of course, it would be great if you could also satisfy me.”

Ignoring what I told him, he even inched his body toward me. I knew he was just mad at my words earlier, and he deliberately wanted me to have a good look at it.

I felt like an idiot when I thought about how I lost my temper earlier. Damn it! It's indeed hundreds of times more embarrassing now that he reveals his thing in front of me. What should I do now?

"All right. I got it. I'm sorry for accusing you just now. Please cover yourself."

My face turned redder. I let out an awkward smile, not daring to meet his gaze just yet. I must have been out of my mind. How could I even doubt that he is not interested in me?

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"Now that you see it, you know how hard I've been holding back. Don't you think you should satisfy me a little?"

Michael saw an opening, and he sat up with a grin on his face as he grabbed my hand.

Instantly, I knew what he was thinking. I quickly withdrew my hand as I felt a spark upon his touch. Blushing, I stared into Michael's eyes and felt as though I had just dug my own grave.

"It's getting late. Hurry up and get up. Aren't we going to Pillere for our honeymoon? We're going to be late."

Even though I wanted Michael's attention, I did not want to give in to him at that time. After all, I was still tired after the wedding from the day before. Thus, I had no plans to spend my energy in bed with him.

"You won't leave me in such a state, right? Do you really think it's going to be that easy to stop this?" said Michael as he grabbed onto my hand again.

Clearly, he had no intention of getting out of bed. Looking at the bulge at his crotch, I knew then that he would not let me off that easily.

I tried to get my hand out of his, but it was futile. In the blink of an eye, Michael pulled me into his arms and kissed me.

The kiss went on for a while, and I could feel his hands running all over my body. At that moment, I felt as though there was a jolt of electricity coursing through my veins, and my whole body tingled.

By the time Michael let go of me, I could barely pull myself together. I stared at his face and had completely forgotten that I was trying to get rid of him just a moment ago.

Extending my hands, I wrapped them around his shoulders and leaned into him. All I could think of at that moment was how good it felt when he kissed me.

Michael grinned when he saw my actions and quickly claimed my lips again. With our lips against each other, Michael carried me onto the bed.

Feeling his lips on my skin, I felt a desire for him to take me. Moans slipped out of my mouth under Michael's touch.

Meanwhile, I realized how difficult it must have been for Michael as I noticed how hard he was down there.

"Michael, take me..." I whispered into his ear as I tightened my arms around his neck.

At that moment, not only was I aching for him, but I also felt bad to see him suffer. I knew that Michael was always very gentle with me so that the experience would be pleasurable for me. Likewise, I felt awful to see him restrain himself so badly.

At the same time, a grin came across Michael's face. In a flash, he already had me pinned under him with my legs apart, and he slid into me.

He kept his gaze on my face as he drove himself into me, and I felt a little awkward by that.

I turned my face to the side to avoid his gaze.

Yet, he turned my face back and said, "Face me. I like to watch you moan."

I stared back at him in a daze. Even though I felt awkward to be stared at by him, there was also a hint of excitement.

I could tell from his face that as much as he was holding back, he was still enjoying himself a lot.

Michael was always a person with great stamina. It was not until I had come several times and was completely exhausted that he finally released himself in me.

He rested on me as he panted heavily. Since I was pregnant, Michael was making all the effort in bed. Thus, I could not help but think how tired he must be.

"How was it? Was it good?" Michael whispered in my ear, making me blush.

"Yeah..." I replied softly as I turned my face away.

Sex was one of the things that would make any man feel good about themselves when they get a woman's recognition. Michael was no exception. As soon as I said that, a wide grin appeared on his face.

"I'll make you feel the same way every time from now on," he stated beside my ear.

I felt my heart skip a beat when I heard that and shot a glare at him without a word.

After taking some time to recover, we took a shower and went downstairs. Starving at that point, all we had in our minds was to fill our stomachs and depart for our honeymoon.

I was bubbling with excitement as I thought about the honeymoon. After all, I had never gone out of the country, so this was my chance to see the world.

Meanwhile, I could smell the food as soon as I arrived downstairs. I was heading toward the dining room when I noticed Josephine sitting on the couch in the living room as I passed by.

Immediately, I got nervous when I saw Josephine. I tidied my clothes and walked toward her.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" I asked as I stood across from her.

Josephine looked up discontentedly at me when she heard my voice. However, I was unbothered as I had gotten used to her stare.

"What? Do you think I have no right to come now that you're the lady of the house? Are you saying that I should get your permission before I come in the future?"

Josephine was clearly picking a fight with me. I frowned at her words, but I told myself that I should not get worked up over that.

"Mom, that's not what I meant at all. This is your home as well, and you're allowed to come whenever you like. I just feel sorry for making you wait since Michael and I weren't up yet."

She was already sitting here when I got down, which means she has been here for quite a while. Why didn't anyone inform us about this? I'm confused. Could it be that Michael had told the housekeepers not to disturb us?

While I was wondering why no one told me of Josephine's presence, Josephine went on and said, "Ms. Garcia, you've just married into our family. Even if you're pregnant with a member of the Shaw family, there are still rules you must follow. Have you ever heard of a new bride waking up this late on the next day of the

wedding? Shouldn't you be off to see your in-laws? How can you be so ignorant that I had to come and tell you this?"

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Josephine had no care for my words at all as she glared at me with fury in her eyes. At that moment, I could sense that Josephine was there to cause trouble.

At the same time, I was unfamiliar with how married life was supposed to be, not to mention seeing my in-laws. Thus, I was at a loss for words when Josephine said that.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I had no idea." Lowering my head, I apologized sincerely.

She felt that I was at fault as I did not know my responsibilities beforehand. Thus, there was nothing I could say when Josephine scolded me.

"Mom, just come at me if you're in a bad mood. There's no need to pick on her. We didn't visit because I didn't tell her about it."

While I was still trying to think of a way to apologize, Michael's voice emerged from the stairs. He had already changed his clothes and such.

Josephine and I turned toward Michael's direction when we heard his voice. She was shocked when she saw him there.

"Why didn't you go to the office today?" asked Josephine with a frown.

"I just got married yesterday. Do you think it's right for me to go back to work so soon?" Michael replied calmly as he walked toward us.

"There's so much to deal with over at the office. As the CEO, are you leaving work just because you got married?" questioned Josephine.

At first, she was a little taken aback, and she glanced at me before speaking.

I knew that even though Josephine seemed as though she was mad at Michael, she was just upset with me. She must be thinking that I'm the one who asked Michael not to go to the office.

"I'm going out of the country with Anna today for our honeymoon. We'll be back in a month. Mom, take good care of yourself in the meantime. I've already made arrangements for the things at work. You don't have to worry at all."

By the time he finished his sentence, Michael had already arrived beside me. He held me in his arms and looked at me dotingly.

Michael gave such a perfect explanation that even Josephine was rendered speechless.

"Michael, I've barely agreed to let a woman like her marry into the Shaw family, yet you're bringing her on a honeymoon? Are you trying to anger me?"

Josephine looked at Michael begrudgingly as she pointed her finger at me.

At the sight of that, I recalled how Michael had been going against his mother for my sake ever since we got together. Because of that, I knew that Josephine's grudge against me had only gotten worse over time.

"Mom, you said it yourself that you've agreed to let me marry into the Shaw family. Now that I'm Michael's wife, can't the two of us go on a trip as husband and wife? You've already accepted our marriage. You're not going to step in on such a small matter now, are you?" I stated before Michael had the chance to say anything.

I knew that Josephine was targeting me, and there was only so much I could tolerate. Considering that she was Michael's mother, I needed to respect her. However, I did nothing wrong, and I was all out of patience.

Meanwhile, Josephine was stunned by my words as I had always behaved meekly in front of her. It took her a moment before she snapped back to her senses. Realizing what I had said, her eyes blazed with anger as she complained, "Anna, what is that attitude? Are you talking back to me?"

At that moment, Josephine directed her finger at me and glowered.

"I'm not. I'm just asking for your permission. Then again, your opinion doesn't matter. Michael and I had already decided to go to the airport in just a bit," I replied calmly.

I was not the slightest bit scared of Josephine at all. Although I had never imagined that I would be able to go on a honeymoon with Michael, I thought it was only right for me to fight for it now that it was coming true.

At the same time, Michael was surprised when I stood up for myself. Not only was he cool with how I spoke to his mother, he even seemed pleased to see me behaving that way.

"Anna Garcia, do you think you have the last say in this house?"

Outraged, Josephine grimaced, and the fury raging in her eyes seemed as though she was about to reduce me to ashes.

“Mom, you’re our elder. Of course, you get the last say. Still, I hope you can stay out of our relationship as much as you can. We have our way of living. However, I can promise you that we will be filial. I only ask that you could treat me with kindness.”

I had no intention of fighting with Josephine at all. Regardless, Josephine’s attitude toward me had gone on for far too long, and I could not bear with it anymore.

Josephine trembled with rage at my words, but all of it was the truth.

“Very well. You have the nerve to talk to me like that now that you think you got my son wrapped around your little finger. I will show you who exactly has the last say in the Shaw family!” Josephine spat out those words angrily.

As soon as she finished her statement, she turned and stormed out of the place.

I felt a sense of relief when Josephine left. I then held onto Michael’s hand and went to the dining room together.

Michael kept his gaze on me the entire time we ate, and he seemed amused.

By the time we got on the plane, I still felt surreal about the whole situation. It was as though I was in a dream.

Meanwhile, I noticed that Michael had been quiet since I said those things to Josephine. Feeling unsettled, I squirmed in my seat as I said his name while studying his expression.

“Michael...”

“Yeah?” Michael answered softly.

Unable to tell what was on his mind, I got more flustered.

Despite the awesome feeling I had after saying those things to Josephine, I was worried that Michael would be upset at me for speaking to his mother like that. I might not care about what others thought of me, but Michael was different. “Are you angry at me? I said those things to Mom—”

“Do you think I am? I think you were awesome when you fought back,” Michael interjected before I could finish my sentence.

Clearly, my worries were unfounded as Michael smiled at me when he spoke.

I was relieved to hear those words.

“Anna, you don’t have to act meekly in front of others from here on out. You’re my woman—not the Shaw family’s servant. No matter what, you should speak up confidently. You hear me?” Michael declared with no room for rebuttal when he noticed that I was quiet.

Meanwhile, I was taken aback by his words. Is he telling me that I should stand up to his mother in the future?