

Love from My Dominant Boss

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My heart began to race for Michael again as I watched him like a hawk. I felt extremely secure with him here.

“How do you propose we handle this, Mr. Shaw? She’s the deputy chief’s cousin, after all. It doesn’t seem very appropriate to punish her too severely,” looking at Michael with a troubled expression, the police chief explained in a small voice.

“I’ll leave this matter to you, but I hope you’ll handle it fairly, Chief Lewis. I’m a very protective man. I won’t let my people suffer for nothing.”

Michael spoke nonchalantly, but the warning in his words was unmistakable; he wanted a satisfactory answer.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Shaw. I’ll handle this matter impartially.”

Although Chief Lewis was put in a tight spot, he caved under Michael’s intimidating aura and agreed right away.

Without another word, Michael approached me with anger simmering in his eyes.

Upon noticing that Michael was staring straight at the handcuffs on my wrists, the chief immediately barked an order to the police officer standing behind him. “What are you waiting for? Uncuff them!”

At his superior’s orders, the officer quickly walked over to remove our handcuffs.

After being in cuffs for so long, the skin on my wrists stung with pain. Ignoring Michael, the first thing I did was hurry over to Natalie’s side to support her.

“Chief Lewis, settling this case should be very easy. I’m sure the surveillance cameras caught the other two people assaulting them. You don’t need me to provide any more evidence, right?”

“I understand. Rest assured, I’ll take care of this matter.”

Seeing as even the chief was so cautious in front of Michael, I realized that I was worrying over nothing.

But when I thought about Michael's lofty status, I wasn't all that surprised. It seemed like John and his new woman were the unfortunate ones.

"What's going on, Franklin? Why are the two of them being released? They attacked me. Are you really going to let them go just like that?"

Unwilling to see Natalie and I walk free just like that, the woman walked to the deputy chief with discontent written on her face.

"That's enough. You're on your own now. I can't help you this time."

Sighing in exasperation, the deputy chief shook off her hand and promptly walked away.

"Franklin, wait! Don't go!" the woman called out, but the deputy chief ignored her completely.

"Well? Don't just stand there! Arrest the two of them!" the police chief ordered the two officers behind him whilst pointing at John and his woman.

Things had taken a hundred and eighty degree turn. The woman stared at the handcuffs on her wrists in shock.

When she returned to her senses, she pointed at Natalie and I with her cuffed hands and shrieked, "Why are you arresting me? They are the ones you should be arresting!"

But with Michael here, whatever she said would be useless.

John was already scared witless by then. For a long time, he stared wide-eyed at the cuffs on his wrists. When he finally snapped out of it, he broke free from the grip of the police officer restraining him and ran toward Natalie.

"Nat, what happened earlier was my fault. Can you forgive me? You saw it too, right? She forced me to do it. I never wanted to hit you."
Panic-stricken, John expressed his regret toward Natalie with a pleading look in his eyes.

At that moment, his forehead was already covered with sweat.

Even though his apology sounded sincere, he was, in fact, pushing all the blame onto the woman. From this alone, anyone could tell that he was an irresponsible coward.

Recalling how deeply Natalie used to love John, I began to worry that she'd waver.

Staring at her swollen cheek, I was about to remind her that a scumbag like him didn't deserve her forgiveness after all the pain he had caused her both emotionally and physically.

But Natalie spoke before I could. "John, the one thing I regret most in my life is falling for you like a blind fool. It's bad enough that you hit a woman. Now that you're in trouble, you're blaming it all on a woman again. I can't believe I loved someone like you. I feel sick just thinking about it."

Natalie peered at John coldly. Every word she said was laced with disdain. I could see that she was truly disappointed in John, and didn't possess even a shred of sympathy for him.

John couldn't be bothered about his image anymore as he grabbed Natalie's hand and begged, "I know you're still mad at me for betraying you. I admit my mistake now. As long as you help me this one time, I'll return to your side and promise to never do anything wrong by you again."

Without knowing all the things he had done, one might even go soft-hearted at the sight of the sincerity gleaming in his eyes.

Natalie shrugged off John's hand, then lifted hers to give him a tight slap across the face. With an icy expression, she spoke without a trace of warmth in her voice, "This is payback! And from now on, we have nothing to do with each other!"

With that, Natalie came back to my side and ignored John. After what happened earlier, she had probably let him go for good.

When she looked up at me, I flashed her a grin and gave her a thumbs-up for a job well done.

"Don't do this to me, Nat. I know I was wrong. You're the one I truly love. I know that now. I was momentarily bewitched by this woman because she seduced me first. Please give me one more chance, okay?" John scrambled after Natalie and asked her for forgiveness again.

But of course, we knew that his sudden act of repentance was merely because he didn't want to take responsibility for what happened earlier.

He was no fool. He only asked Natalie for forgiveness because he knew that the odds were stacked against him, but in fact, he didn't feel sorry at all.

“What the hell are you doing, John? Don’t forget that I’m your girlfriend now!”

Enraged, John’s new chick stomped toward him and shoved him hard.

John glared at her fearlessly and snapped, “I’m breaking up with you! All of this happened because of you!”

Because he knew she was of no help to him, he had no qualms burning bridges with her.

“What did you say? I dare you to repeat what you just said!”

The woman glared back at him, shocked by the sudden change in him as he had always behaved meekly in front of her.

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“Natalie, forgive me just this once. I promise to cut all ties with her. Let’s start over again, okay?”

Ignoring the woman, John shifted his gaze back to Natalie, peering into her eyes anxiously.

Faced with his pleading gaze, Natalie regarded him with contempt.

“You’re pathetic, you know that? Pushing all the blame onto your woman like that.”

Anyone with eyes could see that John was a pathetic and cowardly man. Since Natalie had lost hope in him, I was very certain she wouldn’t give him another chance.

“Nat...” Sensing Natalie’s animosity, John called out anxiously.

He wanted to say more, but Natalie cut him off before he could.

Suppressing the rage in her heart, Natalie spat, “Get lost! You’re the most disgusting man I’ve ever met in my life! This is payback for the two slaps you gave me.”

Then, she walked to my side without sparing another glance at John.

Seeing the impatient frown on Michael's face, the chief immediately ordered the police officers, "Hurry and take them away!"

John and his woman were soon taken away, and the interrogation room was peaceful once more.

"Chief Lewis, if we're done here, I'll be taking these two women away now. Don't forget about your promise to handle this impartially," Michael pinned the chief with a stern gaze and said indifferently.

"Don't worry, Mr. Shaw. I'll make sure there's no preferential treatment," Chief Lewis reassured respectfully.

I didn't understand why, but I could see that he was slightly apprehensive of Michael.

"Good. We'll be leaving then."

After receiving a satisfactory answer, Michael walked toward me.

Sensing him approaching me, I felt my heart pick up speed. This man had been constantly making my life a living hell in the past few days. Hence, I didn't know why he showed up here all of a sudden.

Michael stopped in front of me but remained silent. As I was hesitating whether or not to initiate a conversation, he abruptly bent down to scoop me into his arms.

I widened my eyes at him in mortification, and my heart started beating wildly in my chest.

After recovering from my shock, I yelled at him for doing something so outrageous at the police station, "Michael, what are you doing? Put me down."

Before I could get in another word, he frostily interrupted me with a furious glare. "Shut up!"

His aura was too powerful and I panicked, unable to utter another word.

Thus, I was carried out of the police station with Natalie quietly trailing behind us.

Once outside, Michael's secretary hurried over to greet us. Upon seeing my face, shock flashed in his eyes.

Staring at me with wide eyes, he asked with concern, "What happened to your face, Ms. Garcia?"

"It's nothing. I was just slapped twice by someone."

Anger surged in me again when I thought about those two slaps, and I was filled with the strong urge to return the favor. However, I was a sensible person. If I really did that, I probably wouldn't be able to leave the police station again.

"Send her friend home," Michael said to his secretary with knitted brows.

"Yes, sir," his secretary replied, then swiftly opened the car door for Natalie.

"Put me down, Michael!"

I was still in Michael's arms. Natalie had been staring at the two of us since just now, as if trying to figure out the relationship between us.

Upon hearing what I said, Michael merely frowned but wordlessly placed me back on my feet.

After regaining my freedom, I planned to head back together with Natalie. Even though Michael helped me and I felt grateful to him, I honestly didn't know how to face him right now.

We had nothing to do with each other anymore. Neither did I want to get involved with him again.

"Stop right there, Anna. I didn't say you could leave!"

I had just reached Natalie's side and wanted to get in with her when Michael's commanding voice sounded behind me.

I stopped in my tracks and looked over my shoulder at Michael with furrowed brows, feeling indignant.

"Thank you for helping me today, Mr. Shaw. If you'll excuse me, I have some matters to attend to."

I didn't know how to act around Michael anymore. At that moment, he was looking at me with a possessive gaze, those bottomless eyes threatening to swallow me whole.

Just when I was about to slide into the car, there was a powerful grip on my arm. Michael, who had a stormy expression on his face, was grabbing my arm tightly.

His sinful lips tightened at the sides as he exuded a cold aura.

“Drive.”

Michael turned his head slightly to instruct his secretary.

Without any hesitation, his secretary started the car and drove off, leaving the two of us behind.

My arm was still being held tightly by him. Frustrated, I shot him a displeased frown.

I was grateful for what he did, but his behavior at that moment still made me feel uneasy.

“What the hell do you want, Michael? I already thanked you.”

I was still mad about the hell he put me through at the office in the past few days, so I wasn't exactly courteous when I spoke to him.

Without answering my question, he yanked me toward his car, opened the door to the front passenger seat and stuffed me in.

I wanted to escape from here, but I knew better than anyone that I wouldn't be able to go anywhere as long as it wasn't this man's will.

Hence, I obediently sat in the car, thinking he'd probably let me leave after saying whatever he wanted to say.

Michael slid into the driver's seat, started the car, and drove toward Birchwood.

It had already been a few days since I moved out of this place. Now that I was back here again, I felt conflicted.

He was silent throughout the entire ride, but I knew that he was brooding.

After pulling me into his house, he pressed me down on the couch before going into the bedroom.

“Why did you bring me here, Michael? If you don't need me for anything else, can I leave now?”

He hadn't spoken a word since leaving the police station. Unable to figure out what he wanted, I grew slightly irritated and stood up to leave.

But just then, he emerged from the bedroom with a first aid kit in hand.

Michael came to my side and pressed me back down on the couch, then said in the same icy and emotionless voice, "Do you think you look very pretty right now?"

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His words reminded me about the slaps bestowed on me earlier. Although I hadn't had the time to look into the mirror, I knew that my face was red and swollen. I probably looked really ugly.

Thinking of my miserable appearance, I felt the urge to hide from Michael.

My cheek was still burning as the pain hadn't yet subsided. Holding my cheek with one hand, I wanted to leave immediately.

"You're really something, landing yourself in the police station like that. I severely underestimated your guts."

Michael took out a tube of ointment from the first aid kit. After squeezing some out on a cotton swab, he turned to face me.

When his hand neared me, I instinctively evaded it, not wanting to let him touch me.

Michael frowned when I kept dodging him. "Don't move!" he commanded.

He was born with a domineering personality. Upon hearing his command, I instantly sat still. For some reason, I always listened to him like this, even when things had ended between the two of us.

He used the cotton swab to spread the ointment evenly on my cheek. The cooling sensation effectively alleviated some of the pain.

My heart fluttered when I noticed how gentle he was, as if he was afraid of hurting me.

"It's fine. I can do it myself."

Because we were already considered strangers, the sudden intimacy greatly unsettled me.

I reached out to take the cotton swab from his hand, but he evaded me.

“Look what happened after leaving me, Anna. If it weren’t for me, you’d still be stuck at the police station!” Michael chided, obviously enraged.

I frowned at him unhappily. It’s not like my arrest affected him in any way. Why is he even mad?

This man was a puzzle. I simply couldn’t figure him out, and I didn’t know he regarded me as a stranger like I did him.

“What happened today was merely an accident. Besides, Natalie and I weren’t in the wrong. They were the ones who started it but blamed it on us instead!”

Natalie and I were obviously the victims. Yet, we ended up being slapped like that. At the thought of this, a wave of anger swelled in me.

But there was consolation in knowing that John and that woman received their due retribution.

Thanks to Michael’s timely appearance, Michael and I were released. Although I didn’t want to have anything to do with him anymore, I appreciated his help.

With a sullen look on his face, Michael continued applying ointment on my cheek wordlessly.

Since he didn’t speak, neither did I. Hence, we fell into an awkward silence. After all, we were once in a sexual relationship. Now that we had become estranged, it was inevitable we’d feel somewhat awkward around each other.

Soon, he was done applying the ointment for me. He seemed to be very quiet today, and I couldn’t find a suitable topic to talk about either.

This was the first time we were in such close proximity after ending our relationship. Being this close to him made me feel very restless, and every fiber in my body was yelling for me to flee.

“Thank you for your help today, Mr. Shaw. It’s getting late now. I should get going.”

It was already close to two in the morning. It wasn't a good idea to be in the same space as the opposite gender, especially one whom I used to be sexually intimate with.

He scowled at me when he heard that I wanted to leave. Then, he stood up and ordered impassively, "Stay here for the night. I'll send you back tomorrow."

"N-No. It's fine. I should go back now. I'm worried about Natalie. I wanna go back and check on her."

Michael had always been a callous person. Not to mention, he kept targeting me at every turn during the past few days. When he suddenly showered concern and care on me, I couldn't help but suspect that he wanted sex again.

But even if that was what he wanted, I wouldn't be able to satisfy him anymore. Since it was already over between the two of us, sleeping with him was out of the question.

"Don't make me repeat myself. My patience has its limits!"

He whipped around and stared me down. From the slight growl in his voice, I knew that he was starting to get impatient.

His mesmerizing eyes were like two whirlpools capable of sucking me in. Faced with his imposing stature, my heart pounded in my chest uncontrollably.

I got to my feet and forced myself to maintain eye contact with him before saying solemnly, "Mr. Shaw, you're my boss. If you have needs, you should look for other women. I can't satisfy you anymore."

Besides sex, I couldn't think of another reason he'd want me to stay. From what I knew, this man would only display gentleness when he wanted sex.

Almost instantly, Michael grasped the meaning of my words. With a disdainful expression, he retorted, "Your face is swollen like a pig. Do you think I'd still be attracted to you?"

I was immediately rendered inarticulate by his reply. What was I thinking? I probably look like sh*t now.

Michael is a man with very high standards when it comes to sex. He probably won't even be able to get it up with my face looking like this.

I immediately dismissed my initial suspicion after hearing his reply. But I became even more perplexed as to why he wanted me to stay. We were only ever bed partners. Now that we weren't even that, there was no reason for us to remain in contact.

"Then why do you want me to stay?"

I tilted my head at him quizzically.

Michael shot me an annoyed look and spat, "You talk too much!"

With that, he ignored me and walked straight into the bedroom.

When I stayed here previously, I used to sleep in the bedroom together with him. However, things were different now, so the bedroom was off limits.

Knowing that I wouldn't be able to leave without his permission, I accepted defeat and lay on the couch, deciding to rest here for the night.

After all the drama from earlier, I was tired to the bone and wanted nothing more than to curl up and allow sleep to take over me. But at the thought of Michael being just a short distance away, I couldn't seem to fall asleep.

As I tossed and turned on the couch, my treacherous mind drifted to him, wondering if he was asleep.

When sleep remained far from my reach, I sat up from the couch in frustration. As I watched time tick by on my phone, I hoped for morning to arrive sooner. This way, I would be free from the stress of being near Michael.

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Just when I was fidgeting on the couch, entertaining the idea of sneaking away, the sound of the bedroom door opening disrupted my train of thought. My heart skipped a beat and I immediately looked in the direction of the bedroom. Sure enough, Michael's figure appeared in my line of sight.

He was wearing a robe with a few locks of hair messily framing his forehead, giving off a lazy vibe.

When he saw me sitting on the couch, surprise flickered in his eyes. But the next second, he strode toward the kitchen as though he hadn't seen me.

After grabbing a bottle of water from the refrigerator, he stopped not far from me.

Then, he took a sip of water before speaking in a raspy voice. "What are you doing up in the middle of the night? Playing ghost to scare me?"

"Excuse me. Have you seen such a pretty ghost before?"

What is wrong with him? Why is he talking about ghosts at this hour? Besides, which part of me looks like a ghost?

"Pretty? Do you think the word 'pretty' matches the way you look right now?"

Michael snorted with disdain upon hearing my retort.

Already in a bad mood, Michael's jab at me only served to grate on my nerves. What's his problem? Did he force me to stay here just to insult me?

I glared at Michael and wanted to talk back, but when I thought about the way I looked at the moment, I found myself bereft of speech. I know the word 'pretty' doesn't match the way I look right now, but can't he act more like a gentleman and refrain from insulting me like that?

"If you're done, you should go back to your room and rest. I'm going to get some rest too."

Disinclined to get into an argument with Michael, I lay back down on the couch and ignored him since it didn't seem like he had anything nice to say to me anyway.

"Then you can continue playing ghost here. Just be careful, or a real ghost might come here to keep you company."

Michael chuckled lightly and went back to the bedroom.

Right after he said that, I felt a chill run down my spine.

I usually liked reading horror novels and didn't think anything much about them. Oddly, a hint of fear crept into my heart after hearing what he said.

Looking out the windows, only pitch-black darkness greeted me.

As the windows were slightly ajar, the curtains billowed eerily in the wind, painting a scene straight out of a horror movie. A horror movie that I'd watched before surfaced in my mind, and I wondered if a female ghost was about to appear behind the curtains.

I had always possessed a vivid imagination. Hence, goosebumps rose all over my body even when I knew that I was only scaring myself.

Right then, sleep was impossible.

I glanced in the direction of the bedroom, and was suddenly overwhelmed with the impulse to rush in.

Michael was inside. Being near him would definitely make me feel safer.

The curtains were still swaying when I peeked at the windows again. The wind that blew in was slightly chilly, causing my heart to tighten in my chest.

I got up and made my way to the bedroom, but hesitated by the door.

Because the lights in the living room weren't turned on, I felt especially creeped out. Taking a deep breath, I mustered up the courage to push open the door and poke my head in.

Under the moonlight, I spied Michael asleep in bed. When I strained my ears, I could even hear his even breathing.

I stood at the threshold for a long time, thinking whether or not to enter. It's past midnight already. I can't just stand here all night long, right?

With that, I walked in further. Being in the same space as him effectively calmed my nerves.

"Are you planning to seduce me by coming into my room so late at night?"

Michael's voice abruptly rang out in the dark, scaring the soul out of me. I whipped my head toward the bed to see that he had already sat up.

"W-Weren't you asleep?"

He looked like he was sleeping soundly just seconds ago. I didn't wake him up, did I? I already made sure not to make a sound.

"Be honest, Anna. You were planning to seduce me while I was asleep, weren't you?"

Michael lifted the blanket and got down from the bed. When he started prowling toward me, I became tense all over again.

Even though I was no longer scared, my heart thumped violently against my ribcage when he closed the distance between us.

As he got closer, I backed away step by step and started speaking incoherently. "N-No. You've got it wrong. I came in because—"

"No? Then why did you come into my room all of a sudden? Other than to seduce me, I really can't think of another reason."

Michael had already backed me into a corner by then. Trapped, I could only plaster myself against the wall and look at him nervously.

The bedroom was shrouded in darkness, but I could still vaguely make out his distinct features under the dim moonlight.

"I..."

I was rendered tongue-tied by his probing. Not to mention, telling him that I came in because I was afraid of ghosts would sound ridiculous.

He'd probably think I was insane if I told him that, or perhaps he'd accuse me of making up excuses.

"I know we haven't done it in a long time, Anna. If you want it that badly, I guess I'll have to grant you your wish."

Michael placed both hands on the wall, caging me in. Right then, we were mere inches apart. I even caught a whiff of the scent that solely belonged to him.

My heart was beating furiously because of our close proximity, but his bluntness rubbed me the wrong way and I countered, "You wish. I'm not interested in you like that."

Do I look like I want it badly? Can't he tell that I've been trying to avoid him every step of the way? If he hadn't talked about ghosts keeping me company, I would never have come in here.

"Are you calling me unattractive, Anna?"

His face turned grim, and a trace of anger flashed in his eyes.

I shot him an exasperated look. How does he expect me to answer that? Saying no won't change a thing, and saying yes, would only further enrage him.

"I really didn't-"

I was about to explain myself, but my words were cut off when he smashed his lips against mine.

Didn't he say my face is swollen like a pig, and that he's not attracted to me at all? What the hell is going on?

My mind went blank. This man was so capricious. One second he was glaring angrily at me, and the next, he started kissing me.

As usual, his kiss was demanding and domineering, making me lose myself in it.

I was dumbstruck at first, but then started to respond to his kiss. Although it had only been a few days since we ended our relationship, it felt like an eternity.

My eyes fluttered shut as I let him kiss me however he liked.

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Soon, his hands started roaming over my body.

As a result, my breathing became erratic. Snaking my arms around his neck, I responded to his kiss. For some reason, somewhere deep inside me yearned for his touch just after a few short days of being away from him.

Could I have really fallen in love with him?

No. That's impossible. Why would I? Yes, he's helped me a few times before, but how could I fall in love with him after the way he treated me? Not unless I'm a masochist.

Besides, I'm already with Yuval now and should stay loyal to him. I can't let anything happen between Michael and I anymore, especially in bed.

At the thought of Yuval, I regained some rationality and used all my strength to shove Michael away. Then, I frantically straightened out of disheveled clothes.

Michael probably never expected me to push him away. Surprise flashed in his eyes, but it soon morphed into rage.

“Anna!”

Men often found it hard to accept sexual rejection, especially a man like Michael, who became animalistic once aroused. Right then, he was probably so furious he wanted to strangle me to death.

“Michael, we can’t do this anymore.”

I bowed my head, unable to meet Michael’s blazing eyes. Once he flew into a rage, he could get really terrifying. Perhaps what I feared most was being at the receiving end of his wrath.

“We’re already halfway through and you’re telling me we can’t do this anymore? Are you messing with me, Anna?”

Michael wore a gloomy expression. A mixture of desire and anger swirled in his eyes, and the dangerous aura he emanated was overpowering.

“I... I’m sorry. It’s my fault.”

Even though Michael was the one who initiated it, I had shamelessly responded to his advances. If I hadn’t done that, he probably wouldn’t have become so aroused.

Desperate to escape from here, I swiveled around and opened the door. Panic rose in me when I thought about how close we were to getting it on just now. I knew I couldn’t stay here any longer because I had no idea what would happen next.

I wanted to leave, but Michael seemed determined to keep me here. As soon as I opened the door, he yanked me back. Then, he slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

He imprisoned me in his arms and pinned me with a steely gaze. I knew he was mad.

“Let me go, Michael.”

I struggled hard against him. His current behavior made me slightly worried. I wasn’t certain what this man was planning to do to me.

As though he hadn't heard me, Michael lowered his head and locked lips with me again. I thought that after I rejected him, he'd lose interest in touching me. However, it seemed like I underestimated this man's libido.

His kiss became more assertive, and I glimpsed the possessiveness in his eyes when he looked at me. I just couldn't wrap my mind about it. Obviously, Michael could have any woman he wanted. Yet, he stubbornly held on to me. There was probably an abundance of women who were more beautiful and had better figures than me around him.

I shook my head in an attempt to break free from his kiss. Now that Yuval and I were already officially together, I couldn't get involved with another man anymore.

Even though I felt no love for Yuval, since I already decided to be with him, at the very least, I shouldn't do any wrong by him.

Unfortunately, I was defenseless before Michael. I didn't stand a chance against him if he really wanted to take me by force. He cupped the back of my head with one large palm, holding me in place so that he could easily deepen the kiss.

I was put off by his forceful actions, but resisting was completely useless. Michael wasn't someone who would change his mind because of others.

Placing my palms on his chest, I tried pushing him away but he was like an immovable mountain. Besides, he worked out on a frequent basis. Thus, the difference in our strength was very significant.

Soon, Michael became restless. He released my lips and bent down to pick me up. Before my mind registered the situation, he threw me onto the bed.

"What are you doing, Michael? Are you crazy?" I yelled at him as anger spread through my chest.

But my words fell on deaf ears because he climbed on top of me and pinned me to the bed.

I knew that my resistance alone wouldn't be able to stop Michael. In a moment of panic, I shouted at the top of my lungs, "No, you can't touch me! I have a boyfriend now. We can't do this anymore!"

Men are possessive creatures. Hence, I was quite sure Michael would be repulsed by me after hearing what I said.

Sure enough, he stopped what he was doing and glared at me. The fury in his eyes was so intense it was as though he wanted to turn me into cinders.

Faced with his imposing aura, I couldn't bring myself to meet his gaze. Even though I had achieved the result that I wanted, my heart was filled with unease.

The tension in the air was palpable. Michael kept staring at me without saying a word, and I almost cracked under the weight of it. How long is he planning to stare at me like that?

"We can't sleep together anymore, Michael. We already ended that. Besides, I have a boyfriend now, so..."

I couldn't find the right words for the rest of my sentence, but it was enough to convey what I wanted to say. Michael was a very smart man, so I knew he understood my meaning perfectly well.

"Have you slept with him?"

Danger lurked in his obsidian eyes, and his penetrative gaze was so cold I felt chilled to the bones.

Subjected to his intimidating demeanor, I was unable to say a word. Normally, I'd steel myself to argue with him even if I was afraid, but I was so scared right now I could only stare wide-eyed at his gloomy face as words failed me.

After a long time of not receiving an answer from me, the flames in his eyes burned brighter and he roared at me like an enraged lion. "I'm gonna ask you again. Have you slept with Yuval?"

He punched the bed, his closed fist landing right beside my face. From the corner of my eye, I noticed the bulging veins on the back of his hand.