

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 41

As I stared at Justin, who was standing a near distance away, I could distinctly see the rage in his eyes. But due to Michael's presence, he didn't dare say anything.

Only then did I realize that he was actually a spineless coward.

Subsequently, Michael's gaze shifted to Justin. Wrapping an arm around me, he ambled over to him and regarded him impassionately.

"What a coincidence, Mr. Xenakis. Seems like every time we meet, I would always catch you pestering my woman."

Michael's voice was cold as he spoke to Justin, his handsome countenance devoid of expression. For some reason, I felt that such a side of him gave off a sense of oppression.

Ever since Justin caught sight of Michael, he appeared a tad nervous. And in the face of the latter's question now, he seemed all the more flustered.

His imposing aura when he spoke to me earlier was all but gone, and he looked meek instead. Inwardly, I couldn't help disdaining him. Hah! He was all high and mighty earlier, but he doesn't even have the guts to say a single word in front of Michael now. I never knew that he's actually such a coward!

"This is all a misunderstanding, Mr. Shaw. There are some misunderstandings to be resolved between Anna and me, so I sought her out today to talk."

Justin looked at Michael apprehensively, his words repulsing me. Good Lord! He was clearly pestering me just now, claiming that I'm the one he loves. Now that Michael is here, he doesn't dare admit it. Where's that overbearing attitude of his when he was hounding me earlier?

"Justin Xenakis, there's nothing to be said between us. Please don't pester me anymore. Now that you know I'm Michael's woman, don't tell me you're hoping that I'll go back to you?"

Stepping out of Michael's arms, I stalked up to Justin and glowered at him, my words bereft of emotion.

As soon as my words fell, Justin nervously cast a glance at Michael. Then, he turned his gaze back on me, his voice sounding rather frantic.

“Anna, I think you might have misunderstood my meaning. That’s not what I meant. I merely want to resolve the conflict between us. I don’t want you to hate me.”

He denied everything he said earlier, but I expected nothing less from him. As I took in his nervous expression, I couldn’t help sneering inwardly. Well, well... He’s truly abhorrent! It’s only been a few minutes since he said that, yet he’s denying it now! Sure enough, he goes back on his word in the blink of an eye!

“Oh, really? Then why did you hug me despite my protests just now? And what did you mean by saying that I’m the person you love? You’re such a coward, Justin! You don’t dare admit what you said earlier, huh? Do you know that you’re really repugnant right now?”

With a sneer on my face, I regarded him contemptuously. He’s nothing but a sissy! I really don’t know why I’d been so blinded in the past seven years that I actually fell in love with such a man!

Upon hearing that, Justin’s expression turned grim. His eyes shone with faint anger as he stared at me, but he didn’t dare say anything since Michael was there. After having said all that, I felt much better at once, my pent-up fury dissipating.

Now that Michael was here, he wouldn’t dare do anything to me no matter what I said. That was why I had the guts to give voice to the resentment buried within me all this while.

I might still be worried that he would pester me if Michael weren’t here, but at the sight of his cowardice, I decided to vent it all out because I knew he wouldn’t dare counter me.

“Anna, you’ve really misunderstood my meaning. I really didn’t mean all those things you said...”

After Justin stole a peek at Michael, whose expression was gradually darkening, his gaze turned increasingly frantic.

“That’s enough. Justin Xenakis, please don’t appear before me anymore, okay? We no longer have anything to do with each other. I’m with Michael now, and he’s a thousand times better than you in all aspects. If you have a semblance of self-awareness, never appear in front of me again!” I declared coldly.

With that, I turned around and went back to Michael's arms. At that moment, I didn't want to see him for even a second longer.

Justin initially wanted to say something about my frosty attitude, but he didn't dare to when he glimpsed Michael's grim face.

"Let's go, Darling."

Taking Michael's arm, I deliberately addressed him intimately. I wanted to aggravate Justin and let him know in no uncertain terms that Michael was far better than him.

"Alright, we're going to my house tonight," Michael murmured suggestively while leaning close to my ear.

He hugged me tightly, playing along perfectly. While his voice was low, I knew that Justin would definitely be able to hear it as well.

Throwing an indifferent glance at Justin, I allowed Michael to lead me forward with an arm around me. When we walked past Justin, Michael abruptly halted and looked at him coldly.

"Not anyone can pester my woman, so watch yourself, Mr. Xenakis."

After leaving him that threat, Michael strode toward the car with an arm around my shoulder without sparing him another glance.

When I brushed past Justin, I could clearly see the panic that flashed across his eyes. Haha, he's scared now.

Only when I got into Michael's car did I finally breathe a sigh of relief. I was now all the more irritable after having been hounded by Justin when I was already frustrated from having to work overtime. My brows knitted together deeply as I gazed out the car.

"Is Justin Xenakis pestering you?"

Michael and I didn't speak ever since getting into the car, and a long while passed before he finally broke the silence.

"Yeah," I replied mildly without much emotion.

"Do you love him?"

"No. I only feel repulsion toward him now," I replied without a hint of hesitation while gazing at Michael's profile.

I had now seen Justin's true colors and understood the kind of man he was, so I felt really lucky that I didn't end up marrying him.

Michael didn't comment on my answer, but I could distinctly perceive a faint smile tugging at his lips.

He drove very fast, so the car cruised into his mansion in a little over ten minutes. It was my first time at such a place. Although I had never been there, I knew that it was a renowned wealthy residential area.

As I gazed at the huge mansion after alighting from the car, I inwardly exclaimed at Michael's affluence.

Before I was done admiring the view, Michael dragged me into his mansion.

The moment I stepped foot into the house, the resplendent decor floored me. I gaped at the huge crystal chandelier in the living room. I had once seen in a magazine that a chandelier cost hundreds of thousands at the very least, which was equivalent to an average person's lifetime savings.

Sure enough, there's a world of difference between people from different walks of life. Michael Shaw is truly a man to be envied!

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There wasn't a single soul in the living room, the entire place was as silent as the grave. I looked at Michael apprehensively.

"I can't believe you actually brought me to your house... What if your parents see me?" I reminded in a whisper after walking over to him.

Dear heavens! My relationship with Michael is of a scandalous nature, so I'd be utterly mortified if his parents were to know about us!

"Don't worry. They don't stay here."

After saying that, Michael pinned me down on the couch in the living room.

He appeared to be a calm and composed person on the surface, but when it came to matters of the bedroom, he always turned into an impatient and frenzied beast.

Upon hearing that, great relief suffused me. As I gazed into his fervent eyes, my heart fluttered.

“Thank you, Michael...”

Recalling the fact that he had come to my rescue the night before, I thanked him as I stared at his handsome countenance.

His expression stilled for a moment when he heard that. Immediately after, he looked right into my eyes, his voice low and mesmerizing.

“You’re my woman, and I, Michael Shaw, never shares my woman with anyone else! Remember this, Anna Garcia—before I break off our relationship, you’re not allowed to be with any other man! Do you understand me?”

His voice was domineering and possessive when he said that. In fact, he had always been such ever since I got acquainted with him.

For some inexplicable reason, a wave of bitterness swept over me. Gazing into his eyes, I was silent for a long time before I finally answered, “I got it.”

In truth, I had no delusions about our relationship, but anguish inevitably crept in when he ordered me in such a manner. Gah! Why am I suddenly assailed by such a feeling? Well, perhaps too many things have happened recently that I’m now becoming sentimental! I comforted myself inwardly.

At the same time, Michael had already captured my lips. And very quickly, I was lost in his tenderness.

He “tormented” me for the better half of the night like a tireless beast.

Lying beside him, I tossed and turned as sleep eluded me. Part of the reason was that we had never slept in the same bed. During the previous few times, we went our separate ways after doing the deed. This time, however, he had fallen asleep next to me, and we were at his house to boot.

With a practical stranger sleeping beside me, coupled with the fact that my privates were feeling rather sore, I only dozed off when it was almost dawn.

Perhaps I couldn't sleep well since I was in an unfamiliar place, but I woke up very early in the morning. When I opened my eyes, I was immediately greeted by the sight of Michael staring at me.

Flustered, I hastily averted my gaze. Why is he staring at me early in the morning instead of sleeping? I wonder how long he has been at it.

"Uh... It's getting late, so I should get going."

At the realization that I was now in his house and his bed, panic swamped me. Having blurted that anxiously, I swiftly darted my gaze around in search of my clothes.

However, I didn't see a single garment of mine even after sweeping my gaze all over the room. At that, I frowned in mystification as I tried recalling everything that had happened last night.

I remember that I first started stripping in the living room...

Finally, I remembered that my clothes were in the living room. Alas, I was currently in my birthday suit. While Michael had seen every part of me, I simply couldn't bring myself to sashay right past him to the living room without a single stitch on.

"Um... My clothes are in the living room. Can you please get them for me?" I inquired softly as I turned to look at him in embarrassment.

However, Michael didn't answer me. Instead, his gaze was fixated on my chest.

Following his gaze, I looked down at myself. All at once, my face flamed.

I swiftly snagged the blanket and wrapped it around myself tightly. At that very moment, my mortification was so great that I was gripped by the urge to crawl into a hole.

"Why are you shy? There isn't a part of you that I have not touched or seen."

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As though chagrined that I had covered myself up, Michael chided me placidly with a quirked brow.

“Um... It’s late, so I should head to work now. Otherwise, I’ll be late,” I blurted in a panic, simply making up an excuse.

I didn’t dare look into his eyes anymore, for they seemed capable of perceiving everything. Every time I locked gazes with him, I couldn’t help feeling flustered.

“You’re working at Joyful Success?”

I thought that he would say something risqué again, but he unexpectedly changed the subject without warning.

I was taken aback for a moment. When I snapped back to my senses, I truthfully answered, “Yeah.”

When his brows furrowed slightly, panic engulfed me. “I don’t have any ulterior motive working at Joyful Success. I only want a better platform to further my career. Don’t worry, I won’t cling to you because of such a thing,” I hurriedly explained.

Men from the elite classes like him were most averse to women using various methods to get close to them. I was worried that he would think the same of me, thus I promptly clarified things.

I really need this job now, so I can’t lose it because of our relationship! Even though Dad has had a heart stent surgery, his health is no longer what it used to be. Just for that reason alone, I’ve got to support this family!

“Why are you so panicked? Did I say anything?”

Clocking my frantic expression, Michael cocked an eyebrow and regarded me with mirth.

I breathed much easier upon seeing that he wasn’t angry.

Nonetheless, I still looked at him apprehensively and asked, “You’re not going to ask me to leave Joyful Success, are you? I really need this job.”

“Do you think I’m such a narrow-minded person? You’re my woman now, so there’s nothing wrong with you working at my company. However, don’t forget your promise to me back then. You’re not allowed to tell anyone about our relationship.”

Michael’s assurance had my heart settling back into my chest. But his final reminder caused a sense of melancholy to envelop me.

Honestly speaking, I never planned on telling anyone that I was acquainted with him. Even so, I was perturbed when he said that.

"I know. I won't tell anyone about our relationship, so don't worry," I replied placidly as I lowered my eyes.

At the sight of my sudden disappointment, Michael frowned slightly and seemingly grew a touch irritated as well.

Subsequently, silence reigned, making the atmosphere grow awkward.

"Can you please retrieve my clothes for me?" I asked once more, turning to look at him. "I need to go to work now."

Then, I shifted slightly. Despite having rested for a night, my nether region still ached slightly.

My brows creased slightly. In the next moment, my face inexorably flushed bright red again when our frantic lovemaking last night flashed across my mind.

"Are you sore?"

Seemingly having noticed my fidgeting, Michael frowned, and he even sounded as though he was concerned about me.

"Yeah, perhaps we did it overly long last night, so I'm feeling a bit sore down there," I murmured, blushing hotly.

Actually, I didn't really want to discuss such an intimate subject with him, but the words inadvertently tumbled out of my mouth.

"Can I take it that you're complimenting me on my stamina?"

Although I was speaking of my soreness, its meaning got twisted when it fell into Michael's ears.

Stumped, I looked at him speechlessly.

Well, well... Only now did I realize that not only is he domineering, but he's also narcissistic. I've never heard of anyone patting himself on the back for having strong stamina! Ah well, since he's speaking the truth, I'll just let it go.

I turned my head a fraction to the side, not wanting to talk to him further.

"There's a soothing salve in the first-aid kit. I'll go get it for you."

To my surprise, he wasn't offended when I remained mum. After saying that mildly, he flipped the covers and got out of bed, walking over to the cabinet by the window to retrieve the first-aid kit.

He was entirely naked, and I couldn't help but admit that his figure was indeed superb. He was neither plump nor skinny, his eight-pack abs and Apollo's belt a feast to the eyes.

As my gaze traveled down, I glimpsed the magnificent manhood between his legs. It was now standing at attention, its size far more impressive beyond my imagination.

Reluctantly, I averted my gaze. My soreness down there is all thanks to his manhood. It's no wonder that I'm hurting since he tortured me for the better half of the night!

A blush stained my cheeks, and I didn't dare look at him anymore. After all, it was very embarrassing to stare intently at a man's groin.

"Feel free to continue looking if you want to do so. I don't mind."

Just when my heart was racing and my gaze darting around, Michael's voice drifted into my ears.

All at once, I averted my gaze in a panic. Oh God, he actually noticed me watching him earlier! I wonder what he's thinking about me!

"Why would I want to look at you? It's your fault for getting out of bed without a stitch. I mean, it's only natural for me to glance at it since that part of you is so conspicuous."

While my face had long since gone as red as a tomato, I still feigned a nonchalant expression since I hated being teased about such a thing.

"I'll take that as you saying that I'm big enough, then. So, how do I compare to Justin Xenakis? Is my stamina superior to him?"

A smug smile bloomed on Michael's face when he heard my remark. He then strutted toward me. The words out of his mouth, however, had my expression turning cold at once.

"What did you mean by that, Michael? I've already made it clear to you the previous time that I've never been intimate with Justin. Do you still not believe me?"

I glowered at him. He has already questioned me about this back then, and I've already explained it to him. So why is he mentioning Justin again out of the blue? Does he still not believe me?

At the direction of my thoughts, the anger within me surged. While I didn't mind how he perceived me, I loathed the feeling of being wrongly accused.

Likely realizing that I was truly peeved, Michael didn't continue speaking of that. His tone softened as he coaxed, "I was just joking. Do you need to get up in arms? Anna, if my memory serves, you don't care what others think of you."

He had already returned to the bed when he said that. Instead of looking into my eyes, he was rummaging the first-aid kit for the salve.

"I don't care what you think of me, but I don't want others to misunderstand me."

I regarded him indifferently, my voice tinged with a layer of frost.

However, my words garnered no reaction from him. In fact, he acted as though he didn't even hear me. For some reason, an inexplicable spark of anger ignited at the sight of his apathetic expression. What exactly is his stance here? Does he believe me or not?

"Spread your legs."

Michael turned and looked at me with an imperturbable expression.

"What?"

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I was startled for a moment. When I registered his meaning, my eyes went wide in shock.

At the sight of my astonished expression, Michael frowned in consternation.

"I said to spread your legs. Did you not understand me?" he ordered once more.

Keeping my legs tightly pressed together, I eyed him warily. No way! I'm not wearing anything down there, not even panties! He'll be able to see everything if I were to spread my legs!

At that thought, the anxiety within me multiplied. Although I had always been a brazen woman in his eyes, I really couldn't bring myself to show the most private part of me to a man, especially when I wasn't all that familiar with the said man and had only been intimate with him a few times.

"W-Why do you want me to do so?"

I regarded him warily, my expression turning awkward as I spoke.

"So that I can apply the salve, of course. Where did your mind go? Anna, don't tell me you were hoping that I'd take you again?"

Michael stared at me with a raised brow, his words layered with an underlying meaning.

Naturally, I understood the implication of his words. The moment I realized that he only intended to apply the salve on me, my face instantly flushed bright red. Oh... I thought he wanted to do it again...

"My mind wasn't in the gutter. I'm innocent, okay?" I countered guiltily, turning my reddened face to the side.

In actual fact, my mind indeed went there earlier. However, no woman would actually admit it before a man.

"Do you really think you're innocent? Your expression just now betrayed your thoughts. I never knew that you're so depraved, Anna."

Michael curled his lips, not believing my explanation the slightest bit. He was dead certain that my mind was in the gutter earlier.

"Forget it since you don't believe me. It's late, so I've got to go to work."

Not wanting to discuss that topic with him anymore, I made to get up and retrieve my clothes after saying that.

Alas, it seemed that Michael had no plans of allowing me to leave. Flipping over, he pinned me beneath him and easily parted my legs with his massive hand.

In the blink of an eye, I felt a breeze brushing against my ladyparts. At that, I frantically yanked the covers over myself.

My gosh, isn't he the slightest bit embarrassed to look at my body so boldly? How could he?

"Hold still. If you continue wriggling, I don't mind taking you again."

Michael's brows creased in displeasure upon seeing me squirm, and his voice carried a hint of threat.

Hearing that, I immediately held still and no longer dared to twitch even a muscle. After all, he wasn't a person who made empty threats. He had "tortured" me more than enough last night, so I would definitely feel worse if he were to take me again.

I stopped struggling for my own sake and allowed him to apply the salve on me. As I lay in bed, the thought of him having seen all of me struck, and I was seized by the urge to jump off the nearest building.

Ugh! What the hell kind of melodramatic plot is this that it'd actually happen to me? I'm not filming a television series here! My life has been a shitshow ever since Justin cheated on me, and things that happened recently are truly incredulous, especially my relationship with Michael. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever imagined that I'd be involved with a big shot like him.

While my thoughts were wandering, Michael had already applied the salve on me. The cool sensation soothed that part of me significantly, and it didn't sting anymore. But at the thought that Michael had now seen all of me, I still couldn't help flushing.

I didn't even dare make the slightest sound, much less move. After a very long time, Michael was finally done applying the salve. I breathed a long sigh of relief, but I no longer dared to look at him.

"It's nothing serious, just slightly swollen. It'll be fine after applying some salve," Michael murmured placidly as he placed the salve back into the first-aid kit.

"Okay, I got it," I replied in a whisper.

I turned my face to the side, embarrassed to look at him further.

Wrapping the blanket around myself, I then headed to the living room to retrieve my clothes. Alas, my clothes were gone from the couch, and two housekeepers were cleaning in the living room right then.

When the housekeepers spotted me, they were both visibly surprised. Meanwhile, I was gripped by the urge to crawl into a hole at the

speculation in their gazes. What the hell? Michael didn't tell me he has housekeepers!

"G-Good morning... May I know if you've seen my clothes?"

Despite my stark embarrassment, I still bit the bullet and greeted the two housekeepers.

"I think I put them in with the laundry, but they're still drying now."

That reply from one of the housekeepers had me on the verge of tears. Good heavens! What am I going to wear if my clothes are now hanging to dry? I've got to get to work now, or I'm going to be late!

While I was panicking, Michael was already done with his shower and had come downstairs. At that moment, he was wearing a robe with the sash casually knotted at the waist. It hung on him loosely, revealing a huge part of his chest.

"Michael, my clothes have been laundered! What should I wear now?"

My gaze flew to him anxiously. Glancing at the time, I grew all the more frantic. Ugh! All my colleagues in the company are now gossiping about me, so who knows what kind of rumors are going to surface if I were late to work?

"In that case, just go without clothes."

Michael merely shrugged at my question, not at all bothered.

He sauntered to the couch in the living room and sat down. At once, a housekeeper brought a cup of coffee over and carefully placed it on the coffee table in front of him.

"I'm going to be late for work, and it'll result in my pay being docked!"

I glared at Michael in vexation. Damn it! He doesn't need to worry about whether he's late for work since he's the boss, but I'm only an ordinary employee. As such, I still need to consider my pay. Besides, everyone in my department is now trying their best to pick fault with me, so I've got to be very careful. After all, I might be dismissed for the slightest infraction!

"I'll compensate the difference in pay. Can you please stop being so cheap, Anna?"

Michael eyed me contemptuously, his gaze brimming with annoyance. He probably thought that I was a stingy woman right then.

“That’s different, okay? The money you give me and the money I earn myself are two different things entirely. Furthermore, I can’t make the slightest mistake now. Otherwise, I’ll most likely be dismissed.”

Recalling what my department head, Conrad, had done to me, disgust inexorably welled up within me once more.

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“How is it possible that you’ll get dismissed just for being late?” Michael furrowed his brows and looked at me quizzically.

I lowered my head and mumbled, “Well, I might turn out to be the first one to get sack because of that since I offended my supervisor previously. Ever since then, he has been holding a grudge against me. Not to mention, everyone in my department is also against me at the moment. So who knows, I might actually get dismissed at any time due to the slightest mistake made.”

I did not feel like going to the office lately as I could sense that all my colleagues were ostracizing me. Moreover, Conrad was even unleashing his wrath on me by torturing me at work after I rejected him previously. He pressurized me by assigning me endless tasks not only from my department but also from the other department.

“But why?” Michael’s frown deepened into a scowl as he stared at me curiously.

Initially, I never thought of pouring out to him how Conrad tried to hit on me previously. However, the inexplicable grievance in my heart was suffocating me. Almost everyone misunderstood me for seducing Conrad in order to enhance my career advancement. In their eyes, I was nothing but a shameless and scheming woman who intended to go from rags to riches. In the end, I blurted out the disgruntling incident to him.

The moment I finished my story, Michael’s face fell. My heart skipped a beat at the sight of the abrupt change in his expression. I glanced at him apprehensively. D*mn... Would he see me as someone who had taken advantage of the fact that we have slept together just so I could snitch to him about my superiors? What if he really thinks that way of me?

“So he groped your breast?” he asked coldly when I was cracking my head on how I should explain it to him. I could not tell what he was thinking about as he gazed at me with his obsidian eyes.

"Yeah..." I murmured in bewilderment, intimidated by his grim look.

"I'll handle this matter. Listen to me, Anna. I need you to get one thing straight. As long as we have this relationship going on between us, I will not tolerate another man laying their hands on any parts of your body. Do you get me?" His tone was laced with a hint of warning.

I gazed at him, feeling helpless. What does he want me to do then? I'm the one that's being harassed by Conrad here. I, too, was repulsed by how the unsightly pervert touched me! Yet, he is hinting that I was the one who let others lay their hands on me!

"I understand. I'll be more alert next time." Suppressing the irritation in my heart, I nodded obediently so as not to infuriate him.

Upon hearing my reply, he threw an indifferent glance at me without uttering any words before taking a sip from his cup of coffee elegantly. As silence ensued in the living room, it was as if he had forgotten about my existence. Anxiety welled up from within me gradually as I glanced at my watch. Even if I rush out now, I might still be late the moment I reach the office!

After a while, Michael put down his cup of coffee and switched his attention to the newspaper he was holding, flipping through them. Mustering my courage, I asked tactfully, "Michael, do you have any women's clothing here that you can lend to me?"

He raised his brows and turned to look at me. "Do I look like a man who will easily bring any woman home?" His voice had gone up an octave and his tone had turned cold.

Well, I'm not wrong, am I? After all, you brought me home last night, didn't you? I was mocking him inwardly, yet on the surface, my expression was impassive as ever.

Even though I had only known the man for a short span of time, I could somehow sense that his temper was unpredictable. If I dared to go against his will, I would surely enrage him.

"Can't you just tell me do you or do you not have it? You can't expect me to stay naked, right?" I could not hold back any longer and ask again.

I lowered my head and looked at my embarrassing state. Wrapped with a blanket, I was completely naked beneath. Feeling awkward at how the maids were staring at me, I could not help but bury my face in my hands.

"No issue on that. In fact, it'll be more convenient if you remain naked. Since I have an appointment in the afternoon, I'm not going to the office

this morning. We can grab time for another round of intimate sessions!” he teased me.

I was rendered speechless and even felt that my temples started to throb. Is he going against me deliberately? He’s the boss! Nobody would dare to question him if he does not turn up at the office. On the other hand, I’m just a low-ranking employee. What if I am fired for being late?

“Michael, can you please be more considerate and put yourself in my shoes? Even though we’re in a mutually beneficial relationship, it doesn’t mean that I have to listen to your every request! What if I lose my job because of this?” I tried to hold back my temper and talk him into changing his mind.

“Don’t worry. You won’t get fired. After all, I’m the owner of the company. So far, we have never sacked anyone just because they were late for work. We would only dock the employee’s salary as a warning at most. Anyway, you don’t have to be worried even if your salary is docked. I will compensate you ten times more than the docked amount.” He convinced me.

What? Ten times! What a sum! Even though I disliked people who were insolent by thinking that money was everything, his offer was simply irresistible for me. Dad’s treatment still requires a large sum of money, and I can’t really afford it with just my current salary. This is a golden opportunity for me to gain and save more money for Dad!

“I hope you keep your promise and compensate me accordingly then. I’d better make a call to apply for leave today before it’s too late. Otherwise, I won’t know what to do if I’m really really fired for being late.”

I took my handbag from the desk and whipped out my phone to call Conrad. Even though I was reluctant to have a conversation with the disgusting man, he was still my superior. I was worried that he would take this matter and use it to threaten me.

Michael leaned against the couch with his legs crossed as he took a sip of his coffee casually.

When the call got through, Conrad’s bellow of rage sounded before I could even utter any words. “Anna Garcia, what’s the matter with you? Why the hell are you not in the office yet at this hour? Do you want me to dismiss you?”

I knew very well that ever since I offended Conrad previously, he never stopped finding fault in everything I did. I had been extra careful not to make any mistakes and work diligently, so he would not have any excuses to punish me. Since I was late for work this round, I was certain that he would grab at the chance to give me a hellish time.

"Mr. Skeete, I'm sorry, but I need to apply for leave today to settle something..." Tamping down the rage that I was feeling, I tried to explain to him patiently.

"Do you have any respect for the company? How can you apply for leave as you like? Do you really think you can apply for leave with just a phone call?" he fumed. He was obviously trying to pick fault with me, yet I could only stifle my frustration.

"I really have something on today. Can you please approve my leave application?" I gritted and forced myself to soften my tone. Deep down, however, I felt like venting my anger by bombarding him with a slew of curse words.

"Well, if you really wish that I can approve your leave application, you need to show that you're sincere with your request..." He suddenly softened and lowered his voice.

My face lit up and I thanked him at once, "Thank you so much, Mr. Skeete..."

"Don't thank me first. I haven't finished my words yet," he cut me off.

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"Sure. Please, do continue." Although my gut instinct was telling me that nothing good would come out of this, I still kept my tone as pleasant as possible.

It never crossed my mind that I would lose control and rage at him the next moment.

"Anna, if you can think it through and agree to my previous request, I'll let you have as many leaves as you want. Even if you can't come to the office for a whole month, I would still instruct the accounting department to pay your monthly salary. How does that sound? Are you willing to give it a second thought?"

My face fell the moment I heard his disgusting words. At the peak of my fury, I rejected him at once without sparing any thought and snapped at him, "I would never accept it!"

What a repulsive man! How dare he say this to me! Is he trying to make me curse at him?

"I'm going out of my way to give you a chance here, Anna, don't get on my nerves. Before you turn down my offer again, have you thought about the consequences? It's a piece of cake for me to fire anyone. Do you still want to continue working for this company?" Upon hearing his threat, I could not hold back my rage any longer.

"I didn't do anything wrong. What right do you have to fire me? Are you doing so just because I'm reluctant to spend the night with you? It's really a great shame for Joyful Success to have such a shameless employee like you to tarnishes the company's reputation!" I yelled at him.

As a hard-headed woman, I could never accept being threatened by others. After being threatened by Conrad so many times, I finally had had enough. Even though the threat of being fired loomed over me, I was determined to lash out at him.

Conrad was seemingly dumbfounded at the other end of the line. He never expected that I would have the audacity to yell at him. After he recollected himself, he bellowed, "Anna Garcia, how dare you yell at me! Do you believe that I can get you fired right this moment?"

I rolled my eyes and sneered, "Is that so? It's really my misfortune to have such a repulsive superior like you! Apart from looking old and unsightly, you're even a pervert who likes to target young ladies! Don't you have any self-awareness or sense of shame? In what world would a woman be willing to sleep with a disgusting and repulsive man like you?"

Now that things had come to this, I decided to be true to myself and I couldn't care less that I had just burned my bridges.

It doesn't matter how rich he was because just the thought of touching that old and perverted man could give me nausea, much less asking me to sleep with him.

"How dare you say that I'm a repulsive man? Anna Garcia, from tomorrow onwards, you don't have to come to the office anymore. You are fired!" the man blasted, infuriated by the utter disdain in my tone.

"I won't leave without any formal notification from the HR department. I will still go to the office as usual tomorrow morning!" I enunciated every single word coldly and hung up right away.

Now that I had vented out all my frustrations, I was finally able to cheer up and heaved a sigh of relief. After all the contemptuous words from my colleagues and the never-ending work from my ill-minded superior, it had long since become unbearable to me.

I glanced obliquely at Michael, who was seated motionless beside me. To my surprise, there were not the slightest bit of changes in his expression, it was as if he had turned a deaf ear to my phone conversation.

What's with him? With his intelligence, he should be able to guess what Conrad was asking for based on our argument earlier. So why is he not reacting at all?

Does this mean that he doesn't mind at all? I was upset at the thought but upon further consideration, I could understand why he wouldn't care. After all, we were just partners in bed.

After cooling my head off, a wave of anxiety started to well up within me as I was suddenly regretful of my impetuosity for blurting out all the words a while ago. What if I'm really fired and asked to leave at once tomorrow?

Panic-stricken, I knitted my brows and wondered if I should rectify the situation by giving Conrad another call to take back my words. After all, having this job was really important to me.

I took out my phone and stared at Conrad's phone number hesitantly. Just when I was in a dilemma on whether I should give him a call to make an apology, Michael finally broke the silence. "Where's your imposing aura a while ago? You're starting to worry only now? I never knew you were such a coward, Anna Garcia."

At the sight of Michael who was smirking at me, I retorted, "Are you happy seeing that I'm in this kind of situation? I might get fired right away tomorrow and become jobless. Is that what you're expecting?" The anger I was feeling exacerbated the moment he threw his mocking words.

I glared at him. Even if we are just partners in bed, it was still wrong of him to add insult to injury.

In the next moment, he frowned and glared at me coldly. "Anna Garcia, you'd better watch your mouth and mind your manners. Do I sound like I was happy about it? Are you venting your anger at me now?"

As an omnipotent man, he must have gotten used to others buttering him up all the time. I bet I was the only woman who had the guts to talk to him like that.

I shifted my gaze and avoided looking at him as I swallowed my frustrations. I know I have no right to lash out at him, but what if I really lose my job? It wasn't easy for me to join Joyful Success...

Seeing that my attitude had softened, Michael did not continue to put me in a tight spot. Nevertheless, I could not get rid of the utter uneasiness I felt whenever I was by his side.

His lips curved into a seductive smile as he scanned me from head to toe. However, I doubt he was able to see anything since I was wrapped tightly with the blanket.

“Since your clothes have yet to dry, why don’t we take the time to do some other activities?”

I was stupefied the moment I heard his words. For a moment, I couldn’t quite wrap my head around what he was trying to say.

“W-What kind of activity?” Intimidated by his subtle gaze, I gulped and descended into stammering incoherence.

“What kind of activity do you think we can do? Anna, do you really not know, or are you just faking it? There’s no need to pretend to be innocent in front of me,” he added placidly.

Pretend to be innocent? So that’s how he thinks of me?

“Let me make myself clear, I’m not faking it, and I have no need to fake it! After all, we are just partners in bed. What’s the point of me faking to look innocent?” I looked at him coldly and rebutted.

“Well, Since you’re not faking it, be more sporting then. Let’s go upstairs now and continue with our session last night.” He snorted with a sudden grim look on his face.

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He continued to gaze at me till I lost the courage to look him in the eyes. Seeing that, he softened and his lips lifted into a seductive smile. At that very moment, his flawless countenance became exceptionally captivating. Mesmerized by his stunning look, I could barely shift my eyes away from him.

“Since you can’t take your eyes off me, you can scrutinize me to your heart’s content when we’re in bed later!”

Hearing that, my brain turned to mush. When I came to my senses again, I was already in Michael's arms. He lifted me effortlessly and strode toward the staircase, ignoring how all the maids were gawping at us.

Once we were back in his room, he placed me down on the king-sized bed and tugged at the blanket that was wrapped around my body. Startled, I tried to grip the blanket.

Michael's hands stiffened as he glared at me with great displeasure. He uttered, "Anna, What are you doing? Are you rejecting me?"

"We had too many rounds last night. I just think that it's better to take a good rest today. After all, debauchery is harmful to your health. You're still young. What if you start to encounter problems with your body functionality at this age?" I smiled awkwardly and avoided having any eye contact with him.

Initially, I was only trying to talk Michael into changing his mind and let go of me. But as I stared at his face that was turning grimmer by the second, I finally realized just how wrong my words must have sounded.

Aghast at the man's eyes which were blazing with growing rage, I shuddered and the smile on my face froze.

"Anna, do you mean to say that I'm not good enough in bed? Did I not satisfy you last night?" Michael snarled at me.

Needless to doubt, I was digging my own grave by insulting his pride daringly. After all, no man could take negative comments related to their skills in bed without getting angry. The case was especially true for Michael who was such a prideful man. As he approached me with eyes burning with rage, I started panicking.

I'm doomed! Did I just offend this man again? What's the matter with me lately? Why do I keep saying things that would offend him? Urgh... I only have myself to blame.

I looked at Michael warily and tried my best to explain, "I don't mean that. You're undoubtedly good in bed. I'm just concerned about you. I mean, excessive sex can't be good for your... thing, right? You're still young and will surely need this asset of yours for a long time to come. It'll be a shame if something were to happen to it."

Putting on a bright smile, I hoped that my words could at least ease his exasperation.

"Do you think you have the qualification to judge how good I am in bed? I bet you will know better after a few more sessions with me!" He scoffed.

My words did not manage to appease him at all. With a grim look on his face, he stretched out his hand to tug at my blanket again. Being a woman, there was no way my strength could beat his. With a yank, he effortlessly flipped open the blanket that was wrapped around my body.

“Michael, wait!” I yelled as I struggled frantically.

Michael pinned me under him swiftly, turning a blind eye to my struggles. I had thought that he was just trying to scare me for provoking his pride a while ago. I never expected that he really meant to take me.

My goodness! I can't believe he is still as energetic as ever after so many rounds last night! He is even thinking of having another round now!

“Do you think that I'm joking with you?” His face was inches away from mine and I could feel his hot breath against my skin.

“Michael, get off me! I don't want to do it!” I grimaced and shoved his shoulder.

Without replying to me, he simply entered me right away without any foreplay, causing me discomfort. Is he really that desperate?

“You have no right to go against my will. Just close your eyes and enjoy this moment,” was the only reply he gave me before continuing his motion.

It took a long time before Michael finally let me go.

Panting as I lay in bed, I could see the satisfaction in his eyes as he gazed at my naked body while standing beside the bed.

“Anna, I will let you off today. You'd better polish your skill for the next round. You still fail as a bed partner by lying solely in bed without any initiative.” He grinned subtly at me.

“If you're not satisfied with me, you don't have to choose me as your bed partner. After all, nobody forces you to,” I mumbled and turned my flushed face away.

“Pfft! Then who was the one moaning enjoyably and pleading with me not to stop just now? Yet, you dare to say that nobody forced me! Anna, it seems that you're really good at twisting the facts.”

I was utterly embarrassed as he snickered at me.

When we were both indulged in our passionate throes in bed earlier, I was actually trying hard to hold myself back from being responsive. Nonetheless, he was too good in bed, and I could not stop myself from responding.

My cheeks were burning hot as blood rushed to my face. I hastily pulled up the blanket to cover my body and turned away to avoid his penetrating gaze.

When my clothes had finally dried up at noon, I put them on without hesitation and dashed out of his house.

By the time I reached home, Natalie was still in the office. After taking a shower, I stood in front of the mirror to take a look at myself. At the sight of the countless hickeys all over my body, I could not help but let out a deep sigh. Is he crazy? I can't believe he left all these hickeys all over my body!

Apart from sustaining muscle pain all over my body, my eyes started to feel heavy as I wasn't able to sleep at all the night before. I started yawning as I dragged myself back to my room. The moment I flung myself on the bed, I drifted off into a deep sleep.

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Chapter 48

When I woke up at night, Natalie had already come back. Her eyes widened in shock upon seeing me walk out of my room.

"Why are you back so early today? Don't you have to work overtime?"

I stretched and yawned while answering her. "I took the day off today."

"You took the day off? Holy sh*t. Is the sun rising from the west or something?"

Natalie gaped at me in utter disbelief.

I hummed in confirmation but remained otherwise silent. Noticing the gloomy look on my face, Natalie started eyeing me suspiciously.

"You didn't come home last night. Where'd you go?"

My expression stiffened upon hearing Natalie's question, and I replied somewhat guiltily, "I was working overtime."

"Working overtime? Why are you lying? Who the hell works overtime for the entire night? Tell me the truth. Did you..." Natalie trailed off and raised her brows meaningfully.

Although she didn't finish her sentence, her question was very obvious.

My face instantly flushed red when Natalie figured out what I had done the previous night. I began fidgeting on the spot, unable to meet Natalie's eyes because of the guilt that I was feeling.

"What on earth are you thinking about? I really was working overtime. I'm hungry. Let's eat now."

The guilt in my voice couldn't be mistaken. With that, I ignored Natalie and quickly went to set up the table.

Sometimes, Natalie was too smart for her own good. If Michael started looking for me too frequently, I wouldn't be able to keep our relationship a secret from Natalie anymore. I couldn't help but worry if she would look down on me if she found out about our deal.

Halfway through our meal, Natalie whipped her head up and looked me in the eye, asking me with a solemn expression, "Anna, why do I have the feeling you've been hiding something from me recently? Are you facing some kind of trouble?"

Guilt flickered in my eyes at her question.

"Why are you asking this all of a sudden?"

"You seem dispirited lately, and you're working overtime every night. You're acting weird, Anna. Besides, it doesn't make sense that such a large company like Joyful Success would need their employees to work until so late at night."

Natalie put down her cutlery and peered at me with a probing gaze.

Indeed, I had been working overtime for more than a week, and it was rare for any company to have its employees work overtime for so many days in a row. Hence, it was only normal that Natalie grew suspicious.

However, I didn't want others to know that I was being taken advantage of by Conrad. Knowing Natalie's temper, if she knew that I was being

harassed and exploited by my superior, she would probably go to my office with a kitchen knife in hand.

"You're overthinking things. Work has been busier than usual lately, so I've been working overtime to meet deadlines," I said against my conscience, then quickly bowed my head to continue eating.

"Is that really what's going on?"

Natalie continued scrutinizing me, as though she didn't believe me.

"Of course. Alright, stop worrying about me. Anyways, I'm done eating, so I'm going back to my room now. I have to wake up early for work tomorrow."

Afraid that Natalie would insist on getting to the bottom of this, I darted toward my room right after saying this.

Once back in my room, I breathed a long sigh of relief. As I lay in bed, I began stewing over what would happen at the office the next day. I won't really get fired, would I?

Worry began gnawing on my chest at the thought of this. I should never have said those things to Conrad on the spur of the moment. I must've well and truly offended him.

Even if he didn't fire me, he'd make sure my life in the office was a living hell. Conrad was a very spiteful person. Now that I offended him, he was undoubtedly going to make it his mission to pick on me at every turn.

Sighing in resignation, I shut my eyes and told myself to stop fretting over this matter as it would only make me more frustrated. I'll find out the exact situation when I go to the office tomorrow.

When I arrived at the office the next day, my colleagues looked at me with gleeful looks on their faces. I had no idea why they always singled me out like that when I didn't do anything to offend them. I couldn't help but wonder if it was because two of my colleagues saw me being forcefully hugged by Conrad, and that was why all of them were looking down on me.

Although their sarcastic remarks and contemptuous gazes during this period of time made me very uncomfortable, I refused to let them get to me. Ignoring all of them, I settled down directly behind my desk and threw myself into work.

Everyone around me began whispering among themselves. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but seeing as they would peek at me from time to time, I could guess that their topic of discussion was probably related to me.

"Anna, you're here."

Millie Scott, the only person here whom I was on good terms with, greeted me.

"Mm-hmm."

I nodded at her with a smile. Millie was the only colleague I could get along with in the office, and she was also the only one who didn't mock me as the others do. Apart from that, she would sometimes help me out with some of my work.

"I thought you weren't coming here for work anymore."

Millie's desk was opposite mine. At that moment, she was craning her neck to look at me over the divider as she asked in a hushed tone.

"Why wouldn't I?"

My brows furrowed in confusion as I asked back in a similarly soft voice.

"Don't you know? Mr. Skeete was furious when you didn't come in for work yesterday. He said you broke the company's regulations because you were absent without applying for leave. He announced on the spot that he was going to fire you. That's why everyone thought you weren't coming here for work anymore."

Millie looked at me with pity in her eyes, but I also detected a hint of helplessness in her voice.

Upon hearing what she said, anger surged within me. I obviously already called Conrad to apply for leave yesterday. How dare he accuse me of skipping work? He's clearly telling lies about me just so he has an excuse to fire me.

I suppressed my rage and calmly explained to Millie, "I already called him yesterday morning."

Although it was useless explaining to her alone, I still didn't want to be misunderstood like that.

“Anna, I think Mr. Skeete is intentionally targeting you recently. I also heard the others saying that you tried to seduce Mr. Skeete, but failed and angered him instead. That’s why...”

Millie left the rest of her words unsaid, but I understood her meaning perfectly well.

A sneer formed on my lips. These people sure have a knack for jumping to conclusions. Did they personally see me seducing Conrad? I mean, I feel sick just by looking at that old and ugly man. Why would I seduce him? How absurd!

“Millie, do you believe what they said? Do you believe that I tried to seduce Mr. Skeete?” I asked Millie with a grave expression.

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Chapter 49

“I don’t think you’re that kind of person, Anna. That’s why I didn’t spread those rumors like the others did. But some of them said they saw you entering his office and hugging him...” Uncertainty flickered in Millie’s eyes as she spoke timidly.

Even though she was doubtful, the fact that she didn’t immediately believe those rumors about me was enough. At least there was one person who was on my side.

“I didn’t try to seduce him. Mr. Skeete was the one who wanted to take advantage of me. I slapped him out of instinct. That’s why he wants revenge and keeps making things difficult for me here.”

When I thought about how Conrad kept making my life difficult these days, unprecedented rage burned in me. Since we already had a falling-out, I decided to tell everyone what a hypocrite he was.

“So that’s what happened. Mr. Skeete definitely went over the line! How could he take advantage of a female employee? I really don’t understand how someone like him managed to become a supervisor!”

After listening to my explanation, Millie believed me and even felt aggrieved on my behalf.

“Millie, remember to just keep this to yourself. If others catch wind of this, you might also get on Conrad’s bad side.”

Although I wanted to clarify this matter once and for all, I didn’t want Millie to be the one to do it. After all, she was the only colleague I got along with in the office. The last thing I wanted was to drag her down with me.

“Anna!”

Just when Millie was going to tell me something, Conrad’s unpleasant voice interrupted us. I was already disgusted by him, so hearing his voice made me even more nauseated.

I stood up and looked at Conrad, who was approaching me, with an indifferent gaze. His beady eyes were filled with rage.

I waited until he stopped in front of me before asking in a monotonous voice, “Can I help you, Mr. Skeete?”

Upon seeing Conrad walk up to me, the other employees returned to their seats and cast furtive glances at me, clearly waiting for a good show.

“Who allowed you to sit here? Didn’t I already tell you that you’re fired?”

Conrad planted his hands on his hips and scowled at me.

Having already expected this, I pinned Conrad with an icy gaze and retorted, “Oh? But I don’t recall you telling me that, Mr. Skeete.”

If it were in the past, I might have had some scruples, but now that Conrad and I were on bad terms, I had nothing to fear. Since there was no way out of this mess, I was going to clear my name and tell everyone what a degenerate Conrad was before I left the company.

“So you’re denying it? Allow me to jog your memory, then. When you called me to apply for leave yesterday, I already told you that you’re fired. How dare you still come here?”

I had successfully provoked Conrad by feigning cluelessness because he spoke loud enough for everyone in the department to hear.

“Mr. Skeete, are you admitting that I called you yesterday to apply for leave? Then why did you tell everyone that I skipped work for no reason? Don’t you think you’re shooting yourself in the foot now?”

I sneered at Conrad. Although I no longer harbored any hope of staying in the company, I was sure as hell going to prove my innocence before leaving.

Upon hearing what I said, everyone looked to Conrad as one, clearly realizing that he was intentionally smearing my reputation.

When Conrad felt so many pairs of eyes on him, his expression changed subtly, obviously beginning to feel guilty. However, he was the head of the department, after all. Hence, he still looked self-assertive even after I exposed him.

“So what if you called to apply for leave? Since I didn’t approve it, it means you skipped work. You’re already fired, Anna. You have ten minutes to pack up and leave!”

Conrad was adamant about firing me this time. What little guilt he displayed just moments ago had vanished completely.

My anger spiked because I knew he was after my blood. Recalling the condition he had suggested over the phone the previous day, a sarcastic smile took residence on my lips and I spoke in a frosty voice. “Did you reject my leave application because I didn’t agree to your disgusting condition? Is that it? It’s a shame Joyful Success has a department head like you. You’re an absolute disgrace to such a good company!”

“Stop spouting nonsense here, Anna! One more word and believe it or not, I’ll call security on you!”

Panic was sprawled on Conrad’s face, as though worried that I would reveal what he did to me.

“What? Are you scared that I’d tell everyone that you wanted to sleep with me but I rejected you?”

Conrad’s flustered expression brought me great satisfaction. I was no pushover. Even if I didn’t have the power to change anything, I wasn’t about to let Conrad off that easily. I wanted everyone to know the truth as well as what a wretched person he was.

“Stop making up stories! This is the office. How dare you make such vulgar claims! Why did the company even hire someone like you?”

There was apparent guilt lining Conrad’s features, but he still wanted to shift all the blame onto me. Only true scum like him could act so righteous when slandering others.

“You know perfectly well whether or not I’m making up stories. And only you know exactly what kind of person you are!”

I met Conrad’s gaze head-on, refusing to show any trace of weakness.

“Security! Get this person out of my sight!”

My words had well and truly triggered Conrad, and he directly called for security.

I knew he was behaving like this because of guilt. He was afraid everyone would believe me if I continued speaking. If that happened, he would lose his authority here.

A single command from Conrad had two security guards rushing in.

At the sight of them, a smug smile flashed across Conrad’s face, and he ordered loudly, “She’s making a scene here. Throw her out this instant!”

The security guards’ jobs were to maintain order in the company. Since Conrad was a department head and this was a direct order from him, the two guards immediately approached me. Judging from their demeanor, it seemed like they were about to get physical with me.

“Anna...”

Millie shot me a nervous glance, and I also discerned a trace of pity in it.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 50

I flashed a small smile at Millie and said, “You’re the only one here who treated me like an equal. Thank you for that, Millie.”

Even though Millie and I weren’t that close, I already regarded her as my friend because she never once looked down on me or ridiculed me.

The security guards flanked me and grabbed my arms, ready to drag me out. However, being thrown out was an absolute insult to me. As such, I shot Conrad a vicious glare and broke free from the guards.

“I can walk on my own!” I snapped.

Then, I snatched up my bag and was about to walk out when I heard a mild commotion.

Right then, an employee who was closest to the door exclaimed, "Mr. Shaw is here. Oh my God! I can't believe he's here in our department!"

Mr. Shaw? Michael?

I panicked as the first person who came to my mind was Michael. For some inexplicable reason, my heart started beating wildly in my chest.

Why is Michael here? Could it be because of me?

Michael was dressed in a full black suit which complemented his tall figure. He strode in with his signature icy expression and unreadable obsidian eyes. His chiseled face was gorgeous yet unapproachable, and his intimidating aura effectively kept people a distance away from him.

This was the first time I saw him look so serious. His commanding presence was much stronger than usual. I couldn't deny that this man was born to rule.

There were two secretaries trailing behind him with equally serious expressions.

My heart was still pounding erratically as my eyes followed Michael's every move.

Conrad was also momentarily stunned. When he finally regained his senses, he scurried over to greet Michael.

As he stood before Michael, he broke into an ingratiating smile and asked cautiously, "What brings you here, Mr. Shaw? Is there something I can do for you?"

Michael glanced at me casually before questioning, "What's going on here?"

My heart skipped a beat when our eyes met, but it was only a fleeting moment because he shifted his gaze the next second and didn't look at me again.

His eyes when he looked at me was without emotion as though I was merely a stranger to him. Although I knew Michael didn't want anyone to know about our relationship, his impassiveness still made me feel disappointed.

At the end of the day, we were merely bed buddies. Apart from that, there were no emotions involved. To him, perhaps I was only a tool to fulfill his sexual appetite.

Conrad panicked further upon hearing Michael's question.

"Do I need to repeat myself?"

Before Conrad could formulate a response, Michael's brows drew together slightly, and his gaze on the former turned frosty.

"No, no. I heard you." Sensing Michael's murderous aura, Conrad swallowed with difficulty before continuing, "A female employee said something inappropriate in the office, so I ordered security to escort her out."

Conrad was obviously tense when he said this. After all, it took courage to lie before someone as intimidating as Michael.

"What did she say that was inappropriate?"

Michael glanced at me again, and there was a hint of demand in his tone.

He shifted his gaze back to Conrad, pinning him with a glacial look.

Under his threatening gaze, Conrad's face grew grimmer with each passing second. I could clearly see the beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

"W-Well, her name is Anna Garcia. She deliberately came into my office and behaved indecently. Now she's throwing false accusations at me in front of the whole department. I honestly don't know who gave a small employee like her the guts to do something like this," Conrad stammered out.

I had to admit that he was skilled at distorting the truth. He was, after all, an experienced old geezer. Without this skill, he wouldn't have become a supervisor in the first place.

"How could something like this happen? Such people need to be taught a good lesson, lest they tarnish the company's reputation," Michael said in a flat tone before directing his gaze at me.

When I couldn't get a read on his emotions, I instantly panicked. Does he believe what Conrad said?

But he clearly heard our conversation over the phone yesterday. Why is he saying something like this now? Does he want me to leave Joyful Success too?

As my thoughts ran wild, I looked at Michael nervously, trying to figure out what he meant.

Conrad, on the other hand, was smiling triumphantly upon hearing what Michael said. He sneered at me and looked as though he was certain I was going to be fired from the company one way or another.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to stifle my disappointment. Michael's words had greatly upset me, but words failed me. Since he already put it that way, I could only leave on my own accord.

Just after I took the first step, Michael's voice sounded once again.

"But Mr. Skeete, before you fire this employee, I have one more thing to say."

What he said caused me to pause in my stride and look at him in confusion.

"What else can I do for you, Mr. Shaw?"

Michael had made his stance clear earlier, so Conrad was no longer flustered like before.

Michael shot him a cursory glance before beckoning his secretaries. A document file was immediately handed over to him.

"It has recently come to my attention that you've been doing many things that are damaging to the company." Michael's voice was disconcertingly neutral.

Seeing as Michael had mentioned him by name, Conrad's plump figure visibly stiffened and he asked in a panicky voice, "Mr. Shaw, what do you mean by that? Have I done something wrong?"

He passed the document to Conrad and demanded coldly, "Your department seems to have a very high budget, but a detailed investigation has shown that it's impossible for each project to cost that much. Care to explain where the extra money has gone to, Mr. Skeete?"

Conrad shuddered violently, and perspiration coated his entire forehead. His rotund body began trembling uncontrollably, obviously from fear.

"Mr. Skeete?"

