

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 51

When Michael didn't receive an answer, he raised his voice and called out to Conrad again.

I noticed that Conrad's legs had started shaking. It turned out that he wasn't just lecherous, but also greedy to the point of embezzling money from the company.

Conrad stared at the documents which clearly listed all the details. At least millions from the budgets over the past few years had gone missing. Although Michael didn't say it out loud, anyone with a brain would know that Conrad had pocketed all that money because ordinary employees like us were only allocated a small portion of the budget money each time.

"M-Mr. Shaw, I..." Conrad fumbled for words with his eyes still fixed on the documents.

"I've already gotten people to look into this. Every time you apply to the company for a budget, a certain amount of money will also be transferred to your bank account. Mr. Skeete, don't you think you need to explain yourself? Where did that money come from?" Michael asked again when Conrad didn't answer.

"M-Mr. Shaw, I made a terrible mistake. I promise that it'll never happen again. Please forgive me."

Conrad was shaking like a leaf. Although he didn't admit to pocketing all that money, everyone could tell by then that he was the culprit.

"I never give second chances. You're fired, Mr. Skeete. The company lawyers will contact you to discuss the budget in private."

Michael's eyes glinted coldly as he looked at Conrad.

Conrad looked at Michael in horror and pleaded, "I know I was wrong, Mr. Shaw. Please give me another chance to make things right."

No matter how much he threw his weight around as the department head; when it came to facing Michael, he could only behave subserviently. Right then, our impression of him was the least of his concerns. After all, if the

company lawyers were going to get involved, one could only imagine the severity of the situation.

Michael frowned in annoyance and his gaze sharpened. Noticing this, one of his secretaries snapped, "Security, what are you waiting for? Drag Mr. Skeete out!"

The two security guards stood paralyzed to the spot for a moment, unable to comprehend the situation. Upon meeting Michael's terrifying gaze, they hastily walked toward Conrad and started dragging him out.

All the employees watched as Conrad was hauled off the premises. The entire office descended into a pin-drop silence, probably still in disbelief.

"What are all of you doing? Get back to work!"

Everyone, including me, was stunned in place. It wasn't until Michael's stern voice broke the silence that I snapped back to my senses. I was the first to return to my desk and resume work.

With that, everyone else followed after me and got back to work. Michael took one last glance at me before turning around to leave.

For some reason, my heart raced as I watched him leave from the corner of my eye.

Did Michael come here out of the blue because of me? I can't think of another reason why he'd come here.

Even though Joyful Success was the largest advertising company in the city, it was only Michael's side business. If there weren't any important decisions to make, he would usually never make an appearance here.

Regardless of whether or not his appearance was because of me, I still felt very grateful to him. I was able to keep my job because of him, after all.

After getting off work, I mustered up the courage to call Michael for the first time. My heart was all over the place as I listened to the ringtone.

The call finally connected after a long time. "Hello," came Michael's nonchalant voice.

Upon hearing his voice, my heartbeat sped up exponentially. All of a sudden, I didn't know what to say. This was the first time I felt so flustered. I didn't even feel like this the first time I talked to Justin.

"Um, it's me," I blurted out in panic.

It took me a second to realize what I had said, and I felt the sudden urge to slap myself. Michael has already called me so many times. Of course he'd know that it's me.

"I know. What is it?" Michael's voice was bland as usual.

"Um, are you free now? I would like to see you."

I initially planned to thank him, but thanking him over the phone seemed slightly insincere. Getting to keep my job was, after all, a big deal to me.

"You want to see me?"

Michael raised his voice slightly, and I seemed to hear a smile in his tone.

"Mm-hmm. Do you have time now?"

I asked in a small voice, then waited nervously for his answer.

"I'll pick you up in half an hour." Michael's voice came from the other end of the line.

Before I could answer, the line went dead.

Still holding the phone to my ear, I felt butterflies in my stomach. Michael agreed to meet me.

It was obviously nothing to be happy about, but my treacherous heart was pounding against my chest. I had no idea what came over me, but ever since Michael helped me earlier, my feelings toward him seemed to have changed drastically.

After putting down my phone, I hurried to my room to pick my outfit. I even applied some light makeup.

I was clueless as to when I began to care so much about my image in front of Michael.

Half an hour later, I received a call from Michael. When I came downstairs, I saw a silver Cadillac parked a short distance away.

I immediately knew it was Michael because, among all the people I knew, no one could afford to drive this kind of luxury car.

Tugging on my skirt, I quickened my pace over to his car.

I opened the car door and slid in. Michael was wearing the same suit he wore during the daytime, probably because he didn't have time to go home and change.

When I glanced at his perfect side profile, I was so nervous I didn't know what to say for a moment.

Just when I was thinking of what to say, Michael turned to ask me, "So, why did you call me out?"

Then, he gave me a once-over before a look of appreciation gleamed in his eyes.

"Oh, I just want to thank you for what you did earlier today. If you didn't appear in time, I would've really been fired."

Recalling what happened, my heart warmed with gratitude.

Thinking he went to the office entirely for me, I felt all the more touched.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 52

"I didn't do it for you. Conrad has done a lot of things that are harmful to the company. There was no way I'd allow him to stay."

Just when my heart was brimming with excitement, Michael's words hit me like a bucket of cold water.

So he didn't come because of me at all, but because he already had the intention to weed out the bad seeds in the company. I guess it was all my wishful thinking.

Feeling slightly downcast, I looked away and responded, "Oh, I see."

Michael turned to peer at me but didn't say anything else. My chest felt stuffy; it was an uneasy feeling.

Everything I initially planned to say to Michael died in my throat.

The silence stretched between us. Just when it reached the point of suffocation and I was contemplating whether to get down from the car, Michael spoke once again.

“You asked me out because of this?”

As usual, I couldn't tell what was on his mind.

Upon hearing his question, I suppressed my disappointment and answered in a monotonous voice, feigning nonchalance. “Yeah. I wanted to thank you, but it seems like that's not necessary after all.”

“Instead of thanking me verbally, you might as well thank me through your actions if you're really grateful.”

Michael leaned his face closer to mine after saying this. I could vaguely feel his warm breath, causing my skin to tingle all over.

“What actions?”

I glanced sideways at his handsome face that was mere inches from mine, my heart fluttering madly in my chest as I somewhat guessed what he was referring to.

“Besides your body, do you think there's anything else that interests me?” Michael's gaze was fixated on my chest when he said this, and he used his index finger to hook my collar open a fraction in a very suggestive manner.

There was no way I didn't catch his meaning right then. Is sex all he can think of when he sees me?

“Michael, is sex the only language between us?”

Although we were friends with benefits, at that moment, I hoped sex wouldn't be the only reason we met up for.

It felt like whenever we were together, my only purpose was to satisfy his desires. The thought of that slightly upset me.

Michael looked at me with a dangerous gaze and countered, “Apart from sex, what else is there to talk about between us?”

His deep, inky eyes resembled whirlpools that were capable of sucking in my soul. My heart galloped as I gazed into his eyes, but upon realizing the meaning behind his words, my face instantly fell.

I hastily averted my gaze to conceal my emotions. Turning over Michael's words in my head, I grew increasingly disheartened.

He's right. We've been friends with benefits since the beginning. Other than sex, there's nothing else between us.

“Do you want to try another place today?”

Michael’s deep voice pulled me out of my trance.

A blush crept up my cheeks upon hearing his sly innuendo. Why is this man so interested in my body?

“I’m fine with anywhere.”

I turned my head away, too embarrassed to look at Michael.

Michael studied me with mischief in his eyes, then swiftly put the car into drive.

The car drove toward the West instead of Michael’s house. I didn’t know which place he had in mind, but I didn’t care to ask him either because his purpose was to have sex. Thus, the location made no difference to me.

Several minutes later, I peeked at Michael, wondering if I should voice the question in my mind.

After a long time, I finally gathered the courage to face his handsome side profile and ask, albeit nervously, “Michael, can I ask you a question?”

“What is it?” As Michael was focused on the road, he replied without sparing me a glance.

“Do you... have many women around you?”

I was a bundle of nerves as I waited for his answer. My heart felt like it was about to fly out of my chest. For some reason, I was eager to know the answer to this question.

To my consternation, Michael abruptly slammed the brakes. Only after the car came to a complete stop did he turn to look at me. His brows were pulled into a deep frown, and his eyes were full of wariness.

“Why are you asking me this question all of a sudden?”

Michael’s face was devoid of emotions, but I could detect the slightest hint of annoyance in his tone. It seemed like he didn’t like me asking this question.

Faced with his gaze, I looked away in panic, unable to maintain eye contact.

“It’s nothing. I’m just curious. If you don’t feel like answering it, just pretend I never asked.”

I pursed my lips in frustration, wondering why I asked this question in the first place.

Whether or not he had other women didn’t concern me since I wasn’t his girlfriend. Even if he had many lovers, it was none of my business.

Michael trained his gaze on my face, and there was a hint of warning in his tone. “The two of us are only in a mutually beneficial relationship. There’s no need to understand each other too deeply. You need to get that into your head.”

Oddly, my heart sank to the pit of my stomach, especially when I sensed the animosity coming from him.

My chest constricted painfully, but I endured the discomfort and tried hard to maintain my composure.

“Got it. I’ll be mindful not to ask you such questions in the future,” I said expressionlessly.

“Our only relationship is in the bedroom. That’s it. Understand? And what I dislike most is when a woman thinks she’s entitled to pry into my personal life after sleeping with me a few times.”

As though he thought he wasn’t clear enough just now, Michael spoke again whilst staring into my eyes.

Noticing the warning glint in his gaze, my heart squeezed in my chest. he didn’t need to repeat himself. I understood him the first time. I’m not that dumb.

“I won’t ask anything about you again from now on. I know I’m only your partner in bed. As long as you need it, I’ll take off my pants and spread my legs for you.”

A sarcastic smile formed on my lips as I mocked myself for poking into Michael’s personal affairs. How could I ask him that question? I brought this upon myself.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 53

Michael frowned upon hearing my blunt words and gave me a disapproving look. I could understand his displeasure, as men had always liked innocent women.

I expected him to lecture me further, but surprisingly, he started the car and resumed driving again.

I was relieved, although I had to admit I also felt a sense of loss. Time and again, he kept reminding me of the nature of our relationship.

I gloomily looked out of the window. I was upset even though I knew I was not entitled to feel that way. Michael had made his position very clear when he promised me the two hundred thousand.

Men could treat sex as a purely biological need, but to women, we always had emotions invested in the men we sleep with.

What happened between us would be deemed a transaction to Michael. When he had enough of my body and could derive no pleasure from it anymore, things would be over between us.

Just as I was brooding, Michael surprised me by saying, "I have not slept with another woman after I started sleeping with you."

Is he trying to explain himself?

I was stunned and turned around to look at him. His handsome face was expressionless, and he kept his eyes glued to the road.

"Ok." That was the only response I could come up with. I was very emotional, but his earlier warning was still fresh on my mind, so I would not dare to go any further.

Soon, we arrived at a neighborhood near Joyful Success, and Michael brought me to a small three-bedroom apartment.

Of course, it was much smaller and basic compared to Michael's mansion, but it was a cozy apartment.

I curiously looked around the apartment, wondering why he brought me there. Is this another residence of his?

I quickly dismissed that thought. After all, he was a CEO and accustomed to living in a mansion.

After checking out the place, I turned to him and asked, "What is this place, Michael?"

"This apartment is for you. In the future, when I have the urge, I will call you in advance, and you will wait for me here." Michael looked at me and emphatically stated the purpose of the apartment.

My expression froze and I was lost for words.

"Here is the key to this apartment. In the future, you'll meet me here when I call for you. Or, you can move in and stay here."

I got the jitters and instinctively refused the key he handed to me.

"I think there is no such necessity, right? We can go to a motel when you have the need. Those motels are cheap, just a hundred or so every time."

Michael and I were just friends with benefits. If I accepted the key, I would become his kept woman, which greatly differed from what we agreed on.

I was already ashamed about this casual sexual relationship with Michael. My pride would not allow me to be his kept woman.

"Anna, do you expect me to book a motel room every time I want to have sex with you?" Michael retorted. His face fell, and I was given a death stare. By then, I had a better understanding of this man and knew he was mad.

Much as I wished to explain myself, his piercing stare made me nervous and speechless. I knew he would be infuriated if I did not accept the key.

"Can I not take it?" I asked hesitantly, looking apprehensively into his expressionless eyes.

"What do you think? Do you even have the right to reject it?" he raised his voice to challenge, his eyebrow raised in disapproval. I knew he would not accept no as an answer.

Michael had always been domineering. His orders were meant to be obeyed, not challenged.

I was intimidated and could only receive the key from his hand resignedly.

"Call me in advance when you need me here in the future. I won't be staying here so as not to raise any suspicion."

Natalie was a smart girl and could definitely tell something was fishy if I moved out of our apartment. I did not want her to know about the deal I

had with Michael. It was a shameful relationship, and I was worried she would despise me if she knew about it.

Michael's eyes were flashing anger and he was silently staring at me, his brows knotted in a deep frown

I believed if he were to gift an apartment to any of those social butterflies hovering around him, she would happily accept it and wait on him hand and foot. He had gotten used to having such women around him, always eager to please him. He took it for granted women should idolize a man like him.

My unusual reaction probably puzzled him, or he might have gotten the wrong impression that I was playing hard to get.

I was not trying to imply he was a petty man, but my past encounters with him had clearly shown me he was not a forgiving man either. He looked like a mature and poised gentleman. However, he hid his emotions too well, and I could not read his mind at all.

I was about to crumble under his powerful aura when he finally spoke. "As you wish," he scoffed and then headed into the bathroom.

I breathed a sigh of relief. I was always tense in his presence as his aura was too intimidating.

Small fries like me should keep a distance from powerful big shots like Michael. It would do me no good hanging around him.

I could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom. As Michael showered, I sat there in the hall pondering when my shameful relationship with him would end.

I was no longer young, and the only wish my parents had was for me to marry a good man. They got more anxious after I broke off with Justin.

I yearned to get married too, although I lost my faith in love after Justin's betrayal. I realized belatedly that those sweet words and promises were lies men used to sweet-talk us, and they meant nothing to them.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 54

I was past the age of blindly pursuing love, but my parents wished to see me get married, and I could not bear to let them down. I wanted to settle down with a good man too.

I had wasted seven years of my youth on Justin, and I could not afford to squander my remaining youth. My ex-classmates were all married with kids. Even Natalie had found herself a boyfriend, so I was the only singleton left. Sometimes, when I was feeling down, I realized I had no one to confide in. That made me feel like I was the loneliest person on earth.

I did not have the wishful dream of being swept off my feet by a prince charming. All I wanted was a reliable man who could spare me a listening ear when I needed one.

I decided I had to find the opportunity to discuss this issue with Michael. Although he had proposed an open relationship with me, I had no plans to stay in such a relationship for long.

Just as my mind was wandering, the sound of running water stopped, and Michael walked out of the bathroom.

He was topless and only had a towel wrapped around his waist, his sculptured chest in full view.

He had water droplets on his tanned chest, and his hair was dripping wet too. He looked wild and sexy.

Much as I had a conservative upbringing, I could not help but stare at this alluring sight.

I had to admit Michael was a gem, both in terms of looks and built. Countless women in Avenport would be delighted to sleep with him.

He was drying his hair with a towel, and he had this gift of making every little move mesmerizing.

He walked toward me and threw the towel he was using next to me.

He had a sly smile on his face. He bent down and whispered flirtatiously in my ear, "You no longer hide the fact that you are ogling at my body, do you, Anna?"

His deep sensuous voice made my heart skip a beat. I hurriedly turned away from him.

“Get over yourself! I had already played with that body of yours multiple times, so what is the big deal with just taking a look at it?”

I could not let him gain the upper hand despite being deeply embarrassed by myself. Although I was conservative, I had a sharp tongue and would not lose out in an argument. I could not afford to use prim and proper language with indiscreet men like Michael.

His expression froze momentarily, but his wicked smile resurfaced in no time.

“No big deal, of course! We both should get our needs met. If you wish to, I can let you look to your heart’s content.”

With that, he stood up straight and stretched out his hand to remove the towel around his waist.

I let out a small scream and instinctively covered my eyes with my hands.

Crazy guy! He really would do or say anything and has no regard for other’s feelings.

I hid away for a while but sensing something was amiss, I parted my fingers and peeped.

Michael still had the towel around his waist, and he was looking mockingly at me. I realized he played a prank on me!

“How dare you fool me, Michael!” I glared at him. I never knew an intimidating monster like him had this mischievous side to him.

“Anna, I realized you are only good at dirty talking. You are like a dead fish when it comes to the real act. You could not even manage to do it in a different position.”

My anger turned to embarrassment the moment he said that.

Indeed, I was crude-mouthed with him, hoping that the promiscuous impression would turn him off and end our relationship.

I did not expect him to see through that tough act of mine.

However, I was offended by the dead fish comparison he made about me.

I bet you had never seen a dead fish with such a beautiful body as mine!

"You are really impressive then! Imagine being turned on by a dead fish!" I mocked him in return.

I may be inexperienced and not skillful in bed, but it was maddening to be called a dead fish.

"You are absolutely right. It would take a lot to make you an expert, but I am impressive in my sexual skills, so you will also blossom under my guidance."

He came near me again with that sly smile, and his eyes were sparkling, excited.

I was speechless, deeply embarrassed by his suggestive words.

How shameless of him! Did he think I went for him to learn sex skills so I could become a sl*t?

I was glaring at him, but he seemed oblivious to that. The smile was intact on his charming face, and he appeared to be genuinely pleased.

"Why are you still rooted here? Go get a shower. Or are you waiting for me to do that for you?" he cheekily teased.

His eyes were fixed on my breast, and I could tell from his voice that he was already aroused.

He had a high sex drive, and I knew he did not have much patience when it came to that matter. I was still mad at being fooled by him earlier, so I decided to revenge by playing hard to get.

"I am not feeling too well today. Can we skip it for today? I will make it up to you the next time, okay?"

My mood for intimacy was also dampened, as he had been reminding me of the true nature of our relationship several times in the evening.

"Things that I wanted to be done today would never be postponed to another day. I have set my sight on you for tonight, Anna," he said, brushing my request aside. When he had the urge for it, he would not care if I was in the mood for it.

I was a little frustrated at his domineering attitude.

Why does he think his wish is a command?

“Anna, if you don’t get going, I seriously do not mind bathing you myself. I would love to have a session in the bathroom.”

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 55

I stood up immediately with that threat but gave him a dirty look before heading to the bathroom.

I stood under the running water while I contemplated how to bring up the matter of ending the relationship with Michael.

He was sexually attracted to me at that point in time, so I wasn’t sure if he would agree to end our relationship or he would get mad at my request

I was flustered, so I took a quick shower, wrapped myself with a towel, and got out.

Michael’s burning eyes were on me as soon as I stepped out of the bathroom. He was in no doubt highly aroused.

He stood up and strode across the room toward me, causing my heart to pound wildly.

I had no idea why, but for the past two days, my heart would flutter uncontrollably whenever he came near me.

When he reached me, he lifted and carried me into one of the rooms.

He threw me onto a big soft bed, and before I could react, he was already onto me.

The sex was passionate and vigorous. He was lying on top of me, panting when the climax was over.

He turned to lie down next to me and hugged me in his arms.

“Did you enjoy it?” he asked.

His voice was hoarse from the intense session, and he had a satisfied look in his eyes.

His blunt question made me blush, and I turned to avoid his gaze.

Why did he have to ask such a question after every session? How am I supposed to answer him?

Satiated, he turned, to give me a peck on my cheek before sitting up.

"I'll go get showered. You have a rest."

I relaxed a little after he went into the bathroom. My mind was still preoccupied with how to broach the subject of ending our relationship.

It was a disgraceful relationship that I could not see myself maintaining for long. Moreover, if my parents were to find out, dad would be infuriated.

Folks in the rural area were more conservative. If my dad knew I had sex before marriage, he would break my legs.

My parents had been nagging at me to settle down, so I was worried they would ask around and find out about Michael and me.

Michael came back and lay down next to me after he finished his shower.

"Michael, I need to discuss something with you." I turned to face him and started the conversation hesitantly. I was flustered and had a sense of guilt.

"What's up? Don't tell me you are yearning for another round?" he teased, his restless hand groping around my chest. He did not sense my uneasiness.

I frowned slightly and pushed his hand away. I was not in a mood to flirt with him as I was about to discuss a serious matter with him.

"I wanted to find out, how long do you plan to maintain our relationship? When can this end?" I looked at him nervously and asked.

I had mixed emotions at that moment. On the one hand, I really wished to end that dishonorable relationship, but on the other hand, I felt sad letting go.

My brain must be fried! Me, feeling sad letting go of a casual sex partner? How did I get so low?

I could clearly see Michael's expression froze, and then anger crept into his eyes after I popped the questions.

“Anna, how many days had it been since I gave you the two hundred thousand? You want to end this so soon?” he snorted, eyes narrowed with anger.

I was guilty, and had to look away to avert his gaze.

Two hundred thousand was no small amount, and I knew it was unfair of me to want to terminate our deal after only a month, but I was under a lot of pressure.

“I know it is unfair to you. I can repay you the two hundred thousand in stages. Could you consider that a loan to me instead?” I pleaded with him timidly.

“Anna, what do you take me for? Am I the kind of person who would take back what I gave away?” His cold stare was sending chills down my back.

I thought my offer to repay him would pacify him. Unfortunately, it backfired, and he was even more infuriated.

I looked at him in panic, searching for clues for the heightened anger. I could not figure out what went wrong. I had his interest in mind and offered him what I thought was a good deal.

Although my offer to repay the two hundred thousand was by installment, that would still mean I had offered to sleep with him for free, which was to his advantage.

“What do you propose then? You know I can’t afford to pay you back in full right now,” I asked, praying he would not really demand the repayment in full right away. There was no way I could raise that kind of money.

“When I gave you the money, the agreement was for you to be my partner. Did you forget our deal, Anna?”

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 56

He sat up, eyes fixed on me, and challenged me with the question.

I looked away in panic. I had no idea why I was so easily intimidated by him and his piercing gaze, even though I did no wrong.

"I did not forget our agreement. The problem is my family has been pressuring me to get married due to my age. My parents are getting old, so I do not want them to worry for me anymore."

Every time my parents called, they would nag at me to get a boyfriend. I did not have anyone in mind at that moment, but I did not want to let them worry for me.

Michael silently stared at me for a while after I explained my situation. Then he said, "You can find yourself a boyfriend, but until you get one, we maintain our relationship!"

I was frustrated by his offer and wanted to reject that proposal. However, I knew my demand to end the relationship after receiving his money was unreasonable, so I had to swallow my protest.

"Okay. Agree. We'll end our relationship when I get a boyfriend."

It was not the perfect outcome I wanted, but I was relieved he gave me a way out of our relationship.

"Um." He gave me an intense look, acknowledged our new deal, and turned to sleep with his back facing me.

I was relieved as that was a huge load off my mind. I fell asleep while thinking about how to get myself a decent man in the shortest time possible.

When I woke up the next morning, I was a tad disappointed Michael had already left. I should not have any desires for Michael as we would go our separate ways once I have a boyfriend. With that thought in mind, I got dressed and left the apartment too.

Over the next few days, I made finding a boyfriend my top priority and went on blind dates every day after work.

Love was no longer a consideration for me. I had devoted myself to someone for many years, only to be repaid with betrayal. I no longer had faith in that abstract concept of love.

My requirements were simple, a stable and decent man who would stay faithful in our marriage. Most importantly, he had to be a man whom my parent could trust so they would not have to worry for me anymore.

After I told Natalie about my wish to find a boyfriend with marriage in mind, she had been busy keeping a lookout for me.

However, all the blind dates I went to were disastrous. The men were either unbearable to look at or lecherous, with only sex on their minds.

Even though I had no high hopes I would find love, the least I could expect was someone pleasant to look at. I had difficulty accepting those ugly and lustful ones.

The never-ending cycle of work followed by blind dates drained me out. Every night, I would fall flat in bed and fall asleep once my head hit the pillow.

And Michael seemed to have vanished from my world. He had not contacted me for many days. Sometimes I wondered if he had already forgotten about me. Or maybe he had found a new love and no longer needed me.

I felt a sense of loss when that idea crossed my mind. At the same time, I would be grateful if that happened. Having a new love and forgetting about me would be a good ending for our relationship.

I was dead beat when I reached home after work the day before. I lay on the bed, closed my eyes, and was ready to knock out.

I did not have that kind of luck. Even before I could fall asleep, Natalie was in my room, violently shaking me to wake me up.

“Get up, Anna! You are going to be late for your blind date. You should not keep him waiting!” she grumbled.

I had been going on blind dates the past few days, and I had enough of that.

“Natalie, can I skip this one? I have been going on blind dates for so many days. I am tired and wish to take a break.”

Work was hectic in big companies like Joyful Success. On top of that, I had not gotten enough rest in the past few days, so I was really exhausted.

“No! How could you play me out when I already promised him? You have to go today!” Natalie was stubborn and refused to spare me despite my plea. She shook me more vigorously instead.

I sighed and reluctantly sat up in bed. “It is going to be a disaster again, so it makes no difference whether I turn up or not. Could you kindly spare me just for today, please?” I pleaded with her earnestly.

“How could you conclude it would be a disaster when you have not met the guy? You were the one who wanted to go on blind dates so as to find yourself a boyfriend! What is with this lackluster attitude?” Natalie was insistent. She had a smile on her face but there was a hint of annoyance in her voice, so I knew she would be angry if I did not go on the date.

However, I felt it was a waste of time as it had gone on for a few days and the quality of the men I met got worse by the day.

Finding the right guy to get married to was not as easy as I thought it would be.

“Natalie, you have seen the men I met in the past few days, right? They were either ugly or lewd. I am done with blind dates for now.”

It was alright to be plain-looking or even ugly, but being lustful was something I could not tolerate. No decent man would grope and try to hint at sex on the first date. I would rather stay single than face those disgusting men.

Natalie smiled sheepishly at my complaints. She was the one who arranged for those blind dates, and she was well aware of how those men were.

“I know those men you met in the past few days were somehow lacking. But I swear the guy you are meeting today is different. He is capable and definitely not a pervert. You will like him. Will you give it one more try tonight? I am sure you will be satisfied with your date for today.”

She was persistent and seemed to be confident of the man she had arranged for that date.

“Nat, I really don’t wish to go. I am dead beat.” I looked at her piteously, hoping she would spare me for a day.

Despite her assurance, I did not have high hopes for the man. I had already concluded all the good men were already taken by other women, so I would have no hope of meeting one.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 57

“Anna, I’ll end our friendship if you don’t go!” Nat threatened me when her efforts of talking me into it didn’t work.

Ugh... I know Natalie didn't mean it, but I find myself giving in to her demands anyway... I let out a helpless sigh at the thought of that.

"Fine... I'll go, okay?" I said as I dragged myself to my closet and forced myself to get changed. A few days ago, I would have put more effort into my appearance, but that felt like a waste of time as I figured the person I would meet on the blind date wouldn't suit me anyway.

Natalie tagged along for fear of me changing my mind, and we soon arrived at the restaurant.

The man I was meeting for this blind date had fair skin and looked sophisticated with his gold-rimmed glasses. That alone was a huge improvement compared to the other guys from my previous blind dates in terms of appearances.

Natalie gave me a nudge on the shoulder and whispered into my ear, "Not bad, huh? I told you you'd like this one!"

I simply rolled my eyes at her and kept quiet in response.

The man looked average and could be considered slightly handsome at best.

"Hello, Ms. Garcia. My name is Yuval Lambert. I'm a lawyer. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

The man held out his hand with a faint smile on his face.

I shook his hand out of courtesy and returned the smile. "Likewise. You can call me Anna. I work in an advertising company."

Although I didn't feel anything toward him, I was rather satisfied with his profession and appearance.

That was especially the case as I no longer believed in love, and the man before me was a lot better than the ones I had met on my previous blind dates.

After getting to know each other a little bit more over dinner, Natalie and I went home.

She was so excited that she grabbed my arm and started firing questions at me the moment we stepped through the front door.

“What do you think of Yuval, Anna? He’s great, isn’t he? The fact that he’s a lawyer makes him a decent match for you!”

“All external traits considered, I would say he’s all right.”

While I was in a hurry to get a boyfriend and get married, I wasn’t really looking forward to it myself. The only reason I wanted to get married sooner was so my parents would stop worrying about me.

“I take it that you have chosen him, then? In that case, I’ll contact him and set you two up for future dates so you can get to know each other better.”

Natalie got all excited upon hearing that and began making plans for me.

I simply shot her a glare and went straight to my room to get some rest.

I may have found a suitable candidate for a boyfriend, but I have no feelings for him whatsoever. Well, at least I don’t find him repulsive, so there’s that...

I went to work as usual for the next two days and had practically forgotten about the date.

I lay on my bed and stared at my phone as I contemplated whether I should give Michael a call. He hasn’t contacted me at all in so long... Has he really forgotten about me? Wait, no... Him not calling me is exactly what I want him to do! I must be going crazy for wanting to call him! Besides, I told him we’d be over the moment I found myself a boyfriend, and now I have.

With that in mind, I put my phone on the bed and forced myself to not think about Michael.

However, the more I tried to get him out of my mind, the more his handsome face kept appearing. He always looked so elegant and graceful, and I bet no other man came close to his level of perfection.

I was well aware of the fact that I had fallen for him, but I knew it wasn’t possible for us to be together as we led very different lives. That was the main reason why I didn’t dare consider getting into a relationship with him.

The sudden ringing of my phone snapped me out of my train of thoughts. I reached for it immediately thinking it was Michael calling, only to feel disappointed when I saw an unfamiliar number on the caller ID.

A gentle voice came on the other line when I answered the call, "Hello, Ms. Garcia. I'm Yuval. We went on a blind date the other day. Do you remember me?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Lambert. So, why did you call me all of a sudden? Also, how did you get my number?" I said coldly after taking a few seconds to recall who he was.

I don't remember giving him my number during our blind date, so how did he get it?

"Your friend Natalie gave it to me. Ms. Garcia, I've been thinking about us ever since I met you that day, and I think we're quite suitable for each other. Would you be interested in a second date?"

This is unbelievable... Natalie actually gave him my number!

I felt like refusing Yuval's invitation at first but decided to give him a shot as he was the only candidate that didn't disgust me so far.

As I no longer cared about love, I would even consider marrying him if his character turned out to be decent. After all, he had a decent job.

"Okay, sure. You pick a time and location, then," I said calmly, feeling even more depressed when the thought of Michael flashed in my mind.

"All right, I'll text you the details in a bit."

Yuval sounded a little happy when he heard me agreeing to go on a second date with him.

"Is there anything else you would like to talk about? If not, I'll be hanging up now. I'm a little tired and could use some rest."

I wasn't in the mood to go on talking as he was technically still a stranger to me.

"No, that'll be all. Get some rest, and I'll see you tomorrow!" Yuval hung up after saying that.

I felt an inexplicable sense of frustration and annoyance as I lay on the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling.

Is that it? Am I really going to just spend the rest of my life with some random guy I met on a blind date? Why can't I get married with a man that I truly love? I used to think that I was the happiest woman on earth, but

Justin's betrayal hurt me so much that I didn't dare love anyone ever again.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 58

I closed my eyes and forced myself to not think about these things. The accumulated exhaustion from the past few days soon caught up with me, and I fell asleep shortly after.

The sun was already high up in the sky by the time I woke up the next day, but I could afford to sleep in as it was the weekend.

A quick glance at the alarm clock revealed that it was ten in the morning, and I stretched lazily in bed as I didn't feel like getting up just yet.

Sleeping in during weekends was probably a luxury for every white-collar worker out there.

However, I got a call from Yuval right as I was about to go back to sleep.

We aren't supposed to meet up until two hours later... Why is he calling me so early?

Although I was somewhat annoyed by it, I answered his call anyway.

"There's still quite some time before our date, Mr. Lambert. May I ask why you're calling me so soon?" I asked coldly.

"Oh, I just wanted to ask you if you'd like me to come pick you up at your place later?"

Yuval sounded both a little nervous and excited at the same time.

"That won't be necessary. I'll just hail myself a cab later."

I couldn't help but feel a little repulsed at the thought of him coming over to pick me up, so I refused his offer without any hesitation.

"All right, then. I'll wait for you at the place that we have agreed upon."

I could hear the disappointment in his voice when he said that, but I didn't care about that.

Having lost all sleepiness after hanging up the call, I got out of bed and changed into a light-colored dress before applying some makeup to complement it.

Natalie reminded me to give it my best when she saw me leave the house, and I rolled my eyes at her before heading off to meet Yuval at a Starbucks café.

The interior was very well decorated, and Yuval was already waiting for me inside by the time I got there.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," I said with a faint smile as I sat down in front of him.

"No worries. It's only natural that men wait for women, after all."

I noticed the look of surprise in his eyes when he first saw me, and simply smiled in response without saying anything.

After what seemed like forever of awkward silence, Yuval looked up at me and asked nervously, "I think we're quite suitable for each other, Ms. Garcia. Would you be interested in taking things a step further?"

Of course, his question was completely within my expectations as he had made his intention clear when he called me up last night.

While I didn't have any feelings for a stranger like him, he was indeed a rather suitable candidate for marriage.

After hesitating for a bit, I decided to try dating him.

"I have attended the blind date with the intention of getting married, Mr. Lambert. If that is what you seek as well, then I suppose we could try dating and see how it goes from there," I said calmly with an expressionless look on my face.

He probably wasn't expecting me to say yes so quickly, as he froze in surprise for a brief moment before looking at me excitedly.

"Of course, that is exactly what I am looking for! Rest assured that I am a very reliable and responsible man, Ms. Garcia!"

Yuval quickly gave me his word, but I did not share his excitement. If anything, it only added on to my stress and anxiety.

After having a cup of coffee, Yuval suggested that we go for a walk to spend more time with each other and know each other better. I had wanted to refuse his request at first but agreed to it in the end as I couldn't find any reason to turn him down.

Because we were still strangers at the time, we didn't know what to talk about and simply walked in awkward silence along the pavement.

Right as I was contemplating to excuse myself, Yuval spoke up all of a sudden, "Wait!"

I frowned slightly in confusion when I saw him staring at the top of my head.

Yuval ignored my confused look and reached a hand out, which made me incredibly nervous as I didn't know what he was going to do.

"There's a leaf on your head," he explained after picking a leaf off my head, much to my relief.

Phew! For a second there, I thought he was going to do something intimate! Although I have agreed to try dating him, we are still considered strangers, and I'm not too comfortable getting intimate with him just yet!

"Thanks..." I thanked him coldly when I saw the awkward smile on his face.

Yuval struck me as a gentleman with how polite he was during our conversations instead of trying to touch me at every opportunity he had.

I took a glance at his handsome face and was about to say something when the familiar voice of a man came from behind.

"What the hell are you doing, Anna?"

I turned around immediately and saw Michael standing next to a car and glaring daggers at me.

Many days have passed since I last saw him, and I found myself trembling uncontrollably all over in panic and confusion.

What's he doing here?

He began making his way towards me while I was still in a daze and stared me down.

Yuval noticed something was off and asked with a frown, "Ms. Garcia, who is he?"

“He...He’s my boss...” I explained with my head held low in shame.

Now that I’ve finally found a suitable candidate whom I might marry, there’s no way I could tell him about my indecent relationship with Michael!

“Are you sure that’s all I am, Anna? Just your boss?” Michael questioned me coldly, having gotten a lot more furious after hearing my explanation.

In my state of panic, I quickly looked away to avoid his penetrating gaze.

Didn’t he want me to pretend that we’re strangers in public? Why would he come to me like this? Isn’t he afraid of our secret being exposed?

“What are you doing here, Michael?” I asked him nervously, unsure of why he had shown up like this.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 59

Michael simply glared coldly at me, sending chills down my spine with the icy-cold aura that he emanated. For some reason, I felt a sense of guilt like I had done something to wrong him.

Noticing the awkwardness between us, Yuval walked up to my side and held out his hand as he said, “Hello, my name is Yuval. I’m Anna’s boyfriend.”

His words made my heart skip a beat as I panicked even more.

Damn it, why did Yuval claim to be my boyfriend? We only agreed to try dating! We haven’t decided on whether we would make it official or anything! How am I supposed to face Michael now?

The look on Michael’s face turned gloomy upon hearing what he said, and he simply glared coldly at Yuval’s outstretched hand without saying a word.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, Yuval withdrew his hand and kept quiet.

"S-So... what is it, Michael?" I asked timidly as I tried my best to not make eye contact with him.

That only seemed to fuel Michael's anger even more as the icy-cold aura about him intensified.

"I need to talk to you. Come with me!" Michael shouted suddenly when the tension was at its peak.

"C-Could we talk about it some other time? It's not really convenient for me right now..."

Michael's domineering attitude was stressing me out as I didn't want Yuval finding out about our relationship. It wasn't easy for me to find a decent guy like him, so it would be a real shame to lose him like this.

"Are you trying to piss me off, Anna?"

I had never dared to say no to Michael about anything, so this was technically my first time refusing his request. Naturally, he hit the roof.

"Michael, I..."

I thought about saying something, but Michael grabbed my arm before I could finish and began dragging me toward his car.

"Hey! What are you doing, Michael? I'm on a date here!" I exclaimed in frustration when I felt the pain from his forceful grip.

Yuval is a lawyer, and lawyers are smart, so he'll definitely notice something off about my relationship with Michael! What would I do if he finds out that Michael and I are shameless "friends with benefits"?

Michael was so consumed by rage that he refused to listen and shoved me into his car. He then drove off while Yuval watched with a frown from afar.

He must be suspecting something about us by now...

"What are you doing, Michael? Yuval will get the wrong idea if you just take me away like this!" I shouted as I glared daggers at him.

Screech! Michael jammed his foot on the brake upon hearing that, causing me to tumble forward as the car came to a sudden halt.

I stared wide-eyed at him in fear and shock, wondering what I did to anger him that much.

“What the hell, Michael? That was really dangerous!”

“He’ll get the wrong idea, you say? Anna, do I need to remind you of our relationship?” he questioned me with a penetrating gaze.

I found myself freaking out even more as I didn’t know what he meant by that nor why he was so mad at me all of a sudden.

The look in his eyes grew even colder when he heard me avoid his question. “You’ve already gotten yourself a boyfriend a few days after telling me about your plans for marriage? Anna, are you really that desperate to sleep with men?”

I was feeling a little guilty at first, but his questioning angered me too.

“We agreed that we would end our relationship the moment I find myself a suitable boyfriend!” I said with a frown.

For the briefest of moments, there was a hint of panic on his face before the cold look in his eyes intensified.

“Yes, I did say we could end our relationship, but I don’t remember allowing you to find yourself a boyfriend so soon!”

What the hell is he talking about? He’s clearly going against his own word!

“What are you talking about, Michael? Are you going back on what you have agreed on?”

While I wasn’t all that excited about dating Yuval, Michael’s unreasonable, arrogant, and possessive behavior was really pissing me off.

After all, we were just f*ck buddies, so he had no right to stop me from dating someone else.

“I never go back on my word. I will allow you to find yourself a boyfriend and get married, but not now!”

Michael then started the car before I could even respond and sped off once again.

He was driving so fast that my knuckles turned white from as I looked out the window. How is he able to drive so fast? Does this man have no fear at all?

“Where are you taking me, Michael? I’m still on a date with that man.”

He was probably so mad at me that he didn't even look at me, but I could clearly feel the anger he was exuding while driving in silence.

Why would he ruin my date on purpose? What did I do to anger him that much? Could it be that... he's jealous because he saw me dating another guy?

I felt a slight sense of joy at the thought of that, but that joy disappeared the moment I remembered he had never liked me to begin with.

There's no way he'd be jealous! I must be overthinking things!

The car came to a sudden halt about ten minutes later, and I frowned when I saw the house that Michael had previously given me the keys to.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 60

"Why are you bringing me here? It is broad daylight now!"

I glared at him cautiously as he looked very terrifying when he was angry.

"Have you forgotten what this house is for? Why else would I be bringing you here if not to f*ck you?" Michael said boldly and began dragging me upstairs before I could respond.

I knew what he was going to do next and began resisting as I wasn't in the mood to do it with him, especially when we were both angry like this.

Under normal circumstances, I would have given in to his demands, but his unreasonable behavior had infuriated me way too much, so I brushed his arm off and began walking away.

"You're not going anywhere, Anna!"

Angered even further by my resistance, he ran up to me and grabbed my wrist with a vice-like grip, causing me to frown in pain as I struggled with all my might.

However, the more I struggled, the tighter his grip became, and I soon found my wrist on the verge of snapping in half.

"What the f*ck are you doing, Michael? You're hurting me!" I shouted angrily at the top of my lungs.

What did I do to wrong him today? Why is he doing this to me?

“Hmph! This is what you get for resisting!”

While Michael didn't let go of me, he did loosen his grip by a lot after hearing my cries in pain.

Due to his immense strength, I was completely powerless to resist and got dragged to the door within minutes.

By holding on to me with one hand, he was able to unlock the door with the other and drag me inside.

Once we were in the bedroom, he pinned me against the wall and assaulted my lips with a barrage of kisses.

I pushed against him with all my might, but he simply increased his strength and intensity to counter my acts of resistance. He then pinned my arms above my head and began ravaging my breasts to his heart's content.

My eyes went red from the humiliation as I glared at him furiously. Is Michael seriously going to rape me right now?

“Hey! Let me go, Michael! You promised me we'd be over once I find a boyfriend! You can't go back on your word!” I screamed at him in disgust while struggling.

“I have told you, Anna. I will allow you to get yourself a boyfriend, but not right now!”

Michael glared coldly at me as he said that, his voice filled with domineering arrogance.

His unreasonable behavior had angered me to the core, and I looked him straight in the eye as I shouted, “What the hell do you want, Michael?”

“I want to f*ck you! I haven't had enough of it!”

Michael made no effort to hide his intentions whatsoever.

The way he was acting like I had wronged him even though he was the one forcing himself on me only disgusted me even more.

“Our relationship isn't over until I say it is, so you must satisfy me right now, Anna!”

Michael eyed me from head to toe before continuing with his “assault”.

Had it been under normal circumstances, I wouldn't refuse his requests as he had given me two hundred thousand which saved my dad's life. However, I couldn't bring myself to put up with his acts of humiliation and degradation.

I mustered every ounce of energy I had in me and shoved Michael off with a hard push. That caught him off guard and left him stunned for a brief moment, so I seized that window of opportunity to make my escape.

I let out a sigh of relief when I looked back and saw no sign of him chasing after me. The feeling of relief was soon replaced by sadness and anger at what he did to me.

Honestly, I just don't understand Michael at all! We both agreed to end it peacefully, so why did he have to come and ruin things for me when I've finally found myself someone to marry? He's always cold to me and never contacts me unless he feels horny anyway!

I felt like crap as I walked through the streets by myself with those thoughts running through my mind.

After what seemed like forever, I took a cab back to Natalie's and saw her sitting on the couch.

To my surprise, she was not her usual talkative self and simply stared at me with a frown.

I sat down beside her and put an arm around her shoulder as I asked, "What's wrong, Natalie? Did something happen?"

Natalie continued to stare at me for a while before saying, "Tell me the truth, Anna. What is the nature of your relationship with Michael?"

Her question caught me completely off guard, and I froze for a bit as I wasn't really sure of what to say in response.

"There is none. What relationship could we possibly have?" I looked away as I said that in an attempt to hide my nervousness.

Hearing Michael's name made me extremely uncomfortable, and the thought of how he had nearly raped me earlier filled me with rage once again.

Of course, Natalie didn't believe a word I said as she knew how terrible of a liar I was and could see right through all my lies. "Are you sure? Then, why did he take you away just now? I know you two had a one-night stand,

but you said there was nothing going on between you two after that, right?"

Yuval called her about it was the only theory that I could think of at the time, much to my displeasure. Although I had agreed to try dating him, that didn't give him the right to go probing my bestie about my private affairs.

"Did Yuval tell you that?" I frowned and let out a heavy sigh as I continued, "I'll give him a proper explanation later."

"I'm your best friend, Anna. Is there anything you can't tell me about?"

I thought we were done with the topic about Michael, but Natalie wasn't about to drop it.

I let out another helpless sigh and gave Natalie a serious look as I explained, "Look, Natalie... Michael and I are as good as strangers, so I have no idea why he'd drag me off like that either."

It took me every ounce of willpower to suppress the burning anger within me as I recalled what he did to me earlier.