

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 71

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The four-figure price on the receipt had me almost passing out. Precisely speaking, it was five thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Oh my God, it's just a dress, yet it actually cost nearly six thousand? Is it inlaid with gold or what?

My pay was only seven or eight thousand a month, so my heart clenched at the thought of spending six thousand on a dress.

I looked at Michael in confliction. It wasn't that I couldn't afford to buy the dress, but I was really reluctant to spend close to a month's salary on a dress.

"I didn't know this dress was actually that expensive..." I muttered lowly as I eyed him sheepishly.

Upon glimpsing the smugness in his eyes, I was gripped by the urge to slap myself hard. Argh! Why did I insist on paying him back? I'm simply making trouble for myself!

"Didn't you say you were going to pay me back for the dress? Well, you can do so now."

Michael stared at me, his voice brimming with provocation.

"Um... can I pay you back in a few days? I don't have that much money right now."

It's a king's ransom of six thousand! How am I going to get so much money to pay him back now? If it weren't for the fact that I've got no clothes to wear, I'd simply whip it off immediately and return it to him. Then, I wouldn't have to spend six thousand on a dress!

"Sure."

Michael sounded blasé. Truth be told, the price of the dress was a drop in the bucket to him since the amount of money he made in a day was sufficient for him to buy tens of thousands of dresses.

"Uh... can I pay you back in installments?"

In actual fact, I had wired my pay back home for my father to buy supplements. Every time I was paid, the money was only sufficient for me to survive, so it would really take me forever to pay him back six thousand for the dress.

"It's just a dress, yet you want to pay me in installments? How poor are you, Anna?"

Quirking an eyebrow, Michael regarded me in astonishment with a skeptical gaze.

"Truly, I'm destitute. I've sent all my money home, so I don't have any extra money to pay you back. Can I pay you five hundred every month?" I negotiated gingerly as I gazed into his eyes.

Propping a hand against his forehead, Michael looked at me speechlessly.

"I don't need you to give me any money. Just use the money to buy groceries. In the future, I'll go and have dinner often at the apartment I bought. When I notify you, you've got to cook for me."

Huh? He wants me to cook again? Why is he so adamant about having me cook when he has housekeepers? Besides, my cooking tastes quite awful.

Honestly speaking, I was averse to his suggestion. But what if he asks me to pay him back immediately were I to decline? I don't have that much money right now.

After mulling it over, I relented with a nod without saying anything further.

When I concurred, I seemingly caught a glint of triumph in his eyes. In a flash, the feeling of having been tricked swept over me.

Nonetheless, I shook my head and convinced myself that I was reading too much into things. Why would a man like him trick me? Besides, it won't benefit him in any way.

Subsequently, I went to the office in his car. When he parked the car in the underground parking, I hastily alighted when no one was there, afraid that someone would spot me.

In the past, he had warned me more than once that no one was to know about our relationship. For that reason, I had to be on guard every time I was with him due to the fear of discovery.

I knew full well that he didn't want others to learn about our relationship, nor did I. After all, people would definitely look down on me if they knew that we were friends with benefits.

When I arrived at the office, I swiftly straightened the documents on my table. Having taken the day off yesterday, there was a mountain of documents piled up.

Letting out a sigh, I snagged a document from the table and started flipping through it. Before I had even settled down, Michael made an appearance in our department.

His presence created quite a stir since he rarely visited the advertisement company.

Across from me, adulation shone in Millie's eyes when she caught sight of Michael.

"Anna, Mr. Shaw arrived just a moment after you. Don't tell me the two of you came together?"

Millie rapped on my table, staring at me in anticipation.

Hearing that, my heart lurched. I looked at her in panic even as I inwardly wondered whether she had discovered my relationship with Michael.

"What nonsense are you spouting? How could I possibly have come with Mr. Shaw? He's a bigshot, so it's impossible that I'm that close with him..." I blurted anxiously.

Right then, my heart felt as though it was going to pound out of my chest.

"Whoa, you're really nervous! I'm just joking with you, so take it easy," Millie exclaimed in amusement at the sight of my panicked expression.

Only when I heard that did I breathe a sigh of relief. Oh God, I was really on the verge of a heart attack just now, thinking that she'd discovered my relationship with Michael!

"Don't simply make such a joke in the future to avoid unnecessary trouble," I chided, throwing her a reproaching look after having calmed down.

"Alright, I got it. I won't simply make such a joke in the future. Mr. Shaw is the Prince Charming of all the female employees here, so they'll really cry their hearts out if you're in a relationship with him."

Despite knowing that Millie was joking with me, I couldn't help feeling apprehensive and flustered.

Good Lord, Michael seems to be everyone's Prince Charming, and many female employees are desperate to get together with him! If they were to learn about my relationship with him, my life in the office would definitely be a living hell henceforth!

Irritated at the subject, I frowned before looking at Millie and saying, "Alright, let's not talk about this first. Mr. Shaw seems to have something to say."

Michael's arrival created a huge commotion. When the newly-appointed department manager heard of it, he immediately rushed over to greet him.

"Is something the matter that you're gracing us with your presence out of the blue today, Mr. Shaw?" the department manager asked Michael deferentially.

Despite hearing his question, Michael didn't answer him. Instead, he clapped his hands, getting all eyes on him.

"I'm going to set up a temporary office in Joyful Success for the next six months, and I'll be here every day for the entire duration. I want to monopolize the advertisement industry in half a year."

His voice was low and deep, the words out of his mouth inherently arrogant.

If it were anyone else, everyone would have certainly taken it as a joke. But the person speaking was Michael, and no one doubted his capabilities in the business world.

When the female employees heard that, many of them appeared thrilled as if there were stars in their eyes.

Since their Prince Charming was going to spend the next six months with them, those with ulterior motives naturally felt that it was the golden opportunity to bag him.

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Many of the female employees seemed excited, but I was rather distressed. Oh God, I'm going to be seeing Michael every single day if he's going to be here daily for the next six months!

At the thought that I would see him every day, I couldn't quite tell whether I was delighted or flustered.

But can our relationship remain under wraps if we're going to see each other every day?

I stared into Michael's eyes. Coincidentally, he happened to look in my direction. His lips curved into a faint arc, adding a hint of warmth to his already handsome countenance.

As some sharp-eyed female employees caught him looking at me, their eyes radiated envy.

Sensing the many hostile gazes, I hastily retracted my gaze, no longer daring to gaze at him.

At that moment, I couldn't help pitying myself. Damn it, his look earlier must have garnered me a boatload of enemies! Women's jealousy is truly terrifying!

Millie had also noticed Michael's gaze on me. Rapping on my table, she regarded me excitedly.

"Did you see that, Anna? Mr. Shaw was looking at you!"

Upon hearing her remark, I heaved a sigh of exasperation. Good grief! I wonder what those women who idolize Michael thinks of me when even Millie is all aflutter!

After that glance, Michael shifted his gaze away. Seeing that he was no longer looking at me, I finally breathed easier.

As he was going to set up an office here, many of the female employees volunteered to help with the motive of having more opportunities to be in contact with him.

To avoid others learning about our relationship and making enemies in the office, I quietly buried my head in work.

In no time, the day passed. As soon as it was time to get off work, I hurriedly packed up to leave.

No matter what, I was resolved to tell Natalie about John's infidelity that night. I couldn't put it off any longer.

I had just stepped out of the office building when my cell phone started ringing. Upon seeing that it was a call from Natalie, I promptly answered it.

"Natalie, I've got something to tell you when I get home. It's a very crucial matter," I anxiously blurted the moment I picked up the call.

"I've got something to tell you as well, Anna. It's good news!"

On the other end of the phone, Natalie sounded rather excited.

"What good news?" I inquired in puzzlement, my brows knitting together.

"I..."

Natalie started hemming and hawing at my question.

At that, I became all the more anxious. "What exactly is it? Spit it out."

For some reason, a feeling of dread welled within me though she hadn't yet told me what the good news was.

After all, few matters would render her hesitant and embarrassed, considering her usual blasé attitude. Sure enough, the words out of her mouth next was a bolt of lightning to me.

"Anna, I was with John last night, and we... did it..."

After saying that shyly, Natalie tapered off.

Meanwhile, I stilled, and my face drained of color.

"It" definitely referred to doing the deed. I was no innocent virgin, after all, so I understood her meaning at once.

All at once, my mind went blank. When I finally snapped back to my senses, rage blazed within me.

They had been dating for a long time, yet John had never been intimate with Natalie. Nonetheless, they did the deed the very night I found out that he was a scumbag. As such, I had every reason to suspect that he did it deliberately.

I clutched my cell phone hard without saying a single word. Right then, fury was raging within me.

“Anna, why aren’t you saying anything all of a sudden?”

Seemingly having sensed something off, Natalie uncertainly called out my name.

“Why were you so foolish, Natalie? How could you give yourself to him when the two of you aren’t married yet?” I chastised her hotly after having gathered my wits about me.

I initially wanted to tell her that John was a scumbag, but I now didn’t quite know to say it when they had been intimate.

Once a woman had been intimate with a man, her feelings for him would deepen. Natalie loved him deeply in the first place, so she would definitely be all the more attached after they had been intimate.

I was at a total loss; I didn’t know what I should do or how I should tell her about John cheating on her.

Likely having not expected my anger, Natalie was silent for a moment before she asked in bafflement, “What’s wrong with you, Anna? Why are you suddenly so enraged?”

Her voice was cautious on the other end of the phone.

“Why did you give yourself to him last night, Natalie? The two of you have only dated for a brief time, yet you allowed him to bed you. Do you really know him? What if he’s a scumbag?”

My anger grew as I thought about it, and my voice took on a hint of reproach.

I was usually even-tempered and had never lost my temper with her. This time, however, I was truly panicked. I didn’t want to censure her, but I was worried about her.

Natalie was stunned upon hearing that. It was a long while before she finally replied, “Anna, why are you fretting so much? I’m already a grown woman. I’m not a child, so I know what I’m doing. Besides, John told me that he truly loved me last night and promised to marry me.”

Argh! She has been completely duped by his sweet words and empty promises. She has no inkling how much of a scumbag he truly is. He’s going

to marry her? I'm never going to believe that! It's clear as day that he's merely toying with her feelings!

"You're really too naive, Natalie. Do you know that he's actually a scumbag? He doesn't really love you!"

I was increasingly frantic now that Natalie was head over heels for him, for the more she invested into the relationship, the greater her hurt would be.

She was my best friend, so I couldn't just twiddle my thumbs, knowing that she would end up hurt.

However, Natalie didn't understand my intention. After I had blurted those remarks heatedly, she was likewise peeved.

"Anna, how could you say that about John? How could you simply say that he's a scumbag? He's now my boyfriend, so please don't say such things, if only for my sake."

I could tell that Natalie was suppressing her anger when she said that. If it weren't for the fact that I was her best friend, she would probably have lambasted me ages ago.

I was aware that I was indeed too emotional earlier, but I was truly worried about her.

"I'm sorry, Natalie. I was too emotional just now. How about this? I'm going to arrive home soon, so let's talk about this in person later, okay?"

As things had come to this, I had no choice but to tell her everything about John. While it would hurt her, the pain would definitely be far greater were she to discover it herself in the future.

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Then, I hung up the phone. Having done so, I hailed a taxi and rushed over to Natalie's house.

About half an hour later, I arrived at her house. By then, she was already home.

The moment I opened the door and stepped in, I was greeted by the sight of Natalie cheerfully washing fruits and John sitting on the couch in the living room.

Upon seeing the scumbag, my wrath flared at once. How dare he show his face here?

Just when I was about to lay into him, Natalie spotted me and quickly ushered me in.

“You’re back, Anna? Quick, come and have some fruits. I bought a lot on my way home.”

Coming over to me, Natalie took my arm and dragged me into the house.

At that moment, John had also caught sight of me. The look in his eyes as he gazed at me was smug and defiant.

As she pulled me into the house, I pointed at John on the couch and turned to her with barely restrained anger.

“Why is he here? Didn’t I say I’ve got something important to tell you? Why did you bring him home?”

Initially, I was going to tell her that he was a scumbag. But now that he was here, I was truly caught in a difficult position.

“Anna, John and I are already the most intimate person to the other, so just say whatever it is in front of him. It’s okay.”

At present, Natalie had already opened her heart to John and completely entrusted herself to him.

Frustration enveloped me right then. I didn’t know how to tell her all the things I had to say. Furthermore, she might not believe me anymore even if I were to tell her everything then.

“Nat, don’t be so naive, will you? Do you know that he’s a scumbag?” I proclaimed loudly as I pointed at John, the reins on my fury snapping.

Natalie was visibly taken aback for a moment, probably taken off guard by my sudden outburst. When she snapped out of her stupor, she looked at me in chagrin.

“What are you saying, Anna? How could you say that about John? He’s now my boyfriend!”

That was also the first time Natalie had ever raised her voice to me.

“Natalie, he’s really not a decent person, so don’t be taken in by him! Do you know that he has another woman out there, and he has even slept with her?”

Regardless of whether she would be angry at me, I decided to tell her about it. She would know sooner or later, and the pain would only be greater as time went past.

When Natalie heard that, she frowned and regarded me irately.

Despite the absurdity of my statement to her, it still aroused her suspicions since we had been best friends for many years.

With a frown marring her face, she eyed John with suspicion clouding her gaze.

Upon seeing that my words were working on Natalie, John promptly sprang to his feet and explained urgently, “I don’t know what your friend is saying, Nat! Why would she slander me like this? I love you wholeheartedly, and you should know that better than anyone else.”

His gaze was unwavering as he stared at Natalie with all the affection in the world. Being besotted with him then, Natalie would naturally trust him, but I could see the panic in his eyes.

“But why would Anna say that you’re cheating on me? She’s my best friend.”

I could tell that she was wavering because of his words. While she wouldn’t doubt me, she probably trusted him more right then.

“Are you doubting me, Natalie? I’m your boyfriend. How could you believe an outsider over me?”

John likely didn’t expect Natalie to be swayed by my words, for his expression turned a touch frantic.

Seeing the suspicion that remained in Natalie’s eyes, he abruptly turned to look at me, his eyes blazing with fury.

“Ms. Garcia, why are you slandering me when I have no past grievances with you? Natalie and I love each other, so why must you concoct such a story to ruin our relationship?”

Every single word out of his mouth sounded exceedingly caustic. I merely stared at him coldly with derision in my eyes.

Hah! He's obviously feeling stricken by guilt now, yet he's still playing the victim and questioning me instead. How absolutely shameless!

"You know best whether I'm slandering you and trying to ruin your relationship. As I said, John Young, I'll never allow you to hurt Natalie!" I retorted without giving him an inch.

There was no longer any pretense of civility between us, so I was determined to lay everything into the open and reveal his true colors to Natalie.

"You're going too far, Ms. Garcia. I really love Natalie, so how could I possibly do anything to betray her? I don't know why you're slandering me such, but don't you feel guilty for ruining our relationship when Nat is your friend?"

On the surface, John appeared truly unshaken. If I hadn't met him before or overheard the woman's voice when I called him, even I myself would have felt that it was me lying.

Frowning, I stared at him coldly. Haha, how ridiculous! He's the one who betrayed Natalie, yet he's now twisting the truth and pinning the blame on me! He's really the worst among scumbags!

"Nat, I merely don't want you to suffer the same betrayal I did. He's really a scumbag, so don't believe him."

Not wanting to argue further with John, I shifted my gaze back to Natalie after throwing him a furious look.

At that moment, Natalie regarded John and me with confliction written all over her face; she didn't quite know who to believe.

I looked at her seriously as apprehension flooded me. I was worried that she would still be duped by John, for a scumbag like him would go to any lengths to attain his goal.

"Don't believe her, Nat. I truly love you and want to be with you."

Afraid that Natalie would believe me over him, John quickly grasped her hands and looked at her earnestly.

Natalie stared into his eyes, and both of them were silent. I knew that a woman would generally choose to believe the man when she had truly

fallen in love with him despite knowing that he was merely stringing her along.

I once felt the same way, and I believed that the same applied to Natalie. Back then, I only accepted the reality that I had been betrayed because I saw Justin and Mabel in bed with my own eyes.

However, the situation was different for Natalie. She was merely hearing it from me, so she would still choose to believe John no matter her misgivings.

Once a woman invested her feelings in a relationship, she would never give up. Even if the possibility of the man's words being true was negligible, she would still choose to believe him without the slightest hesitation.

Sure enough, Natalie's subsequent reaction proved my conjecture right.

Turning, she looked at me with irritation in her eyes and a deep frown marring her face.

"Anna, I know you're traumatic after having suffered a betrayal and feel that all men in this world are faithless. However, John isn't Justin. I trust that he won't do anything to betray me."

In the end, she chose to believe John. While I had expected that, the fact that she ripped my wound open at such a time had a wave of sorrow washing over me.

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I was telling her all of this for her own good, but not only did she refuse to believe me, she even thought that I found all men in the world unreliable because I had been hurt before.

We were initially talking about her, but the spotlight was abruptly shifted to me. I couldn't help but feel sad when she exposed my scars right in front of John.

"Natalie, don't you trust me?" I peered into Natalie's eyes and pressed further, refusing to accept this reality.

"John is my boyfriend, and I've given him my everything, so I believe that he loves me," meeting my gaze, Natalie said with certainty.

Hearing Natalie's answer, my heart sank to my stomach. It was clear she was determined to trust John.

"Why won't you believe me? He admitted it to me himself. We've been friends for so many years. You know I'd never lie to you."

I remained undeterred because I hoped she'd believe me.

If it were someone else, I wouldn't bother at all. But because she was my best friend who had stayed by my side through my most difficult times, I couldn't just stand by and watch when she was tangled up with a scumbag like John.

"It's exactly because you're my best friend that I'm willing to tolerate this, Anna. From now on, I don't wanna hear you say another bad word about John. He's my boyfriend, and I choose to trust him!"

Seeing as I was persisting, Natalie's eyes filled with anger.

Her unflinching gaze was enough proof that she didn't believe me. Realizing this, a wave of disappointment washed over me. We've been friends for so many years. Does our friendship mean nothing compared to a man she's known for a few short months?

They wouldn't have slept together last night if John didn't deliberately instigate it, and I'm sure it's because he knew I'd tell Natalie about his infidelity. That's why he acted first.

At that moment, I regretted not telling Natalie about John's true colors the previous night itself.

If only I had contacted her earlier, John wouldn't have gotten his way. However, it was already too late.

"Nat, I'm really doing this for your own good. Please, open your eyes and look at the truth."

I walked forward and anxiously grabbed Natalie's hand.

But my insistence only served to further anger Natalie. She flung off my hand and glared vehemently at me.

"That's enough, Anna. If you keep saying stuff that's harmful to my relationship with John, I'll never talk to you again! Ever!"

Her words hurt me deeply. I looked at her with sorrowful eyes, but besides rage, I couldn't detect any other emotion on her face.

She had left a huge dent in my pride by saying that. For John, she had actually threatened to end our friendship.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have interfered. I'll move out immediately. I won't disturb the two of you."

My face paled, and I rushed into my bedroom right after saying this.

Since things had already come to this between Natalie and me, I felt like I had overstayed my welcome.

After taking out my suitcase, I put in my clothes with red-rimmed eyes.

This friendship meant a lot to me, but because of a scumbag, Natalie had actually threatened to end it. I was well and truly hurt by her words.

Not wanting to stay here a second longer, I randomly stuffed my clothes into my suitcase. I couldn't believe exposing a b*stard like John had ended up souring my friendship with Natalie.

Soon, I was done packing my things. When I dragged my suitcase out and walked through the living room, Natalie came over and looked at me hesitantly.

"Anna, I didn't mean what I said earlier. I wasn't going to break off our friendship. I only said it in a fit of anger," Natalie explained to me anxiously, and a trace of sadness appeared in her eyes when she glanced at my suitcase.

"It's fine. I'm gonna go now," I replied and continued dragging my suitcase out.

Although I said it was fine, I still felt indignant on the inside. After all, the two of us had been friends for so many years, yet, she didn't trust me.

"Anna, I was, by no means, chasing you out. You can continue staying here as long as you stop bad-mouthing about John," Natalie walked up to me and held my hand, persuading me to stay.

At first, I was overjoyed that she wanted me to stay, but when I heard the last part of her sentence, my heart instantly plummeted.

I initially wanted to give her a few more words of advice, but when I thought about her complete trust in John, I knew that no amount of

advice would make her believe me. Instead, she would get even more infuriated. Hence, I made a wiser decision – to remain silent.

“There’s no need for that. My presence here will only further destroy your relationship. It’s better if I leave.”

With that, I swiveled on my heels and left Natalie’s house, but not before glimpsing the triumph in John’s eyes.

With me gone, he’d probably become more brazen since he no longer had to be afraid I would tell Natalie that he was cheating on her.

After leaving, I walked on the sidewalk alone with my suitcase in hand. All of a sudden, I didn’t know where to go.

When Justin betrayed me, Natalie took me in. After such a long time, I had already regarded her home as my own. Now that I left, I was lost.

Tears welled up in my eyes, so I tilted my head backward to prevent them from falling down my cheeks. I kept telling myself that it wasn’t a big deal and that Natalie would one day see John’s true colors.

But where should I go now? It’s already so late. I won’t be able to rent a place so last minute.

Just as I was walking aimlessly on the road, planning to put up at a hotel for the night, my phone rang with an incoming call.

I stopped in my tracks to take out my phone from my pocket. Upon seeing Michael’s caller ID flashing across the screen, I hesitated for a moment before answering the call.

Already in a bad mood, I didn’t bother being courteous and merely asked in a cold voice, “Why are you calling me so late at night?”

Knowing that Michael wouldn’t call me for anything else besides sex, I wasn’t in the mood to deal with him.

If he hadn’t forced me to stay the previous night, I would’ve told Natalie all the things John had done, and my friendship with her wouldn’t have become so strained.

“What’s with the attitude, Anna?”

Michael was never a good-tempered man, to begin with. Hence, my biting tone instantly infuriated him.

I was already annoyed enough as it was. After hearing his chiding tone, my own anger surged.

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“What’s with the attitude? I was already being very polite to you. All of this is your fault. If it weren’t for you, things would never have turned out this way!”

Michael’s voice had stoked the flames in me, and I couldn’t stop myself from venting all my anger on him.

If he hadn’t stopped me from leaving the previous night, Natalie would never have been with John, and things wouldn’t have escalated to this point.

To be frank, I had never gotten this angry at Michael before. After saying my piece, the line went silent for a long time. When he spoke again, his voice had grown icier.

“You must’ve lost your mind. Do you know who you’re talking to, Anna?”

Just from hearing his voice, I could picture the grim expression on his face.

“I’m not in the mood to talk to you right now. I have more important stuff to do, or I might end up sleeping on the streets tonight!”

Even though I was in a very bad mood and was in dire need of a punching bag, the most important to do right then was to find a place to stay for the night. After all, I really didn’t want to sleep on the streets.

I wanted to hang up the call right after that, but Michael’s voice sounded again from the other end of the line.

“Sleeping on the streets? Where are you now?”

Perhaps he noticed something amiss, for his tone had softened a lot.

“I’m on the streets with nowhere to go. Happy?” I snapped, then ended the call straight, unwilling to hear Michael’s voice anymore.

Nothing good ever came from meeting with him. Under normal circumstances, I'd still worry about whether or not I had offended him. But right then, that was the least of my worries.

My best friend and I were on bad terms, so I couldn't care less about what he thought.

After ending the call, I went to a few nearby hotels, but they were all so expensive.

Checking the time, I sighed helplessly when I saw that it was already ten at night. I was caught in a bind, wondering if I should spend two to three hundred to stay in a hotel for the night because my only other option was sleeping on the streets.

If it were in the past, I wouldn't be so indecisive, but after my dad had surgery, he needed to consume medication every day to maintain his health, which totaled up to a large amount of money. Thus, I had to save as much as possible now.

Just when I finally made up my mind to check into a hotel room, a honk sounded from behind me.

Anyone would be irritated by that harsh sound when it was so late at night, and I was no exception.

I spun around in annoyance to look behind me, but I was stunned when I read the license plate number.

Isn't that Michael's car? Shouldn't he be sleeping? What's he doing here so late at night? Don't tell me he wants to experience doing it in a small hotel?

I clearly remembered that he chose a five-star hotel just to have sex previously. Hence, there was no way he was here to get a room.

I stood rooted to the spot, wondering if I should go over to say hi.

Just then, Michael poked his head out of the car window and frowned at me. "What are you waiting for? Get in!"

Only after hearing his voice did I regain my senses and walk toward his car.

Fully aware that saying no wasn't an option whenever it came to him, I popped my suitcase in the back and got into the car.

I had only just sat down when the car shot forward.

“Why did you come here all of a sudden? Do you need me for something?”

I had yelled at him over the phone earlier because I felt pretty bold. But now that I was seeing him in the flesh, all that courage had vanished completely.

“To see if you’re really sleeping on the streets.”

Michael shot me a glare and continued driving.

Upon hearing that, I felt upset all over again as I recalled the reason I had moved out of Natalie’s house.

I gave Michael the side-eye and said in an accusatory tone, “This is all because of you. If you didn’t stop me from leaving last night, Nat and I wouldn’t have gotten into an argument.”

“What does being kicked out of the house by your friend have anything to do with me?”

I blamed it all on Michael because it made me feel better, but he wasn’t one to take accusations lying down.

Initially, I wanted to divulge the entire story to him, but on second thought, it wasn’t like there was anything going on between us. Hence, there was no reason I would tell him about what happened between me and Natalie.

“Forget it. Now that things have already come to such an extent, it’s useless to say anything. I’m just worried Natalie will be fooled by that b*stard she has as a boyfriend. Her total faith in him doesn’t make it any better.”

The thought of Natalie’s complete trust in John made me increasingly distressed. Natalie was a very sentimental person. Her feelings for John would only grow stronger over time, and I was worried she wouldn’t be able to accept it when she finally saw John for who he truly was.

“You should worry about yourself instead. You’ve already been kicked out by your friend, yet you’re still in the mood to care about her wellbeing?” Michael glanced at my suitcase and said pointedly.

His sarcastic tone only worsened my already bad mood, and how I wish I could throw a string of curses at him. But of course, I didn’t have that courage.

"I understand where Natalie's coming from. Sooner or later, she'll realize that I only did it for her own good."

"So, what's your plan? You're not really going to sleep on the streets, are you?" Michael said in a toneless voice.

"I'm planning to look for a place within two days. I can't keep staying in Natalie's house anyway."

In fact, I already had plans to move out of her place quite some time ago. I felt bad for staying at her place for so long without needing to pay any rent.

"You don't need to find a place. Just move into the house in Birchwood. No one's staying there anyway." Michael's eyes remained focused on the road as he suggested nonchalantly.

He was always so indifferent and rarely wore any other expressions on his face. Sometimes, I even wondered if he was a cold-blooded creature instead.

The set of house keys given by him earlier was for that house in Birchwood. Actually, it was probably best to move there. Not only could I save money on rent, but it was also closer to my office.

The problem was, that house belonged to Michael, so I'd constantly feel like a kept woman if I moved in like that.

On the one hand, I really wanted to save on rent to buy more supplements for my dad, but on the other, I couldn't accept the feeling of being a kept woman.

"Do you think you have a choice right now? You can barely support yourself, Anna. Even the cheapest rent in the city is probably more than one thousand per month. Do you think you can afford it?"

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 76

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Every time I was caught in a dilemma, as long as he spoke, I'd find myself relenting.

He was right; I had too much on my plate now. Although my dad was recovering well, he still needed a lot of drugs to maintain his health since

he only recently went for surgery, and I was the only one in the family they could rely on.

I actually had a younger brother, but he was irresponsible and never had a proper job. Taking responsibility for our parents was asking for too much. As a matter of fact, I'd already been counting our lucky stars if he didn't ask them for money.

Hence, all the family burdens rested on my shoulders alone. When my dad was still in good health, my life was much easier. But now that his health was deteriorating, I was beginning to feel overwhelmed.

"Since you can't afford it, just forget about your worthless dignity and listen to me," he rebuked, as though reading my mind.

I was irked by his attitude and choice of words, but I really didn't have a choice.

"Thank you."

Although I knew what his purpose was, he provided me a place to stay, after all, and I was grateful for that. Without that house, I might really have to sleep on the streets.

The car sped along the road, and we arrived at Birchwood within ten minutes.

He went upstairs with me. It didn't take a genius to know what was going to happen when a man and a woman were alone in the dead of night.

Needless to say, I was in no mood to entertain him after getting into an argument with Natalie.

But unfortunately, this house belonged to him, so I couldn't very well ask him to leave. Thus, I could only suppress all my emotions.

After entering the house, I dragged my suitcase to the bedroom and started unpacking. I was going to live here from this day onward, and I didn't know what I should feel about that.

Michael followed me into the bedroom and disregarded that I was unpacking as he started directly hugging me from behind and started kissing my neck.

His actions sent a tingling sensation throughout my body. I knew that this man was wanting some tonight. But then again, this was how he always was whenever he was around me.

“Michael, I’m still sorting out my clothes. Besides, it’s getting late, and we still have to work tomorrow.”

I didn’t push him away, but I tried dissuading him in a small voice.

After such a long time, I started to understand his character. Pushing him away would undoubtedly evoke his anger as he was someone who was open to persuasion but never coercion.

“There’s no hurry. Since you’ll be living here from now on, you can sort out your stuff any time.”

Lifting a lock of my hair, he twirled it around his slender finger with a seductive smile on his lips.

My heart sank because I knew nothing could get through to this man when he was aroused.

Closing my eyes, I sighed in resignation and turned to lie flat on the bed, waiting for him to take me and hoping that he’d finish it up quickly.

Probably not expecting me to react like this, Michael raised a brow and said in a slightly hoarse voice, “What are you doing, Anna?”

I opened my eyes and countered in a dull voice, “Isn’t sex what you want? Then do it quick. The faster you’re done with it, the sooner I can go to bed.”

I thought he’d immediately pounce on me and quickly satisfy his needs, but he didn’t do that.

“Can’t you at least show some interest? Sex should be enjoyed by both sides, but you’re treating it like a chore.”

His brows knitted into a deep frown, and discontent gleamed in his dark eyes.

“I’m surprised you know it should be enjoyed by both sides. You’re the only one who wants it tonight; I don’t. But if you insist, what choice do I have other than hope that you can finish up quickly?”

I can’t believe he has the audacity to tell me it should be enjoyed by both sides.

More often than not, he was the one who wanted it, so of course, I could only cooperate.

“Are you using my own words against me, Anna?”

He raised his voice slightly as rage lined his handsome features.

I met his gaze daringly and retorted, “I’m just stating a fact. Am I wrong?”

“You’re the most disobedient one out of all the women I had!”

Michael strode toward me with eyes that glinted with a strange light as if he was about to devour me whole at any second.

I forced myself to maintain eye contact, unwilling to concede defeat. However, the dangerous gleam in his eyes was too much for me to bear, and I chickened out in the end, averting my gaze timidly.

Between the two of us, I was always the one who compromised. Hence, I couldn’t believe that he called me disobedient. Come to think of it, why should I even obey him? We were merely friends with benefits. I wasn’t his mistress, and he wasn’t my keeper.

He stared at me in silence as a storm brew in his inky eyes. At that moment, I could feel the dangerous aura he was emanating.

Yes, I was a coward. That was why I backed down so quickly.

“Then what do you want from me? Just get on with it if you want to. It’s not like I’m rejecting you. Am I not obedient enough?”

“I’ll let you off tonight because you had a rough day, but tomorrow night, you’ll have to work twice as hard to satisfy me!”

What he said surprised me, but I was relieved at the same time. I’m safe for tonight.

Wait a second! Did he just say I’ll have to work twice as hard to satisfy him? Doesn’t that mean he’s coming again tomorrow night?

Frantic, I snapped my eyes back to him. After getting my answer from the look on his face, my heart sank, and I felt like I had shot myself in the foot.

“I think it’s better that you don’t come here so often. Even though you’re not a celebrity, you’re still a public figure. What if someone notices you coming here so frequently and exposes our relationship?”

Knowing that Michael didn't want people to know about us, I used the knowledge against him.

It sounded like I was saying this for Michael's sake, but as though he could see through me, he shot me a sideways glance and countered, "You don't need to worry about that. I have my own ways."

I could never gain the upper hand over this man, so I didn't bother saying anything because I knew it wouldn't make a difference.

Sighing helplessly, I went back to sorting out my clothes. He, on the other hand, left the house without another word.

The tension instantly left my body, but I still felt uneasy being in an unfamiliar environment. Left alone with my own thoughts, I started to miss those days when I lived with Natalie.

Although she was only my friend, we were more like family. Right then, I wasn't sure if we could return to how we used to be.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 77

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It was a sleepless night for me. When I looked into the mirror the next morning, I sighed irritably upon seeing the dark circles under my eyes.

I prepared some breakfast for myself but didn't have an appetite. Thus, I only ate a little bit and went to the office.

Never did I expect Michael to be serious about working in Joyful Success for half a year, but he actually set up his own office here.

Glancing at the temporary CEO's office a short distance away, I began to worry about what happened with Michael the previous night.

I felt skittish every time I saw him, so I really didn't know how I was going to get through the next six months of seeing him every day.

Fortunately for me, Michael was a workaholic and treated everyone else like thin air whenever he was working. Naturally, he didn't make things difficult for me either.

Just before getting off work, I was arranging the files on my desk when my phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, panic rose in me when I saw that it was Yuval.

I peeked at Michael's office guiltily.

Seeing as his attention was focused on a document in his hand, I quickly picked up the call.

"Anna, are you still at work? What took you so long to answer?"

Yuval's warm and gentle voice drifted across the line.

"Mm-hmm. I'm about to leave the office now," I answered blandly and shot another glance at the CEO's office.

But this time, I found Michael staring straight at me.

When our gazes collided, I was thrown into a frenzy and quickly looked away. For some reason, I felt guilty for answering Yuval's call in front of him.

"We haven't seen each other for a few days now. Let's have dinner together tonight."

Yuval's voice jerked me back to my senses.

"Uhm, I..."

I didn't know how to face Yuval. After all, I already promised Michael that I'd maintain my relationship with him for another six months. During this period of time, there was no way Yuval and I could get along like a normal couple.

But I couldn't bring myself to give up on Yuval just to continue my relationship with Michael. It wasn't because I was fickle-hearted, but because I finally found a man who I was compatible with, and who was willing to marry me. I didn't want to go through all the trouble again.

For me, it was very difficult to find a suitable man to spend the rest of my life with. Not to mention, I might never be able to find another man like him.

"What's wrong, Anna? You can't make it?"

Without waiting for my answer, Yuval's voice sounded again, and I could detect the disappointment in his tone.

“That’s not it. Then let’s-”

I was about to agree to Yuval’s invitation, but Michael’s voice interrupted me.

“Anna, there are a few more documents here that need sorting. Do it now.”

Standing not far away from me, Michael looked at me with an icy and unreadable expression on his face.

“Oh, okay...”

I stared dumbly at Michael, unable to snap out of my daze for a long time.

“I’m sorry, Yuval. I may need to work overtime tonight. Let’s take a rain check?”

I actually couldn’t come up with an excuse to reject him earlier. Now that Michael had given me a good excuse, I couldn’t deny that I felt somewhat relieved.

Since Yuval had also heard Michael’s orders from the other end of the line, I wasn’t worried that he’d get the wrong idea.

“Alright then. Carry on with your work. Let’s have dinner some other time. My treat.”

This further showed that Yuval was a considerate man as he didn’t make a big deal out of it after hearing what I said.

After ending the call, I breathed a long sigh of relief. I couldn’t tell if it was because of my relationship with Michael, but I really didn’t know how to act around Yuval.

When I turned around and found Michael still standing at the same spot, I instinctively backed away a few steps in shock.

Recomposing myself, I met Michael’s eyes and asked awkwardly, “Which documents do you need me to sort?”

It was already after working hours, and all my colleagues had left. Hence, Michael wasn’t worried that someone might see us interacting closely.

“Was it the little lawyer?”

Michael didn't answer my question, nor did he hand me any documents. Instead, he shifted the topic to Yuval.

He took on a lofty stance when he asked me this question, and I could discern the contempt in his eyes.

Although I was only a commoner, I didn't like it when someone acted like they were above everyone else. Hence, I was greatly ticked off by Michael's attitude.

"His name is Yuval, not 'the little lawyer'!"

Although I couldn't deny that he deserved to behave like this because of his achievements, Yuval was still considered an accomplished lawyer. But the way Michael referred to him was blatantly disrespectful.

"Are you siding with him? Have you forgotten what I told you, Anna? In the next six months, you can only be my woman. You aren't allowed to have other men!"

Michael's face instantly darkened upon hearing my response. He strode over and looked down his nose at me with a chill to his gaze.

"You only said I'm not allowed to sleep with other men, but you never said anything about cutting off all contact with them. I won't sleep with Yuval in the next six months, but I can tell you he's someone I'm going to marry in the future. When our contract is over after six months, I'll no longer have anything to do with you."

I knew that I was treating Yuval as a backup and that it was unfair to him, but I wasn't going to give up when I finally found someone suitable.

Upon that, Michael approached me step by step, his eyes already blazing with fury as he spoke in a glacial voice. "Are you really that wanton, Anna? Do you mean to say that I can't satisfy you during these six months. Is that why you're thinking of hooking up another man?"

"You're being unreasonable, Michael. I already agreed to your conditions. What else do you want? Do you want me to give up my happiness just for this unspeakable relationship between us?"

Anger swelled in my chest as well. I had already compromised enough for him, and this was the one thing I wasn't going to budge on!

"Your happiness? Are you sure that you're making the right choice?"

Michael's lips curled into a sneer, and his eyes grew colder.

“I believe that I’m making the right choice, and I hope you won’t interfere with my life. We’re only friends with benefits, after all. I promise not to be intimate with other men for six months; this is as much as I’m willing to compromise.”

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 78

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I didn’t shy away from Michael’s gaze. Even though his terrifying aura scared me, I refused to yield.

“I’ll prove to you that the little lawyer doesn’t deserve your affection.”

As soon as he said that, he turned around and left.

After leaving the office, I dropped by the supermarket to buy some groceries before going back to the house in Birchwood.

Back home, I washed my hands and started cooking dinner. Due to being used to living with Natalie, I cooked two portions of dinner out of habit. As I sat at the dining table and stared at the amount of food, my heart clenched painfully.

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to stop thinking about anything upsetting and picked up the cutlery to dig into my food. Just then, the sound of the door opening reached my ears. Stunned, I whipped my head toward the door.

Feeling scared was inevitable when I was living alone in a house, especially during the night. After all, there were many cases of breaking and entering, as well as young women being attacked in their own homes.

I was born with a wild imagination, so I felt somewhat nervous at that moment.

But when I saw Michael appearing through the door, I exhaled in relief.

However, it was short-lived. When my mind registered that it was Michael, I became nervous all over again, but for a different reason.

“W-What are you doing here?”

I peered at him nervously as he walked in, recalling the little dispute we had at the office earlier.

Don't tell me he came here so late at night just to get even with me?

He's a CEO of a big corporation, for God's sake. He can't be that petty, right?

The thought of that left me with frayed nerves, and a hint of wariness entered my eyes that were following his every movement.

"What kind of question is that? I already told you I'd be coming over tonight." Michael sat down across from me with furrowed brows and reminded me in a bland tone.

Only then did I remember what he said about working twice as hard to satisfy him, which did nothing to make me feel better.

Words failed me as I looked at him in embarrassment. Knowing that he was here for sex, I instantly lost my appetite.

Upon seeing the food I had made, his eyes flashed with a trace of delight. Then, he unceremoniously picked up a pair of cutlery and started eating.

After taking a few bites, he raised his head to look at me with a charming smile. "Not bad. You even remembered to cook me dinner."

Michael looked very handsome when he smiled. His smile reminded me of sunshine during the winter, and I felt warm and fuzzy on the inside. I stared at him in a daze for quite some time before returning to my senses.

Apart from feeling annoyed that I had swooned over him just moments ago, I also grumbled silently about him assuming that I had cooked dinner for him. I was merely used to cooking two portions of dinner after living with Natalie for so long.

But despite my indignance, I wasn't planning to tell him the truth because if I did, he'd definitely get mad. Hence, it was better to let him think that I cooked it for him.

Seated opposite of him, I ate my dinner in silence while debating if I should take some time to call Natalie and explain.

Although things between us became strained that night and Natalie probably hated me right now, the thought of John playing with her feelings made me want to expose him right away.

Noticing the distracted look on my face, Michael put down his cutlery and asked indifferently, "What are you thinking of? Yuval?"

Yuval again? Why does he keep mentioning Yuval in front of me? What has Yuval ever done to him?

He seemed to have something against Yuval, and I didn't like it one bit. However, I didn't want to quarrel with him right now.

"I was just thinking how to make Natalie believe me and realize that John is playing with her feelings."

Worry gnawed at my chest. I already spelled everything out for her the other day, but she still refused to believe me, and it left a bitter taste in my mouth.

"Well that's easy," Michael replied in a bored tone.

"Do you have an idea?" I quickly asked, staring at him in surprise.

"Wait until she gets dumped. When that happens, she'll know you weren't lying to her. This is the best way."

My temper flared as soon as these words left Michael's lips. What a terrible idea! Ugh... He might as well have not said anything.

If I waited until Natalie was hurt by John, she'd be heartbroken by then. How could I bear to see that happen to my best friend?

Michael's brows furrowed when he saw the sad look on my face, and he added in a sarcastic tone, "Since you're so much time on your hands, I suggest you worry about yourself first. Your friend has already kicked you out, yet you're still worrying about her. How magnanimous of you."

"I wasn't kicked out by Natalie. I left on my own. Don't talk about her like that." I corrected his assumption with a glare.

I had a very protective nature, especially when it came to my best friend. Thus, I didn't like it when Michael badmouthed Natalie.

"Clean up after eating. I'll wait for you in the bedroom."

The man probably couldn't be bothered to argue with me because he merely shot me a fleeting glance before going to the bedroom. Soon, the sound of running water reached my ears.

Of course I knew what was coming up next. Even though we had already slept together several times, I still felt nervous about it.

After washing the dishes, I made my way to the bedroom. Just when I passed through the door, Michael coincidentally emerged from the bathroom, drying his hair with the towel in his hand. He was completely naked, save for the bath towel wrapped around his waist which concealed his most treasured asset.

Michael had a good figure, with eight-pack abs which extended into a sexy V-line. He exuded a masculine and seductive charm. This wasn't the first time I was seeing his body, but I still couldn't help but marvel at it.

I could guarantee that he had the sexiest body out of all the men I had seen before. Not to mention, I couldn't seem to recall ever meeting a man as handsome as him.

Solely based on his appearance, he was the Prince Charming in every woman's dream, but they probably wouldn't think so once they fell victim to his unpredictable character.

I gulped and forced myself to look away, internally berating myself for admiring Michael's body.

As though sensing the change in me, Michael's lips curved into a smug smile, and desire shone in his eyes as he gazed at me.

"Well, someone seems eager."

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 79

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Leaning closer to me, the man whispered in my ear sensuously.

His slender finger gently traced the outline of my face and headed downward. My skin heated up wherever it went.

I knew that I might lose myself in his extremely tantalizing skills in no time. With the remaining sensibility left within me, I shoved him away.

"I... I'll take a shower now."

My heart thumped frantically as I scuttled into the bathroom in haste.

In frustration, I cursed myself for being pliable in our relationship. The man could always stir me up so effortlessly.

Taking off my clothes, I stood under the showerhead and let the warm water stream down my body. The mere thoughts of what was going to happen next put me on edge, yet it thrilled me.

Half an hour later, I turned off the valve. Only then I realized I didn't bring my pajamas along when I scurried into the bathroom in a rush earlier.

And since Michael had wrapped himself with a towel, the entire bathroom was left with only a towel.

Feeling stuck and helpless, I paced up and down nervously. Although he had seen every inch of my body, I just couldn't bring myself to move about without any clothes on brazenly.

"Anna, are you done showering?"

Michael's impatient voice sounded outside the bathroom when I was still in a dilemma over whether I should seek his help to get my pajamas.

"Yeah, I'm done, but I forgot my pajamas. Can you get it for me?"

Since the man had spoken, I might as well ask him to bring me my pajamas instead of hesitating.

There was no response from outside, and the anxiety in my heart ceased. He must have been gone to get my pajamas. I wonder if he can find it.

I was still engrossed in my thoughts when the bathroom door burst open all of a sudden, and Michael's dashing face came into view unexpectedly.

My eyes widened in shock, and I was stupefied. A few seconds later, I recollected myself and yelped, covering myself with both hands.

"Why are you even screaming? Which part of your body have I not seen?" His voice was laced with irritation, and his brows drew together.

"Who let you in? Didn't I ask you to get my pajamas for me? Why didn't you give me a heads up before coming in?"

My cheeks flushed crimson red at his words as I glared at him with reproach.

Ugh! What an uncivilized man! Not only did he not bring my pajamas in, but he showed up out of the blue as well.

“Anna, have you forgotten that this is my house? Why do I have to inform you before I come in?”

Staring at me unflinchingly, Michael showed no remorse after my rebuke. In retrospect, I had never seen this man feel guilty before.

“But I’m showering, so you can’t barge in just like that. Besides, I’m not wearing anything now.”

Exasperated, I glanced down at my unclothed body. Even with both hands, I couldn’t hide much from his sight.

“That’s great. It saves me the hassle of removing your clothes later. We’ve never done it in the bathroom before, so why don’t we try it out here tonight?”

In one swift motion, Michael pulled the towel off his waist. Abashed, I wished the ground would swallow me up right now.

Fine, he can do whatever he wants! What a pervert! To think this guy actually wants to do it in the bathroom!

“Michael, why can’t you behave like a normal person? We’re in the bathroom now. How do you want to go about it?”

Warily, I fixed my eyes on Michael, finding it hard to accept his idea.

“I’ll show you how.”

In the meantime, the man had strolled over to me, pulling me into a hug. His hands wandered freely all over my body.

In a posture I had never adopted before, I felt bizarre. However, undeniably, my senses were much more heightened than usual.

It was not as convenient in the bathroom as on the bed. For a man who pursued great pleasure, maintaining a single posture could not satisfy him.

After what seemed like decades, my legs went numb as he continued thrusting forward. Right now, I wished I could collapse and lie motionless on the floor.

Perhaps Michael could tell that I was running out of energy. He didn’t stay in the bathroom, but turned off the lights and strode out with me in his arms instead.

Placing me gently on the huge bed in the bedroom, the man leaned his body against mine.

About half an hour later, he finally had gotten enough. After such a long time of vigorous activity, Michael felt worn out too, no matter how great his stamina was.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 80

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Resting motionlessly on top of my body, he was huffing and puffing, and his chest heaved.

Judging from his usual demeanor, I couldn't tell that he was a man who would be so aggressive in bed.

I wonder how many women he had been with that he had acquired such impressive skills in bed.

The man panted heavily for a long time before moving away from me.

"Michael, can you make the sessions shorter next time? If this goes on, both you and I are going to be exhausted."

Turning my head to the man lying next to me, I saw a glint of displeasure in his eyes.

Michael's so wild every time. He never cares about others' feelings!

At that moment, I couldn't feel my legs, as though they were broken and no longer attached to my body.

"If I last only for one minute in bed, will you be happy with it?"

Immediately, I corrected him; what I meant was that he went on too long. All men loved it when their women commented on this, and Michael was no exception.

As soon as those words left my mouth, he turned to look at me with a devilish grin. His dark eyes gleamed with pride.

Nevertheless, his words rendered me speechless. If he lasts only for a minute, that'll be too short... Did I ask him to finish it within a minute? I only asked him to shorten the time – maybe for about half an hour will do.

But of course, there was no way I would say these thoughts aloud in front of a man.

If I said it out loud, he would probably despise me inwardly. After all, men loved ladylike and well-bred women. Despite the fact that I was nowhere near ladylike, I believed it was better to be reserved when it came to lovemaking.

Bone-tired, I drifted off into a deep slumber.

The following day, Michael was nowhere to be seen when I woke up. Despite having spent the night with him many times, never once had I seen him the next morning. To be honest, I couldn't help feeling disappointed.

Getting out of bed, I put on my clothes and washed up briefly before preparing breakfast.

Afterward, I wolfed down a poached egg and two slices of bread before leaving for work in a hurry. Because of the strenuous night, I woke up later than usual. It would be such a huge loss if my salary got deducted for lateness.

The second I arrived at the office and sat at my desk, a delivery man asked, "Excuse me. May I know who Ms. Anna Garcia is?"

"That's me!"

Immediately, I jumped to my feet and waved at the delivery man.

The latter marched toward me, and I was nonplussed at the sight of a gigantic bouquet of red roses in his hands. Who sent me these roses?

Signing the proof of delivery, I took over the bouquet of roses and fished out a small card.

For some inexplicable reason, I felt a pang of disappointment when I found out that it was from Yuval.

Opposite my desk, Millie saw it and asked inquisitively, "Anna, who gave you such a huge bunch of flowers? Is it from your boyfriend?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

I couldn't find the right words to answer her question. Up till now, I was still clueless about how to handle my relationship with Yuval.

On the one hand, I was messing around with Michael, but on the other hand, Yuval was the one I chose all the other men, whom I could not bear to spare a glance at. He was the only suitable candidate for marriage, even though I had no feelings for him.

Having put in so much effort and found my Mr. Right, I refused to give up on him just yet. My parents were constantly urging me to get married. They were going to be a cat on a hot tin roof if I stayed single.

“What do you mean by that? How generous is he to send you so many roses! I bet you’re over the moon now.”

Envy was written all over Millie’s face.

Flashing her a smile, I fell silent. Yuval was no doubt fond of me and took our relationship seriously, but that didn’t guarantee that I would love him back.

He was an outstanding man, but there was just no chemistry between us.

However, feelings and affection were not important, as long as he was the right person for me.

“Anna, what’s your boyfriend’s profession?”

Seeing that I remained silent, Millie came to my side and tried to pry information about Yuval out of me.

At a loss for words, I placed flowers on my desk and turned to glance at her. Just as I was about to speak, my gaze landed on the man behind her.

With a stern face, Michael was standing right behind her. His gaze turned dark and menacing.

At the sight of his frigid expression, my heart skipped a beat, and a sense of foreboding welled up in my heart.

“M-Mr. Shaw...” I blurted out in a panic.

As soon as Millie heard my greeting, she snapped her head around in horror. A petrified look flitted across her face. She didn’t expect the CEO to appear out of nowhere during office hours.

“Did I hire you to gossip during working hours? Have you done your work?”

Michael’s icy voice echoed in the air. His tone was laced with rage, and his gloomy gaze was riveted on me.

Instantly, Millie lowered her head and dared not make a sound, scurrying back to her desk to work

Meanwhile, I looked down and threw myself into work, afraid that he might lash out at me.

Nonetheless, the man was not going to let me off the hook. Marching over to me, his gaze darkened once again as he pointed at the roses on my desk.

“Where did these flowers come from? The office isn’t the place for you to be lovey-dovey. I hired you to work, not to date!”

Michael glared down at me from above. I didn’t peek up, but I could feel his frigid gaze on me.

His husky voice sounded baleful and dominant.

Taken aback by his words, I promptly apologized. “I’m sorry, Mr. Shaw. I promise this won’t happen again.”

His infuriated face was really terrifying. I usually talked back to him, but now I was overcome by fear.

“Toss the flowers away now!” he commanded in a merciless voice.

Apparently, my apology fell on deaf ears.

His high-handed manner annoyed me. However, he was right that we shouldn’t have chattered during office hours.

Stifling my anger, I jumped to my feet, grabbed the bouquet of roses, and threw it into a trash can nearby.

Even though he reprimanded me for hampering my work because of personal affairs, I felt that he was actually picking on me.

“Mr. Shaw, are you satisfied now?” I scoffed after stomping back to my desk, staring into his eyes.