

Love from My Dominant Boss

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I know we're in desperate need of money, but this money belongs to Michael! We can't use it! I frowned in helplessness at the thought of that.

"Don't worry, Mom, I will work hard and provide for our family. This money doesn't belong to us, so we really shouldn't be using it."

I tugged at my mom's arm and tried my best to explain it in hopes that she would understand.

However, she pulled her arm back and shot me a fierce glare as she replied, "I don't care! This money is in my hands now, so you're not getting it back! Besides, that man is your boyfriend, isn't he? What's wrong with me accepting money that he offered?"

"It's not what you think, Mom! He's just my boss, not my boyfriend!"

I didn't know how else I could explain it to Mom. I don't know who Michael could be dating, but it definitely isn't me!

"Why would he give us a hundred thousand out of the blue, then? Let me guess... You found yourself a rich boyfriend but are afraid of us becoming a burden, right?"

Her eyes were filled with suspicion and anger when she said that. I knew I had pissed her off, but her words hurt me more than I had expected them to.

After everything I've given this family all these years, this is how my mom thinks of me... If what she said is true, then I would've thought of them as a burden a long time ago!

"How could you say that, Mom? I've provided for this family for so many years without a single word of complaint! Haven't you realized that by now?"

Tears formed in my eyes as I stared at my mom in disappointment.

As if her defending Steven wasn't bad enough, she even went as far as denying my contributions to the family.

I noticed a hint of heartache flash past her eyes when she saw how hurt I was.

“That’s not what I meant... I know you’ve had it rough over the years, and it hurts me to see you working so hard every day out there. Now that someone has given us a hundred thousand, you should be happy that your burden has been relieved!”

“Mom! I told you, there is nothing going on between us, so we can’t accept his money!”

I grew increasingly anxious when I saw my mom still refusing to hand it over.

Not that it came as any surprise, though, as money had always been as good as gone the moment she got her hands on it.

“I don’t care! I’m not giving you the money!”

My mom made it very clear that she would never hand over Michael’s money, which added to my exasperation.

“You can’t do that, Mom! This money doesn’t belong to us! Why must you insist on keeping it?”

I was starting to lose my temper at how unreasonable she was being.

“Why can’t I? He’s your boyfriend, so I’ll just take it as a wedding gift in advance and ask for less when you two get married!”

It didn’t matter what I said, because she was adamant about not giving up the money.

“You’ve gone too far, Mom! I told you, he’s not my boyfriend! He’s just my boss!”

“I don’t care what you say! I’m not giving up the money! Look, your brother got himself into a huge gambling debt a few days ago. I’ve just paid it off for him, so I don’t have the money anyway!”

What the... It’s only been a few days, and they’ve already used up the money to pay off his gambling debt? I was so close to exploding with rage when I heard that.

“How could you do that, Mom? How am I going to pay him back now?”

A hundred thousand was an incredibly huge sum for me, so it would take me forever to pay Michael back.

“He’s your boyfriend, so he won’t be forcing you to pay him back anyway! Anna, can’t you be more considerate towards your parents?”

As if I haven’t been considerate enough... Apart from the amount that I set aside for my daily expenses, I have given every penny from my monthly paychecks to the family! I’ve been paying for everything in this family for so many years, and this is what I get in return...

Mom’s words left me so disappointed and upset that I had to muster every ounce of willpower in me just to keep my anger under control.

“How much did Steven owe?” I asked.

“Sixty thousand,” Mom replied.

Sixty thousand? She used sixty thousand out of the hundred thousand on paying off Steven’s gambling debt?

I held my hand out and said, “What about the remaining forty thousand, then? Hand it over.”

Obviously, Mom was too obsessed with money to part with it.

“You’d better not take that forty thousand from me if you still think of me as your mom!”

She was basically forcing me to choose between her and the money, and the fact that she was willing to cut ties with me over forty thousand upset me even more.

“Mom... Does the money really matter more to you than I do?” I asked with an upset frown on my face.

Mom averted her gaze out of guilt when she heard that and avoided my question.

“Whatever, I’m not handing over the money.”

I knew it was pointless to say anything further as she chose the forty thousand over me.

“Fine... Keep the money, then. But know this, you won’t be getting any money out of me for a while.”

I turned around angrily after saying that and began walking away.

Damn it, I wouldn't have come home if I knew this was what awaited me! Instead of the money, all I got from Mom was anger, sadness, and disappointment...

"How dare you talk to your mom like that? She's only doing this for the sake of the family! It would take you forever to earn a hundred thousand!"

Dad's voice came from behind when I got to the door.

Although he hardly ever said much, I knew full well that he was on my brother's side as well.

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I stopped in my tracks briefly upon hearing that and stormed off without looking back.

I'm nothing but an outsider to this family... No one gives a damn what I say or do. Sometimes, I even wonder if I'm actually adopted...

I couldn't fall asleep after returning to my room as my mom's words from earlier kept echoing in my head.

After a bit of tossing and turning in bed, I decided to give Natalie a call and ask her if she was feeling any better. To my surprise, I saw a text message from Michael when I unlocked my phone.

Curious as to what he sent me, I quickly tapped on it with my trembling fingers.

Michael: Give me a call when you get back tomorrow. I'll go pick you up at the station.

He wants to come pick me up...

I was shaking all over from shock and confusion as to why he was suddenly being so nice to me.

However, there was no denying the fact that I felt happy when I read his text.

I wasted no time and quickly replied: I will, thanks!

The argument with Mom had left me in a very bad mood, but Michael's text removed all of that negativity and made me feel all better.

A smile formed on my face as I placed my phone on the nightstand. Had Michael been an ordinary guy instead of a CEO, I probably would've fallen in love with him ages ago! Sure, he's quite domineering and unreasonable, but he did help me out a lot in life! I know he's not a bad guy at heart. He's just gotten used to being cold on the outside, that's all!

I thought Michael would reply to my text, but that was just wishful thinking on my part.

Eventually, I fell asleep waiting for his reply which never came, and it was already morning when I woke up.

Mom had made us all breakfast by the time I finished showering and brushing my teeth.

Even Steven had sobered up after a good night's sleep, but he still looked as frivolous as ever.

The mere sight of him reminded me of how Mom had spent more than half of the hundred thousand on paying off his gambling debt, and that made me feel like hitting him out of anger.

Of course, I couldn't do that or Mom would definitely cut ties with me for harming their precious son.

Unfortunately, me not hitting him didn't stop him from getting on my nerves. After taking a sip from his glass of milk, Steven shifted his gaze towards me and asked, "I heard you found yourself a rich boyfriend, Anna. Is that true? When are you going to introduce him to us? We can help you assess his character, you know?"

Steven was obviously referring to Michael, but I knew it wasn't Michael's character that he was interested in.

I shot him a glare and said coldly, "No, I don't have a rich boyfriend. Also, drop the act, will you? I know you're only interested in his money, not his character."

"Must you be so mean to me, Anna? What, I can't even care about my own sister's well-being now?"

Being the hot-tempered guy that he was, Steven got angry and raised his voice at me in response.

"I don't need your concern, Steven. If anything, you should worry about yourself! You're not a kid anymore, for goodness' sake! It's time you found yourself a proper job!" I snapped back at him with a frown.

There's no way he's actually concerned about me! We may be siblings, but he has gotten himself into so much trouble over the years that whatever patience I had left has been completely depleted.

Steven gave Mom an indignant look as he protested, "Do you see that, Mom? She's lecturing me every day when you and Dad haven't even said anything!"

I had been very polite with him earlier as all I wanted was for him to be a little more hardworking.

"Stevie is still young. Give him two more years, and I'm sure he'll turn out just fine! You should stop being such a nitpicker, Anna! Who hasn't made a couple of mistakes in life, right?"

Of course, Mom defended Steven as usual... She would never speak up for me, not even once. Whenever Steven and I got into arguments, I was the one she pinned the blame on. Seriously, does she not realize that Steven turned out like this precisely because she spoiled him too much?

"Mom, he's made way more than just a couple of mistakes! Can you stop defending him already?"

I shot Mom a disappointed look when I said that.

"Anna! What the hell is wrong with you? Steven hasn't done anything to provoke you, and yet you've been picking on him ever since you got home yesterday!"

As usual, she lashes out at me for criticizing Steven... Of course she does... I'm just an outsider to them... Why do my parents treat me so differently when we're both children of theirs? Is it simply because I'm a girl?

With that in mind, I kept my head low and continued eating my breakfast in silence.

"You can head on back to the city after breakfast if you hate your brother that much."

Dad, who had been silent the whole time, spoke up all of a sudden, but what he said only added insult to my injury.

“Yeah, I’ll do that,” I said with tears in my eyes.

Dad’s words hurt more than any beating or scolding I had ever received.

When I heard him kicking me out simply because I lectured Steven, I felt a strong urge to just stand up and question them if I was actually their daughter.

Despite how strong that urge was, I managed to fight it back and began packing my stuff as soon as I finished my food.

“Anna, I know it’s really tough working out there all by yourself to support the family, but... Steven is your brother, and he’s also the only one capable of continuing the family lineage...” Mom said apologetically when I was about to leave.

I would usually put up with it all after hearing those words from her as patriarchy was the norm in the village. However, I was too upset and disappointed in her at the time.

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I remained silent and did not feel like talking.

Without saying a word, I packed my stuff and left home.

While sitting on the bus and thinking about how my parents treated me, I was deeply upset. The way they treated Steven was worlds apart from the way I was treated. I’m not a saint and can’t tolerate such unfairness!

They are the people closest to me in the world and my everything, but they only care about Steven. Though I’m their daughter, there’s no place in their heart for me!

I was staring out at the scenery flashing past the window with a heavy heart. My eyes reddened, but I tried to keep the tears from falling as I comforted myself.

After so many years, I should’ve gotten used to it, shouldn’t I? So I shouldn’t be sad!

After a few hours of bumpy journey, I finally arrived at the bus terminal. I got off the bus and looked at the crowded terminal. Being alone in the crowd gave me a sense of loneliness.

I had been working in this city for so many years in order to provide my parents a better life. Yet, no matter how hard I worked to support my family, they still did not appreciate me.

Feeling depressed, I decided to walk home by myself instead of calling Michael.

Though Birchwood was far away from the bus terminal, I just wanted to be alone.

After a long walk with my suitcase, I couldn't feel my feet at all. Totally drained of energy, I was extremely worn out.

I stood by the roadside and wanted to hail a cab. Unfortunately, all the cabs were occupied, and I failed to get one despite waiting for so long.

I glanced at my watch and grew anxious as the time ticked by.

Suddenly, a Rolls-Royce approached and stopped in front of me, letting out honks.

I frowned, gazing curiously at the car before me. Who's this? And why is it blocking my way?

Seeing that the car stayed put, I decided to walk down the road with my suitcase as I waited for a cab. At that moment, someone lowered the car window and stuck his head out of the window. It was Michael.

"Anna?" He furrowed his defined brows slightly, and there was a hint of surprise in his eyes.

Immediately, my heart trembled upon hearing that familiar voice. When I saw his handsome face, my eyes widened in shock.

Why is Michael here? I didn't call to inform him that I had arrived, did I?

"M-Michael, why are you here?" I responded awkwardly after keeping quiet for a while.

"Why did you come back so early? Didn't I ask you to call me after you had arrived? You refused to listen, didn't you?"

Michael opened the car door and got out of his car while walking toward me. He looked solemn in his pure black suit.

When our eyes met, I was so flustered that I did not know how to reply to such a statement.

In fact, I did not forget about calling him; I refused to do so instead. Since I was in a grim mood, I just wanted to be alone.

"I came back earlier, but I was afraid that you were busy, so I didn't bother you!" I explained guiltily as my expression froze.

Upon that, Michael looked straight at me with his piercing eyes. For some reason, I had a feeling he could always see through my lies.

Following that, he responded coldly, "Is this your reason?"

I could hear the icy tone in his voice.

"Yeah..." Right away, I lowered my head and did not dare to look him in the eyes.

"Get in!" Michael frowned and glared at me.

Since he said so, I got into his car immediately as I thought he would be further angered if I refused him on the spot.

I had never seen him driving this car before. After getting into his car, I glanced around curiously. Wow, it's so spacious and comfortable in here! Just how many cars does he own?

Oh well, I'll never understand the rich. A car is just a means of transportation. Why in the world do they need so many of them? It's not like they can drive it all together at the same time!

While sitting in the car, both of us kept mum. The atmosphere grew tense with the awkward silence. I looked out the window, wondering if I should find a topic of conversation to ease the tense atmosphere.

However, I could not even say a word when I stared at his cold and impassive face. I always felt that we had nothing to talk about.

While I was struggling to find a topic, Michael broke the silence and asked, "Why did you come back earlier? Didn't you say you would come back at night?"

His voice was calm and emotionless.

"I didn't feel comfortable at home, so I came back earlier."

His question reminded me of the way my parents treated me. Once again, my heart sank.

"Why?" Michael turned to look at me with curiosity gleaming in his eyes. He seemed to notice that I was upset.

"Nothing! You wouldn't understand the woes of a commoner!" I turned toward him and met his concerned gaze.

My heart trembled slightly, and I turned away hurriedly, avoiding eye contact.

A man like him must have been pampered by his parents to the core since young, like the way my parents treat Steven. Even if I told him how I felt, he wouldn't understand, so I'd rather keep it to myself.

Much to my surprise, he was not angry, even though I did not tell him the reason. He did not say anything after casting a sideways glance in my direction with his brows furrowed.

"Michael..." After quite some time, I called his name and looked at him.

He responded calmly, "Yes?"

His voice was flat and emotionless.

"Please don't send money to my family anymore!"

There was a sudden load on my shoulders as I thought about the one hundred thousand debt. No, I don't want to owe him any money! I'll work hard to repay it all!

"Anna, are you going to dissociate yourself with me now?"

As soon as I uttered those words, Michael slammed on the brakes and glared at me.

Due to the sudden force, my body was thrown forward abruptly. If it weren't for the restraining seatbelt, my head would have hit the windshield.

"It's not like that. I just don't think you need to give them money. Besides, they've misunderstood our relationship, and I'm afraid that they will ask you for more next time."

I was unsure what would happen if my parents knew about Michael's status. Yet, one thing that I was sure, was that Steven would definitely find ways to get some money from Michael. Unbeknownst to them, Michael and I were merely friends with benefits and nothing more than that. Hence, there was no way that I would allow Steven to take advantage of him.

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After hearing my words, Michael's mouth curved into an ironic smile. He leaned toward me, staring at me. His eyes were dark with unfathomable emotion. "Did you think that I couldn't afford to take care of your family?"

I forced myself to look him in the eye and explained in all seriousness, "What I meant was, you don't need to give my family money. They have misunderstood our relationship, so if you keep giving them money, they will ask you for more next time."

Well, people are greedy for money, especially my lazy, good-for-nothing brother! I've been settling his problems all these years, and he's getting worse. If he knows he can easily get money from Michael, he will definitely ask for more next time.

After I finished my words, Michael frowned and fixed his penetrating gaze on me.

I stared at him, feeling nervous and having no idea what was going through his mind. Suddenly, a pleased smile flashed across his face. "Anna, are you helping me to save money? Well, other women would definitely wish I could give more money, but you surprised me!"

I had never heard of these scandals about him. However, from the way he casually treated me as a friend with benefits in the first place, I guessed he must have had many sexual partners before.

Is he trying to say that all his previous sexual partners asked him for a lot of money?

I was curious but did not dare to ask him. After all, Michael did not like me asking about his personal matters. Besides, I was not his girlfriend, nor did I have the right to ask.

"I just don't want others to know that we're friends with benefits. Didn't you forbid me from telling others about our relationship? If you keep giving my family money, they'll know about it sooner or later!"

Little did he know that I did not want him to give my family money because it was impossible for us to be together, and I was reluctant to reveal our shameful relationship. Besides, if he kept giving money, I would feel as though he was my sugar daddy!

"Even if your family knew about it, they live in the countryside and can't spread the word. So what?"

Initially, I thought Michael would understand after I explained it to him. Much to my surprise, he did not mind if my family knew about our relationship.

"Well, even if you're not worried, I'll still be worried. You should know we can't be together. Perhaps, you don't know our neighbors in the countryside love gossiping when they get together. What if my parents told them about our relationship? I'll be so embarrassed that I dare not go home!"

Knowing that Michael and I could not be together, I was so worried that my parents had told those neighbors I was dating a rich guy. By the time we end our relationship, how am I going to answer them if they ask me about him? If I tell them we broke up, my reputation will still be tarnished.

Though I was no longer chaste, pure, and clean, I cared about what others might think of me. I did not want them to backbite or gossip about me when I got home in the future.

After hearing my words, Michael remained silent and looked seriously at me.

I knew him well. That man would not simply change his mind just because of my few words. Well, what else can I do? He's so stubborn!

After a while, he responded, "Alright, I get it!"

Then, he started the car and drove off in silence.

Indeed, his words stunned me, and I could not react. I kept staring blankly at his profile and wondered if he had agreed to it.

With that, we did not talk anymore on the way back to Birchwood.

After we arrived home, I carried my suitcase to the bedroom. When I was about to rest, my phone rang.

It was Natalie, so I immediately answered the call. I did not contact her the whole day and was worried about her.

"Hey, Nat!"

"Anna, are you back?"

Her voice was dull and monotonous. Though she did not cry, I knew she was still sad.

I took a long time to calm myself down when Justin cheated on me last time. As for Natalie, it happened two days ago. Oh dear, she must be heartbroken!

"Yeah, I'm back!" After I replied to her, I asked with concern, "Nat, how're you? Are you alright?"

"Anna, could you accompany me tonight? I don't want to stay at home alone!"

When she spoke, small choking sobs escaped from her as she began to cry.

"Okay, wait for me! I'll come over now!"

Knowing that Natalie was sad and depressed, I could not bear to leave her alone, though I was tired and wanted to rest after the long journey. As soon as I ended the call, I rushed over to her place.

When I passed by the living room, Michael took a bottle of water from the fridge and drank it.

Seeing that I was about to go out, he furrowed his brows and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Natalie just called and asked me to accompany her. I'm going to her place now," I replied while putting on my shoes in the doorway.

"So you're not coming back tonight?" Michael sounded displeased.

"Natalie just broke up. She's my best friend, so I should accompany her!"

I did not answer his question directly, but I had indicated that I would stay overnight at Natalie's place and would not come back.

“What about me? I haven’t had dinner yet! If you’re not coming back, who shall I sleep with?”

Michael furrowed his beautiful brows and looked displeased.

Is he freakin’ serious right now? Does he always think of having sex when he is not working? It’s just one night, for crying out loud!

“Can you bear with me tonight? Natalie needs me!”

Initially, I wanted to roll my eyes at him. Instead, I talked to him nicely when I thought of his bad temper.

Natalie is my best friend! There is no way that I’ll leave her alone! I’ll definitely accompany her tonight! That’s what loyal friends are for!

Michael glared at me. Clearly, he was annoyed. If something crossed him, his expression would darken. Looking at his expression, I sighed inwardly. I really pity the woman who is going to marry him and bear with him! Just the thought alone is tiring enough!

He remained silent for quite a while. When I thought he would not let me go, he suddenly responded, “Anna, this will be the last time. You must stay here tomorrow night!”

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Upon hearing Michael’s words, joy suffused me. Never had I expected him to agree readily without making things difficult for me. Whoa! When did this drastic change of character happen?

“I got it!”

After saying that, I swung open the door and promptly left.

When I arrived at Natalie’s house, she was still crying inconsolably as before. Thus, I comforted her tirelessly, knowing that such pain took time to heal.

Having not seen her for two days, she appeared much more haggard with dark circles under her eyes. It didn’t take a genius to know that she had been losing sleep over the infidelity of that scumbag, John.

I coaxed her for a long time before she finally drifted off in my arms. Laying her down on the bed, I lay down beside her and dozed off as well.

Having been truly exhausted in the past two days, I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. Fortunately, I had already set my alarm for the next day, or I would definitely have overslept.

The moment my alarm rang in the morning, I quickly snagged my cell phone and turned it off, afraid that it would wake Natalie. She had finally managed to get some sleep, so I wanted to let her sleep for a while longer.

After washing up, I prepared a simple lunch for her in the kitchen before leaving a note to remind her to eat it. Then, I left.

When I arrived at the office, I bumped into Michael in the elevator. As we weren't the only ones in the elevator, he merely cast me a placid glance without speaking to me.

With his presence there, I felt that the elevator was going exceedingly slow. As soon as the elevator doors opened after what seemed an eternity, I strode out and swiftly left without a backward glance.

As I sat at my table, my emotions remained a chaotic mess for a long time. I never felt much pressure when I usually interacted with Michael, but it felt truly awkward to pretend that we were strangers at the office when we were as intimate as two people could be.

When it was nearing lunch break, I received a text from Michael, asking me to wait for him in the parking lot.

Puzzled, I glanced at the closed door of the president's office. What is he asking me to meet him? Don't tell me he can't even wait until night and is hoping for a nooner?

At the thought of his desperation, disdain inundated me. Nonetheless, I still went to the parking lot to wait for him during lunch break. Some colleagues invited me to have lunch with them, but I declined.

Most of them went to the company's cafeteria for lunch at noon, with very few going to the parking lot to retrieve their cars. For that reason, it was particularly still when I arrived at the parking lot with nary a person in sight.

The parking lot was huge, so I kept scanning the place for Michael's car. He loved parking his car in the corner every single time, making me tired of searching for it.

Out of the blue, a honk rang out in the parking lot. I looked in the direction of the sound, only to be greeted by the sight of his car. Hence, I hurried over with brisk steps.

Right after I had slipped into the car, Michael pounced on me. Reclining the passenger seat, he pinned me underneath him.

“Ahh! What are you doing, Michael?”

He moved so fast that he accomplished his series of actions in the blink of an eye. My heart lurched, for I didn't even know what was happening right then. I gaped at him.

“Why do you think I asked you out? Of course, I'm doing what I didn't get to do last night.”

With his chest plastered against me, Michael leaned close to my ear, his voice brimming with allure.

So, I guessed correctly, huh? I looked at him speechlessly. He's really desperate that he can't even wait until night!

“It's the middle of the day now, and we're at the office to boot. Aren't you afraid that someone would see us?”

He wanted to do the deed, but I wasn't at all interested since I was far from being in the mood. Besides, I had already decided to inform him of my decision tonight.

“It's now lunch break, so no one is going to come here. Anna, why are you worried when I'm not the least bit worried?”

Michael wore a nonchalant expression, not the slightest bit afraid that his employees might catch him red-handed.

At that, I stared at him dumbfoundedly. Truth be told, I wonder if sex is all he thinks nowadays. He basically has no rationale whatsoever at this point!

“Didn't we agree on tonight yesterday? We didn't say anything about having a nooner during the day.”

With my face a mask of reluctance, I placed my hands against his chest. Well, he has really thick skin, but the same can't be said of me. If someone suddenly appears and catches us going at it in the car, how am I going to show my face in the office anymore? Worse still, he's the CEO. How will my colleagues perceive me? Negative comments are sure to follow.

"I've now changed my mind. We can still do it at night even after doing it in the day. My body can take it."

The smile on his handsome countenance was as mesmerizing as ever, and the look in his eyes as he regarded me blazed with desire.

For a moment, I was at a loss for words.

Oh God, I'm really speechless at his shamelessness. How could there be such a brazen man in this world? He has the hide of an elephant!

"Michael, can you please rein yourself in? We're now at the office, and you're the CEO at that. Wouldn't you be utterly mortified if you were caught by an employee?"

I tried my best to dissuade Michael because I was truly not in the mood right then. I would truly be mortified if I were caught doing such a thing in the office's underground parking in the middle of the day.

"Are you being considerate of my reputation?"

Michael abruptly stilled and regarded me with an aggravated expression. His voice turned a few degrees colder.

Seeing that he had stopped, delight imbued me. Could it be that my words earlier worked, and he's planning to let me off the hook?

"Of course, I'm being considerate of your reputation," I hastily answered in the affirmative.

In truth, I went against my will as I said that.

"As if!" Michael snorted, not believing me at all. "Oh yes, I said I'll give you time to consider two days ago. By now, you must have made up your mind, no? So, what's your decision? Do you want to be my woman for half a year?"

Without taking things further, he suddenly changed the subject to our relationship.

Upon hearing his question, my expression stiffened slightly. When I had gathered my wits about me, I looked at him solemnly. "I've already made up my mind. No matter the benefits of staying by your side and being your woman, I still want to end my relationship with you. Right now, I only want a life of my own. Do you understand that?"

My tone was light and gentle, unlike back when I had a row with him. I knew that he was amenable to persuasion but not coercion, so I hoped that he would agree if I talked to him nicely this time.

After I said that, Michael said nothing. He merely pinned a cold look on me, his eyes blazing with fury. I could tell that he was likely on the verge of losing his temper once more.

Just when I thought that he was going to lambaste me, he straightened and sat back in the driver's seat.

"From now on, there's nothing between the two of us. Get out of my car!"