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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 146 - 150

"Anna, I think we..."

Yuval was about to say something further, but he was interrupted by a woman's voice coming from behind us, "Hey, Anna! Long time no see!"

That voice... It's Mabel! I haven't seen her nor Justin in a very long time. Who would've thought I'd bump into her here today...

I frowned as I turned to look at Mabel who had her arms wrapped around Justin's, looking like she was the happiest woman in the world.

A few months ago, seeing them acting all intimate like this would've made me incredibly furious and upset. However, all I felt toward them at that moment was pure disgust.

Since nothing good ever happened with her around, I decided to look away and ignore her.

"What, aren't you going to greet your old friend?" Mabel asked provocatively as she made her way in front of me, clinging tightly to Justin's arm the whole time.

"I don't think we're friends anymore, so there is no need for greetings."

Mabel was probably the only woman in the world that I would treat so coldly. In fact, I no longer hated her, but I could never forgive her for what she did to me. Judging by the looks of her, it didn't seem like she needed my forgiveness at all.

"Who is he, Anna?" Justin, who had been silent up until then, tried to change the topic when he saw Mabel taunting me.

Not wanting to entertain a scumbag like him, I simply shot him a glance and kept quiet, much to his chagrin.

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The look on his face grew tense as things became awkward.

“My name is Yuval Lambert. I’m Anna’s boyfriend.”

Yuval took the initiative to introduce himself when he saw me remain silent, but I didn’t like how he called himself my boyfriend when I had come to break up with him.

Justin’s expression changed the moment he heard what Yuval said.

Mabel snorted in disdain and said, “Boyfriend? Heh... You sure are fast when it comes to changing boyfriends, Anna! I can’t believe you’ve found yourself a new one in just a couple of days!”

I knew she was trying to make Yuval think of me as a wh*re who keeps getting herself new boyfriends, but I didn’t really care.

“The amount of boyfriends I have is none of your concern. I suggest you mind your own business,” I said while glaring coldly at her.

“What, are you afraid of me exposing your past in front of your boyfriend? By the way, where’s Michael? Didn’t you say Michael was your boyfriend the other day? Why are you with another guy now? Did you get dumped or something?”

Mabel flashed me a contemptuous smile as she deliberately brought up Michael in front of Yuval.

Although I knew exactly what she was trying to do, I couldn’t help but feel angry at her nonetheless. What on earth have I ever done to her? She’s already dating Justin just like she wanted, so why is she still trying to pick a fight with me now?

“Who I date has nothing to do with you!”

Mabel walked up to Yuval and placed a hand on his shoulder as she said, “Hey, mister! My boyfriend used to date your girlfriend, and guess what? She’s surprisingly fast at getting into new relationships! I mean, you’re the third guy she’s dating!”

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She kept her eyes fixated on me the whole time, and they were filled with hatred.

With a frown on his face, Yuval brushed her hand off and said coldly, "That's between Anna and me. Now, if you'll excuse us, we're in the middle of a discussion here."

Despite his gentle nature, Yuval's expression was as cold as ice when he saw what Mabel was trying to do.

"You two carry on, then. We'll be on our way now," Justin said while casting Yuval a hostile glare.

He didn't make it too obvious because we were in public, and I probably wouldn't have noticed it if I hadn't known him for so many years.

"Hey, let go of me! I'm not done talking here, Justin! Are you feeling sorry for her, huh? Do you still have feelings for her or something?" Mabel shouted in dissatisfaction as Justin dragged her away by the arm.

I could clearly hear what Mabel said even though the two of them had gotten far away from us, and I knew Yuval must've heard it too.

I wasn't exactly in a great mood to begin with, and that little scene Mabel caused worsened it even further.

"Yuval, I've told you everything I have to say to you, so let's just be friends from now on," I said in all seriousness while staring him in the eye.

Yuval looked at me anxiously and was about to say something in response, but I cut him off before he had the chance to.

"I know what I said might've hurt you, but we won't be happy together if we don't have any feelings for each other. I'm sorry, I'll be on my way now."

"Anna..."

I then stood up and left, ignoring what he said behind me.

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Stepping out of the café, I felt as if a huge weight had been lifted off my chest. I had always felt this inexplicable pressure whenever I was with Yuval, and getting everything out in the open brought a huge relief.

I soon arrived at a shopping mall and was browsing the women's section in hopes of getting myself some new clothes. The last time I went shopping for clothes was ages ago, and I had been under a lot of stress lately, so I could really do with a shopping spree.

I picked out a light beige dress in a boutique and was surprised at how well it fitted me after trying it on.

All women want to be beautiful, and I was no exception. I liked the dress for both its design and material, but the hefty price of over two thousand made me hesitate instantly.

After getting changed, I placed the dress back on the rack and stared at it longingly. I really liked it, but I couldn't bring myself to buy something that expensive.

The clothes I owned cost around two to three hundred each, with the exception of the dress Michael gave me the other day.

"What do you think of this dress, miss? I think it suits you very well and brings out your elegance perfectly."

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The salesperson spoke with a smile as she walked up to me with the dress in hand.

"It is a very pretty dress, but it's a little too pricey for me."

"You get what you pay for, miss. You wouldn't be able to get something of such quality and design for a few hundred, would you? Besides, this dress suits you very well, and I'm sure your boyfriend will love it."

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The salesperson was very good with her words and had managed to persuade me successfully. Michael was the first person that came to mind when I heard her mention the word “boyfriend,” even though we weren’t actually a couple.

“All right, then. I’ll have this dress.”

I decided to buy the dress in the end, but I paid for it with my card even though Michael had given me a lot of money.

Michael wasn’t home yet when I returned to Birchwood, so I took a shower and changed into the newly bought dress.

I felt a little nervous, but I was also looking forward to see if he would notice anything different about me.

Having made dinner, I sat down by the dinner table and waited for Michael to come home. I waited for hours until all the food had gone cold, but he had yet to return, and I received no text nor call from him whatsoever.

I grabbed my phone and thought about calling him instead. However, when I recalled what he said about our relationship, I decided against it.

He’ll probably get the wrong idea if I call him to ask where he is...

Time continued to tick away, and my eyelids grew increasingly heavier as I waited for Michael on the couch.

I fell asleep on the couch at some point and woke up to the sound of the front door being opened much later.

I opened my eyes and looked toward the door, only to see Michael staggering into the house reeking of alcohol.

I could tell he had a lot to drink as he practically rested his entire body weight on me when I helped him to the bedroom.

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While we were walking, I caught a faint whiff of perfume on him and began freaking out a little.

Michael doesn't use any perfume, and this one smells like it's for women! No, I shouldn't let my imagination run too wild here... Michael may often be surrounded by women, but he never show any interest in them and always keeps his distance.

The scent of alcohol on him was so strong that I couldn't help but frown and asked worriedly, "Why did you have so much to drink today?"

Having known him for such a long time, this was the first time I had seen him so drunk.

"It was a social event," Michael mumbled in his drunken stupor before pulling me hard on the arm.

I fell on top of him, and my heart raced as I gazed deep into his eyes.

After taking a moment to regain my composure, I quickly climbed off him and said, "You're too drunk, Michael. Take off your shirt and get some rest."

Before I could even stand up straight, Michael grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me into his arms once again.

He then gave me a deep and passionate kiss while holding the back of my head, his lips feeling a little warm from the intoxication.

It didn't take long before he began removing my dress, and I quickly stopped him as he would probably tear it with how rough he was.

"I'll take it off myself."

Michael probably wasn't expecting me to say that and simply stared at me with a faint smile on his face.

I could tell he was really tired, but he pinned me down and got on top of me before I could say anything about it.

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Right as I thought Michael was going to ravage me, he stopped moving and simply lay on top of me in complete silence.

“Michael? Michael?” I called out to him when I noticed him breathing steadily.

I pushed him off when I heard no response from him, only to realize he had already fallen asleep.

That came as a surprise to me as Michael had always been quite the monster in bed, so I didn't think he would fall asleep moments before having sex.

Even the great Michael Shaw gets tired, huh?

After changing into my nightgown, I was helping Michael get his shirt off when I noticed a faint lipstick stain on the collar.

I didn't wear any lipstick today, so this is definitely from another woman! I know that Michael and I are simply f*ck buddies and that I have no right to stop him from being with other women, but... for some reason, this makes me feel really uncomfortable... Heh, how silly of me to think that I'm the only woman he sleeps with! I really have to stop overestimating myself. We're just f*ck buddies in the end, so I mustn't fall for him!

I broke into a wry smile at the thought of that and quickly tossed his shirt into the bathroom to get that lipstick stain out of my sight.

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I lay down next to Michael after wiping his body down, but I couldn't seem to fall asleep as a bunch of thoughts kept running through my mind. Why does he keep me around if he's sleeping with other women? Does he enjoy having multiple f*ck buddies or something?

The thoughts refused to leave my head no matter how much I tossed and turned in bed. At some point, I even felt the urge to wake him up and question him about what he did

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and who he was with earlier that night. However, I held myself back as I knew it wasn't my place to do so.

I got out of bed very early the next morning as I could barely sleep at all due to the perfume and lipstick.

I knew I couldn't possibly be the only woman Michael has slept with, but what I didn't know was when my feelings toward him began to change.

Having taken a shower after sobering up, Michael emerged from the bedroom dressed in a robe and was just in time for breakfast.

"I had a bit too much to drink last night," he said coldly as he sat down at the table.

"Yeah," I mumbled coolly in response and carried on eating without saying another word.

I had wanted to ask him all about last night, but I held myself back as I knew it wasn't my place to do so.

Michael looked up at me and frowned, seemingly displeased with my response.

"That's it?"

"What else am I supposed to say?" I asked coldly as I stared back at him.

I've made up my mind last night... I'm going to keep my distance from Michael so I won't end up falling in love with him! We are merely f*ck buddies, and our relationship will be limited to what we do in bed.

"I'll drive you to the office later."

Michael changed the topic after shooting me an unhappy glance.

"No need. I'll take the subway."

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Keeping my distance is a must to stop myself from catching feelings for him. While I can't do much about it during our time in bed, I should at least avoid being around him as much as possible during the day.

Michael frowned angrily when he noticed my dissatisfaction toward him. "What's with that attitude of yours, Anna?"

"Do let me know in advance if you've found yourself another woman, Mr. Shaw," I said ambiguously before making my way toward the bedroom.

After changing into formal attire, I left the house in a hurry as I didn't want to spend another second around Michael.

The frown on his face deepened, and there was a look of anger in his eyes as he watched me leave.

Although I was the first to leave the house, taking the subway was a lot slower than driving. As such, Michael had already arrived at the office before I did. He was making his way back to his office when he saw me come in, but all he did was shoot me a cold glance in response.

I thought he would try to make things difficult for me at work, but he never once set foot into my office the entire morning. It came as quite a surprise for me, albeit a rather pleasant one.

After lunch, I was the first to return to work. Michael came out of his office and looked straight at me as he said, "I want you to join me in the conference room later to discuss business with Benyx Corporation, so get the documents ready."

His tone was completely formal and void of emotion.

"Me? I don't think that's very appropriate..."

I stared at Michael in confusion as there was no one else around me at the time.

"This is work, so how is it inappropriate?"

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Although I hadn't been direct about it, Michael could tell that I was refusing his request and got angry immediately.

"Got it, I'll start preparing for it right away."

I couldn't tell if he was being mad at me on purpose for what happened during breakfast earlier, but I decided to do as told anyway.

After all, he was the CEO, and getting on his bad side would only result in me losing my job.

Michael returned to his office when he saw me begin the preparations, and I shot him a fierce glare while cursing at him in my head.

All of my colleagues in the department stared at me in envy when I went into the conference room with Michael later that afternoon.

The look in their eyes showed how much they wanted to be in my position, and I realized I was the only person who actually wanted to stay away from Michael.

The two of us entered the elevator, and he pinned me against the wall the moment the doors closed.

He seemed extremely displeased as he stared me down and asked, "What the hell is wrong with you today?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Shaw? I think I'm perfectly normal today."

Of course, I knew exactly what he meant and was simply playing dumb to keep my distance.

"You've been awfully cold to me since morning, and you call that normal?"

Michael narrowed his eyes which were filled with anger and frustration.

"You're probably just overthinking it. This is how I usually am."

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I felt my heart race and tried to avoid his penetrating gaze in my state of panic.

“Stop testing my patience, Anna!”

Michael inched closer toward me and placed both arms on the wall beside me, trapping me in his embrace.

I pushed hard against his chest to keep him from getting any closer as I blurted nervously, “We’re in an elevator, Michael! People might see us!”

“I don’t need you to remind me of our relationship!”

My protests only seemed to anger him even further, and I panicked in the face of his domineering aura.

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While I was panicking and at a loss for words, a ding sounded, followed by the opening of the elevator doors. Taking advantage of Michael’s inattention, I swiftly pushed him away.

Michael glowered at me in chagrin when he had gathered his wits about him, his gaze brimming with frustration. Nonetheless, he hadn’t the time to teach me a lesson right then since the representative from Benyx Corporation was already waiting in the conference room.

As he strode past me, he shot me a glare before entering the conference room ahead of me. Following behind him, I walked in as well.

The representative was a young and beautiful woman who was dressed fashionably. The moment she caught sight of Michael, her gaze remained riveted on him.

“You’re finally here, Mr. Shaw! I’ve been waiting for ages.”

At once, the woman walked up to Michael and extended a hand to him.

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Arching a brow slightly, Michael shook her hand before taking his seat at the head of the table.

“You’re indeed young and beautiful, Ms. Linwood.” After complimenting her with a faint smile on his face, Michael took the contract from me and pushed it over to her.

“Here’s the contract. Let’s sign it right away if there aren’t any problems.”

Jane Linwood flipped open the contract. After roughly scanning through it, she looked back at Michael. “The contents of the contract are fine, but isn’t the price rather exorbitant? It’s just a small-scale advertisement, yet it costs this much?”

It was more than apparent that she wasn’t quite satisfied with the price proposed by our company.

“If it’s not to your satisfaction, you can collaborate with other companies. After all, my advertising company has endless projects with far higher prices than this.”

Michael stared at her impassionately, his voice firm without any room for negotiation.

Anyhow, he had the privilege of being arrogant. After all, Joyful Success Advertisements was merely one of his many companies across the various industries, yet it was already the biggest advertising company in Avenport.

Realizing that he wasn’t going to budge, Jane’s smile stiffened for a moment. Her gaze remained fixated on Michael’s face with an unfathomable emotion flashing in them.

“Alright, then. I’ll sign it.”

In the end, Jane relented. Taking out a pen, she promptly signed the contract. Subsequently, Michael signed it as well.

Handing the signed contract to me, Michael then extended his hand to Jane. “Looking forward to working with you.”

“Likewise.” Jane hastily shook his hand while gazing at him with stars in her eyes.

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As a woman, I could sense that she was interested in Michael. Well, well... She must have taken a fancy to him!

Sure enough, her subsequent action proved me right. "I wonder if you're free tonight, Mr. Shaw. How about having dinner together to celebrate our collaboration?"

Most men wouldn't decline when a woman took the initiative to invite him out for a meal. The case was especially true if the woman was a beauty. Jane wore a confident smile on her face, probably certain that Michael wouldn't rebuff her. However, Michael wasn't the kind of man who played by the rules. He declined without an ounce of hesitation.

"I'm sorry, but I'm otherwise engaged tonight. I believe that you must have a lot of work pending, so I won't keep you any longer, Ms. Linwood."

Michael's remark was an obvious dismissal. In the beginning, I was worried that he would agree to have dinner with her, but my heart finally settled back into my chest after hearing his demurral.

Having been rejected, embarrassment swamped Jane, and her smile turned awkward.

"Okay, then. We'll have dinner next time since you're not free tonight, Mr. Shaw."

After saying that, Jane flashed him a smile and left.

While his demurral of her dinner invitation had nothing to do with me, my mood inexplicably took a turn for the better. Hmm... It seems that he's not the kind of man who'll accept any woman who comes on to him.

At that thought, a snicker escaped me. Hearing that, Michael abruptly pivoted and stared at me. "What are you laughing about?"

He glared at me irately, his expression as cold as ice.

"Oh, I'm just happy for you that you're so popular among the ladies, Mr. Shaw."

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Flustered at his oppressive gaze, I quickly made up an excuse. Nevertheless, he could likely discern the mockery in my voice.

“You’re happy for me? I never knew that you’d ever be happy on my behalf, Anna.”

Michael stalked toward me with his long and tapered eyes narrowed a fraction, the look in his eyes inquisitive.

Every time I was confronted with his compelling gaze, I felt trapped. It was as though all my emotions were laid bare before him under his piercing eyes.

“Mr. Shaw, I just remembered that I have a few documents to handle this afternoon, so please excuse me.”

Not daring to tarry any longer with his penetrating gaze pinned on me, I swiftly moved around him and left after blurting that.

When I returned to the office, many envious gazes swung my way. Some were even jealous of me since Michael usually couldn’t be bothered to spare them a single glance. As such, the opportunity to interact with him closely was out of the realm of possibility.

“How was it when you were with Mr. Shaw alone in the office earlier? Were there any sparks between the two of you?”

Millie leaned close to me and looked at me with a nosy look on her face, her eyes dancing with glee.

Upon hearing that, I gaped at her speechlessly with disgruntlement in my eyes. “Don’t you know that he’s celibate? How could there possibly have been sparks between us?”

Despite my feigned calmness, I was actually panicking inwardly. Probably no one will ever guess my relationship with Michael, right?

“That’s true. I’ve never seen him with any woman. Logically speaking, there should be many women circling someone so handsome and rich like him. So why haven’t we ever

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seen him with any woman? Could it be that he can't get it up?" Millie whispered into my ear.

As I was drinking water, the water spurted from my mouth when I heard her speculation.

What? She actually thinks that he can't get it up? That's simply preposterous! He's such a beast in bed that no average woman can stand the torment. I wonder if he'll be infuriated if he learns that someone assumes that of him. After all, all men will be humiliated to be regarded as such, much less an egotistical man like him.

"That's impossible! He's definitely not the kind of person who can't get it up," I countered in his defense without even thinking about it.

For some reason, I didn't want others to have the impression that he had problems in the bedroom.

"How do you know that? Don't tell me you've slept with him?"

As soon as my words fell, Millie regarded me skeptically with suspicion in her eyes.

"I... I simply deduced it. I mean, just look at him. He doesn't seem like a man that has any problems getting it up," I hurriedly explained, panic assailing me upon hearing her question.

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"Bah! How can you be certain that he can get it up when you've never slept with him? Although he appears manly, it's difficult to say when it comes to such a thing."

Even after I had insisted otherwise, Millie didn't pay it the slightest mind. At that moment, she truly felt that Michael couldn't get it up.

Heaving a sigh, I zipped my mouth shut, knowing that she would definitely suspect something if I were to continue defending Michael. I didn't want her to know about my relationship with him.

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After working the entire day, I went to the supermarket to buy some fresh vegetables when I got off work. Then, I went back to Birchwood and started preparing dinner.

While I was cooking, Natalie phoned and asked where I had been in the past two nights. She asked whether I had stayed overnight at the hospital, and I answered her truthfully, telling her that I had been at Michael's place.

Shocked, she kept quizzing me about my relationship with Michael. Nonetheless, I merely gave her a perfunctory reply and promised to explain things to her the next day.

By the time I was done preparing dinner, Michael had already returned. As he gazed at the dishes I cooked, satisfaction manifested on his handsome countenance.

"Since you're home, wash your hands and eat," I urged mildly, staring at the man who had taken a seat on the couch.

After washing his hands, Michael sat down across from me and started eating elegantly. Meanwhile, I kept my gaze on his alluring face. When I abruptly recalled Millie's speculation earlier, a bark of laughter escaped me.

At my gaffe, Michael lifted his head and stared at me with a deep frown marring his face. "Why are you laughing, Anna?"

Ever since we arrived at the office that morning, I had been angering him time and again. Irked with me in the first place, his expression darkened further upon seeing me laughing at him.

"It's nothing. I just thought of something funny," I answered placidly.

Stifling my laughter, I kept my eyes trained on his as I tried my best to feign indifference.

"What was it that amused you so greatly?" Michael questioned intriguingly as he stared at me, no longer eating.

Ironically, his current expression made it seem all the more hilarious to me.

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“I heard a female employee talking about you in the office today.”

I stopped at that and fastened my eyes on him to discern his reaction.

“So, what was it about?”

It was as though Michael could guess what I was going to say next, for the interest on his face suddenly vanished. He had probably heard female employees talking about him a lot, commending him on his striking countenance, wealth, and how he was an eligible bachelor whom they all wanted to bed.

However, those weren't what I wanted to tell him. “There's currently a female employee in the office who thinks that you can't get it up.”

I feigned a calm expression as I spoke. After saying that, I buried my head in the food, saying nothing as I awaited his wrath.

Sure enough, his expression instantly turned grim on the heels of my words. The look in his eyes as he stared at me blazed with fury.

“So, you think that my skills in bed aren't satisfactory, Anna?” he hissed through gritted teeth, his face as dark as charcoal.

No man could accept a woman thinking that their performance in bed was below par, and Michael was no exception. His gaze radiated intense rage.

“I didn't say that! I merely heard that from someone else!” I hastily clarified upon noticing that he had shifted his attention to me.

Good Lord! His skills in bed are top-notch, so I'd never think that he can't get it up. That'd be absurd!

“Then, what do you think? Do you think I can get it up?”

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Despite having pushed the blame onto someone else, it didn't seem to work as Michael continued to badger me. There was a strong sense of oppression in his eyes as they bored into me.

"I..."

Helplessness inundated me. If I'd known that he'd blame me, I wouldn't have mentioned it to him! I merely wanted to see his reaction. I never expected it to backfire. Damn it, how unlucky!

"Since you think I can't get it up either, I'll show you my prowess tonight!"

His voice was threaded with distinct anger. Gah! I'm really in hot water now! Why on earth did I open my big mouth and tell him about that?

"That's not what I meant. Truly, I didn't mean that..." I frantically explained.

His skills in bed are already agonizing usually, so how am I going to sleep tonight and work tomorrow if he were to unleash his prowess tonight?

"It's too late for explanations now!"

Snorting, Michael abandoned his unfinished dinner and got to his feet, storming toward the bathroom. Soon after, the sound of running water drifted from the bathroom. Oh God, don't tell me he's already getting ready to torment me?

As that thought occurred to me, I ate at a snail's pace in hopes that I could drag things out. In fact, I was resolved to wait him out in order to escape the torment that awaited me.

After eating and clearing the dining table, I watched television in the living room. When it was about ten o'clock at night, I started growing drowsy.

Hmm... I wonder if he's asleep... It seems to have been a long time since I last heard any sound from the bedroom. Could it be that he has drifted off?

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Sheer delight flooded me at that thought. If he has truly dozed off, I'll be spared from his ravishment tonight!

I crept into the bedroom stealthily. Since I didn't turn on the lights, I couldn't really see clearly. All I could see was Michael lying motionlessly on the bed.

His silent demeanor had me all the more certain that he was asleep. Straightening, I warily tiptoed over to him.

Initially, I was planning on moving around him and cautiously lying down on the other side of the bed. Alas, things didn't transpire as I wished. Just when I was about to brush past him, I abruptly sensed someone gripped my arm. In the next second, I was sprawled over Michael.

"Why, did you finally cave?"

Michael's lips curved into a smirk, not at all looking as though he had been sleeping earlier.

Oh my God, he wasn't asleep at all! He was aware of my plan, thus deliberately waited for me to fall into his trap by feigning sleep! How absolutely cunning of him!

"Uh... You must be tired after working for the entire day, so why don't you rest earlier? After all, we still have to go to work tomorrow," I suggested softly on a sigh, as though looking out for him.

"I feel all worked up right now, so I'm afraid that I really can't sleep without expending some energy. Luckily, I've got you by my side since some horizontal exercise is essential," Michael countered, disregarding my comment entirely.

At that moment, he had already started unbuttoning my clothes.

Knowing that I wouldn't be able to escape his clutches that night, I couldn't help mourning inwardly.

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But then again, I had no one to blame but myself. Ugh! Of all things, why did I have to say that he can't get it up? Wasn't I just inviting trouble for myself?

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