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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 51 - 55

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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No matter how much he threw his weight around as the department head; when it came to facing Michael, he could only behave subserviently. Right then, our impression of him was the least of his concerns. After all, if the company lawyers were going to get involved, one could only imagine the severity of the situation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You want to see me?"

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

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

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

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

Before I could answer, the line went dead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Recalling what happened, my heart warmed with gratitude.

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

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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 52

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You asked me out because of this?"

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

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

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

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

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“What actions?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you want to try another place today?”

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

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

"I'm fine with anywhere."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you... have many women around you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 53

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Is he trying to explain himself?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My expression froze and I was lost for words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Natalie was a smart girl and could definitely tell something was fishy if I moved out of our apartment. I did not want her to know about the deal I had with Michael. It was a shameful relationship, and I was worried she would despise me if she knew about it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 55

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Did you enjoy it?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

“I’ll go get showered. You have a rest.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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