Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 181 - 190

I knew that Michael was making things difficult for me on purpose. As such, I continued hanging my head low and did not reply.

"Since you don't want it, I'll just throw it away."

Noticing my silence, Michael frowned and rolled down the car window.

Just when he was about to throw the necklace out of the window, I yelled, "Wait!"

Given his character, I knew that he meant his words. But how could he throw away something so valuable?

Michael halted his actions and tossed the necklace to me instead.

"From now onward, you are not allowed to reject any presents from me."

Michael did not look at me when he said that.

I bet he was the only person in the world who would force another person to accept his gifts without considering their feelings. What an egomaniac!

"Thank you."

I was actually grateful that the man had remembered to bring me a gift. However, I felt a tad guilty for accepting it.

Michael slammed the breaks at the next red light and turned to face me.

He took out the diamond necklace and put it around my neck.

It was such an intimate action that sent my heart racing and gave me a blissful feeling.

"Not bad. It suits you."

Michael had a look of satisfaction as he admired the necklace on my neck. I couldn't help but notice how attractive he was when he smiled.

That reminded me of our intimate moment earlier on and my heart skipped a beat. I knew I had fallen for him. But, how long could we last?

Michael did not notice anything amiss about me and started the engine again. However, deep down I was feeling uneasy. I realized that I was falling deeper for Michael and was worried that I would not be able to control my feelings.

As usual, Michael drove to the underground parking and I got out of the car when no one else was around.

I did not like the feeling of having to sneak around every time. However, I understood Michael's thoughts and knew that it was not possible for the both of us to be an official couple. I was aware that he was doing that to protect my reputation but that did not stop me from feeling uncomfortable.

Even though work kept me busy the entire morning, I could not help but look towards the office intermittently as I thought about the scene in the car earlier on. The moment Michael put on the necklace for me, I felt a sense of bliss that I had never experienced before.

"Anna, your necklace is so gorgeous. I remember seeing it in a fashion magazine. It's newly launched and costs a few hundred thousand," Millie said excitedly as she approached me.

"Really? I didn't know that."

My heart did a double somersault when I heard what Millie said. However, I responded with a faint smile.

I did not expect the necklace to cost a few hundred thousand! Wasn't that too much money for a random gift? How could I ever accept it!

"Anna, is it a gift from your boyfriend? Your boyfriend is so generous to give you such an expensive present."

Millie's envious gaze was fixated on my necklace.

I knew that Millie was referring to Yuval but, I merely smiled without replying. Even though we had already broken up, I did not feel like publicizing my relationship status.

Yuval was decent enough to not bother me after we broke up. He had simply disappeared from my life.

I could tell that Millie really liked my necklace from the way she stared at it and I shook my head helplessly. It seemed like she was really into luxury goods.

Just when I was about to speak, my phone rang. I frowned, seeing that it was an unknown number.

"Hello," I said as I answered the call.

"Hi, Ms. Garcia. I'm Emma. Do you remember me?" Emma's impassive voice sounded over the phone.

My heart skipped a beat when I heard the name "Emma." After shooting a glance at Millie, I stood up and walked away to speak to Emma.

The woman must have gotten my number from Michael. An uncomfortable feeling arose in my heart as I recalled that it was Emma who picked up the phone the last time I called Michael.

"Hello, Ms. Jones. What can I help you with?" I asked Anna calmly after walking to the lounge and closing the door.

"Ms. Garcia, I said that I would find you for a chat when you called Michael a few days ago. I'm sure you didn't forget that, did you?"

Even though Emma sounded quite casual, my instinct told me that it couldn't be something good that she called and that I should not meet her.

"Sorry, I'm currently at work. Besides, I don't think we have anything to say to each other since we are not that well acquainted anyway," I replied in an indifferent tone and rejected the woman directly, intending to hang up after that.

My mood was actually rather good that day. However, Emma's call ruined it.

"Ms. Garcia, could it be that you dare not meet me?" Emma replied in a much colder tone.

Looks like she doesn't not intend to give up.

"Ms. Jones, you're overthinking. Why would I not dare to meet you? I just thought that there's no need for that since you and I are not even friends."

It was clear that Emma was trying to stir up trouble. I would never go easy on anyone who bothered me, regardless of who the other party was. So what if she was Michael's girlfriend? She was the one who started it first.

"Well, I think we definitely need to meet. We should have a talk about Michael. I'll send you the address and I hope you'll show up," Anna said coldly and ended the call, without giving me a chance to reply.

I felt a flicker of irritation when she hung up on me. But, at the same time, anxiety rose within me. After all, she was Michael's girlfriend.

I took a while to regain my composure before walking out of the lounge.

After receiving Emma's call, I did not feel like working anymore. I could guess the reason for her call. That was also why I was feeling uneasy.

I looked towards Michael's office and could not help but wonder how he would feel if he knew about it.

Shortly after, I received a text on my phone. The address was at a café near the office.

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I put my phone aside, hoping I could stop thinking about what Emma said, but I was wrong.

I found myself going over to meet her when lunchtime came. I knew nothing constructive would come out of our talk, but I refused to run away from the issue. Besides, I did not believe she would let me off the hook just like that if I did not show up. So, I decided to just meet up with her.

I spotted Emma drinking a cup of coffee at a table beside the window right after I came through the café's door.

She gave off a charm of elegance from the way she dressed and carried herself. She was inarguably a beautiful woman.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down before walking toward her and sitting down.

"What would you like to have?"

Emma spoke before I could greet her.

"I'm good. I don't have much time, Ms. Jones, so let's cut to the chase."

I had no intention of talking to her over a cup of coffee—I was not in the mood. After all, she was Michael's official girlfriend.

"I see you're a forthright person. All right then, let's get straight to the point."

She was taken aback by my candidness, but she quickly composed herself and smiled.

"Ms. Garcia, I know that your relationship with Michael is somewhat extraordinary. But, I think you know I'm his girlfriend, right?"

Of course, I knew she was his girlfriend, but still, hearing those words from her made me feel uncomfortable.

I listened to her without any expression as if she was talking about someone totally unrelated to me. "I don't see why you need to tell me that, Ms. Jones."

I fixed my apathetic gaze on her.

"You don't need me to call you out on what both of you are doing, don't you, Ms. Garcia? You guys might be keeping it a secret, but I know what I know."

Emma looked at me in the eyes without the slightest hint of perturbance. To be honest, it was unnerving.

Michael and I had already tried everything we could to keep it under our hats. We pretended as if we did not know each other. However, Emma could still tell with just one look.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Ms. Jones. Mr. Shaw is just an employer to me."

I tried to sound as natural as I could without taking my eyes off her.

Michael and I had made a deal to keep our relationship hidden from everyone. Even if Emma guessed it correctly, I would not admit to it.

"Is it just me overthinking, or you not wanting to admit it?"

The smile on her face faded away when she found out I was inexorable. Her gaze hardened as I felt her breaths of enmity engulfing me.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Jones. If this is why you asked me out, then I don't see the point of me staying any longer. I still have work to attend to. See you around."

I stood up and got ready to leave.

"Ms. Garcia."

Emma shot up on her feet and glared at me.

A frown broke out on my face as I turned toward her again. Yes, I had a guilty conscience, but I was also angry.

"Is there anything else, Ms. Jones?"

I tried to sound polite since I did not wish to get into a fight with her.

"You'd better stay away from Michael if you don't want anything to happen to you. He's my boyfriend. I will not let any woman go near him."

Emma made no effort to conceal the hatred she felt toward me.

"Say this to Michael, not me."

I stared at her for a moment and then turned to leave.

It was clear as day that she asked me out just to warn me to stay away from Michael.

I knew I had to cut things off between Michael and me, but he was the one who refused to let me go, so there was nothing I could do.

If Emma could just talk to Michael and ask him to leave me, then I would not be caught in an unpleasant situation like this.

My heart was in a mess on the way back to the company. Although I looked composed back there, I knew I was on the losing end from the very beginning. There was no future for Michael and me.

Just as I was occupied with thoughts, a loud honk blasted from behind. I frowned and moved aside impatiently, but the honking did not stop.

I whipped my head furiously, getting ready to lambast the driver, but I held my tongue the moment I saw the familiar Ferrari.

Ronan got off the car and walked toward me.

A playful smile spread on his lips as he came closer. "What a coincidence, Anna."

Ronan looked surprised and delighted to bump into me on the street, but I was not in my best mood.

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm meeting Michael for golf," Ronan said with a smile on his face.

That explains the casual outfit. I had to say people of his class led very different lives from ordinary folks like me.

"I see. Off you go then. I need to get back to work."

I did not feel like talking to Ronan after what happened.

"Where's your company? I'll send you over."

It was really kind of Ronan to offer to send me back to work. He had always been this helpful. Back then, he would always insist on sending me home.

"It's fine, I can go back on my own. I just had lunch, so it'll be good for me to walk a bit."

I turned him down without hesitation. My colleagues would start making assumptions if they saw me in a luxury car.

After the brush I had with Tiffany, everyone at the company kept their distance from me. Although it was not my fault, they clearly ostracized me and talked bad behind my back. I did not want to further aggravate my predicament.

"Are you sure?" Ronan asked again.

I could see the disappointment on his face when I rejected his offer.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. You should get going too. Don't keep Michael waiting."

I turned him down with a resolute but polite smile.

Ronan knew I could be very uncompromising, so he just waved me goodbye and got back into his car.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 183

I ran into Michael when I got back to the company.

I saw him when I was about to go into the elevator, but I did not talk to him since he said we should keep a distance when we were in public.

I originally wanted to wait for him to step outside before I entered, but to my surprise, he tugged me into the elevator and closed the door behind us.

"Aren't you heading out?"

I was confused.

His silence elicited a frown on my brows, but before I could say anything, he pulled me into his arms and dipped his head, giving me a kiss.

My eyes widened in shock at his sudden gesture and my mind went blank. His kiss was gentle. I almost felt like he was kissing someone he genuinely loved.

Michael pushed me against the wall and continued kissing me.

My heart raced in excitement and fear. I was worried the door might open and people might catch us in the act, but kissing him in the elevator also gave me an inexplicable thrill.

Just as I was hoping for more, Michael pulled away from me. He looked much more collected now.

I was suddenly at a loss for words looking at him. He had always acted in unexpected ways that startled me.

"I'll be out for the afternoon. I'll see you after work. Make sure you go home right after work."

The way he talked sounded as if he was ordering me, but there was also a subtle smile on his face at the same time.

I would be lying to say that I was completely unfazed by his charm. I could not help but wonder if I really had a special place in his heart, or was everything just a fling for him.

I secretly hoped I meant something to him.

"All right, I'll be home early."

I nodded stiffly after some time. My mind was still hooked on the thought of our relationship. He had no obligation to treat me this nicely if there was nothing serious going on between us. But, if we were really a thing, I did not understand why he wanted to keep our relationship a secret.

I really had no idea what he was trying to do. After getting an answer from me, Michael pressed a button on the elevator and walked out.

I stared at his back as he walked off and slapped myself back to reality. I had to stop myself before I got carried away. It was ridiculous for me to even think Michael and I might end up being in a serious relationship.

I dived right into work after I got back to my seat. I busied myself with work the whole afternoon as time flew by quickly.

After work, I went to a nearby supermarket to buy some ingredients so I could make some of Michael's favorite dishes. It had become a habit for me to cook him dinner. I was not even sure if I would be able to wean myself off this habit if we were to break up one day.

Michael went straight to shower after he got home. He was exceptionally particular about his personal hygiene.

After he was done, we sat down at the table for dinner. Although my cooking was not splendid, he would always finish off everything I cooked.

When Michael was done eating, he took a napkin to wipe his mouth.

"Go get ready. We're going to the mall," he said softly, looking at me.

"What do you need from the mall?" I asked out of curiosity.

I felt Michael had been behaving differently. Back then, he would be so paranoid about us getting spotted by other people when we were out. I could not believe he was actually asking me to go to the mall with him.

"You'll know when we get there."

Instead of telling me what he wanted to buy, he left me hanging and guessing.

"What if someone sees us?"

I finally asked after much contemplation. I darted my nervous gaze at him, awaiting an answer.

"It's normal for someone like me to have women around me all the time."

Michael shot me an indifferent gaze.

What he said made sense. Given his wealth and status, women would be flocking to him all the time. But, it still made me wonder why he was suddenly fine with people seeing us in public.

With this question burning inside me, I decided to get to the bottom of it despite knowing Michael was a testy man.

"I thought you've always wanted to keep our relationship a secret?"

"Don't you think you're asking too many questions, Anna Garcia?"

I could tell he was annoyed by the look on his face and his tone.

I pouted my lips in dissatisfaction and kept quiet.

After washing up, I got changed and went out with him.

He brought me to the biggest mall nearby and held my hand as we walked in. That was the first time he did so, and it gave me butterflies in my stomach.

His drastic change in attitude made me doubt if all this was real.

I could feel the scrutinizing gazes of the people around us as we walked into the mall. Everyone was looking at Michael. He was like a shining star in the crowd.

Of course, I did attract attention from some of the men, but it meant nothing to me. Michael was all I cared about.

I followed his lead until we came to a store in the corner. A flush of heat rushed up to my cheeks when I looked at the store.

"Why did you bring me to a sex toy store?"

I pulled him by the arm and looked at him awkwardly. There was no way I was going in.

"We're here to buy sex toys of course."

Michael lugged me in, glimpsing at my shy face.

I pushed his hand away and shook my head adamantly.

"I'm not going in, Michael. We should leave."

Never in my entire life had I gone to a sex toy shop. It was too embarrassing for me.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 184

"You're leaving just like that? We haven't gotten anything."

Michael pulled my hand, showing no sign of relenting.

I glared at him in fury as none of us budged. I would never follow him here if I knew this was what he wanted to buy. He must have no shame to bring me here at this hour.

"I'm not going in. You can go in on your own if you want to."

I grabbed the store's door handle with my other hand as I spoke.

"Are you sure you're not coming in?" he asked, letting go of my hand with his brows still locked in a frown.

"I'm not going in no matter what!" I shouted back without backing down.

"Fine, then just wait here. You'll regret your action when we get home later."

Michael stopped forcing me and went in himself.

I felt so embarrassed looking at him go in. I could not understand how he could come to a place like this without even flinching.

I felt an urge to leave there and then. Michael really never failed to surprise me. I had no idea he was this thick-skinned.

I waited for a long time before he finally appeared at the door again. I spotted the cashier looking at him adoringly as he walked out.

"Do you want to see what I have bought you?"

A sneaky smile curved on his lips as he swung the shopping bag in front of me.

"I'm not interested."

He surveyed my body from the top to the toe without saying a word. I glared at him and walked off, upset.

How can someone be so brazen?

My steps halted when I suddenly recalled what he said. He said he got something for me.

I wanted to turn back and ask what he meant, but it occurred to me that I would not want to talk about sex toys with him in the public.

I kept quiet and continued walking. Behind me, Michael did not say a word but smiled indulgently. I had a feeling things were not going to turn out nicely for me.

After we got in the car, I took a quick glance at the shopping bag, trying to see what he bought.

I hope it was not a vibrator since that was what I always saw in porn.

A gush of embarrassment washed over me at the thought of it. At the end of the day, I was still a conservative girl in nature.

Michael let off a laugh when he caught me sneaking a peek. "Why? Can't wait to try it out? Don't worry. I'll make sure you're satisfied after we get home."

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I almost puked hearing him speak. There must be something wrong with him to misconstrue my action, but I was wrong to expect anything sane from him.

He tricked me into going to a sex toy shop at night, and he did not even care if people saw us together. What the hell is he thinking?

I felt like giving him a lecture, but I was so infuriated I could not put my emotions into words, so I glared at him and said no more.

After all, it was not like I had ever won an argument with him. I would rather not waste my energy talking to him.

I went straight to the bathroom to take a shower right after we reached Birchwood. There was no way I would let him have his way.

Seeing I was about to get into the bathroom, he took out a pajama from the bag and threw it toward me. "Wear this."

I heaved a sigh of relief when I found out it was just pajamas. Just when I thought he was not as perverted as I thought, I gasped looking at the clothes he passed me.

I could not believe he bought a see-through bra. That piece of black cloth was so thin it could barely cover an inch of my skin. The panty was equally awful.

"Can I say no?"

I blinked my eyes, hoping desperately that he would go easy on me.

I had never worn something like this before. Besides, it was as good as not wearing anything.

"Nope. You don't have a choice."

He replied without hesitation despite seeing the unwillingness in my eyes.

I knew there was no use trying to go against him. He had always been so demanding.

I looked at the lingerie in my hands helplessly. So he has a fetish for sexy lingerie.

Michael got annoyed when he saw me fidgeting in reluctance without going in.

"What are you waiting for? Do you want me to bathe you? I don't mind doing it in the bathroom."

I darted into the bathroom without a second thought. Although I knew I would be doomed that night, I refused to do that with him in the bathroom.

I stood at the bathroom door for a good few minutes, looking at the lace lingerie I was wearing. This was simply too much for me.

I would rather just go out naked than wearing something so provocative.

"Anna Garcia! Are you done already?"

Michael's voice came through the door loud and clear when I was still struggling to muster my courage.

I bet he could not wait.

"|-"

I swallowed my words back immediately. I knew if I said I was done bathing, he would ask me to go out right that moment.

"I'm giving you three minutes before I go in myself."

He was clearly crossed because I made him wait.

Given his temper, he would really barge in if I kept him waiting.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 185

I finally got out of the bathroom when he was counting down to the last minute.

I stood before him shyly, not knowing where to look. Although Michael had seen my bare body before, it was still embarrassing for me to let him see me in erotic lingerie.

I took a quick glimpse at his face and saw desire welling up in his eyes the moment he caught sight of me.

He came over right away and carried me over to the bed before unleashing all his pent-up frustration all the way until midnight.

After a good few hours of lovemaking, he finally got off me and lay down beside me with a satisfied smile on his face.

Despite being worn out, I felt a sense of contentment looking at him.

"I really like this lingerie. You should try another set tomorrow night. I got you ten."

He turned toward me and started toying my breasts with his finger. I felt an urge to slap him in the face.

"I'm not wearing stuff like this anymore."

I could never in my wildest imagination think he would buy me something like this—what more ten.

"Well, I know you'll end up doing it in the end."

He shot me a raunchy smile.

I glared at him when I saw the anticipation glistening in his eyes.

It would be useless for me to object to his command.

"Whatever. I'm sleeping first," I said curtly and cut off the conversation.

Michael hugged me from behind and fell asleep in no time. He must be drained after all the hard work tonight.

Despite being disgruntled with his attitude, I found myself sleeping soundly in his arms. I had already gotten used to sleeping beside him after all this time. In fact, I would feel miserable if he was gone one day.

Like any other day, we woke up and went to work the following day, but unlike his usual self, he did not let me get off the car at an uncrowded place, nor did he try to hide me from peoples' eyes.

"We're here."

He turned and looked at me before I got off the car.

"Let's just wait until these people walk off," I replied nervously, checking out the surroundings.

"Never mind them."

I looked back at him, startled. I simply could not wrap my head around what he was thinking.

He used to be so secretive about our relationship, but he seemed to have changed totally.

"I'm sure everyone at the company is gonna gossip about me if they see me coming out of your car."

Even if Michael did not care about what others said, I did. Besides, I was still confused about our relationship. If he wanted to go official with me, he should at least let me know for sure what our relationship was first.

I did not want to end up making a clown out of myself in front of my colleagues. If they found out about Michael and me, there was no way I could continue working here.

Michael knew what was on my mind. I could sense his anger building up in the enclosed space although he did not breathe a word.

I ignored him without taking my eyes off the people outside. When they were finally gone, I got out of the car quickly and went up to the office.

As usual, I had a hectic work schedule in the morning. When lunch hour came, everyone took a break and got ready to get lunch.

Michael got out of his office and came right toward me.

My heart thumped seeing him walking toward me. I knew he was up to something.

All eyes were on him as he approached.

His towering presence drew closer and I could feel it was going to turn out bad the moment his eyes curved in a gentle smile.

"Could you help me get lunch?"

"Y-Yeah... Sure..."

I was dazed by his sudden tenderness. My frantic gaze swept across the office and I saw everyone looking at me.

I started cursing at him in my heart for putting me in a tight spot. I had made an enemy out of everyone.

Just when I thought he had done enough damage, Michael spoke again. "Let me know if you need help with the Benyx project. I know it's a little tricky."

This would be the end of me. My heart skipped a beat when he spoke to me so kindly, but worry quickly banished the excitement in my heart.

Everyone's aversive glare was directed toward me.

"Yes, Mr. Shaw," I answered, putting extra emphasis on the last two words.

I had to keep things professional between us although I still had no idea what he was trying to do.

"All right, go grab lunch then."

With that said, he turned and went back into his office.

I felt a suffocating burden lifted off my chest after he left, but the antagonism from all the female colleagues still sent a shudder down my spine.

What did I do for him to create trouble for me on purpose?

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 186

Even Millie was looking at me differently after my interaction with Michael.

She was the only person in the whole office who was nice to me. I panicked at the thought of losing her trust.

"I'll go get lunch."

I did not know what else to say. So, I blurted out whatever came to mind and excused myself.

My heart was still unsettled even after I came back to the office. Michael's action was really suspicious. He could well text me or send me an email, but he chose to talk to me in close proximity in front of everybody.

I went to his office to deliver him the food before going back to my place for the fear of him nitpicking on me. Once again, all my colleagues' stares trailed my movement as I walked into Michael's office.

I feigned composure and walked in as if I had real business to talk to him about.

To ensure people outside did not second-guess our relationship, I dropped his lunch on his table and turned to leave.

"Have you eaten?"

Michael called out to me before I walked past the door.

I stopped and looked back at him. "I will go in a bit."

I thought I was smart by thinking he would let me off the hook if I told him I had not eaten.

"Then just stay and eat together. I don't think I can finish everything."

What's wrong with him? I could not believe he said that.

"It's okay. I'll just eat on my own. You're the CEO here and I'm the employee. It's best if we keep our distance before everyone else senses something fishy."

I had already incurred public wrath when he asked me to buy him lunch and even offered me help with work. If I stayed and ate with him, everyone at the office would wage war against me.

"Do you want me to repeat myself? Don't test my patience."

He was fixed on not letting me leave. He knew I was afraid of him, so he went ahead and threatened me.

I tried suppressing the anger in my heart and walked toward him.

He passed me a pair of cutlery and started eating himself.

He knew people would have their doubts if I lingered too long in his office, but he asked me to stay nonetheless.

He was doing this on purpose. I lost my appetite, thinking about what others would say. It was not until Michael finished lunch that he let me out.

As expected, I was met with hostile glares the moment I stepped out of his office.

I lowered my head and walked back to my own table to prevent any eye contact.

Millie came over and looked at me with surmising eyes.

"Anna, what's with you and Mr. Shaw? Don't tell me you guys are..."

Sleeping together? I finished Millie's sentence off for her in my mind.

We slept together a lot of times, but I could not tell her that.

I looked at Millie guiltily. "I don't know what's wrong with Mr. Shaw today."

I saw nothing wrong with blaming everything on Michael. After all, he was the reason why I was getting so much hate from everyone.

"Really? The way he talked to you is as if you guys know each other really well. You know how all the women here see him as their prince charming. You'll be good as dead if there's really something going on."

"What are you talking about, Millie? I'm just a normal employee like everyone else. There's no way I will know someone like Mr. Shaw personally."

Millie's words only confirmed my fear. I was still traumatized by what happened last time when I was locked in the toilet. Everyone would kill me if Michael continued giving me special treatment.

The suspicion on Millie's face disappeared after I assured her. "That makes sense. We're all just his employees. He'd probably pick a woman from a good family if he had a girlfriend."

My heart eased when Millie finally believed me. Although I had successfully diverted her doubt, I was still irked by what Michael did to me.

Millie was a trusting person, so I was able to persuade her, but that did not mean other people at work would take me for my word.

I left work earlier in the evening because I was afraid something would happen to me, but before I could get out of the building, a gush of cold water came pouring on my body out of nowhere.

When I wiped my face and looked upward, the culprit was nowhere in sight.

I was infuriated. I knew someone must have done this to me deliberately. How I wished I could run upstairs and catch the person red-handed, yet I knew it would be best to not make a huge fuss out of this, else everyone would be bitter toward me.

I could only bear this silently.

I walked out of the company building, wet and cold. Even the cab driver was looking at me intermittently throughout the journey home.

I took a hot shower after I arrived, but I could not stop sneezing.

I just got out of the shower when Michael reached home. When he saw me shivering in my thick towel, he came over.

"Why are you all wrapped up like this? It's so warm today," he jeered.

"Can you please stop being so snarky? Can't you see I'm sick?"

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 187

Sick people were always in their foulest mood. I would not have given Michael such an attitude if I were not ill.

"You caught a cold? This is so out of the blue."

He reached out his palm and touched my forehead. A frown stitched on his forehead when he felt my temperature.

"Anyone can catch a cold anytime. Don't you know that?"

I glared at him unhappily, recalling what happened earlier on.

I did not breathe a word to him because I knew he would turn the whole company upside down in search of the culprit, further inciting everyone against me.

"You get sick too easily. Some exercise will do you good," he said without suspecting anything.

"Well, it's not like I have time for that. Work is tiring enough already."

I rolled my eyes and muttered my complaints. It was true that work was taxing. I felt tired every day after work. Exercising would be the last thing I wanted to do.

"You can still exercise at night if you don't have time in the day. Having sex is good training too."

A naughty smile curved on his lips as he eyed me.

Anger shot up in my heart when I finally understood what he meant.

I could not believe he could still crack a joke like this after knowing I was sick.

"You can exercise on your own if you like. I don't have the energy for that."

I was not feeling well, so I would definitely not join him tonight.

"But it's not something I can do alone."

Michael looked at me innocently as he sat down beside me.

I recoiled the moment he came closer. I was not in the mood to entertain him.

"I really need to sleep."

The dizziness in my head was so unbearable; sleeping was the only thing I wanted to do. I still had to work the next day.

Michael was vexed at my rejection, but after seeing me in such a state, he relented.

I went back to my room and knocked off right after I got in bed.

I had no idea how long I slept for, but when Michael woke me up again, I was still not well-rested.

"Stop it! Just let me sleep."

I tossed to another side and continued sleeping.

"Take some medication before you sleep now," he instructed sternly, "Or I'll strip you naked."

Having sex was the last thing I wanted to do, so I sat up.

"Come, take some med."

Michael passed me a tablet and a glass of water.

I took the glass from him quietly, moved by his kind gesture. I thought he woke me up because he wanted to sleep with me, but it turned out he just wanted to give me some medication.

From what I remembered, our house did not have any cold medication. Did he go out just to get them for me?

"You went out just now?"

I probed curiously, feeling an inexplicable warmth budding inside my heart.

"Of course. It'll be troublesome for me if you're sick for too long," he replied with a hint of annoyance.

His harsh words washed away the last bit of gratitude I felt toward him. Sometimes, I wondered why he just could not say something comforting.

Michael took the glass of water from me and placed it beside my bed after I was done.

"Get some rest. You can compensate me some other time."

He lay his head beside mine and dozed off not long after.

I could never understand why he craved sex so much. He was sure to have things his way if I recovered tomorrow. Doesn't he ever get tired of it?

I puckered my lips and slept after he did.

When the alarm clock rang the next day, I was still feeling giddy. But, other than that slight discomfort, I was a lot better overall.

I moved my hand along the empty space beside me and figured Michael must have gone to work.

After washing up, I stopped by a cafe to get breakfast before going to the company by subway.

When I arrived at the company, I sensed the gloating stares of my colleagues drilling through me.

They probably knew about what happened to me yesterday.

Truth be told, I was indignant at their spite. However, since I was here to work, I decided to just brush my feelings aside.

I sat at my table and got ready to hand in yesterday's design draft to the editor. Yet, to my chagrin, the draft was nowhere to be found.

My heart started racing as I looked through all the documents on my table. I would never misplace such an important document.

"What's the matter, Anna?" Millie spotted my abnormal behavior and asked.

"Millie, did you see the draft I was working on yesterday?"

I was really getting anxious.

I spent days getting it done, and the client wanted to see the draft today. I simply could not afford to lose it at this point.

"I don't think I saw it. Did you leave it at home?"

Millie was also getting worried when she saw me poring over all the documents on my table. She even started looking for it with me.

"I'm sure it's here. I didn't bring it home."

Fear was eating me up on the inside. What should I do now?

At that point, I was sure many people were delighted at my plight.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 189

"Anna Garcia! Is this how you talk to me?"

Harry was exasperated when I shouted at him.

"But that's the truth!" I retaliated.

I looked at him in the eyes without backing down. I did not care if he was the supervisor.

"Do you know I can sack you right this second?"

Harry hurled threats at me because he felt humiliated when I yelled at him in front of everybody.

"And do y'all know I can fire all of you?" Michael's voice came from behind all of a sudden. "What's with all the ruckus early in the morning?"

Michael's voice was cold and raspy.

Everyone looked away as he swept his gaze across the office. The women fell into silence and even the supervisor straightened his back.

I turned and looked at him with my eyes red.

"What happened?"

Michael turned toward me and asked without betraying any emotion in his voice.

I told him everything from the very beginning.

Michael's eyes were burning with anger when I was done telling my story.

"So none of you took it?" His fierce glare sank through them as he interrogated the women.

They were shaking under Michael's harsh questioning.

"No, we didn't do it. Anna is the one who's trying to set us up."

The women came forward one by one and mumbled the same answer.

"Really?"

Michael's gaze hardened as he scrutinized their faces.

"We really didn't do it, Mr. Shaw..."

I could tell they were lying from how their voices trailed off weakly.

"Since y'all said no, then I'll find it until I get it."

I was touched seeing Michael standing up for me, but I could not dismiss the bugging thought of my colleagues finding out about our relationship.

Michael gestured at his secretary to start searching.

My gaze followed the secretary anxiously. I was genuinely afraid that the document was lost. The people from Benyx Corporation would be here anytime soon. They would definitely want to see the design during the meeting. It would be too late for me to start penning it all over again.

I clenched my fists as the search continued. It did not take long before the secretary located it in one of the drawers of the table.

When one of the women saw the secretary retrieving the document from her drawer, her face turned pale. Even her cronies started quivering in fear.

"So? Is it you, or is it not you?"

Michael took the document from his secretary and smirked.

The woman who turned out to be the main culprit could not even bring herself to look at Michael.

"What's with the silence? You were so articulate just now."

The smirk on Michael's face slowly faded as the rage in his eyes intensified.

Joyful Success was known for its strict discipline toward employees, so naturally, Michael was incensed by their actions.

"Mr. Shaw, we're just trying to pull Anna's leg. We really didn't mean it."

The woman had the audacity to say it was all just for fun.

"Do you think it's funny? I know you did this to me because you dislike me. You clearly knew I need this document for the meeting later, but you hid it deliberately. I don't see how this is funny."

I finally spoke my mind. Initially, I wanted to just let bygone be bygone and forget what happened yesterday, but what they did today was just too much.

"I'm sorry, Anna. We're really just trying to prank you. Please forgive us."

Those women were full of tricks and schemes. They knew Michael saw through their act now that he found out they took my document. He would not let them off unpunished, so their last resort was to beg for forgiveness from me.

They flocked around me and held my hand, pretending as if we were close friends. I looked at them repulsively, wondering how people could be so fake.

I ignored them and took the document from Michael before going back to my work desk. It was up to Michael how he wanted to deal with them. I had already proven that they were the ones at fault.

The women did not expect me to be so cold-hearted. They were now entirely under Michael's mercy.

"None of you are receiving your bonus this year. If something like this happens again, count yourself fired."

Michael spared them one last glance and walked into his office, leaving the women behind in shame.

Although Michael did not sack them, depriving them of their annual bonus was already enough of a punishment for them. Joyful Success' bonus was a huge sum and no one would lose it without feeling their skin peeled.

"What are y'all waiting for? Get back to work!"

Harry bellowed at them while the women were still recovering from the shock.

They looked at me spitefully before returning to their seats.

They were not friendly to me, to begin with, so there was no point trying to save them. I would readily do to them what they did to me if they continued the act.

By the time I finished sorting out the design plan, the representative from Benyx had arrived. It was the same female manager from last time.

I was not entirely glad to see her. After all, she asked Michael out for dinner the last time she came. I knew she wanted to have a chance with Michael, but he turned her down.

Despite my displeasure at her arrival, I still had to be friendly toward her since she was the company's client.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 190

With the file in my hand, I walked into Michael's office. When I entered his office, I saw that the pretty manager's hand was resting on Michael's shoulder, and they seemed to be very close to each other.

I felt a little uncomfortable at the sight of this. It seemed to me that Michael would take on any woman who came on to him. The last time when we were in the meeting room, he did not hesitate to decline this pretty manager's advances. Did he fall for her charms today?

"This is the advertising proposal for Benyx Group, Mr. Shaw," I said flatly as I placed the design draft in front of him.

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"Ms. Light, please take a look at this and let us know your thoughts."

Michael glanced at me before he picked up the file and passed it to the pretty manager. Then, he discreetly brushed her hand off him.

"There's no need for me to look at it. I have full faith in Joyful Success."

She took the file without even glancing at it and placed it back on the table again. Then she moved closer to Michael and pouted her full red lips.

I couldn't bear seeing her getting so close to Michael. I was rather upset, but there was nothing that I could do about it. Anyway, I had no right to be upset because Michael and I were not in a relationship.

Michael appeared to be calm. Perhaps he had encountered this kind of scenario far too many times.

"Very well then, I won't keep you any longer, Ms. Light. I have other important matters to attend to."

Just like before, he asked her to leave.

"You've turned down my invitation to dinner the last time, Mr. Shaw. I doubt you will turn me down this time if I were to ask you out for dinner again. After all, a gentleman doesn't decline a woman's offer twice in a row."

It was obvious that she had yet to give up on Michael.

I cast Michael a nervous glance and was hoping that he would reject her. However, his answer this time around disappointed me.

"How can I let a beautiful woman pay for dinner? Dinner is on me tonight," Michael said with a faint smile as he looked at her.

As soon as he said that, my heart sank. He actually agreed to go for dinner with her. Can't he tell that she's coming on to him? Isn't it inappropriate for him to have dinner with another woman when he already has a girlfriend?

And even if he's single, he's got to think about me. Although we're not officially in a relationship, he has to take my feelings into consideration.

"Okay then. I'll send you the address of the restaurant shortly. Don't be late, Mr. Shaw."

She was pleasantly surprised for a second before she beamed at him. She probably did not expect Michael to agree so quickly.

"Don't worry. I won't be late, Ms. Light. I'll get back to my work now."

After Michael said that, he picked up the file and looked at it. Evidently, he was telling her that it was time for her to leave.

"In that case, I won't bother you any further. I'll see you tonight."

She didn't seem to mind that she was being asked to leave as she was still on cloud nine after he agreed to have dinner with her.

She flashed him a smile and walked out of Michael's office as her high heels clicked across the floor.

Michael and I were the only ones left in his office. I glared at him and wanted to vent out my frustration, but I was at a loss for words.

He's gone too far. How could he agree to have dinner with that woman?

Sensing that I was still standing there, he lifted his head and stared at me with a deep frown marring his face. "Why are you still here? Don't you have work to do?"

"Are you really going to have dinner with Ms. Light tonight?" I asked sullenly as I looked into his eyes.

"Is there a problem?"

Michael raised his eyebrows and gave me a puzzled look.

"Isn't it inappropriate for you to have dinner with another woman when you already have a girlfriend? Moreover, you have me..."

I trailed off. I was afraid that Michael could hear it in my voice, then he would be able to tell that I had fallen for him.

"Are you jealous, Anna?"

Michael sneered at me and his face cracked into a smile.

"No, I'm not. I just think that you shouldn't go," I lowered my head and answered reluctantly.

Yes, I'm jealous. I don't want him to get too close to another woman. I was upset, but I couldn't say what was on my mind.

I had no idea why Michael was treating me this way. What if I said what was on my mind? That would anger him for sure.

"Ms. Light is my client. It's just social dinner."

Michael didn't change his mind. He had his heart set on going for dinner with Ms. Light.

"I think she likes you, and dinner is just a way for her to get closer to you."

A woman's intuition is always right. I could tell by the way Ms. Light looked at Michael. She definitely had the intention to develop a relationship with Michael.

I believed a smart man like Michael would be able to see that. Still, he did not decline her offer for a dinner date. Does it mean that he's into developing a relationship with her too?

"That's enough. This is my personal affair. Get back to your work."

Seeing how I reacted, Michael grew impatient and ordered me out of his office. He stopped talking and ignored me by burying himself in work.

I knew it was not my place to say those things to Michael, but I was rather hurt when he said it was his personal affair.

In fact, I was berating myself. I knew that Michael's actions had nothing to do with me, but I still felt uncomfortable to see another woman getting close to him.

I turned around to leave his office and returned to my seat. I couldn't concentrate on my work when my mind was on Michael's dinner date with another woman.

What if they drink too much and have sex afterward?

The more I thought about it, the more upset I became. It seemed like he would take any woman into his arms as long as she came on to him.

I sighed in exasperation and told myself to snap out of it. Instead of focusing on Michael, I ought to focus more on myself and live for myself. I shouldn't lose myself in a relationship that was doomed from the start.

Just when I was about to get off work, my phone rang. It was Ronan on the line.

Upon seeing the caller's name, I let out a helpless sigh before I answered the phone.