

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 211 - 220

Regardless, my feelings of sympathy toward her did not make me hate her any less as I still remembered how she kept picking a fight with me.

Meanwhile, Michael kept me company every day in and out of work. Although the nature of our relationship was a thorn in both our sides, I was satisfied with what I had.

One day, Emma showed up in front of the office building the moment I came out. Judging by the way she was standing in my path, it didn't take a genius to figure out that she was here to cause trouble.

Michael had left the office early in the afternoon to discuss an important project, so Emma was obviously here for me.

"You're in my way, Ms. Jones," I said coldly with a frown.

"I think we really need to talk, Ms. Garcia."

Emma had the same old vicious look in her eyes when she looked at me, and that ruined her otherwise beautiful appearance.

"I don't think there's anything for us to talk about, Ms. Jones. You've stated your point twice now, and I believe I have made myself very clear as well. I suggest you stop wasting your time."

Emma's probably trying to threaten me into leaving Michael again, just like she did on both of our previous encounters, but I'm not about to give in to her threats!

Emma's eyes lit up with rage when she saw how stubborn I was. She then glanced behind me and broke into a sinister grin as she threatened me, "Ms. Garcia, are you sure you want to be talking about your affair with Mr. Shaw here where all of your colleagues can hear us? What would they think if they find out you're sleeping with your CEO?"

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I got a little worried upon hearing that as I recalled how people treated me when they suspected me of having an affair with Michael.

"Ms. Jones, don't you get tired of resorting to threats all the time?"

I hated the feeling of being threatened, and this was the second time Emma had threatened me.

"I'm fine with it as long as it helps me get what I want. Let's talk over coffee, Ms. Garcia," Emma said with a smug grin that did nothing to hide the look of hatred in her eyes.

She then turned around and began walking toward a nearby café before I could say anything in protest.

As angry as I was, I had no choice but to do as told and sat down across in front of her at a table.

After a few minutes of sitting in silence, I was starting to lose my patience and said coldly, "How about you not waste both of our time and just say what you came to say?"

"I came to talk to you about Michael, of course. I'm sure you know very well what we did after I called you that night, Ms. Garcia. I'm Michael's official girlfriend, so I will be the one he marries in the future. Unless you want to be labeled as a homewrecker, I suggest you back off as soon as possible," Emma said.

And here I thought she would finally have something new to say... This is no different from what she said the other day!

"And what exactly did you two do, hmm, Ms. Jones? I really have no clue, so would you mind explaining it to me?" I asked with a sarcastic grin.

I knew she was going to tell me they had sex that night, but Michael had explained everything to me before this, so I wasn't going to believe her at all. In fact, I was even starting to suspect that her feeling unwell was all faked just to trick Michael into looking after her.

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"We're all adults here, Ms. Garcia. Surely there's no need for me to explain the obvious?"

Emma was clearly triggered by what I said but maintained her smug facade anyway.

Holding back the urge to laugh at her, I pretended to have a sudden realization and looked at Anna in shock as I exclaimed, "Are you perhaps implying that you slept with Michael? Oh, my god! You two had sex?"

Because we were in a public area, I made sure to raise my voice on the part about having sex for emphasis. The surrounding people gave Emma weird looks when they heard it, and I could see her fidgeting in her seat from embarrassment.

"Michael and I are a couple. What's so strange about us having sex?"

Judging by the forced gleeful smile on her face, I figured she thought her words had hurt me deeply.

"Is that so? Funny, Michael told me he never laid a finger on you, and that he hates you a lot," I said while casually taking a sip of my coffee.

Triggered by me exposing her lie, Emma lost her temper and threatened me again, "You... What the hell do you mean by that? I'll have Michael fire you for talking in that tone with me, Anna!"

"You can go ahead and tell him to fire me right now if you think he'll listen to you. Just don't go crying when you realize you're not as important to him as you think."

Honestly, though, I couldn't care less about Emma's threats. I knew Michael very well, and he definitely wasn't the type to be manipulated so easily.

After taking a deep breath to calm herself down, Emma stared me in the eye and said coldly, "Is this how you want to do it, Anna? You're just dead-set on going against me, huh?"

"Ms. Jones, you're the one who keeps trying to pick a fight with me. If you want to keep Michael by your side, then you should go talk to him instead of me!"

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She's making it seem like my fault after everything she's done to me? How shameless and unreasonable can she get?

"Don't blame me for being merciless, then. I'm not afraid of you simply because you've slept with Michael!" Emma shouted at me with a vicious look in her eyes, making no effort to hide her hostility whatsoever.

I lost my temper from her repeated threats and refused to back down either.

"Bring it on, then!"

Not wanting to give her a chance to respond, I stood up and stormed out of the café immediately after saying that.

Oh, my god! Emma is so unbelievably annoying! It's Michael who doesn't like her, and yet she's blaming it all on me instead! Well... Now that I think about it, I'd be a lot more surprised if Michael actually has feelings for someone like her...

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Michael was already home by the time I returned. He flashed me an unhappy look for coming home late and asked, "What took you so long? You finished work hours ago."

"Why don't you go ask your girlfriend?"

Emma's repeated harassments left me in a bad mood and even seeing Michael annoyed me greatly.

"Huh? What did Emma do to you?"

Michael frowned slightly in shock as he didn't expect us to know each other.

"What do you think? Of course she tried to threaten me into leaving you!"

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I had been constantly threatened ever since I got into this relationship with Michael, and it was really getting on my nerves.

What annoyed me the most was how Emma kept picking a fight with me even though I never did anything to her. If she really wants to be with Michael that badly, she should be persuading him to break it off with me instead! What's the point of coming to me again and again?

Michael went silent after hearing what I said. Judging by how his expression had turned grim, I figured he didn't like what Emma did either as he hated others interfering in his affairs.

However, him being quiet angered me just as much. Emma only threatened me because of him, so he should at least say something about it.

"Mr. Shaw, you're the one who refused to end this relationship with me, so I hope your little girlfriend will stop harassing me because of it. I'm just trying to do my job and earn a living here."

Emma's threat to expose my relationship with Michael to everyone in the office left me somewhat concerned as I wouldn't be able to continue working there if that happened.

Michael frowned at me in response and said coldly, "I hate it when women unrelated to me meddle in my affairs. Don't worry, Anna, I'll take care of this!"

I felt a lot more relieved after hearing that. Emma isn't afraid of me, but that doesn't mean she isn't afraid of Michael. There's no way she'd dare anger a guy she's trying to be with!

Michael headed over to the balcony with his phone in hand while I prepared dinner in the kitchen. He was emanating an icy-cold aura all over, and I could tell he was furious after our conversation earlier.

Unable to help my curiosity, I strained my ears to eavesdrop on their conversation.

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“Emma, don’t you think you’re crossing the line here? How dare you meddle in my personal affairs?”

Of course, I could only hear what Michael said from where I stood.

“Listen, this is just an arrangement made by our families. I am not interested in you at all, got it? Don’t let me catch you meddling in my personal affairs ever again, or there’ll be hell to pay!”

Michael had always been a very cold person and never held back toward people he didn’t like, even if that person was his gorgeous girlfriend.

Watching Emma’s threats and vicious attitude disappear completely as she submitted to Michael’s nasty outburst had me feeling incredibly satisfied.

Michael hung up the phone after dropping a couple more warnings and returned to the living room with a cold look on his face.

“Michael, aren’t you afraid of angering Emma by talking to her like that? She is still your girlfriend, after all...” I spoke up eventually after staring at him in silence for quite a while.

I couldn’t bring myself to understand why Michael wouldn’t deny her being his girlfriend if he didn’t like her at all.

He claims it’s an arrangement that his family made, but... Given how domineering and stubborn Michael is, I doubt anyone would be able to force him into anything!

“Do you think I give a damn what she feels? You mean a lot more to me than she does!”

Although Michael said that to emphasize how little Emma mattered to him, I couldn’t help but shudder at the last sentence he said and found myself staring blankly at him from behind.

Do I really matter to him? Even just a little?

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After what seemed like forever, I regained my composure and was about to say something to him, but held my tongue in the end. No, it's probably just wishful thinking on my part... I mean, Michael caring about me? Pfft...

That night, I couldn't seem to fall asleep no matter how much I tossed and turned in bed. My mind was all over the place, and I had a lot of questions that I dreaded getting disappointing answers for.

Right as I was going crazy from my thoughts, Michael turned around to face me and began running his hand all over my body.

His eyes were closed, but I could tell exactly what he wanted to do.

I used to wear pajamas to bed every night, but that habit changed ever since I got into a relationship with Michael. He insisted that I sleep in the nude every night as he found it troublesome to take my clothes off every time he felt like having sex.

Having no mood for sex at all, I frowned in annoyance as he fondled my breasts with those huge hands of his. Regardless, I knew how passionate Michael was about intercourse and didn't want to anger him by rejecting his advances.

I wasn't sure where he got his moves from, but he always had a way of getting me aroused even when I didn't feel like having sex.

That was probably why I could never escape his clutches whenever he wanted to do it.

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Wave after wave of pleasure crashed into me in yet another wild night of passion.

Michael fully satisfied himself before he rolled off and pulled me tightly into his embrace.

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Although he was the one doing all the hard work, the way he constantly adjusted my position to cater to him had already left me sufficiently worn out. So I closed my eyes, and I let him keep me there.

It occurred to me then that this time, I forgot about the pills.

Perhaps Michael's threats had taken effect, the next few days saw no further movement from Emma and passed without incident. Without her getting on my case, I felt a little more at ease.

After Ronan's confession the last time, I was a little reluctant to pick up when he called today. But since I had agreed for us to continue as friends, I sucked it up and answered.

"Finally, Anna. I thought you were really going to ignore me," Ronan said, his voice from the other end full of hurt.

"Why would I when I've promised not to avoid you the last time? I was just a little tied up a moment ago." I let out an awkward laugh as I cooked up something on the fly. "Is there something you need from me? 'Cause I'm at work right now."

I was worried that Ronan might ask me out for a meal or the likes, so I used work as a deterrent before he could suggest anything else.

"Why am I calling? Cause I missed you, of course. And tonight, I'd like to introduce you to someone," he said, still wanting to meet up as though he had not gotten the hint.

"But I'm afraid I won't have the time to. Lots of work to catch up with. How about next time?"

As it was only quite recently that he confessed his feelings for me, I did not feel comfortable seeing him again so soon, and considering his personality, he might also start saying something inappropriate.

"Are you turning me down here, Anna? Making excuses even when you said that you won't? I'm really upset, Anna."

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Ronan may like to goof around, but he had a mind like a steel trap.

“Alright, alright. Let’s meet in the afternoon then.”

Knowing that I would not be able to wriggle out of this, I eventually gave in and that made Ronan audibly pleased. I then took care to remind him not to run his mouth before I hung up.

He was actually a pretty nice guy, but I could not have him taking a liking to me as we could never be together.

After work, he texted me the address to a restaurant, which took a long ride on the subway to reach.

I was positively astounded when I arrived at the place he mentioned; as compared to the Jetroinian restaurant we last visited together, this one could very well be a five-star establishment.

That profligate fella must have had too much cash to spare, choosing to dine at a posh place like this.

Coming up to the door of the private room marked 1101, I pushed my way through. Being in such a high-end restaurant for the first time really made me nervous, as this was a place better suited for the affluent than peasants like me.

I had barely even taken a step when Ronan popped out to pull me inside.

“At long last, Anna. Come, let me introduce you to my cousin, the famous business whiz kid, Michael Shaw.”

I shuddered when I heard that name, and became dumbstruck when my gaze fell upon Michael’s face.

Michael...

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Learning that he was the cousin that Ronan had been talking about was disconcerting as the two of them could not have been more different from each other.

There was a glint of astonishment across Michael's eyes when he first saw me before his handsome face cooled off. I bet that he was not expecting for me to be that person Ronan wanted to introduce him to either.

"What's wrong, Anna?"

Ronan frowned when he saw me staring at Michael and seemed a little concerned.

"I'm fine. It's nothing..."

I withdrew from making eye contact with Michael when Ronan sat me across from him, as his icy gaze threatened to pierce right through me. Ronan then proceeded to take his own place beside me.

"What do you think, Michael? Isn't she gorgeous?"

The chirpy man was primarily focused on Michael, seemingly oblivious to the awkwardness between Michael and myself.

"Yeah, she is. You're pretty capable now, aren't you, Ronan? Trying to poach my people?"

Michael glanced at me before he tossed back and emptied his wineglass without a sliver of emotion.

His words took me aback and had my heart thumping against my chest. Did he mean to tell Ronan about us?

I looked upon his inscrutable expression with apprehensiveness and anticipation, quietly hoping for him to not keep our relationship a secret any longer.

"Whatever do you mean by that, Michael? Do you two know each other?"

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Ronan's eyes flitted between Michael and myself, looking quite perplexed, while I kept my head low and awaited Michael's response.

"She works in my design department," Michael said blandly after taking another glance at me and sounded very distant.

Lifting my head to him, I tried to hide my disappointment as that was not the sort of response I was looking forward to.

"So you work at Joyful Success. What an amazing coincidence."

Upon hearing Michael's answer, Ronan smiled a little and appeared more relaxed compared to when he heard the former's previous comment.

"Yeah. I've never heard you mention that Mr. Shaw's your cousin before," I said while I eked out a smile. There was no way that I would have shown up here had I known how they were related beforehand.

Heaven forbid. The two of them, cousins? How could such a coincidence even exist in this world? I must have been jinxed to even chance upon something like this.

In the meantime, the look in Michael's eyes intimated that he might skin me alive, so I was sure that some punishment would be in order when I got home at night.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 214

"I had no idea that you've been working at Michael's company cause I'd have told you about him and also asked him to look out for you otherwise."

Ronan did not notice the unnaturalness in my inflection, and even if he did, he would have thought that I was just being reserved in Michael's presence.

"No... That won't be necessary. It'll be better if Mr. Shaw treated me just like everyone else," I cleared my throat and replied in a small voice.

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The way things stood, I would have no more freedom to speak of had Michael tried any harder to “take care of me.”

“Rest assured that she is in good hands. Never knew that you are friends with Ronan, Ms. Garcia. This is truly unexpected.”

Michael turned his attention onto me. Even under his even tone, I could sense his repressed rage.

“It was just happenstance that we became acquainted.”

I bowed my head as I dreaded to meet his eyes, and silently prayed for some magnanimity from the petty Michael, who would surely blow his top when we got back—a profoundly worrying prospect, as far as I was concerned.

“Happenstance? Perhaps you should be more careful around Ronan because he’s a notorious ladies’ man.”

Michael’s searching eyes had me wondering what exactly he was implying, but regardless, I knew for certain that he would be upset.

“Hey, could you not ramble on about stuff like that in front of Anna? I’ve already left that old life behind and decided that she will be my one true love.”

Oh God, could you please just shut the hell up! Are you trying to get me into trouble, blabbering away like that in front of Michael? Ronan’s swift protestations against Michael calling him out gave me the urge to smack some sense into him.

“Do you like her and wish to be with her?”

Though not addressing me directly, Michael’s eyes were riveted upon my face the entire time. His gaze was as chilling as swords aimed right at me.

Damn you, Ronan. Did you honestly forget everything I told you over the phone? All thanks to you, my life might be over soon.

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"Of course. Anna's the first woman who has ever made me feel this way, so I wish to court her and be with her, and... Ah!"

Seeing that he was going to blabber on and on, I pinched him out of anger. It would likely be on him should I get killed tonight.

"What's that for? I'm not done talking yet!"

Ronan glared at me indignantly and sounded quite displeased.

"Shut up, Ronan. You're going to get me into deep sh*t!" I seethed through my teeth when I saw from the look on his face that he was not going to let up.

There was a shift in Michael's mood throughout the interaction between Ronan and myself. His expression turned increasingly frosty, and I could distinctly feel the temperature in the surrounding air nosedive.

I lifted my head only to see Michael's burning eyes regarding me intently.

"Don't listen to him, Mr. Shaw. It's nothing like that, 'cause we're just friends."

Worried that Michael would misunderstand the relationship between Ronan and myself, I promptly offered up an explanation in a bid to avoid an unenviable fate.

Placed under the scrutiny of the wordless Michael, his dark demeanor had me jittery.

"Can't you cut me some slack in front of my cousin, Anna? That's a pretty vicious thing to say to a dashing charmer like myself."

Not expecting such candor from me, Ronan looked rather aggrieved.

Why would a woman on the verge of her own demise bother to salvage his self-esteem? His mouthiness would be my ruin.

I should have consulted my horoscope before leaving home today, as my agreeing to meet with Ronan must go down as the most lamentable decision ever.

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"Would you believe that I would break off our friendship if you continue to speak like this, Ronan Moore?" I threatened under my breath as I glared at him. I must be out of my mind to have a friend like him who would sooner or later be the end of me.

The aggrieved Ronan clammed up immediately at my strong-arm tactic.

"Did you mean it, Ronan?" Michael asked as he turned his attention to his cousin. His voice was so deep and low that no emotions could be inferred from it.

"Of course. Was bringing her to you not proof enough of my sincerity?" Ronan assented to Michael's queries promptly and without hesitation.

That Ronan had me exhaling in exasperation.

"I'd like to visit the restroom."

Not wishing to continue to face Michael's cold stare, I made up an excuse to step away.

While I looked into the mirror at the dour face staring back at me and imagined what Michael might do when I got home, I could not help but feel sorry for myself.

But seriously though, how could Michael and Ronan be related? I simply could not identify any smidgen of resemblance between the two.

Michael was standing outside when I walked out of the restroom. His sudden appearance made my heart skip a beat and filled me with dread.

"Um... What are you doing here?" My eyes were transfixed upon him for some time before I asked meekly.

"I should be the one doing the asking, Anna Garcia. What's up with you and Ronan?"

To my trepidation, Michael regarded me with a darkened expression and fury stoking within his eyes, so I hastened to explain myself while I averted eye contact.

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"We met at the hospital, but it's not what you think. Ronan has always been frivolous, so you can't really take what he says at face value!"

Michael was not going to let this slide, so if he were to come after me tonight, I would never forgive Ronan for it.

"Didn't I tell you not to get close to any guy apart from myself? Are you ignoring what I told you?"

When Michael leaned in reproachfully, that was how I knew for certain that he was bothered by my relationship with Ronan.

"We're just casual acquaintances. Can't I even have any male friends?"

I took two steps back and looked upon Michael with a frown.

This man was becoming increasingly unreasonable. I had already promised not to date anyone else until our relationship was over, but surely he couldn't possibly disallow me from making friends, right? Was wanting to have a social life too much to ask?

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 215

"Casual acquaintances? I've never seen that guy getting serious with any woman before," Michael snorted and would not even listen.

"You can take it however you like, but we should get back before your cousin gets suspicious of us."

There was little else I could say to convince him of my innocence, but I was not in the opinion that I am in need of vindication.

Michael was brooding and looked as though he had something else to say, but I had already stepped around him and made my exit.

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He had always been distrustful of me and never once did accept my explanations. How could I have a relationship with any other man when he was the only one who consumed my entire being?

He never understood my feelings and probably did not care even if he did.

We returned to the private room where Ronan was fiddling with his phone, one after the other. Seeing how we came back in at almost the same time had him appearing a little quizzical before he broke into a smile once more.

"What took you both so long? Don't tell me that you've taken a fancy to Anna?" The cynical Ronan teased.

"Would you give her up if I did?" Michael asked, seemingly in earnest.

Ronan's eyes widened, and his expression stiffened in some incredulity. Even I trembled inside as neither of us anticipated that particular response.

"Just kidding. As you may know, we don't share the same taste," the atmosphere turned awkward before Michael diffused it with a chuckle.

"You nearly had me there for a moment, but honestly, I wouldn't fight with you over her if it were true, though."

Ronan relaxed and recovered the smile on his face when he realized that Michael was only pulling his leg.

"Really? I think you'd be quite reluctant should that really happen one day."

The grin faded from Michael's lips as he regarded Ronan meaningfully.

What Michael told Ronan had me on an edge. They were relatives, and with my current relationship with Michael, I am a little at a loss for how to deal with both of them.

"Alright, enough on this subject. We should tuck in before the food turns cold."

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There was a subtle shift in Ronan's expression as he let out a slight smile and tried to change the subject.

Still sitting across from Michael who was dining elegantly, I had conversely no appetite whatsoever.

Though unsure as to how I should navigate my relationship with the two men, I was certain that I did not want to be caught between them.

The meal ended amidst a suffocating ambiance for me. Ronan offered to drive me home afterward and bundled me into his car without giving me an opportunity to turn him down.

Meanwhile, Michael glanced over once and made no comment before he drove off on his own.

"Could you not do that next time, Ronan? I've already made it clear the last time that we're only going to be friends, and nothing more. So why did you have to say those things in front of Michael?"

Ronan seemed to be in a fine mood as he drove along, but I was pissed as hell.

"You did turn me down, but I didn't declare that I was going to give up. And with my charms, who knows whether you might change your mind one day. I'm not convinced that you wouldn't be moved after we've spent more time together."

As though the rebuke in my tone eluded him, Ronan remained as confident as ever that I would inevitably gravitate toward him.

Speechless at his self-conceit, I wonder what it would take to inject some sensibility into this guy.

"What you said today could become very problematic for me. Michael must be very upset, and things could get rough for me at work."

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I breathed out haplessly. Michael's anger stemmed from his misunderstanding of my relationship with Ronan, but considering that I was unable to reveal the nature of our relationship, I could only cite potential issues of a professional kind.

"Why are you being so pessimistic? The company belongs to Michael, so if I was to woo you, he'd be more likely to help than to make things difficult for you."

Those words of his made me want to smash my own head into the wall. Ugh, you dumb*ss! How could Michael possibly want to help you? If Ronan found out about Michael and myself, I was sure he would not have felt that way.

My wish was to get Ronan to keep his distance, but I did not know how to go about expressing that, as the option of telling him about his cousin and myself outright was completely off the table.

I sighed and said no more. Whatever happens, happens. There was no point in thinking that far ahead.

Ronan did intend to see me all the way to Birchwood, but I implored him to drop me off at a bus stop instead. Honestly, I would be totally done for if Michael saw that I allowed for it.

As unwilling as he was, Ronan nonetheless complied as he was unable to get around my stubbornness.

Arriving under my block made me a little afraid to head upstairs because the illuminated lights to my unit meant that Michael was definitely home. I was tempted to flee out of certainty that nothing good awaited me there.

At this moment, my cellphone snapped me out of my thoughts. Fishing it out, I panicked when I saw that the animated name was Michael's, and it took me several deep breaths to settle myself enough to answer the call.

"Hey."

"You've two minutes to get up here. Or else!"

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Hearing the iciness in his inflection tells me that he already knew that I was downstairs.

My heart stopped as I began to mourn for myself, as I inferred from his tone his murderous intent.

Initially, I thought about saying a few words over the phone in appeasement, but the line went dead before I could have said anything.

Twitching my lips, I slid the phone back into my bag before I hurried along.

I could not afford to exceed Michael's two-minute allowance and was practically sprinting while I kept track of the timing on my watch. Owing to the considerable wait for the elevator, I finally gave up and took to the stairs.

Huffing and puffing by the time I passed through the door, I wished that I could just sit my ass down there and then.

I ran like I had never run before, and the speed at which I moved could have seen a first-place finish in a hundred-meter sprint.

Heaving, I saw Michael seated on the couch, aloof as ever upon witnessing my entry.

"You're twenty-eight seconds behind," he said humorlessly.

"It's just a little slower, but I've already come up as quickly as I could."

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I breathed heavily and looked upon Michael with displeasure. The time was exceeded by just that teeny bit, so was it necessary to be this calculative?

His unhappiness with the situation surrounding Ronan was understandable, but this? I was not in the wrong so I was not going to apologize for it.

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"You are increasingly demonstrating your disregard for me, Anna."

He spoke casually while he eyeballed me dispassionately. However, that still managed to make me feel enormously pressurized and fearful even when nothing had been done anything to me yet.

Meeting his gaze, I could not stand the way he looked at me. No one could understand how it felt to be misunderstood and distrusted by someone one loved.

"What do you want me to say, Michael? What will it take for you to believe that there's nothing between Ronan and me?"

It might be that Michael was bothered by the things Ronan said, but the crux of the issue was that he still did not trust me.

"Ronan is a serial playboy, so you'd do well to steer clear of him," Michael said after he took one glance at me.

I could sense the simmering rage which he had been keeping in check, but I could not, for the life of me, figure out why he was acting out of character today. On any other occasion, he would have told me outright that I was his woman and ordered that I keep other men at arms' length. But not today.

Perhaps it was in consideration of his cousin's position that he did not say that to my face.

"Ronan's your cousin..." I reminded him of that in my squeaky voice—not in the defense of Ronan, but out of a feeling that there were no similarities between them.

"That guy's always canoodling around beautiful women and never one to turn any away. Describing him as such is already putting it mildly," Michael snorted.

That was what I thought in the beginning as well, but I was not in the opinion that Ronan could be the amorous type after spending some time getting to know him better. It was kind of hard to explain this sentiment of mine either, so I held my silence and kept my head bowed.

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"Between me and him, you could only be mine. So stay away from him from now on, you hear?"

Seeing how unresponsive I was, Michael furrowed and hardened his stance, and I exhaled helplessly before I walked towards the man who had fallen back into his possessive ways.

Settling down next to him, I wrapped my hands around his arm and spoke softly, "Right now, I'm not interested in any guy apart from you, so I hope that you would be able to have a little more faith in me and not doubt me all the time."

I looked straight into his eyes in earnest, like I could see none other.

Michael probably had not expected that. There was a sparkle in his eyes, and the fiery aura surrounding him swiftly dissipated.

"I'll trust you only if you stay away from other men," Michael said, his emotional state indecipherable. But what followed left me shuddering.

"Can't tell what's so good about you that got me worried that someone else might snatch you up." Michael then laughed in a self-deprecating manner that was previously unheard of from him.

My eyes lit up while his words sent ripples through my heart.

People would only fear losing those whom they loved. Could it be that Michael had also fallen for me?

The more I thought about it, the more my heart was set aflutter. For the first time ever, I was sure that Michael did like me.

I put my lips to his without hesitancy. After all, what could not be put into words was better expressed through action.

Even though my kiss could only rouse Michael's carnal desires without bringing his attention to my emotional depths, that was still what I did.

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Michael's eyes widened at my sudden advances before he closed them and reciprocated.

Before a gifted kisser, my own effort could still be lacking finesse, so Michael very quickly took over and pulled me into his arms.

His kisses were intense, and his hands were wrapped so tightly around me that they threatened to meld me into him.

My cheeks became flushed, and we were quickly becoming delirious after some furious making out. Clearly, our senses had been awakened.

Every time I initiated, it always yielded a strong reaction from Michael. Once this kiss wound down, he swept me up into a cradle and strode into the bedroom.

That night, we gave ourselves to each other, and he was indefatigable like an unbridled stallion.

When I woke up the next morning, I realized that he had left a whole bunch of hickeys running all over my body up to my neck. Those sitting on my nape were unambiguously conspicuous even after I got dressed.

I examined them in front of the mirror and exhaled, knowing well that they were going to stick out like a sore thumb if I were to show up at the office like this. However, it could not be helped as I could not possibly miss work just because of a few love-bites.

Meanwhile, Michael was already fully dressed when he came up beside me. His lips curled into a smug grin while he let his eyes linger upon the reflection of my neck in the mirror.

"Those actually don't look half-bad up here."

I knew what exactly he was referring to, and if my mood was not bad enough, hearing Michael's words made me roll my eye at him.

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As if doing it was not enough for this man, he had to leave such an embarrassingly large mark behind on me.

“Would you think the same if I left the same thing on you?”

He could be as blasé as he wanted because I was the one who was branded, but I reckoned that he would not have the roles been reversed.

“I won’t mind it if you want to.” Michael’s stylishly arched brow perked up while he spoke.

His equanimity was starting to wear on me. Since he said he was amenable to it, I should stamp one on him and see how much he enjoyed that.

With that in mind, I elevated myself onto the tip of my toe before he could react and sucked hard upon his neck, withdrawing in satisfaction only after I had left a very prominent impression behind.

“It seems more like you’re drinking blood rather than creating a love-bite, Anna.”

Michael looked upon me in derision before turning away and out of the bedroom. The man was long gone just as I was beginning to catch his drift.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 217

“Hold it right there, Michael! Who’re you calling a vampire?”

I couldn’t believe he was disgusted by the fact that I did not know how to plant a hickey.

Today, Michael offered me a ride to the company. I did not refuse because that meant I did not have to take the subway and could save a few pennies.

I then got into Michael’s car. Glancing sideways, I spotted the hickey I had planted on his neck. I felt a sense of accomplishment as well as the satisfaction of revenge.

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The CEO of the company had a hickey on his neck, one that was more obvious than mine. I wondered if Michael would be worried that other people could see it.

“Are you done yet? I don’t mind if you want to plant a few more.” Michael spoke.

He eyed me when he noticed that my gaze was still fixated on his neck.

“No. I think one is obvious enough. Not everything is a number’s game.”

I was looking forward to seeing how he would react once he stepped into the office. Would he be overcome with embarrassment? After all, I planted that thing in plain sight.

However, Michael merely peered at me. Keeping his eyes on the road, he said nothing.

Soon, we reached the office. Right then, the coast was clear in the underground parking, so I quickly got out of Michael’s car.

The two of us basically arrived at the office one after the other. Michael was the Prince Charming in the eyes of most of the women working there, so naturally, his presence attracted the most attention. My gaze followed him as well.

With a blank expression on his face, he walked towards his office. Right at that moment, everyone gasped when they spotted the hickey on his neck—some widened their eyes in shock, while others expressed disbelief.

After all, this had never happened before.

Everyone returned to their senses only after Michael entered his office. And right after that, chaos ensued.

“Did you see that? There’s a hickey on Mr. Shaw’s neck!”

“I saw it! I saw it! It’s so obvious!”

“Has Mr. Shaw spent the night with a woman? If so, it must have been quite exciting!”

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"Oh my gosh, how did it end up this way? I thought Mr. Shaw's not interested in relationships. I'm so heartbroken."

"Who do you think Mr. Shaw's spent the night with? If I ever find out who she is, I'll never forgive her."

"You said it! How dare she steal Mr. Shaw from us, and right under our noses too! She's got a death wish!"

Everyone present had started gossiping about, many of whom seemed disappointed.

Although I knew Michael could not possibly be inexperienced with women, he was just too good at keeping secrets. Even if he had dated or slept with anyone, there was no chance we would find out about it.

I just never expected that me leaving a hickey on his neck would cause such an uproar.

Besides, what those women said somehow made me anxious. If they find out that I'm the one who planted the hickey on Michael's neck, will they come after me?

I was starting to regret what I did and began to worry about myself. I worried that they would come to trouble me the way they did before.

"Anna, did you see that? Mr. Shaw's got a hickey on his neck."

While I was indulging in my thoughts, I heard Millie calling me. She, too, had not snapped out of the shock.

"What? Oh... so there is," I mumbled, somewhat ashamed.

"Who do you reckon could pull off a stunt like that?"

Millie turned around to look in the direction of Michael's office, seemingly in deep thought.

"How would I know? I'm not very close to him."

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Perhaps it was because I knew what I did, I was beginning to feel guilty. I could not bring myself to look Millie in the eye.

“True. We’re just regular employees. How could we possibly get a handle on Mr. Shaw’s private life? I’m guessing the woman who managed to sleep with him must be absolutely gorgeous. Oh dear, the girls here are going to have their hearts broken.”

After she got my reply, Millie stopped pursuing the matter. I then heaved a long sigh of relief.

However, what she said next made my heart leap to my throat.

“Hey, Anna, what’s that on your neck? Is that a hickey?”

Millie’s gaze fell upon the hickey on my neck, while a surprised look crossed her face.

She saw it! In a panic, I covered my neck with my hands while guilt flashed across my face. “What do you mean? I was bitten by a mosquito. There were lots of those in the room last night.”

“A mosquito? Anna, what do you take me for? I’m not a kid, you know. Do you think I can’t tell a hickey from a mosquito bite?”

Apparently, Millie did not buy my explanation; she pursed her lips, doubt written all over her face.

Sometimes, Millie was just too smart for her own good. If only she could apply her cleverness to her work, she would become more than just a regular employee.

“It’s really a mosquito bite.” I insisted.

Even though I could not convince Millie, I would not want to admit it either. After all, having a hickey on the neck was not exactly glorious.

“Whatever, you can’t fool me! We’re all adults here, so there’s nothing to be shy about. So things got a little too intense last night. That’s totally normal.”

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Unlike me, Millie did not think that hickeys were embarrassing. She had, in fact, spoke of it quite generously.

I looked at her and gave an awkward smile, not sure how to get the conversation rolling.

“Well, this is a coincidence. You and Mr. Shaw got a hickey at the same time. Don’t tell me you two spent the night together...”

Millie seemed to have thought of something when she suddenly linked Michael and I together. Although she was just making a guess, my heart skipped a beat. After all, one could not help feeling guilty after committing a bad deed.

“N-Nonsense! How could I have gone out with Mr. Shaw? You can’t joke about stuff like this!”

Driven by my guilty conscience, my heart kept thumping. Deep down, I was scared, but I still put up a false pretense of calmness and composure.

I could not let anyone know that I was the one who spent the night with Michael. Many female coworkers were currently speculating about the mystery girl who slept with him, and they made it clear that if they found her, they would make her pay. Knowing what was at stake, I would never admit it.

“Alright, fine. What’s the matter with you? It’s just a harmless joke. You should see how nervous you looked, almost like you’re the one whom Mr. Shaw spent the night with last night,” Millie said with a smile when she saw how flustered I got.

“Don’t ever make these kinds of jokes, okay? Don’t you know that those people,” I pointed at the women around the workplace, “won’t think twice about sinking their teeth into the girl who slept with our boss? If they think it was me, I’m dead meat!”

I knew a lot about women’s jealousy and what the ladies could do because of it. Hence, there was no way I would want to stick a target on my head.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 218

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"Alright, alright. I'll shut up about it, okay? Look how frightened you are! Anybody else would have jumped at the chance to be known as the last person Mr. Shaw had slept with. But you're something else. You're so scared."

Every time Millie talked about me and Michael, I would try my hardest to draw a line between us. Apparently, Millie thought I was just being a scaredy cat.

But I did not care what anybody else thought as long as no one knew whatever was going on between Michael and I. At the end of the day, I would not want to become the public enemy of every other female employees here.

"I just want to work and earn a living in peace. I don't want to think about anything else. Mr. Shaw and I? No way."

What I said was only half true. Of course I wanted to be with Michael, but I did not have faith that it would last.

"You're right. Every woman here knows that Mr. Shaw won't fall for us, but we just can't help fantasizing about it, you know? It's not going to happen, but a girl can dream."

Actually, my coworkers were well aware that a relationship with the boss was impossible. Michael would never pick them, but they would still dream about the possibility. In that aspect, I was no different from them at all.

I did not reply Millie. Instead, I dipped my head and went back to work.

Michael's hickey might have caused a great sensation but, as work got busier, the news slowly slipped away from everyone's mind. Eventually, people stopped talking about it. At that, relief washed over me.

After an entire day at work, I was pretty exhausted. At that moment, I just wanted to get home, have a shower, and catch some well-needed Z's. Last night with Michael was absolute madness! Deprived of sleep, I felt dizzy the whole day. Hence, there was only one thought in my mind right then, which was to get some sleep!

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When it was time to leave work, I cleaned up my desk and was about to go when my phone rang just as I rose to my feet. I looked at the caller ID and saw that it was my mom.

I hesitated for a while and eventually answered the call. "Hi, Mom."

"You're off work, right, Anna? Why don't you come home? I'd like to talk to you."

I heard her voice coming from the other end of the phone. She did not sound as cold and distant as before, but somehow it lacked emotion.

Thus, I was a little surprised by the shift in her attitude. Although she was rather indifferent whenever we talked, I felt inexplicably happy to have received her call.

"All right, I'm on my way."

I had no idea what my mom wanted to tell me. But I ended the call right away and headed straight to the rented house I got for them some time ago. I guess sleep would just have to wait.

When I got there, the door was not shut tight, so it opened with just a light push. At that time, I could see Mom preparing dinner in the kitchen. She sent a faint greeting my way when she saw me.

"You're here, Anna."

"Yes, I'm back."

I responded just as faintly. There was nothing else to say since I still could not grasp heads or tails of her change in attitude towards me.

"Why don't you sit at the table, or go say hi to Stevie? Dinner will be ready soon."

Mom's voice rang from the kitchen again yet again, her tone unchanging.

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For the first time in forever, Mom did not fire up when she saw me, just like she used to in the past whenever I returned home. Touched by her perceived change in behavior, my eyes reddened. Has Mom finally got it to her head not to be mad at me anymore?

“Okay. I’ll go check on Steven first, then I’ll come to help you.”

I sniffled with a grin spread across my face. The next thing I knew, I was walking into Steven’s room.

Steven was leaning against the headboard, playing on his mobile phone. Although he had been discharged from the hospital, his legs were still in casts, making it inconvenient to walk.

“Hi, Steven. How have you been doing lately? How are your legs?”

I sat down in front of him. From the fruit bowl, I randomly selected an orange and began peeling it.

“Still hurts, but I feel a lot better than before.”

Oddly, Steven’s animosity toward me had faded. He did not look at me, for his eyes were glued to the phone, but at least he responded.

Well, what do you know... My family’s attitude toward me seems to have changed. That’s a huge relief.

“Oh, okay. But you still ought to be careful and take lots of rest. We don’t want any lingering side effects.”

I threw in a reminder as I handed the peeled orange to Steven.

Steven gazed at the orange. He blinked once, shot me a glance, and accepted the fruit.

“Okay. Anyway, you can leave now. Don’t distract me from playing my game.”

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After Steven ate the orange, his patience dwindled, and he was already asking me to leave.

Compared to how he behaved in the past, his attitude toward me had certainly changed for the better, so I had nothing against that. I rose to my feet and left the room.

Then, I came to the kitchen. Mom was still busy making dinner, so I approached her and helped to clean the vegetables. That evening, the whole family was at peace. I felt content, so much so that I allowed another smile to form.

“So... Mom, why the sudden call today? What is it you want to talk to me about?”

I remembered the phone call—Mom said she wanted to talk to me about something. Right then, I wondered what it could be.

“We can talk at the table.”

Mom was still cooking, so she did not spare me a look.

The fact that she had gone silent only made me wonder even more, but I said nothing about it.

Dinner was especially lavish tonight. Mom had prepared a few of my favorite dishes, and a few more of Steven’s. He could not walk on his own for the time being, so I pushed him in his wheelchair whenever I could.

“Have some more. It’s your favorite.”

In the past, Mom would give the tasty ones to Steven first, but today was different. She placed some braised pork ribs into my bowl, and when she spoke to me her tone was soft, albeit not quite affectionate.

I looked up at her in bewilderment. This was the first time she gave me good food on her own accord. An indescribable feeling swept through me, close to bittersweet.

“Thanks, Mom.”

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Tears were brimming in my eyes. I smiled at Mom, filled with gratitude.

Then I dipped my head and savored the ribs she got me. It was a touching moment as I had finally experienced homely goodness.

“Anna, I called you home today because I need to ask you something.”

I was halfway through the ribs when she brought it up.

“What is it?”

I stopped eating and turned to face her.

“What’s going on between you and Michael? Are you two dating?”

I panicked at the sudden mention of Michael. Mom can’t possibly be that persistent, can she? Does she still view Michael as some sort of money-spinner?

The last time Mom asked Michael for money, it had been embarrassing. I did not want something like that to happen again.

“Mom, you’re thinking too much. Michael’s my boss, not my boyfriend.”

I looked into her eyes as I explained.

I was telling the truth. Indeed, Michael was not my boyfriend, and he would never be.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 219

“But I feel that whatever there is between the two of you is not as simple as an employment relationship. I’m your mother, Anna. I’ve raised you since you were a baby. Don’t you think I know how you tick?”

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Mom chose to ignore my explanations. Besides, I could see that she had more to say as she bored into my eyes.

Confronted by her incessant questioning, I averted her gaze guiltily. I did not have a good answer for her. After all, I could not very well say that Michael and I were friends with benefits, could I?

Mom and Dad had a more traditional mindset. Thus, if I really said that out loud, I would probably never see the light of day again.

"Mom, Michael's really not my boyfriend..."

I might not know what else to say, but I most definitely could not let Mom and Dad assume that Michael was my boyfriend. Otherwise, they would just keep asking Michael for money, devoid of any shame or guilt.

"If Michael's not your boyfriend, then... is it true? Is it true what they say, that you're his mistress?"

The conversation suddenly took an ugly turn. I froze when she called me a mistress. I looked at Mom with a pained expression, and my heart ached.

Mom actually called me a mistress. I was well aware that my relationship with Michael was not something that could be discussed openly. If other people had called me that, I probably would not have minded. However, out of all people, it had to be my mother who used that word.

I'm your daughter, Mom. How can you call me that? It's such a demeaning term! Have you ever considered my feelings?

"Mom, how can you say that?"

My eyes turned misty as I stared at her, feeling upset.

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"Anna, we are decent people. How could you let yourself be someone else's mistress? Do you have any idea the shame you've brought to your father and me? What are we supposed to do the next time we meet our relatives?"

Mom did not give me a straight answer. But instead, she had basically decided that I was Michael's mistress.

"I'm not! I'm not anybody's mistress!"

Mom always jumped to her own conclusions. She never listened to me, and even if I did elaborate, she would not believe me anyway.

It was then that Dad, who had been eating silently while Mom and I were bickering, announced his stance on the matter. "I don't care what you are. From now on, I want you to cut ties with Michael. Don't ever see him again."

He spoke harshly. My dad was never much of a talker, but whenever he opened his mouth, his words were intimidating.

"Dad, he's my boss. I work there. How can we not meet? What's up with you guys today? Why are you telling me this all of a sudden?"

I was very confused. In the past, Mom and Dad had never asked me about my relationship with Michael. Today, out of the blue, they called me to come home and then proceeded to ask about whatever was between us. It was all too weird.

"Then quit your job! Go work at another company! There's bound to be one that will take you!"

Dad's stern voice sounded again, but he did not answer my question.

"Why? Why must I quit my job? For your information, Joyful Success offers the highest salary in the entire design industry, and it's a company with the most promising future for me. How can I give that up so easily?"

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Without having to think, I rejected Dad's demand. Getting the opportunity to work in Joyful Success was not an easy feat, and I would not let it go to waste!

"High salary, you say? Then how long will it take for you to earn one million?"

It was Steven who spoke this time. He looked at me with contempt.

"What do you mean by one million?" I stared at him quizzically.

I had no idea what he meant, but I had a bad feeling that I was about to find out.

"To tell you the truth, a woman came to us a couple of days ago. She told us that as long as you stay away from Michael, she'll give us one million."

Steven could be quite a thoughtless person. With no effort at all, he had voluntarily spilled the beans.

Hearing that, I suddenly felt like I was struck by lightning. instantly, I understood why Mom and Dad wanted me to come home, and why they deliberately brought up Michael.

Their eyes are on a prize all along!

This was ridiculous. I thought my family had changed their attitude toward me. I thought Mom had forgiven me. However, I had just come to realize that she was putting up a pretense all this time. She was good to me because she wanted the reward money.

"Mom, you're doing it for the money, aren't you?"

I looked into my mother's eyes, holding onto what little glimmer of hope I had left. I hoped she could give me a good explanation and tell me that it was not the money she was after.

All that, despite the fact that I already had an answer. I knew what kind of person Mom was. For a moment, I just did not want to believe it.

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She glanced at me, and I could see the guilt in her eyes. Then, she avoided my gaze but remained silent. Her actions only verified what I feared to be true.

"I guess Steven's right. You just want the money." I sneered.

A chill spread throughout my veins. I thought I had finally felt what it meant to fit right at home, but it turned out that I had only been fooling myself.

Facing Mom, I snickered. As I laughed, tears began to flow down my cheeks. What kind of world is this? The people I consider dearest to me can't seem to stop conspiring against me.

"Come off it! Michael's not your boyfriend anyway! Just quit your job, and we can get one million! Think about it! One million is a very large sum! It's just waiting to fall into our laps! It's a blessing, I say!"

Mom was becoming desperate. She knew I would not do it, and she was getting flustered.

"A blessing? By sacrificing me and my future? What do you plan to do with that money? Can you really bring yourself to spend it, knowing what you did to get it? Which one is more important to you: Me, or one million offered by a stranger?"

Between the three of them, they would probably choose the money and get me away from here. They would rather get their "blessing" in exchange for my suffering.

Is money that important to them? So important that family means nothing?

"There's nothing to compare! I don't care what you are to Michael! I want you to leave that man! And this city as well!"

They paid no mind to the pain they had caused me. The only thing they cared about was to get me to leave so that one million would be theirs.

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"I'm not leaving him, and I'm not resigning my post. You'd better give up that thought!" I shouted as I wiped away the tears with the back of my hand, all the while glaring at them.

However, I would never give in. I would not leave, and I would not let them have the money because they had the gall to put a price on my pain and suffering.

"You... How dare you speak to us like that? You've become rebellious, that's what you are! We're your parents. You must obey us!"

Dad slammed the table and rose to his feet. He was purple with rage.

"Oh, I'm surprised you're aware that you're my parents. But as parents, shouldn't you be supportive of your child? Look at you! Time and time again, you're the ones forcing me to do what you want. Have you ever seriously thought about what I want?"

All these years, just because they were my parents, I had compromised time and time again. There were many times I wanted to fight back, but I relented because I felt indebted to them for raising me. But not anymore!

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 220

Probably because of Michael, I was firm with my stance this round. In an instant, my parents' faces turned grim. Even though they were gazing at me with an unmissable sense of guilt in their eyes, I could foresee that they would not easily change their minds.

"Let me put it this way. As long as you are willing to cut ties with that man, we won't be bothered no matter where you intend to go for your career advancement in the future. After we receive this one million, you don't have to transfer us money again. By then, your burden will be eased as well. It's a win-win situation for us, isn't it?" My dad voiced his opinions and negotiated with me in a way. All this while, he was the core decision-maker at home as the patriarchy concept was deeply ingrained in our family.

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"I won't leave him, so you won't be able to get that one million as well." I took a firm stand by emphasizing my decision. I had made up my mind to turn a deaf ear to them this round and would not give in to them no matter what. They could only blame themselves for letting me down.

"Anna, you are really adamant! Since Dad and Mom have made themselves clear, why are you still so persistent? What's the point to continue staying by his side? Will he give you one million because of that? Fine then, if you insist, get him to give us one million first. By then, I'm sure Dad and Mom won't force you again."

I had had enough bickering with Dad and Mom, and now Steven was adding oil to the fire. All of them were forcing me to leave Michael!

"Is money all that you care about—that you would rather sacrifice everything else just for the sake of money?" I scoffed.

They are all the same. Their minds are preoccupied with one million, and they never spare any thoughts for me! At that very moment, I felt dejected like a deflated balloon.

"Money is the most important thing in the world! Tell me—what can one do without money? Do you think you can survive without a single penny?" My mom refuted in great displeasure, and my heart fell upon hearing her words.

Undeniably, we can't survive without money. Even so, money can't buy everything in this world. Don't they know that there's a price to pay for everything? If they get that one million but ruin my future, won't they feel guilty about it?

"I can work hard to earn that money. As long as I maintain my good work performance in Joyful Success, I foresee that I can earn one million within a few years." I retorted.

Even though one million was a large sum, as long as I had good career growth, I was sure it was a gainable sum within just a few years.

I refused to leave Michael mainly because I did not wish to end my relationship with him. Apart from that, I could not let go of my current job.

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“Hmph! By the time you manage to earn one million, we might’ve already starved to death! Anna, do you even hear yourself!” Steven mocked with narrowed eyes. He had apparently lost his patience in me.

“No matter what, I won’t give in this round!” I lashed out at them and stood up at once. Deep down, I knew that they would not consider my words, what’s more, to change their minds. Thus, there was no point for me to waste time arguing with them. Without hesitation, I stormed out and slammed the door.

The moment I stepped out of my parents’ house, tears started to roll down my cheeks. Right that instant, it struck me that I was worthless in their eyes.

Taking a deep breath, I tried my best to hold back my tears. It’s not worth shedding my tears for them!

Since my family members were treating me inconsiderately all this while, I talked myself into behaving more selfishly for the rest of my lifetime. From now onwards, I will not be soft-hearted and give in to them again! Of course, I will continue to play my part well as a filial daughter, but I won’t force myself to do anything beyond my capability. On top of that, I will not sacrifice myself for anyone’s sake anymore.

Recalling what my parents had mentioned to me earlier, my gut instinct told me that it must have something to do with Emma.

Talking about a well-to-do woman who intends to let me leave Michael, I can’t think of anyone else but her. Hmph! This manipulative woman even thinks of bribing my parents. She has apparently investigated me earlier on and knows well about my family issues!

After taking a few more deep breaths, I managed to cool down and cheer myself up. Then, I took out my phone and gave Emma a call.

“Ms. Garcia, what a surprise to receive your call! Is there anything that I can help you with?” The moment my call got through, Emma answered it almost at once languorously.

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A wave of fury surged from within me at the thought of how she set me up by bribing my parents. I tried to cool my head off by tamping down the rage within myself. "Stop putting on a show! I'm sure you know the reason I call you now, don't you?"

"How would I know? Ms. Garcia, if there's nothing else, I will hang up now. I'm too busy to entertain you," she replied insolently.

Infuriated by Emma's insolence, I could not hold back any longer and snarl, "You're the one who bribed my parents with one million so they can talk me into leaving Michael, aren't you? How could you do this?"

"Oh, I see, so it's about this. Yeah, you're right, I was the one. So what about it?" she admitted without any sense of guilt.

"You despicable woman! How could you stoop so low? Your main intention is to force me into leaving Michael. But, why do you have to drag my family members into this mess?" I gritted my teeth and bellowed at her.

I was already having a strained relationship with my family members lately. Yet, her sudden strike was adding fuel to the fire, causing me to burn the bridges with my family members.

Even though I rejected them on the spot and left immediately after that, I knew that things had not come to an end. I was pretty sure that my mom would not easily let go of the opportunity to gain such a large sum of money.

"Me? A despicable woman? Hah! If I'm despicable, then you are definitely shameless! Anna Garcia, who do you think you are? May I remind you that you're just Michael's f*ck buddy, whose only job is to satisfy him in bed! So don't you dare think too highly of yourself!" Emma retaliated with oppressive words. My anger was exacerbated by her harshness, yet I was at a loss for words to refute.

"Emma Jones, watch your manners! The more you provoke me, the more I'm determined to be with Michael. It doesn't matter if I'm only his f*ck buddy, 'cause at least we're f*cking each other, unlike you with him! He's not even interested to even touch you at all... And I was the one who thought too highly of myself! Hah! Just look at you!"

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No matter how badly I was chided by others, I would never let my weaker self be exposed to them. Furthermore, I wasn't good at pretending to be innocent, and I didn't have to do that as well. I would rather defend myself, especially when I was facing Emma, and retaliate her provocations firmly.

"Anna Garcia, you watch your mouth! After all, I'm still an heiress, and you—you're just a nobody!" Emma raised her voice in agitation. I had apparently triggered her emotion with my words. Ah! As expected, she is upset because Michael is not keen on sleeping with her!

"I'm not interested in this bicker with you, Emma. But let me get one thing straight—no matter what kind of plots you are scheming, I won't let you succeed!" I scoffed while glaring at her coldly. I hated those who set me up and those who exploited my family to threaten me even more.

"Anna, even if your parents fail to talk you into giving in to them, don't be complacent and think that I can't do anything to you! There are still many other methods!" Emma's icy-cold voice sounded from the other end of the line.

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