Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 246 - 250

Chapter 246 Uninvited Guest

"Anna, do you want to be with me because of love or because of the title of Mrs. Shaw?" He stared at me intently. His frown remained on his face.

What? Does he seriously think I want to be with him because I want to achieve such a title? Does he think I'm doing this merely for money?

Learning that was how he viewed me, a bitter smile tugged on the corner of my lips. I shouldn't have asked him that. For him, everything between us is a joke.

"If you're convinced I want to be with you because of that ridiculous reason, please leave. From now on, we're nothing but strangers," I stated coldly while pointing at the door, breaking eye contact with him.

So he thinks my feelings for him are fake? That I'm only with him for worldly possessions? Sure, being his wife means enjoying endless glory and wealth. Many women are competing to be with him, but I am not what he thinks I am. I love him, and that's the only reason why I want to be with him. Even if he were just an ordinary person, my feelings for him wouldn't change.

"Strangers? Are you trying to make me mad, Anna?" he questioned coldly.

"Maybe if I withdraw myself from your life, you'll change your perspective about me."

Yes. Maybe being strangers will open your eyes to see that I'm serious with you.

Enraged, Michael shot me a cold look before turning to leave in silence.

Though I was relieved that he was no longer around me, my heart ached, for I still could not believe that that was how lowly he thought of me.

Half an hour later, someone knocked on my door once again, but I ignored it, assuming that Michael had returned.

To my dismay, the knocking was insistent. It was getting annoying, so I opened the door in the end.

"Michael, haven't I made it clear that we-"

My voice trailed off when I noticed that the person outside was not Michael, but Emma, looking immensely pissed off.

"Emma, why are you here?" I questioned with a frown.

What is she up to this time?

"You should know better, shouldn't you? Stop pretending to be innocent, Anna!" she shouted while staring at me. Rage evidently dancing in her wards.

"I have no idea what you're talking about! You're not welcomed here. Get lost!"

Every time I met the woman, she never failed to make my blood boil. Now that I was pregnant, I had no energy to deal with her. So with that said, I proceeded to slam the door in her face, but she had managed to block it somehow.

"What? You're afraid of facing me? Is that it?" Pushing the door open, she invited herself inside. Her glare never averted from me.

My brows snapped together as I sensed her contempt, and my patience was starting to get thin. "I no longer have anything to do with you, Emma. Please leave me alone!"

As I used to have an affair with Michael, I would sometimes feel guilty whenever I met Emma. But he and I were over now, yet she still came looking for trouble. There was no way I would allow her to throw a fit and step all over me.

"Is that so? Then tell me, you b*tch. Why are you still seducing Michael when you know we're already engaged? Aren't you ashamed that you're this desperate?" she spat out angrily. A trace of hatred tainted her eyes.

"Excuse me? Who are you to call me a b*tch?" I refuted irritatingly as I stared back at her with the same amount of hatred.

"I'm saying this as his fiancée! Anna, I saw with my own eyes that he left this place earlier! Don't you dare try to deny it! Why are you still clinging onto him, knowing he's engaged now? What do you plan on doing exactly?"

It was ridiculous how she thought I had lost against her because she was now engaged to Michael. Sure, my heart stung when she mentioned she was his fiancée, but I would never let her know about that — I would never allow her that satisfaction.

"I'm not clinging onto him. He came here willingly. If you don't believe me, you can ask him yourself," I informed sternly.

Though I didn't want to have this meaningless argument with her, I could not let her keep making such a groundless accusation.

In the past few days, I had completely cut off contact with Michael and decided that we would be strangers from now on. Him showing up earlier had nothing to do with me.

"Do you think I'd buy your blatant lie? I seriously don't know what Michael sees in you! Why is he this entranced with you? This is your reminder that Michael is now my fiancé. If you continue seeing him, I'll make sure the whole Avenport goes against you!"

Nothing would change her mind regardless of what I said. I felt like I was simply her outlet to vent her complex emotions.

"I'm already immune to your threats. This isn't the first time you've done this, but my patience has its limits too. I've already explained what's needed to be explained. It's up to you whether to believe me. This is my house, so leave! You better not show up here anymore!"

Since I had never expected her to come here, I was pretty taken aback when she showed up. However, that was also the reason for my fury. How dare she cause trouble on my territory? So what if she's his fiancée? That still didn't give her the right to do such a thing.

"How nice of you to still have the guts to threaten me. Anna, if you want to compete with me, look at yourself in the mirror first and foremost. I will never forgive you for stealing my man."

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Chapter 247 The Headline Of Newspapers

"Whatever you say. Now get the hell out of my house!" I demanded. I was already used to her threats, so I didn't take it seriously.

"I'm not afraid of you, Anna. I'm for real this time. I'm going to make the whole town your enemy!"

Emma became even more furious upon seeing my nonchalant attitude toward her threats.

Without wanting to waste more energy on her, I kicked her out before slamming the door shut.

Her appearance worsened my already bad mood. I was not afraid of what she would do. I just hated being misunderstood and threatened.

The woman didn't leave immediately. Instead, she stayed and kicked my door like a madwoman, but upon seeing that I didn't bother to acknowledge her any longer, she stomped away.

Two days after the incident with Emma, I had almost forgotten that she had even come to my house. For the past couple of days, I busied myself online-searching for the things

I needed to pay attention to during pregnancy. Of course, I never neglected the responsibility of looking for a job despite being busy.

However, my peaceful days only lasted that long. Today, when I went out to keep hunting for a job, I noticed that people were staring and pointing at me, causing me to feel a bit self-conscious as my brows furrowed.

Deciding to brush them off, I continued my journey. However, as much as I wanted to ignore them, things were starting to get out of hand as they would gossip about me whenever they passed by me. Some even secretly snapped photos of me without my consent.

At one point, two young women took pictures of me when they passed by me. Frowning in confusion, I tried my best to eavesdrop on their conversation.

"Look. It's the unscrupulous woman who hooked up with Michael Shaw."

"Looks really can be deceiving. Who would've known such an innocent-looking woman would get it on with someone else's fiancé?"

"Well, pure-looking women like her are the cheapest women alive. We don't know how many men she slept with. We'll probably be shocked by the number."

I could not believe my ears. Not only were they degrading me so openly, but this whole thing seemed to have something to do with Michael since they mentioned him.

"What are you talking about!" I yelled angrily. Who do they think they are to disrespect me like this?

Startled by my sudden outburst, the two women didn't react for some time. However, when they regained their composure, they started to hurl insults toward me.

"We're talking about how shameless you are. What? You can hook up with Michael, but we can't talk about it? Don't be a hypocrite!" uttered one of them.

"What kind of nonsense are you sprouting? You don't even know me! What gives you the right to accuse me of hooking up with a man?"

How do they know about Michael and I, though?

Even if we did have an affair before, we were over now. I was not like the woman they pictured in their minds.

"Almost everyone in this country knows who you are. You're on the headlines of everything, even the news. By denying that you hooked up with Michael Shaw, are you trying to say the news are lying about it?" stated the other one as she stared at me in disdain.

I was dumbfounded when I heard those words.

"Headline? What do you mean it's on the headlines?"

"Oh. So she didn't know she made it to the headline of newspapers. No wonder she still has the guts to leave her house. If I were her, I would have stayed home."

Not believing her, I immediately went to buy the latest newspapers. Indeed, news of the affair between Michael and I was on the front page. Right now, I was known as the mistress of someone else's fiancé. Wherever I went, people stared at me in disgust as if I were filthy.

According to the newspaper, I was trying to climb the social ladder by seducing the most famous man in town. They had even included a photo of me sitting in Michael's car.

Though it was a sneak shot, both our faces were as clear as day. The person who took this photo must have been a professional, but I had no time to care about such a petty matter.

Since I had made it to the headline with negative news, I was now the number one public enemy. It was unpleasant to have everyone pointing at me and insulting me without bothering to be discreet at all.

Infuriated with the current situation, my trembling hands clenched the newspaper.

Ever since Michael got engaged, I had ceased mingling with him. Still, that didn't stop this sh*t from happening. Somebody was obviously trying to frame me, but I had no idea who.

My mind scanned every possible person that would intentionally target me like this. That was when Emma popped up.

Yes. She must be the one behind this ordeal. She did threaten me two days ago, after all.

Noticing that the pedestrians were still gossiping about me, I decided to return home. Along the way, I could not deny that I felt a bit scared.

Almost every person I crossed paths with did the same as the others. My mind was in a mess as I had no idea how to face such people.

When I arrived home, a sense of humiliation still lingered deep within me. I quickly fished my phone and dialed Emma's number.

The woman was getting increasingly outrageous. It was evident that she was trying to ruin my whole being.

I took a deep breath and waited for her to pick up, which she did just after the first ring.

"Hello?"

Though she sounded casual, I could detect the smugness in her voice.

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Chapter 248 He Despises You

"It was you, wasn't it?" I questioned without beating around the bush.

I was so overwhelmed with anger that I would have slapped Emma in the face if she were in front of me.

How dare she do this when she knows that women value reputation the most? She's such a vile woman!

Sure, I did have a thing with Michael some time ago, but I was never a mistress nor a homewrecker! That was totally false news!

"I have no idea what you're talking about," she denied, but the triumph in her voice stated otherwise.

"Oh, I think you do! Don't even bother trying to pretend! You're a vicious woman, Emma!" I howled furiously.

At that moment, I really wished I could make her pay for what she did, but I didn't have any proof against her since I had never expected her to pull such a stunt.

"So what if it was me? You can't do anything to me, anyway. And so what if I'm vicious? At least that's better than being a b*tch," she finally admitted. Her voice became cold as her attitude toward me worsened.

"Don't you think you're too much? You clearly didn't think how this news would impact Michael too!"

Knowing that my words would not affect her, I had to bring the man into this conversation. He was the only one that could truly scare her.

"Anna, don't you know the situation at all? You're the villain here. Why would he be impacted? Any woman would be able to seduce him as you did. Did you think people will actually drag him along with you?" she sneered, totally disregarding that what she did would also disturb Michael.

Howbeit, what she said was true. I was the villain here; people would be focusing entirely on me. It seemed like she had only taken such extreme steps after thorough consideration.

"Even if it doesn't impact him, you still used his name for something as horrible as this. It will only make him hate you even more."

One thing I learned of Michael was that he hated people using him regardless of the reason. Even though the issue would not affect him, he definitely would not ignore it when he found out.

"Shut up, Anna! How could you say he'll hate me when I'm his fiancée?"

Agitation replaced the triumph in her voice after hearing me say that. It must have triggered her.

"Because he doesn't like you at all, and you know about that as well. I really don't get why you insist on marrying someone who's not even in love with you."

Anyone could guess that Michael didn't feel anything for Emma just by judging his attitude toward her. Emma was aware of that, but she still wanted to force their relationship, and that was something I could not decipher.

"I told you to shut up! Shut the hell up!" she yelled hysterically, letting me know that I had hit the bullseye. Emma simply didn't want to accept it.

"Why should I shut up just because you tell me to do so? You know, Michael himself personally told me that he doesn't like you one bit. In fact, he despises you!"

I didn't care if I was being harsh toward her. Compared to what she had done to me, I was far more merciful.

"Say one more thing, and I swear I'll make the public hate you more than they already do, Anna!" she threatened once again.

"You've already accomplished that, anyway, so I don't mind if you decide to scheme anything else. But remember, if my life is threatened because of this, I'll drag you to hell with me."

I'm not a saint, and I don't aspire to be one. Anyone who messes with me will get it back tenfold!

"Anna, you-"

I ended the call before she could say anything else. All she would do is threaten me again, anyway. She had already ruined my reputation. What more could she threaten me with?

Although I had won against her over the phone call, I didn't feel proud at all. In fact, the frustration I felt never left me. There was only one person who could help me clear my name, and that was Michael.

Bearing that thought in mind, I proceeded to look for his phone number. However, I hesitated for a long time upon recalling what I had said to him when he came over that day. Would he still want to help me after that?

Even though he was my only way out, I still decided against it as I put my phone aside with a sigh.

When I was lost in thought, my phone suddenly rang. Glancing at the screen, my eyes brightened upon seeing Michael's name.

After taking a deep breath, I accepted his call.

"Hello?"

"Where are you now?" he asked blandly.

I hesitated a bit before replying, "At home." He must have seen the newspapers. Otherwise, he would not have called me.

"I saw the headlines. It started from a magazine company called CHIC."

As expected, my hunch was correct. It was not surprising, though. There was no way he would not hear of this circulation, considering that even I had already known about this.

I hadn't expected him to immediately investigate which company had started the publication, so I could not care less about it. What I wanted to know was his reaction upon learning that Emma was the mastermind behind this matter.

"Do you know your fiancée's the one behind this?"

"Really? Are you sure?" he questioned sullenly.

"You can carry on investigating if you don't believe me. Given your ability, I'm sure you'll find the truth in no time."

I had no idea if he believed me or not, but I knew investigating this matter would be a piece of cake for him.

He was silent for a while, which had made me nervous. Why isn't he saying anything? Doesn't he believe me? Does he think I'm trying to set Emma up to break them apart?

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Chapter 249 She Is The Woman I Love

"I believe you," he uttered after some time, clearing my doubts.

"Really?"

Touched that he had chosen to believe me, my eyes turned misty and a lump formed in my throat.

"I know what kind of a person she is. Let me handle this, alright? I'm not going to let you get slandered."

Though he didn't reply to my question, everything he said almost made me burst into tears.

"Thank you," I stated softly.

He could have ignored the matter since he would not be dragged along, considering people would not dare to badmouth him. Still, he decided to help me, and that proved just how good he was to me. I was merely an ordinary person, so the public's continuous harsh opinions would seriously take a toll on me.

"You don't need to thank me, Anna. Nobody's allowed to bully you except me, after all," he replied.

In an instant, my feelings hit rock bottom again. So he only helped me because of his own possessiveness. To him, I was still the woman nobody else could bully but him.

"You really have a tendency to ruin the moment, didn't you? I don't feel touched anymore. Thanks a lot," I uttered sarcastically.

Couldn't he have at least pretended that he cares about me?

"Why do you get touched so easily, Anna?" His voice remained indifferent, but I could hear the smile hidden in it.

"How do you plan to resolve this matter? Is it going to get tricky?"

It's not like I'm doubting his abilities... I believe in him more than anyone. However, given our current relationship, I don't want to cause him trouble, especially when the matter directly involves me.

"You don't have to worry about anything involving this. I'll hold a press conference tomorrow and clear everything at once," he reassured.

After our call ended, I had a hard time recollecting myself. Although our relationship had ended, I could still feel the concern he felt toward me. Maybe even more so than when we were still together.

My eyes landed on the newspaper once again, and a frustrated frown made its way on my face. At that moment, my hatred toward Emma had increased drastically.

The woman had always bothered me when I had never intentionally provoked someone. It must be her way to project her irritation for failing to make Michael fall for her. To say that I didn't resent would be a complete lie.

I stayed at home for the rest of the day because I knew I would not be able to withstand the judgmental stares and insults I would receive outside.

Since I was still afraid of going out the following day, I decided to watch TV to relieve my boredom at home.

Switching on the device, the first thing that showed up on the screen was Michael's press conference. He was sitting on the stage, looking as cold as ever, with flashes of cameras illuminating his face.

"Mr. Shaw, mind telling us who the woman in the photo is? According to the newspapers, she's your mistress who's trying to ruin your current relationship. Is that true?" asked one of the reporters boldly.

Upon hearing his questions, the man's already cold face turned even more stoic as his rage-filled eyes glared at the reporter.

"I'm going to resolve this matter right here and now. The woman in the photo is the woman I love. She is not a mistress. From now on, I don't want anyone to label her as a mistress!"

Everyone was stunned by this revelation because he was known as the ruthless man who had never fallen for any woman before. To hear those words coming right from him was beyond shocking.

My reaction was no different from theirs.

Did he seriously just admit that he loves me in front of the whole country? No. I must be dreaming. Michael would never do such a reckless thing.

"Just to make sure, Mr. Shaw. The woman you claimed you love is that Anna Garcia woman, correct?" questioned the same reporter from earlier, trying to get a confirmation.

"Haven't I made myself clear? I'm going to catch the culprit behind this issue!"

Although he didn't directly voice that the woman he loved was me, his tone alone was enough assurance.

A commotion suddenly broke out among the crowd; the reporters didn't know what else to ask. Perhaps it was because Michael's answers were not what they had expected.

"From this day on, all of you better not disturb her anymore."

With that said, he stood up and left the press conference. Even when he was out of sight, my heart was still pounding.

When he told me he would resolve this issue, I never envisioned the solution to be him telling the whole country that he loved me.

Moreover, his fiancée was the one who had pulled this stunt, so what he did would be a huge slap to Emma.

I had to admit that it made me feel like I still had a special place in his heart. Even though we could not end up together, my heart still burst with joy when he held a press conference just for me.

Turning off the TV, I grabbed my phone and dialed his number.

As if expecting my call, he picked up in no time, and his flat voice echoed from the other line, "Have you watched my press conference?"

"Yes. I watched it just now." My heart palpitated again upon remembering what he had said at the press conference.

We fell into silence for a while. "Thank you, Michael. If not for you, I really wouldn't be able to live in Avenport anymore."

Emma had only done such a vicious thing to drive me away from Avenport. She wanted to make sure that I was no longer in Michael's life. Unfortunately for her, the man had sided with me and had even assumed responsibility for the entire issue.

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Chapter 250 I Am The Only One Who Can Bully You

"You're my woman. I'm the only one who can bully you."

Sadness flickered in my eyes after hearing his statement. When will he understand that we're not together anymore?

"Michael, we..." I trailed off, not knowing how to word it. When I was about to continue, though, Emma's yells echoed from his side.

"Michael, what's that supposed to mean!"

Although I could not see her face, I could tell she was furious from her tone alone.

"Emma, who do you think you are to be barging in my office like this?" he questioned without hanging up. His voice didn't carry even an ounce of affection.

"Well, I'm only acting like this because of you. Tell me, Michael. Why did you do that?"

This time, her voice had softened up, but there were still hints of anger.

As I listened to their conversation, I grew a bit nervous. I was aware that this was between them. I should have hung up, but I was curious to hear his answer.

"What do you mean why?"

"I am your fiancée, Michael. Why did you tell the world you love Anna? Why did you want to be responsible for that issue?"

Her tone contained a tinge of grudge, as well as irritation when she mentioned my name.

"Bold of you to have the audacity to question me. Don't think I don't know you're behind this, Emma. I don't appreciate being used."

As I had expected, he hated that Emma had taken advantage of his name. Sure, it was selfish of me to tell him that she was the culprit, but I didn't want her to keep using him like this.

"Y-You've misunderstood, Michael. I have nothing to do with this," she denied nervously. Still, even I could sense the guilt in her voice, let alone Michael.

"Don't bother lying to me. I'm not stupid."

"You have to believe me, Michael. I really didn't do it! What did Anna tell you? Since she's so keen on breaking us apart, she must have deliberately told you false things to frame me!" she lied, sounding evidently panic-stricken.

Upon hearing her including me in her lies, my wrath increased tenfold.

She really can't give me a break, can she?

"Don't be so self-righteous around me, Emma! If you want to be Mrs. Shaw, you better watch yourself. My patience is wearing thin!"

Michael remained firm on choosing not to believe her. As I listened intently, all I could imagine was his frosty eyes glaring straight at Emma.

"Can you stop being so mean to me, Michael? I only did that because I love you." Emma admitted to her involvement in the end, knowing it was already futile to continue lying. "And because I love you, I'm jealous of the way you treat Anna. I want to win your love."

From the way she sounded, I could tell that she was acting pitiful, trying to soften Michael's heart. Most men would have caved in when women behaved like that, after all.

Little did she know, Michael was not like most men. He was a heartless person who would not be affected by whatever people would say and do, especially when it was someone he was not fond of.

"Before I reach my limit, piss off!" he howled.

His reaction was worse than what I had in mind.

"Michael..." exclaimed Emma, obviously shocked that he was driving her out.

"Do not make me repeat myself," he warned, nearly at the end of his rope.

The line turned silent after that, so I presumed that Emma had left. That made me nervous, considering that I had listened to their entire conversation. I was afraid of how Michael would react when he noticed that I hadn't hung up.

Holding my breath, I contemplated whether to start talking.

"Did you hear everything?"

The man's voice sounded just when I had decided to end the call, causing me to panic yet guilty. After all, eavesdropping was by no mean an honorable action. Moreover, I didn't know what to expect from him since he was unpredictable. He might even get mad at me.

"I-I didn't mean to... But I couldn't help myself from doing so," I defended myself weakly.

"It doesn't matter. It's not like it's something important."

Fortunately for me, he was not enraged even after learning that I had eavesdropped.

"Um, about earlier... don't you think you're a bit cruel to Emma?" I asked.

Of course, I was definitely not sympathizing with her. I just didn't want him to be mean to someone because of me.

"What happens between Emma and I isn't your concern. You should focus on looking after yourself, Anna," he answered curtly, brushing off the fact that Emma would be downhearted by how he had treated her earlier.

"Okay. Um, I'll be hanging up, then," I told him. There was nothing I had left to say.

"All right. Bye."

With that said, Michael ended the call.

What he did at the press conference today had, of course, moved me. However, I wondered why he had decided to help me when we were no longer together. What am I to him?