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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 151 - 155

“But...”

I still wanted to argue, but Michael didn't give me the opportunity to speak further. Before I could finish my sentence, he captured my lips, sealing my mouth tightly that I couldn't even utter a single word.

Not only was his kiss wild and domineering, but it even seemed to be colored with a hint of fury.

I guess that's to be expected. Any man will get up in arms upon hearing my words earlier, so it's already a miracle that he managed to keep himself in check until now.

As he continued smooching me, he placed me on the bed.

All at once, my eyes widened as ire and annoyance swept over me.

Piqued, I wanted to push Michael off me. However, he was like a huge boulder weighing down on me without budging an inch, no matter how hard I tried to shove him away.

“You'd better be good and cooperate with me tonight. Otherwise, your struggles will only arouse me further,” Michael warned in a deep and mesmerizing voice.

Right then, his beguiling lips were brushing against my ear as he grasped both my wrists with a hand.

I initially wanted to continue struggling, but I immediately stopped upon hearing that. I knew that he definitely wasn't joking with me, after all.

The moment I ceased struggling, a smug smile hovered over his lips.

“Are you done, Michael? I can't take it anymore...”

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With both hands against his chest, I looked at him with misery written all over my face.

“This is just the beginning. As I said, I’m going to show you my prowess tonight!”

As Michael spoke, he kept thrusting into me.

Hearing that, I was rendered speechless.

Jeez, he’s really holding a long grudge. I’ve clarified that it was someone else who said that, so why is he still piling all the blame on me? Ah, woe is me!

“I know you can get it up. I’ve never said otherwise...”

After this particular incident, I had learned a lesson—never tell a man that he couldn’t get it up, especially one with Michael’s temperament.

“That’s it? Are you well-pleased tonight?”

My remark didn’t satisfy Michael, and he stared at me with a wicked glint in his eyes.

Dumbstruck, I went silent.

Argh! Why must he ask me such a blunt question? How am I supposed to answer when it’s so mortifying?

Flushing, I averted my gaze. I really didn’t want to answer his question since it was simply too embarrassing.

“Silence means you’re not satisfied. In that case, I’ve got to work harder.”

A roguish smile played on his lips. While saying that, he continued moving in me. As pain battered me, my brows creased. I actually didn’t want to yield, but I could no longer stand his frenzy.

“Yes...”

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In the end, I relented and gave him the reply he desired. After saying that, I looked away embarrassingly, not daring to look him in the eye anymore.

When Michael had finally gotten a satisfactory answer out of me, the corners of his mouth curved into a gratified arc.

Pinning his jet-black eyes on me, he languidly asked, "Are you sure you're satisfied? If you're not, I don't mind keeping at it a while longer."

He stared at me condescendingly with triumph shining in his eyes.

"N-No, it's okay," I promptly declined. "I'm satisfied."

He had been keeping at it for a long time now, so I had long since been sore. If he were to continue, I truly couldn't fathom how much longer he would torment me.

"In the case, I'll take mercy on you tonight. But if you were to say that I can't get it up again, I'm not going to let you off the hook so easily next time."

At the sight of my beseeching expression, the smugness in his gaze grew all the more distinct. After all, any man would be proud of himself when a woman begged for mercy under him.

When Michael moved away from me, I heaved a long sigh of relief. Phew! This is truly a lesson to be remembered. Next time, I can't ever say such a thing in front of him again, or he'll truly finish me off!

I was exhausted after having spent such a long time between the sheets, so I promptly fell into a deep slumber in his arms. When I woke up again, it was already early the next morning.

Michael was all dressed for work, but I was still huddled under the covers in my birthday suit. I squinted at him with slightly swollen eyes even as the urge to continue sleeping seized me.

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Good God, isn't he the slightest bit tired after having done it for such a long time last night? Yet, he's no different from usual. Is he really indestructible?

It took me great effort before I finally managed to sit up. After being tormented for what felt like an eternity last night, agony wracked my body that was now sore all over.

"Hurry up and get out of bed. I'll give you a lift to the office," Michael offered in an even voice as he turned around and cast me a glance.

"No, thanks. I'll just take the subway since it's still early," I instinctively demurred, not wanting to be cooped in the same car with him.

I hadn't forgotten the perfume on him or the lipstick stain on his shirt the night before. Hence, it was imperative that I keep a distance from him.

"What's wrong with you in the past two days, Anna?"

Pausing in tying his necktie, he spun around and shot daggers at me in vexation.

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I had been rebuffing Michael and keeping him at a distance in the past two days, so he was sure to have sensed it.

At his question, I averted my gaze in a panic to avoid looking him in the eye. "There are too many people at the office. It'll be bad if they discover our relationship, so I'd better take the subway."

"Just do whatever you like, then!"

Michael didn't coerce me, but I could tell that his voice was colored by rage. Plenty of women would kill to hitch a ride with him, but I rejected him twice in a row. As such, it was only natural that he was incensed.

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After saying that, he left with huge strides. While I breathed a sigh of relief, an inexplicable sense of disappointment enveloped me.

I was still wondering whether he had another woman out there, the question of the perfume and lipstick stain on him plaguing me endlessly. I knew full well that I had no right to bother about that, but I simply couldn't control myself.

I was really afraid that I would lose myself to him, terrified of the devastation I would face if I truly fell in love with him.

After spending the day in the office, I received a call from Natalie before it was even time to get off work. Without a shadow of a doubt, I knew that she wanted to know what was going on between Michael and me.

As things had come to this point, I was aware that I could no longer keep her in the dark. Besides, I didn't want to keep any more secrets from her either since she was my best friend.

When I had gotten off work, I went to the agreed-upon café to meet Natalie. By the time I arrived, she was already waiting there.

I sat down across from her, but I was momentarily at a loss for words. Surprisingly, Natalie was silent as well.

"Anna, we're best friends, aren't we? So I hope that you won't keep secrets from me. I want to know about your relationship with Michael Shaw. What exactly is going on between the two of you?" Natalie finally demanded after a long silence.

She pinned her gaze on me, the look in her eyes puzzled and frantic.

Nonetheless, I continued stirring my coffee for a moment before I lifted my head and looked at her squarely.

"Natalie, it was Michael who paid for my brother's medical expenses. In return, I agreed to his stipulation of being his lover," I answered solemnly.

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“What? You actually agreed to such a stipulation? Have you lost your mind, Anna? Do you know how badly your reputation will be affected if this matter gets out?”

Upon hearing that, Natalie abruptly shot to her feet and gaped at me in shock.

“Keep it down, Natalie. People will hear you if you shriek so loudly.”

She was very loud, so I darted my eyes around worriedly. It wasn't until I was certain that no one was looking at us did I finally breathe easier.

Realizing that she was too emotional earlier, Natalie sat back down and regarded me anxiously.

“Anna, are you aware of the price you'll have to pay when you do something like this? Do you know that your reputation will be in tatters if word spreads about this?”

Natalie stared at me with trepidation etched on her face.

However, I was very calm in the face of her concerns. “I considered all that, but I had no other choice at that time. Nat, you know my brother needed the money for his operation. Likewise, you know that I could never manage to raise that much money. Therefore, my only recourse was to agree to Michael's stipulation.”

I then lowered my eyes as despondency engulfed me. In truth, my illicit relationship with Michael was a thorn in my flesh.

“Truly, you were too foolish. You only thought about saving your brother, but have you ever considered yourself? Michael will be fine if your relationship with him gets out, but what about you? It'll ruin your entire life. I really don't know what else to say right now.”

Natalie seemed exceedingly distressed after learning the truth about my relationship with Michael. I knew that she was worried about me, but it was no longer of any use now that things were already set in stone.

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“Alright, don’t worry about me. I’ll be sure to keep my relationship with him under wraps. Besides, such a relationship between us won’t last all that long. After all, men get bored easily after some time.”

I only said that because I discovered traces of another woman on Michael.

“Jeez, I really don’t know how else to dissuade you from your current course of action.”

Sighing, Natalie looked at me helplessly as words eluded her. In reality, she knew that nothing she said would make a difference now as what was done was done.

“Okay, stop being so pessimistic. Perhaps Michael will lose interest in me a few days later. At that time, I’ll be free again,” I blurted nonchalantly at the despair on her face, grasping her hands.

Truth be told, I was more bothered about it than anyone else, but that didn’t matter anymore. As things had been set in motion, there was no turning back.

“Hopefully so.”

Natalie sighed again, knowing that she could only hope for the best since it was now too late to do things differently.

After parting ways with her, I was a touch distracted as my thoughts drifted. Michael may very well get sick of me soon, huh? And now that he has a new lover, my novelty will probably wear off in no time.

As I ambled along the street, I was entirely preoccupied. Even when I crossed the road, I failed to look at the traffic light.

All of a sudden, an ear-piercing honk pierced the air. When I noticed a bright red Ferrari hurtling toward me, my mind went blank as all my thoughts scattered. Seeing that it was about to hit me, I screwed my eyes shut in resignation. Inwardly, I kept fretting, Oh God, I’m done for this time! Even if I don’t die, I’m going to end up crippled!

Screech!

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The sound of car tires against the gravel was so deafening that even my heart leaped to my throat.

When I felt no impact after a long moment, I opened my eyes in mystification. Noticing that the car had come to a stop a few inches from me, I breathed a sigh of relief. Phew! That was a close call!

I wanted to move to the sidewalk, but my legs felt as though they were shackled to the ground, weighing a ton. All at once, my knees buckled from the fright.

By then, the owner of the Ferrari had alighted from the car. A man's tall and slender figure entered my line of sight, but I couldn't quite see his countenance since he had on huge sunglasses.

"Are you okay, miss? Why didn't you look at the traffic light before crossing the road?"

As the man walked over to me, he wore an anxious expression on his face. His voice was mellifluous and seemed rather familiar to me. Nonetheless, my mind was a chaotic mess at present, so I simply hadn't the mental capacity to contemplate anything else.

"I'm fine. Sorry, I was a bit distracted earlier," I murmured in embarrassment as I looked up at him.

Under normal circumstances, I would definitely be enraged at almost having been mowed down. But this time, I was the one who flouted the traffic rules.

"It's you?" he exclaimed in surprise while staring at me.

"Do I know you?"

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I questioned the man while eyeing the huge sunglasses on his face.

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Whipping off his sunglasses, he looked at me in delight. "We met at the hospital back then. Don't you remember me? Or am I really that unmemorable?"

At that, I scrutinized the handsome countenance that suddenly appeared before me. The man was at least a meter eight in height. The black sports attire he was wearing showcased his perfect figure, complementing his lovely golden-brown hair. He had bright eyes threaded with a hint of childishness, a straight nose, smooth skin, pink thin lips, and exquisite features.

His face seems really familiar... Ah, I remember now! He's the guy I collided with back when I was kicked out of the hospital room.

"I remember now. I accidentally ran into you at the hospital previously."

Since I was in a sorry state both times we met, mortification swamped me. I ducked my head, no longer daring to look him in the eye.

"Bingo! I knew you haven't forgotten about me!" A smug smile bloomed on his face upon seeing that I had recalled him. Staring at me, he then asked, "Where are you going right now?"

His clear eyes glowed with warmth as he looked at me.

"I'm thinking of going to the hospital."

I hadn't been to the hospital in two days, so I was a tad worried about Steven. Besides, my mother wouldn't even take my calls now. Every time I phoned her, she would decline the call right away.

"It happens that I'm headed to the hospital as well. So why don't I give you a ride?"

The beaming smile on his face gave off a sense of youth and sunshine. Sure enough, it was great to be young. Judging from his looks, he was probably around twenty-five years old.

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“No, it’s okay. That’ll be too much trouble for you,” I declined without an ounce of hesitation.

It was merely our second meeting, so we were yet strangers. For that reason, it seemed rather inappropriate to accept a ride from him.

“It’s no trouble at all since I’m going to the hospital anyway. Besides, I’ll even get someone to chat with me during the drive.”

Despite my demurral, he was still quite insistent. His enthusiasm went beyond my expectation, so I couldn’t think of a reason to refuse further at the moment.

“In that case, thank you in advance.”

Seeing that I had agreed, a grin split his face. Then, he swiftly strode over to the passenger seat and opened the door for me.

I flashed him a stiff smile before getting into his car.

Subsequently, the car started moving. The atmosphere felt awkward as I sat in the car with a stranger, for I didn’t know what to say.

“Oh yes, I forgot to introduce myself. I’m Ronan Moore. What’s your name, miss?”

Just when the tension in the air was so thick that one could cut it with a knife, he finally broke the silence.

“I’m Anna Garcia,” I answered after glancing at his profile.

“Anna... one full of grace. That’s a good name.”

Ronan’s face lit up with a smile again upon hearing my name.

I eyed him in astonishment, not having expected him to easily discern the meaning of my name when he appeared blasé. Truly, he surprised me.

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“Back at the hospital then, I noticed that you were kicked out of the hospital room. May I ask why?”

Ronan turned slightly and looked at me. After a moment of silence, he turned fully and regarded me with puzzlement in his eyes.

My expression stiffened at the mention of the incident that day. I really didn't know how to give voice to the fact that it was my family who kicked me out of the hospital room. Furthermore, he was a stranger to me, and I didn't want the entire world to know about my family issues.

I averted my gaze, no longer looking at him. My silence was a clear indication that I didn't want to speak of that matter.

“Okay, it's fine if you don't feel like telling me about it. It was just a casual question.”

Noticing my taciturn, he didn't pursue the subject further.

He drove very fast, so we arrived at the hospital in no time. After thanking him, I parted ways with him. When I alighted from the car, he persistently asked me for my phone number.

I actually didn't want to give it to him, but he was simply too glib that I couldn't find any reason not to do so. In the end, I jotted my number down and handed it to him.

He didn't seem to have malicious intentions, so I wasn't all that worried.

When I arrived at Steven's ward, I stood outside the door. It was very quiet inside. Peering in through the glass window, I saw that my mother had made some soup and was feeding Steven patiently. Her expression was as loving as ever, one I had never seen before on her face.

After standing at the door for a while, I finally gathered my courage to push open the door and walked in.

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My mother looked over her shoulder at the sound of the door opening. As soon as she caught sight of me, her face soured at once, and fury glinted in her eyes.

I knew that she was still holding a grudge against me, but I was already ecstatic that she hadn't kicked me out right away this time.

"How are Steven's legs, Mom? What did the doctor say? I inquired softly.

With my gaze pinned on her, I halted in my tracks.

"Why are you still asking when you can see it for yourself? Do you think he's fine when both his legs are broken?" my mother snarled coldly as she regarded me with wrath written all over her face.

At that, I knew for certain that she was still feeling resentful toward me.

"Don't worry so much, Mom. He'll recover soon," I comforted after having walked over to her, patting her on the shoulder.

Steven is everything to her, so it's only natural that she's feeling bitter to see him lying on the hospital bed now.

"You're not worried because it's not you lying on the hospital bed. If you were in his shoes, you wouldn't be saying such a thing."

Although my mother didn't kick me out, her words still carried great rancor toward me.

Sighing, I walked over to her and remarked in exasperation, "Mom, what's done cannot be undone, so don't be mad anymore, okay? Steven's legs will heal very soon."

Honestly speaking, I had long since grown accustomed to her sarcastic remarks. But what difference would it make even if she resented and detested me right then?

"Just leave if there's nothing else, for the sight of you is irritating me greatly!"

She coldly dismissed me before I had even said anything much.

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I looked at her sorrowfully as anguish inundated me. Why? Just why can't she get over it when the reality is already such?

"You've been at the hospital for several days now, so you must be tired. I'll stay and take care of Steven tonight so that you can get some rest."

It was plain as day that my mother had lost much weight in the few days she had been staying at the hospital. Thus, I couldn't quite bring myself to see her exhausting herself further. She was my biological mother, after all, so I still felt distressed at her current condition.

"Forget it. Who knows whether you're sincere in taking care of him? You might even just leave him here to his own devices."

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Every single word out of my mother's mouth cut deep. I stared at her in stark despair. I knew that she was still irked at me, but never had I thought that she would think that of me.

I'm also her daughter at the end of the day, so how could she think that I don't love Steven?

"Mom, if that's truly what you think of me, then I have nothing else to say. I know you don't want to see me, so I'm leaving."

While I was worried about her and wanted her forgiveness, I didn't want to beg for it. Instead, I wanted genuine concern and forgiveness from her.

After saying that, I whirled around and hastened toward the door. In all honesty, she had truly hurt me greatly.

"How impudent..."

My mother had more to say, but I didn't halt, and simply left in huge strides.

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By the time I reached the hospital lobby, the frustration within me had mushroomed.

Arggh! What exactly do I have to do before she'd forgive me? She's well aware that Steven's incident had nothing to do with me, so why is she heaping the blame on me? Was it me who made him gamble and owe loan sharks money?

When I reached the hospital entrance, someone kept honking behind me. Frowning in consternation, I moved to the side to make way for the car behind me.

Despite that, the car behind me persisted in honking at me. I glanced back over my shoulder, only to glimpse a familiar Ferrari.

Isn't that Ronan's car?

While I was still bewildered, Ronan poked his head out of the car window. "We meet again, Ms. Garcia," he greeted.

As always, he wore a bright smile on his face, making me feel particularly relaxed.

"Weren't you here to visit someone? Why are you done so quickly?"

I regarded him in surprise since a visit probably took much longer.

"The same can be said of you, isn't that right, Ms. Garcia?" Ronan countered placidly without answering my question.

An amused smile blossomed on his face.

Looking into his eyes, I was rendered speechless for a moment. Well, I'm a special case. I had no choice but to leave since my entire family abhorred my presence.

"It's getting late, so I've got to hurry home."

Not wanting to dwell on those wearisome matters anymore, I made to leave after saying that.

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“Where do you stay? I’ll drive you home.”

Once again, Ronan offered to drive me home.

“It’s okay. I’ll just hail a taxi home since it’s a long way from here.”

Ronan and I were strangers who had only met twice, so we weren’t that close that I would accept his offer to drive me home. Besides, my relationship with Michael was of a clandestine nature.

While Michael wasn’t a celebrity or anything of the sort, there was much mention of him in magazines. Thus, it would be bad if he were recognized.

“You’re really firm in your demurral, Ms. Garcia, not giving me the slightest opportunity to give a beautiful lady a lift.”

Feigning an expression of regret, Ronan spread his hands as though he was utterly disappointed.

That antic of his seemed frivolous to me, turning me off. Instinctually, I wanted to keep a distance from him. After all, there was no shortage of men wanting to pick up beautiful girls for hookups nowadays.

Indeed, his striking and charming countenance was even comparable to that of Michael’s, but I didn’t just go to bed with anyone. After all, AIDS was no joke.

“Well then, please excuse me.”

Lacking the patience to continue yakking with him, I pivoted and quickly left after saying that.

Meanwhile, Ronan remained sitting in the car and stared at me without saying anything. Throughout it all, a smirk hovered on his lips.

By the time I returned to Birchwood, Michael had been home ages ago. Right then, he was reading a book in the living room. Ever since I agreed to be his lover, he came here

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every single night to the point that I wondered whether he was going to take up permanent residence.

Hmm? He has a huge mansion, so why isn't he going there but staying here every day? Aren't men supposed to be visiting their lover occasionally? I've never heard of anyone who lives with his lover.

"Where did you go that you only came back at this hour?" Michael queried mildly.

He closed the book in his hand and shifted his gaze to me.

"I had coffee with Natalie before making a visit to the hospital," I explained after putting my handbag on the couch.

I automatically omitted any mention of Ronan since Michael was an extremely possessive man. While there was nothing between the handsome young man and me, he might misunderstand if he learned about him.

"Didn't I tell you not to go to the hospital? Why are you so stubborn?"

Hearing that I went to the hospital, Michael's brows furrowed deeply, and his gaze radiated displeasure.

"The person lying in the hospital is my brother, so how am I supposed to abandon him? I'm not as cold-blooded as you."

To Michael, it was a piece of cake to suppress the urge to go to the hospital because he was inherently a cold-blooded man. However, I couldn't do that. Every time I thought of my brother's broken legs, anxiety gripped me. While I didn't stay at the hospital to look after him, not a minute went past without me worrying.

"Cold-blooded? You think I'm a cold-blooded person?" Michael demanded coldly.

He fixed his long and tapered eyes that had narrowed into slits on me, his gaze glinting dangerously.

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“Are you not? I’m not as rational as you. I’m a woman driven by emotions, so I can’t obey your orders of not going to the hospital!”

Despite knowing that Michael only wanted the best for me, I simply couldn’t help the urge to go to the hospital and mend my relationship with my parents. He had never been in my shoes, so he couldn’t comprehend the anguish of being misunderstood and resented by one’s own family.

“So, do you think your visit accomplished anything?” Michael questioned coldly.

Surprisingly, he didn’t go ballistic but merely stared into my eyes.

“It’s better than doing nothing at all. At least, I’ve done my best.”

I naturally knew that my mother currently despised me to the bone. No matter how many visits I make to the hospital, it wouldn’t make a difference since she would never forgive me so easily.

Michael continued looking me squarely in the eye. After a long time had passed, he finally murmured, “I’ll help you with it.”

At that, I gaped at him incredulously as I wondered whether I had misheard him. Did he actually say that he’ll help me? I must be hallucinating!

My eyes on him were wide as saucers, and I had no idea what to say for a moment. Gratitude welled within me, but I couldn’t utter any words of thanks before him.

“Why are you still standing there in a daze? Go on and cook dinner! Or do you want me to starve?”

Michael’s sharp brows knitted together again when I remained silent for an eternity, his voice tinged with disgruntlement.

Snapping out of my stupor, I hastily rushed to the kitchen. Since he promised to help me, he’ll definitely keep his word!

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I bustled around in the kitchen. Although it was really exhausting to cook dinner for Michael after working for the entire day, I found it absolutely worthwhile at that very moment.

In all honesty, he had truly helped me too much in matters pertaining to my family. Regardless of whether he had any ulterior motives, the fact remained that he had lent me a hand at my lowest.

As I stood before the stove, stirring the soup, a smile unwittingly broke out across my face.

At some time, a pair of massive hands suddenly clamped around my waist. Michael's warm breaths tickled my neck as he rested his chin against my shoulder.

"What are you doing, Michael? I'm cooking here."

However, Michael merely hugged me wordlessly without taking things further. It was the first time he was affectionate with me without any sexual intent. All at once, an inexplicable feeling spread through me.

"It suddenly occurred to me that we've never done it in the kitchen despite having been acquainted for such a long time. How about we try it tonight?"

All of a sudden, Michael's voice turned roguish after I had spoken. His gaze was sensual, while his words were depraved and shameless. Ugh! Is sex all he thinks about every second of every day? Doesn't he have better things to dwell upon?

I was truly flabbergasted at his train of thoughts. Nonetheless, I didn't dare comment on it to his face as the memory of how he tormented me until the wee hours when he was pissed off last night was still vivid in my mind.

"Stop messing around, Michael! The soup is going to boil over!"

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His words just now caused panic to strike me, and I couldn't help musing, Is he for real? Don't tell me he really wants to do the deed in the kitchen? His imagination is really boundless...

Michael merely ignored me, his gigantic hands roaming up and down my body. At that turn of events, my heart skipped a beat. Good heavens! He's serious...

Bubble, bubble... As the sound of the soup boiling rang out, I glanced at the pot of soup that had started bubbling. "Stop it, Michael! It's very dangerous here in the kitchen!" I chastised urgently.

"What a spoilsport!"

Dropping his hands from me in a huff, Michael spun around and strode toward the dining table. His handsome countenance darkened as though he was offended by my suggestion.

Unfortunately, I couldn't be bothered about that right then. My only concern at the moment was to escape the imminent torture. I was still feeling the aftereffects of his frenzy last night, so I wasn't in the mood to play any more sensual games with him tonight. Instead, I merely wanted to have a good night's sleep.

Later, I carried four simple dishes and a soup to the dining room. Michael buried his head in the food without sparing me a single glance as though it was an entirely different man who flirted with me in the kitchen earlier.

Hah! So what if he doesn't want to talk to me? That's even better since I don't feel like talking to him either. Anyhow, he'll only speak of sex!

When I cleared the dining table after dinner, he had already retreated to the bedroom for a shower.

Wearily massaging my shoulder, I made my way to the bedroom as well. I was planning to go to bed after taking a shower.

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The instant Michael stepped out of the bathroom, I glimpsed a shirt in his hand. It was the shirt he wore when he was hammered that night.

As soon as I spotted the white shirt, my expression stiffened. I again recalled the lipstick stain on the collar.

“I haven’t had the time to send the shirt for dry cleaning, but I’ll do it tomorrow.”

At present, I wasn’t just his lover in this house, for I had also taken up the duties of a housekeeper. Doing laundry and cooking were all my responsibilities now that I was even in awe of myself.

“Wear a lipstick of a different color next time. This color looks awful,” Michael noted evenly, pointing at the lipstick stain on the collar.

“Mr. Shaw, I don’t have a lipstick in that color,” I retorted indifferently as I lifted my head and met his gaze head-on.

Frankly speaking, the distinct rose-colored lipstick stain stung my eyes.

Don’t tell me he thinks that it was me who left the lipstick stain on his collar? When did he ever see me wearing lipstick of that color?

“It wasn’t you?” Michael regarded me in surprise upon hearing that, his gaze skeptical. “Who could it be if not you?”

I found his expression at the moment rather ludicrous.

Pfft... He doesn’t know who left the lipstick stain on him, and he’s asking me that? Isn’t that absolutely ridiculous? Or are there a boatload of women around him that he can’t even remember who left it?

“You should know the answer best, Mr. Shaw, so it’s not me you should be asking.”

I stared at him with a cold expression on my face, my voice stained with displeasure.

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“What’s your problem, Anna?”

Michael eyed me with a frown, his gaze radiating irritation and his voice colored with rage.

“Nothing at all. I’m going to take a shower and go to bed. If you want to know who left the lipstick stain, just gather all your women and kiss them one by one.”

Looking at him derisively, I stifled the aggravation within me and stalked into the bathroom after moving around him.

“Anna Garcia!”

When Michael roared my name, I had already slammed the bathroom door shut.

As I showered, the lipstick stain on his collar flashed across my mind once more, putting me in an even fouler mood. While he wanted to know who left that, I was actually even more curious than him.

I took a long time in the bathroom before I finally went out. When I stepped out, Michael was already sprawled on the bed. After blow-drying my hair, I walked over to the other side of the bed and lay down.

“Are you jealous, Anna?”

I thought Michael was asleep since his eyes were closed, but his voice then drifted into my ears. He sounded calm and bereft of all emotion.

Hearing that, my heart lurched, and my gaze snapped to him in a panic. I didn’t expect him to have discerned my feelings so easily.

“You’re reading too much into things. Do I even have the right to be jealous, considering the nature of our relationship?”

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Nevertheless, I would never admit it to him. His cardinal rule was for me to never harbor any feelings for him, so he would definitely know that I had fallen for him and suspect me if I ever admitted to being jealous.

“What was with the furious expression just now if you’re not jealous?”

He turned to look at me. A hint of disappointment showed in his gaze, but his voice remained impassionate.

“Well, I just think that you could’ve told me if you have another woman out there and have lost interest in me. Let’s not waste each other’s youth.”

If he really had another woman out there, my only thought right then was to end my relationship with him. I couldn’t accept him taking the time to do the deed with another woman while being intimate with me.

“Do you think that I, Michael Shaw, am such a libertine that any woman would do for me?”

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