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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 76 - 80

Every time I was caught in a dilemma, as long as he spoke, I'd find myself relenting.

He was right; I had too much on my plate now. Although my dad was recovering well, he still needed a lot of drugs to maintain his health since he only recently went for surgery, and I was the only one in the family they could rely on.

I actually had a younger brother, but he was irresponsible and never had a proper job. Taking responsibility for our parents was asking for too much. As a matter of fact, I'd already been counting our lucky stars if he didn't ask them for money.

Hence, all the family burdens rested on my shoulders alone. When my dad was still in good health, my life was much easier. But now that his health was deteriorating, I was beginning to feel overwhelmed.

"Since you can't afford it, just forget about your worthless dignity and listen to me," he rebuked, as though reading my mind.

I was irked by his attitude and choice of words, but I really didn't have a choice.

"Thank you."

Although I knew what his purpose was, he provided me a place to stay, after all, and I was grateful for that. Without that house, I might really have to sleep on the streets.

The car sped along the road, and we arrived at Birchwood within ten minutes.

He went upstairs with me. It didn't take a genius to know what was going to happen when a man and a woman were alone in the dead of night.

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Needless to say, I was in no mood to entertain him after getting into an argument with Natalie.

But unfortunately, this house belonged to him, so I couldn't very well ask him to leave. Thus, I could only suppress all my emotions.

After entering the house, I dragged my suitcase to the bedroom and started unpacking. I was going to live here from this day onward, and I didn't know what I should feel about that.

Michael followed me into the bedroom and disregarded that I was unpacking as he started directly hugging me from behind and started kissing my neck.

His actions sent a tingling sensation throughout my body. I knew that this man was wanting some tonight. But then again, this was how he always was whenever he was around me.

"Michael, I'm still sorting out my clothes. Besides, it's getting late, and we still have to work tomorrow."

I didn't push him away, but I tried dissuading him in a small voice.

After such a long time, I started to understand his character. Pushing him away would undoubtedly evoke his anger as he was someone who was open to persuasion but never coercion.

"There's no hurry. Since you'll be living here from now on, you can sort out your stuff any time."

Lifting a lock of my hair, he twirled it around his slender finger with a seductive smile on his lips.

My heart sank because I knew nothing could get through to this man when he was aroused.

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Closing my eyes, I sighed in resignation and turned to lie flat on the bed, waiting for him to take me and hoping that he'd finish it up quickly.

Probably not expecting me to react like this, Michael raised a brow and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "What are you doing, Anna?"

I opened my eyes and countered in a dull voice, "Isn't sex what you want? Then do it quick. The faster you're done with it, the sooner I can go to bed."

I thought he'd immediately pounce on me and quickly satisfy his needs, but he didn't do that.

"Can't you at least show some interest? Sex should be enjoyed by both sides, but you're treating it like a chore."

His brows knitted into a deep frown, and discontent gleamed in his dark eyes.

"I'm surprised you know it should be enjoyed by both sides. You're the only one who wants it tonight; I don't. But if you insist, what choice do I have other than hope that you can finish up quickly?"

I can't believe he has the audacity to tell me it should be enjoyed by both sides.

More often than not, he was the one who wanted it, so of course, I could only cooperate.

"Are you using my own words against me, Anna?"

He raised his voice slightly as rage lined his handsome features.

I met his gaze daringly and retorted, "I'm just stating a fact. Am I wrong?"

"You're the most disobedient one out of all the women I had!"

Michael strode toward me with eyes that glinted with a strange light as if he was about to devour me whole at any second.

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I forced myself to maintain eye contact, unwilling to concede defeat. However, the dangerous gleam in his eyes was too much for me to bear, and I chickened out in the end, averting my gaze timidly.

Between the two of us, I was always the one who compromised. Hence, I couldn't believe that he called me disobedient. Come to think of it, why should I even obey him? We were merely friends with benefits. I wasn't his mistress, and he wasn't my keeper.

He stared at me in silence as a storm brew in his inky eyes. At that moment, I could feel the dangerous aura he was emanating.

Yes, I was a coward. That was why I backed down so quickly.

"Then what do you want from me? Just get on with it if you want to. It's not like I'm rejecting you. Am I not obedient enough?"

"I'll let you off tonight because you had a rough day, but tomorrow night, you'll have to work twice as hard to satisfy me!"

What he said surprised me, but I was relieved at the same time. I'm safe for tonight.

Wait a second! Did he just say I'll have to work twice as hard to satisfy him? Doesn't that mean he's coming again tomorrow night?

Frantic, I snapped my eyes back to him. After getting my answer from the look on his face, my heart sank, and I felt like I had shot myself in the foot.

"I think it's better that you don't come here so often. Even though you're not a celebrity, you're still a public figure. What if someone notices you coming here so frequently and exposes our relationship?"

Knowing that Michael didn't want people to know about us, I used the knowledge against him.

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It sounded like I was saying this for Michael's sake, but as though he could see through me, he shot me a sideways glance and countered, "You don't need to worry about that. I have my own ways."

I could never gain the upper hand over this man, so I didn't bother saying anything because I knew it wouldn't make a difference.

Sighing helplessly, I went back to sorting out my clothes. He, on the other hand, left the house without another word.

The tension instantly left my body, but I still felt uneasy being in an unfamiliar environment. Left alone with my own thoughts, I started to miss those days when I lived with Natalie.

Although she was only my friend, we were more like family. Right then, I wasn't sure if we could return to how we used to be.

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It was a sleepless night for me. When I looked into the mirror the next morning, I sighed irritably upon seeing the dark circles under my eyes.

I prepared some breakfast for myself but didn't have an appetite. Thus, I only ate a little bit and went to the office.

Never did I expect Michael to be serious about working in Joyful Success for half a year, but he actually set up his own office here.

Glancing at the temporary CEO's office a short distance away, I began to worry about what happened with Michael the previous night.

I felt skittish every time I saw him, so I really didn't know how I was going to get through the next six months of seeing him every day.

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Fortunately for me, Michael was a workaholic and treated everyone else like thin air whenever he was working. Naturally, he didn't make things difficult for me either.

Just before getting off work, I was arranging the files on my desk when my phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, panic rose in me when I saw that it was Yuval.

I peeked at Michael's office guiltily.

Seeing as his attention was focused on a document in his hand, I quickly picked up the call.

"Anna, are you still at work? What took you so long to answer?"

Yuval's warm and gentle voice drifted across the line.

"Mm-hmm. I'm about to leave the office now," I answered blandly and shot another glance at the CEO's office.

But this time, I found Michael staring straight at me.

When our gazes collided, I was thrown into a frenzy and quickly looked away. For some reason, I felt guilty for answering Yuval's call in front of him.

"We haven't seen each other for a few days now. Let's have dinner together tonight."

Yuval's voice jerked me back to my senses.

"Uhm, I..."

I didn't know how to face Yuval. After all, I already promised Michael that I'd maintain my relationship with him for another six months. During this period of time, there was no way Yuval and I could get along like a normal couple.

But I couldn't bring myself to give up on Yuval just to continue my relationship with Michael. It wasn't because I was fickle-hearted, but because I finally found a man who I

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was compatible with, and who was willing to marry me. I didn't want to go through all the trouble again.

For me, it was very difficult to find a suitable man to spend the rest of my life with. Not to mention, I might never be able to find another man like him.

"What's wrong, Anna? You can't make it?"

Without waiting for my answer, Yuval's voice sounded again, and I could detect the disappointment in his tone.

"That's not it. Then let's-"

I was about to agree to Yuval's invitation, but Michael's voice interrupted me.

"Anna, there are a few more documents here that need sorting. Do it now."

Standing not far away from me, Michael looked at me with an icy and unreadable expression on his face.

"Oh, okay..."

I stared dumbly at Michael, unable to snap out of my daze for a long time.

"I'm sorry, Yuval. I may need to work overtime tonight. Let's take a rain check?"

I actually couldn't come up with an excuse to reject him earlier. Now that Michael had given me a good excuse, I couldn't deny that I felt somewhat relieved.

Since Yuval had also heard Michael's orders from the other end of the line, I wasn't worried that he'd get the wrong idea.

"Alright then. Carry on with your work. Let's have dinner some other time. My treat."

This further showed that Yuval was a considerate man as he didn't make a big deal out of it after hearing what I said.

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After ending the call, I breathed a long sigh of relief. I couldn't tell if it was because of my relationship with Michael, but I really didn't know how to act around Yuval.

When I turned around and found Michael still standing at the same spot, I instinctively backed away a few steps in shock.

Recomposing myself, I met Michael's eyes and asked awkwardly, "Which documents do you need me to sort?"

It was already after working hours, and all my colleagues had left. Hence, Michael wasn't worried that someone might see us interacting closely.

"Was it the little lawyer?"

Michael didn't answer my question, nor did he hand me any documents. Instead, he shifted the topic to Yuval.

He took on a lofty stance when he asked me this question, and I could discern the contempt in his eyes.

Although I was only a commoner, I didn't like it when someone acted like they were above everyone else. Hence, I was greatly ticked off by Michael's attitude.

"His name is Yuval, not 'the little lawyer'!"

Although I couldn't deny that he deserved to behave like this because of his achievements, Yuval was still considered an accomplished lawyer. But the way Michael referred to him was blatantly disrespectful.

"Are you siding with him? Have you forgotten what I told you, Anna? In the next six months, you can only be my woman. You aren't allowed to have other men!"

Michael's face instantly darkened upon hearing my response. He strode over and looked down his nose at me with a chill to his gaze.

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“You only said I’m not allowed to sleep with other men, but you never said anything about cutting off all contact with them. I won’t sleep with Yuval in the next six months, but I can tell you he’s someone I’m going to marry in the future. When our contract is over after six months, I’ll no longer have anything to do with you.”

I knew that I was treating Yuval as a backup and that it was unfair to him, but I wasn’t going to give up when I finally found someone suitable.

Upon that, Michael approached me step by step, his eyes already blazing with fury as he spoke in a glacial voice. “Are you really that wanton, Anna? Do you mean to say that I can’t satisfy you during these six months. Is that why you’re thinking of hooking up another man?”

“You’re being unreasonable, Michael. I already agreed to your conditions. What else do you want? Do you want me to give up my happiness just for this unspeakable relationship between us?”

Anger swelled in my chest as well. I had already compromised enough for him, and this was the one thing I wasn’t going to budge on!

“Your happiness? Are you sure that you’re making the right choice?”

Michael’s lips curled into a sneer, and his eyes grew colder.

“I believe that I’m making the right choice, and I hope you won’t interfere with my life. We’re only friends with benefits, after all. I promise not to be intimate with other men for six months; this is as much as I’m willing to compromise.”

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I didn’t shy away from Michael’s gaze. Even though his terrifying aura scared me, I refused to yield.

“I’ll prove to you that the little lawyer doesn’t deserve your affection.”

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As soon as he said that, he turned around and left.

After leaving the office, I dropped by the supermarket to buy some groceries before going back to the house in Birchwood.

Back home, I washed my hands and started cooking dinner. Due to being used to living with Natalie, I cooked two portions of dinner out of habit. As I sat at the dining table and stared at the amount of food, my heart clenched painfully.

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to stop thinking about anything upsetting and picked up the cutlery to dig into my food. Just then, the sound of the door opening reached my ears. Stunned, I whipped my head toward the door.

Feeling scared was inevitable when I was living alone in a house, especially during the night. After all, there were many cases of breaking and entering, as well as young women being attacked in their own homes.

I was born with a wild imagination, so I felt somewhat nervous at that moment.

But when I saw Michael appearing through the door, I exhaled in relief.

However, it was short-lived. When my mind registered that it was Michael, I became nervous all over again, but for a different reason.

“W-What are you doing here?”

I peered at him nervously as he walked in, recalling the little dispute we had at the office earlier.

Don't tell me he came here so late at night just to get even with me?

He's a CEO of a big corporation, for God's sake. He can't be that petty, right?

The thought of that left me with frayed nerves, and a hint of wariness entered my eyes that were following his every movement.

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“What kind of question is that? I already told you I’d be coming over tonight.” Michael sat down across from me with furrowed brows and reminded me in a bland tone.

Only then did I remember what he said about working twice as hard to satisfy him, which did nothing to make me feel better.

Words failed me as I looked at him in embarrassment. Knowing that he was here for sex, I instantly lost my appetite.

Upon seeing the food I had made, his eyes flashed with a trace of delight. Then, he unceremoniously picked up a pair of cutleries and started eating.

After taking a few bites, he raised his head to look at me with a charming smile. “Not bad. You even remembered to cook me dinner.”

Michael looked very handsome when he smiled. His smile reminded me of sunshine during the winter, and I felt warm and fuzzy on the inside. I stared at him in a daze for quite some time before returning to my senses.

Apart from feeling annoyed that I had swooned over him just moments ago, I also grumbled silently about him assuming that I had cooked dinner for him. I was merely used to cooking two portions of dinner after living with Natalie for so long.

But despite my indignance, I wasn’t planning to tell him the truth because if I did, he’d definitely get mad. Hence, it was better to let him think that I cooked it for him.

Seated opposite of him, I ate my dinner in silence while debating if I should take some time to call Natalie and explain.

Although things between us became strained that night and Natalie probably hated me right now, the thought of John playing with her feelings made me want to expose him right away.

Noticing the distracted look on my face, Michael put down his cutlery and asked indifferently, “What are you thinking of? Yuval?”

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Yuval again? Why does he keep mentioning Yuval in front of me? What has Yuval ever done to him?

He seemed to have something against Yuval, and I didn't like it one bit. However, I didn't want to quarrel with him right now.

"I was just thinking how to make Natalie believe me and realize that John is playing with her feelings."

Worry gnawed at my chest. I already spelled everything out for her the other day, but she still refused to believe me, and it left a bitter taste in my mouth.

"Well that's easy," Michael replied in a bored tone.

"Do you have an idea?" I quickly asked, staring at him in surprise.

"Wait until she gets dumped. When that happens, she'll know you weren't lying to her. This is the best way."

My temper flared as soon as these words left Michael's lips. What a terrible idea! Ugh... He might as well have not said anything.

If I waited until Natalie was hurt by John, she'd be heartbroken by then. How could I bear to see that happen to my best friend?

Michael's brows furrowed when he saw the sad look on my face, and he added in a sarcastic tone, "Since you're so much time on your hands, I suggest you worry about yourself first. Your friend has already kicked you out, yet you're still worrying about her. How magnanimous of you."

"I wasn't kicked out by Natalie. I left on my own. Don't talk about her like that." I corrected his assumption with a glare.

I had a very protective nature, especially when it came to my best friend. Thus, I didn't like it when Michael badmouthed Natalie.

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“Clean up after eating. I’ll wait for you in the bedroom.”

The man probably couldn’t be bothered to argue with me because he merely shot me a fleeting glance before going to the bedroom. Soon, the sound of running water reached my ears.

Of course I knew what was coming up next. Even though we had already slept together several times, I still felt nervous about it.

After washing the dishes, I made my way to the bedroom. Just when I passed through the door, Michael coincidentally emerged from the bathroom, drying his hair with the towel in his hand. He was completely naked, save for the bath towel wrapped around his waist which concealed his most treasured asset.

Michael had a good figure, with eight-pack abs which extended into a sexy V-line. He exuded a masculine and seductive charm. This wasn’t the first time I was seeing his body, but I still couldn’t help but marvel at it.

I could guarantee that he had the sexiest body out of all the men I had seen before. Not to mention, I couldn’t seem to recall ever meeting a man as handsome as him.

Solely based on his appearance, he was the Prince Charming in every woman’s dream, but they probably wouldn’t think so once they fell victim to his unpredictable character.

I gulped and forced myself to look away, internally berating myself for admiring Michael’s body.

As though sensing the change in me, Michael’s lips curved into a smug smile, and desire shone in his eyes as he gazed at me.

“Well, someone seems eager.”

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Leaning closer to me, the man whispered in my ear sensuously.

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His slender finger gently traced the outline of my face and headed downward. My skin heated up wherever it went.

I knew that I might lose myself in his extremely tantalizing skills in no time. With the remaining sensibility left within me, I shoved him away.

“I... I’ll take a shower now.”

My heart thumped frantically as I scuttled into the bathroom in haste.

In frustration, I cursed myself for being pliable in our relationship. The man could always stir me up so effortlessly.

Taking off my clothes, I stood under the showerhead and let the warm water stream down my body. The mere thoughts of what was going to happen next put me on edge, yet it thrilled me.

Half an hour later, I turned off the valve. Only then I realized I didn’t bring my pajamas along when I scurried into the bathroom in a rush earlier.

And since Michael had wrapped himself with a towel, the entire bathroom was left with only a towel.

Feeling stuck and helpless, I paced up and down nervously. Although he had seen every inch of my body, I just couldn’t bring myself to move about without any clothes on brazenly.

“Anna, are you done showering?”

Michael’s impatient voice sounded outside the bathroom when I was still in a dilemma over whether I should seek his help to get my pajamas.

“Yeah, I’m done, but I forgot my pajamas. Can you get it for me?”

Since the man had spoken, I might as well ask him to bring me my pajamas instead of hesitating.

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There was no response from outside, and the anxiety in my heart ceased. He must have been gone to get my pajamas. I wonder if he can find it.

I was still engrossed in my thoughts when the bathroom door burst open all of a sudden, and Michael's dashing face came into view unexpectedly.

My eyes widened in shock, and I was stupefied. A few seconds later, I recollected myself and yelped, covering myself with both hands.

"Why are you even screaming? Which part of your body have I not seen?" His voice was laced with irritation, and his brows drew together.

"Who let you in? Didn't I ask you to get my pajamas for me? Why didn't you give me a heads up before coming in?"

My cheeks flushed crimson red at his words as I glared at him with reproach.

Ugh! What an uncivilized man! Not only did he not bring my pajamas in, but he showed up out of the blue as well.

"Anna, have you forgotten that this is my house? Why do I have to inform you before I come in?"

Staring at me unflinchingly, Michael showed no remorse after my rebuke. In retrospect, I had never seen this man feel guilty before.

"But I'm showering, so you can't barge in just like that. Besides, I'm not wearing anything now."

Exasperated, I glanced down at my unclothed body. Even with both hands, I couldn't hide much from his sight.

"That's great. It saves me the hassle of removing your clothes later. We've never done it in the bathroom before, so why don't we try it out here tonight?"

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In one swift motion, Michael pulled the towel off his waist. Abashed, I wished the ground would swallow me up right now.

Fine, he can do whatever he wants! What a pervert! To think this guy actually wants to do it in the bathroom!

“Michael, why can’t you behave like a normal person? We’re in the bathroom now. How do you want to go about it?”

Warily, I fixed my eyes on Michael, finding it hard to accept his idea.

“I’ll show you how.”

In the meantime, the man had strolled over to me, pulling me into a hug. His hands wandered freely all over my body.

In a posture I had never adopted before, I felt bizarre. However, undeniably, my senses were much more heightened than usual.

It was not as convenient in the bathroom as on the bed. For a man who pursued great pleasure, maintaining a single posture could not satisfy him.

After what seemed like decades, my legs went numb as he continued thrusting forward. Right now, I wished I could collapse and lie motionless on the floor.

Perhaps Michael could tell that I was running out of energy. He didn’t stay in the bathroom, but turned off the lights and strode out with me in his arms instead.

Placing me gently on the huge bed in the bedroom, the man leaned his body against mine.

About half an hour later, he finally had gotten enough. After such a long time of vigorous activity, Michael felt worn out too, no matter how great his stamina was.

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Resting motionlessly on top of my body, he was huffing and puffing, and his chest heaved.

Judging from his usual demeanor, I couldn't tell that he was a man who would be so aggressive in bed.

I wonder how many women he had been with that he had acquired such impressive skills in bed.

The man panted heavily for a long time before moving away from me.

"Michael, can you make the sessions shorter next time? If this goes on, both you and I are going to be exhausted."

Turning my head to the man lying next to me, I saw a glint of displeasure in his eyes.

Michael's so wild every time. He never cares about others' feelings!

At that moment, I couldn't feel my legs, as though they were broken and no longer attached to my body.

"If I last only for one minute in bed, will you be happy with it?"

Immediately, I corrected him; what I meant was that he went on too long. All men loved it when their women commented on this, and Michael was no exception.

As soon as those words left my mouth, he turned to look at me with a devilish grin. His dark eyes gleamed with pride.

Nevertheless, his words rendered me speechless. If he lasts only for a minute, that'll be too short... Did I ask him to finish it within a minute? I only asked him to shorten the time – maybe for about half an hour will do.

But of course, there was no way I would say these thoughts aloud in front of a man.

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If I said it out loud, he would probably despise me inwardly. After all, men loved ladylike and well-bred women. Despite the fact that I was nowhere near ladylike, I believed it was better to be reserved when it came to lovemaking.

Bone-tired, I drifted off into a deep slumber.

The following day, Michael was nowhere to be seen when I woke up. Despite having spent the night with him many times, never once had I seen him the next morning. To be honest, I couldn't help feeling disappointed.

Getting out of bed, I put on my clothes and washed up briefly before preparing breakfast.

Afterward, I wolfed down a poached egg and two slices of bread before leaving for work in a hurry. Because of the strenuous night, I woke up later than usual. It would be such a huge loss if my salary got deducted for lateness.

The second I arrived at the office and sat at my desk, a delivery man asked, "Excuse me. May I know who Ms. Anna Garcia is?"

"That's me!"

Immediately, I jumped to my feet and waved at the delivery man.

The latter marched toward me, and I was nonplussed at the sight of a gigantic bouquet of red roses in his hands. Who sent me these roses?

Signing the proof of delivery, I took over the bouquet of roses and fished out a small card.

For some inexplicable reason, I felt a pang of disappointment when I found out that it was from Yuval.

Opposite my desk, Millie saw it and asked inquisitively, "Anna, who gave you such a huge bunch of flowers? Is it from your boyfriend?"

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“Yeah, I guess so.”

I couldn't find the right words to answer her question. Up till now, I was still clueless about how to handle my relationship with Yuval.

On the one hand, I was messing around with Michael, but on the other hand, Yuval was the one I chose all the other men, whom I could not bear to spare a glance at. He was the only suitable candidate for marriage, even though I had no feelings for him.

Having put in so much effort and found my Mr. Right, I refused to give up on him just yet. My parents were constantly urging me to get married. They were going to be a cat on a hot tin roof if I stayed single.

“What do you mean by that? How generous is he to send you so many roses! I bet you're over the moon now.”

Envy was written all over Millie's face.

Flashing her a smile, I fell silent. Yuval was no doubt fond of me and took our relationship seriously, but that didn't guarantee that I would love him back.

He was an outstanding man, but there was just no chemistry between us.

However, feelings and affection were not important, as long as he was the right person for me.

“Anna, what's your boyfriend's profession?”

Seeing that I remained silent, Millie came to my side and tried to pry information about Yuval out of me.

At a loss for words, I placed flowers on my desk and turned to glance at her. Just as I was about to speak, my gaze landed on the man behind her.

With a stern face, Michael was standing right behind her. His gaze turned dark and menacing.

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At the sight of his frigid expression, my heart skipped a beat, and a sense of foreboding welled up in my heart.

“M-Mr. Shaw...” I blurted out in a panic.

As soon as Millie heard my greeting, she snapped her head around in horror. A petrified look flitted across her face. She didn’t expect the CEO to appear out of nowhere during office hours.

“Did I hire you to gossip during working hours? Have you done your work?”

Michael’s icy voice echoed in the air. His tone was laced with rage, and his gloomy gaze was riveted on me.

Instantly, Millie lowered her head and dared not make a sound, scurrying back to her desk to work

Meanwhile, I looked down and threw myself into work, afraid that he might lash out at me.

Nonetheless, the man was not going to let me off the hook. Marching over to me, his gaze darkened once again as he pointed at the roses on my desk.

“Where did these flowers come from? The office isn’t the place for you to be lovey-dovey. I hired you to work, not to date!”

Michael glared down at me from above. I didn’t peek up, but I could feel his frigid gaze on me.

His husky voice sounded baleful and dominant.

Taken aback by his words, I promptly apologized. “I’m sorry, Mr. Shaw. I promise this won’t happen again.”

His infuriated face was really terrifying. I usually talked back to him, but now I was overcome by fear.

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“Toss the flowers away now!” he commanded in a merciless voice.

Apparently, my apology fell on deaf ears.

His high-handed manner annoyed me. However, he was right that we shouldn't have chattered during office hours.

Stifling my anger, I jumped to my feet, grabbed the bouquet of roses, and threw it into a trash can nearby.

Even though he reprimanded me for hampering my work because of personal affairs, I felt that he was actually picking on me.

“Mr. Shaw, are you satisfied now?” I scoffed after stomping back to my desk, staring into his eyes.

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