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Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 176 - 180

“Michael, you psycho! Let go of me!”

I continued to hit him. Is he a dog? He bit down so hard. Now I’ve lost it too.

“Anna Garcia!”

He pushed himself up and hovered over me. The room temperature felt chilly from the coldness in his eyes.

There was a tinge of redness on his sexy lips, further enhancing his sensuality.

Despite his good looks, the wound on my neck occupied my thoughts. Is he a vampire? He broke my skin when he bit my neck hard. Does he need to be so harsh? Was he planning to suck my blood or what?

“Michael, don’t make me hate you!”

I stared intently into his eyes. Never had I felt such hatred for a person. Humiliation and anger poured through me as I laid there trapped under him.

I could feel his body froze at my exclamation.

“Did you say you hate me?” he breathed. He spoke softly, but I felt chills running down my spine.

“I will hate you more than anyone else in this world if you continue to force yourself on me.”

I was a strong, independent woman. I could endure any challenges or insults thrown at me, but rape was something I couldn’t bear. I couldn’t tolerate him stomping on my pride and shattering it.

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He stared at me for a long while. When I thought he wasn't going to let me go, he got off of me.

I glanced at him wryly. Because he usually wouldn't let me off so easily.

"Don't think I couldn't do anything to you. It's just that I don't like to force women."

He glared at me as he spitted those words.

I was terrified that he was going to hurt me because I could never understand his moods.

He stood and got dressed quickly, then left without even giving me a glance.

Soon, I heard the door slammed shut.

It's so late in the night. Did he go looking for his girlfriend? He must've went to Anna's to slake his needs.

I got more irritated by my train of thoughts, so I pulled the blanket over myself, hoping it could stop me from thinking about Michael.

In the next few days, Michael didn't return to Birchwood nor did he go to the company. I wondered where he went.

I didn't see him since that day he left. Even though I was aware that he wasn't in his office, I couldn't help but sneak glances at the closed door.

I must be out of my mind!

"Millie, Mr. Shaw hasn't come in for two days. Do you know where he went?" I asked Millie, feeling restless.

"Mr. Shaw? Don't you know?" Millie cast me a puzzled gaze and replied, "He's on a business trip to Ustrana. I think he brought his girlfriend with him. Maybe they'll go on vacation while they're there," answered Millie.

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My heart sank, and anxiety started to consume me when I heard that Michael and Emma had gone overseas together.

Huh, they went overseas together. Well, They would have slept together since Michael has such a strong sex drive.

I couldn't help but feel disappointed when I heard they went on a trip together, even though Michael probably had slept with Emma even before this.

"Anna, are you okay? You don't look so well," Millie worried.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me. I need to use the washroom."

I stood in a hurry and dashed towards the washroom, afraid that I couldn't mask my expression anymore.

Noticing the washroom was empty, I sat on the toilet with my eyes red around the rim. The thought of Michael being happy with Emma wrung my heart.

I hated the fact that I was so useless and that I had fallen for Michael.

The arrangement between us is nothing but an agreement. We agreed not to fall in love, so what am I going to do now?

I took out my phone and searched for Michael's number. I finally called him after hesitating for a long while.

After a long while, the call was picked up by a woman, instead of Michael. "Hello."

"Hel...Hello, I'm looking for Mr. Shaw."

The woman's voice belonged to Emma. I remembered her voice despite hearing it only twice.

"Michael is in the shower, so he can't come to the phone right now. Is there is a message I could take for you, Ms. Garcia?"

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Emma's voice was sweet and polite, but I could hear there was an undertone of hostility.

Michael is in the shower. So what they're about to do next is...

I broke my train of thought because I couldn't handle thinking about him sleeping with another woman. I didn't want to be petty, but I just couldn't control myself.

"No. There's no need. I'll hang up now."

I didn't want to listen to her voice any longer, so I was about to hang up when she stopped me.

"Ms. Garcia, let's meet when I get back."

Emma's sweet voice was gone and replaced with a somber tone.

"Why do we need to meet? I would say we're not even acquaintances."

I frowned at her request to meet. I had a bad feeling about it.

We're strangers, yet she wanted to meet me out of the blue. It can't be good news.

"I think you'll be interested if it's about Michael and me. I know both of you have a special relationship. Else, as an average employee of Joyful Success, you won't have his number."

Emma's voice turned cold. So she still found out about my relationship with Michael despite me pretending not to know him.

Emma is Michael's girlfriend. Now that she has exposed my relationship with Michael. It felt like I was the intruder of their relationship, and I was rather ashamed of myself.

"Sorry. I have something to attend to. I'll be hanging up now."

I believe every other mistress like me would feel inferior to the girlfriends.

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Without saying another word, I hung up the call in a panic.

As I clutched my phone tightly, the tears in my eyes finally trickled down my cheeks. In the past two days, I had even considered confessing my feelings to Michael so that we could be together.

But these were merely wishful thinking because I knew that he would never be with me due to the vast difference in our statuses.

I sat on the toilet bowl and cried for a long time before coming out. After splashing water onto my face, I stared at myself in the mirror. There was anger in my red-rimmed eyes. I was mad at myself for being so pathetic.

He was unworthy of my love, but I couldn't control my feelings. I thought I'd never fall in love again after Justin's betrayal. However, the fact that Michael was with another woman upset me. The feelings were more intense than when I caught Justin and Mabel in bed.

I've fallen in love with you, Michael. What should I do?

As I was constantly distracted, I failed to complete the tasks assigned to me by our supervisor, Harry. As a result, I was reprimanded for two days straight.

Since joining Joyful Success a few months ago, I submitted quality work every single time. But these two days, I was always absent-minded at work, so much so that Harry was slightly disappointed in me.

I was called into his office again that day.

In his office, I spoke first. "Mr. Doyle, you wanted to see me?"

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Harry looked at me intently, but the next second, he threw a document file in front of my feet and barked angrily, "Is this how you do your work, Anna? I put you in charge of writing the quarterly report, but look at what you wrote. It's full of mistakes!"

I bowed my head in response to his admonishment, then repeatedly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Doyle. I'll redo it immediately."

Bending down, I picked up the file and turned to leave.

However, Harry wasn't going to let me leave just yet. "Hold up!" he called out and walked toward me, looking disappointed.

"What's going on with you these two days, Anna? You've been making mistakes at work. You're an experienced employee, but the work you've submitted was not even up to the standard of an intern. The company hired you here to work, not to space out during working hours."

I lowered my head guiltily at his words. I was also aware of how neglectful I had been for the past few days, leading to the sloppy work. However, I had no control over my mind whatsoever.

I knew that I couldn't let my personal life affect my work. Yet, I couldn't control my heart. Thus, I was caught in a bind.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Doyle. I'll make sure this won't happen again."

Although Harry didn't say anything too harsh, I could clearly sense that his patience had run out. If I continued making mistakes like that, I could very well be fired.

Harry furrowed his brows in frustration. "Forget it. Get back to work, and remember not to let your emotions affect you when you're here."

With that, he dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Doyle."

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I breathed a sigh of relief as I walked out of his office. I have to get my act together and stop making mistakes.

After leaving the supervisor's office, I returned to my own desk. Millie immediately leaned over with a look of concern on her face. "Anna, are you okay? I heard Mr. Doyle scolding you just now."

Millie was the only one in the office I could get along with. Even though we started off as colleagues, we already considered each other friends.

"It was nothing. Just some mistakes regarding work on my part."

Being scolded by the supervisor was a very embarrassing matter, so I didn't want to reveal too much.

"Anna, I noticed how distracted you've been these couple of days. Is something bothering you? These minor tasks were never a problem for you in the past."

Even Millie realizes that I've been acting strange. Is it really that obvious?

"No. It's probably because of PMS. That's why I'm having all these mood swings."

I hastily averted my gaze and found a random excuse, then remained quiet after that.

Millie wisely stopped prying further and continued with her work.

To make up for my negligence, I had to work overtime that night. So I was probably the only one left in the entire office.

Harry was already very disappointed with me recently. To keep my job, I had to stay back to redo the quarterly summary.

Massaging my sore neck, I tidied up the documents on my desk, switched off the lights, and left the office.

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It was very dark by the time I walked out of the office building. Glancing at the time, I heaved a sigh and hailed a taxi home, seeing as I wouldn't be able to make it in time for the last subway ride.

I was waiting by the roadside when the blinding glare of headlights abruptly came on a short distance away. I instinctively used my hand to block my eyes while cursing inwardly.

Who the hell is this idiot? Doesn't he know how rude it is to shine his car lights at someone this late at night?

If it were in the past, I would've stormed over to give the driver a tongue-lashing. But I was exhausted that day and couldn't be bothered.

Thus, I remained where I was and waited for a taxi. Just then, the car drove toward me. Only when it was close enough did I realize that it was Michael's car.

Knowing that the person inside was Michael, my heart skipped a beat. Is he back? Is he here to see me?

I watched as Michael alighted from the car and strode toward me. We hadn't seen each other for only a week, but it felt like an eternity to me.

Michael came to a halt in front of me. As he towered over me, I detected a hint of a smile in his obsidian eyes.

"Why? Aren't you happy to see me?"

When he didn't receive a response after a long time, his brows knitted together into a displeased frown.

Only then did I come back to my senses. Tears stung my eyes at the thought that we hadn't seen each other for a week, and my voice was slightly choked when I answered, "No. I was just surprised. I didn't expect you to come looking for me again."

"Why do I get the feeling that you're upset about something, Anna?"

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Michael raised his brows at me, and the smile in his eyes became more prominent.

Why do I feel like this guy seems to be very happy to see me sad?

“No. Why would I be?”

I sniffled, trying my best to stop my tears from falling. Then, I averted my gaze, refusing to look at him.

Without probing further, Michael said, “Come on. Let’s go home.”

Then, he grabbed my hand and pulled me toward his car.

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When I heard him utter the words “go home,” my chest tightened painfully. I looked up at him in surprise as conflicting emotions surged in my heart.

I was reluctant to get into Michael’s car. The thought of him being with another woman in the past few days left a bitter taste in my mouth, but I was bone-tired right now and had no energy to put up a fight with him.

After sliding into his car, I remained silent in my seat because I truly didn’t know what to talk about.

As the car sped along the road, Michael turned to look at me and asked casually, “Did you miss me?”

“Why do you even care whether or not your lover missed you? Seeing as you were having fun with a beautiful woman the past few days.”

The corners of my mouth arched into a mocking smile as bitterness crept into my heart. Just how greedy is this guy? He already has such an exquisite beauty by his side. Yet, he still wants me to miss him?

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Why did he even ask me that? Does he miss me?

Surprisingly, my sarcastic tone didn't annoy Michael. His mouth curved into a charming smile as he inched closer to me and muttered, "Who told you I was having fun with a beautiful woman? Are you jealous, Anna?"

When his breath tickled my ear, I quickly moved away but maintained calm and expressionless. I really didn't know what to say to him.

"Why are you avoiding me, Anna? I've let you off the hook a few days ago but you're trying to piss me off again tonight?"

Michael straightened in his seat, the smile vanishing from his face. His gaze burned with barely restrained anger as he stared at me.

Instead of answering his question, I changed the topic. "Did you have fun overseas in the past few days?"

"You think I went overseas to have fun? I went there for work."

Michael slowed the car and glanced at me with furrowed brows.

"You brought your girlfriend overseas. Obviously, it was to have fun."

Anger surged in me when I recalled that Emma had picked up the call when Michael was in the shower. He said he went there for work? Yeah, right. More like a honeymoon.

"You're jealous, aren't you?" Michael asked. It would be impossible for him to not detect the jealousy in my tone. I wanted to keep a cool head, but I just couldn't ignore the discomfort in my heart.

"No, I'm not!" I denied without missing a beat.

I was already pathetic enough in front of Michael. The last thing I wanted was for my dignity to be stripped completely by exposing my true feelings in front of him.

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But of course, Michael didn't believe me for one second. Even a fool could see that I was jealous that Michael had taken Emma overseas with him. "You're still denying? I can practically smell the jealousy in the air."

However, there was no use in being jealous; neither did I have the right to be. Emma was his official girlfriend, while I was a nobody.

"When do you intend to marry her?"

I lowered my head and steered the topic away. My mind was overwhelmed with thoughts about Michael and his girlfriend. I clearly knew that asking these questions would only make me feel more miserable, but I just couldn't help myself.

Michael frowned impatiently because I kept asking stuff about his girlfriend. "I don't know," he answered in a clipped tone, then ignored me completely.

We arrived at Birchwood very soon. After a whole day's work, I was completely worn out. All I wanted to do was curl up in bed. Even the thought of dinner didn't interest me.

Since it was already late, I assumed Michael had already eaten and would go to bed right after taking a shower.

To my chagrin, Michael had other ideas. Just when I lay down in bed, he came in and announced loudly, "Anna, I'm hungry."

"It's almost eleven. Didn't you have dinner with your girlfriend before coming back?"

I opened my eyes and stared at Michael, irritated by the disturbance just when I was about to fall asleep.

"I went to see you as soon as I got off the plane. Do you think I had time to eat dinner?"

I noticed the dark look on Michael's face, probably because I kept mentioning his girlfriend. I could even see the simmering anger in his eyes.

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But upon hearing his answer, my heart thumped violently in my chest. He came to see me right after getting off the plane? Does that mean he didn't even send his girlfriend home?

My heart soared, and my mood was instantly lifted.

"It's already so late. I didn't buy any groceries because you weren't home these few days. So there isn't much left in the refrigerator."

As I was in a better mood, my body felt more invigorated as well. Sitting up in bed, I decided to make something for Michael, but I was lacking ingredients.

"Just make something simple," Michael replied curtly, then walked to the bed and lay down directly.

The lights in the bedroom were very bright, so I could clearly discern the exhaustion lining his features. Perhaps he was indeed working overseas in the past few days.

I shot him a glance but left the bedroom without disturbing his rest.

In the kitchen, I opened the refrigerator and found it completely empty. Two days ago, I thought Michael wasn't coming anymore, so after finishing all the ingredients in the refrigerator, I didn't restock anything. There was only two cups of instant noodles left.

Left with no choice, I boiled some water, then cooked the two cups of instant noodles. I was tired after working the whole day. Hence, I made do with what I had on hand.

By the time I went back to the bedroom, Michael was already asleep. As I listened to his even breathing, I observed the way the lights accentuated his chiseled face.

"Michael," I nudged him and called out softly.

Although Michael seemed sophisticated and glamorous as the CEO of a large corporation, no one knew all the blood, sweat, and tears he poured into achieving this success. People tend to forget that he was also a human who got tired and needed to work hard like everyone else.

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“Mm,” Michael responded softly before opening his bleary eyes.

I felt slightly pained to see him this tired. I initially thought he took his girlfriend overseas for a vacation, but it seemed like he really went there for work.

We went to the dining room together. Upon seeing nothing on the table besides the two cups of instant noodles, Michael’s brows drew together.

“Anna, is this the dinner you prepared for me? Junk food?”

Michael eyed me with suspicion, as though he couldn’t believe that his dinner was a cup of instant noodles.

“There were only two cups of instant noodles left. And it’s already past midnight now, so all the restaurants are closed.”

I looked at Michael awkwardly. Of course, I wanted to prepare a delicious meal to reward him for his hard work, but I had nothing to work with, so this was the best I could do.

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“There’s nothing left in the refrigerator? Then what did you eat these two days?”

Michael frowned at me, and I caught a glimpse of the concern flashing in his eyes. Am I seeing things? Is he actually concerned for me?

“I—” These few days, I either ate instant noodles or skipped eating altogether. Being plagued with thoughts of another woman in his arms every day left me without much of an appetite. It was so bad I even dreamt of him getting intimate with her in bed.

I was physically and mentally drained these days. I was on the verge of falling apart at the seams.

Michael’s scanned me from head to toe before remarking, “You’ve lost weight.”

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My eyes widened slightly in surprise. Is this man that perceptive? He can even tell that I lost weight?

“Let’s eat and go to bed. You look tired.”

I looked away in panic. Everything Michael said since showing up made me a flustered mess. I was afraid I would accidentally expose my emotions in front of him.

After pushing a cup of instant noodles toward him, I dug into my own cup. Michael’s attitude toward me that night left me very confused. In the past, he never treated me so gently.

Instead of making things difficult for me like he usually did, he merely glanced at me before he started eating.

After eating, I followed Michael back to the bedroom. Probably because he was too exhausted, he slept almost as soon as his head hit the pillow instead of coming on to me like he usually did.

I was coincidentally tired as well. Without Michael bothering me, I felt relaxed as I lay down beside him. With his arms loosely around me, I fell asleep very quickly.

In my sleep, I felt my body tingle with electricity.

Opening my eyes in a daze, Michael’s handsome face slowly came into focus.

My eyes flew wide open when my mind registered that I wasn’t having a wet dream, but it was Michael teasing my body.

“What are you doing, Michael?”

I instantly became fully awake and eyed him warily.

“What else do you think I’m doing? I was too tired for this last night, but I can make it up now that it’s morning.”

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Michael's mouth curved into a flirtatious smirk. Then, he leaned down to kiss my lips.

I turned my head away and said to him with a smile, "I think you should get more rest. You looked really tired last night. There's still some time left before you have to go to work. Sleep a while longer."

After he fell asleep without any action last night, I knew he wouldn't let me go so easily the next day, but I didn't expect that he'd be horny so early in the morning.

"Trust me, I've gotten enough rest. I need to vent now."

Michael raised his brows at me, his gaze turning heated.

From the looks of it, I knew there was no way for me to escape his clutches. I really couldn't understand how this man could be so energetic. Just last night, he looked like a walking zombie, but he was so full of energy right then. He was even ready to get it on.

I heaved a helpless sigh. "But I'm still tired..."

After working overtime last night, I wanted nothing more than to sleep for the entire day. Unfortunately, I was roused from my beauty sleep.

"Just lie down and rest if you're tired."

Michael had always been an overbearing man. Once he set his mind on something, no amount of persuasion would make a difference. Besides, his eyes were already brimming with lust, so it was close to impossible to make him calm down.

I wanted to say something, but Michael crashed his lips onto mine before I could.

After several days of not seeing him, the heat from his lips made my heart race. It was then that I realized how much I craved for his kiss and touch.

Before I realized I had fallen in love with him, I kept resisting his advances. But now that I was aware of my feelings for him, I stopped rejecting him. The only problem was that I felt despicable for sleeping with him when he already had a girlfriend.

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Michael told me to just lie down and rest, but how was that possible when he was teasing me like that?

He was in no hurry at all, staying focused on my breasts for a long time before moving on to another sensitive part of my body.

“Michael...”

At first, my plan was to pretend to go back to sleep so that he'd eventually lose interest, but I couldn't control myself anymore as soft moans escaped my lips in response to his actions.

His lips curled into a sexy grin when he heard my needy moans. Bringing his lips beside my ear, he whispered in a husky voice, “So eager already? Didn't you say you were sleepy?”

His warm breath tickled my neck when he spoke, causing my skin to tingle and my heart to flutter in my chest.

I turned my face away shyly, unable to meet his intense gaze.

Michael chuckled upon seeing my reaction. Thankfully, he didn't say anything else and continued where he left off.

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After what seemed like an eternity, Michael rested on top of me while panting heavily.

I could feel his heart racing due to the vigorous exercise we had just done.

After a while, he propped himself up on his hands and looked down at me.

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“Did it feel good?” Still flushed from our passionate entanglement earlier on, it made his question sound extra amorous.

A blush of embarrassment flashed across my cheeks immediately as I turned to face away from him. How was I supposed to answer such a straightforward question?

“Nope,” I answered.

That was the only answer I could give as I couldn’t possibly have told him that I enjoyed it. That would be too embarrassing.

“Really? You were moaning in pleasure just now. Were you faking it?”

Michael was not upset with my answer. Instead, he cocked his brows as the corners of his lips curled into a sexy smile. In addition to his topless body, he looked extremely seductive.

After hearing what Michael said, my face turned as red as a ripe tomato and I was too shy to continue looking at him.

Was there anything that the man did not dare to say? Who would be able to fake those moans in the middle of doing it?

“It’s getting late. We should get up and get ready for work,” I said in a fluster. Michael’s intent gaze was making me uncomfortable.

I wanted to push him away, but he did not budge at all.

“Why are you in such a hurry? I’m the boss, yet I’m still here. Why are you so eager to go to work?”

I glared at Michael after he said that, feeling a little angry. We had already finished doing the deed. What else did he want? Was he thinking of doing it again?

“We should hurry if you want to do it one more time.”

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I opened my arms and closed my eyes, waiting for the man to take action. It must be because he was not satisfied. So, he did not want to let me go.

Michael froze for a second before giving me a puzzled look. After he processed my words, he raised his brows and replied, "It seems like I did not satisfy you even after trying so hard just now. Well, I really can't tell that you have such a high drive. Does it mean that I need to work harder to satisfy you in the future?"

I resisted the urge to give him two tight slaps after hearing his reply. Did I say anything to imply that my sex drive is high? Indeed, he had a strange way of thinking.

"I just thought that you're not satisfied. Otherwise, why would you refuse to get off me? Do you know how heavy you are?"

Since he wasn't planning on doing it again, why was he still laying on top of me? Did he really not know that I could hardly bear his weight?

"If there is time, I can pleasure you again. But, I think we'll have to wait till tonight," Michael said as he got out of bed.

I heaved a long sigh of relief after he left. I got dressed as well.

I intended to take the subway. However, since Michael insisted that he would fetch me to work, I gladly accepted the offer.

He was driving slowly towards the office. When the car stopped at a red light, he took out a jewelry box from his pocket.

"This is a present for you," he said as he tossed it into my arms.

I noticed that Michael had an awkward expression on his face. He was looking straight at the red light, avoiding my gaze intentionally.

I looked at him in surprise and opened the jewelry box at once. What greeted my sight was an exquisite diamond necklace.

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The piece of jewelry was stunning as it sparkled under the rays of the sun. More importantly, it was a gift from Michael. However, I could not accept such an expensive gift.

“Thanks for the present but it’s too expensive. Please take it back as I can’t accept it.”

The diamond necklace must have cost him at least tens of thousands. How could I accept it when I already owe him so much?

I closed the box and handed it back to Michael. Diamonds were a girl’s best friend. However, I really should not accept any gifts from Michael anymore, let alone an expensive one.

“I won’t take back what I have given. If you don’t want it, I’ll throw it out of the window right now.”

Michael’s smile disappeared after I rejected his gift. Right then, he was about to throw the box out of the window.

“No! How can you throw this away!”

How could the man throw away a diamond necklace that cost tens of thousands without feeling anything at all?

“Since you’ve rejected it, there’s no point in me keeping it. Do you expect me to wear it myself?” Michael replied with a cold expression.

Obviously, he was angry that I had rejected his present.

“You can give it to your girlfriend. You don’t have to get rid of it. After all, it’s such an expensive item.”

I lowered my head as I said the word “girlfriend” in dejection.

“Anna, from now onward, you’re not allowed to mention the word ‘girlfriend’ in front of me!”

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Michael's icy voice echoed in the air as he glared at me coldly, obviously upset.

How could his emotions change so quickly? Was I wrong to say that?

Emma was indeed his girlfriend. Why was I not allowed to mention it?

"So—"

Michael interrupted my speech, "You have only two choices now—accept the present, or I'll throw it away!"

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