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# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 201 - 210

As Yuval was still considered my ex-boyfriend, I could not believe that he was pursuing Natalie, my best friend. The news shocked me.

Though, I must say that he was quite a decent person. Hence, I figured it might be a good thing if he ended up with her since we had already broken up anyway.

“Natalie hasn’t agreed to be with me. Anyway, um, I still have something on. Bye.”

Perhaps it was somewhat awkward for us to be discussing such an issue, for he then hurried into the car and left.

My ex-boyfriend fell in love with my best friend. It indeed sounds a bit...

Nevertheless, Yuval and I had never been in love. We were only together because we felt that we were suitable for each other. Hence, if he genuinely liked Natalie, perhaps it was a good thing.

As I watched his car leave, I came back to my senses and headed upstairs.

Then, soon after I rang the doorbell, the door opened. As I did not call before I went over, Natalie was surprised once she saw that it was me. Afterward, she quickly pulled me inside.

“Anna, you’re finally willing to come to see me. I thought you’d forgotten about me ever since you moved to Michael’s.”

She then pulled me to the living room, where I sat on the couch. While standing in front of me, she stared at me in dissatisfaction.

“How could I forget you? You’re my best friend. I’ll forget anyone else but you,” I replied.

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In reality, both of us had not seen each other in a long time. As I did rarely contact her during that period, I still felt somewhat guilty inside.

“Oh, is that so? For some reason, I find that you really place love over friendship, Anna. Your mind’s fully occupied with Michael nowadays that there’s no place for me anymore.”

It appeared that my fawning did not let her anger dissipate, for she was still looking at me unhappily.

“Ms. Xavier, it’s not like what you think. I’ve been very busy with my family affairs recently and was too frustrated. I hardly had any time left to contact you.”

I then took her hand in mine and began earnestly explaining my situation. What I said was entirely true—for the past two days, I had been so swamped with my family matters that I could barely breathe.

“Alright, alright. I believe you, so don’t keep staring at me like that.”

Seeing that I was pouting and looking at her as though I had been wronged, she acted as if I made her skin crawl. Eventually, she could not take it anymore and sit down beside me.

“I knew you wouldn’t be angry at me. You’re my best friend.”

In reality, I knew that Natalie would not be angry with me from the very beginning. Therefore, I was not worried about it.

Just then, she turned to look at me and changed the topic. “By the way, how’s everything back home? Did your mom make things difficult for you?”

As soon as she mentioned my family issues, I felt a headache coming on. I sighed helplessly as I started feeling moody.

“Steven’s out of the hospital, but he still needs to recuperate for a long time. Thus, I’ve arranged a place for the three of them today.”

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Since Natalie was my best friend, I would not keep anything from her.

“Your entire family’s now in the city. That’ll take a huge chunk out of your pocket. Will you be able to afford it?”

Following that, she, too, sighed helplessly with her gaze filled with distress.

“So what if I’m not able to? Steven’s legs aren’t completely healed yet, so he has to take time to recuperate. After all, it’ll affect the rest of his life,” I replied.

“But your parents are completely squeezing you dry right now. You’re just a woman, Anna. Can’t you treat yourself better? It’s not your sole responsibility to support a family, so why do they think it’s alright to treat you like an ATM?”

Seeing that I was so helpless, she then became a little angry.

As they say—onlookers see most of the game. But of course, she was also naturally more biased toward me because she was my friend.

“I’ll hold on for a while longer. After Steven recovers and can start working, I won’t be stuck in this situation anymore.”

If I did not care about my parents and Steven right then, they would not be able to survive. Thus, I could only take care of them at the moment.

I only hoped that his legs would get better soon. Once he recovered, I would find him a reliable job.

“Do you think he can work?” Natalie asked as she frowned. Her perceptions about Steven were the same as Michael’s. They all thought that I was thinking too well about him.

Although I was not sure what would happen in the future, I did not have a choice right now. After all, they were my family, so I could not possibly leave them to fend for themselves.

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I sighed again but did not speak. I was just feeling a bit uneasy.

“Okay, let’s not talk about this anymore. I don’t want to ruin the mood,” I replied.

Right now, whatever issues that concerned my family would make me frustrated. Hence, I instinctively wanted to escape.

“Okay, let’s not talk about it anymore. Anyway, no one knows what’ll happen in the future.”

Knowing that I was irked, she also stopped talking about it.

Subsequently, both of us remained silent. Then, all of a sudden, I recalled meeting Yuval downstairs. Feeling puzzled, I said, “Natalie, I want to ask you a question. You must answer me truthfully!”

I turned around and looked at her expectantly, for I greatly wanted to know what was going on between them.

“What is it?”

Since I was looking at her with a solemn expression, Natalie frowned and looked back at me, deeply perplexed.

“What’s going on between you and Yuval? Are you guys dating?”

After asking what I wanted to know the most, I looked at her seriously while waiting for her answer.

Upon hearing my question, she was first startled, then became flustered.

“No. It’s nothing like that. Why’re you suddenly asking this?”

However, although she denied it, I could see her anxiousness.

“I saw him downstairs literally just a few moments ago. He said he was waiting for you.”

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After saying that, I then looked at her inquiringly. She looks so nervous. There must be something going on between them.

“You’re overthinking, Anna. There’s nothing between us. He’s your ex, so I won’t be involved in any relationship with him. Don’t worry.”

Seeing as I was still looking at her suspiciously, her expression became increasingly nervous as she continued looking at me.

It was only after listening to her words that I realized what she was thinking. In reality, she was nervous only because she was afraid I would be upset since he was my ex-boyfriend.

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I felt touched knowing that she had probably kept rejecting Yuval because of me. It was clear that I was more important to her.

However, I had always regarded him as a friend. As a result, I did not feel uncomfortable that he was wooing Natalie.

I held her hand and looked into her eyes as I said, “Nat, Yuval’s a good man. If you have feelings for him, date him. I won’t mind.”

She had probably not expected me to say that because she looked at me in surprise and was stunned by my words.

“Anna, you...”

“You’re my best friend, so I do hope that you’ll find your own happiness. Also, I don’t have any feelings for him. We only got together because we seemed good together, but we don’t have feelings for each other. So, you don’t have to miss out on a good man because of me.”

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Indeed, he was quite a good man who was both attentive and considerate. Back then, I broke up with him without giving him a reason and still felt guilty about it. Thus, if they genuinely liked each other, I hoped they could be together.

She was surprised as she probably did not expect that I would not care at all. Then, she widened her eyes and looked at me in disbelief.

“Do you really have no feelings for him? At the end of the day, he’s still your ex. Thus, I kept thinking that it’d be very awkward if we got together.”

Although she did not admit her feelings for him, I could tell from that sentence that she had a dilemma.

Thus, I replied, “I really don’t mind. Anyway, we were only together for over two months, and we didn’t do anything that crossed the line. So, you don’t need to feel so awkward about it.”

I then smiled at her. After all, if my best friend could find a man who loved her, I would be elated instead of feeling uncomfortable.

“But I still don’t know how I feel about him. This just came all too suddenly, and I don’t know how to react.”

Ever since she was betrayed by that scumbag, John, she no longer dared to step into a new relationship just like that. She was afraid it would turn out the same as the last time.

“Then we’ll talk when you’ve figured out how you feel about him.”

Only she could decide for herself whether she wanted to be with him. Thus, I would not interfere in their relationship.

After chatting for a while more, I then left because I had to rush back to prepare dinner. Although I was already very tired then, Michael was a very picky man. But recently, he toned down a little since he knew I was down in the dumps.

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However, I seemed to be down on my luck recently. Soon after I walked out of Natalie's house, a car behind me kept honking at me.

Irritated, I turned around. It was not a car that I recognized. Thus, I turned and left, not wanting to care about it.

I merely took a few steps before a man's voice rang out from behind. "Ms. Garcia, our miss would like to speak to you."

Ms. Garcia? Is he calling me?

Pausing in my footsteps, I turned to look at the man suspiciously. He appeared to be around thirty or forty and was wearing a black suit. The man was probably a chauffeur or a bodyguard.

"And who is that? I'm sorry, but I don't think I know her."

I neither knew any important women nor wanted to cause any trouble; all I wanted then was to hurry back.

"Ms. Garcia, get in the car, and you'll know who she is."

Seeing as I was about to leave, he stood in front of me to block my way.

Clearly there with unkind intentions, I frowned and said coldly, "What are you doing? I want to go home now!"

"She's waiting in the car for you. Please don't make me use force!"

Nevertheless, my cold reply did not bother him at all. His expression was equally cold, and it looked as though he had no intention to let me go.

As the man was tall and big, I would not be able to run if he used force on me. Thus, I felt somewhat scared then, for I had no other choice.

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Glancing at the car not far away, I felt angry. Okay, let's see what kind of lady she is. Hmph! The nerve of that man! I can't believe a man would want to use force against me, a woman!

I then strode toward the pure black Cadillac. When I was at the backseat window, it rolled down slowly to reveal Emma's delicate face.

I felt a little surprised seeing that it was her. However, I also knew that nothing good would come out of her finding me.

"Ms. Jones, what do you mean by this?"

Since she wanted to see me, it would not be for anything good. Naturally, I did not have to be polite either.

"Get in. We'll talk inside."

She then frowned slightly and looked at me as though she was way superior.

"It's fine. Just tell me why you're looking for me. If there's nothing, then please excuse me as I still have something else to do."

Ever since I met Emma the previous time, I knew she was hostile toward me. I had always been a person who drew a clear line between whom or what to love and hate. Thus, since she did not like me, I felt the same for her.

"I have something to tell you, so get in the car. After all, you wouldn't want the people to know about your relationship with Michael, right?"

Emma gave me a side-eye glance and used Michael and my relationship against me.

I hated it when others threatened me—the first person being Michael himself, and now, Emma.

Although I stared into her eyes coldly, I eventually compromised after a while. After all, I could not ignore my reputation.

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Thus, I walked around the car and entered, sitting beside her.

“Speak. What’s up?”

“Ms. Garcia, we had a very unpleasant conversation the last time. I thought about it carefully when I got home, and I think maybe I wasn’t sincere enough; that’s why you got angry. So, I came here today with a lot of sincerity.”

Her tone was gentle and pleasant. However, she was wearing a haughty expression right in front of me.

Perhaps it was because she was rich since young. Thus, although she looked polite enough on the surface, deep down, I knew she looked down on a mere country girl like me.

“What do you mean? I don’t think we have anything to talk about.”

The last time she looked for me, it was nothing more than to talk about Michael. Hence, I felt like our meeting today probably had to do with Michael again.

“I heard that your brother lost money while gambling and someone broke his legs? The treatment should’ve cost a lot, and the follow-up rehab is probably not that cheap either.”

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Emma then broke into a triumphant smile.

“You did a background check on me?” I asked.

My anger suddenly surged after hearing her words. Other than that reason, there was no other explanation for why she was so clear about my family matters.

“I merely wanted to know you a bit better. I didn’t investigate you on purpose.”

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In contrast to my cold gaze, there was no reaction from her. Instead, she was a little happy seeing that I was angry.

It wasn't on purpose? Hah! Who'd believe that?

"What exactly do you want?"

I looked at her coldly as I tried to hold back my anger. In the past, at the very most, I did not like her. However, at that moment, I hated her.

Who the h\*ll did she think she is to do a background check on me?

As her expression turned cold, she finally came clean about her purpose. "My plan is simple. I want you to leave Michael. After all, I am his girlfriend, and you... are nothing."

"And if I don't agree?"

In reality, I had long guessed that she wanted me to leave him. Originally, I did not intend to break their relationship and would obediently go when he asked to end our relationship. However, I was annoyed that she had poked her nose into my private matters. As a result, I decided then that I would not let go of Michael that easily.

"If you agree, I'll give you a huge sum of money so that your entire family won't have any worries in the future. You're a smart woman, Ms. Garcia. I think you know how to decide."

Her expression was not one of anger. She held a blank check in her hand, then handed it to me. As usual, her gaze was still full of contempt.

I looked at the blank check in her hands. It was indeed a very attractive offer. Moreover, I was short on money right then. If I took it and casually asked for a few million, it probably would not be a problem for her. In addition, I would not need to work so hard in the future.

However, I was not that cheap. Although I liked money and knew its importance, I was annoyed by her disrespect toward me.

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Therefore, with a cold expression, I took the blank check over.

Most likely thinking that I had accepted her condition, she smiled triumphantly. However, my next move had her dumbfounded.

Without hesitation, I tore it up and threw it out of the car.

“Anna, what do you mean by this!”

Her beautiful face was distorted in anger as her gaze filled with fury.

“Don’t you understand what I mean? If you don’t, I’ll tell you bluntly. I don’t care about your stupid money!”

Here she was, thinking to use the money to make me leave Michael and forget the fact that she had investigated me. However, I had always been someone who held grudges, so I would never forget how she humiliated me today.

She replied, “Don’t you need money? I heard that you’re short of funds right now, so you can stop pretending.”

She was furious on the inside but was still pretending to be calm on the surface. I had to give it to her, though—her acting skills were top-notch.

“Hah! Why do I need to do that? Do you think I’ll care for your stupid money? Anyway, aren’t you very clear about my relationship with Michael? Isn’t he much richer than you? If I want money, he’ll give me much more than you’ll ever give!”

She merely wanted to show off her superiority and that she was richer than me. Not only that, but I knew she also wanted to tell me that we were on totally different levels.

“You!”

However, she could not say anything else to refute me and merely glared at me with a furious gaze. She looked as though she wanted to tear me apart right then and there.

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“Don’t make me force you, Anna. Do you think I’ll worry just because you brought Michael up? Don’t forget. To Michael, you’re just an embarrassment. Do you think you can beat me?”

She looked at me in disdain, making no secret of the irony and contempt in her tone. It turned out that she had already thoroughly investigated the relationship between Michael and me.

What she said really made me feel a little uncomfortable. Despite that, I did not show it in front of her.

“Since you think I’m no match for you, why’d you look for me again and again? Was it because you think that I’m a threat to you? And you’re worried?”

I then sneered, sparing no effort to fight back against those who targeted me.

Although I was only an ordinary person, she had no right to talk to me in that manner, even if she came from a wealthy family. After all, I did not owe her anything.

Knowing I had hit the nail on the head, Emma could not hold it in anymore as she shifted her gaze downward guiltily.

It proved that women knew women best. That was why she could easily catch onto my weaknesses. And similarly, I could do the same to her.

“You’re going too far! I’m so much better than you in all aspects, be it my background or appearance. Worried? Hah! Why should I be?”

Her expression turned vicious as she looked at me with her gaze full of hatred. There was no more of the gentleness and generosity she showed in front of Michael. As expected, she was a good actress.

“If you’re here just to make me leave Michael, then you’ve made a mistake! Goodbye!”

Not wanting to stay and talk with her any longer, I then opened the car door and left.

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“Just you wait, Anna. One day, I’ll make you disappear in front of him forever!”

Her sharp threat then rang out from behind me. Although I was angry, I never looked back.

There’s no need to care about such a woman. She’s crazy. Does she think she can just use the money to trample on my dignity?

I did not lose in our confrontation. In fact, it could be said that I won very gloriously. However, my good mood soon disappeared. Since I had made an enemy of Emma that day, she would definitely find trouble with me in the future.

After she left, I walked along the sidewalk alone while sighing helplessly. I was annoyed, for there was one thing that Emma had not made clear. That was, to Michael, I would always be an embarrassment.

Merely from that one point, I was completely defeated. Solely because she had come from such an influential family background, she could proudly stand beside him. Compared to her, I was nothing; nothing but a lowly country girl.

When I arrived outside the house, I stopped and took a deep breath before entering the password. I did not want Michael to see that I was upset.

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I didn’t see Michael after I came back, so I searched around for him, but he was nowhere to be found. Guess he wasn’t back yet then. He was probably occupied by his work since it was getting quite late. That man really was a workaholic. I swear, he wouldn’t even get up before finishing his mountain of work.

I went to make a simple dinner and laid it out on the table. It had been a while since I lived with him, and I noticed he liked a simple dinner more. It was weird, though, since he probably had caviar for breakfast before we started dating, so I wondered why he liked my homemade food. At that point, I just guessed he wasn’t really a picky eater.

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I waited for him to come back so we could dig in, but much to my chagrin, he still wasn't back yet. Hey, you should've at least given me a call. What am I supposed to do now?

The fact that he wouldn't call me got on my nerves. Even though I knew he didn't need to tell me anything, the radio silence was still annoying.

At that, I cursed him silently and decided to stop waiting for him. If he isn't calling me, there's no need to wait then.

I was about to dig in when my phone rang. Michael? Huh, at least he's not a heartless b\*stard. The fact he called me made me feel a little better, so I took the call.

"Hey, what's taking you so long?" I snapped at him, disgruntled.

"Hello, Ms. Garcia," a woman answered me.

Wait, Emma? That was the first thought I had. Where'd that guy go?

I knew something was up when she was the one answering me. Since she was taking the calls, that meant Michael was with her. That fact angered me, but it also made me jealous. Michael spent most of his time with me, but he only made his relationship with Emma public.

"Why are you answering for him? Do you need anything?" I had to ask despite knowing that they were together. One could say that I did not know when to give up.

"Michael's taking a shower, so he won't be going back tonight. He's staying at my place. Don't wait up on him," Emma answered smugly, while my heart shattered into a million pieces.

I gripped the phone tightly, and I teared up. Even though I knew Michael was staying with Emma, hearing it from her was still soul-crushing nonetheless. "Noted with thanks. If there's nothing else, then I'll be hanging up. Bye." I was starting to suffocate, and I had to hang up fast. Otherwise, I might lose it if I start thinking about how he would stay the night at her place.

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"I told you he's mine, Anna, so give up. Stop hurting yourself," Anna told me coldly before I could end the call.

I knew she was threatening me, but I snapped back, "You're not the boss of me, Emma." Then I hung up before she could say another word.

The moment that phone call ended, I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't take the fact that he was staying with another woman, and I couldn't take the fact that they would be f\*cking in a moment. The mere thought ripped my heart apart, tearing me up.

I knew Michael was a playboy. And I knew he wouldn't be with me for life, but still, I wanted him all for myself.

Turning to look at the dinner on the table, I laughed at myself. It was unbelievable, but all I could think about was Michael. To think I cared about a man who only saw me as a "business partner." To think I actually fell in love with him. Oh, how pathetic and foolish I was.

Well, who knew one call was all it took to ruin my appetite? I left the dishes on the table and went to my bedroom, but I knew it'd be a sleepless night. I tossed and turned, but I didn't get a wink of sleep even when dawn had risen.

Every time I closed my eyes, all I could see was Michael pounding another woman as hard as he could. How could I sleep when all I could think about was him getting it on with another woman? God, even sleeping was tortuous for me at that point.

I took a look at the time and realized it was already five-thirty in the morning, but Michael was still nowhere to be seen. Wow, I guess that must be one hell of a night.

Right when I was about to plunge into another session of depression, I heard someone opening the door. That's Michael. It has to be. We're the only ones who have the access code. I should be feeling happy, but for some reason, I wasn't.

In the end, I pretended to be asleep since I didn't want to see him. I was worried I couldn't stop myself from imagining him having sex with Emma.

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Eventually, he came to the bedroom, and he opened the door. Even though I wanted to blow up and demand an explanation, I couldn't even bring myself to open my eyes. Heck, I couldn't even breathe.

Then I felt him coming toward me with his sharp piercing gaze on my face. A few moments later, he lay down beside me and gave me a hug. He loved to spoon me as he drifted to sleep every night, and I loved being the little spoon.

That was the past, though. Now I wanted him to get off me. It used to feel good, but all I could think about at that point was if Michael had hugged that woman like how he was hugging me right now.

So I turned around, refusing to face him. I was upset, but I had to cover it up. I didn't know how much longer I could last, but I didn't know how to tell him about my feelings either.

But of course, he realized I was pushing him away, and he frowned. "I know you're awake. C'mon, why aren't you talking to me?" He sounded as sexy as usual but also tired. Though I didn't want to ignore him, I still couldn't bring myself to face him.

Since I was turning my back on him, I looked straight ahead and let my sadness flow. "There's nothing to talk about. You were out all night, so you must be exhausted now."

Once again, I thought about how he had spent the night before with Emma, and my heart crumbled into pieces.

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"Yeah, I am. I pulled an all-nighter," he answered calmly and went to sleep, oblivious to my feelings.

It was just a simple answer, but it hit me like a truck. I couldn't believe he admitted to it without any explanation. "Were you with Emma last night?"

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I was holding on to a sliver of hope, convincing myself that Emma was lying to me. Maybe he wasn't even at her place last night. Even though the chances of that happening was close to zero, I wanted to believe in it. But I knew it must be true since Emma called me using his phone. That couldn't have happened if he wasn't with her.

"How did you know?" He gave me a look of surprise and sounded alarmed.

I didn't get the answer straight from his mouth, but his aversion was already an answer in of itself. So he was with Emma last night. Why is he looking so alarmed, though? Is he suspecting me of something? We've known each other for so long. I thought you understood me.

I closed my eyes silently, and tears streamed down my cheeks.

He frowned in displeasure because of my silence, then he turned me around by force. "What is goi—" Michael was about to interrogate me, but he swallowed his words when he saw me crying. "Why are you crying? I haven't even begun."

Michael looked like he was worried about me, though I wondered if I was just reading into it too much. Maybe I was, since there was no way he'd worry about me.

I decided to not hide it anymore, so I stared back into his eyes. Even so, I couldn't stop crying. "Is this it, Michael? Are you gonna break up with me?" I asked calmly. If he were to say yes, I'd leave him without a fuss.

"Is that all you think about, Anna?"

It wasn't the first time I had confronted him with that question, and he'd blow up every time. I tried to force him into breaking up with me at first so I could leave him, but at this point, I was just terrified about the fact of breaking up.

Everyone might think I was just a slut for keeping Michael around as a friend with benefit when he was in a committed relationship, but I didn't care. I couldn't help myself from falling deeper and deeper into this pit of love.

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“Because that’s how I feel. Emma’s your girlfriend, and you two seem to get along well. Since that’s the case, I don’t see why I should stay around,” I answered bravely, but in reality, I knew I was hurting myself.

He was fuming, but I had to do it. If I were to stay with him any longer, I would eventually go beyond the point of no return.

“Emma’s a different case, Anna. You’re my woman, understand?” Michael answered darkly, dominantly.

It was obvious that Michael wasn’t going to break up with me, but I was starting to worry. If I were to go beyond the point of no return, I wondered if I could manage to save myself from the pain. My heart had been shattered into a million pieces before, and I didn’t want to go through it again.

I peered at him seriously, mustered all my courage, and asked, “Do you like me, Michael?” I wanted to know how he saw me, and if he actually cared about me.

Michael was slightly surprised. He frowned for a moment, thinking about my question, then he answered, “I do like you.”

His answer hit where it mattered the most, and I was shaken. I couldn’t believe that he’d say that to me, but at the same time, I cried even harder. Even though our relationship wasn’t blessed, hearing him say that he liked me filled me up with bliss.

And then all that bliss came tumbling down, plunging me into hell. “I like to f\*ck you, Emma. You’re the only woman who can turn me on.”

I felt suffocated, and I looked at him painfully. So the only thing he likes about me is my... I see. I’m a fool for thinking that he actually likes me. For some reason, I regretted asking him that since his answer crushed me underfoot.

“I see. Well, I am, after all, your friend with benefit, so I guess it’s not surprising that’s the only reason you like me.” I laughed at myself, staring at him in agony.

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Michael was also looking at me, but his gaze was quizzical, and a frown creased his forehead. "You've been acting weird today," he said calmly.

Michael's gaze pierced through me, but I couldn't see through him. "It's still early, so go to sleep." I turned my gaze away, refusing to talk to him any longer.

Frankly, I was disappointed, but not in him. I was disappointed in myself for expecting too much out of him. In the end, I had forgotten where I stood.

"What's wrong, Anna?" Michael queried darkly. Apparently, he was annoyed because I turned away again, and the tension between us rose.

"Nothing. I'm exhausted, that's all." I started crying again, but I held my sorrow down so he wouldn't hear me sniffing. Then I pretended to sleep, telling myself to give up on Michael. Don't hold your breath. He's just your f\*ck buddy, Anna. That's all he is.

Without warning, Michael suddenly started pinning me down and kissed my ears. His breathing became heavier, which was a telltale sign that he wanted to f\*ck me again. However, I remained motionless because, honestly, I was not in the mood for it.

He started moving down and kissed my neck. I could feel the desire within him, but I really didn't want to do it. Finally, I couldn't keep it in anymore, so I turned around and shoved him away.

Caught by surprise, Michael was pushed back, much to his annoyance. His face fell, and he glowered. "Are you crazy, Anna?" I could see the flames of fury in his eyes that threatened to burn me to cinders.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 206

On the other hand, I stared at him calmly. He was still glaring at me, demanding an answer, but I didn't say a word to him. Since I knew I would crumble if I stayed there any longer, I wanted to get out of bed.

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“Explain yourself, Anna.” He grabbed my hand. It was a surprise that he was holding himself back instead of yelling at me right away.

“Don’t think too much about it. I need to get out of bed now.” I stared at him calmly. There was no point telling him how I really felt since he only liked me as a f\*ck buddy.

“Today’s a Saturday!” He gritted his teeth, and his patience was already running thin.

Sh\*t. I totally forgot that it was a weekend, so I didn’t have to go to work, but still, I didn’t want to see him. “I need to see Steven.” I blurted out.

Then I changed into a new set of clothes. I had to leave no matter what, and Michael didn’t stop me. However, he was still glaring at me coldly. I could feel his fury boiling, but I didn’t have the time to care.

Once I left Birchwood, I felt like a heavy weight had been lifted off my shoulders. Taking in a deep breath, I calmed myself down and tried to come up with a plan for the day.

But nothing came to mind. If I went to see Steven, mom would just mock me again, but I couldn’t go back to Michael’s place either. So I just stood there blankly, until my phone started ringing.

I wondered who was calling me, so I whipped my phone out. Ronan? I was slightly annoyed, but I took the call anyway. “Hello.” My voice was cracking up from all the crying.

“What’s up?” Ronan sounded excited.

“Nothing. Just hanging around.” I sniffled.

Ronan noticed that my voice was cracking. “You don’t sound too good. Wait, are you crying?” he asked, concerned.

“I’m frustrated. Can we talk?” I had no idea how to face Michael or my parents. Ronan was the only person whom I could feel relaxed around. Besides, he was an optimist, so I thought talking with someone like him would cheer me up.

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“Sure. Where are you anyway? I’ll pick you up,” he agreed readily, and I noticed a hint of worry in his voice.

“I’ll be waiting at the bus stop. The one where you picked me up.”

“Sure. Give me a minute.” Then, he hung up. Ten minutes later, I saw Ronan’s red Ferrari in the distance.

He stopped his car in front of me and came to open the passenger seat’s door. I was feeling gloomy before he came, but his smile melted my sorrow away. One would never go wrong hanging out with an optimist.

Ronan went back to the driver’s seat and revved up the car. “Why are you frustrated anyway?” He looked at me with concern. “Did something happen?”

I was touched by the fact that he was so gentle and caring about me. It hadn’t been long since we met, but he felt like family to me. Every time I was with him, I felt warm and fuzzy. “Yeah, a lot. Got involved in some family problems, and my love life isn’t looking good either.”

I didn’t hide anything from Ronan since I needed someone whom I could talk to.

“Yeah, I can see where you’re coming from. You got dealt a bad hand, growing up in that kind of family.” Ronan had seen how my mother acted around me back at the hospital, so he knew about my family even if I didn’t tell him anything.

“What’s wrong about your love life, though? You got a boyfriend?” Ronan started getting nervous after asking that question, and he stared at me unblinkingly.

I was feeling weird getting stared at, so I turned away stiffly. “No. I’m not getting a boyfriend for now.”

Michael could never be my boyfriend, and we might end our relationship at this rate. Given my circumstances, it might be a long time before I would be ready for the dating scene again.

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Ronan heaved a sigh. "So what's the problem, then? I thought you don't have a boyfriend." He slowed down and turned to me with doubt.

"I have someone I like, but I know it's never gonna work between us." The thought of Michael alone was torturous for me. I didn't want to lose myself to him, but I couldn't, and I cursed myself for my weakness.

Ronan looked crestfallen after hearing that. It took him a while before he could look me in the eye. "If you like him, why can't you date him then?"

"Because there's a big gap between our status. Plus, he doesn't like me, and he has a girlfriend." I knew I must sound like a broken record at this point, but the fact that Michael might be having sex with Emma the night before was still annoying me.

Ronan was giving me a look of doubt, sadness, and confusion, but he didn't say anything. I wondered what he was thinking, but I was also surprised that he didn't console me.

The conversation went dead for a while since we seemed to have run out of topics.

A long, long while later, Ronan said, "If it's impossible to date him, then let him go. Don't get too into it, or you'll end up hurting yourself." He sounded a lot more serious than he usually was.

I sighed. I knew that better than anyone, but it was true love, so I couldn't just let it go that easily. I would have totally done it if I could since it would have freed me from the pain I was feeling.

"I know."

I muttered lightly as I stared down at the seat.

"I'll take you to the beach. Some fresh air ought to do you good. Maybe you'll start feeling better." Ronan shifted the topic and beamed at me, then he turned around.

"But the beach is quite far away, isn't it?"

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"I'm a pro driver, so we'll be there in a jiffy. Anyway, you can sleep if you want to. I'll wake you up when we get there."

I had never gone to the beach even though I had been working at Avenport for years, so I was looking forward to it.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 207

I didn't sleep, though. Look, I wanted to, but I wasn't feeling comfortable without my pajamas, so all I could do was look outside the window.

Ronan finally stopped his car an hour later since we had already arrived at the beach. I went out of the car silently and headed for the beach.

The ocean was as vast as the eye could see, and it gleamed a brilliant blue under the sun. It was simply glorious; the sight of the ocean alone washed away my frustration.

"So, how is it? Gorgeous, eh?" Ronan came up behind me, admiring the ocean, just like how I was doing. As usual, he was smiling.

"It is." I smiled. I could feel my mind calming down once I saw the deep blue sea. Then, Ronan and I had a little stroll along the beach. I could feel the morning breeze softly brushing across my cheeks, and it felt great.

Ronan was trying his best to make me laugh, and he managed to do it. Anyone would laugh at his jokes since he was naturally funny.

We spent quite a while at the beach before going back exhausted. It was getting late, and the sun was setting. As it would take us more than an hour to get back, it would be nighttime when I got home.

The exhaustion finally caught up to me when we were on the way back. I didn't sleep a wink the night before, and I spent most of the day on the beach, so eventually, I drifted to sleep.

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I woke up groggily a long while later, but the first thing I saw was a face inches away from me. Oh, sh\*t! Who the heck... Oh, it's Ronan. He was almost kissing me, much to my shock. I opened my eyes, and Ronan did the same.

We stayed in this pose for a while, then I shoved him away a moment later. I was angry because I knew what he was trying to do. Ronan was just like a little brother to me, so I never expected him to steal a kiss when I was sleeping. "What were you doing, Ronan?"

I glared at him furiously, and he shrank away in fear. "I-I didn't mean it. I just couldn't help myself," he looked me in the eye while explaining seriously.

But since I was enraged, I wasn't going to accept any explanation. I thought he was just a goofy guy on the surface, but I never expected him to sexually harass me. "That's unacceptable, Ronan. I thought we're friends! What am I to you, just a girl you're flirting with?"

I thought he saw me as a friend, but I never knew he would try and take advantage of me. Honestly, I was disappointed.

"It's not what you think, Anna. We're friends, and I really like you. You can feel it too, right?" Ronan started panicking after that, and he tried to explain himself.

"You wouldn't have done that if you saw me as a friend. Don't you think that's disgusting?" Even though he said he saw me as his friend, that did nothing to douse my fury. I had hung out with him a few times, so I thought he was just a goofy guy on the surface but a good guy in reality. However, what he did earlier had totally destroyed that image.

"I know I was rude, Anna, but I couldn't help myself. You have to believe me!" He held my hand, and he was starting to panic.

I swatted his hand away the moment he touched me, as I was too angry to listen to any explanation. "I don't think we should be friends anymore, Ronan. I don't want to see you anymore, so leave."

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I only became friends with him because he was always full of warmth. But after all that had happened, I felt like our friendship had come to an end.

It was a pity, but I would never be friends with someone who would harass me, so I got out of the car without a word. And then Ronan quickly got out as well and blocked my way.

“I’m really, really sorry, Anna. Please forgive me just this once. I won’t do it anymore, I promise!” Ronan gazed at me and pleaded.

I really wanted to be his friend, but I couldn’t accept what he was trying to do in the car. Since I had fallen for someone, I didn’t like it when another man was trying to approach me. But even so, I didn’t want to turn him down when he was pleading like a child.

“I really, really like you, Anna. Can you be my girlfriend?”

Just when I was about to forgive him, he hit me with another shocker of a confession. I gawked at him and wondered if I was hearing things. Did he just confess to me?

It took a long time for me to process it, then I refused him without thinking, “I’ll never be your girlfriend. It’s impossible.”

There were two reasons for my refusal. One, because I loved someone else, and two, I prefer men who were more mature. Ronan was just a kid, so I couldn’t see myself falling for him.

“Why?”

To be frank, Ronan was actually quite charismatic. He was the perfect boyfriend in terms of looks and background, but he was younger than me, so I only ever saw him as my brother. Thus, having him as my boyfriend would look weird.

“Because we wouldn’t make a good couple. You’re like a brother to me.” I couldn’t believe he was trying to woo me. Didn’t he know I was older than him? And shouldn’t he try to woo the younger ladies first? Why did he even fall for me anyway?

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Ronan frowned the moment I said I saw him as my brother. "But I don't want to be your brother. I want to be your boyfriend!" he retorted.

"Get a grip, Ronan! I'm a few years older than you, so we can't be a couple." I gave him a look of resignation. How persistent can he be? I've already said no, so get a clue.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 208

"So what? Plenty of women date men who are younger than them, and it's great having an older wife." Ronan didn't think that our age gap was a problem, contrary to me. He didn't mind it, and he even made a case for it.

I could see the resolve in his eyes, and whenever Ronan was serious, he was a different person entirely. Damn, he just made it three times harder for me to say no.

"I told you it's impossible, Ronan. You're just like a brother to me, and I have someone I like, so I will never say yes," I stared him in the eye, refusing adamantly.

Ronan froze up when I told him I had someone I liked. Then, much to my disbelief, I saw a hint of sorrow in his eyes. If I hadn't seen that, I would have thought he was joking with me.

Ronan had always been the goofy kid, but the sadness in his eyes made me waver. Did he really fall for me? But we've only hung out a couple of times. We don't really know each other well. It's insane that he'd fall for me so easily.

"But you can never date the guy you like, right? So I'll make you forget all about him. I wouldn't have confessed today if you hadn't told me about that. I'll make you happy, Anna. I swear," he said solemnly. It was the first time he was acting so serious, and it had to be during a confession.

I was both happy and troubled. It was great that he didn't see me as a frivolous woman, but on the other hand, if he was persistent about this, I might end up losing a friend.

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“Ronan, I told you I only see you as a friend. If you’re still not giving up, then I think it’s best that we never meet again.” I didn’t want to hurt him, but I had no choice. I could never see a future where I was dating him, so I had to make sure that he would give up on me.

Ronan froze up again, and he looked at me in agony. He never expected me to be so cruel, but he still didn’t give up, though his sadness was already overflowing. “So... we can only just be friends?”

“Yes,” I answered adamantly, crushing all his hope.

Upon that, Ronan stared at me in silence, and I said nothing too. A moment later, he smiled again. “I see. Then, we’ll just be friends,” he said softly.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Good thing he’s not persistent. But then he said something that almost made me bang my head against a wall.

“But give me a call when you want to be my girlfriend, okay? I’m always here.”

Great. He was still holding on to a sliver of hope even though I had rejected him. “That day will never come, so don’t hold your breath.”

I couldn’t believe he was still holding on to hope even though I said no. For some reason, I felt like he wouldn’t give up until I said yes. Damn, he’s just like Michael.

Michael. And depression came crashing back again, but I shook my head, forcing myself to forget about all that had happened. Since I couldn’t change the past, there was no point moping over it.

“I’ll be leaving now, so you get some rest. But don’t shy away just because of what happened tonight. We’re still friends, okay?” Ronan was still smiling, but I could see that he wasn’t as upbeat anymore.

Oh, he’s smart. He knew I would avoid seeing him again. Yes, that was my plan, but since he stopped me from doing it, I couldn’t stay away anymore.

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“Don’t worry. You’re my brother and my friend. I won’t avoid you, but please don’t confess to me anymore.” I gave him a smile and calmed him down. As long as he stopped confessing to me, we could still be friends.

“Sure. Bye then.” He waved goodbye and left.

I heaved a sigh of relief after Ronan was no longer in sight. I was surprised that he confessed to me, but I was also worried. What if we could no longer be purely friends after this?

But that was a problem for another day. It was already night, and I had nowhere else to go but home. However, I still had no idea how to face Michael.

Unlike the night before, Michael was in the house when I came back. The moment I came in, he shot me a sharp look, and a chill ran down my spine.

“Where were you? You were out all day long.” He gazed at me quizzically.

I averted my gaze, for it was too hard to face him. For some reason, I couldn’t bring myself to look him in the eye. “I went out to get some fresh air,” I answered as calmly as I could, then I went toward the bedroom.

Annoyed by my attitude, Michael barked, “Hold it right there!” I could see that he was angrier than before, but I didn’t turn back, though I stopped in my tracks. Right then, I knew I had angered him, but I didn’t want to explain myself.

“Where were you, and who were you with?” Michael shot two more questions at me, then he came toward me. If looks could kill, the fury in his eyes would have burned me to a crisp.

“I went to the beach with a friend.” I looked at him and answered calmly, then I tried to go around him, but Michael wouldn’t let me go easily.

He grabbed my arm, glaring at me with unbridled fury. “A friend? What kind of friend?”

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I was wincing from the pain on my wrist, but my pain was burned down by my fury because I could see the doubt in his eyes—he thought I was cheating.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 209

I met Michael's furious gaze with my own as I shouted angrily, "Mr. Shaw, I believe I shouldn't have to report to you that I'm hanging out with my friends!"

That look of suspicion in his eyes is making me so uncomfortable! Why should I have to tell him everything in such great detail?

"How dare you take that tone with me when you've been out the whole day with your phone switched off?"

I was usually quiet and obedient in front of Michael, but I refused to let him have his unjust way with me that day.

"I'm a human being, not some pet or object! I have the right to meet up with my friends whenever I want to!"

He was questioning me like I was his girlfriend, and that I had been caught cheating on him, both of which were not the case here.

I felt my eyes tear up a little, but I refused to cry in front of him and forced myself to hold my tears in.

Michael froze for a brief moment before his expression turned terrifyingly grim, and he tightened his grip on my wrist even further. I grimaced in response but made sure not to cry out from the pain.

"Did you hit yourself in the head, Anna? Have you forgotten that you're my woman now? Don't you think you should explain to me who you were with today?" Michael growled at me through clenched teeth.

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Usually, seeing him like this would've filled me to the brim with fear. This time, however, I felt a lot more upset than I was afraid.

"If I'm your woman, does that make you my man in return? If you're going to question my whereabouts today, then you should also explain why you didn't come home last night! Why did you spend the night with Emma, huh? Answer me!"

I lost control of my emotions, and my tears rolled down my cheeks as I raised my voice at him.

It was the first time I told him how I really felt, and in a questioning tone too.

He was with another woman till this morning, and he has the audacity to question me like this? Why should things be so unfair between us? What right does he have to stop me from being intimate with other guys when he spends an entire night with another woman? Does he seriously think I'm okay with that? How could he be so selfish? He never cares about my feelings at all!

Michael went wide-eyed with shock from my sudden outburst and loosened his grip on my arm significantly.

"You're mad at me because I was with Emma last night?"

Michael asked calmly with an eyebrow arched, making it impossible to tell what he was actually feeling.

"Yeah, that's right! I'm mad at you for sleeping with another woman! You don't care about my feelings, and you're always suspecting me of having inappropriate relationships with other men!"

I couldn't care less about what he felt and poured my heart out to release all my pent-up emotions from last night.

I tried to keep them suppressed and acted like I didn't care about it, but I couldn't stand it any longer. Seeing him reminded me of how he had slept with Emma last night, and the mere thought of it caused my heart to ache tremendously.

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Michael was taken aback by my response once again. It wasn't the first time I had lashed out at him, but I had never been honest about my feelings each time.

"Anna!" he shouted with a frown.

"I know I don't have the right to ask anything of you, but please let me have some freedom! I'm really stressed out lately!"

Pouring my heart out helped calm me down a lot, so my tone wasn't as agitated as before.

"Who told you I was sleeping with Emma last night? You really have an overactive imagination, Anna!"

Instead of getting angry with me, Michael simply arched an eyebrow at me gleefully as he said that.

"She's a very pretty woman, and you spent the night with her. I think it makes perfect sense to assume that you two had sex."

They must've had sex! There's no way a brute like Michael would be able to contain himself with a beauty sleeping next to him!

"Do you really think I would just f\*ck any woman in sight? You think I don't have any self-control at all?" Michael asked with a deep frown, clearly unhappy about what I said.

"Am I wrong? Emma's a pretty woman, and she's your girlfriend right now, so she wouldn't have any reason to refuse your advances anyway..." I mumbled softly.

Michael kept insisting that he didn't sleep with her, but I still found it a little hard to believe.

Heck, I would've f\*cked her right then and there if I were a guy in his position! There's no way he could've held himself back, especially with how pretty Emma is!

"Anna! Why won't you believe me?"

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Michael's eyes lit up with anger and frustration when I refused to believe him.

I really wanted to take his word for it and accept the fact that they didn't have sex last night, yet I just couldn't help doubting him at the same time.

"I..."

"Emma was sick last night, and my mom insisted that I go look after her. Because she kept clinging to me, I ended up spending the night on the couch instead!"

Despite being on the verge of exploding with anger, Michael clenched his teeth and explained himself anyway.

It was the first time he had actually made an effort to explain himself seriously, and I shuddered a little when I realized he was most likely telling the truth.

"So... You really didn't have sex with Emma?"

I asked him once again just to make sure and would choose to believe him if he could answer me firmly.

"Anna, how dare you doubt my words? Do I even have a reason to lie to you?"

I figured no one had ever doubted his word before, as he got really mad at me for it. However, I was surprised that he didn't lash out at me this time, and that made me feel a little happy inside.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 210

"I believe you now... I thought you didn't come home last night because..."

I was going to say he had gotten sick of me and wanted to do it with Emma instead but found myself unable to finish my sentence.

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"I'm not really interested in Emma, so I won't lay a hand on her any time soon."

The frown on Michael's face eased up a bit when he saw that I had believed him.

Wait... Did he just say he isn't interested in Emma? But, she's his girlfriend! How could he possibly not be interested in her?

"But Emma is your girlfriend, isn't she? How could you not like her?" I asked after a long pause.

"What makes you think I like her?" Michael asked while staring down at me.

Although he had made it clear that he wasn't into Emma, him not answering my question directly made me even more curious.

"If you don't like her, then why is she your girlfriend?"

I didn't understand why he would date Emma if he didn't have any feelings for her.

"It's an arrangement made by my family," Michael said indifferently.

"Why didn't you object if you don't like it?"

I had my own selfish reasons for asking him that question. Regardless of whether we ended up being together in the future, I didn't want Michael getting intimate with any other women until it was over between us.

"That's not something you should concern yourself with."

Michael narrowed his eyes in annoyance and avoided my question once again.

I was a little upset that he didn't like telling me about his personal life, but I knew better than to push him any further.

While I wasn't sure of what he actually felt, I was still glad to know he didn't actually like Emma.

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"I'm a little tired, so I'm going to bed after a shower."

I was on the verge of collapsing from exhaustion after going an entire day without sleep.

Meanwhile, Michael made no attempt to stop me, so I went to take a quick shower before going to bed.

Although he was still unhappy about me spending the entire day outside, he didn't say anything about it and simply lay down silently next to me.

I was able to fall asleep fairly quickly that night after knowing that he didn't have sex with Emma while we were still together.

I didn't know if it had anything to do with what I said to him, but Michael had been coming home on time every night throughout the next couple of days. Even on the days where he had to attend social events, he would still try his best to make it home as early as possible.

One day, Michael was reading his books on finance while I was preparing dinner, and his phone rang all of a sudden.

He closed his book and furrowed his brows when he saw the name on the caller ID.

As I was inside the kitchen at the time, I had no idea who it was until he answered the phone.

"Hello, Emma," he said coldly.

I was chopping up some vegetables and shuddered when I heard him mention her name, nearly cutting myself on the finger as a result. Even if Michael didn't have feelings for her, I was still uncomfortable with the fact that she was his girlfriend.

I couldn't quite hear what Emma said as I was too far away, but Michael's words made me feel a lot better.

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"I'm busy, so there's no point in calling me. Just go to the hospital if you're not feeling well!"

His tone was as cold as usual, and it didn't take a genius to figure out that Emma was using her sickness as an excuse to spend time with him.

I bet she wasn't expecting Michael to refuse her request, huh? I know it's mean of me to feel happy about it, but I really didn't want him going over to see her, especially this late at night. Sure, nothing happened between them last time, but there's no way to guarantee it'll be the same this time! It might be selfish of me to say this, but I don't want him to hurt my feelings while we're still together.

Despite that, Emma continued talking to him, and the look on Michael's face grew increasingly impatient with each passing second.

"I'm very busy, Emma! Stop calling me unless it's an emergency!"

Michael shouted coldly into the phone and hung up right after that.

I didn't know what Emma said, but seeing him get annoyed at her set my heart at ease. Looks like he really doesn't like her... Wait, does that mean he won't fall for any woman at all? Well, regardless of what Michael truly feels, at least he's by my side right now!

I thought to myself as I stared at him silently from behind and went back to preparing dinner.

"Dinner's ready!" I called out to Michael after serving up all the dishes.

He then got up from his chair and walked over to the dining table without saying a word.

I stole glances at him during dinner to observe his facial expressions and saw that he had a completely indifferent look the whole time. It was as if the phone call with Emma didn't happen at all.

I wasn't really sure what to say to him, and things got a little awkward for the both of us.

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“You seem to be treating her rather coldly,” I mumbled and quickly lowered my gaze as I continued eating.

Michael stared right at me and asked, “What? Do you want me to shower her with affection instead?”

Of course not!

But of course, I didn’t dare show my real emotions in front of him.

“Unless I like someone, I won’t show them any affection nor waste my time on them.”

Michael spoke up once again, and I shuddered a little when I heard what he said.

If he doesn’t want to waste his time on Emma because he doesn’t like her, then... What about me? He’s coming over to be with me every night! Does that mean he likes me?

“I’ve just realized how heartless of a man you are,” I said after a long pause.

Michael arched an eyebrow slightly in response. “Is that so?”

As much as I hated Emma, I couldn’t help but feel sorry for her as I knew she truly liked Michael even though he didn’t feel the same.

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