

# Love from My Dominant Boss

## Chapter 166

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After a long while, my sobs turned into sniffles. Only then did I remove the covers from my head. I leaned against the headboard as I stared mindlessly at what was supposed to be my dinner.

Soon, Michael arrived. The moment he laid eyes on the chaos in the room, his eyebrows furrowed as he strode towards me.

“What happened here?”

“Nothing. I spilled my dinner.”

I answered calmly with my eyes still zoned into the food, not bothering to look at him.

“Your mom?”

Michael had a sharp mind. It took him no time to put the pieces together.

“Thank you, Michael.”

Even though the time I spent with Mom that day was far from pleasant, I was still immensely grateful to Michael. I knew he had done all that he did for me to be in Mom’s good books. Unfortunately, Mom’s attitude towards me would not be easily changed in the foreseeable future.

“Why are you still putting your hopes on such a horrible mother? Anna Garcia, you’re now a grown woman! You don’t have to stick around anymore.”

At the sight of my disheveled look, Michael’s expression darkened before reprimanding me coolly.

“I’m still putting my hopes on her because she is my mother,” I stated calmly without any expression.

After a few seconds of silence, I sighed. “Whatever it is, let’s stop talking about this. I’m famished. Can you buy me some food? I just want to channel all my misery to my appetite.”

Throughout the entire day, I had only had some chicken soup that Mom brought me in the morning and nothing else. My stomach had been rumbling since hours ago. Food was my only concern for the time being.

“What do you want? I’ll ask the secretary to send some over.”

Michael took out his phone and glanced calmly at me, preparing to give his secretary a call.

“Let’s eat out instead. I don’t want to stay here for a second longer. Don’t worry, it’s already dark out there. No one will recognize you.”

Despite knowing Michael for so long, I had yet to have a meal with him in public. One of the main reasons, I suspect, was Michael’s fear of our relationship being out in the open.

Therefore, I assured Michael that no one would recognize him without giving him the window to decline.

“Your body is still weak. Are you sure that you can go out?”

To my pleasant surprise, Michael seemed to be more concerned about my health than others recognizing him.

At first, I had thought Michael to be a self-absorbed man who cared for no one except himself. It was truly beyond my expectations that he would take my well-being into consideration.

“I’m feeling much better, I promise. The high fever was just a result of my exposure to low temperatures the whole night, so it is probably just a cold. My temperature has gone down now though.”

Seeing that Michael did not flat-out refuse my invitation, my heart fluttered in delight. I quickly reassured him that I was fine.

“Let’s go, then.”

After a minute of close scrutinizing, Michael agreed in the end.

Thrilled by how easily he agreed, I threw the covers away and put on my shoes.

Even though I had promised that I was fine, a wave of dizziness hit me the second my feet touched the ground. I fell to the front, but Michael caught me with swift hands.

I landed in Michael's arms. Our bodies were in close proximity to each other. Breathing in his unique scent, my heart pounded faster.

"This is what you mean by 'feeling much better'? I gotta admit, Anna, you're getting better and better in lying."

Michael sat me down on the bed. A grim look was casted on his handsome features. His eyes were gleaming in anger.

"I am really fine. I just stood up a bit too quickly."

Terrified that Michael would change his mind, I quickly explained. I had finally managed to convince him to eat out with me. There was no way I was going to let him change his mind just because I almost fell down.

"Don't force yourself if you're unwell."

Towering above me, Michael stared me down with a skeptical look. With his strong observation skills, the weak state of my body definitely did not go unnoticed.

I was directly beneath the air-conditioner last night, almost freezing to death. How could I have recovered from that so quickly?

"I really am fine. Let's go. The food will run out soon if we stay any longer."

Not allowing Michael to refute, I dragged him out of the room by his hand. I had voluntarily held his hand because my footsteps were unsteady. I did not wish to risk falling down again.

Michael stopped blinking, dumbfounded. As his gaze traveled to our hands, his lips curled upwards into a lovely smile.

As I stepped foot outside the hospital, I sucked in a deep breath. The cold breeze of the night hit my skin. Taken into account the fact that I was still having a fever, goosebumps started to crawl on my skin as I shivered.

Michael seemed to have predicted that outcome. Without wasting a second, he took off his coat and draped it onto my shoulders, engulfing me with his scent.

"Why didn't you put on an extra layer despite knowing you still have a fever? Are you trying to freeze yourself to death?"

Michael pursed his lips upon seeing my pale face.

I looked at him, speechless.

Whatever hint of gratitude I had felt towards him slipped away. His vicious tongue truly made it hard for anyone to like him.

Anyone can tell that you're concerned, so can't you just say it nicer? I thought bitterly. You just had to speak so harshly, do you?

"We've been walking for a while now. What do you want for dinner?"

"Have you ever tried street food?"

I turned to face Michael's side profile. My face was beaming with excitement.

Truth to be told, I had invited Michael so that someone would accompany me for street food. In the past, I would always come for street food whenever I'm sick and alone. It was my idea of a break.

"You want to have street food?"

Michael halted in his tracks and stared at me in disbelief, unsure of what he had just heard.

"I shall treat you tonight. People like you have probably never eaten street food before in your entire life. Tonight, I will make it my mission for you to have a taste. The food is scrumptious," I said smugly.

"Aren't you a bit weary of food poisoning? Do you know how dirty the streets are?"

Michael's expression darkened as he glared at me. To no one's surprise, his words were harsh usual.

I would have retorted but I made an exception since I needed company tonight. If I argued with him, he might just leave and I would be left alone again.

A little dirt never hurt. Have you not heard of that saying?

Even so, I knew that convincing someone like Michael Shaw to have street food with me was no easy task.

To my surprise, Michael frowned at me but remained silent.

Usually, his silence meant he had agreed to do something. My heartbeat quickened in excitement as he scored a few more brownie points with me. I guess this man isn't as heartless as he looks. He can be really sweet sometimes.

I found a food street nearby. Stalls stood all over the place as the aroma of the food wafted in the air. Pumped up, I hurried towards the stalls with Michael tailing not far behind. The moment he had laid eyes on the surrounding, he had not stopped scowling.

I stopped in front of a stall and ordered many meat skewers. Just as I was about to pay, it dawned on me that I didn't have money on me. I immediately felt awkward.

"Um... I didn't bring any cash. Can you..."

I turned to look at Michael sheepishly. I had forgotten that I had spent the entire day in the hospital and I did not have any money on me.

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Michael silently looked at me before paying the stall owner.

I said I was going to treat him, but he became the one treating me instead. I feel like crap...

"I'll treat you next time! I promise!" I blurted, before pulling Michael toward a nearby table.

He looked at me with disdain when I did that.

After all, he was a germaphobe, so the entire place was more like a psychological challenge to him.

"Sit. It's not dirty." I pulled his hand as I spoke.

Since we started walking down the street, Michael had been fairly tense. When I tried to make him sit, he got even tenser.

He continued to look at me with disdain as I gobbled up the meat skewers.

I then stopped eating and gave him a couple of the meat skewers. "You should give these a try. They're really good."

"I don't want to eat these. They are just going to poison me." Staring at the skewers in my hand, his expression turned darker.

Oh my... can't this man say something nicer? No one will die after eating the skewers. I pouted as I thought to myself.

"Just give it a try. It's not as bad as you thought." I then pushed the skewer toward his mouth and looked at him with anticipation.

Michael hesitated for a bit before opening his mouth and ate it.

I could see his tension relieving as he gracefully chewed on the meat. "It's pretty good, right? I told you, the delicacies you eat on a daily basis are not necessarily the best. Sometimes, it's the ordinary food that tastes really good."

I was happy to see him enjoying the skewers.

Even more than being happy, I was proud of myself for successfully convincing the richest man in Avenport to eat with me at a roadside stall.

Michael took a couple more skewers from me and ate faster than I could, but he maintained his grace.

We continued to eat until I stuffed my stomach full.

On our way back, I felt a little tired. After all, the street we were in was pretty far away from the hospital, and Michael didn't drive. Not to mention it was notoriously difficult to hail a taxi in that area.

"Let's stop for a while. I'm a little tired." My attempt to pull Michael's hand to make him stop failed, and even though I just ate, I had no energy left in my body to hold him back. The fever was really dragging me down.

"We have just walked a short distance? You need to exercise more, Anna," Michael commented as he saw me squatting on the ground.

"Do you know that you have no empathy? I'm a patient now so getting exhausted easily is normal," I muttered.

Michael turned his back against me and kneeled down. "Come on."

I was a little surprised. Don't tell me he's actually planning to carry me...

When he saw me hesitating like a lost child, he growled, "What are you standing there for? Come on, I'll carry you! With your current speed, it'll take forever before we arrive at the hospital!"

Michael was clearly annoyed, but my heart was beating fiercely. He's going to carry me...

After I snapped out of it, I lay myself on his back.

Michael secured me on his back before strolling down the dimly lit street. I didn't know what he was feeling at the moment, but to me, it felt romantic. It was as if we were a couple madly in love.

I wanted the moment to last longer, but I knew his affection toward me was temporary. I bet he didn't think we were a couple madly in love. When he eventually leaves me, I wonder how much it'll hurt my heart.

We didn't say a word to each other all the way back to my room in the hospital. From that moment onward, my feelings toward Michael changed.

When we arrived, Michael gently lay me down on the bed. Even though I wasn't heavy, I could see Michael was clearly worn out after walking for such a long distance.

"Thank you..." I voluntarily pulled out some tissue paper and tried to wipe away the sweat on his forehead.

"What, do you think I'll leave my woman alone at the side of the road?" Michael grabbed the tissue paper in my hand, wipe his forehead, and threw it into a nearby trashcan.

He called me his woman. I was so excited to hear that, even though it wasn't the first time he said that to me.

I just lowered my head, not knowing what to say anymore.

Michael glanced at his watch. "It's getting late. I'll be leaving now." Then he took his coat and left.

I felt disappointed he left so quickly, even though we had a nice moment there.

Michael had become so much more important to me that I didn't want to imagine how much pain I would be in when we eventually parted ways.

After all, we were never meant to be together.

Still lying on the bed, I couldn't shake Michael out of my mind. I wondered if he had ever loved me.

I closed my eyes and shut away those thoughts. Why am I thinking so much when I know it won't lead anywhere? Sleep, Anna, sleep.

And so I slept. In fact, I even had a pretty good dream. In the dream, I saw myself living a happy life with Michael. We were married, and we had two kids.

When I woke up in the morning, I was so sad to find out that it wasn't real.

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Much like yesterday, Mom sent me breakfast. After I finished it, she left without a word.

Moments later, Ronan showed up.

"Are you surprised to see me? Look what I have prepared for you." He dangled a hearty breakfast in front of me with a smile.

"Why are you here today? Don't you have work to do?" I was a little more touched than surprised to see him.

"Do I look like someone who needs to work?" Ronan grinned teasingly.

I furrowed my eyebrows. He does look like he belongs to a rich family. If that's the case, it's not abnormal for him to not work. However, I don't particularly like people like him.

"I have had breakfast," I informed, even though the breakfast he prepared looked great.

"The one your mother prepared could barely fulfill all your nutritional needs. You might not have a lot of appetites right now because you're sick, but you need these nutrients. I think you should at least eat a little, okay?"

Seeing how he still insisted on me eating, I sighed and went along with it.

"Even if you don't need to work, don't you have anything else better to do?" I spoke as I ate the food.

It was a little weird that he kept visiting me because we barely knew each other.

"I was worried that no one would take care of you, so I came to visit." Ronan smiled.

"I don't need anyone to take care of me, especially when I'm leaving the hospital today." Despite my words, I was still a little grateful that he cared about me.

I knew he had seen me as a friend, and despite the fact that I disliked people like him, I could tell that he was a good person.

"Did you spend the night alone here? Your boyfriend didn't accompany you?" His tone turned serious.

I trembled a little as I recalled the scene from yesterday. However, I couldn't reveal my relationship with Michael to anyone. Besides, we weren't a couple anyway.

"I don't have a boyfriend." I shook my head. That wasn't a lie technically.

"You don't have a boyfriend?" Ronan seemed surprised to hear that.

"Is it that weird? Didn't you already label me as a spinster in your mind?" The fact that he was surprised pissed me off.

It's not that weird for me to not have a boyfriend at this age, okay? I pouted.

"Of course not. You look so pretty and young. If the two of us walked down the street, people would think you're my little sister," he quickly denied it and started praising me.

I had to admit, talking with someone like Ronan made me relaxed a lot. Even though he seemed a little childish, his sunny smile gave me a warm, fuzzy feeling.

"Enough with your jokes. I'll have you know that I'm older than you, so you're my little brother instead!" I smirked.

After he spent the entire afternoon taking care of me yesterday, I already saw him as my little brother, especially when he was about the same age as my brother. If only Steven cared about me as much as Ronan did.

"I don't want to be your little brother!" Ronan furrowed his eyebrows and his smile faded. Seconds later, he raised one eyebrow. "But, I will consider being your boyfriend."

"Stop joking around. There's no way you can be my boyfriend." I rolled my eyes a little. It was only the second time we ever met, after all!

“Why not? I look handsome, and I have a good family background. What else are you not happy with me?” He looked at me, upset and anxious.

“Because our age difference is too big. I don’t want to be a cradle-snatcher.” I found it amusing that he was quite stubborn.

“Don’t you know cradle-snatcher love had become a trend lately? Nowadays, there’s a bunch of them out there looking for young and handsome men like me. Or are you saying you prefer an older man as your boyfriend?” Ronan mocked.

“So what if it’s a trend? I still like men who are more mature.” Since a man like Ronan is bound to have a lot of women around him, I bet he’s pissed because he was never rejected by anyone before.

“Mature? Like my cousin who’s 30 years old? And also has an emotionless face that would never change expression, even when he’s looking at a pretty woman? You call that mature?” Ronan looked at me with a sad face, unable to understand why I didn’t like him.

“Maybe I like those types of people.” When he described his cousin, it reminded me of Michael. It may sound pathetic, but only Michael could pull off that absolutely emotionless face in this world.

“That really hurts. I can’t believe I got rejected by a beautiful woman. How sad.” Ronan acted dramatically, despite his goofy expression.

“All right, that’s enough joking around for the day.” I wasn’t in the mood to entertain him anymore.

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After the drip was done, Ronan was still hanging out in my room.

“Uhm, I’m about to leave the hospital. You should go ahead.” I was touched by his willingness to accompany me, but I still felt uncomfortable around him. Being taken care of by him like that made us look like we’re close, even though we weren’t.

“I’ll send you back. It’s best not to overexert yourself.” Ronan spoke plainly.

"There's no need for that. I'll just take the subway. I've been giving you a lot of trouble for the past two days," I swiftly rejected his offer as I was living in Michael's mansion.

I couldn't let Ronan know about my relationship with Michael because Michael would get angry.

"This is the second time you have rejected me. Why are you so afraid if I know where you live?" Ronan's tone and eyebrows reflected his disappointment.

"Of course not. I just thought I don't want to cause you any more trouble after taking care of me. I'm grateful for your help, but I felt like we're getting a little too close as friends," I timidly explained.

"You're not troubling me. I'm just worried that you might've not fully recovered yet, which is why I wanted to send you back-" The ringing on Ronan's cellphone interrupted him before he could finish his sentence.

He took out his phone and answered the call.

Moments later, his expression turned serious. "Got it. I'll be there soon."

Ronan's goofy expression faded away as he turned toward me. "I'm sorry, Anna. I can't send you back now. Something just came up."

"It's fine. You should go. I can go home on my own." I let out a sigh of relief in my mind.

"I'll be going now. If I have time later on, I'll give you a call." He then put on his coat and left.

Soon after, I left the room as well.

Once I dealt with the discharge procedures, I visited Steven's room.

I simply stood outside his room like a stranger and watched a heartwarming scene unfolding within.

After I walked out of the hospital, I received a call from Natalie. It had been a while since we last met, so I agreed to her invitation to go shopping.

Initially, I thought about declining it because I was supposed to rest, even though my fever had faded. In the end, I couldn't win against her pleas and headed toward a nearby mall.

When we met up at the mall, Natalie was excitedly trying out new clothes as I barely kept up with her with disinterest.

It wasn't that I didn't want to buy new clothes, I just didn't have the money for it. I had to save up and repay my debts to Michael for helping Steven. It might take years, but I didn't want to owe him anything.

"Anna, what do you think? Do I look good in this dress?" She walked out of the changing room in a light-green dress.

"You look good in any clothes, Natalie." She had a slim and sexy figure, so no matter what she wore, she would look great in it.

Nevertheless, even if Natalie wanted to buy those clothes, I doubted she even had the money to do so, since we were in an expensive brand store. All she could do was trying out the clothes.

I expected her to be smiling after I praised her, yet her expression turned angry.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" I asked curiously before following her gaze.

When I noticed what she saw, my body froze, and my heart shattered.

Not too far away was a fashionable woman holding Michael's arm. She was smiling with her pretty face, unlike him.

Michael hates women whom he doesn't like touching him, but he has allowed this woman to cling to him. I wonder what is their relationship? I was getting flustered and heartbroken.

"Anna, are you alright?" Natalie approached me when I wasn't paying attention and held my hand.

I kept staring at Michael and the woman next to him instead of answering Natalie. Tears welled up in my eyes as they walked toward us.

"I'm fine... Change your clothes back, Natalie. Let's leave," I pleaded as I looked away in a panic.

"I'll go and change now." Natalie promptly stepped back into the changing room.

I turned my back against Michael and the woman next to him. I didn't want him to see me here, because if he did, I think I wouldn't be able to control my emotions.

“Michael, how about we go to this store? I think I saw some nice dresses inside,” the woman said sweetly. I tried searching through my memory, but her voice was unfamiliar to me.

From her volume, I could tell the two of them were about to step into the shop. Please don't let him see me. Please don't let him see me. Please. Please. Please.

“Let's go inside and take a look, then.” Michael's voice sounded emotionless, but my heart still ached.

I could hear their footsteps right behind me. I had a feeling Michael was looking at my back, yet I wasn't brave enough to turn and face him.

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I glanced at the woman next to Michael as she was picking which clothes to try out. She was tall, her skin was fair, and whenever she smiled, she looked as graceful as a princess. All in all, she was a very pretty woman.

“Let's go, Anna,” Natalie exclaimed after she walked out of the changing room.

That idiot! Now Michael definitely knows that I'm here! I thought to myself as I trembled in fear.

Just as I expected, Michael arrived in front of me. However, his gaze contained many complex emotions that I couldn't understand.

I didn't know if I should greet him or, as he mentioned before, pretend not to know him if we ever see each other in public. It was quite awkward for both of us to stand there in silence.

“Michael, what do you think about this dress? Do you think it suits me?” The woman approached him with a dress she picked out from the rest.

Michael didn't answer her and still stared at me.

The woman raised her eyebrow in suspicion. She examined me for a bit before she whispered to Michael, “Do you know this lady?”

I could tell she was looking at me antagonistically.

"No." Michael took one last look at me before leaving.

I thought he would at least say that I'm one of his company's employees. I wasn't sure how to react to his answer.

"If you like it, you should try it out," said Michael softly to the woman.

"Wait here then. I'll be back in a moment." The woman glanced at me, kissed Michael on his cheek, before going into the changing room.

Naturally, that whole scene made me want to cry.

"Why are you here?" Michael asked coldly after making sure the woman couldn't hear us anymore.

"To look at the clothes, obviously." I did my best to put up a calm demeanor.

He was staring at me intensely. I could tell that he was wondering if I was stalking him.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave now, Mr. Shaw." I couldn't bear his deep gaze anymore, so I turned, grabbed Natalie, and left.

Michael furrowed his eyebrows and didn't try to stop me from leaving. He also didn't explain what his relationship with the woman was, which made my heart ached more.

I was pretty upset after leaving the mall. Regret started to seep into my heart. If I hadn't agreed to go shopping with Natalie, I wouldn't have met Michael and his woman.

"That Michael has gone too far! He even pretended not to know you, even though you two spent so much time together! He's a terrible man!" Natalie heard our exchange and was getting angry on my behalf. She didn't say anything earlier because it would just make things worse.

"Our relationship is an indecent one. It's only normal that he pretended not to know me." I smiled bitterly, despite stating the truth.

Natalie stopped dead in her tracks and faced me with a serious expression. "But you're clearly upset. Tell me honestly, Anna. Are you in love with him?"

I averted her gaze because I didn't know how to answer the question.

"You can tell me anything, Anna. I know what kind of person you are, and I know that if you have no feelings toward Michael, you wouldn't have agreed to become his lover, she said anxiously.

"So what if I have feelings for Michael? I'm just his mistress. Things between us could end at any time," I admitted.

I always knew there wouldn't be a happy ending for the two of us, and today was a great example of my prediction.

The woman next to Michael must've been his official girlfriend if she was allowed to be so intimate with him. He would never bring me to a public place like the mall.

"When did you become so unconfident, Anna? If you like Michael, then just tell him that you like him. Maybe he likes you as well!" Natalie seemed even more anxious than I was.

"Michael and I live in two different worlds. He won't like me. When we made a deal, we promised that this would only be a casual fling and nothing more," I depressingly clarified.

Michael made that very clear to me. If I told him I liked him, he would probably just think I was harboring some bad intentions.

"All I can say is that, even if the two of you live in very different worlds, the problem can be solved if he likes you." Natalie pouted. She clearly didn't understand why I was being so worried.

Sometimes, I admired how bold Natalie could be. If I had a personality like hers, I bet I wouldn't be living so miserably.

"Let's not talk about this anymore. I'm tired, and I want to go back home and rest. You should head back home too. We'll meet again some other time." Seeing Michael hanging out with another woman totally killed my mood for shopping, and I didn't want Natalie to see how sad I was.