

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 181

[/ Love from My Dominant Boss](#)

I knew that Michael was making things difficult for me on purpose. As such, I continued hanging my head low and did not reply.

“Since you don’t want it, I’ll just throw it away.”

Noticing my silence, Michael frowned and rolled down the car window.

Just when he was about to throw the necklace out of the window, I yelled, “Wait!”

Given his character, I knew that he meant his words. But how could he throw away something so valuable?

Michael halted his actions and tossed the necklace to me instead.

“From now onward, you are not allowed to reject any presents from me.”

Michael did not look at me when he said that.

I bet he was the only person in the world who would force another person to accept his gifts without considering their feelings. What an egomaniac!

“Thank you.”

I was actually grateful that the man had remembered to bring me a gift. However, I felt a tad guilty for accepting it.

Michael slammed the breaks at the next red light and turned to face me.

He took out the diamond necklace and put it around my neck.

It was such an intimate action that sent my heart racing and gave me a blissful feeling.

“Not bad. It suits you.”

Michael had a look of satisfaction as he admired the necklace on my neck. I couldn’t help but notice how attractive he was when he smiled.

That reminded me of our intimate moment earlier on and my heart skipped a beat. I knew I had fallen for him. But, how long could we last?

Michael did not notice anything amiss about me and started the engine again. However, deep down I was feeling uneasy. I realized that I was falling deeper for Michael and was worried that I would not be able to control my feelings.

As usual, Michael drove to the underground parking and I got out of the car when no one else was around.

I did not like the feeling of having to sneak around every time. However, I understood Michael's thoughts and knew that it was not possible for the both of us to be an official couple. I was aware that he was doing that to protect my reputation but that did not stop me from feeling uncomfortable.

Even though work kept me busy the entire morning, I could not help but look towards the office intermittently as I thought about the scene in the car earlier on. The moment Michael put on the necklace for me, I felt a sense of bliss that I had never experienced before.

"Anna, your necklace is so gorgeous. I remember seeing it in a fashion magazine. It's newly launched and costs a few hundred thousand," Millie said excitedly as she approached me.

"Really? I didn't know that."

My heart did a double somersault when I heard what Millie said. However, I responded with a faint smile.

I did not expect the necklace to cost a few hundred thousand! Wasn't that too much money for a random gift? How could I ever accept it!

"Anna, is it a gift from your boyfriend? Your boyfriend is so generous to give you such an expensive present."

Millie's envious gaze was fixated on my necklace.

I knew that Millie was referring to Yuval but, I merely smiled without replying. Even though we had already broken up, I did not feel like publicizing my relationship status.

Yuval was decent enough to not bother me after we broke up. He had simply disappeared from my life.

I could tell that Millie really liked my necklace from the way she stared at it and I shook my head helplessly. It seemed like she was really into luxury goods.

Just when I was about to speak, my phone rang. I frowned, seeing that it was an unknown number.

"Hello," I said as I answered the call.

"Hi, Ms. Garcia. I'm Emma. Do you remember me?" Emma's impassive voice sounded over the phone.

My heart skipped a beat when I heard the name "Emma." After shooting a glance at Millie, I stood up and walked away to speak to Emma.

The woman must have gotten my number from Michael. An uncomfortable feeling arose in my heart as I recalled that it was Emma who picked up the phone the last time I called Michael.

"Hello, Ms. Jones. What can I help you with?" I asked Anna calmly after walking to the lounge and closing the door.

"Ms. Garcia, I said that I would find you for a chat when you called Michael a few days ago. I'm sure you didn't forget that, did you?"

Even though Emma sounded quite casual, my instinct told me that it couldn't be something good that she called and that I should not meet her.

"Sorry, I'm currently at work. Besides, I don't think we have anything to say to each other since we are not that well acquainted anyway," I replied in an indifferent tone and rejected the woman directly, intending to hang up after that.

My mood was actually rather good that day. However, Emma's call ruined it.

"Ms. Garcia, could it be that you dare not meet me?" Emma replied in a much colder tone.

Looks like she doesn't not intend to give up.

"Ms. Jones, you're overthinking. Why would I not dare to meet you? I just thought that there's no need for that since you and I are not even friends."

It was clear that Emma was trying to stir up trouble. I would never go easy on anyone who bothered me, regardless of who the other party was. So what if she was Michael's girlfriend? She was the one who started it first.

“Well, I think we definitely need to meet. We should have a talk about Michael. I’ll send you the address and I hope you’ll show up,” Anna said coldly and ended the call, without giving me a chance to reply.

I felt a flicker of irritation when she hung up on me. But, at the same time, anxiety rose within me. After all, she was Michael’s girlfriend.

I took a while to regain my composure before walking out of the lounge.

After receiving Emma’s call, I did not feel like working anymore. I could guess the reason for her call. That was also why I was feeling uneasy.

I looked towards Michael’s office and could not help but wonder how he would feel if he knew about it.

Shortly after, I received a text on my phone. The address was at a café near the office.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 182

[/ Love from My Dominant Boss](#)

I put my phone aside, hoping I could stop thinking about what Emma said, but I was wrong.

I found myself going over to meet her when lunchtime came. I knew nothing constructive would come out of our talk, but I refused to run away from the issue. Besides, I did not believe she would let me off the hook just like that if I did not show up. So, I decided to just meet up with her.

I spotted Emma drinking a cup of coffee at a table beside the window right after I came through the café’s door.

She gave off a charm of elegance from the way she dressed and carried herself. She was inarguably a beautiful woman.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down before walking toward her and sitting down.

“What would you like to have?”

Emma spoke before I could greet her.

"I'm good. I don't have much time, Ms. Jones, so let's cut to the chase."

I had no intention of talking to her over a cup of coffee—I was not in the mood. After all, she was Michael's official girlfriend.

"I see you're a forthright person. All right then, let's get straight to the point."

She was taken aback by my candidness, but she quickly composed herself and smiled.

"Ms. Garcia, I know that your relationship with Michael is somewhat extraordinary. But, I think you know I'm his girlfriend, right?"

Of course, I knew she was his girlfriend, but still, hearing those words from her made me feel uncomfortable.

I listened to her without any expression as if she was talking about someone totally unrelated to me. "I don't see why you need to tell me that, Ms. Jones."

I fixed my apathetic gaze on her.

"You don't need me to call you out on what both of you are doing, don't you, Ms. Garcia? You guys might be keeping it a secret, but I know what I know."

Emma looked at me in the eyes without the slightest hint of perturbation. To be honest, it was unnerving.

Michael and I had already tried everything we could to keep it under our hats. We pretended as if we did not know each other. However, Emma could still tell with just one look.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Ms. Jones. Mr. Shaw is just an employer to me."

I tried to sound as natural as I could without taking my eyes off her.

Michael and I had made a deal to keep our relationship hidden from everyone. Even if Emma guessed it correctly, I would not admit to it.

"Is it just me overthinking, or you not wanting to admit it?"

The smile on her face faded away when she found out I was inexorable. Her gaze hardened as I felt her breaths of enmity engulfing me.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Jones. If this is why you asked me out, then I don't see the point of me staying any longer. I still have work to attend to. See you around."

I stood up and got ready to leave.

"Ms. Garcia."

Emma shot up on her feet and glared at me.

A frown broke out on my face as I turned toward her again. Yes, I had a guilty conscience, but I was also angry.

"Is there anything else, Ms. Jones?"

I tried to sound polite since I did not wish to get into a fight with her.

"You'd better stay away from Michael if you don't want anything to happen to you. He's my boyfriend. I will not let any woman go near him."

Emma made no effort to conceal the hatred she felt toward me.

"Say this to Michael, not me."

I stared at her for a moment and then turned to leave.

It was clear as day that she asked me out just to warn me to stay away from Michael.

I knew I had to cut things off between Michael and me, but he was the one who refused to let me go, so there was nothing I could do.

If Emma could just talk to Michael and ask him to leave me, then I would not be caught in an unpleasant situation like this.

My heart was in a mess on the way back to the company. Although I looked composed back there, I knew I was on the losing end from the very beginning. There was no future for Michael and me.

Just as I was occupied with thoughts, a loud honk blasted from behind. I frowned and moved aside impatiently, but the honking did not stop.

I whipped my head furiously, getting ready to lambast the driver, but I held my tongue the moment I saw the familiar Ferrari.

Ronan got off the car and walked toward me.

A playful smile spread on his lips as he came closer. "What a coincidence, Anna."

Ronan looked surprised and delighted to bump into me on the street, but I was not in my best mood.

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm meeting Michael for golf," Ronan said with a smile on his face.

That explains the casual outfit. I had to say people of his class led very different lives from ordinary folks like me.

"I see. Off you go then. I need to get back to work."

I did not feel like talking to Ronan after what happened.

"Where's your company? I'll send you over."

It was really kind of Ronan to offer to send me back to work. He had always been this helpful. Back then, he would always insist on sending me home.

"It's fine, I can go back on my own. I just had lunch, so it'll be good for me to walk a bit."

I turned him down without hesitation. My colleagues would start making assumptions if they saw me in a luxury car.

After the brush I had with Tiffany, everyone at the company kept their distance from me. Although it was not my fault, they clearly ostracized me and talked bad behind my back. I did not want to further aggravate my predicament.

"Are you sure?" Ronan asked again.

I could see the disappointment on his face when I rejected his offer.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. You should get going too. Don't keep Michael waiting."

I turned him down with a resolute but polite smile.

Ronan knew I could be very uncompromising, so he just waved me goodbye and got back into his car.

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 183

[/ Love from My Dominant Boss](#)

I ran into Michael when I got back to the company.

I saw him when I was about to go into the elevator, but I did not talk to him since he said we should keep a distance when we were in public.

I originally wanted to wait for him to step outside before I entered, but to my surprise, he tugged me into the elevator and closed the door behind us.

“Aren’t you heading out?”

I was confused.

His silence elicited a frown on my brows, but before I could say anything, he pulled me into his arms and dipped his head, giving me a kiss.

My eyes widened in shock at his sudden gesture and my mind went blank. His kiss was gentle. I almost felt like he was kissing someone he genuinely loved.

Michael pushed me against the wall and continued kissing me.

My heart raced in excitement and fear. I was worried the door might open and people might catch us in the act, but kissing him in the elevator also gave me an inexplicable thrill.

Just as I was hoping for more, Michael pulled away from me. He looked much more collected now.

I was suddenly at a loss for words looking at him. He had always acted in unexpected ways that startled me.

“I’ll be out for the afternoon. I’ll see you after work. Make sure you go home right after work.”

The way he talked sounded as if he was ordering me, but there was also a subtle smile on his face at the same time.

I would be lying to say that I was completely unfazed by his charm. I could not help but wonder if I really had a special place in his heart, or was everything just a fling for him.

I secretly hoped I meant something to him.

“All right, I’ll be home early.”

I nodded stiffly after some time. My mind was still hooked on the thought of our relationship. He had no obligation to treat me this nicely if there was nothing serious going on between us. But, if we were really a thing, I did not understand why he wanted to keep our relationship a secret.

I really had no idea what he was trying to do. After getting an answer from me, Michael pressed a button on the elevator and walked out.

I stared at his back as he walked off and slapped myself back to reality. I had to stop myself before I got carried away. It was ridiculous for me to even think Michael and I might end up being in a serious relationship.

I dived right into work after I got back to my seat. I busied myself with work the whole afternoon as time flew by quickly.

After work, I went to a nearby supermarket to buy some ingredients so I could make some of Michael’s favorite dishes. It had become a habit for me to cook him dinner. I was not even sure if I would be able to wean myself off this habit if we were to break up one day.

Michael went straight to shower after he got home. He was exceptionally particular about his personal hygiene.

After he was done, we sat down at the table for dinner. Although my cooking was not splendid, he would always finish off everything I cooked.

When Michael was done eating, he took a napkin to wipe his mouth.

“Go get ready. We’re going to the mall,” he said softly, looking at me.

“What do you need from the mall?” I asked out of curiosity.

I felt Michael had been behaving differently. Back then, he would be so paranoid about us getting spotted by other people when we were out. I could not believe he was actually asking me to go to the mall with him.

“You’ll know when we get there.”

Instead of telling me what he wanted to buy, he left me hanging and guessing.

“What if someone sees us?”

I finally asked after much contemplation. I darted my nervous gaze at him, awaiting an answer.

"It's normal for someone like me to have women around me all the time."

Michael shot me an indifferent gaze.

What he said made sense. Given his wealth and status, women would be flocking to him all the time. But, it still made me wonder why he was suddenly fine with people seeing us in public.

With this question burning inside me, I decided to get to the bottom of it despite knowing Michael was a testy man.

"I thought you've always wanted to keep our relationship a secret?"

"Don't you think you're asking too many questions, Anna Garcia?"

I could tell he was annoyed by the look on his face and his tone.

I pouted my lips in dissatisfaction and kept quiet.

After washing up, I got changed and went out with him.

He brought me to the biggest mall nearby and held my hand as we walked in. That was the first time he did so, and it gave me butterflies in my stomach.

His drastic change in attitude made me doubt if all this was real.

I could feel the scrutinizing gazes of the people around us as we walked into the mall. Everyone was looking at Michael. He was like a shining star in the crowd.

Of course, I did attract attention from some of the men, but it meant nothing to me. Michael was all I cared about.

I followed his lead until we came to a store in the corner. A flush of heat rushed up to my cheeks when I looked at the store.

"Why did you bring me to a sex toy store?"

I pulled him by the arm and looked at him awkwardly. There was no way I was going in.

"We're here to buy sex toys of course."

Michael lugged me in, glimpsing at my shy face.

I pushed his hand away and shook my head adamantly.

“I’m not going in, Michael. We should leave.”

Never in my entire life had I gone to a sex toy shop. It was too embarrassing for me.