

Love from My Dominant Boss

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“Hello?”

“Are you free tonight? Care to have dinner with me?”

Ronan’s all-too-chipper voice sounded through the phone. He was always in a jolly good mood and not having a worry in the world.

“I—”

I was not in the mood to meet Ronan when I was troubled with the thought of Michael having dinner with another woman. After a glance at Michael’s office, I decided to tell Ronan that I was not interested in having dinner with him. But before I could turn him down, Ronan’s voice came through the phone.

“You’ve turned me down countless times. Are you going to do it again today? It’s not nice of you to keep rejecting me, you know?”

Ronan sounded rather aggrieved on the phone.

If I were to turn him down again, then I would be rather unkind towards him. Although I didn’t quite agree with Ronan’s frivolous ways, he was the one who took care of me when I was hospitalized. I knew deep down he was a good person.

“All right. I’m getting off work now and heading home. I’ll change my clothes first before calling you.”

In the end, I finally agreed to meet up with Ronan. Apart from his frivolity, he didn’t seem to have any other shortcomings.

“All right. I’ll wait for your call.”

On the other end of the phone, Ronan sounded rather excited.

I hung up and cast a glance again at Michael’s office. I didn’t want to meet up with Ronan initially, but I didn’t want to stay home and wait for Michael to return from his dinner date with another woman either. I would be better off having a nice dinner with a handsome man as my companion, although Ronan was like a brother to me.

At the end of office hours, most of the colleagues in my department had clocked off work. But Michael was still in his office. I frowned and fought the urge to go into his office to look for him.

Back at Birchwood, I changed my clothes and walked to a nearby bus stop before calling Ronan. I could have asked him to pick me up at Birchwood, but I didn't want anyone else to know about my relationship with Michael.

If Ronan were to know where I lived, he would have stormed into Michael's house. And if that were to happen, Michael would definitely fly into a rage due to some misunderstanding. By then, I wouldn't be able to explain myself out of that mess.

I waited at the bus stop for a short while before a flashy Ferrari drove up in front of me. Ronan was not driving fast because this was a residential area.

"Why are you waiting for me in a place like this? Next time, just let me know where you live, and I'll come and get you," Ronan said as he stuck his head out of the car window.

He was dressed in black casual wear with a pair of oversized aviator sunglasses. Although the sunglasses covered up more than half of his face, one could still tell that he was a handsome man.

"There's no need for that. It's not easy to find the street I lived in. Besides, it's just a stone's throw away from this bus stop. It's no trouble at all," I got into the passenger seat and answered with a faint smile before proceeding to change the subject.

"Do you have to go to such length to keep it a secret? We're friends now, aren't we? Are you afraid to let me know where you live?"

Although Ronan seemed cavalier, he was also a clever man. He could tell that I was deliberately trying to change the subject.

"What do you want to have for dinner?" I quickly changed the subject as I didn't want to be interrogated about where I lived.

Ronan's face stiffened with dismay when he realized I was changing the subject, but he quickly put on a smile again after that.

"I heard there's a newly opened Jetroinian restaurant that serves coast-worthy fresh salmons. Let's go there, shall we?"

"Okay," I answered with a smile.

Ronan put the car in gear, and not long after that, the car came to a stop at the entrance of a Jetroinian restaurant. This place looked to be a high-class restaurant, and it would definitely cost a lot of money to dine here.

“This place looks expensive. Let’s go somewhere else.”

I was being serious. Although Ronan was the son of a wealthy man, he was also unemployed. Thus, I felt bad for having to spend a lot at a high-end restaurant.

“Please don’t worry about the price. Dinner is on me, and I can afford it.”

Ronan seemed to read my mind. He patted me on the shoulder before he took my hand and walked into the restaurant.

Since I treated him as my own brother, I didn’t mind when he took my hand and led me in.

I felt rather out of place because that was my first time to dine at such a high-end restaurant.

We chose a window seat, and I sat across from Ronan.

As soon as we sat down, a waiter approached us with the menu.

“Order anything you like,” Ronan said as he handed me the menu with a smile.

“I’ll leave it to you to order. It’s my first time at this kind of restaurant, so I don’t know what to order.”

I handed the menu back to Ronan. I didn’t know what to order without looking like a fool.

“Okay then, I’ll order for us.”

Ronan didn’t object either. With the menu in his hands, he began to order several dishes that I had never heard of before.

While we were waiting for our food to arrive, I shifted my gaze towards the main entrance. I froze when I saw who it was at the door.

Michael walked into the restaurant, with Ms. Light following closely behind. She looked exceptionally stunning, and it was obvious that she had taken the time to dress up for dinner.

She beamed widely as she walked up to Michael and hooked her hand around his arm.

Michael did not push her away, but he frowned as he looked at her hand on his arm. After that, they chose a table that was not too far from me.

When Michael was taking his seat, he looked in my direction and instantly spotted me.

He blinked in astonishment before shifting his gaze to Ronan. Since Ronan was seated with his back facing Michael, the latter only saw the former's back.

A scowl darkened his face. And I began to get all hot and flustered from his icy gaze.

I'm so screwed! How could it be so coincidental? To run into Michael at the same restaurant when I'm out for dinner with Ronan.

I panicked and lowered my head because I was afraid to lock eyes with Michael again. At that moment, I struggled to put on a calm face as my mind began to race.

"What's wrong, Anna? You don't look so good."

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Ronan tilted his head up. His eyes shone with worry when he stared at me.

All I could think about at the time was Michael, so I paid no attention to what Ronan was saying. I simply kept my head down as my heart thumped wildly. Shoot! I can't believe we bumped into each other here!

"Anna?"

Ronan called out to me again when he noticed that I wasn't reacting at all. His handsome brows were frowning slightly, and his gaze carried a hint of worry.

"Huh? What?" I blurted in surprise while shifting my attention to him.

"Something seems off about you. What's wrong?"

"I-I'm fine. I just need to go to the ladies' room real quick."

Ronan's expression changed after he heard what I said, and confusion started glowing in his eyes.

I had tilted my head up and snuck a peek at Michael. Anxiety ran wild in me when I saw that he was staring at me, so I excused myself and quickly got out of my seat. After that, I rushed to the washroom.

Inside the washroom, I washed my hands and looked at my own reflection. I looked so nervous that it was ridiculous.

What are you worried about, Anna Garcia? He's on a date with another woman, whereas you're having an innocent meal with a friend. Why are you scared?

I glared at my reflection as regret donned my face. Michael is the one at fault; he agreed to go on a date with that woman. Why do I have to feel guilty?

I splashed some water on my face before I exited the washroom. Unfortunately, I was pushed to the wall as soon as I walked out of there. My back was hurt, and my first instinct was to cuss aloud, but I never had the chance to do so. When I saw that the perpetrator was Michael, my heart started thumping wildly, and I was nervous once more.

"W-What are you doing here?"

Isn't he supposed to be on a date with that beautiful woman? Why is he here? Did he also come to use the washroom?

"I'm the one who should be questioning you. Anna Garcia, how dare you? I can't believe you're going behind my back and seeing another man. How freaking brave of you!"

Michael's handsome face was so grouchy that he looked scary. His words and tone brimmed with fury as he spoke like he was interrogating me.

"What the hell are you talking about? We're just friends. It's not what you think!"

When I learned that Michael had misread the situation, I was angry and worried at the same time. I didn't want him to see me like that.

Moreover, Ronan and I were really just friends. In fact, he was actually a few years older than me. So, I only saw him as a younger brother. Hell, did he think I am a cougar? I am not into younger men.

"You're having dinner with him! How could I have misread the situation? Seriously, do you think you can fool me, Anna?"

Michael didn't believe a word I said because his anger had clouded his judgment. My explanation was to no avail as he was already intent on the notion that Ronan and I were an item.

I wanted to explain myself again, but then I recalled how he was out on a date with a beautiful woman. I didn't even complain about his date! Why should I reassure him when I'm only having a meal with a friend?

The thought fired me up. I glared at Michael and spoke in a distant tone when I pointed out, "You're on a date with a beautiful woman, so what's wrong with me being with a handsome dude? It's not like there's anything you can do about it."

"Anna Garcia!"

Maybe it was because he never expected me to change my stance so abruptly, but Michael was stunned for a second. His gaze instantly filled with fury when he looked at me again.

Michael was dying of anger. The rage in his eyes was burning wildly, but my words had cornered him, and there was nothing he could say. All he could do was glare at me, and I could tell that at that moment, he was already at the edge of going off.

"Mr. Shaw, if there is nothing else you'd like to share, I'd like to return to my seat. My friend is waiting for me."

I put on a brave face, but the pressure exuded from Michael's eyes made me incredibly uncomfortable. All I wanted was to run away from him as quickly as possible.

At first, I wanted to flee as soon as I finished speaking, but Michael grabbed my wrist and glared angrily at me.

"Anna Garcia, how dare you cheat on me that blatantly? You really have gotten gutsy!"

Michael had no intention of letting me go. He had always been a possessive man. Now that he saw me having a meal with another man, he was probably too angry to be hungry.

"Have you forgotten we are not in a relationship, Mr. Shaw? So it's a little inappropriate to say that I cheated on you."

Michael's attitude toward me had changed drastically over the past two days. I refuted and said those words because I wanted to test the water and learn who I was to him.

My words touched a nerve once again. His dark brown eyes burned with rage so wild that it felt like it would turn me into ashes.

His grip became tighter, and I felt like my bones were being crushed. I frowned in pain, but my gaze remained distant when I looked into his eyes.

"Let go of me, Michael. You're hurting me!"

I used my other hand to push him and try to get away from him. Unfortunately, his hand was as strong as a pincer and had locked me in place. It didn't matter how I fought back. His grip remained strong.

"I know you're pushing my buttons, Anna, but I've told you a million times—you are mine!"

Michael had always been ridiculously possessive. It didn't matter how he felt about me. All that mattered was that I belonged to him and must be blindly loyal to him.

"Let go of me, Michael. Let go!"

He was strong, and my wrist hurt so much that my tears were gathering in my eyes. Darn it. If I had known that I'd bump into Michael tonight, I would never have come out for dinner. Fate can be such a b*tch!

"I will shout if you don't let go, Michael, and I will tell everyone that you attempted to rape me!"

I couldn't help threatening him when I saw that he was not budging at all. This man is unreasonable. I've explained the situation to clear the misunderstanding, and I've fought to get away from him. Neither worked!

"Rape? Have you forgotten that you belong to me?"

Michael's tone remained distant, and his eyes shone with taunt when he heard my threat.

"Except no one knows about our relationship. If I were to shout and frame you as a rapist, people will believe me. You are a prominent figure, after all. Are you not worried about tarnishing your own reputation?"

Truth was, I had nothing to back up my words. I was honestly worried that Michael would ignore my threat completely, but I had to fight back. Who knows what he will do to me if we keep staying here?

Michael glared evilly at me, but he refused to let go. I parted my lips to shout. At that moment, he let go of me abruptly. His sharp gaze glared over as he threatened, "You win this time, Anna Garcia, but I will deal with you when I get home tonight."

Michael turned around and left after saying his piece.

My wrist still hurt from being gripped like that, but I sighed a breath of relief. My relief didn't last long, though, because I started worrying about what I'd have to deal with that night.

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I stood in the same spot and took quite some time to calm my nerves before I returned to my seat. That was when I saw that Michael was already back on his date with the beautiful lady.

The lady kept smiling, and it seemed like she was trying to seduce Michael. That got me upset. I was tempted to rush over and chase that woman away.

"Anna, why were you gone for so long? Are you not feeling well?"

Ronan seemed curious and worried.

"Oh, I'm fine. There was a queue at the washroom," I lied quickly while shifting my attention over.

"Oh, then let's eat up. Everything is served."

Ronan didn't suspect anything. He simply got me a salmon sandwich. A hint of love and care glowed in his eyes when he looked at me.

Am I seeing things? Why does he look like he is staring at his girlfriend when he smiles at me? Gah, I'm probably just nuts. My brain hasn't been working well lately.

I shook my head to stop myself from overthinking. After that, I tilted my head down and started eating, but I can't stop myself from glancing over at Michael.

He happened to turn to me as well. All I saw was the anger in his distant gaze and the displeasure in his grouchy expression.

Those got me to turn my attention to the food right away and pretend I never saw him. That guy won't let me go tonight, anyway, so I might as well enjoy myself while I still can.

I spent the entire meal looking away from Michael, but I could sense that his glare was on me all the time.

I ended up having that meal while on edge. Ronan took me to the bus stop. He wanted to drive me all the way home, but I honestly couldn't explain myself if he met Michael there, so I rejected his offer.

Ronan seemed a little disappointed about that, but he didn't push it further. He simply stared into my eyes before he turned around and left.

I took a deep breath after Ronan's car had gone out of view. I had to prepare myself mentally before I deal with Michael back at home.

I walked slowly because I truly didn't want to go back. He was scary when he lost his temper, and I honestly got on his nerve that day.

Unfortunately, I still had to go back. Michael was already sitting on the sofa in the living room when I reached home. His ferocious gaze shot daggers at me as soon as I entered the house.

"W-Why are you back so soon?"

I felt guilty when I looked at him and saw that haunting glare.

"Why are you home so late? How long does it take to finish a meal? Couldn't bear to part with your lover?"

Michael stood up and approached me. His eyes shone with intense fury when he glared over.

I averted my gaze. My initial plan was to circle around him and retire to the bedroom, but that no longer seemed possible. There's no way he'd let me go tonight.

Michael had barred my path, and his handsome face had an evil expression on when he looked at me.

"It's late. We should rest."

I looked at Michael and was speaking meekly because we're home. I no longer had anything to threaten him with, so I could only admit defeat.

"We have some scores to settle, don't we? So how can we go to bed? Anna Garcia, did you really think you can con me just like that?"

Michael has made his mind and will not let me go tonight. D*mn it. I've already lowered my stance to this extent, but he's still not satisfied. Seriously, what does he want from me?

The truth was, I was angry as well, but I couldn't show it. Michael was already on the edge of losing his temper, so I will be making things worse for myself if I keep pushing his buttons.

Michael approached me as I backed away from him. Our steps were synchronized like we were a team, but I felt aggrieved when I looked into his eyes.

"It's not what you think. I was only out with a friend, and all we did was having dinner together. Will you please stop imagining things?"

I wanted to act tough and ignore Michael without offering any explanation, but I couldn't. This man has always reacted badly to being pushed. If I remain stubborn, he will crush me before I even know what happened.

"Is that so? Then why are you home so late? Where did the two of you go after dinner? Did you sleep with him?"

Michael didn't believe anything I said, even though I've already made things crystal clear. He insisted on assuming the worst.

"Don't cross the line, Michael Shaw! There is nothing between the two of us. Why must you think so badly of me?"

I was a little angry when I glared at him. His words were blatant insults to me. I have never slept with any other man since I met Michael.

I never even slept with Yuval, whom I dated for some time, and I've only known Ronan for a few days!

"Why should I believe you? I want to do a spot check!"

At that moment, Michael had reached his epitome of anger. He didn't trust me at all and didn't believe that there was anything between Ronan and me.

“Spot check? How do you do that?”

I frowned and stared strangely at Michael. How could he tell if I have slept with another man?

“By taking you to bed!”

Michael spat those words evilly. He never gave me a chance to fight back and was quick to throw me over his shoulder before walking back to the room.

He dumped me onto the bed and showed no care for me at all. I struggled to sit up, but he hovered over me and pinned me down before I got to do so.

“What are you doing, Michael?”

I was a little scared when I saw the crazy look on Michael’s face. I honestly had no idea what he was going to do.

“Conduct a spot check, of course!”

Michael had a grouchy expression on when he spat those words. He pulled my skirt up the very next second.

I had been naked in front of Michael before, but the way he treated me at that moment made me feel ashamed and insulted. I truly wanted to fight back.

I didn’t do anything. Yet, he suspects my infidelity and insists on doing a spot check. Is that how he sees me? As a cheap wh*re?

“Let go of me, you pervert!”

The way Michael acted at that moment was no different from a pervert.

“A pervert? How dare you call me a pervert, Anna Garcia?”

Michael was a powerful figure, and it was likely that no one ever dared to insult him right in his face. As such, my words had completely infuriated him.

He didn’t give me a chance to say anything else. All I felt was a chill as he took my undergarment off right away.

Anger and humiliation intertwined within my heart. My eyes were bloodshot as I glared angrily at Michael’s handsome face.

This man has reached a whole new level of despicable! How could he do this to me?

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“Let go of me, you pervert!”

I struggled as much as I could. At that moment, I was truly tempted to slap Michael right across the face, but I was too chicken to do so.

“You belong to me, Anna Garcia. Do you hear me? You are mine, and I will not allow you to be with another man!”

Michael was grouchy when he glared at me and grumbled into my ear.

My heart trembled fiercely. An idea instantly flashed through my mind. I-Is he jealous? Is that why he’s angry at me for having dinner with Ronan?

Thinking about that got me a little excited. I truly wished that was the case.

I stopped struggling against Michael. My eyes shone with sincerity, and I stared for a long time before I replied, “Okay, I understand, and I won’t sleep with anyone else before our relationship ends, but he really is just a friend.”

Michael was the only one I love with all my heart and soul, so how could I possibly get intimate with anyone else? Even if our relationship ends, I likely won’t be with anyone for a while. I am destined to be hurt by this relationship between us.

The fury in Michael’s eyes dissipated quickly when he saw me softening. His grip on my hand loosened as well.

He looked into my eyes as I gazed calmly into his. There wasn’t even a hint of guilt in me.

“You better remember the words you said, Anna Garcia. I will not allow my woman to betray me!” warned Michael in his deep voice. His tone was powerful and convincing as he did so.

My heart trembled as I nodded robotically. The strong aura his body exuded got me inexplicably nervous.

I stared blankly at him. Michael kissed me before I came around.

He wasn't as forceful as he was earlier, but he was still possessive. Despite that, I couldn't stop myself from falling for him. I knew that I would just get hurt if I fall deeper in love, but I couldn't help it.

Michael kissed for a long time. He didn't let me go until my mind had already shut down. That night, he was especially passionate, and I had trouble keeping up.

After what seemed like an eternity, I felt like my back was breaking when he was finally done.

I panted as I laid on the bed. Michael, however, walked right out of the bedroom. He didn't hold me in his arms like he used to, and that disappointed me a little.

Hearing the running water from the washroom got me curious. I wanted to know if he was simply possessive of me, or if he truly cared.

Despite my curiosity, I didn't have the guts to ask him. I worried that his answer would break my heart.

I was exhausted after Michael drained me like that, so I closed my eyes and stopped wondering.

It didn't take me long to fall asleep, and I didn't know when Michael returned to bed, but he was awake when I got up.

He tilted his head toward me when I looked at him. His gaze was serene, and I couldn't detect any emotions from them.

"Last night..."

I remained quiet for a long time, but when I finally tried to speak, I realized that I was at a loss for words.

"Let's get up."

Michael didn't say much after blurting those words. He simply got out of bed.

I felt a little nervous as I watched him get dressed. Is the dinner incident over? Or is he still angry?

I didn't think that I did anything wrong last night, but I didn't want him to be mad at me.

Michael and I got out of bed together. At first, I assumed that he would offer to drop me off at work as he had over the past few days. But, he didn't. He walked down the stairs and drove away with no regard for me. It felt like he had completely neglected my existence.

I was a little disappointed when I watched his car going down the road. I sighed before heading toward the subway.

There were times when I found that I have overestimated my existence in Michael's life. He never let go of what happened yesterday and is still mad at me.

I had just reached the office when my phone rang. It was my mom. It had been days since I went to the hospital, and I hadn't called her in a while. Her calling me out of the blue like that gave me a bad hunch.

I scanned my colleagues to make sure no one was looking before heading to the pantry to accept the call.

"Hey, mom."

"Anna Garcia, do you realize that it has been a while since you visited the hospital? Do you plan on abandoning your dad and your brother? Are you just going to ignore us after you tossed us to the hospital?"

Mom's complaint spewed out of the phone as soon as the line was established.

I had already gotten used to my mom's tone by then, but I still couldn't help frowning a little.

"Sorry, mom. I have been busy at work, so I haven't had the time to go visit."

It didn't matter how my mom treated me in the past. I was still wrong for not visiting more frequently.

"Steven will be discharged in a few days, but he needs to go for regular check-ups. It will be inconvenient for us if we go back to the village, so find a place for us to stay here."

My mom never complained about me not visiting again. Instead, she changed the topic.

"Okay, I will try to find a suitable place."

I spoke after being quiet for a while. My budget was already tight, so if I were to rent another place, the weight on my shoulders would be extremely burdensome. However, I understood that Steven's legs were badly injured, and he needed proper medical attention. That was why I agreed to help out.

"Remember to source for a spacious place. Get us a place with three rooms and easy access to the washroom. You know how your brother's legs are right now. It's difficult for him to go to the washroom."

My mom's tone had no warmth; she had been ordering me around since the line was established. I knew that she was angry at me, so I was trying my best to butter her up. Still, I had to turn her down when she wanted a place with three rooms.

"Mom, it's very expensive to rent a place with three rooms in this city. It'll cost thousands a month."

I didn't have much money left with me, so there was no way I could afford it. The rent in Avenport was simply too high.

"What? Is money more important than your brother? So what if it's thousands a month? Are your brother's legs not worth the price?"

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My mom's displeased voice carried a hint of anger when it boomed from the phone.

"That's not what I meant, mom. It's just that it really is that expensive to rent a place like that in Avenport. I don't have that much money on me, and it'll take some time before I receive my salary."

I was quick to explain myself when I heard that my mom had misunderstood the situation. I was troubled as well. Naturally, I'd want to get Steven a nicer environment for him to recuperate in, but I simply didn't have the capability to do so.

"How about this, mom? I will get a slightly smaller place for the time being and will find everyone a better place after I receive my salary next month."

I honestly didn't have the funds to rent a better place, so I had no choice but to negotiate with my mom. I knew that my mom could never bear to see Steven being hurt even a little, but I simply had no choice.

"I bet you're just being stingy. You've been working for a while now, so how is it possible that you have no money for renting a place? Seriously, I have wasted my life raising you. I can't believe that you're not willing to even spend a few thousand on us."

I was working hard to please my mom, but she refused to believe me. What makes her think that I am rich?

"Mom, it's really not what you think. I don't have the money. Why won't you trust me?"

My relationship with my mom was already strained. I had tried to fix it. Unfortunately, my mom didn't believe me at all, and that got me angry.

"Fine, even if you don't have the money, that Shaw guy must have it, right? He is a manager, so a few thousand probably means nothing to him."

My mom saw that she couldn't convince me, so she shifted her target to Michael. Hearing her words got me even angrier.

"Stop targeting Michael, mom. I will not let him spend another penny on us. He has already paid for Steven's medical fees and has given us over a hundred thousand! We can't possibly ask more of him."

I would never agree to let my mom ask Michael for more money. If things hadn't changed and Michael and I were just in a business agreement, I might consider asking him for the money, but it's different now. The way I see him has changed, and I don't want our relationship to be rooted in money.

"You won't give us the money, nor would you let the Shaw guy do so. Anna Garcia, are you deliberately trying to make things difficult for us? You're just going to ignore us now that you have a rich boyfriend. Is that it?"

My mom lost her temper right away when she heard how direct I was in rejecting her request. She thought that I was purposely being mean.

"Mom, there is nothing between Michael and me. He is just my boss, and he has helped us a lot. We are not supposed to just keep asking him for money. What gives us the right to do so? And why should he help us, anyway?"

My mom was angry, but so was I. My family was like a bottomless pit. Michael had helped them out a few times, and they've already gotten into the habit of asking more whenever they needed the money.

Why should Michael keep sponsoring them? Can't they be grateful for what they already have? Why must they depend on others?

"What the hell are you talking about, Anna Garcia? Do you want to watch your family die? Have you forgotten that the person lying on the hospital bed is your own brother? His legs wouldn't even be broken in the first place if you had gathered enough money!"

My mom never realized what the family's problem was. All she ever did was shift the blame to me.

"I won't ask Michael for the money, mom, and that's that. I will try my best to find a more spacious place for the three of you to stay in. I have to work now, so I'm hanging up."

I didn't want to continue arguing, so I hung up immediately after I finished speaking.

It wouldn't matter what I say. My mom would just pin all the blame on me, anyway. As far as she was concerned, I was the one who was always at fault.

I took a few deep breaths to ease my frustration after hanging up. After that, I left the pantry.

The situation at home made it so that it was impossible for me to concentrate on work. All I could think about was the family drama. I honestly don't know what to do now.

I turned and stared at Michael's office. For a moment there, I was truly worried about my mom contacting Michael and asking for money. The last thing I wanted was for our relationship to be further complicated by financial ties.

I was distracted all day. I didn't return to Birchwood after clocking off. Instead, I started looking for places to rent near the hospital and prayed that I could find an economical yet spacious spot.

Unfortunately, I couldn't find anything despite spending all my time on it. The hospital was located in a rich neighborhood, so the rent for the houses near the place was ridiculously high. I asked a few owners, but everyone asked for about three thousand a month.

I was stuck in a dilemma because I simply didn't have any money.

I went to so many places that I felt like my legs would give away. Still, I could find an affordable house to rent. Even the less spacious places would cost over two thousand a month.

I took the subway back to Birchwood. I spent all day walking around, so my feet were sore. The first thing I did when I got back was to sit on the sofa. At that moment, I didn't want to even lift a finger.

When Michael entered through the front door, the first thing he saw was me sitting there like a disheveled dog. His beautiful brows frowned tightly before he walked over and complained, "Is it really that tiring to work in the office? Just look at the state you're in."

Michael placed his briefcase aside and took off his coat before he tossed it on the sofa. Then he sat down beside me.

"That's not it. I have been looking for a place to rent since I clocked off today, but I can't find anything. I ended up walking all day. That's why I'm tired."

Joyful Success' workload was huge, but working there wasn't so tiring that it'd get anyone that tired.

"You're looking for a place to rent? Are you planning on moving out?"

Michael's frown became even tighter when he heard that I was out looking for a place to rent. His eyes also glowed with anger when he turned to me.

"No, I was just looking for a place for my parents and Steven. The hospital is discharging Steven soon, and he needs a nice place to recuperate. Renting a place nearby would make it easier for him to go for check-ups."

I don't know why Michael was suddenly angry, but I couldn't stop myself from explaining the situation to him quickly.

The anger in his eyes faded quickly after I told him the truth. His gaze also became less distant.

He remained quiet for a moment before saying, "Just leave it to me. I will have my secretary go look for an ideal place tomorrow."

Michael spoke nonchalantly, and it seemed that he wasn't really worried about it.

"No, that's not necessary. Please don't involve yourself in the matter. You've already helped my family a lot, and I don't want to keep dragging you into this mess."

