

Love from My Dominant Boss

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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.

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.”

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.

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.”

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.”

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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

“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.

“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.

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.

"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.

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?"

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.

"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.

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.