

Love from My Dominant Boss

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He asked with his brows furrowed, "Has she asked you to leave me?"

I remained silent in response to his query. He could easily rule out that was the case through my response.

Prior to meeting Josephine in person, I once thought of keeping our relationship going on for as long as possible. I wouldn't even mind being a nobody as long as I could be with him.

"No one gets to make the call on my behalf! Anna, I'll repeat myself for one last time! You're not allowed to leave me unless I'm the one who has instructed you to leave!"

Initially, I thought he would give up as soon as he found out it was an instruction from his mother. After all, he had gotten into a relationship with Emma under Josephine's instruction. Nonetheless, things seemed to work the other way round.

"Michael, your mother has made herself clear she wants me to stay away from you! I don't want to humiliate myself any more than I already have! Can you please allow me to leave? It's the best for both of us!"

As much as I wanted to stay in a relationship with him, I had to leave. Never would I allow others to humiliate me when I wasn't even the one at fault.

Unfortunately, Michael got increasingly infuriated when I repeated myself. He glared at me in the eyes and started panting in wrath.

"Anna, are you sure it's because of my mother? Are you sure it's not because you have always wanted to leave me?"

I was equally heartbroken and upset by the question directed at me. He seemed to have his fair share of doubts against my statements.

"It doesn't really matter anymore! It's about time to put an end to our messed-up relationship! I have promised your mother to leave you alone! Please don't make me break my promise!"

No matter what Michael was up to, I was determined to leave since I had given my word to Josephine. I wouldn't change my mind in spite of the pain I felt. Sooner or later, I would have to move on from our relationship.

"Anna!"

In spite of being intimidated by his menacing aura, I repeated, "I have already packed my stuff! I'll be leaving tonight!"

I could feel he had his eyes on me, but I paid no heed to him and returned to my bedroom once I made myself clear.

Halfway through the way back to the room, I brought myself to a halt and said, "Thank you so much for everything you have done for me over the past few months!"

I was afraid to turn around and express my gratitude while looking at him in the eyes as I was afraid I would change my mind at the last minute.

Although we were few feet away from one another, I could still feel his strong murderous intent. I thought he must have felt a strong urge to take me out in person.

Nonetheless, I marched my way back to the room and retrieved the suitcase I had packed. I had to ensure that was the end of our relationship. Otherwise, Josephine would deem me a shameless woman incapable of honoring her promise.

All this while, Michael glared at me in silence. I had no intention to engage in another conversation with him, but he stopped me when I was merely a step away from the entrance.

"Hold it right there!"

I brought myself to an abrupt halt and felt my limbs turning stiff the moment I heard him. No matter how much I tried, I couldn't seem to bring myself away.

The only thing I had in mind was to flee the place and stay away from him. Hence, I dared not look in Michael's direction and ended up facing him with my back.

My departure wouldn't be a big deal for Michael since he merely needed me to keep him company in bed. However, my life had been turned upside down as I was head over heels in love with him.

"Michael..."

I had a lot of things to tell him, including the affection I had for him. I felt a strong urge to tell him my desire to stay with him for as long as possible, but I couldn't seem to bring myself to finish the sentence.

"Just stay here! I'll leave!"

Initially, I thought Michael would try to stop me from leaving, but his reply took me by surprise. I couldn't fathom the reason he had brought that up. It felt as though he had just acknowledged that was the end of our relationship.

I had gotten myself ready for the things that would be in store for me, but I secretly hoped he would do something to salvage our relationship. At least that would make me feel I once mattered.

Shortly after he finished his sentence, Michael strode his way out of the place without explaining himself. My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach when he banged the door shut.

I couldn't believe Michael had left for real. Seconds after I snapped out of bewilderment, I cast my suitcase aside and collapsed to the ground, wailing as I was overwhelmed with grief.

Staring at the door, I secretly hoped Michael would soon return to me. However, that would remain a dream of mine. He would never go back against his word and return to me.

I started wailing at the top of my lungs when the memories of the time we spent together came flooding into my mind. That was the beginning of another nightmare since I could still feel his presence when he was no longer around.

In the end, I spent the entire night waiting for Michael's return. Unfortunately, he was nowhere to be seen until dawn break. I ended up spending the whole night recalling the ups and downs we had gone through.

It was then I found out that he had long become a significant part of my life. Whenever I recalled I would have to spend the rest of my life without him, I could feel my heart-wrenching.

I spent the upcoming few days lying on the bed for most of the time. I just wasn't motivated to do anything as if a significant part of me had been removed against my will.

Whenever I closed my eyes to bring myself to sleep, Michael's image would show up. I was on the verge of losing my mind as I couldn't seem to shrug him off.

There was nothing I could do to get rid of the desire to meet him. I reached for my phone a few times, but I resisted the urge to call him due to the promise I had with Josephine.

I couldn't afford to go back against my promise as that would make me just another shameless woman. On top of that, Michael might not change his mind and return to me anymore.

Out of the blue, I heard someone ringing the doorbell. I was on cloud nine as I thought Michael had made his way back.

Thrilled by the possibility I had in mind, I jumped out of bed and rushed in the direction of the entrance to answer the door.

I thought I would get to see Michael soon, but the person at the doorstep wasn't Michael. His secretary had shown up instead.

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I stopped smiling the moment I found out the only person I had in mind wasn't the one at the doorstep.

Michael was the only person I wanted to meet. Nonetheless, I looked at Jackson in the eyes and asked, "What brings you here today?"

Only a limited few were aware we had been residing at that particular place. Therefore, I was shocked when Michael's secretary showed up out of nowhere.

As we weren't really acquainted with one another, Jackson answered my query with a courteous smile, "Mr. Garcia, Mr. Shaw has sent me here."

I thought he has forgotten all about me, but that was never the case! He has sent his secretary over to check on me!

As thrilled as I might be, I kept my emotions to myself and asked in a calm and collected tone, "Why has he sent you?"

Since not many were made aware of our relationship, I thought it would be better to keep our relationship confidential from everyone, including Jackson.

When he heard my query, he handed me a check, "Mr. Shaw wants you to have this."

Two million only.

I gaped at the amount involved and lost myself in the process of thought at the presence of the check.

Why has he asked his secretary to bring me a check? What exactly is he up to?

Seconds after I returned to my senses, I took a peek at the check and stuttered my question at Jackson, "W-What is he up to? W-Why has he sent you over to hand me a check?"

I couldn't figure out the rationale behind Michael's decision, but I had a bad feeling about it. In anticipation of Jackson's upcoming reply, my mind was all over the place.

As much as I wanted to run away from the truth, it was only a matter of time until I had to brace myself through it all over again.

After a few seconds of silence, Jackson announced, "Mr. Shaw wishes to compensate you for your loss."

Jackson might not be aware of the loss that was mentioned, but I was well aware that was the thing Michael and I once talked about.

Is this the sort of compensation he has been talking about? Is he trying to uphold his promise?

I had my eyes glued to the check with my pursed lips shivering and my heart wrenching.

Didn't he turn me down when I insisted on leaving? Why has he changed his mind? Why has he sent his secretary to hand me a check?

I refused to accept the check as that would put an end to our relationship for real.

Jackson urged with a frown, "Ms. Garcia?"

I had no intention to reveal the things going on. Thus, I put on a strong front to deceive Jackson and answered while avoiding his gaze, "Mr. Goldstein, please send it back to him!"

On the other hand, Jackson seemed to have gotten used to it. It might not be his first time dealing with the aftermath of Michael's messed-up relationship with others. He was able to remain a straight face until the moment I turned him down.

"Is it because of the sum?" he asked with his eyes flickering.

"No! Two million is a fortune I can only long for! However, I don't need any sort of compensation! When you go back, please tell Mr. Shaw that I don't need anything from him!"

It's inappropriate and rude for someone to put a price on the affection others have for them! It feels as if he's insulting me by trying to compensate me with money!

I was really against the idea of accepting his offer. Michael wasn't made aware of the sort of affection I had for him, but that couldn't justify his action.

"Ms. Garcia, are you sure you want me to return this to Mr. Shaw?" Jackson asked in a serious tone when I turned him down again.

Judging by the fact he had his brows arched, it was safe to assume that he was impressed. He might have imagined me accepting the check before showing up at my doorstep.

"Am I supposed to repeat myself again?"

Since Michael was nowhere to be seen, I had no intention to waste my time with Jackson anymore. Once I answered his query with another rhetorical question, I tried to close the door.

He stopped me and asserted, "Mr. Shaw had made himself clear he wanted you to accept this. If you wish to return it to him, I think it's better for you to meet him in person."

I thought Jackson would leave me alone after being turned down twice. To my surprise, he repeated himself and insisted on handing me the check.

Accepting the check would make it seem as though money was the foundation of our relationship. We started getting acquainted because of money, but I no longer wanted to base our relationship on that foundation. Hence, I refused to accept it in spite of Jackson's insistence.

On the other hand, Jackson made it look as if I wasn't in a position to turn him down.

After giving it a thought for a few minutes, I took it over. I made up my mind to meet Michael in person just to return the check to him.

Once I took it over, I told Jackson, "Mr. Goldstein, thank you so much for your time and effort. I'll pay him a visit in person and return this to him tomorrow."

He responded with a nod and departed once he wrapped up the conversation.

I returned to the living room and took a seat on the couch after sending him off.

Michael had personally signed the check. He might have offered the fortune to ensure I could live a carefree life, but little did he know that would make me feel ashamed of myself.

Is this the only thing left between us? Has our relationship always been a deal?

Over the past few days, I failed to show up for work as I was afraid of running into Michael in person. Unable to gather my thoughts, I didn't want to embarrass myself in front of him anymore.

I dressed up and got myself ready for work the next day. It wouldn't do me any good to run away from Michael since I was a staff of the company. Sooner or later, we would run into one another.

Never would I forsake my job over our messed-up relationship. After all, I would have to make a living and move on without him.

Once I reached the entrance, I took a deep breath to calm myself. It took me a few minutes to muster the courage to step into the company.

I couldn't stop myself from looking in the direction of Michael's office once I returned to my workstation. When I recalled Michael was merely a few feet away from me, I couldn't stop my heart from racing.

Seated at my workstation, I just couldn't focus on work. As soon as everyone started focusing on their respective tasks, I brought myself up and marched in the direction of Michael's office.

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I stood at Michael's office for a very long time, not having the guts to open the door. Although it was just a few days of not seeing each other, we have already become strangers.

Whenever I thought of him, I felt nothing but agony.

In the end, I knocked on the door and waited for Michael to answer before going in.

He was sitting on his desk with his head down, signing on papers. He was calm, with no expression on his face.

I looked at his face, confused, at the same time, uncomfortable. Our breakup didn't seem to affect him one bit.

Perhaps, I was completely dispensable.

I looked at him while standing still. In just a few days of not seeing each other, we seem to have grown more distant.

After moments of silence, and he raised his head. He looked surprised when he saw me but immediately regained his composure.

"Why did you come?"

He furrowed his eyebrows and spoke nonchalantly.

I endured the pain in my heart and walked towards him. I placed the check for two million in front of him, sparing no effort to look calm.

"This is the check given to me by your secretary yesterday, and I'm returning it to you now."

I tried my best to sound calm too. However, I could feel my voice trembling. I wasn't sure if he noticed it.

He furrowed his beautiful eyebrows and looked at the check. His eyes were filled with emotions that I couldn't grasp. After all, I had never grasped his emotions since the beginning.

After a moment of silence, he raised his head and spoke nonchalantly, "The house at Birchwood, and this two million, is my compensation to you."

The word "compensation" pierced my heart as there was never what I wanted. Giving me compensation would only make me even more upset.

"I don't need your compensation. We're just taking what we need. You have helped me a lot, so you don't have to compensate me now."

I took a deep breath to calm my emotions. His indifference was pulling my heartstrings. I really wanted to ask him if he had any longing for me after we broke up. I would be happy to know even if it was just a little.

He looked at me with mixed emotions. He wanted to say something, and I was waiting for him to say it.

But he didn't say a word. He remained silent, quietly looking at me.

"Mr. Shaw, I'll take my leave if there's nothing else."

I couldn't repress my longings any longer. I wanted to leave as if I was running away.

Michael's attitude made me see everything clearly. He had no feelings for me, not even one bit. Even though I was well aware of the fact that we would be separated regardless of whether he liked me or not, I was still hoping to see some response from him.

Unfortunately, the person I loved did not love me at all, and that broke my heart.

If it were before, Michael would stop me from leaving. However, he did not stop me today. In fact, he didn't even utter a word.

Maybe I had overvalued myself. He wouldn't have any feelings for me knowing his personality, and I was just being wishful.

I went back to my workstation absent-minded. It was difficult for me to accept his attitude towards me.

As a result, I ended up spending the whole morning in a muddle. At noon, Emma came to the office.

She must have come to look for Michael. I was constantly looking at her feeling agonized. Michael must be treating her wholeheartedly now.

Emma strutted proudly. She suddenly stopped when she passed by me, and glanced at me with a smug look on her face as she smirked.

I knew nothing good could come from her, so I buried my face and pretended to work. I didn't want to pay her any attention. Now that I had ended my relationship with Michael, she should have no reason to trouble me anymore.

"Anna, it feels bad to be dumped by Michael, right?" Emma sneered quietly. Only the both of us could hear it.

As soon as I heard Michael's name, my body went stiff. The pain in my heart returned. Emma's words really pierced my heart.

I took in a deep breath, then calmly raised my head to look at her. "Ms. Jones, you've got what you wanted. I hope you will not trouble me again from now on."

I was already feeling devastated. I didn't have the mood to deal with Emma.

"What happened to your arrogant attitude? I have told you that Michael will only be mine. You're nothing to him!"

Although Michael and I were over, Emma didn't seem to let me off the hook. Maybe it was because I had gone against her so many times before. Hence, she still resented me even after I had ended my relationship with Michael.

"Indeed. I am insignificant. But Ms. Jones, why bother with someone like me then? Aren't you afraid that you might embarrass yourself? You're currently Mr. Shaw's girlfriend. Would you really want others to see yourself oppressing an employee in his office?"

Initially, I didn't want to ignore Emma. But the woman was such a bully. She had already achieved her objective, but she continued to bug me. I had no place to vent my emotions; I could only suppress them within me. If she continues to provoke me, I will no longer be nice.

"Anna, what do you think you are? How dare you speak to me like that!"

Emma's facial expression changed. She stared at me with anger in her eyes. It was evident that she was angry.

"I'm not anything as I'm a human being! Ms. Jones, I know you're a lady with power, but I'll advise you to not push your luck. I have nothing to lose. I would do literally anything if I had to."

Emma thought I was over with Michael, and she wanted to rub some salt into my wound. I knew that very well. But, no matter how frustrated I was, or how humble I had always behaved in front of Michael, I did it all for him only. I would never back down in front of Emma since I am not afraid of her.

"How dare you threaten me even without Michael protecting you now?"

Emma must've thought that the reason I dared to go against her the whole time was because I had Michael protecting me.

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I looked at Emma's face and sneered, "Michael was never my protector. I won't be afraid of you even without him."

Emma glared at me, infuriated. She wanted to say something, but I didn't want to waste my time with her any longer since many of our colleagues were looking at us.

"Ms. Jones, I think you should go to Mr. Shaw quickly. If he comes out and sees you with me, what do you suppose he would think of your action?"

The person Emma was most worried about was Michael. Even though I no longer had anything to do with him, I still brought him up.

As expected, as soon as I said that, the look on her face changed. She looked at me, burning with anger, but she didn't say a word and left angrily.

I would never admit defeat in front of Emma, but that didn't mean I didn't feel any discomfort inside. As she walked into Michael's office, the pain I felt was even stronger.

My gaze stayed on the CEO's office's door. Although it no longer had anything to do with me, I couldn't help but wonder what both Emma and Michael were doing in the office.

To be honest, I was rather possessive towards Michael. He was my first man, and we used to be intimate. Although I always said that I hated him, I knew that the moment I started hating him was when I fell in love with him.

In the past, whenever Emma entered Michael's office, she would be driven out by him. However, she had been in there for an hour, and she hadn't come out yet. I felt even more disturbed.

Has Michael changed his attitude towards her so quickly?

I didn't know how long it took before the both of them finally came out of the office. Emma hugged Michael's arm with a smile full of happiness.

However, Michael's face was emotionless. Although it wasn't as apparent as Emma's, I didn't notice any trace of disgust on his expression.

Looking at them being intimate broke my heart. My eyes were locked on Emma holding Michael's arms. My heart ached as if it was poked by a needle.

It was as if Emma could feel my gaze, she glanced at me with a smug face. She was utterly showing off that she was the only woman next to Michael.

I looked at Michael, hoping that he would shove Emma aside. Watching him being with another woman hurt me deeply.

However, it was over, and it seemed as though I was the only one who was hurting. After he glanced at me indifferently, he never turned back. The way he looked at me was like a complete stranger.

When they were about to pass by, she suddenly looked towards him and said in a gentle voice, "Michael, there's a new restaurant near my place. Let's go eat there tonight."

"We can go if you want."

Michael smiled softly. He looked at me, then looked at Emma again. His voice was gentle. I could feel it after being with him for such a long time. I could feel that he didn't put in any emotions. Maybe he was just giving her a half-hearted answer.

Delighted, Emma said, "I knew you treat me the best. Marrying you might be the luckiest thing that could happen in my life."

To me, Michael's answer was more than enough for Emma. She threw a provocative look towards me, then leaned her head on Michael's shoulder with a happy smile.

I tried my best to look away, not wanting to listen to their conversation. I would be lying if I said I wasn't jealous. I was just a woman so how could I not feel hurt and jealous watching the man I loved embracing another woman. Moreover, she looked all happy and drown in love.

Michael smiled as he let Emma lean on his shoulders, and they both entered the elevator together.

I waited for the elevator door to close, and then I lowered my head. I gave out a bitter laugh, enduring the pain in me. Even though I was the one who wanted to break up, I thought Michael would at least be reluctant. However, it seemed the one who was reluctant was me instead.

“Mr. Shaw really loved his girlfriend. He must be the most perfect man in the world.”

Millie, who was sitting opposite of me, was also observing Michael and Emma. She saw the entire display of affection as well and had a look of envy in her eyes.

My heart hurt even more after listening to Millie.

I lowered my head, trying to distract myself with work. However, Millie didn't know how I was feeling.

Millie suddenly had a thought. She raised her head and looked at me, worried. “Anna, how are you and your boyfriend doing? I haven't seen him pick you up for so long. Is everything okay?”

Millie was referring to Yuval. However, that was a long time ago. Yuval and I had broken up for several months, but I had never told her.

“We... We've broken up for a very long time already. I don't have a boyfriend now.”

Having felt disappointed, I gave her a faint smile. I was relieved when I broke up with Yuval. However, breaking up with Michael seemed to have hollowed my heart.

“What? Did you break up with him? When did this happen? Didn't you both do it earlier?”

Millie was shocked when she heard the news. She probably didn't expect us to break up. Yuval must have looked like a good man to her.

And she must be referring to the hickey on my neck the other day.

I was surprised by her reaction at first, but it made sense. She didn't know that I broke up with Yuval long ago. She must have assumed that it was him who left the hickey, which was pretty normal.

Compared to Michael, it was more acceptable to give her the impression that Yuval left the hickey.

“Let's not mention it anymore. It's all in the past now.”

How could I ever think about Yuval? I only had Michael in my mind. There was no place for anyone else in my heart.

“Alright, I won’t bring it up anymore. But it’s okay. You’re beautiful, and you have a good personality. There will be better men waiting for you in the future.”

I looked devastated. Millie must have thought she brought up something sad, so she quickly comforted me.

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After work, I saw Ronan’s car in front of the building. Since Michael warned me before, I didn’t want him to get the wrong idea. So I made a detour and left.

However, Ronan had very sharp eyes. He noticed me the moment I stepped out of the building. I didn’t even have the chance to hide myself.

“Anna.”

When I was about to leave, I heard Ronan’s voice behind me and staggered slightly. Now I couldn’t hide even if I wanted to.

I turned towards him and answered without any expression, “Ronan, why are you here?”

“What do you think? Of course, I’m here to look for you.”

Ronan marched towards me with a smile in his eyes.

I raised my head, and I responded indifferently because Michael was angry the last time. “Are you looking for me? What is it?”

I had been avoiding Ronan recently for I didn’t want Michael to get angry again.

However, I seemed to have forgotten that I had nothing to do with Michael anymore. Hence, no matter which man I was close with, he wouldn’t care anymore.

I didn’t know why, but the thought of Michael made me upset once again.

“I miss you. Is this reason good enough? What happened to you in the past two days? You wouldn’t answer my calls, and I was worried that I did something wrong and angered you.”

Ronan frowned his delicate eyebrows and stared into my eyes. He looked worried.

"It's nothing. I was just in a bad mood these days, and I wanted some quiet time for myself. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave. We'll stay in touch."

I was in a bad mood at that time, so I didn't want to talk to anyone. I just wanted to be left alone.

"Since you're in a bad mood, let me take you out to relax, or you can tell me what's bothering you. Holding it in won't do you any good, so you will feel better after pouring it out."

Ronan didn't want to let me leave. I knew he was worried about me, but I didn't feel like talking.

"No. I'm very tired from work. All I want to do now is to go home and rest."

I didn't want to say too much, so I turned around and was about to leave.

But, he grabbed my wrist and immediately pulled me towards his car.

"Ronan, what are you doing!" I was annoyed by his actions.

"I want to make you feel better. It hurts me to see you like this." He stopped and looked at me condescendingly.

I was a little touched. Although Ronan seemed to fool around all the time, I could feel that he really cared for me.

With that, I didn't refuse anymore, and I let him drag me into his car.

Ronan quickly started the car and drove at high speed. The scenery outside rushed past the windows. I could feel my heart thumping.

Why was he driving so fast? Didn't he know that it's dangerous? Moreover, it was a city center. What if he crashed into someone?

"Ronan! Drive slower. It's dangerous!"

I held on tightly to my seat belt. My heart was thumping out of fear.

"Don't you think this is exciting? You're in a bad mood. You should enjoy the thrill of the ride."

He had a frivolous smile on his face. I could tell from the look of his eyes that he was very excited.

I looked at him as my face turned pale. I really regretted getting in his car. He is playing with fire.

What thrill? Would it be thrilling if we were dead?

“Ronan, stop the car!”

I looked forward in horror and shouted at him. My voice was trembling.

“Don’t worry. There will be no accidents. I’m confident in my skills. Besides, I’m a professional racer.”

Ronan looked at me with a smug face, showing no signs of slowing down at all.

What? A racer? I didn’t expect him to be a racer.

However, even if he was a professional racer, he speeding in the city center. Most importantly, mistakes happened, even for a racer, and I wouldn’t want to die in his car.

Ronan’s face turned serious, and he slowed down the car. Maybe he noticed that I was scared.

I let out a long sigh of relief. The tensed feeling in my heart was finally relaxed.

Ronan drove along the way and we finally stopped at the bank of the river.

“Tell me. Why were you in a bad mood in the past few days? Did something happen?”

Ronan stopped the car, and turned to me with a serious look on his face. I could feel the concern in his tone.

“it’s nothing. Just some personal issues.”

My instincts were telling me to skirt the issue. I couldn’t mention my relationship with Michael. In fact, I have never told anyone before.

“Do you even treat me as a friend? Friends are like trash cans, so you can dump all your unhappy thoughts on me. After that, you won’t be sad anymore.”

He frowned and looked at me very seriously.

I was in control of my emotions until I heard his words. My eyes couldn't help but turn red instantly.

"Really. It was nothing. But seeing that man with his girlfriend really made me feel a little uncomfortable."

I must never let him know about my relationship with Michael, so I only told him half the truth.

Ronan went stiff. Then, he looked at me as if he was feeling sorry for me.

"Do you still love him? You already knew he couldn't be with you. Continuing to love him would only make you suffer even more."

The car went silent. He raised his head and looked at me. Apart from being concerned, there was compassion in his eyes.

"I know, but I can't control my feelings."

I lowered my head and gave out a bitter laugh. Of course, I understood the truth in his words. However, it was no easy feat to withdraw my feelings from a person. It may sound easy, but I was always stubborn in relationships. Thus, I couldn't let it go easily.

"I really don't know who that man is, but I'm truly jealous and envious of him for you love him."

Maybe I looked miserable at that moment. Ronan had a distressed look on his face, but I knew what he said was true. I may have hurt him while I was feeling upset.