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# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 101 - 105

When Michael said the last utterance, his voice became icy cold, and his eyes blazed with anger.

Inexplicably, my heart clenched. Our relationship had now ended, but I didn't feel happy at all for some reason.

Do we truly have nothing to do with each other anymore from now on?

At that thought, anguish enveloped me.

My eyes shimmered, whereupon I quickly swung open the car door and alighted from the car.

Michael's gaze was still locked on me, his jet-black eyes as sharp as an eagle's. Perturbed by his stare, I hastily left.

When I returned to the office, I wanted to use work to mask my distracted state. For some unbeknownst reason to me, my emotions were a jumbled mess, and I even seemed a touch reluctant to end the relationship.

After the lunch break, my colleagues returned to the office one after another. And right then, Michael strode toward his office as well.

The moment he entered my line of sight, panic struck me. I hastily dipped my head, not daring to look at him. However, he ignored me entirely and stalked into his office without a single glance at me. It was as though he didn't even see me.

His apathy had me suddenly feeling that we were strangers that had never known each other.

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Oh well, it looks like I've overestimated my importance to him. We've just ended our relationship, and I'm now a stranger to him in the blink of an eye. Perhaps he'll even forget that I've ever existed after some time.

Because of him, an inexplicable turmoil brewed within me. Disappointment flooded me as I stole a peek at the closed door of the CEO's office, and I wasn't in the mood to work at all.

The entire day passed in a blur. When it was time to get off work, I again took a gander at Michael's office, only to see that the door was still closed. He hadn't been out the entire afternoon, and I merely heard him occasionally making calls to make work arrangements.

I then packed up and went downstairs. As soon as I stepped out of the office building, I caught sight of Yuval a near distance away.

It was already late when I came out, and most of my colleagues had already left. As there were few people when I came out, I spotted him at a single glance.

At the sight of him, a sliver of aversion crept into me. But on second thought, I could now respond to his feelings openly since I had nothing to do with Michael anymore. Following that line of thought, I hurried over to him.

"Why are you here? And why didn't you give me a call before coming?"

Walking over to him, I flashed him an awkward smile. Although I no longer had anything to do with Michael, something still seemed lacking when I was with him.

"When I asked you out two days ago, you said you'd gone back to your hometown. I was afraid that you'd have another reason to demur today, so I came to ambush you at your office building. You don't have any prior engagements tonight, do you?"

When Yuval saw me, he strode over to me with a smile and took my hand.

Sensing the warmth of his hand, there was a brief second when I wanted to retract mine, but I surreptitiously stifled the urge.

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“Something seems amiss with you recently, Anna. Am I not doing well enough?”

Perhaps Yuval sensed my aversion, for he frowned slightly and looked at me with disappointment written all over his face.

“No, you’re doing great. It’s my problem, so I apologize.”

I knew it was my issue that I had been declining his dates lately. If I were in his shoes, I would definitely harbor suspicions as well. Honestly speaking, he matched me well in all aspects and was a suitable candidate for marriage.

Alas, I knew that I wasn’t interested in him romantically. Deep within me, I regarded him as more of a friend instead.

I looked at him in confliction, the words stuck in my throat.

Seemingly having seen perceived my struggle, Yuval didn’t say anything further. He opened the car door and ushered me in.

I walked to his side to climb into his car. But at that precise moment, I noticed his gaze fixated on something a stone’s throw away. The smile on his face had also disappeared without a trace.

Perplexed, I looked in the direction of his gaze. When I caught sight of Michael’s handsome countenance, the expression on my face froze, and my heart raced. Hmm? Why is he here? Is he here to look for me?

At that thought, my heart went into overdrive. I was seized by the urge to dash over to him.

Strangely enough, I wracked my brains to end my relationship with him when we were friends with benefits, yet now that we were truly nothing to each other anymore, I was reluctant to part with him. I was truly conflicted right then, not quite certain about my feelings toward him.

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Michael strode toward us. Seeing that, my heart hammered wildly as I stared at him unblinkingly.

Just when I thought that he was coming over to seek me out, he merely cast me an indifferent glance before leaving. From beginning to end, he didn't say a single word to me.

As I stared at his retreating back, the disappointment within me snowballed for some inexplicable reason. Ah well, it seems that he's serious about ending our relationship this time.

After he had left, Yuval turned to look at me, his smile once again restored on his face.

"Let's get in the car, Anna. He has already left," he urged softly.

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, I knew that he must be suspicious right then.

When I had gotten in, he started the car. As the car cruised along the road, a thick tension hung in the air.

Recalling Michael's dispassionate expression when he brushed past me, indescribable anguish welled within me.

"May I ask you a question, Anna?"

Yuval finally broke the silence after a long time had passed. His words, however, felt like a weight on my chest.

"Sure. What is it?"

As I gazed at his profile, I could clearly see the suspicion in his eyes.

"Are you and Michael Shaw..."

Yuval didn't finish his utterance, but I could more or less guess what he wanted to ask. Even after all this while, he was still skeptical about my relationship with Michael.

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“There’s nothing between me and Michael Shaw. Even if there were something between us in the past, there never will be in the future,” I enunciated seriously after a brief silence while looking at him.

Yuval’s expression relaxed significantly after hearing my answer. Only then did I realize that he had been suspicious about my relationship with Michael from the very beginning.

“I’m glad to hear that. Anna, I’m serious about you, so I hope you understand my intentions,” Yuval asserted earnestly.

He looked right into my eyes with a smile on his face.

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At that moment, my heart pounded wildly. I was naturally aware of Yuval’s intentions, and I should be happy upon hearing his declaration of sorts. Yet, for some reason, I didn’t feel happy at all.

“I know. And thank you for choosing to believe in me.”

He was a smart man, so I was certain that he would definitely be able to surmise that my relationship with Michael wasn’t as simple as that of a superior and subordinate when I had said as much.

Nonetheless, he was very considerate of me and said nary a word despite having surmised it. If it were any other man, it would likely have been a source of contention.

Subsequently, I turned to gaze out the window at the scenery outside. My heart and mind were presently flooded with images and thoughts of Michael. When we had an illicit relationship, I was determined to avoid him. But now that we were truly nothing to each other anymore, I felt empty, as though I had lost something important.

After having dinner with Yuval, he proposed going shopping. However, I was in low spirits just after ending things with Michael today, so I declined.

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Since things had ended between me and Michael, I didn't go back to Birchwood. After all, I naturally couldn't continue staying in his house now that we no longer had anything to do with each other. Instead, I went to Natalie's house.

Yuval brought the car to a stop in front of Natalie's community gate, and I opened the car door to alight from the car.

"Wait a moment, Anna..."

I had opened the door, but before I climbed out of the car, Yuval's voice drifted over.

Straightening, I looked at him in puzzlement and queried softly, "Is something the matter?"

Yuval stared into my eyes without saying anything. His body, however, was slowly leaning toward me. Panicked, I instinctively wanted to dodge, but I kept reminding myself that I was aiming for marriage with him, so I definitely couldn't evade it.

Clutching the hem of my clothes with both hands, I remained still. By then, he was already very close to me, our lips a mere inch away from each other.

I nervously closed my eyes, not daring to look at his face anymore for fear that I inevitably would dodge. But after waiting for a long time, his kiss didn't fall on my lips. Instead, he pecked me on the forehead.

Sensing the warmth on my forehead, my heart jolted. All at once, relief suffused me.

When his lips had finally left, I opened my eyes. My gaze turned evasive as awkwardness engulfed me about our current level of intimacy.

"Go on home. Next time, I hope you won't be resistant toward me."

With a faint smile on his elegant countenance, Yuval grasped my hands that were clutching the hem of my clothes. His voice remained as gentle as ever.

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No doubt, he was a very perceptive person to notice that subtle tell of mine. Indeed, it was proof that he was incredibly shrewd and considerate.

He knew that I was averse to it, so he kissed me on the forehead instead of the lips.

Gratitude overwhelmed me at once. Ah, he's truly a gentleman who never coerces me into something I abhor, unlike Michael.

When the thought of Michael flashed across my mind once again, panic gripped me. Ugh! He seems to have been playing on a loop in my mind for the entire day! I've truly been bewitched!

Abruptly yanking my hands back, I stared at Yuval with a frantic look in my eyes. For a moment, I didn't know how to answer him. The fact that Michael kept slipping into my mind had me feeling extremely irritable.

I inhaled deeply and tried my best to dispel him from my thoughts. I knew that I had to divert my attention if I wanted to be rid of Michael's dominion over me. As long as my focus was on another man, I naturally wouldn't think of him anymore.

As that thought occurred to me, I swiftly leaned forward and planted a kiss on Yuval's lips. Then, I beat a hasty retreat.

That was the first time I ever initiated a kiss with a man. The feeling of kissing Yuval was wholly different from kissing Michael. While the warm sensation remained the same, my heart didn't race when I kissed the former. Instead, nerves and panic assaulted me.

Caught off guard, Yuval was stunned when I kissed him. Only when I had gone a fair distance away did he finally snap back to his senses. A smile again blossomed on his face, and his eyes were filled with tenderness as he gazed at my back.

My heart galloped wildly though it wasn't from desire but panic. Even when I arrived back at Natalie's house, I remained flustered.

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Anyway, diverting my attention seemed to be a highly effective method, for I was now overwhelmed with panic. My mind was filled with images of me kissing Yuval, so there was no room for me to think about Michael at all.

It looks like this is an indeed opportune method when I think of him again. But I wonder what Yuval thinks of me. Would he now think that I'm a woman with loose morals?

"Why are you here, Anna? Didn't you say you won't be coming over to keep me company tonight?"

Natalie gaped at me in surprise when I opened the door.

"Nat, I might have to intrude on your hospitality for a few days. I'll move out when I find a place."

Walking over to Natalie, I flashed her an embarrassed smile. I didn't forget that I had previously moved out of her house.

"What's all this talk about moving out? Are you still mad at me? I know I said some hurtful things because of John back then, but I'm really remorseful now. You can stay here however long you want. I promise that I'll never again ask you to move out."

Perhaps the fact that I moved out back then left an indelible mark on Natalie, for she looked at me with guilt written all over her face and apologized profusely.

"What are you saying? How could I possibly be mad at you? Back then, I was the one who impulsively said that I'd move out. It had nothing to do with you, so you don't have to feel so guilty."

That matter had nothing whatsoever to do with Natalie. I was the one who insisted on moving out, so I harbored no grudge against her.

"Anna, thank you for being by my side now and consoling me endlessly. Without you here, I probably would've ended my life by jumping off a building."

While saying that in a choked voice, Natalie hugged me.

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“Hey, hey, what nonsense are you spouting? You won’t, and don’t you dare ever think of doing that! Nothing can push you so far when you’re the ever-optimistic and cheerful Natalie Xavier! It’s that scumbag’s loss, so just let him wallow in regret!”

I didn’t want to hear such pessimistic remarks from her, so I immediately interrupted her as soon as her words fell.

“Exactly! I, Natalie Xavier, am smart and beautiful. Tons of men are waiting in line to marry me, so I’m not going to languid in sorrow for a man who betrayed me!” Natalie declared, plopping down on the couch in the living room.

Then, she reached out and snagged a big apple, taking a huge bite out of it. That was precisely her usual carefree attitude.

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Right then, Natalie appeared no different from before. Nonetheless, I knew that she was merely putting on a brave front, concealing the anguish within her.

“That’s right! You’re stunningly beautiful with tons of suitors pursuing you, so anyone you choose will be far better than that scumbag!”

Sitting down beside her, I draped an arm over her neck and echoed her sentiments. I knew that she was now gradually getting over her breakup.

Well, it’s a good thing that I’ve ended things with Michael. I can keep her company throughout this period with peace of mind without worrying about her all the time.

After staying the night at her house, I again bumped into Michael when I went to the office the next day. I thought he would at least greet me, but he ignored me entirely without even sparing me a glance.

At that, I frowned slightly. As I watched him head to the office, a sliver of disappointment slithered into me.

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When I had settled myself at my table, my gaze kept returning to Michael's office. Chagrin swamped me. What exactly does he take me for? Even if we no longer have anything to do with each other, our relationship is still that of a superior and subordinate in the office, so there's nothing wrong with greeting me, is there?

Millie, who sat across from me, seemed to have noticed my preoccupied state. She rapped on my table with curiosity etched on her face. "Anna, did you notice that Mr. Shaw has been in a foul mood ever since yesterday noon?"

Her comment struck panic in me. Don't tell me she has discovered something?

"Has he been in a foul mood?" I asked mildly, feigning a nonchalant chuckle.

"Didn't you notice that he has been wearing a grim expression ever since yesterday noon? Besides, he rejected several proposals from the design department and reprimanded them all severely," Millie murmured with a nosy look on her face after cautiously casting a glance at Michael's office.

Hearing that, I couldn't help wondering whether those changes in him had something to do with me. After all, it was yesterday noon that I told him of my decision.

"Perhaps he encountered a snag in his work. As you know, he's now aiming to monopolize the advertising industry. While it's not impossible, it won't be a bed of roses either," I replied in an awkward tone.

My gaze became all the more flustered as I was now certain that Michael's foul mood definitely had something to do with me. At that moment, I couldn't quite tell my feelings exactly.

"Who knows? Anyway, we've got to be careful since he's in a foul mood these days."

Flinching slightly, Millie again stole a peek at Michael's office. Then, she lowered her head and started on her work.

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Her words earlier plunged me into turmoil. I couldn't quite tell my exact emotions right then, but it felt as though I was inexplicably happy upon learning that Michael was in a foul mood because of me.

After a final glance at his office, I buried my head in my work. But while I was glancing through documents, he occupied all the space in my mind. At some point in time, he had actually wielded such great power over me.

"Anna Garcia, I want to see you in my office!"

A terse and frosty voice pierced the air while I was lost in thoughts; it was Michael.

He stood by his office, his cold gaze pinned on me.

In a flash, I snapped back to reality. When I locked gazes with his profound eyes that resembled whirlpools, my heart pounded wildly. Don't tell me he's raking up old grievances with me, settling the score for what happened yesterday?

My emotions were a chaotic mess. Still, I dragged my feet to his office. My colleagues around me had also noticed his foul attitude toward me, so some regarded me with worry while others with glee.

When I reached his office, he was sitting at his table, looking at a document in his hand.

"How may I assist you, Mr. Shaw?"

I lowered my head after a single glance at his handsome countenance. I dared not look at him anymore, for my backbone inevitably weakened whenever I saw his face.

Thud! Without warning, Michael slammed the document in his hand on the table. In the next moment, he pinned me with eyes blazing with anger.

My heart jolted, and stark panic overwhelmed me as a sense of foreboding rose.

"Anna Garcia, this is the advertising proposal you submitted to me? You've got years of working experience, yet this is the design you came up with?"

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Michael pointed at the document on the table, his eyes radiating fury as he stared at me.

“Is there something wrong with it, Mr. Shaw?”

Directing my gaze in the direction of his finger, I was greeted by the sight of the design proposal I submitted earlier in the morning. Never had I thought that it would be rejected so quickly.

“Such a design is a dime a dozen in advertisements. Do you think such a promotional advertisement will still work when it’s already such a cliché?”

Michael’s voice was thundering and colored with reproach. He stalked toward me with huge strides, the fury raging in his eyes so intense that it was as though he wanted to reduce me to ashes.

“But I think such an advertising proposal can better reflect the product’s characteristics and the people’s necessities. While many products boast of benefits that far exceed the product’s value itself, I think those gimmicks are entirely unnecessary.”

Distress inundated me at his callous attitude. For some reason, a sense of misery and anguish lodged within me. Despite our numerous arguments in the past, he had never spoken to me in such a thundering voice.

Could it be that his attitude toward me has also changed following the change in our relationship?

“So, you’re saying that you’re focused on the authenticity of the product? I have no problems with that, but this proposal of yours isn’t novel. Take it back and redo it!” Michael ordered coldly.

He picked up the document on the table and tossed it at me.

From beginning to end, he looked at me with indifference in his eyes. Other than that, there was no other emotion to be discerned.

Tears swam in my eyes. My eyes turned red-rimmed, but I forcefully held my tears back.

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Ah, he's truly a ruthless man! We've just ended our relationship, and he's now tearing into me at the office. I should really learn to be blasé like him. If only I could be as indifferent as he is, I wouldn't be so upset right now.

"Why are you still spacing out here? Get on with your work!"

Upon noticing that I stood rooted to the spot without leaving, Michael abruptly whirled around, his eyes chilly without a hint of warmth.

"Understood. I'll go and amend it right away," I muttered glumly.

Lifting my head a fraction, I sniffled.

Michael was a very perceptive person, so he naturally didn't fail to discern my emotions. His gaze flickered when I said that, and it didn't seem as cold as before. Nonetheless, he kept silent.

Many eyes swung at me when I exited the CEO's office, most people looking at me with sympathy on their faces.

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Michael's office was previously used for other purposes, so the soundproofing wasn't all that great. For that reason, everyone heard our conversation. They most likely heard him hauling me over the coals loud and clear earlier.

I returned to my table morosely, still saddened by his attitude earlier.

"Are you okay, Anna?" Millie inquired in concern from across me upon seeing my despondency.

Sniffing, I feigned a nonchalant expression to mask the sorrow within me.

"I'm fine."

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I flashed Millie a forced smile, but even I myself found it utterly unconvincing.

“Gosh, Mr. Shaw was really blowing things out of proportion! It was just a design proposal, no? Was it really necessary for him to blow a gasket?” Millie muttered after stealing a glance at Michael’s office.

“Alright, that’s enough. You’d better hurry up with your work if you’ve got time to grumble. Otherwise, you might be the next unlucky person.”

While I no longer had anything to do with Michael, I was still perturbed to hear her speaking ill of him.

At my reminder, fear seemingly struck Millie. She hastily buried her head in work and dared not say a single word further.

With my mind a chaotic mess, I was simply hard-pressed to come up with any design proposal. I had to submit the new design proposal to Michael before the end of the workday, yet I was at sixes and sevens with no inspiration at all.

I spent the entire day zoning out in front of the computer, my thoughts a thousand miles away.

In the blink of an eye, evening fell, and it was about time to get off work. All my colleagues had already started packing up, but my computer screen was still blank. I hadn’t written even a single word.

“Anna, we’re off work now. Let’s leave together.”

After Millie was done tidying up her table, she invited me to get off work with her.

“You go ahead. I’ve got to stay for a bit since I’m not done with the proposal yet.”

Subsequently, I cast a glance at Michael’s office. He was still in the office now, so I would definitely get it from him tomorrow if I didn’t submit the design proposal today.

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It wasn't that I was a total novice at being reprimanded by my superior, but it felt particularly agonizing when it came from Michael. Thus, I decided to stay and work overtime to avoid angering him again when I came to work tomorrow. I must submit the new design proposal to him today!

Patting my face, I forced myself to concentrate and started on my work. In the next two hours, I sat in front of the computer and worked on the new design.

When I was finally done with the new design proposal, I printed it out. Then, I walked over to Michael's office and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Michael's indifferent voice sounded from inside. Upon hearing his voice, my heart inevitably skipped a beat.

Pushing open the door, I entered his office. He was still sitting at his table, perusing documents. His serious expression as he worked was particularly beguiling. Indeed, the saying that men were most attractive when they were at work was no lie.

"What is it?"

I said nothing after stepping in, merely staring at him. Only when he looked up at me did I swiftly snap back to my senses.

"Um... This is the new design proposal I did today. Please have a look at it, Mr. Shaw."

Gathering my wits about me, I hastily placed the document in my hand on his table.

Michael threw me a look with mixed emotions before picking up the document and scanning through it.

"Redo!"

That was the only crude and concise word from Michael, cutting straight to the point.

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“But why? I’ve already amended it according to your suggestions earlier.”

Hearing the word “redo,” my heart lodged in my throat. I regarded him with chagrin in my eyes. What the hell? I’ve wracked my brains the entire day for this design proposal! Besides, I’ve also made the appropriate amendments according to his requirements. Yet, he merely gave me a one-worded response?

“It’s not acceptable because I said so! Anna Garcia, is this your attitude in working? All employees at Joyful Success are required to strive for perfection. If you can’t even withstand this bit of pressure, then just resign!”

As soon as his words fell, my eyes instantly filled with tears. By then, I could already tell that he was deliberately making life difficult for me. I initially thought we could have an amicable parting, but I never expected him to be such a petty man that he would target me at work.

“Mr. Shaw, I think we should be keeping our personal affairs separate from work. You can tell me frankly if you have any complaints against me, and we’ll resolve it in private. However, your action at present makes it obvious that you’re abusing your power to avenge a personal grudge,” I declared coldly.

I stared at him while suppressing the tears that threatened to fall at any moment.

I knew that a man like Michael had certainly never been rejected by any woman. Therefore, my decision yesterday was definitely a huge blow to his ego. It was only natural that he was pissed off, but I would never accept it if he were to pick on me in matters of work.

“Abusing my power to avenge a personal grudge? Anna Garcia, you think too highly of yourself. I, Michael Shaw, can have any woman I want. You’re just a former friend with benefits. Do you think there is a need for me to make life difficult for you?”

Michael sneered in derision as though he had heard a ludicrous joke. Getting to his feet, he sauntered over to me and looked down his nose into my eyes. At that moment, I could clearly discern the contempt and disdain in his ebony eyes.

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His words were like a stab to the heart, every single word twisting the knife deeper.

Well, well... It turns out that I'm only a former friend with benefits to him. Considering his tone, it's clear as day that he no longer cares about me. Or perhaps I'm only good for satiating his physical urges to him.

My eyes burned hotly, and my tears felt as though they were a second away from falling. Likewise, my heart hurt as though someone was crushing it in his palm.

Despite the agony coursing through me, I still feigned a dispassionate expression before him. "Since I'm only a former friend with benefits to you, why do you keep targeting me? Have I done anything wrong?"

"I only rejected your design proposal because there was a problem with your work. Do you think I'm the kind of person who blurs the line between personal and business?"

My words enraged Michael, and the look in his eyes became significantly colder.

"But I feel that this design proposal is already good enough. I used the entire day to come up with this design proposal, so how much more do you want from me?"

Ugh! He's simply making things difficult for me! If this design is handed to our collaboration partner, it'll definitely be approved. Yet, he's rejecting it time and again. I really can't tell whether he's abusing his power to take his revenge on me.

"I want perfection, not improvisation. Anna Garcia, if that's your attitude, I'd advise you to resign right away!"

Having listened to my words, Michael's gaze turned all the more apathetic though his eyes blazed with anger. Every word out of his mouth pained me even greater.

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That was the second time Michael had mentioned me resigning. Could it be that his motive is to goad me into resigning?

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I tried my best to hold back my tears. I didn't continue arguing with him but concentrated on composing myself. After a long while, I finally managed to sound calmer.

"I understand. I'll continue amending according to your wishes until you're satisfied with it."

If that was his grand plan of forcing me to resign, I would never capitulate. No matter how difficult he made things for me, I would definitely do my best to fulfill his requests.

Perhaps my answer pleased him, for he merely threw me a glance without saying anything further.

"I'll be leaving if there's nothing else, Mr. Shaw."

Not wanting to see him for even a second longer, I made to leave after saying that. Alas, my cell phone rang at that precise moment.

When I saw that it was a call from Yuval, I instantly panicked upon remembering that Michael was still by my side then.

Michael's cold gaze remained locked on me. He was a shrewd person, so he probably knew whose call it was at the expression on my face. I was utterly conflicted, torn between answering the call and otherwise.

In actual fact, I didn't want him to know that I had officially gotten together with Yuval. But recalling his hurtful words to me just now, I inwardly mused, Why should I care about his feelings when he doesn't care about me at all? So what if I'm dating Yuval? I no longer have anything to do with him now.

At that thought, I answered the call.

"Yuval."

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My address of Yuval had become much more intimate after we made our relationship official. However, the reason I addressed him in such a manner right then was simply to gauge Michael's reaction. I wanted to know what exactly I was to him.

"Are you at home now, Anna? I have a gathering with some friends tonight, so I'd like to bring you along and introduce you to them."

Yuval's gentle voice drifted out of the other end of the phone. A trace of aversion welled within me upon hearing that he wanted me to meet his friends.

I felt that we weren't so close that we were at the stage of meeting each other's friends. Personally, I didn't want to take things so quickly.

"Um... I'm moving back into Natalie's place today, so I've got to relocate some things. As such, I might not be able to make it tonight. I'll take a rain check, okay?"

I initially wanted to agree since Michael was right in front of me, but for some inexplicable reason, I demurred.

Fortunately, I truly had some things to settle that night. My things were still at Michael's house, so I naturally had to move my things out now that things had ended between us. As for the money I owed him, I would be paying him back slowly.

After my demurral, Yuval was silent for a moment on the other end of the phone before saying, "It's okay. How about I help you move your things today? I'm more suited to do the heavy lifting."

He was an exceedingly considerate man. In fact, it was probably every woman's dream to have such a gentle and attentive man who would make the ideal husband.

However, my things were still at Michael's house, so I couldn't possibly allow him to tag along. I had tactfully told him about my relationship with Michael yesterday, after all. Hence, he would definitely feel unsettled to collect my things from Michael's place even if he didn't say anything.

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“No, it’s okay. I don’t have much, so I can manage on my own. Besides, you’re supposed to have a gathering with your friends tonight, so you’ll look bad if you don’t show up. Don’t worry about me.”

I again declined since I didn’t want him to know that I had been staying at Michael’s place. We were dating with the goal of marriage, so I didn’t want any misunderstandings between us.

“Alright, then. I just knew you were going to turn me down.”

He sounded audibly disappointed, and I knew that I had truly turned him down too many times.

At that moment, I glanced at Michael, only to see that his frosty gaze was fixated on my cell phone. Recalling that I was currently on the phone with Yuval, I became inexplicably flustered.

“How about this? I’ll treat you to dinner tomorrow.”

I was initially frantic to hang up, but my temper flared upon remembering the words Michael said earlier. Thus, I couldn’t resist flaunting my intimacy with Yuval.

“Okay, I’ll be holding you to your word. I’ll pick you at your office tomorrow evening after work.”

The moment Yuval heard me asking him out, his dejection vanished without a trace. Instead, he even seemed rather excited.

“Sure. I’ll be hanging up, then.”

After saying that, I hung up the phone.

When I hung up the phone, Michael’s gaze simultaneously left me. Nevertheless, I could still distinctly sense the coldness radiating from him.

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“Your love life is really prolific. You’ve just ended things with me, but you immediately went to another man in the next instance. Anna Garcia, you’re really a tramp through and through!”

Michael pinned me with eyes teeming with contempt, his gaze radiating faint anger and resentment.

Hearing that, both my hands clenched into fists. No one would be happy to be stamped as a tramp, much less by a man like him.

Yes, I’m now officially dating Yuval, but what has it got to do with him? Can I also reproof him as being a womanizer since there are plenty of women around him?

“That has nothing to do with you. Please excuse me if there’s nothing else. I’ll return you the keys to Birchwood tomorrow.”

Not wanting to bicker with him, I spun on my heels to leave after saying that. I didn’t want to say a single word further to him.

As Michael stared at my retreating back, his gaze turned increasingly frosty.

When I left the office, images of Michael continued to flood into my mind. It was as though he had taken residence in my mind, for he kept intruding into my thoughts ever so often since we ended thing between us.

After giving Natalie a call, I hailed a taxi and went to Birchwood. My things were still in his house, so I needed to retrieve them since I hadn’t the money to rebuy everything.

Upon arriving at Birchwood, I packed my things. When I was almost done, I seemingly heard the sound of the door opening. All at once, my heart lurched, and I swiftly poked my head out of the bedroom.

I was a timid woman, and night had fallen, so I would definitely be scared out of my mind if a stranger walked in at such a time.

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Subsequently, footsteps drifted into my ears. Only when the person entered my line of sight did I breathe a sigh of relief, for it was Michael.

As I wheeled my suitcase out, I looked at him expressionlessly and handed the keys to him.

“Here are the keys to this house. I’m returning them to you now, and rest assured that I didn’t make any duplicates.”

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