# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 121 - 125

Michael was on the verge of flying into a rage, and I wondered if his fist was going to land on me the next second.

I initially thought he was a very chivalrous man, and that despite being hot-tempered and indifferent, hitting women was where he drew the line. But at the police station earlier, I saw him hit a woman with my own eyes. What he said about not having any qualms hitting women made me worry that I'd be his next victim.

The ferociousness of this man was beyond my imagination. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared.

I blanched in horror and could only shake my head in a daze.

Yuval and I were officially together, but I didn't want our relationship to develop too quickly. I had never even considered having sex with Yuval.

After getting my answer, the rage in Michael's eyes faded slightly, but I could still feel his chilly aura surrounding me.

"You're mine, Anna. Remember that!" he said domineeringly.

Without giving me the chance to speak, he tore off my clothes, and the sound of fabric ripping resounded through the room.

Half an hour later, both of us were on our backs, gasping for breath.

Despite having his release, one of Michael's hands was still teasing my body.

I smacked his hand away and shot him a withering look.

"Stop glaring at me like that. You're already ugly enough as it is."

Michael was in a much better mood right then. The animosity from earlier was nowhere in sight.

Knowing how mercurial he could get, I wasn't all that surprised by the sudden change in his behavior anymore.

"Since you think I'm ugly, why did you still want me? And how did you still get it up, huh?" I retorted in annoyance.

Michael had already called me ugly several times in a single day. I knew that my swollen face wasn't the prettiest sight the behold, but he didn't have to keep emphasizing it. No woman would want to be called ugly, especially by a man she just slept with!

"I almost couldn't climax," Michael said bluntly while looking into my eyes, not at all embarrassed by his own words.

"Can you be anymore shameless, Michael? Is there anything you can't say? You have no filter whatsoever!"

When in bed, Michael could say the crudest of things and still be able to keep a straight face. I highly suspected he had a face as thick as an iron wall.

"If you wanna hear more, I'm happy to oblige."

He obviously knew I was reprimanding him, but instead of getting mad, he looked at me with mischief in his eyes.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 122

"Get lost!" I bellowed, at the end of my rope, and turned my back to him.

How shameless! I'd rather not argue with him anymore. There's no point!

After such a taxing encounter with him, I went straight to bed and fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

By the time I woke up, it was already noontime. Shielding my eyes from the harsh sunlight pouring in from the window, I turned my head to the side and was glad to find that Michael was gone.

As I checked the time on my phone, I noticed I had several missed calls, and all of them were from Yuval. Assuming that he was probably just trying to get me back after missing my call last night, I opted not to call back as I did not feel like there was a need to explain the incident to him since it was already over.

After tossing my phone into my bag, I got out of bed and retrieved my skirt from the floor. I planned to get dressed and leave right after, but when I found my blouse, I almost burst into tears. Michael had ripped the top beyond repair last night.

Why does he have to be so violent every time? I'm as poor as dirt! How many of my clothes has he ruined already? I don't have much money to buy new clothes.

Sighing in frustration, I searched the room for another top to wear.

However, I suddenly remembered that I had taken all of my clothes back a few days ago, so there was none left in the entire house.

In the end, I set my eyes on Michael's shirt that was hanging in the bathroom.

As a man who was exceptionally particular about cleanliness and hygiene, it was understandable why the shirt was spotless even though he had worn it the day before.

Looking at the shirt, I realized that he seemed to like wearing white shirts. Other than white, he wore black most of the time.

Sensing that his figure had popped into my mind again, I immediately shook my head vigorously to make myself stop at once. Ugh! Have I been bewitched? Why do I keep thinking about him so frequently? Every day, I tell myself that I should hate him, but I still can't help but think of him.

Unwilling to dwell on the matter, I quickly wore the shirt and went out to the living room to find him, but he was nowhere to be found.

What the hell? He told me that he would send me back today. He's probably forgotten about me.

I was slightly displeased with Michael, but since we were no longer a couple, I did not have the right to grumble over the matter. Therefore, I took my bag and strode to the door, ready to leave.

Going out in Michael's clothes would attract a lot of attention, but I had no other choice — it was without doubt that wearing a man's shirt was way better than going out without a top.

I'd rather die than going topless in public.

Just as I was about to leave, the door was opened, and Michael came into sight.

Today, he was clothed all in black. The monochromatic shade elongated his figure greatly and accentuated his long legs. Upon seeing the shirt I was wearing, he arched his eyebrow quizzically. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going home, of course. Do I need to stay here forever?" I snapped, looking up at him in displeasure.

"Let me send you back then."

Much to my surprise, he did not force me to stay anymore and let me go easily.

Nonetheless, I declined his offer coldly, having mixed feelings about the intimate session we had last night. "No, thanks, Mr. Shaw. I'll go back by myself."

I'm in a relationship with Yuval now, but I still did not control myself and had sex with Michael. I don't know how to face Yuval after this.

"Are you sure you want to go out looking like that?" Michael's lips curved into a smirk as he eyed me up and down.

I was initially quite adamant about going back alone, but as soon as he said that, I followed his gaze and felt embarrassed all of a sudden.

Although I don't care about how strangers think of me, I don't like people staring at me either.

Michael always had an uncanny ability to change my mind. As soon as he commented on my attire, my determination wavered and I kept silent, not knowing how to answer him.

Sighing, I realized that taking a lift in his car was undoubtedly the best choice.

"Let's go then. If you haven't decided yet, I'll go first."

As he saw that I was still hesitating, he got impatient and turned on his heel to leave.

Knowing that he would no longer care about me after he left, I immediately brushed aside all my concerns and rushed to his side.

After we got in his car, I faced away from him deliberately and looked outside the window. However, I could feel his eyes on me occasionally along the way.

Sometimes, when I looked back at him, I could see a faint smile tugging at his lips, adding a touch of gentleness to his handsome face.

It was rare to see him in such a good mood, but I did not care much as it was none of my business.

Michael had always been a fast driver. Hence, within ten minutes, we arrived at the residential area where Natalie was living.

"Thank you for sending me back, Mr. Shaw. I'll return the shirt to you once I've washed it," I stated, unfastening my seat belt and proceeded to open the door.

However, when I reached for the door handle, he grabbed my hand out of the blue.

"Are you going to walk away like this? Don't you need to give me something as a sign of appreciation?" He smirked, looking at me gaily.

Is he out of his mind? What is he talking about?

"What do you mean?" I could not help but frown, bewildered.

"Give me a parting kiss."

As he uttered out the three words, my eyes instantly widened in shock and disbelief.

Kiss him goodbye? We're not even that close anymore. Why should I do that?

His statement left me so flustered and overwhelmed that I was not even sure how I felt about that idea. Only people who are reluctant to part ways will do that, but we're not even in a relationship.

After a long while, I finally took a deep breath to compose myself and held his gaze steadily. "Mr. Shaw, I don't think we are suitable for each other..."

However, before I could finish my sentence, he abruptly pulled me into his arms and pressed his lips against mine, shocking me to the core. Why is he acting out of the ordinary today?

# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 123

His kiss was gentle and lingering as if he was kissing a woman he loved. His sudden gentleness took me completely off guard, sending my heart racing a thousand miles per hour. I had no idea why he suddenly had a one-eighty change, but I could not help but fall for this tender side of him.

I continued to let him kiss me and forgot to push him away as my mind went utterly blank.

After a couple of minutes, Michael finally let me go and smiled at me affectionately. On the other hand, I was stupefied.

When he was about to inch closer again, the magnified view of his attractive face snapped me back to my senses.

"I should get going now. Bye!" Panicked, I hurriedly bade him goodbye, opened the door, and hopped out of the car. As I turned around to close the door, I caught a glimpse of smugness in his eyes.

I was baffled at first, but a second later, I found the answer.

Not far away from us, Yuval was staring at me with a scowl on his face.

Seeing him made me freeze in an instant.

Michael must have kissed me on purpose a moment ago to drive a wedge between Yuval and me. How conniving!

As I stood frozen on the spot, Yuval strode toward me, and all I could do was stare at him wordlessly. No doubt he had seen us making out just now, and an explanation simply couldn't suffice. After all, we were kissing — and that was the truth.

After a while, Yuval stopped in front of me. Currently, his eyebrows were furrowed deeply, and his usual amiable demeanor had disappeared.

"Yuval, I..." My voice tapered off into silence. Looking at him, I had a million words to tell him, but I did not know which one to say.

"Where were you last night? I called you many times, but you didn't answer any of it," Yuval inquired.

He did not raise his voice, but I could hear the reproach in his voice.

It was the first time he spoke to me in such an indifferent tone, given his gentlemanly personality. Even though I felt uncomfortable with it, I knew he was trying hard to keep his cool, so I felt no resentment toward him.

If I were him, I wouldn't have been as calm as he is now.

"Yuval, is it okay if I explain it to you next time? I don't know what to say now," I pleaded, wringing my hands nervously.

Everything happened so suddenly, and I was not prepared for it at all. I'm so overwhelmed now.

All of a sudden, Michael's voice rang from behind. "What do you mean you don't know what to say? Just tell him that you stayed the night at my place, and you didn't answer his call because we were busy last night."

Although he did not say the exact thing we had done, it was not difficult to understand what he was implying. Upon hearing his insinuation, Yuval's face fell immediately, and the anger in his eyes blazed.

"Anna, is it true? Were you two together last night and even had..." Yuval's voice trailed off.

He probably did not finish the sentence out of courtesy. Or perhaps he could not bring himself to say the word.

Uneasy with his questioning, I could no longer hold his blazing gaze and looked away guilty.

With his sensibility, he should be able to derive the truth from my reaction just now. I really want to explain myself, but what's happened has happened. I can't deny anything he has said.

Seeing that Michael was still standing beside me, Yuval flicked a glance at him and said coldly, "Mr. Shaw, this is between Anna and me. Please don't meddle in our affairs."

I had never seen Yuval getting so mad before.

"You don't get to tell me what to do, and you don't get to decide for Anna as well. She can choose whichever man she wants!" Michael let out a scoff, staring at Yuval with equal spitefulness.

The intense stare-down ensued for a couple of seconds until Yuval blinked, backing down.

Exasperated with Michael's behavior, I finally said, "That's enough, Mr. Shaw. I believe I've made myself very clear. From now onwards, I hope you will stop causing chaos in my life. You and I are just colleagues."

I knew that Michael was deliberately sowing discord between Yuval and me, but I could not understand why he did that. Is it because he doesn't want me to be with another man so that he can continue to sleep with me? How absurd!

Immediately averting his gaze from Yuval, he shot daggers at me and bellowed, "Anna Garcia!" An arrogant man like Michael certainly could not tolerate any criticism, especially comments that would make him lose face in front of another man.

Unfazed by his livid expression, I continued to look at his eyes and added earnestly, "I beg you, Mr. Shaw. Can you please stop interfering with my personal life? I'm very thankful for your help last night, but I don't wish to have any contact with you anymore. Please?"

Before this, although Yuval had never asked me about my relationship with Michael, I knew that he was quite concerned about it. Since I had decided to date Yuval, naturally, I had to cut off all ties with Michael.

"Anna, you'll regret losing me," Michael snapped, glowering at me before storming off in a huff.

After he sped off, the atmosphere between Yuval and I turned awkward.

"Anna, last night, did you really..." He looked at me with his eyebrows knitted, agonized.

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Although he did not complete his sentence, I knew what he wanted to ask.

"Sorry, I know I've hurt you deeply. It's okay if you want to break up with me," I replied, lowering my head in shame.

Even though I said that I could accept him breaking up with me, the thought of him cutting ties with me filled me with dread. I did not love him, but he was the most suitable man to be my future husband.

If we really break up, I'll blame myself forever. It's entirely my fault after all. No man on earth can tolerate their partner cheating on them. No matter how good-tempered he is, it doesn't mean he can forgive every mistake I make.

He went silent for a while before letting out a sigh and eyed Michael's shirt. "Let's go back first. I don't want to see you wearing another man's shirt again."

Looking at the ground guiltily, I said no more and trailed behind him.

Throughout the journey to Natalie's house, none of us spoke a single word. It was obvious that he was mad at me. Although I wanted to strike a conversation with him to take the edge off the awkwardness, I could not bring myself to do it. No matter what I say now, he doesn't have the mood to listen.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 124

In the end, I did not utter a single word, and both of us went back to Natalie's house without saying a word.

Natalie approached us as soon as we entered the door, and she smiled when she saw that I had returned with Yuval. But her smile froze on her face the moment she saw the clothes that I was wearing.

I was wearing the shirt that Michael had worn yesterday. Natalie was bound to remember that because Michael had always been the center of attention.

"You're back, Anna."

Natalie held my hand and her expression turned a little awkward.

"I'm back. Are you alright, Natalie? Does your face still hurt?"

Although one night had passed, Natalie's face was still swollen and bruised. Even the corner of her mouth was swollen with traces of purple and blue.

It was despicable of John and that woman to do this to her.

"I'm fine, and I'm much better now. I'm sorry you got dragged into this mess. Your face wouldn't be like this if it weren't because of me. It's all my fault, Anna."

Then, Natalie gave me a hug and looked at me apologetically.

"It's okay. We're good friends, aren't we? Friends stand by each other in time of need. I couldn't just watch while you were being bullied."

I didn't feel that I've been wronged even though I was beaten up. That's because it's all for my best friend, Natalie.

"Hello, Mr. Lambert."

Natalie glanced over my shoulder and gave a tight smile as she greeted Yuval.

"I called Anna a few times, but my calls went unanswered, so I came over to check in on her. It so happened that I ran into her downstairs when she came home."

Yuval's tone was impassive, and he was no longer smiling.

"I called you last night because..."

"Anna, why don't you go take a bath and change into something else?"

I wanted to explain, but before I could finish speaking, I was interrupted by Yuval. He was still bothered by the clothes I was wearing, and he even asked me to take a bath. Am I that filthy to him?

But I could understand why he would think that way. Any man would be disgusted if their woman slept with another man.

It was just that I disliked the way Yuval was behaving now. I knew it was my fault, but I would rather he yelled at me than being emotionally abused by him.

"Yes, Anna. You'd better take a bath. You look terrible."

Natalie knew me better than anyone else. She was aware that I was upset with Yuval, and before I did anything stupid, she quickly stood up and ushered me into the bathroom.

Once Natalie pushed me into the bathroom and shut the door, I eventually regained my composure. I kept telling myself to have a little patience. After all, Yuval had every right to be angry with me.

I turned on the shower and let the hot water spray over my body. I became even more frustrated when I thought about my relationships with Michael and Yuval. I had no idea how to resolve this mess.

Half an hour later, I changed into my clothes and walked out of the bathroom. Natalie and Yuval were still having a conversation in the living room.

I went and sat across Yuval. Unable to meet his gaze, I hung my head in guilt.

"Natalie just filled me in on what happened after I left last night. I'm sorry I wasn't there to help. I was busy with a client when you called, and I didn't hear the phone ring. I'm sorry..."

Before I could speak, Yuval beat me to it. I thought he was going to chastise me, but instead, he apologized to me.

All the resentment I had for him disappeared into thin air after I heard his sincere apology. No matter what happened yesterday, I was in the wrong. I should have been the one to apologize, not him. And for that, I was moved by his gesture.

"I should be the one to apologize. Last night, I...."

Yuval's apology made me feel even more guilty. I ought to be contented to have someone like him who was so forgiving and considerate towards me. After all, I was the one who was in the wrong.

"That's enough. Whatever happened last night is in the past. I don't want to talk about it anymore, and I don't want you to bring it up again. Both of us are in this together, and we sincerely want this relationship to work, don't we? I hope what happened last night won't happen again. As a man, I won't be able to tolerate another round of betrayal."

Even though Yuval intended to forgive me, he still couldn't pretend that whatever happened between Michael and me did not happen. If I were him, I would have ended this relationship a long time ago. I found it hard to accept that this matter had left a stain on our relationship. Just like how it was with Justin.

"I'm sorry. I promise that it won't happen again. It was really unexpected..."

Although the fact remained that I slept with Michael, I didn't do it willingly. This relationship with Yuval meant a lot to me, and I knew that I shouldn't do anything to betray us.

"Do you have a first-aid kit, Ms. Xavier?" Yuval turned and asked Natalie.

"I do. I'll get it right away."

Natalie immediately stood up and went to fetch the first-aid kit in the room. When she returned to the living room, she handed it over to Yuval.

Yuval took out a topical ointment for reducing swelling from the first-aid kit and then came over to sit next to me.

He applied the ointment on my face with a cotton swab. Although a night had passed, the bruises on my face were still swollen. He was gentle with me when he applied the ointment, as though he was afraid of hurting me.

Seeing that Yuval was attending to me, Natalie went back to her room with a smirk on her face.

I couldn't help but recall how gentle Michael was last night when he tended to my wounds, and he was not a man to be associated with gentleness.

Once again, Michael's face popped into my mind. I shook my head in irritation to stop myself from thinking about him anymore, but my head accidentally bumped into Yuval's hand. I grimaced with pain as my bruised face came in contact with his hand.

"Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

Yuval shot me a concerned look.

"N... No."

I quickly assured him that he didn't hurt me. He was already gentle with me, and it was I who knocked into his hand by accident.

"I shouldn't have left last night. If I hadn't left, you wouldn't have gone to the police station."

As Yuval looked at me, I could tell that his heart ached for me.

"This has nothing to do with you. You left because of work, and no one would have expected something like that to happen. Fortunately, Natalie and I were able to leave the police station safely. Otherwise, I really don't know how long we would be stuck in there."

Yuval's face was filled with self-loathing. But this had nothing to do with him, and no one could foresee that incident to happen. Fortunately, Michael arrived just in time to prevent us from signing anything against our will.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 125

"I won't ignore your calls anymore. If you do encounter something similar in the future, give me a call, and I will find a way to solve it for you as soon as possible."

Yuval continued to look at me apologetically, and I was moved by what he said. It was clear that he didn't want Michael to play any part in my life.

I knew he meant well, and it was for my own good. Hence, I felt all the more touched.

"Okay. Thank you."

I looked at Yuval gratefully. Although our relationship did not develop too quickly, he had shown great tolerance throughout our relationship.

My stomach started to grumble, causing me to glance at Yuval in embarrassment.

Ever since my dinner with Natalie last night, I had not had anything to eat yet. Worse still, I had not even drunk a single drop of water.

When he saw the embarrassed look on my face, he burst out laughing. After that, he looked at me and said with a gentle smile, "Come on, I'll bring you out for breakfast."

"No, there's no need for that. I don't want to go out when I look like this. Others might think that I'm the victim of domestic violence."

I actually wanted to go out for some food, but I had second thoughts when I remembered the bruises on my face.

Yuval stiffened at my words. He finally came to his senses and looked at me in amusement.

"Do I look like a violent man? How would I hit my woman?"

When Yuval said that, his eyes were filled with tenderness.

I believed him. Ever since we got together, Yuval had always been a decent man. He was not someone who would hit a woman.

"Aren't you hungry? I'll go out and buy you something to eat."

Yuval could see that I was only pulling his leg. After saying that, he quickly stood up and was about to leave to buy some food.

"There's no need. I'll just grab something to eat from the fridge."

Although we were in a relationship, I still felt bad for troubling him.

"I saw a fast-food restaurant nearby. I'll go and buy something for you."

Yuval smoothed my bangs out and looked at me with a smile.

"Alright then. Thank you."

I couldn't refuse his offer. It seemed almost cruel to reject him.

Yuval bent down and planted a kiss on my forehead. Then, he turned around and left.

When he was gone, I let out a long sigh of relief. I felt touched by his gesture. Yet, I felt pressured at the same time too.

Just then, Natalie walked out of her bedroom and sat next to me.

"Anna, what's going on with you and Michael? Why did you sleep with Michael last night? Didn't you say before that there's nothing between the both of you?"

When Natalie asked me those questions, she looked at me in all seriousness.

She had long been suspicious about my relationship with Michael, and I just brushed her off. But ever since what happened last night, there was no way that I could bluff my way out this time.

"I have slept with Michael a few times, Natalie. Perhaps that was the reason why he came to save us."

Other than admitting to Natalie that I slept with Michael, I didn't want to talk to her about anything else between Michael and me.

"I knew it. There's something strange going on between you and Michael. Otherwise, why would he show up at the police station last night and help us?"

Natalie appeared conflicted when she said that. She was a smart girl, and she had figured out that there was something unusual about my relationship with Michael. I didn't tell her about it earlier, and she didn't press on it further.

"Natalie, please don't tell anyone about my relationship with Michael."

My past relationship with Michael could be considered tainted. Now that the relationship had ended, I did not wish for anyone else to know about it.

"Don't worry. My lips are sealed. I won't tell anyone."

With that, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Anna, I know I shouldn't say this. But there's something that I need to remind you."

After a moment, Natalie looked at me again with a conflicted expression on her face.

"Just tell me. There's nothing we can't talk about between the both of us."

I had never seen Natalie looked so conflicted before. I looked at her in amusement and wondered what she wanted to say to me.

"I think Yuval is a good man, and he's the right one for you. He's gentle, considerate, and good-natured. You're lucky to have such a good man in your life. Anna, I hope you can cherish the relationship you have with Yuval. It's really not easy to find a good man nowadays."

It was completely out of character for Natalie to say something like that.

I knew that she meant well, and I was also aware that Yuval was good marriage material.

"Nat, I know you mean well. I know what to do. Yuval is a good man, and I will make this relationship work."

I held Natalie's hand and looked into her eyes as I said that.

"Anna, since you've decided to be with Yuval, I think you should keep a distance from Michael. Although Yuval said nothing about it this time, I'm sure he's bothered by it."

Natalie changed the subject back to Michael again. I lowered my eyes to avoid her gaze because I really did not want to talk about Michael right now.

If Michael had not taken me away forcefully last night, what happened today wouldn't have happened at all. Although Yuval didn't request for a breakup because of that, I was pretty sure he was really bothered by it. Who knew he might just break up with me one day.

"I know what you mean, Natalie. All I can say is that there's nothing between Michael and me anymore. What happened last night will never happen again."

I looked Natalie in her eyes as I reassured her.

"Very well, then. I'm going back to my room to get some rest."

After she had gotten a definite answer from me, Natalie returned to her room.

After about half an hour, Yuval came back with a pack of food for me. After I had finished it, he left me to rest.

I was worn out because I did not have a good rest last night. I went back to my room and fell into a deep sleep.