# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 26 -30

"I'm worried about you, John. Just let me take you home."

Natalie held onto the man's arm and blinked coquettishly at him. If he were to reject her again, even after I spoke on Natalie's behalf, it would definitely arouse her suspicion.

Thus, he didn't refuse this time and agreed to have Natalie send him home. After the two of them left, I settled the bill and took a taxi back to Natalie's house.

As I was officially starting work the next day, I made sure to prepare everything I needed in advance, lest I ended up late on my first day.

Glancing at the wall clock, I noticed that it was already nine. I assumed that Natalie would be back home late and prepared to call it a night.

However, the front door opened moments after and Natalie walked in. Upon seeing her back so soon, a frown formed between my brows and I made my way toward her.

"Why are you back so soon? Why didn't you spend more quality time with your boyfriend?" I draped an arm over her shoulder and teased.

"He said he's tired. He told me to go home before I could even go upstairs with him. Anna, did I do something wrong? Otherwise, why was he so cold to me today?"

Natalie raised her head to look at me with a dejected look on her face.

After hearing what she said, rage surged in my heart once again. "Tired" is just an excuse. He probably feels guilty, that's why!

And this silly girl thinks she did something wrong when it's clearly that prick who's cheating on her!

I took a deep breath to quell my rage. I already gave John a warning earlier today. If he changes, then all is well. But if I find out he's playing with Natalie's feelings, I'll never let him off the hook.

"What are you talking about, Natalie? Do you know how hard it is to find a girlfriend who is as kind and sweet as you? John is lucky to have you as his girlfriend, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

Natalie usually seemed unconcerned, she was, in fact, kind and very loyal to her friends. All in all, she was a very likeable person.

"Well, this is a first. I don't recall you ever praising me like that before."

My words seemed to work like a charm as made her break into a pretty smile.

"I have some advice for you. Pay closer attention to John from now on. Observe him and his demeanor more."

Worried that she would put her whole heart into this relationship, I couldn't help myself from giving her a reminder. If John didn't change, she would be the one who got hurt, and that was the last thing I wanted to see.

"What's that supposed to mean, Anna? You don't believe he truly loves me? Your previous relationships must've scarred you pretty badly for you to be this cynical."

Natalie looked at me with amusement, not taking my advice seriously whatsoever.

Perhaps she was already convinced that John loved her and that the two of them would live happily ever after.

I wanted to say something else, but the unperturbed look on Natalie's face made me realize that nothing I said would get through to her. Hence, I swallowed the words that sat at the tip of my tongue.

"I guess so. I just don't want you to get hurt. It's getting late. Let's get some sleep now. It's a working day for both of us tomorrow."

The thought of that scumbag, Justin, disgusted me, but the initial hurt I felt was already fading.

Natalie seemed to realize that she had slipped up and ripped the band-aid off my wound. She wanted to say something, but I didn't give her the chance to speak and directly went back to my room.

I already moved on, vowing to never cry over a scumbag because it just wasn't worth it. The most important thing for me right then was to work hard so that my parents could live a good life in the countryside.

I was just a child born in the countryside. My parents worked hard their whole lives to put me through university. My dad was getting up in years and had to take many types of medication for his weak heart. Thus, my only priority was to focus on my career and make more money.

After joining Joyful Success, my life went back on track as I threw myself into work.

However, my peaceful days were short-lived.

When my wedding with Justin was canceled so abruptly, my dad's heart condition worsened from the shock. Since then, he had to take even more drugs than before, and according to the doctor, the best solution was to get a heart stent surgery.

The problem was that the cost of the surgery was at least two hundred thousand. There was also the post-surgery treatment to consider, and my family didn't have that sort of money.

I knew the reason my dad kept reassuring me that he was in good health was that he didn't want me to worry, but I learned that his heart was already failing and the drugs wouldn't be able to help for much longer. The only way to ensure his safety was to fix a heart stent.

My parents gave me life and raised me for so many years, so it was impossible for me to stand by and watch as my father waited for death to claim him. Hence, I was determined to make enough money to help him to get through this ordeal.

Unfortunately, God didn't give me that much time. Just after I got off work, my mom called.

She was crying over the phone as she told me how my dad's condition had worsened again. The surgery had to be done within a few days. If it was delayed any longer, his life would be put at great risk. When I received the call, my knees went weak, and my hands couldn't stop shaking.

This news caused my mind to draw a complete blank, and all I could hear was a buzzing sound in my ears.

It took me a long time to calm myself down. The first thing I did was call Natalie to relay the news. Without a word, she immediately transferred fifty thousand into my account.

Fifty thousand was equivalent to her savings over the past few years, and I felt very fortunate to have a friend who would help me unconditionally when I was in desperate need of it.

Even so, after throwing in the twenty thousand I had, I was still short of more than a hundred thousand, which wasn't a small amount in my eyes. At that moment, I had no idea how or where I was going to gather that much money for the surgery.

Back at Natalie's, I paced around the house, growing restless as I thought about the remaining amount of money I needed to raise for the surgery.

"Anna, calm down. We'll definitely think of something. Your dad will be fine."

Finally, I plopped down onto the couch. Natalie sat next to me and patted my shoulder to comfort me.

After finding out about what happened to my dad, Natalie thoughtfully took a day off from work to help me come up with a solution. Although she didn't have a lot of money, I was touched by her gesture and felt immensely grateful to have her as my friend.

# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 27

"What am I going to do? I still need more than a hundred thousand for the surgery. Where am I going to find that kind of money in just a few days? If I can't get the money, my dad's life will be in danger."

Tears poured down my cheeks as I looked at Natalie with a hopeless gaze. Panic seized me at the thought of losing my dad.

"Don't cry, Anna. We'll think something. Besides, doctors love exaggerating. I'm sure your dad's condition isn't as bad as what the doctor said. Just calm down first. We'll find a way together."

Natalie hugged me tight and repeatedly consoled me.

I knew she only said that to calm me down, but my dad was counting on me to raise the money. Yet, I was powerless; I could not do anything. But how could I possibly watch my dad die like that?

"Wait, don't you know Michael Shaw personally? He's the richest man in Avenport. He can help you!"

In my state of despair, Natalie mentioned Michael's name out of the blue.

I hadn't heard that name in a long time, and my heart skipped a beat upon hearing it again. In an instant, I saw a glimmer of hope.

To my chagrin, I had made it clear to Michael the last time that we didn't owe each other anything. If I suddenly went up to him asking for money, he probably wouldn't lend it to me. We weren't even that familiar with each other, to begin with.

Not to mention, he'd probably think I had some kind of ulterior motive for approaching him. I had heard rumors of him being stingy. Hence, the chances of successfully borrowing money from him were close to zero.

So I decided to come on to him again. This way, I'd be able to borrow money from him with good reason. But Michael was a big shot in Avenport; he wasn't someone I could just see whenever I wanted to.

Without telling Natalie my plan, I took a day off from work the next day and went to Michael's office building, hoping to have a chance encounter.

To my dismay, the headquarters had at least a few thousand employees. My eyes would probably fall out if I waited here and scanned each person who emerged from the building.

Later on, an idea popped up in my mind. I sneaked into the building's underground parking. When we had car sex the other time, I had paid special attention to his car plate number. Besides, I doubted many people could afford a luxury car that cost millions.

Thank goodness my effort paid off. After searching for almost half an hour, I finally found Michael's car. I breathed a long sigh of relief once I confirmed he was in the office.

After that, I decided to wait for the man. Michael would definitely come here to get his car after work. When that happened, I'd pretend to bump into him by chance.

To seduce Michael, I had paid special care in preparing myself. I chose a pale yellow skin-tight mini dress and paired it with four-inch heels. Besides that, I had also made sure to put on light makeup.

Glancing at my watch, I found that it was already past four and time to get off work as there were already employees driving off in their respective cars.

I had a busty figure, to begin with. Coupled with my sexy outfit, many men approached me and offered to give me a ride. Of course, I refused all of them. Michael was my target; I didn't have time to fool around with anyone else.

As all the cars were almost gone, the parking lot seemed vacant and quiet. Even then, I saw no sign of Michael.

If I didn't see his car still parked in the same spot, I would've suspected that he had already left.

As I rarely wore heels that high, my feet were starting to hurt after standing for two hours in the parking lot. I was really going all out just to successfully sleep with Michael.

Finally, a figure entered my line of sight – Michael was here. Dressed in a black suit, he looked even more regal and unapproachable. He seemed to constantly emanate a terrifying aura that kept others at a respectful distance.

I hid in a corner and took out a compact mirror from my bag to check my makeup. Once satisfied, I walked out in a nonchalant manner.

Michael spotted me almost immediately, and I could clearly detect the surprise flashing in his eyes.

He strode toward me and stopped right in front of me. Then, he looked me up and down at a tantalizingly slow pace. Perhaps it was because I was dressed more sexily, but a hint of a smile appeared on his face as he asked, "What are you doing here?"

It had been more than a month since we had sex, and we never contacted each other during this period of time. Perhaps he had forgotten all about me just like I did him. Hence, my sudden appearance must have surprised him.

"I'm here to see you."

I admitted my purpose of coming here and met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Oh? You're here to see me? Did I hear that wrongly? I clearly remember you telling me we don't owe each other anything, so why are you here to see me all of a sudden? What's the real reason?"

He was indeed an experienced businessman, seeing as he could easily tell my intentions weren't as simple. But before I got him into bed, I couldn't tell him my true intention just yet.

"I've been feeling lonely and empty lately. I'm craving human touch, and if I'm being honest, I miss the way your c\*ck felt inside me. Is this a good enough of a reason for you?"

As soon as I said this, Michael's face darkened, and his eyes filled with discontent.

Leaning closer to him, I boldly snaked my arms around his neck. I tilted my chin up to kiss him, but he pushed me away before I could.

A small frown was on his face, and a trace of resistance was in his obsidian eyes.

"You're getting more and more slutty, Anna."

"Wasn't that what you've always thought about me? Why are you so bothered about it today?" I retorted with a hint of sarcasm in my tone.

Smiling seductively, my eyes slowly traveled from his chest, trailing all the way down to his crotch.

Perhaps he didn't like seeing me behave so unrestrainedly because his expression grew darker as anger flickered in his eyes. I wouldn't be surprised if he shoved me away.

"This little trick of yours may have worked the first time, but it's useless on me now." His voice was as cold as ice.

Although what I said had angered him, he didn't play along with me like he had the first time. It seemed like he had already seen through my facade.

I laughed awkwardly. "Really? I don't remember anything at all. I must've had too much to drink that night."

After being so ruthlessly exposed, the mask on my face cracked to reveal a sheepish smile.

# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 28

"Didn't I satisfy you the last time? I never thought an innocent-looking girl like you would turn out to be insatiable. I really underestimated you, Anna."

It seemed like Michael never intended to let me off. His words enraged me; he was insulting me. Even though I came to him with ulterior motives, I was actually a rather conservative woman in nature. Being called insatiable by a man left a bitter taste in my mouth.

The smile on my face instantly vanished, and I stared at Michael coldly. "Sorry. I came to the wrong person."

With that, I spun around to leave, but he snagged my wrist and yanked me back against his chest.

Circling me tightly in his arms, he inched his face closer to mine with a wicked smile playing on his lips. "Since you're so eager to roll in the sheets with me, I guess I have no choice but to give you what you want."

Although this meant he agreed to have sex with me, every word he said was a blow to my pride, even more so when I was a very prideful woman. Thus, I immediately shoved him away.

Yes, I was severely short of money, but that didn't mean I would allow a man to insult me like that. Coming to see Michael was a mistake.

"Let's just pretend I never came to see you today. From now on, we won't ever see each other again!" I said frostily.

With that, I turned around and prepared to walk away, but Michael was faster. He shot forward and blocked my way.

"Don't you think it's a little too late to walk away now? You were the one who seduced me first, Anna."

Before I could react, the man opened his car door and shoved me in.

I initially wanted to resist, but at the thought of my dad, I endured the humiliation I was feeling and stayed seated in his car.

The car sped along the road at an insane pace. Thankfully, Michael was a skilled driver.

"Where are we going?" I glanced at the man's side profile and asked blandly.

"To some place where it's convenient for what we're about to do, of course. Don't tell me you want to do it in the car again in broad daylight?"

Michael didn't even look at me when he answered my question, but what he said made me blush a beetroot read as my mind was automatically brought back to that wild scene in the car.

I had slept with him again right here, in the same car and same seat.

Turning my face to look out the window, I remained silent the whole ride.

He made the car fly, and we soon arrived at a chain hotel. After getting out of the car, I looked up and saw that it was a five-star hotel.

I couldn't help but grumble inwardly. This guy must be filthy rich. We're only going to have sex. Is it really necessary to choose a five-star hotel? One night here would probably cost me half a month's salary. The lives of rich people are truly different from ordinary ones.

"Michael, a five-star hotel isn't necessary, is it? Just think about it. We're just going in for a while. I don't think this is an economical choice..." I turned to look at him and voiced out in a cautious tone.

My purpose was to sleep with Michael, not to sleep in a five-star hotel. A round of sex wouldn't take that long either. Coming to a five-star hotel was just too over the top.

Michael turned to briefly glance at me and replied, "Coming here is, in fact, the most economical choice. I don't need to spend money here."

"You won't need to spend money? Why?" I followed him in and asked in a soft voice.

"Because I own this hotel. Do you think I'd need to pay to rest here for a while?"

The man stopped in his tracks and looked at me with mild exasperation.

"What? You own this hotel?"

I gaped at him in disbelief. He owns this hotel? But this is a five-star chain hotel... I heard that there are eighty-six of them all over the country. I never expected that he'd be the owner.

I can only imagine the monthly turnover for so many hotels combined. Just how rich is this guy?

I knew he dabbled in many businesses, but I never thought his involvement would be so widespread and large-scale.

"Are you surprised?"

He raised his brows, but before I could answer, he grabbed my hand and led me in.

As soon as we reached the front desk, the manager came forward to serve us. Upon seeing that it was Michael, he was visibly stunned.

"Mr. Shaw, what brings you here? Is there something about us you're not satisfied with?"

The manager came to stand before Michael and bowed slightly. From the apprehensive look on his face, I could see that he was very nervous.

A laugh threatened to escape my lips upon witnessing this scene. I wondered just how strict Michael had to be to cause the manager from his own hotel to be so terrified upon seeing him.

Michael didn't answer the manager's question. Instead, he shot him a cursory glance and ordered, "Get me a room. I'm here to rest."

"Huh?" The manager's eyes widened in surprise, but when he saw Michael's hostile expression, he immediately agreed, "Yes, Mr. Shaw. Please follow me."

The manager led us to a presidential suite on the eighteenth floor. There was no denying that rich people knew how to enjoy their lives. A presidential suite was equivalent to a three-bedroom apartment, and there were also all kinds of home appliances provided.

This was my first time in a presidential suite. Just as I was looking around the place with awe sprawled on my face, Michael abruptly pushed me against the wall beside the door. Before I could register what was going on, he smashed his lips against mine.

# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 29

Electricity shot through me, and soon, my entire body felt weak. I could only lie on the bed and let Michael have his way with me.

After what seemed like ages, he was finally done.

He was breathing heavily as he lay on top of me, and he only pushed himself off my body when he was satisfied.

Completely drained of strength, I merely closed my eyes to rest.

The man lay down next to me and stared at me with inquisitive, dark eyes.

"Tell me. Why did you really come looking for me?"

There was a demand in his tone, which was a stark contrast to the gentle way he had spoken to me during our lovemaking session just now.

I was bewildered by the change in his attitude. Is it true what they say? Do men truly become entirely different people after pulling up their pants?

"Why would you ask that?"

Due to his sudden change in attitude, I didn't immediately reveal my true purpose in seeking him out. I wanted to test the waters first.

"Did you think I'd believe your little speech about missing my c\*ck earlier? You don't strike me as a wanton woman, Anna."

As he looked at me in the eyes, his tone grew colder than before.

My brows creased slightly, and I shot him an angry glare. Does this man live for insulting others?

Faced with my silence, Michael questioned once more in a harsher tone, "So? What's your real reason?"

"Give me two hundred thousand!" I finally blurted out.

I clearly detected the flicker of surprise in his eyes, but soon, his expression hardened, and he mocked, "You're a greedy little thing, aren't you? Do you really think your one time is worth two hundred thousand?"

His flinty eyes bored into me, devoid of all trace of the warmth from earlier.

"Two hundred thousand is nothing to you. Besides, I gave my first time to you. Just treat it as you compensating me."

I knew it was absolutely shameless of me to say this since I was the one who seduced him in the first place. Asking him to compensate me was ridiculous, but I was severely out of options. To gather enough money for my dad's surgery, I had to do this.

When it came to my dad's life, my pride and dignity were not worth mentioning. To ensure he could live healthily, there was nothing I wouldn't do.

But what Michael said next made my blood boil.

"You're right. Two hundred thousand is nothing to me, but do you think your first time is worth that amount? Besides, how do I know if you were really a virgin and didn't undergo hymen restoration surgery? You were with Justin for so many years. Don't tell me the two of you have never slept together?"

# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 30

"What's that supposed to mean?" I glared vehemently at him and demanded.

This man is doubting the legitimacy of my virginity! Am I really such a frivolous woman to him?

But come to think of it, if I were a virtuous woman, why would I have come on to him? Why would I have sex with him again and again? I guess I really am shameless.

"The surgery for hymen restoration isn't that expensive nowadays, and the effect is exceptionally good. They can make it seem exactly like the first time," Michael said pointedly while studying me with a thoughtful gaze.

I was even more furious upon hearing that. I couldn't believe how petty this man was and why he would assume such a thing about me.

Although I had approached him with a personal agenda, he had no right to humiliate me like this!

Back then when I met him at the bar was really my first time. Hymen restoration? Seriously? Only he can think of something like that! I never expected such a handsome man to have such a black heart. What a waste of his good looks!

"Can you stop having such degrading thoughts about others? I know I'm nothing but a frivolous woman to you, but just so you know, I wouldn't have come looking for you if I didn't really need this money!" I retorted angrily.

My eyes welled up with tears, but I refused to let them fall.

Seeing the tears in my eyes, Michael's expression stiffened, and his brows drew together slightly. Then, he sat up and took out a checkbook from his pocket before swiftly filling in the details.

My heart raced upon seeing him do so. Is he going to lend me two hundred thousand? CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

After writing the cheque, he handed it to me. Excitement shot through me, and I immediately reached out to take it.

But right before my fingers touched the cheque, he withdrew it with a straight face. I glowered at him and pursed my lips tightly. Is he messing with me? Why did he write it if he's not going to give it to me?

I was about to reprimand him when he spoke again. "I can give you two hundred thousand, on one condition."

His calculating gaze did not go unnoticed by me.

I had already expected that he wouldn't give me the money so easily. People like him never made bad deals.

"What is it? As long as it's within my capabilities, I'll do it."

I didn't have any other choice. As long as it didn't involve killing, I'd agree to do it in a heartbeat. My dad needed the money for his surgery, and there was no room for hesitation.

Looking into my eyes, Michael said with a serious expression, "Be mine."

My eyes widened in shock, and I stared at him with incredulity. "What did you say?"

"Or, to be more precise, I want you to be my lover. You must be there whenever I need you, and you can never refuse me."

I felt as though a bucket of ice water had just been dumped on me. So... he wants us to be friends with benefits.

I peered at him and asked awkwardly, "Is there any other option besides this?"

"Yes."

"Which is?"

I looked at him expectantly, hoping there was a better option than being friends with benefits because I really couldn't bring myself to agree to that.

"Leave right now without the money."

Michael pinned me with a steely gaze, refusing to back down.

It was obvious that I had no other choice besides agreeing to his terms.

I warred with myself for a long time, but upon seeing him keeping the cheque, I finally gave in. "Fine. I agree."

The only way I could get the two hundred thousand was to agree to his condition. If I didn't, I wouldn't be able to settle my dad's surgery fee.

Michael's lips curved into a triumphant smile, and he threw the cheque in front of me.

My throat closed up from emotion as I picked up the cheque and carefully slipped it into my bag.

When he watched me put the cheque away so carefully, he queried once more. "Now tell me why you need two hundred thousand."

Hence, I told him about my dad's illness, not leaving out a single detail as I saw no need to hide anything. Besides, he could always find out the truth even if I lied.

After listening to my explanation, Michael frowned slightly. Thankfully, he didn't make things difficult for me anymore. When he stood up and started getting dressed, I followed suit.

Subsequently, I grabbed my bag and prepared to leave. Since he was done with me, there was no reason for me to stay.

As I made my way toward the door, he called out abruptly, "Wait for me. I'll send you home."

Truth be told, I didn't want to spend any more time with him than necessary. The thought of my current relationship with him sent a wave of indignance through me.

Sitting in his car had always made me uncomfortable. As I had nothing to say to him, I simply turned my face away to look out the window.

In the end, it was him who broke the awkward silence. "Where are you staying now?"

"At my friend's." With that, I reported Natalie's address to him.

"That's very inconvenient. I'll prepare a place for you."

Michael's brows knitted into a frown; it was as though he was genuinely displeased by the fact that I was staying at my friend's house.

"T-That's not necessary. I'm fine living with my friend. You don't need to get me a place."

I thought Michael proposed this because we were friends with benefits. From what I knew, rich people like him were often generous to their lovers, gifting them houses and whatnot.

However, I didn't want things to be like that between us. Although I sought him out for money this time, I only wanted to get enough for my dad's surgery. I wasn't planning to accept anything more than that.

However, it seemed like I thought too highly of Michael because his explanation of why he had offered greatly irked me. But then again, we were merely friends with benefits. Of course, he wouldn't go out of his way to treat me well.

"I just think it's inconvenient for us to get it on at your friend's place. I mean, do you expect me to look for you there whenever I wanna have sex?"

He always spoke in such an unbridled manner before me. Not to mention, he managed to keep a straight face every single time. Right then, I couldn't help but wonder just how thick-skinned this man could get.

"I'll find a place myself. You don't need to worry about that. But it may take me a few days. I just started a new job and haven't gotten my first paycheck," I replied, feeling slightly abashed.

Michael didn't comment after that. Only the frown on his face indicated that he had heard me.

When handed me his phone, I eyed him dubiously and asked, "What?"

"Your phone number. Were you expecting me to wait for you to create chance encounters every time?"