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He kissed me so skilfully that my brain went blank and I unwittingly responded to his every move. For a while, the atmosphere in the car was filled with sexual tension.

He released me after a long time and I opened my eyes only to be lost in his deep and intense gaze.

Even at such a short distance, he looked so perfect in every way that it was impossible to find any flaws. Justin could not even begin to compare to him.

I had thought that Justin was near perfect, but after meeting Michael, I realized that the former was far from it.

Nevertheless, no matter how great Michael was, it had nothing to do with me. We were just partners in bed and that kind of relationship wasn't something to be proud of. The notion that we could be something more sounded preposterous. Besides, he was wealthy and way out of my league. As such, I had never dared to hope for someone like him, for he did not belong to my class.

"Please, do continue to ogle at me until you're satisfied."

Michael's low and sexy voice sounded in my ears as he smirked and teased me.

His voice brought me back to my senses and I realized that this was the second time I had lost myself staring at him. I felt so embarrassed that I wished the ground would just open up and swallow me whole.

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

Avoiding his eyes, I mumbled a few words and opened the car door to get off.

Even after leaving the parking lot, my heart was still beating erratically. Michael's kiss had stirred up ripples in the stillness of my heart.

The surgery in the afternoon went smoothly without any mishaps and the weight in my heart was finally lifted.

In the following days, Dad's health recovered quickly. Nevertheless, he did have an operation, so it was only natural that he would need more time to recuperate.

I would come to the hospital to take care of Dad at night after coming off from work. For some reason, Michael seemed to have vanished into thin air ever since we met at the parking lot. He never contacted me again.

Every time I thought back to the kiss we shared, there would always be an indescribable feeling surging in my heart.

There has been no recent contact from him and our relationship seems to be non-existent. For some reason, I feel saddened about that. But on the other hand, I should be happy. After all, we were just partners in bed, albeit not willingly on my part. If he forgets me then this will be the end of our transaction.

My life resumed to the way it was. A week later, Dad's recovery was well on the way and he was discharged from the hospital. I had wanted to rent a house for Dad and Mom to stay but they were used to village life and insisted on returning there. I could only compromise as I could not convince them.

The head of the department in my company was a forty-year-old man named Conrad Skeete. He had a beer belly and a balding head. From the first day I entered the company, I felt his lustful gaze constantly lingering on me.

I had always hated being stared at by men, especially by a middle-aged man with a pudgy face. But since he did not do anything to me, I could not find fault with him.

After all, one could lose a job by offending one's superiors, so I had to tolerate his gaze.

However, on one particular day, he crossed the line and infuriated me.

I was sitting at my desk, carefully sorting through the documents when Conrad knocked on my desk and looked at me with a smile. "Anna, bring the shampoo advertisement design to my office."

With his puffy face, Conrad's triangular eyes were zeroed in on my breasts with a lecherous gaze that irritated me. Feeling uneasy, I adjusted my dress and replied faintly, "Sure, I'll deliver it to your office right away."

This was how it went in the workplace. We had to tolerate what we could. It was not easy to find a job suited to us. As such, I cherished the opportunity to work in Joyful Success after trying so hard to get the job.

I had seen through Conrad's motives being impure since long ago but I thought that as long as he did nothing too brazen, I could endure it. After all, he merely looked at my breasts without doing anything to me.

Seeing Conrad walking into the office, I frowned in annoyance as I was very reluctant. Nevertheless, work came first even if I did not like him.

I retrieved the draft for the shampoo advertisement I recently planned and walked to Conrad's office.

I knocked on the door and went in after he answered.

"This is the design information you want. Please see if there is anything that needs to be modified."

I handed the file to Conrad but when he received the documents, he deliberately held my hand.

"Anna, I'm sure I won't need to check your design. After all, your talents speak for themselves. You've only been here for a month but your advertising creativity is many times better than others. I have high hopes for you."

While saying this, Conrad touched the back of my hand with his and started stroking it.

Feeling disgusted, I withdrew my hand immediately. At the same time, my expression darkened.

"Please have some respect."

My impression of Conrad had always been one of repulsion. Before, he had just looked at me lustfully without doing anything. However, what he did just now had truly angered me.

"Anna, I'll be frank with you. From the first day you arrived, I thought you were beautiful and talented. If I'd given you a few more opportunities, you'd have no problem getting a raise or a promotion.

When Conrad said this, he sounded rather proud and arrogant. His tone was as if he owned Joyful Success.

However, in reality, he was just a small department head so there was no way he would have so much authority. At most, he could decide the bonuses for the staff in his department. It was most certainly not in his power to promote or increase the salary of staff members. Obviously, he thought that I was ignorant of such rules and that he could fool me.

If I was a newcomer to the workplace, I might have been fooled by him, but since I had been with an advertising agency for a few years before, I was quite familiar with this area.

"Mr. Skeete, thank you for your kindness. I will try my best. But please take a look at this document first. If there is something wrong, I can modify it."

I pretended not to understand the underlying meaning of Conrad's words and simply looked at him indifferently while speaking in a neutral tone.

"Don't you understand what I mean? I didn't ask you to come in here to talk about design ideas. I want you to be my woman. If you serve me well, there would be no need for you to work so hard in the future. I'll give the work to others and you can have all the credit.

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Conrad stalked around the desk and came to a stop right in front of me, staring at my bosom with lusty eyes.

Since my physique was voluptuous in nature, my figure was further boosted due to me wearing a tight-fitting working suit. This was probably the reason why Conrad was constantly ogling at me.

Fury surged within me and I had the urge to slap him for his lecherous gaze on me. However, because he was my superior, I had no choice but to bear with it.

"Mr. Skeete, I'm grateful for your offer but I would much rather depend on my own capabilities."

I spoke matter-of-factly, with neither humility nor arrogance. On the surface, I did not say anything that offended Conrad but I had expressed my meaning clearly.

"It's a good thing for young people to have ambitions but when better choices are available, you must learn to grasp it. Don't you agree?

Conrad stretched out his big, chubby hand and grasped my shoulder whilst wearing a disgusting smile on his face.

A wave of nausea hit me. Immediately, I pushed him away and stepped as far away as I could. At this point, I was utterly enraged.

"Please have some self-respect, Mr. Skeete. If other staffs come to know about this, it wouldn't be good for your reputation."

My tone was icy as I stared at Conrad with disdain.

I had thought that with these words, Conrad would understand that I do not want his attention and back off. Unfortunately, I seemed to have overestimated him. As soon as

he heard my piece, Conrad's expression changed and he looked at me with fury in his eyes.

"Anna, don't be stupid. It is your honor that I am interested in you. How dare you reject me!"

"If there is nothing else, I'll be taking my leave then."

Even though I was angry, I knew that if I stayed in his office any longer, nothing good would come out of this. As such, the wisest choice was for me to get out of this situation quickly.

Alas, Conrad was not going to let me off so easily even though I had rejected his advances. I had barely walked a couple of steps when he hugged me from behind by force. "Anna, don't you be foolish. You should thank the heavens that I am choosing you to be my woman. You have no right to refuse me!"

Being my superior and all, I did not want to offend him because of this. After all, it would not be beneficial to me if I were to offend him.

"I'm not letting you go. Spend a night with me."

At that, Conrad moved to face me and he once again held me in a tight embrace before moving his pudgy lips closer to mine.

Feeling repulsed, I slapped him hard. My gosh! Conrad is really a scumbag. I had already politely told him off but he kept forcing me. How is it possible that the higher-ups would hire such an animal to work in Joyful Success? Not to mention as a department head at that?

I smacked Conrad in the face so forcefully that a loud slapping sound could be heard resounding in the office. After I realized what I had done, I was stunned. I just hit my boss! Well d*mn... I'm doomed now...

Sure enough, Conrad immediately glared at me with fury in his eyes.

"Anna, how dare you slap me?"

Conrad was glaring daggers at me as he pointed a finger and roared.

"I... I'm sorry. I did not do it on purpose."

Panicked, I apologized but I was still feeling angry.

"Sorry? What use is it to apologize to me now, Anna? You just slapped me. Do you believe that with just one word from me and I could have you sacked?"

Conrad did not let me off even when my attitude toward him had softened. He glared at me fiercely and his words were full of threats.

"You're the one who touched me first. I was only defending myself!"

His threats had angered me. Even though I really valued this job, I decided not to compromise further. Even if I were forced to leave Joyful Success, I would never have a relationship with an ugly old man who was always staring at me lustfully.

"Anna, I'd advise you to obey me and surrender, or else, I'll make sure you won't be able to keep your job in Joyful Success!"

As Conrad spoke, he came close to me again before enfolding me in his embrace. This time, he had learned something. Pining my hands with his, he used his free hand to hold me against his body.

Although being so close to this disgusting man made me nauseous, I was actually feeling more flustered. We're in the workplace now! Don't tell me that Conrad would actually dare to do something to me in his office?

"Let go of me! If you touch me again, I'm going to have to scream for help. This is the workplace. If the staff outside see you doing this to me, what will they think of you?"

Although I was panicking, I forced out a calm front. As I watched Conrad approach me with a sly grin on his face, showing his big yellow teeth, I could only say threatening words to scare him off.

"My office is soundproof. No one can hear you if you scream."

Hearing that, I was in full-blown panic mode. Am I going to get rape by this man here in the office?

I struggled hard but being a man, Conrad was inevitably stronger than me. Just when he was about to kiss me, the office door was suddenly opened.

"Mr. Skeete, here is a document that you need to sign..."

Seeing Conrad holding me, the person who entered was stunned and stopped talking. Conrad was shocked too. Taking the opportunity, I pulled myself away from him the moment he was distracted.

I then glared at Conrad before rushing out of his office without saying a word.

When I returned to my seat, my emotions were going through a rollercoaster ride. I was both angry and scared.

I knew that Conrad would not let me off easily and I would definitely have a hard time in the future. But what I was worried about more was the fact that this could happen again in the future.

I could not focus on any work as I was panicking. Meanwhile, the female colleague who had just gone into Conrad's office earlier was now looking at me with contempt after she came out.

I looked at her in puzzlement. I did not understand why she would look at me with such disdain. It stood to reason that since she saw Conrad doing such a thing to me earlier, she should have sympathized with me. But what I got instead was a gaze filled with scorn.

I frowned and looked away as I tried to calm down by keep telling myself to stay away from Conrad and be more cautious in the future.

However, it seemed that I had yet again underestimated the severity of the situation. At lunchtime in the afternoon, I overheard conversations from several colleagues in the bathroom.

"Do you know that when I took the documents to Mr. Skeete's office to sign today, I saw Anna hugging him? One look was all it took for me to be certain that she was trying to seduce him."

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"Really? But Anna seems like a serious and hard-working person. Besides, she always looks so innocent. Why would she do such a thing?"

"Ah well, people nowadays are willing to do anything to succeed and climb up the social ladder. I just knew that she's no decent person ever since she joined the company. She pretends to be a diligent person, but in reality, she's actually seducing an old man like our supervisor. What a slut!"

"Hear, hear. Mr. Skeete is already in his forties. Not to mention he's old and unsightly. Anna is really going all out if she can put up with such a man."

My colleagues' gossip drifted into my ears loud and clear. Hearing that, I felt utterly aggrieved.

When did I ever seduce Conrad Skeete? Did they see me doing it with their own eyes? Ugh! People nowadays are truly good at making up stories and jumping to conclusions! It was him who wanted to force himself on me first! So why are they saying that it was me who seduced him now? They're simply lying through their teeth!

At that moment, I was gripped by the urge to rush out and counter their accusations by telling them the truth. However, I suppressed that urge, knowing that they wouldn't believe me even if I explained things. Instead, they would despise me all the more.

Ah, forget it! It's enough that I know what kind of person I am. There's no need to explain anything to others. I gave myself a pep talk.

Nonetheless, tears coursed down my face uncontrollably. I kept telling myself not to be bothered, but the feeling of being accused wrongly was truly awful.

It wasn't until they had left that I walked out of the toilet stall. As I gazed at my red-rimmed eyes in the mirror, distress swamped me.

I've been working wholeheartedly ever since I joined the company, but never had I thought that I'd be "rewarded" by the reputation of seducing my superior. Argh! This world is truly unfair!

In the afternoon, I could clearly sense that all my colleagues were looking at me differently. I tried my best to feign ignorance and simply kept my head buried in work, believing that they would one day understand the kind of person I was as long as I worked hard enough.

In the next few days, no one said a single word to me. Even when my colleagues bumped into me, they pointedly ignored me. On the other hand, Conrad deliberately made life difficult for me so that I would leave Joyful Success.

He heaped so much work on me that I had to work overtime until ten o'clock every day before I could get off work. I knew that he was purposely dumping work on me to goad me into resigning.

However, I had long since resolved that I would never resign no matter how he picked fault with me.

On that particular day, I was still working overtime. It was ten o'clock at night when I finally finished going through all the documents on my table. Stretching, I then lumbered to my feet wearily. After packing up, I made to leave the office.

But at that precise moment, my cell phone rang with a call from Justin. My brows creased as a wave of irritation surged within me. Without even thinking about it, I declined the call.

Alas, he seemed determined, for my cell phone kept ringing incessantly. In the end, I answered the call when I couldn't take it any longer.

"Have you lost your mind, Justin Xenakis? Why are you calling me nonstop?"

I couldn't be bothered to be civil with him, and my voice was cold without a hint of emotion.

"I'd like to talk to you, Anna. I'm waiting below your office. I know you've been working overtime in the past few days."

On the other end of the phone, Justin sounded much gentler than usual. In the past, I would've been jumping with joy if he wanted to see me, but there wasn't the tiniest spark of delight within me now as I no longer loved him.

"There's nothing to talk about between us. I don't want to see you," I declined without an ounce of hesitation.

It's over between the two of us, so there's no need for us to contact each other anymore.

After saying that, I hung up on him without giving him an opportunity to speak.

When I was done straightening the documents on my table, I turned off the lights and left

It was already ten o'clock, so there wasn't a single soul left in the company besides the guard at the entrance.

As the cold breeze blew past, I tightened my jacket around me. Then, I stopped by the side of the road to hail a taxi.

There were few taxis since it was late at night. Standing by the road, I waited anxiously.

"Anna."

Someone nearby called out my name just when I saw a taxi approaching in the near distance. I looked over my shoulder, and when I saw that it was Justin, my hackles instantly rose.

Ignoring him, I stretched out a hand and hailed the taxi. When the taxi came to a stop in front of me, I opened the car door to get in, but Justin blocked me.

"I've got something to say to you, Anna," he asserted urgently as he grabbed my arm.

Upon seeing his face inches from mine, fury welled within me, or to be more precise, it was sheer revulsion.

Shaking off his hand forcefully, I put some distance between us and stared at him coldly. "Why do you keep hounding me when there's nothing to be said between us?"

In the past, my heart would start racing every time I saw him. That had never changed even after having been together for seven years. But now, I felt nothing for him save repulsion and disgust.

"Anna, I know you hate me, but I don't want us to be enemies. Would you please give me a chance to say a few words to you?"

With a hand on the door of the taxi, Justin regarded me anxiously, his gaze frantic.

My wrath blazed hotter upon hearing that. Good grief! He actually has the temerity to utter such a remark when our relationship is now in shambles? Hah! I never knew that he's actually such a shameless man!

"I don't hate you. I'm just sickened by you because I no longer have any feelings for you!"

I eyed him coldly, my voice coated with frost.

Indeed, I admit that I hated him in the beginning for betraying me, forsaking the relationship that we had for all these years, and most importantly, hooking up with my best friend. However, that was just when it all started to go downhill. Now that I no

longer love him, there's no need for me to hate him anymore. In fact, I find it troublesome to even hate him.

"Hey! Are you getting in or what? Stop wasting my time if you're not!"

The taxi driver's impatient voice split the air just when Justin was about to say something else.

"I'm sorry, mister, but she doesn't need your services anymore."

After saying that to the taxi driver, Justin yanked me to his side and slammed the door of the taxi shut.

"Mister, wait..."

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I called out to stop the taxi driver, but he paid me no mind. Flooring the gas pedal, he sped off in a flash.

Seeing the taxi speeding away, I furiously whirled around and glowered at Justin. Argh! I'd finally gotten a taxi at this hour, yet it left because of him! Is he trying to make me walk home in the middle of the night?

"What the hell is your problem, Justin Xenakis? Why did you stop me from getting into the taxi?" I demanded in a near shout.

I glared at him, my gaze blazing with fire.

"I'll drive you home, Anna. We can talk during the drive."

Surprisingly, Justin wasn't pissed off by my outburst. He reached out and took my hand, his gaze tender as he looked at me.

"No, thanks. I don't need you to drive me home, I would much rather walk. Besides, I've already made it clear that there's nothing to be said between us!" I bellowed, still enraged that he stopped me from getting into the taxi earlier.

"When did you become so stubborn, Anna? You used to be very gentle in the past."

As my attitude became progressively worse, Justin frowned slightly as he regarded me, his voice colored with a hint of displeasure.

"As you said, it was in the past. Besides, I'm only gentle with my man. You're no longer that anymore, so why should I still be gentle with you? What right do you have to demand that?" I blurted in a single breath.

At that moment, I found him truly ridiculous. What a f*cking joke! What right does he have to demand gentleness from me when we already broke up?

The instance my words fell, Justin's expression darkened, and the look in his eyes turned increasingly irate. In truth, I could clearly sense that he was suppressing his rage.

"I know you must hate me right now, so it's okay. Go ahead if you feel better saying all those things. We'll talk when you've calmed down," he murmured placidly after a long silence, still keeping his anger in check.

Argh! Why the hell is he still pestering me at this time? We have nothing to do with each other anymore! I've set him free to be with Mabel, so why is he still hounding me?

"I don't hate you, nor do I have anything to say to you. I'm going home."

Not wanting to have further contact with him, I made to leave by circumventing him. However, he seemed determined to keep me there, for he grabbed my arm from behind just after I had taken two steps forward.

"Anna Garcia, why can't you talk to me nicely? We were once lovers, after all. Are you planning to talk to me in such an indifferent manner for the rest of our lives?"

Justin's temper flared when he saw how I continued being cold and hostile no matter how nicely he talked to me. In the past, I was always the one who compromised in everything. Now, however, he was no longer my boyfriend or flancé, so there was no reason I should consider his feelings.

"As you said, that was once upon a time. We're strangers now, so please don't appear before me anymore, okay? Right now, you're the person I loathe to see most!"

Irritated, I frowned deeply. By then, I was already on the verge of cursing him out. My God, when did he become so annoying?

When I said that, I clearly saw the change in his expression. His face darkened considerably. After all, any man would likely be fuming at my attitude, much less Justin, whom I had always pandered to.

"Anna..."

Just when he was about to speak, my cell phone rang. Fishing out my cell phone, I saw that it was a call from Michael. At once, shock engulfed me. Huh? Why is he suddenly calling me tonight? I thought he'd long since forgotten about me.

In all honesty, I could surmise the reason he was calling me at this hour. I was actually reluctant to pick up the call, but the moment I glimpsed Justin staring at me coldly, I answered it without any hesitation.

"Hello."

Justin saw that it was a call from Michael, so his gaze was now stained with fury. Meanwhile, I deliberately sweetened my voice when I spoke to Michael.

"Why is your voice different? Are you having a sore throat?"

Michael's low and alluring voice drifted out of the phone, but his words had me choking up.

Damn him! I was clearly trying to use a sweet voice to talk to him, but he actually thought that I was having a sore throat? Don't men love coquettish voices? Yet, he asked me such an idiotic question! Seems like his brain is indeed wired differently from other men.

"Ahem... Ah, yes, I was having a bit of a sore throat just now. So, what's up? Is something the matter?"

I pretended to clear my throat before speaking in my usual voice.

"Have you forgotten the relationship between us? Why else would I be calling you?"

Michael's sexy voice drifted out of the phone once again. In the blink of an eye, my face flushed bright red. How could I possibly forget the deal I made with him? He must be in need of having his physiological needs sated since he's calling me at this hour!

I glanced at Justin before averting my gaze when I noticed the outrage written all over his face.

"Um... I'm not home yet, so I might not be able to make it tonight. Is tomorrow night okay?" I negotiated softly with Michael on the other end of the phone.

Good God, I don't even know how I'm going home now that Justin is still badgering me! Ugh! Why is everything coming at me simultaneously?

The person on the other end of the phone went silent though I could vaguely still hear his soft breathing. Just when I thought that he was irked and wanted to explain myself, his voice rang out again.

"Where are you now? I'll come and pick you up."

Upon hearing that he wanted to come over, my heart jolted. I opened my mouth to decline, but then, I bit the bullet and gave him my location when I noticed that Justin didn't seem inclined to let me leave.

After hanging up the phone, I threw Justin a frosty look over my shoulder before I strode away.

"What exactly is your relationship with Michael Shaw? How did you get acquainted with him?"

Justin's questioning voice rang out behind me, his tone filled with fury. He marched right up before me and blocked my path, glaring at me hotly.

"I've already told you the previous time that Michael is the man who likes me. Didn't you and Mabel think that no man will like me in this lifetime back at the mall then? Well? Is Michael not a thousand times better than you? He's more handsome, richer, and has a far brighter future than you! I really ought to thank my lucky stars that you hooked up with Mable. Otherwise, I wouldn't have found such a perfect man!"

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Regarding Justin with derision etched on my face, I deliberately said all that to hit him where it hurt. After all, he was an arrogant person who felt that he was very capable. As expected, his expression instantly darkened when I compared him with Michael.

Men were creatures with fragile egos, especially when they were compared to someone else. In comparison with Michael, Justin was far beneath him in terms of both looks and financial capabilities. He was merely an insignificant department manager in one of Michael's many companies, so he didn't even hold a candle to Michael.

"Anna, I know you're only saying this because you're angry at me. It's okay. But do you know what kind of person Michael Shaw is? Do you know how many women he has? A man with his identity and status will never promise you forever. So wake up, won't you?" Justin urged with feigned sincerity.

Conversely, his concerned expression amused me. With a derisive sneer on my face, I couldn't help retorting coldly, "No matter what kind of person Michael is, he is still better than you. Even if he has countless women, I believe that he'll never make a move against

my best friend. He still has that much decency, unlike someone who's really shameless to no end!"

There was an underlying meaning to my words. Naturally, Justin could tell that I was snubbing him and with such harsh words at that.

His expression stiffened, and rage burned within his eyes. Evidently, my words had thoroughly inflamed him.

"You've gone too far, Anna Garcia! Yes, I was at fault for having betrayed our relationship, but you don't need to keep harping on that!"

Justin's voice went up several decibels. There were only a few pedestrians since it was nighttime, so he wasn't particularly worried about others overhearing our conversation.

"Since you've betrayed me, stop pestering me, then. Didn't you tell me that you and Mabel love each other? So why are you still harassing me?"

Hah! I still remember vividly how he thanked me when I called off the wedding and set him free to be with Mabel. My heart was completely shattered then. It's already incredibly kind of me to put things so tactfully right now. What right does he have to criticize me for harping on the issue when he didn't experience the excruciating pain I felt back then?

Justin hesitated as he stared at me. The wrath on his face promptly faded, but a long time passed before he lifted his head. Looking right into my eyes, he sincerely said, "Anna, I know I was at fault in that matter, and I know I hurt you. But while we were apart, I realized that it's you I love, not Mabel. I was just blinded for some reason back then, and I'm really sorry..."

His tone was exceedingly solemn, and his apology sounded very sincere. However, I couldn't help sneering at his words.

Pfft... Why didn't he realize that it was me he loved when he hooked up with Mabel back then? They'd been having an affair behind my back for so many years, after all. Even their child is already a toddler, yet I'd always been kept in the dark, assuming that Reese

is Mabel's illegitimate child with another man. I thought it was an open wound of hers, so I never dared mention anything about the child's father before her.

Lo and behold, the child's father turned out to be Justin, my ex-fiancé. Ah, how ridiculous! When I learned of the truth, I felt that I was the most hilarious and pathetic woman in the world!

"It's too late for apologies now, for it's no use even if you say sorry. I'm leaving, so please stop badgering me!"

Unfortunately, his apology had no effect on me. I didn't feel moved to forgive him. Instead, I found it utterly hilarious.

I spun around to leave, but Justin hugged me tightly from behind, his arms banding around me like steel chains.

Sensing his touch, panic struck me. On the heels of that, rage and repulsion inundated me. Oh my God, he actually dares to hug me!

I struggled wildly, but my puny strength was negligible compared to a man's brute strength. No matter how I struggled, I simply couldn't break free, leaving me livid and frustrated. How I wished to slap him hard across the face, yet I couldn't even break away from his hold.

"Let go of me, Justin Xenakis! I'm going to shout for help if you continue restraining me!"

I struggled desperately as fury blazed within me. I hated him, and his touch repulsed me.

"Why won't you talk to me nicely, Anna? Was your love for me in the past all a lie? You won't even speak to me properly now! Must you talk to me with such coldness and hostility?"

Justin was also seething as he hugged me tightly, his voice no longer as gentle but colored with a trace of impatience.

"Why should I talk to you nicely? What right do you have to demand that of me? It's over between us. It's over! Do you hear me? Whatever you've got to say, just say it to Mabel. Stop pestering me!" I roared as I struggled with all my might.

Despite the aggravation within me, I was still helpless as I simply couldn't break his grip on me.

"Anna..." Justin showed no signs of letting me go anytime soon. I was just about to lambaste him again when twin beams of glaring light shone at us a near distance away.

We both lifted our hands to shield our eyes in concert. Seizing the opportunity, I swiftly put some distance between us and took off since I didn't want to continue getting entangled with him anymore. To me, he was the most revolting man in the entire world.

As I sprinted, I glanced over my shoulder in fear that he would chase after me. But before I had gone far, I ran smack into a man.

"I'm sorry, excuse me..." I frantically apologized.

Moving around the man I had bumped into, I wanted to continue running, but the man grabbed my arm.

"Why are you running, Anna?"

Upon hearing the voice above my head, I jerked my head up, only to be greeted by Michael's handsome profile. All at once, trepidation struck me. For some reason, I felt a touch aggrieved right then.

I threw myself into his embrace, my nose stinging inexplicably. "Why are you here?"

My action stunned Michael slightly, but he hugged me tightly in the next second. "Didn't I say I was coming to pick you up earlier? Why are you still here at this hour?" He engulfed me in his embrace.

I didn't know whether I was reading too much into things, but I actually sensed concern in his voice.

