# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 61 - 65

It was obvious from Natalie's expression, that she did not believe my words.

"Anna, we're best friends. I don't wish for you to hide anything from me," she said solemnly.

In the face of her genuine concern, I felt tempted to tell her everything that happened between Michael and me but ultimately decided not to. She would only chastise me for the shameful things I had done. "Natalie, you're thinking too much into this. There's really nothing going on between us. As you said, we're best friends. Why would I lie to you?"

Contrary to my calm facade, my insides were panicking like wildfire. I tried my best to stay composed under her watchful gaze so as not to give myself away.

After a long while, she sighed resignedly. "I won't force you to tell me if you don't want to. I only have one piece of advice for you—know your boundaries. If you're serious about Yuval, then don't get too close to Michael anymore."

From her advice, I could tell she had more or less figured out my relationship with him. "Thanks, Natalie. I appreciate it."

That night, as I lay on my bed, my mind kept replaying what Michael did to me during the day. Why did he pull me away from Yuval? Was he jealous or simply possessive? Thinking about it only made me more frustrated.

I shook my head resolutely. I needed to stop thinking too much into his behavior. I already decided, the most important thing now was to settle down with someone compatible. Besides, there was clearly no future between Michael and me. Very soon after, I fell asleep.

Over the next few days, I went to work as usual. Michael on the other hand seemed to have completely vanished; I received no calls from him. There were even a few instances where I was tempted to call him. During those times, I had to remind myself

not to act so shamelessly. With how things ended between us, there was no reason for me to invite trouble for myself.

In fact, I did not receive any calls from Yuval as well. His silence made me worry that I had lost him as a potential marriage candidate. Truth be told, I was more concerned with the hassle of finding another decent man rather than not being able to go on more dates with him.

I picked up my phone, hesitating whether to give him a call. The last time I met him, he had suggested that we tried dating. Some time had passed since then, and there was still no news from him. Was it because of what happened with Michael the other day?

As my thoughts spiraled, my heart beat with great trepidation. I took a few deep breathes and mustered the courage to call him. On the other end of the line, Yuval was slightly taken aback to hear my voice. He did not expect me to initiate a call.

"Mr. Lambert, are you free to meet up with me?"

Every second felt like an hour as I waited for his response. "Sure. I'll meet you at the same cafe as before."

That went smoother than I expected. I had assumed from his lack of communication, that he had lost interest in me. Hearing how quickly he agreed to meet up, I felt a weight off my shoulders.

After the phone call, I tidied myself up before making my way to the agreed location. By the time I arrived, Yuval was already waiting inside. Perhaps due to the nature of his job, including our past three meet-ups, he wore different sets of suits. His dress code exuded an air of formality.

I took the seat opposite him and ordered coffee for both of us. He had a faint smile on his face.

"Mr. Lambert, sorry for leaving so urgently the other day. Something cropped up." My voice got softer as I recalled how absurd it was to be dragged away by Michael in front of him.

"Ms. Garcia, can I call you Anna instead? Since we're dating now, Ms. Garcia sounds a bit too formal." He smiled.

"Of course. I'll feel more comfortable this way too." Frankly, I was not entirely on board with the idea of getting too intimate with Yuval, but he was right. Since we were dating, it was only right he called me by my first name.

"Anna, I have a question to ask?"

I nodded. "Go ahead."

"T-That person who pulled you away the other day, is he really your boss? Both of you seem close." He looked at me earnestly.

I was taken aback by his question. Lawyers sure caught on to things really fast.

I averted my gaze before explaining, "Of course! He's just my superior at work. What else can we be?" I did my best to conceal the guilt gnawing at me. I can't let him know about us.

"But... I'm getting the feeling it's not just a simple superior-subordinate relationship."

He was clearly not convinced by my explanation. "Mr. Lambert if you can't trust my words, I suggest we end things here. We're probably not suited for each other."

Regardless of how valid his questions were, I disliked being doubted. This whole situation was making me angry.

Before, Michael too had interrogated me with the same pair of doubtful eyes. Why must I be stuck between them?

Perhaps I came off a bit too harsh. Yuval panicked while saying, "Anna, please don't misunderstand my intentions. I'm not doubting your words! It's just that we're working towards marriage, so I wanted to get to know you better."

Seeing how hard he was trying to mend the situation, I guessed he was serious about dating me; I probably checked off all the boxes Yuval was looking for in a marriage partner.

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Although not entirely effective, his words did anguish my anger quite a bit. I sighed. "I won't deny that there's chemistry between us. But, I'll be upfront with you, I hate being doubted. I have my morals as well. Since I've decided to date you, I won't get myself involve with other men."

Strictly speaking, I was still in a friends with benefits relationship with Michael, but I had decided to end it. Moving forward, I would build my own life and so he would simply be my boss at work.

"Anna, that's a relief to hear. I promise I'll treat you well," he said excitedly.

I forced a smile. Although I wished to maintain my relationship with Yuval, that episode just now worsened my impression of him.

I believed that time was the key to solving my current resistance towards him. As long as we go on more dates, I would at some point return his feelings. Yet, believes and actions need not always be aligned. That evening, I found myself finding excuses to turn down his invitation for movies after our dinner.

Back at home, I could not avoid being bombarded with questions from Natalie. It was only after I recounted my whole conversation with Yuval that I was able to retreat back to my room.

Over the next few days, Yuval seemed to be working hard on his promise of treating me well. He was especially proactive and would at least make one phone call a day to check on me.

Even though his actions did not in any way touched me, at the very least I was sure he would make a great marriage partner. Settling down with him was the best choice.

Michael on the other hand had not contacted me since that day. I presumed this signified the end of our relationship.

Just like that, I spent the rest of the next days peacefully. Every day, it was the usual routine of working and calling Yuval. Despite my best efforts, I still felt nothing towards him. And ever since we switched to video calls, he became even more excited.

After spending so much time with him, I was certain he was a mature and dependable man. Despite us dating for some time, he continued to respect my boundaries and did not behave inappropriately. Perhaps due to my past trauma, I found men who got physical early into the relationship, repulsive.

The day before, I found Natalie sat brooding in the living room. She did not even greet me.

I walked over to her side. "What's wrong?" I hugged one of her arms.

It was rare to see her in this state. She was usually an optimistic and jovial person.

"I suspect John's not really in love with me." She looked at me, her expression somber.

Did John really do something to betray her? During my meal with him the other time, I had heard him speaking with another woman on the phone. Although I questioned him, he had reassured me that he only had eyes for Natalie. That was why I did not mention anything to her.

"What made you say this?" I looked at her nervously. If she mentioned anything about him two-timing, that would make me guilty for not telling her about that phone call.

"Anna, if you really love someone, won't you want to share everything with him? Won't you want him to understand everything about you?"

Her question made me recalled the foolish me of the past. I was at the beck and call of whatever Justin wanted. It was not an exaggeration to say, I would have even offered him my heart if he so wishes. I hid nothing from him.

I replied seriously, "You're right. Love means wanting the other party to know everything about you."

"Since we've been dating for some time, I had suggested that we meet his parents. But, John rejected and said it wasn't the right time yet. I think he's hiding something from me."

If John was serious about their relationship, he would have agreed to let Natalie meet his parents. His actions were saying otherwise. Thinking about this only made me angrier.

I thought he would have learned his lesson after I caught him cheating the other time. Seems like I had thought too highly of him. "Natalie, what will you do if he wants to break up with you? Or even worse, what if he's cheating on you?"

Although it was only a passing thought, I was tempted to tell Natalie what I knew about John. In the end, I decided against it because I was afraid she may not be able to handle the truth.

Despite her boisterous and easygoing attitude, like me, she was not one to accept her partner cheating on her.

"If that really happens, it would be a living hell for me! Anna, does John not love me? Why doesn't he want me to meet his parents?" Natalie grabbed my hands frantically.

Her question put me on the spot. I knew that John was not serious about her, but the truth would only hurt her.

"Natalie, I think you should focus on work instead. It's not healthy for you to devote all your energy into a relationship. At the end of the day, if this doesn't work out, you'll be the one suffering." I decided to save this information for the next time after her relationship with John cooled down.

"But what's the point of a relationship if we don't give our all? Is that still true love?"

Despite my good intentions, Natalie did not see eye to eye with me on this topic.

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I was even more anxious when I realized how serious Natalie was about her relationship. This was her first love. The first time a person fell in love was always the deepest. I wondered what would happen if she knew that John was having an affair with another woman.

"Well, don't think about it. If your relationship reaches a certain level, he will definitely take you home to see his parents."

Although I knew full well that John had no intention of spending the rest of his life with Natalie, I did not want to say anything that would make her feel worse seeing how sad she already was.

Hearing my words, Natalie's mood improved. I continued to console her for some time before she went back to her room to rest.

When I returned to my room, thinking of what Natalie told me tonight, I felt a little anxious. I wondered if I should tell her about the intimate call between John and another woman I had overheard before.

After struggling for a night, I finally decided to figure out what was going on first. How did John feel about Natalie and if he ever thought about spending the rest of his life with her.

If he was playing with Natalie's feelings, I would not let him go unpunished.

I had already given John a chance before but he did not cherish it. Natalie was my best friend. I could not just watch her get hurt.

The next morning, while Natalie was taking her bath, I retrieved John's number from her mobile phone.

I waited until Natalie went to work. Then, I called John's number on my mobile.

"Hello, who is this?"

John's voice from the other end of the line sounded sluggish. I guessed he was still in bed.

"I'm Anna Garcia, Natalie's good friend. Do you remember me? We have met before."

I spoke in a plain voice as I had no liking for John after hearing what Natalie told me last night. I really had lost even the slightest liking for him.

"M-M-Ms. Garcia, why are you calling me out of the blue? Is there anything I can do for you?"

The moment he heard that it was me, his tone became anxious. Perhaps this was because he remembered I discovered the betrayal of his relationship with Natalie.

"Mr. Young, are you free to talk now? There's something I need to talk to you about."

The more anxious he was, the more suspicious he became. John knew that I was not as naïve as Natalie and so, whenever he spoke to me, he was cautious.

"Okay... where shall we meet, then?" John hesitated for a while before agreeing to meet me.

"I shall send the venue of our meeting to your mobile phone. We meet in an hour's time." After replying him simply, I wanted to hang up the phone.

Just before I could hang up, a lady's voice was heard from the other end of the line. I could hear it very clearly so, obviously, she was beside John. "Who are you talking with?"

My heart felt cold. Immediately, I understood what was going on and I was filled with anger.

I had wanted to ask John who the woman was but a beep sounded from that end showing that John had hung up on me.

I looked at the phone angrily. Thinking about the woman's voice on the phone just now made me even angrier. John was really a scumbag!

He pretended to be dating Natalie but he was embracing another woman in bed. This man was no different from Justin.

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became. I really wanted to call John and scold him but I held back my anger. After all, it would feel much better to scold him face to face.

I held back my fury, composed myself and headed to the café for our meeting.

John arrived only half an hour. I was already irritated from the start. At this instant, I wished I could give him two tight slaps across his face. During our phone conversation, we had agreed to meet in an hour's time. John was more than half an hour late.

The character of a man was questionable if he made a woman wait for so long.

"Ms. Garcia, I'm sorry I'm late. There was a traffic jam."

John sat in front of me, looking rather anxious.

I gazed at him coldly. "Mr. Young, don't you know that it is ungentlemanly to make a lady wait? Do you always make Natalie wait when you have a date with her?"

Presumably, he did not expect me to use this questioning tone with him and his countenance changed. There was a look of embarrassment in his eyes. "Ms. Garcia, I'm really sorry. I did not come late on purpose. The traffic was really bad."

John looked into my eyes and apologized again solemnly. Even though there was sincerity in his eyes, I could also detect a sense of guilt.

"I believe you're late not because of the traffic but rather because you had to pacify the woman in bed with you?" I stared into John's eyes and spoke this sentence emphatically. Before I hung up the phone, the woman's voice had reached my ears clearly.

The previous time, I had heard John speaking on the phone to another woman but I was not sure if he had betrayed Natalie but this time I was certain.

Angrily, I glared at John, questioning him with my eyes. I was waiting for him to explain himself, wondering what excuse he would make up this time.

Flustered, he looked away, obviously feeling guilty.

"M-M-Ms.... Garcia, this is no joking matter. How could there be another woman in bed with me?"

John refused to admit it but his flustered expression was a sign of guilt.

He would not admit it even though I had heard it so clearly. I sneered and looked at him with disdain. "Before I hung up, I heard clearly a woman talking to you. Do you still want to deny it now?"

No matter how John denied it to my face, one fact was certain and that was he had betrayed Natalie.

Just like me, Natalie was being cheated on by her boyfriend. In this instant, I was not just angry but my heart was aching for her more than anything else.

I knew how painful it was to be cheated by a man I loved. I did not want Natalie to suffer the same cruel fate but John was a real scum who was even worse than Justin.

"Ms. Garcia, I know what I did was wrong. I was just being foolish. Can you keep this a secret from Natalie?"

When John saw that his effort to conceal the truth was futile, he admitted it but his next sentence made me feel like whipping him.

He had betrayed Natalie and he wanted me to keep her in the dark. How could he do such a thing?

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"Don't tell Natalie? Are you trying to make me your accomplice?" I sneered as I stared at John and asked him coldly. I really could not understand how he could ask me to keep it a secret. How shameless of him.

"Ms. Garcia, I know it was wrong of me but I did not mean to do it. I was just an infatuation. I will turn over a new leaf. I promise you this will not happen again."

Seeing that I had no intention of helping him, John's expression became even more flustered. Desperately, he started making promises but I would not believe him anymore.

"The previous time, you told me the same thing, promising me that it would not happen again. It's just a few days since that incident, John. That time I told you I would not allow you to do anything that would hurt Natalie.

When I said the last sentence, my countenance turned icy cold and when I looked into his eyes, I got angrier.

"Ms. Garcia, I was lost and I did not appreciate what I have. Please help me one more time. I'll treat Nat well and never cheat on her. Will you please?"

As John spoke, he held my hand emotionally and looked at me with pleading eyes.

I looked at him with disdain as I withdrew my hand forcefully. Apparently, this John was worse than Justin who admitted cheating on me the moment I discovered his infidelity. John was caught red-handed twice and yet, he shamelessly pleaded with me to keep this a secret. Obviously, his was far shameless than I thought.

"This time I will not help you to lie to her. I'll tell her you have betrayed her and ask her to see what type of scoundrel you really are!"

I stood up abruptly and glared at John angrily. Mindless about the people around looking at me, I raised my voice.

The café was quite crowded and when those around us heard what I said, many turned their eyes in our direction. Most of them were looking at John.

I had spoken very clearly and everyone understood what John had done. Many looked at him contemptuously and disdainfully.

John felt the eyes of everyone on him. Initially, he had felt guilty but when he saw the contemptuous looks of those watching him, he glared at me angrily.

"Anna, what do you want? This is between me and Natalie. It is none of your business!"

John's attitude changed abruptly. He was sincerely begging me just now to keep Natalie from knowing about him but now he was furious at me.

This type of man is incorrigible and if Natalie were to carry on with him, she would certainly suffer.

"Natalie is my friend. Her business is my business. You have cheated and betrayed her. I will not let you go on doing this. A scoundrel like you does not deserve Natalie's love at all!"

Natalie was a simple kind-hearted girl. It was so tragic for her to experience first love with such a scumbag like John!

How could a scum like John deserve all that Natalie had given to him?

"It is not up to you to decide what I deserve or don't deserve. Natalie loves me too much to give me up. Even if she knows that I am unfaithful to her, she will still stay with me!"

John stood up abruptly and glared at me combatively with a triumphant expression on his face.

John knew how deeply Natalie loved him and that was the reason why he cheated on her without fear. He did not worry even if Natalie knew about his true color.

Furious, I picked up the cup of coffee nearby and threw the contents straight onto his face. "Bast\*rd!"

"Anna Garcia, what are you doing!"

With coffee splashed on his face, John wiped himself hurriedly with tissue. At that moment, he was rather shocked at my action and wanted to leave right away.

"A scumbag like you deserves to be taught a lesson like this!"

I glared at John coldly and with that, I strode off without turning back.

On the way back to Natalie's, my mood became worse. I was determined that John was a scumbag by nature and a leopard could never change its spots. I should not have given him a chance the last time and today he had made me furious.

How could Natalie have chosen such a scum who was worse than Justin? Someone who could say just anything with no shame.

I took out my mobile phone and found Natalie's number. At this moment, I wished I could tell her about this matter straightaway. I wanted her to know how bad a scumbag John was.

After hesitating for a long time, I did not call Natalie's number. She was still at work. It would be better to tell her about this after work. If I told her now, she would not be in the mood to work.

I had taken the day off to talk to John. So I went back to Natalie's and sat in the living room alone. Even then, I still felt angry from the episode earlier.

The phone in my hand rang suddenly. Thinking it was another call from Yuval, I picked up the phone a little irritably and did not want to answer it but when I saw the name of the caller on the screen, my heart beat fiercely.

It was not Yuval but Michael.

My heart was beating wildly and for a moment, I could not describe how I felt. Michael had not contacted me for a long time and here he was calling out of the blue. My emotions which had taken a long while to calm down was now disturbed again.

The ringing continued and I wanted to ignore it but finally my emotions got the better of me and I accepted the call.

"Hello."

After answering the call, the words got stuck in my throat and I could not say anything more.

"Where are you now?" From the other end of the line, came Michael's low sexy voice which I had not heard for several days and I trembled again.

"I'm at Natalie's place." Nervously, I held the phone in my hand and asked cautiously.

Ever since the time Michael nearly took me by force, I had felt something against him even though I could not help but miss the man sometimes. Yet, what happened that day was quite unacceptable.

"I want to see you. I'll go and fetch you in twenty minutes." His voice came over the line again, stunning me.

"What do you want to see me for?"

My heart jumped to my throat and I asked rather anxiously but the reply I heard was a busy tone. Michael had hung up before I could finish speaking. That was rather ungentlemanly.

I frowned and could not help but mentally curse him over and over again in my mind. I felt excited even knowing well that he and I should no longer see each other.

I dropped my phone on the couch and hurried to get changed. Then, I put on some light makeup.

After twenty minutes, Michael called again. I was excited but answered his call while pretending to be calm.

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"I'm here, so come out!"

Before I could say anything, Michael's voice drifted over the moment the call connected.

And as soon as he finished saying that, the disconnect tone sounded.

At that, I glared at my cell phone irritatedly. What the hell is wrong with him? Every time he calls, he never gives the other person an opportunity to speak! Ugh! What a jerk!

Irked by his attitude, I inwardly decided not to do as he ordered. Oh well, he can just wait there since he didn't even bother to let me speak before hanging up the phone!

However, I always had no backbone when it came to Michael. About five minutes later, I started growing antsy. He's the kind of person who hates waiting for someone else, so he might leave if I continue tarrying.

"Gah! You're really weak that you can't even stand your ground in such a trivial matter, Anna!"

After having scoffed at myself while pointing at my reflection in the mirror, I then left the house.

When I reached the community gate, I was greeted by the sight of a silver Cadillac sports car dead center of the gate. Oh, he hasn't left despite having waited for such a long time! I breathed a long sigh of relief.

I didn't understand it myself, but a smile bloomed on my face the moment I glimpsed Michael's car.

I sauntered over to the passenger side, but I didn't get in right away.

Michael was dressed in a black suit that rendered his already aloof countenance even grimmer against the black background.

A pair of huge sunglasses sat on his face, so I couldn't see the look in his eyes.

"Is something the matter that you wanted to see me?"

I tried my best to sound calm and unruffled as I looked at his perfect profile.

"Get in!"

Michael frowned and stared at me in chagrin when I didn't get into the car after dallying for such a long time. His voice was cold without a hint of emotion.

"Where are you planning to take me?"

Recalling the incident back then, I couldn't help backing a step away. I'm not getting into the car if he's planning to force himself on me again this time. I'm not that stupid.

"When did you become so garrulous, Anna?"

Michael whipped off his sunglasses and pinned his jet-black eyes that glinted with annoyance on me. All at once, I could tell that he was incensed.

In all likeliness, my repeated wariness and refusals had infuriated him.

"I've always been so garrulous. It's just that you've never noticed it before this. It's the weekend today, Mr. Shaw, so what exactly is the matter that you suddenly sought me out?"

I cut straight to the chase since I didn't want to yak with him. I knew that I should make it clear to him that our relationship was over since I now had a boyfriend.

Although I was reluctant to do so, I naturally couldn't maintain an improper relationship with him as I was currently dating Yuval. Indeed, I sounded shameless and despicable, having been friend with benefits with him. Nonetheless, as long as I had made up my

mind to date someone, I would treat him wholeheartedly no matter my feelings toward him.

"Get in, and we'll talk. If you continue tarrying, I don't mind carrying you in. I don't think you want others to know about our relationship in such a public place, do you?"

Michael merely looked at me indifferently. No sooner than his threat fell did I know that I was going to compromise again.

Argh! It's always a piece of cake for him to strike my Achilles' heel!

Livid, I shot daggers at him. In the next second, I relented and got into his car.

Starting the car, he drove slowly without saying a single word. A daunting silence hung in the air.

"Mr. Shaw, why exactly did you ask me out today? If there's nothing, please let me out. I've got something important tonight."

It was already afternoon, so Natalie was getting off work soon. I was determined to tell her the truth about that scumbag, John, tonight so that she wouldn't be in the dark anymore.

Considering her innocence, she might not suspect that John was cheating on her. For that reason, I had no choice but to reveal his true colors to her. Otherwise, it might take forever for her to discover his infidelity, and I was worried that it would be too late by then.

"Something important? Do you mean you're going on a date?" Michael's deep and apathetic voice drifted into my ears. His tone was mocking, so I swung my gaze at him indignantly.

"I don't think I need to report my activities to you, Mr. Shaw. We made a deal not to interfere in the other's personal affairs, remember?" I reminded coldly while staring at his profile irately.

Jeez, I really can't figure him out now. Back then, he was the one who proposed not to interfere in each other's personal affairs and to keep our relationship a secret from others. But what is he doing now? He dragged me away right before Yuval, and now, he came to Natalie's residential community to look for me in broad daylight. Is he no longer afraid that others will learn about our relationship?

While he's not a celebrity, he's still a renowned public figure in Avenport. As such, he'll definitely make the headlines tomorrow if we're photographed by reporters.

"I don't need you reminding me of that, Anna!"

The moment my words fell, Michael's expression darkened even further, and his eyes blazed with anger.

"Then, just say whatever it is you've got to say. I really have something to do tonight."

He was always so overbearing that I never once had the upper hand before him. At times, I felt truly rankled that I chickened out every time I glimpsed his wrath.

"Have you really decided to date that lawyer named Yuval Lambert?" Michael asked after a brief silence, his expression frosty.

Upon hearing Yuval's name, my heart jolted, and I shot a furious look at him. "Did you investigate him, Michael Shaw?"

While it was a question, I was dead certain that I had never mentioned Yuval's name before him. Since he knew Yuval's name, the only possibility was that he had investigated him.

"So what if I had?"

Speaking in a placid voice, Michael nonchalantly glanced at me. However, I could distinctly sense the fury concealed within his gaze.

"How could you do that? What right do you have to investigate him?"

Although I had long since surmised it, the rage within me built into an inferno when I heard him admitting to it. It's my business to date Yuval, so what right does he have to investigate him? What's his relationship with me that he feels entitled to do so?

"Anna, are you reproaching me?"

Michael slammed on the brakes before staring at me with rage blazing in his eyes as he awaited my reply.

I knew that he was pissed off, but I no longer cared at that moment. He provoked me first, after all. And while I was mild-tempered, I had my limits as well.