Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 81 -85

Michael threw a cold glance at me and snapped, "Make sure this is the first and last time. If it happens again, you will be dismissed right away!"

I glared at the domineering man who stormed into his room, slamming the door behind him. A wave of fury surged within me as I snorted inwardly. Pfft! He's obviously overreacting by putting me in a tight spot! Other colleagues had similarly received flowers from their boyfriends previously, but he never commented on anything or asked them to throw the flowers away. What's with the double standard, huh? How could he just lash out at me and humiliate me in front of the entire office? Oh, he's gone too far this time!

The moment Michael slammed the door of his office, Millie turned to look at me sympathetically and said in a hushed tone, "Anna, are you alright? Well, what was that all about! Mr. Shaw scared the crap out of me when he shouted at you earlier..."

"Everyone has a temper, and he should know that he's annoying as well!" I pursed my lips and harrumphed. My mood was utterly spoilt by what happened a while ago.

Millie looked at the bouquet of roses which was in a pitiful state at the moment and sighed. "What a pity. Your boyfriend must have spent a lot for such a big bouquet of roses!"

My anger escalated at the sight of my bouquet of roses, which ended up in the trashcan. It reminded me how Michael reprimanded me in front of all my colleagues a while ago. Apart from feeling embarrassed, I was overcome by utter indignation. Did he realize that he's just making a fuss out of nothing?

I shifted my gaze away from the bouquet of roses and talked myself into putting the disgruntling matter out of my mind. "Millie, let's just drop the frustrating subject."

As a result of the dramatic events that morning, I was down in the dumps the whole day. I could scarcely breathe as Michael assigned me piles of tasks and emphasized that all must be completed on the same day itself.

Consequently, I was occupied by the tasks the whole day and even had to skip my lunch. When my colleagues called it a day and left one by one in the evening, I was still rushing to get a few copies of the documents done. After throwing a glance in the direction of Michael's room, I focused on my work again, hoping to get it done soon.

It was already an hour later when I finally completed my tasks. After heaving a sigh of relief, I stretched my body and tidied the documents on my desk. I glanced at Michael's room instinctively. To my surprise, the lights were still on, indicating that he had not yet left.

Initially, I thought of going over to greet him before stepping out of the office. Nevertheless, I changed my mind as snippets of the dramatic event in the morning flashed across my mind. I took my handbag and left without hesitation.

The moment I stepped out of the office building, a familiar figure came into view. My heart skipped a bit when it turned out to be Yuval, and his car was parked not far away from the building. Taking a deep breath, I tried to cool myself down and make my way toward him.

"Yuval, what brings you here?" I smiled at him and asked curiously.

Yuval's lips curved into a smile as he replied gently, "We haven't seen each other for quite some time. Besides, you're always working overtime lately, so it suddenly crosses my mind to pay you a visit."

In an instant, I was overcome by a sense of guilt. I explained to him in embarrassment, "I'm sorry for turning you down numerous times; I was swamped with work for the past few days."

In actual fact, I was just telling a white lie to turn him down nicely. I knew that I hadn't been working overtime, slaving away at the office until late night. It was just that I had this thing going on with Michael, so I couldn't date Yuval at the same time.

Yuval, please forgive me for not being truthful to you, as I don't wish to hurt your feelings. It's never my intention to treat you as a spare!

"It's alright. I'm here, aren't I? Anyway, you must be hungry, so let's go for dinner."

I was momentarily stunned at Yuvel's invitation. After a brief hesitation, I nodded my head and kept my mouth shut.

Just then, Yuval's hand reached out for mine and held it tightly.

I was instantly repulsed by his touch and shrugged his hand off apprehensively. We had actually known each other for quite some time, yet we never held each other's hand so far.

Yuval's smile froze in an instant. Then, he apologized awkwardly, "Anna, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable."

Yuval was a typical gentleman. Even though it was my fault, he still made the first move to apologize to me.

"I'm sorry for overreacting. It's probably because I haven't been in a relationship for quite some time. Thus, it just feels a bit awkward when you hold my hand all of a sudden," I explained sheepishly while lowering my gaze.

"It's alright. I understand. But we are dating each other at the moment, so it's quite odd if we can't even hold hands." Yuval smiled again as he said placidly.

Despite his calm demeanor, I could sense that he was stifling his displeasure. After all, it was only normal for any other men to be displeased if they could not even hold hands with their other half. To me, he was already reasonable and understanding.

After hesitating for a short while, I gazed at him as I took the initiative to hold his hand. Anna Garcia, you can do it! It's not a big deal. After all, haven't you held hands with boys when you were young?

This was the first time I tried to draw the gap between us. As expected, I could not feel any sparks, yet Yuval's face lit up at once.

Both of us were hand-in-hand as we walked toward his car. Not long after we hopped into it, he sped off to a restaurant where he had reserved a table earlier.

When we were seated face-to-face in the restaurant, the atmosphere somehow felt a bit awkward. No doubt both of us had mentioned marriage when we first entered into this relationship, yet I could not find any topics to chat about right then.

Fortunately, the steak that we ordered was served in a while. To conceal my awkwardness, I lowered my head and pretended to be busy cutting my steak.

When I was about to take a mouthful of the steak, Yuval placed his plate in front of me. He had cut his steak nicely into even pieces!

"Just take mine. I've had it sliced up just for you." Yuval smiled at me with a gleam of gentleness in his eyes.

I was really touched by his thoughtfulness. Just like any other woman, I yearned to be with a thoughtful man. Even though I had no feelings for him, I made up my mind that he would be an ideal spouse.

"Thank you," I thanked him and started savoring the steak.

When I was halfway eating, Yuval called my name abruptly. I looked up and saw him lifting his glass of red wine to clink with mine.

I wouldn't usually drink due to my low tolerance for alcohol. Nonetheless, I did not turn him down this round. I lifted my glass of wine, clinked glasses with him, and gulped down.

But perhaps I was drinking too fast, I choked on the wine. Subsequently, I coughed non-stop till tears trickled down my cheeks.

"Anna, are you alright?" Yuven asked me in great concern and handed me a tissue.

"N-Nothing... I'm just not used to drinking wine." I tried my best to stifle my cough and squeezed out a sentence.

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As I was still coughing non-stop, Yuval approached me and patted my back gently to soothe my cough. At that very moment, both of us looked exactly like a loving couple. Again, he warmed my heart with his thoughtfulness and gentleness. Even though I did not fall for him, I guessed I could lead a happy life by marrying a thoughtful and caring man like him. Who knows? Maybe I will learn to love him as time passes by...

After I had finally stopped coughing, I raised my head and smiled thankfully at him. To be honest, it did make me like him a bit more. Even so, it was still a vast distance away from love.

"Why didn't you tell me that you can't drink? If I knew it, I surely wouldn't let you," he mumbled guiltily.

"Don't worry. I'm fine now," I consoled him.

Right then, I caught a glimpse of a familiar figure and froze. In a split second, my eyes widened in disbelief. Michael Shaw! Why on earth is he here?

As a surge of anxiety started to well up in my heart, I looked at him nervously.

"Anna, what's wrong? Are you alright?" Sensing something awry, Yuval looked at me quizzically with knitted brows.

I did not reply him, as if I was oblivious to his question. Meanwhile, Michael was glaring at me with a grim look on his face. I shuddered as his eyes were blazing with growing rage.

Yuval followed my gaze and turned to have a look inquisitively. The moment his eyes caught Michael's figure, there was a sudden change in his expression. Instantaneously, his smile faded from his face.

"Anna, are you sure that both of you are just employee and boss?" He looked intently at me and asked doubtfully.

My eyes started to blink uncontrollably as a sense of guilt swept over me. I recalled how Michael dragged me away before Yuval's eyes previously. However, I was not sure what he intended to do with his sudden appearance. Thus, I did not know how I should answer Yuval.

As Michael advanced toward us, he never shifted his intimidating gaze away from me. The anxiety in my heart intensified as he was getting nearer to us. I wondered what he would say to us later! He'd better mind his words!

I had the urge to flee the place at once, yet I restrained myself from it as I clenched onto the sides of my blouse nervously. If Michael blurted out the relationship between both of us, I would not know how to justify it to Yuval!

At the sight of the enraged man who was approaching us, Yuval furrowed his brows. Nevertheless, he still politely stretched out his hand and greeted Michael with a courteous smile. "How are you? Nice to meet you again."

Michael, on the other hand, was purposely ignoring Yuval's outstretched hand while sparing him a cold glance. It was just like how it was during their first encounter previously. His rude attitude implied that he did not give a damn about Yuval at all.

Yuval stole a glance at me, humiliated and infuriated. Needless to say, he could sense Michael's intense hostility toward him.

"Mr. S-Shaw, why are you here?" I stammered as I forced myself to look into Michael's blazing eyes.

"In case you've forgotten, this is a restaurant, and I can have a meal here just as much as you could," he scoffed.

At that moment, he was just about two paces away from me. Intimidated by his imposing aura, I shifted my gaze away from him hastily and dared not have any eye contact with him again.

"I didn't mean that. It's just... I mean, what a coincidence." I smiled embarrassingly and tried to sound casual. Even so, I felt a rush of mixed emotions creeping into my heart.

While trying to stay calm, I was displeased with the man's sudden appearance and could not help but feel suspicious about that. Is he stalking me? After all, what are the odds that we're all here at this restaurant at this time?

"Well, what do you know... It really is! Seems to me like fate really likes bringing us together whenever you're out dating with your boyfriend," Michael mocked, not forgetting to emphasize the word "dating." I could even see the flickers in his blazing eyes; he was undoubtedly boiling with anger at that moment.

I knew that he was green with envy whenever I was on a date with Yuval. After all, he was a particularly possessive and self-centered man. Nonetheless, I could not just go all out since both of us were just friends with benefits. I had to think of my future too!

"It seems so... Though I almost thought that you were stalking me!" I mustered my courage and mocked him. If I continued to give in to him without refuting, Yuval would surely sense that something was amiss.

As a matter of fact, I knew that Michael had been following me. That was the only reason why we would always bump into each other whenever I went on dates with Yuval.

"Me stalking you?" he questioned me in an icy-cold tone. His eyes were as cold as the abyss.

"Mr. Shaw, don't take it too seriously! I was just joking. But looking at how you've taken it, Mr. Shaw, was I perhaps correct?" I scoffed and looked into Michael's eyes provocatively. To avoid Yuval from being suspicious of me, I was determined to put on a brave front.

"Well, aren't you full of yourself, Anna Garcia? Who do you think you are, that I would stalk you?" The prideful man gritted and snickered as his gaze turned even colder. For a second, I even thought that he would throw a punch at me for provoking him.

"Mr. Shaw, I'm sorry for being blunt. You are right. Since there's nothing between us, of course, you wouldn't have followed me. It might be just a coincidence!" I heaved a sigh of relief at Michael's mocking words. That was what I had expected. I'm sure Yuval will

not be suspicious of me again as Michael's words kind of clarified that there was nothing between us.

Nevertheless, another wave of anxiety swept over me that instant as I thought of something. Looks like I'm putting myself in hot soup once again. I bet he wouldn't easily let me off for challenging him in front of Yuval!

Michael was no ordinary man. It struck him almost at once that I was tricking him into clarifying that there was nothing between him and me. His face became grimmer, yet he did not utter any words. However, it was as if I would perish at any moment from the burning flames in his eyes.

I turned away deliberately and pretended that I was unaware of his escalating anger. After all, he won't be able to do anything since we're in public. He warned me earlier to keep mum about the relationship between us, didn't he?

"Yuval, let's continue eating. I'm starving!" I intentionally nudged Yuval's arm and sounded coquettish. Knowing that I had unintentionally disregarded him while bickering with Michael, I tried to cheer him up by shifting my attention back to him.

Michael clenched his fists till veins protruded on the back of his hands, which scared me. If I wasn't assured that he intended to keep our relationship a secret, I guessed he would really teach me a lesson then and there.

"Alright." My words seemed to have eased Yuval's displeasure right away. His lips curved into a gentle smile again as he cut some smaller pieces from his steak and placed them on my plate. He was apparently showing off to Michael how close we were with each other. I could not resist but chuckle inwardly. Ah! Men are all the same. Even such a good-natured gentleman like Yuval still has his pride that can't be challenged by others.

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Infuriated by Michael's attitude a while ago, I decided to dampen his pride. Hence, I put on an attractive smile and locked gazes with Yuval as I thanked him coyly.

Even though Michael remained silent, I could sense that his icy-cold aura had gradually intensified.

"Ah! It looks like most of the seats here are occupied. Since I'm by myself, it's easier for me to sit together with both of you. You don't mind, do you?" Michael said casually and took the seat next to me.

The moment he sat down next to me, I was engulfed by a tense atmosphere. I really disliked him sitting close to me. Besides, the whole situation was already awkward enough.

The slight change in Yuval's expression was unmistakable. He frowned again the moment Michael sat closely next to me, but he remained silent. I could not help but pity him in a way. Nobody would be able to smile if their dates were interrupted by another man. Michael Shaw has really crossed the line this time!

Suppressing my frustration, I ignored Michael deliberately and avoided sparing any glance at him. My instinct told me that he would not let me off if I dared to mock him in his face again. Thus, I tried to finish my meal as soon as possible, so I would be able to slip away with Yuval at once.

"Anna, have you received my bouquet of flowers? Do you like it?" Yuval looked up at me abruptly and asked gently.

In a split second, I stiffened and almost choked on the steak in my mouth. Crap! How should I tell him that this monster sitting right next to me had ordered me to throw them away?

After taking a sip of water and swallowing the steak in my mouth, I forced a smile and replied, "Yeah, I received it this morning."

"Why didn't you bring it along with you just now? Did you leave it at your place in the office?" I was dumbfounded when he asked again. Should I tell him the truth? How will he react if I tell him that I was forced to throw the bouquet of roses away?

"It's in the dumpster now! She threw it away." Michael answered coldly before I could make up my mind.

My heart thumped wildly in my chest, and I saw that the smile on Yuval's face froze.

"Yuval, let me explain! I-I did not throw it away on purpose... I was forced to do so to comply with the restrictions of our company. We are not supposed to receive any deliveries of personal items during working hours. Thus, I had no choice but to throw it away..." I explained incoherently.

Even if I knew that my explanation might not sound conceivable, it was the best excuse that I could think of at the moment. After all, I was still being frank partially as Michael actually instructed me to throw it away so as not to affect my work in the office.

Yuval squinted his eyes and looked at me doubtfully. At that moment, I could sense that he did not believe my words. He's a lawyer, after all, so I'm not surprised.

"Yuval, I was telling the truth. I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to throw the flowers away..." I looked at him apologetically and kept mumbling. At the same time, I rebutted Michael repeatedly inwardly. He was obviously putting on a show to drive a wedge between Yuval and me. Since both of us were not too invested in this relationship yet, Michael could effortlessly cause our relationship to come to an end.

Michael smirked with a sense of schadenfreude in his eyes. Knowing that he was stirring trouble purposively, I almost burst a blood vessel and lashed out at him. Ugh! This man is really stepping on my toes!

Yuval glanced obliquely at Michael and looked at me suspiciously again. I only had myself to blame for this. If I were him, I would surely feel the same.

"It's alright. I understand about it and won't deliver flowers to your office anymore. I'll just give it to you in person so you won't get in trouble." I heaved a silent sigh and was thankful that Yuval was so understanding.

At the same time, I was overcome by a sense of guilt. Michael's countenance and body language were obvious indeed. Even a dull-witted person could sense that I seemed to have an unusual relationship with Michael, what's more, an observant lawyer like Yuval.

The smile vanished from Michael's face within seconds as his face turned grim again. I bet he must be feeling dejected as his words did not manage to provoke Yuval as expected.

Feeling suffocated by the tense atmosphere, I had completely lost my appetite. I hurriedly finished my meal and left the restaurant hastily with Yuval.

I was relieved as Michael did not stop me from leaving. Nevertheless, I kept wondering if he would look for me later that night. Based on how I had challenged the vindictive man's pride a while ago, I was worried that he would come and settle the debt with me later.

When both Yuval and I stepped out of the restaurant, darkness had fallen. In Yuval's car, I stared off into the distance out of the window, my mind preoccupied with my thoughts.

"Anna, I heard that you moved out of Natalie's place two days ago. Do you mind if I ask why?" Yuval broke the silence by asking warily.

Upon hearing Natalie's name, I lowered my head sorrowfully. Recalling the reason I moved out from her place out of a sudden, a surge of mixed emotions welled up within me again.

"Just a minor conflict, nothing serious," I replied placidly and did not intend to tell him the exact reason.

I was actually trying to be protective of Natalie by keeping mum about John. She would certainly be hurt if others knew about it and started gossiping. Even if Yuval was introduced to me by Natalie, he was just a friend of hers. Besides, they were not considered that close.

"Natalie is a forthright young lady. No doubt she really treats you as her close friend and is really concerned about you." Yuval glanced at me and commented. I was not sure if

there were any hidden meanings behind his words. Even so, something crossed my mind upon hearing them.

Ever since I moved out from Natalie's place, we had stopped contacting each other. Should I give her a call?

We had been close friends for so many years, and it was not worth having our friendship strained just because of a jerk.

"Yuval, thanks for your reminder. Now I know what I'm supposed to do. Natalie is very important to me, and I really cherish my friendship with her." I turned and smiled at him.

"Where are you staying now? Let me give you a lift. It's getting late, and you need to wake up early for work tomorrow." The moment Yuval offered to send me home, I froze. If I was still staying at Natalie's place, there would not be any issues but I wasn't. No way! I can't let him find out that I'm staying at Michael's place at the moment!

"Hmm... it's alright. You can just drop me off here. I can walk back home myself since it's just a stone's throw away. I wouldn't want to cause any inconvenience since it's not on your way." I tried to turn him down by giving an excuse.

"Do you really think that I'll do that? It's late, and you are all by yourself. I don't mind driving a bit further. It's safer that way. And don't worry, as we'll be reaching soon," Yuval protested and looked at me in bewilderment.

As a typical gentleman, I was not surprised that he insisted on sending me home. When I used to stay at Natalie's place, he never failed to send me to the doorstep every time after our date.

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"Don't worry about it. My place is just walking distance from here, and I could really use a walk, anyway."

I insisted on getting out of the car; I had to. As much as I wanted to be with Yuval, I still couldn't cut Michael off either, and that thought alone disgusted me.

I knew I had to make a choice sooner or later. After all, to swing between two men wasn't something I could accept.

"Hey, but it's already so late. It's not safe for you to walk home alone."

Yuval slowed down as he was deeply concerned.

"It's okay. My place is literally just a stone's throw away, and I'll be home before you know it," I persisted. My mind was in a muddle since dinner. How I wished I could tell Yuval everything right then, but my dignity held my tongue back.

"Well... If you insist. But text me once you get home, okay? Or else I'll be worried."

He stopped his car and looked at me worriedly.

"Sure thing."

I gave a gentle reply and got out of the car.

Yuval gave me one last glance before he drove off.

As I walked on the sidewalk, I thought to myself. Should I be honest about my current situation? It's unfair for him to be tangled in this mess of a relationship.

However, along the entire journey, no decisions were made. I admit that I was a selfish person as I couldn't make up my mind, nor did I know what to do.

Finally, I was back at Birchwood. Once I pushed the door open, someone brusquely pulled me into the darkness, and before I had the time to react, the same person pushed me up against the wall.

He was so strong that I almost screamed in pain. Stunned, I glared at the culprit who'd just ambushed me. It was Michael.

"What's wrong with you? You're hurting me!"

His grip on my wrists got tighter and tighter.

"Where did you go after you left the restaurant? What took you so long to get back? What are you doing with Yuval!"

Michael started questioning my whereabouts.

I wasn't in a good mood in the first place, and his rough interrogation only exacerbated the situation.

"What does that have to do with you? Do I have to report to you my every single move?"

He absolutely ticked me off. Who are you to talk to me in such a manner? For goodness' sake, you flipped my life upside down!

My guard was constantly up, worrying what if someone found out about us. Couldn't I just enjoy whatever freedom that was left for me?

"Anna, don't forget who you belong to. In the next six months, you're mine. I have all the rights to know what you're doing."

It was apparent that my brawl didn't affect him at all. The way he looked at me and the things he spoke was as despotic as it'd always been.

This man was absolutely self-absorbed. He only cared about himself and never for others.

"You sure I'm yours? In bed, yes, but once the business is done, we become strangers, don't we?" I gave out a limp huff. This relationship with Michael had been tortuous, draining my energy day after day.

I described our relationship so succinctly that Michael couldn't respond but blinked repetitively.

He knew perfectly what we are – he, the puppeteer, and I, the puppet – whose sole purpose was to fulfill his needs. No man would want to see the woman he slept with was with another man, even after they were done and dusted. What more someone so proprietorial like Michael?

"Anna, you're mine in bed and out of bed. Have you turned a deaf ear to everything I've told you? Why are you still so close with Yuval!"

It was amazing how he justified his twisted principles so boldly.

"You're saying that I'm yours, but why didn't you tell Yuval that in his face? Michael, we're selfish, and we belong to two different worlds. Six more months, and we're done."

Going against Michael outrightly wouldn't diffuse the situation. That was why I decided to talk some sense into him, hoping he could understand my circumstances.

As I told him, we are from two different worlds. He was handsome, loaded, and powerful. Tons of pretty ladies wouldn't think twice about marrying him. If he was done playing around and wanted to settle down, things could be arranged with the snap of a finger. Sadly, I didn't have the luxury to do so.

Being a small-town girl, I didn't have a wealthy family to back me up. Plus, it was about time for me to get married. Dad and Mom's hopes for me to do so only added more pressure to my already bone-weary life.

All I wanted now was to marry someone whom I could rely on. That man didn't have to love me as long as he was willing to lend me some support when I needed it.

To survive in a bustling metropolitan was tough enough. Now not only did I have to do that, sending money back home and resolving issues created by Steven had become my responsibility as well. How I wished that there was someone I could lean on.

Michael could see that I was deliberately pushing his buttons. "So, Anna, what you're saying is you want me to announce our relationship?" He looked at me suspiciously.

"Anna Garcia, you'd better not come up with any sneaky ideas, or I'll make you pay for it. You're just someone I sleep with. We're not in a relationship!"

He stared at me as his words morphed into hot air and gushed onto my face, sending chills down my spine.

When I looked back into those stoic eyes, I flicked my eyes away. He was so overpowering that I didn't dare to look back, despite the seething rage deep down inside me.

"Mr. Shaw, that's not what I meant. I'd never want our affairs to be known to the public. Do you think anyone with the right mind would willingly show off their black mark to the public?"

I finally mustered my last straw of courage and fought back. I had enough of his nonsense. Undeniably, some women would give their all just to have a go with him, but that didn't apply to every single woman.

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He was taken aback by my deriding remark as I was always soft-spoken and composed in front of him.

"Are you calling me a disgrace in your life? I dare you to repeat yourself!"

His grip got even tighter than before, and my wrists hurt so badly that I almost shrieked. Regardless, I wasn't going to back down anymore. No matter how weak he thought I might be, I had my dignity to defend.

He assumed that I was this gold-digger who wanted all the fortune and fame. If I gave in, it simply meant that I agreed to all his assumptions.

"It's gonna be the same, Michael Shaw. You're the utmost disgrace in my life!"

Tonight, he'd put me on the warpath. Even a weakling had its limits, and this time he'd gone too far!

As soon as I spoke, his chest pumped up and down in fury.

"Anna, bear in mind that you started it. Have you forgotten that you seduced me for two hundred thousand?"

I froze instantly; he was right. It was me who had seduced him and climbed onto his bed for Dad's operation money. I needed it by hook or by crook, but little did I know that my cynical plan would lead to this.

Only now did I realize that my decision then was a terrible mistake. I should've looked for other means, sold my organs, anything but seeking help from the devil.

Since we started this "relationship," I couldn't even live my life the way it was. Was all this misery worth that two hundred thousand?

"Michael, can you show me some mercy? I'm beat. Do you know how much pressure I have to bear?" I sighed, and my tough shell cracked. "At the end of the day, I'm just a woman, and I need someone to lean on. My Dad is sick. He needs a sum of money every month for his treatment. Carrying the weight of the whole family on my shoulders is killing me already. Let me go, please, I beg you. I'll find ways to pay you back."

At that moment, settling the bill was the only idea I could come up with to cut ties with him. If I didn't owe him anything, I wouldn't have to continue this shameful affair.

I wasn't fishing for pity, but just lamenting.

However, all he did was look at me blankly, somewhat confused.

He stopped lashing his wrath at me soon after that. Since I told him that I was going to pay him back, he should be more than willing to let me go... Right?

The man remained silent and let go of my hand. Those dark eyes of his were affixed to mine. The things I'd said all came from my heart, and I was just hoping that he could see the pain and hardship that I was going through.

Weirdly, instead of feeling relieved, I felt a void in me after pouring my heart out.

He gave me another glance, turned around, and left.

I only got back to my senses when the door gave out a loud thump after he walked out of the house.

That was it. He left. I supposed we were done.

If that was the case, I'd be able to face Yuval with an open heart and not feel sorry for my dishonesty. I could finally work on our relationship without guilt.

The thought of it put a smile on my face, yet I felt a tinge of sadness. Was it because of Michael?

No freakin' way! I couldn't believe that I thought that I probably had feelings for him.

Something must have gone haywire in my head!

The only feeling I was supposed to have towards this man should be enmity. How was it possible that I was falling for him? I'd never fall for him!

As I lay on my bed, my mixed emotions got me tossing and turning. The way he looked at me right before he left kept appearing in my head, and I barely slept a wink that night.

The next day at the company, I bumped into Michael at the entrance. After what happened last night, I felt awkward, and thus, hurried past him.

He responded similarly, giving me a brief sidelong glance, and walked straight into his office.

For the next few days, we were like strangers. It was still awkward every time we ran into each other, but at least our affair had come to an end, and that was relieving.

One day when I was buzzing at work, my phone rang. The word "Mom" on the screen made me scowl.

Every time she called, it was either about my relationship or Dad needed more money for his medical treatment. Tensing up became a reflex to calls from home.

Nevertheless, I still had to pick it up.

"Hi, Anna. Are you working?"

"Yeah, I'm still at the office. What's up? You usually don't call at this hour."

I dived straight into business.

"Um... nothing much actually. I just wanna know what your boyfriend does. He seems pretty loaded."

I nearly jumped out of my skin. I'd never told her anything about Yuval, so how did she find out?

He was living quite comfortably, but I wouldn't call that loaded.

"Mom, how did you know about it? We aren't stable yet, and that's why I haven't told you."

I was still contemplating whether to tell her about Yuval. And there she was, asking about him.

"Tell me, Anna. How far did you get with him?"

She totally ignored my explanations and went on with another question.

"Mom! Can you just chill? It's been only two months. What do you expect?" **CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES** <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

I was speechless. I myself wasn't even sure if things would work out between Yuval and me, so I didn't know why my mom was that anxious.

"How can I possibly chill? Look at you. You've passed your prime, and you're still single. Any mom would be on tenterhooks!"