

# Love from My Dominant Boss

## Chapter 184

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“You’re leaving just like that? We haven’t gotten anything.”

Michael pulled my hand, showing no sign of relenting.

I glared at him in fury as none of us budged. I would never follow him here if I knew this was what he wanted to buy. He must have no shame to bring me here at this hour.

“I’m not going in. You can go in on your own if you want to.”

I grabbed the store’s door handle with my other hand as I spoke.

“Are you sure you’re not coming in?” he asked, letting go of my hand with his brows still locked in a frown.

“I’m not going in no matter what!” I shouted back without backing down.

“Fine, then just wait here. You’ll regret your action when we get home later.”

Michael stopped forcing me and went in himself.

I felt so embarrassed looking at him go in. I could not understand how he could come to a place like this without even flinching.

I felt an urge to leave there and then. Michael really never failed to surprise me. I had no idea he was this thick-skinned.

I waited for a long time before he finally appeared at the door again. I spotted the cashier looking at him adoringly as he walked out.

“Do you want to see what I have bought you?”

A sneaky smile curved on his lips as he swung the shopping bag in front of me.

“I’m not interested.”

He surveyed my body from the top to the toe without saying a word. I glared at him and walked off, upset.

How can someone be so brazen?

My steps halted when I suddenly recalled what he said. He said he got something for me.

I wanted to turn back and ask what he meant, but it occurred to me that I would not want to talk about sex toys with him in the public.

I kept quiet and continued walking. Behind me, Michael did not say a word but smiled indulgently. I had a feeling things were not going to turn out nicely for me.

After we got in the car, I took a quick glance at the shopping bag, trying to see what he bought.

I hope it was not a vibrator since that was what I always saw in porn.

A gush of embarrassment washed over me at the thought of it. At the end of the day, I was still a conservative girl in nature.

Michael let off a laugh when he caught me sneaking a peek. "Why? Can't wait to try it out? Don't worry. I'll make sure you're satisfied after we get home."

I almost puked hearing him speak. There must be something wrong with him to misconstrue my action, but I was wrong to expect anything sane from him.

He tricked me into going to a sex toy shop at night, and he did not even care if people saw us together. What the hell is he thinking?

I felt like giving him a lecture, but I was so infuriated I could not put my emotions into words, so I glared at him and said no more.

After all, it was not like I had ever won an argument with him. I would rather not waste my energy talking to him.

I went straight to the bathroom to take a shower right after we reached Birchwood. There was no way I would let him have his way.

Seeing I was about to get into the bathroom, he took out a pajama from the bag and threw it toward me. "Wear this."

I heaved a sigh of relief when I found out it was just pajamas. Just when I thought he was not as perverted as I thought, I gasped looking at the clothes he passed me.

I could not believe he bought a see-through bra. That piece of black cloth was so thin it could barely cover an inch of my skin. The panty was equally awful.

“Can I say no?”

I blinked my eyes, hoping desperately that he would go easy on me.

I had never worn something like this before. Besides, it was as good as not wearing anything.

“Nope. You don’t have a choice.”

He replied without hesitation despite seeing the unwillingness in my eyes.

I knew there was no use trying to go against him. He had always been so demanding.

I looked at the lingerie in my hands helplessly. So he has a fetish for sexy lingerie.

Michael got annoyed when he saw me fidgeting in reluctance without going in.

“What are you waiting for? Do you want me to bathe you? I don’t mind doing it in the bathroom.”

I darted into the bathroom without a second thought. Although I knew I would be doomed that night, I refused to do that with him in the bathroom.

I stood at the bathroom door for a good few minutes, looking at the lace lingerie I was wearing. This was simply too much for me.

I would rather just go out naked than wearing something so provocative.

“Anna Garcia! Are you done already?”

Michael’s voice came through the door loud and clear when I was still struggling to muster my courage.

I bet he could not wait.

“I—”

I swallowed my words back immediately. I knew if I said I was done bathing, he would ask me to go out right that moment.

“I’m giving you three minutes before I go in myself.”

He was clearly crossed because I made him wait.

Given his temper, he would really barge in if I kept him waiting.

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I finally got out of the bathroom when he was counting down to the last minute.

I stood before him shyly, not knowing where to look. Although Michael had seen my bare body before, it was still embarrassing for me to let him see me in erotic lingerie.

I took a quick glimpse at his face and saw desire welling up in his eyes the moment he caught sight of me.

He came over right away and carried me over to the bed before unleashing all his pent-up frustration all the way until midnight.

After a good few hours of lovemaking, he finally got off me and lay down beside me with a satisfied smile on his face.

Despite being worn out, I felt a sense of contentment looking at him.

“I really like this lingerie. You should try another set tomorrow night. I got you ten.”

He turned toward me and started toying my breasts with his finger. I felt an urge to slap him in the face.

“I’m not wearing stuff like this anymore.”

I could never in my wildest imagination think he would buy me something like this—what more ten.

“Well, I know you’ll end up doing it in the end.”

He shot me a raunchy smile.

I glared at him when I saw the anticipation glistening in his eyes.

It would be useless for me to object to his command.

“Whatever. I’m sleeping first,” I said curtly and cut off the conversation.

Michael hugged me from behind and fell asleep in no time. He must be drained after all the hard work tonight.

Despite being disgruntled with his attitude, I found myself sleeping soundly in his arms. I had already gotten used to sleeping beside him after all this time. In fact, I would feel miserable if he was gone one day.

Like any other day, we woke up and went to work the following day, but unlike his usual self, he did not let me get off the car at an uncrowded place, nor did he try to hide me from peoples’ eyes.

“We’re here.”

He turned and looked at me before I got off the car.

“Let’s just wait until these people walk off,” I replied nervously, checking out the surroundings.

“Never mind them.”

I looked back at him, startled. I simply could not wrap my head around what he was thinking.

He used to be so secretive about our relationship, but he seemed to have changed totally.

“I’m sure everyone at the company is gonna gossip about me if they see me coming out of your car.”

Even if Michael did not care about what others said, I did. Besides, I was still confused about our relationship. If he wanted to go official with me, he should at least let me know for sure what our relationship was first.

I did not want to end up making a clown out of myself in front of my colleagues. If they found out about Michael and me, there was no way I could continue working here.

Michael knew what was on my mind. I could sense his anger building up in the enclosed space although he did not breathe a word.

I ignored him without taking my eyes off the people outside. When they were finally gone, I got out of the car quickly and went up to the office.

As usual, I had a hectic work schedule in the morning. When lunch hour came, everyone took a break and got ready to get lunch.

Michael got out of his office and came right toward me.

My heart thumped seeing him walking toward me. I knew he was up to something.

All eyes were on him as he approached.

His towering presence drew closer and I could feel it was going to turn out bad the moment his eyes curved in a gentle smile.

“Could you help me get lunch?”

“Y-Yeah... Sure...”

I was dazed by his sudden tenderness. My frantic gaze swept across the office and I saw everyone looking at me.

I started cursing at him in my heart for putting me in a tight spot. I had made an enemy out of everyone.

Just when I thought he had done enough damage, Michael spoke again. “Let me know if you need help with the Benyx project. I know it’s a little tricky.”

This would be the end of me. My heart skipped a beat when he spoke to me so kindly, but worry quickly banished the excitement in my heart.

Everyone’s aversive glare was directed toward me.

“Yes, Mr. Shaw,” I answered, putting extra emphasis on the last two words.

I had to keep things professional between us although I still had no idea what he was trying to do.

“All right, go grab lunch then.”

With that said, he turned and went back into his office.

I felt a suffocating burden lifted off my chest after he left, but the antagonism from all the female colleagues still sent a shudder down my spine.

What did I do for him to create trouble for me on purpose?

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Even Millie was looking at me differently after my interaction with Michael.

She was the only person in the whole office who was nice to me. I panicked at the thought of losing her trust.

“I’ll go get lunch.”

I did not know what else to say. So, I blurted out whatever came to mind and excused myself.

My heart was still unsettled even after I came back to the office. Michael’s action was really suspicious. He could well text me or send me an email, but he chose to talk to me in close proximity in front of everybody.

I went to his office to deliver him the food before going back to my place for the fear of him nitpicking on me. Once again, all my colleagues’ stares trailed my movement as I walked into Michael’s office.

I feigned composure and walked in as if I had real business to talk to him about.

To ensure people outside did not second-guess our relationship, I dropped his lunch on his table and turned to leave.

“Have you eaten?”

Michael called out to me before I walked past the door.

I stopped and looked back at him. “I will go in a bit.”

I thought I was smart by thinking he would let me off the hook if I told him I had not eaten.

“Then just stay and eat together. I don’t think I can finish everything.”

What's wrong with him? I could not believe he said that.

"It's okay. I'll just eat on my own. You're the CEO here and I'm the employee. It's best if we keep our distance before everyone else senses something fishy."

I had already incurred public wrath when he asked me to buy him lunch and even offered me help with work. If I stayed and ate with him, everyone at the office would wage war against me.

"Do you want me to repeat myself? Don't test my patience."

He was fixed on not letting me leave. He knew I was afraid of him, so he went ahead and threatened me.

I tried suppressing the anger in my heart and walked toward him.

He passed me a pair of cutlery and started eating himself.

He knew people would have their doubts if I lingered too long in his office, but he asked me to stay nonetheless.

He was doing this on purpose. I lost my appetite, thinking about what others would say. It was not until Michael finished lunch that he let me out.

As expected, I was met with hostile glares the moment I stepped out of his office.

I lowered my head and walked back to my own table to prevent any eye contact.

Millie came over and looked at me with surmising eyes.

"Anna, what's with you and Mr. Shaw? Don't tell me you guys are..."

Sleeping together? I finished Millie's sentence off for her in my mind.

We slept together a lot of times, but I could not tell her that.

I looked at Millie guiltily. "I don't know what's wrong with Mr. Shaw today."

I saw nothing wrong with blaming everything on Michael. After all, he was the reason why I was getting so much hate from everyone.



“Really? The way he talked to you is as if you guys know each other really well. You know how all the women here see him as their prince charming. You’ll be good as dead if there’s really something going on.”

“What are you talking about, Millie? I’m just a normal employee like everyone else. There’s no way I will know someone like Mr. Shaw personally.”

Millie’s words only confirmed my fear. I was still traumatized by what happened last time when I was locked in the toilet. Everyone would kill me if Michael continued giving me special treatment.

The suspicion on Millie’s face disappeared after I assured her. “That makes sense. We’re all just his employees. He’d probably pick a woman from a good family if he had a girlfriend.”

My heart eased when Millie finally believed me. Although I had successfully diverted her doubt, I was still irked by what Michael did to me.

Millie was a trusting person, so I was able to persuade her, but that did not mean other people at work would take me for my word.

I left work earlier in the evening because I was afraid something would happen to me, but before I could get out of the building, a gush of cold water came pouring on my body out of nowhere.

When I wiped my face and looked upward, the culprit was nowhere in sight.

I was infuriated. I knew someone must have done this to me deliberately. How I wished I could run upstairs and catch the person red-handed, yet I knew it would be best to not make a huge fuss out of this, else everyone would be bitter toward me.

I could only bear this silently.

I walked out of the company building, wet and cold. Even the cab driver was looking at me intermittently throughout the journey home.

I took a hot shower after I arrived, but I could not stop sneezing.

I just got out of the shower when Michael reached home. When he saw me shivering in my thick towel, he came over.

“Why are you all wrapped up like this? It’s so warm today,” he jeered.

“Can you please stop being so snarky? Can’t you see I’m sick?”

