

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 102

At that moment, my heart pounded wildly. I was naturally aware of Yuval's intentions, and I should be happy upon hearing his declaration of sorts. Yet, for some reason, I didn't feel happy at all.

"I know. And thank you for choosing to believe in me."

He was a smart man, so I was certain that he would definitely be able to surmise that my relationship with Michael wasn't as simple as that of a superior and subordinate when I had said as much.

Nonetheless, he was very considerate of me and said nary a word despite having surmised it. If it were any other man, it would likely have been a source of contention.

Subsequently, I turned to gaze out the window at the scenery outside. My heart and mind were presently flooded with images and thoughts of Michael. When we had an illicit relationship, I was determined to avoid him. But now that we were truly nothing to each other anymore, I felt empty, as though I had lost something important.

After having dinner with Yuval, he proposed going shopping. However, I was in low spirits just after ending things with Michael today, so I declined.

Since things had ended between me and Michael, I didn't go back to Birchwood. After all, I naturally couldn't continue staying in his house now that we no longer had anything to do with each other. Instead, I went to Natalie's house.

Yuval brought the car to a stop in front of Natalie's community gate, and I opened the car door to alight from the car.

"Wait a moment, Anna..."

I had opened the door, but before I climbed out of the car, Yuval's voice drifted over.

Straightening, I looked at him in puzzlement and queried softly, "Is something the matter?"

Yuval stared into my eyes without saying anything. His body, however, was slowly leaning toward me. Panicked, I instinctively wanted to dodge, but I kept reminding myself that I was aiming for marriage with him, so I definitely couldn't evade it.

Clutching the hem of my clothes with both hands, I remained still. By then, he was already very close to me, our lips a mere inch away from each other.

I nervously closed my eyes, not daring to look at his face anymore for fear that I inevitably would dodge. But after waiting for a long time, his kiss didn't fall on my lips. Instead, he pecked me on the forehead.

Sensing the warmth on my forehead, my heart jolted. All at once, relief suffused me.

When his lips had finally left, I opened my eyes. My gaze turned evasive as awkwardness engulfed me about our current level of intimacy.

"Go on home. Next time, I hope you won't be resistant toward me."

With a faint smile on his elegant countenance, Yuval grasped my hands that were clutching the hem of my clothes. His voice remained as gentle as ever.

No doubt, he was a very perceptive person to notice that subtle tell of mine. Indeed, it was proof that he was incredibly shrewd and considerate.

He knew that I was averse to it, so he kissed me on the forehead instead of the lips.

Gratitude overwhelmed me at once. Ah, he's truly a gentleman who never coerces me into something I abhor, unlike Michael.

When the thought of Michael flashed across my mind once again, panic gripped me. Ugh! He seems to have been playing on a loop in my mind for the entire day! I've truly been bewitched!

Abruptly yanking my hands back, I stared at Yuval with a frantic look in my eyes. For a moment, I didn't know how to answer him. The fact that Michael kept slipping into my mind had me feeling extremely irritable.

I inhaled deeply and tried my best to dispel him from my thoughts. I knew that I had to divert my attention if I wanted to be rid of Michael's dominion over me. As long as my focus was on another man, I naturally wouldn't think of him anymore.

As that thought occurred to me, I swiftly leaned forward and planted a kiss on Yuval's lips. Then, I beat a hasty retreat.

That was the first time I ever initiated a kiss with a man. The feeling of kissing Yuval was wholly different from kissing Michael. While the warm sensation remained the same, my heart didn't race when I kissed the former. Instead, nerves and panic assaulted me.

Caught off guard, Yuval was stunned when I kissed him. Only when I had gone a fair distance away did he finally snap back to his senses. A smile again blossomed on his face, and his eyes were filled with tenderness as he gazed at my back.

My heart galloped wildly though it wasn't from desire but panic. Even when I arrived back at Natalie's house, I remained flustered.

Anyway, diverting my attention seemed to be a highly effective method, for I was now overwhelmed with panic. My mind was filled with images of me kissing Yuval, so there was no room for me to think about Michael at all.

It looks like this is an indeed opportune method when I think of him again. But I wonder what Yuval thinks of me. Would he now think that I'm a woman with loose morals?

"Why are you here, Anna? Didn't you say you won't be coming over to keep me company tonight?"

Natalie gaped at me in surprise when I opened the door.

"Nat, I might have to intrude on your hospitality for a few days. I'll move out when I find a place."

Walking over to Natalie, I flashed her an embarrassed smile. I didn't forget that I had previously moved out of her house.

“What’s all this talk about moving out? Are you still mad at me? I know I said some hurtful things because of John back then, but I’m really remorseful now. You can stay here however long you want. I promise that I’ll never again ask you to move out.”

Perhaps the fact that I moved out back then left an indelible mark on Natalie, for she looked at me with guilt written all over her face and apologized profusely.

“What are you saying? How could I possibly be mad at you? Back then, I was the one who impulsively said that I’d move out. It had nothing to do with you, so you don’t have to feel so guilty.”

That matter had nothing whatsoever to do with Natalie. I was the one who insisted on moving out, so I harbored no grudge against her.

“Anna, thank you for being by my side now and consoling me endlessly. Without you here, I probably would’ve ended my life by jumping off a building.”

While saying that in a choked voice, Natalie hugged me.

“Hey, hey, what nonsense are you spouting? You won’t, and don’t you dare ever think of doing that! Nothing can push you so far when you’re the ever-optimistic and cheerful Natalie Xavier! It’s that scumbag’s loss, so just let him wallow in regret!”

I didn’t want to hear such pessimistic remarks from her, so I immediately interrupted her as soon as her words fell.

“Exactly! I, Natalie Xavier, am smart and beautiful. Tons of men are waiting in line to marry me, so I’m not going to languid in sorrow for a man who betrayed me!” Natalie declared, plopping down on the couch in the living room.

Then, she reached out and snagged a big apple, taking a huge bite out of it. That was precisely her usual carefree attitude.