

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 103

Right then, Natalie appeared no different from before. Nonetheless, I knew that she was merely putting on a brave front, concealing the anguish within her.

“That’s right! You’re stunningly beautiful with tons of suitors pursuing you, so anyone you choose will be far better than that scumbag!”

Sitting down beside her, I draped an arm over her neck and echoed her sentiments. I knew that she was now gradually getting over her breakup.

Well, it’s a good thing that I’ve ended things with Michael. I can keep her company throughout this period with peace of mind without worrying about her all the time.

After staying the night at her house, I again bumped into Michael when I went to the office the next day. I thought he would at least greet me, but he ignored me entirely without even sparing me a glance.

At that, I frowned slightly. As I watched him head to the office, a sliver of disappointment slithered into me.

When I had settled myself at my table, my gaze kept returning to Michael’s office. Chagrin swamped me. What exactly does he take me for? Even if we no longer have anything to do with each other, our relationship is still that of a superior and subordinate in the office, so there’s nothing wrong with greeting me, is there?

Millie, who sat across from me, seemed to have noticed my preoccupied state. She rapped on my table with curiosity etched on her face. “Anna, did you notice that Mr. Shaw has been in a foul mood ever since yesterday noon?”

Her comment struck panic in me. Don’t tell me she has discovered something?

“Has he been in a foul mood?” I asked mildly, feigning a nonchalant chuckle.

“Didn’t you notice that he has been wearing a grim expression ever since yesterday noon? Besides, he rejected several proposals from the design department and reprimanded them all severely,” Millie murmured with a nosy look on her face after cautiously casting a glance at Michael’s office.

Hearing that, I couldn’t help wondering whether those changes in him had something to do with me. After all, it was yesterday noon that I told him of my decision.

“Perhaps he encountered a snag in his work. As you know, he’s now aiming to monopolize the advertising industry. While it’s not impossible, it won’t be a bed of roses either,” I replied in an awkward tone.

My gaze became all the more flustered as I was now certain that Michael’s foul mood definitely had something to do with me. At that moment, I couldn’t quite tell my feelings exactly.

“Who knows? Anyway, we’ve got to be careful since he’s in a foul mood these days.”

Flinching slightly, Millie again stole a peek at Michael’s office. Then, she lowered her head and started on her work.

Her words earlier plunged me into turmoil. I couldn't quite tell my exact emotions right then, but it felt as though I was inexplicably happy upon learning that Michael was in a foul mood because of me.

After a final glance at his office, I buried my head in my work. But while I was glancing through documents, he occupied all the space in my mind. At some point in time, he had actually wielded such great power over me.

"Anna Garcia, I want to see you in my office!"

A terse and frosty voice pierced the air while I was lost in thoughts; it was Michael.

He stood by his office, his cold gaze pinned on me.

In a flash, I snapped back to reality. When I locked gazes with his profound eyes that resembled whirlpools, my heart pounded wildly. Don't tell me he's raking up old grievances with me, settling the score for what happened yesterday?

My emotions were a chaotic mess. Still, I dragged my feet to his office. My colleagues around me had also noticed his foul attitude toward me, so some regarded me with worry while others with glee.

When I reached his office, he was sitting at his table, looking at a document in his hand.

"How may I assist you, Mr. Shaw?"

I lowered my head after a single glance at his handsome countenance. I dared not look at him anymore, for my backbone inevitably weakened whenever I saw his face.

Thud! Without warning, Michael slammed the document in his hand on the table. In the next moment, he pinned me with eyes blazing with anger.

My heart jolted, and stark panic overwhelmed me as a sense of foreboding rose.

"Anna Garcia, this is the advertising proposal you submitted to me? You've got years of working experience, yet this is the design you came up with?"

Michael pointed at the document on the table, his eyes radiating fury as he stared at me.

"Is there something wrong with it, Mr. Shaw?"

Directing my gaze in the direction of his finger, I was greeted by the sight of the design proposal I submitted earlier in the morning. Never had I thought that it would be rejected so quickly.

"Such a design is a dime a dozen in advertisements. Do you think such a promotional advertisement will still work when it's already such a cliché?"

Michael's voice was thundering and colored with reproach. He stalked toward me with huge strides, the fury raging in his eyes so intense that it was as though he wanted to reduce me to ashes.

"But I think such an advertising proposal can better reflect the product's characteristics and the people's necessities. While many products boast of benefits that far exceed the product's value itself, I think those gimmicks are entirely unnecessary."

Distress inundated me at his callous attitude. For some reason, a sense of misery and anguish lodged within me. Despite our numerous arguments in the past, he had never spoken to me in such a thundering voice.

Could it be that his attitude toward me has also changed following the change in our relationship?

“So, you’re saying that you’re focused on the authenticity of the product? I have no problems with that, but this proposal of yours isn’t novel. Take it back and redo it!” Michael ordered coldly.

He picked up the document on the table and tossed it at me.

From beginning to end, he looked at me with indifference in his eyes. Other than that, there was no other emotion to be discerned.

Tears swam in my eyes. My eyes turned red-rimmed, but I forcefully held my tears back.

Ah, he’s truly a ruthless man! We’ve just ended our relationship, and he’s now tearing into me at the office. I should really learn to be blasé like him. If only I could be as indifferent as he is, I wouldn’t be so upset right now.

“Why are you still spacing out here? Get on with your work!”

Upon noticing that I stood rooted to the spot without leaving, Michael abruptly whirled around, his eyes chilly without a hint of warmth.

“Understood. I’ll go and amend it right away,” I muttered glumly.

Lifting my head a fraction, I sniffled.

Michael was a very perceptive person, so he naturally didn’t fail to discern my emotions. His gaze flickered when I said that, and it didn’t seem as cold as before. Nonetheless, he kept silent.

Many eyes swung at me when I exited the CEO’s office, most people looking at me with sympathy on their faces.