

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 105

That was the second time Michael had mentioned me resigning. Could it be that his motive is to goad me into resigning?

I tried my best to hold back my tears. I didn't continue arguing with him but concentrated on composing myself. After a long while, I finally managed to sound calmer.

"I understand. I'll continue amending according to your wishes until you're satisfied with it."

If that was his grand plan of forcing me to resign, I would never capitulate. No matter how difficult he made things for me, I would definitely do my best to fulfill his requests.

Perhaps my answer pleased him, for he merely threw me a glance without saying anything further.

"I'll be leaving if there's nothing else, Mr. Shaw."

Not wanting to see him for even a second longer, I made to leave after saying that. Alas, my cell phone rang at that precise moment.

When I saw that it was a call from Yuval, I instantly panicked upon remembering that Michael was still by my side then.

Michael's cold gaze remained locked on me. He was a shrewd person, so he probably knew whose call it was at the expression on my face. I was utterly conflicted, torn between answering the call and otherwise.

In actual fact, I didn't want him to know that I had officially gotten together with Yuval. But recalling his hurtful words to me just now, I inwardly mused, Why should I care about his feelings when he doesn't care about me at all? So what if I'm dating Yuval? I no longer have anything to do with him now.

At that thought, I answered the call.

"Yuval."

My address of Yuval had become much more intimate after we made our relationship official. However, the reason I addressed him in such a manner right then was simply to gauge Michael's reaction. I wanted to know what exactly I was to him.

"Are you at home now, Anna? I have a gathering with some friends tonight, so I'd like to bring you along and introduce you to them."

Yuval's gentle voice drifted out of the other end of the phone. A trace of aversion welled within me upon hearing that he wanted me to meet his friends.

I felt that we weren't so close that we were at the stage of meeting each other's friends. Personally, I didn't want to take things so quickly.

"Um... I'm moving back into Natalie's place today, so I've got to relocate some things. As such, I might not be able to make it tonight. I'll take a rain check, okay?"

I initially wanted to agree since Michael was right in front of me, but for some inexplicable reason, I demurred.

Fortunately, I truly had some things to settle that night. My things were still at Michael's house, so I naturally had to move my things out now that things had ended between us. As for the money I owed him, I would be paying him back slowly.

After my demurral, Yuval was silent for a moment on the other end of the phone before saying, "It's okay. How about I help you move your things today? I'm more suited to do the heavy lifting."

He was an exceedingly considerate man. In fact, it was probably every woman's dream to have such a gentle and attentive man who would make the ideal husband.

However, my things were still at Michael's house, so I couldn't possibly allow him to tag along. I had tactfully told him about my relationship with Michael yesterday, after all. Hence, he would definitely feel unsettled to collect my things from Michael's place even if he didn't say anything.

"No, it's okay. I don't have much, so I can manage on my own. Besides, you're supposed to have a gathering with your friends tonight, so you'll look bad if you don't show up. Don't worry about me."

I again declined since I didn't want him to know that I had been staying at Michael's place. We were dating with the goal of marriage, so I didn't want any misunderstandings between us.

"Alright, then. I just knew you were going to turn me down."

He sounded audibly disappointed, and I knew that I had truly turned him down too many times.

At that moment, I glanced at Michael, only to see that his frosty gaze was fixated on my cell phone. Recalling that I was currently on the phone with Yuval, I became inexplicably flustered.

"How about this? I'll treat you to dinner tomorrow."

I was initially frantic to hang up, but my temper flared upon remembering the words Michael said earlier. Thus, I couldn't resist flaunting my intimacy with Yuval.

"Okay, I'll be holding you to your word. I'll pick you at your office tomorrow evening after work."

The moment Yuval heard me asking him out, his dejection vanished without a trace. Instead, he even seemed rather excited.

"Sure. I'll be hanging up, then."

After saying that, I hung up the phone.

When I hung up the phone, Michael's gaze simultaneously left me. Nevertheless, I could still distinctly sense the coldness radiating from him.

"Your love life is really prolific. You've just ended things with me, but you immediately went to another man in the next instance. Anna Garcia, you're really a tramp through and through!"

Michael pinned me with eyes teeming with contempt, his gaze radiating faint anger and resentment.

Hearing that, both my hands clenched into fists. No one would be happy to be stamped as a tramp, much less by a man like him.

Yes, I'm now officially dating Yuval, but what has it got to do with him? Can I also reproof him as being a womanizer since there are plenty of women around him?

"That has nothing to do with you. Please excuse me if there's nothing else. I'll return you the keys to Birchwood tomorrow."

Not wanting to bicker with him, I spun on my heels to leave after saying that. I didn't want to say a single word further to him.

As Michael stared at my retreating back, his gaze turned increasingly frosty.

When I left the office, images of Michael continued to flood into my mind. It was as though he had taken residence in my mind, for he kept intruding into my thoughts ever so often since we ended things between us.

After giving Natalie a call, I hailed a taxi and went to Birchwood. My things were still in his house, so I needed to retrieve them since I hadn't the money to rebuy everything.

Upon arriving at Birchwood, I packed my things. When I was almost done, I seemingly heard the sound of the door opening. All at once, my heart lurched, and I swiftly poked my head out of the bedroom.

I was a timid woman, and night had fallen, so I would definitely be scared out of my mind if a stranger walked in at such a time.

Subsequently, footsteps drifted into my ears. Only when the person entered my line of sight did I breathe a sigh of relief, for it was Michael.

As I wheeled my suitcase out, I looked at him expressionlessly and handed the keys to him.

"Here are the keys to this house. I'm returning them to you now, and rest assured that I didn't make any duplicates."