

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 117

“Natalie, forgive me just this once. I promise to cut all ties with her. Let’s start over again, okay?”

Ignoring the woman, John shifted his gaze back to Natalie, peering into her eyes anxiously.

Faced with his pleading gaze, Natalie regarded him with contempt.

“You’re pathetic, you know that? Pushing all the blame onto your woman like that.”

Anyone with eyes could see that John was a pathetic and cowardly man. Since Natalie had lost hope in him, I was very certain she wouldn’t give him another chance.

“Nat...” Sensing Natalie’s animosity, John called out anxiously.

He wanted to say more, but Natalie cut him off before he could.

Suppressing the rage in her heart, Natalie spat, “Get lost! You’re the most disgusting man I’ve ever met in my life! This is payback for the two slaps you gave me.”

Then, she walked to my side without sparing another glance at John.

Seeing the impatient frown on Michael’s face, the chief immediately ordered the police officers, “Hurry and take them away!”

John and his woman were soon taken away, and the interrogation room was peaceful once more.

“Chief Lewis, if we’re done here, I’ll be taking these two women away now. Don’t forget about your promise to handle this impartially,” Michael pinned the chief with a stern gaze and said indifferently.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Shaw. I’ll make sure there’s no preferential treatment,” Chief Lewis reassured respectfully.

I didn’t understand why, but I could see that he was slightly apprehensive of Michael.

“Good. We’ll be leaving then.”

After receiving a satisfactory answer, Michael walked toward me.

Sensing him approaching me, I felt my heart pick up speed. This man had been constantly making my life a living hell in the past few days. Hence, I didn’t know why he showed up here all of a sudden.

Michael stopped in front of me but remained silent. As I was hesitating whether or not to initiate a conversation, he abruptly bent down to scoop me into his arms.

I widened my eyes at him in mortification, and my heart started beating wildly in my chest.

After recovering from my shock, I yelled at him for doing something so outrageous at the police station, “Michael, what are you doing? Put me down.”

Before I could get in another word, he frostily interrupted me with a furious glare. “Shut up!”

His aura was too powerful and I panicked, unable to utter another word.

Thus, I was carried out of the police station with Natalie quietly trailing behind us.

Once outside, Michael's secretary hurried over to greet us. Upon seeing my face, shock flashed in his eyes.

Staring at me with wide eyes, he asked with concern, "What happened to your face, Ms. Garcia?"

"It's nothing. I was just slapped twice by someone."

Anger surged in me again when I thought about those two slaps, and I was filled with the strong urge to return the favor. However, I was a sensible person. If I really did that, I probably wouldn't be able to leave the police station again.

"Send her friend home," Michael said to his secretary with knitted brows.

"Yes, sir," his secretary replied, then swiftly opened the car door for Natalie.

"Put me down, Michael!"

I was still in Michael's arms. Natalie had been staring at the two of us since just now, as if trying to figure out the relationship between us.

Upon hearing what I said, Michael merely frowned but wordlessly placed me back on my feet.

After regaining my freedom, I planned to head back together with Natalie. Even though Michael helped me and I felt grateful to him, I honestly didn't know how to face him right now.

We had nothing to do with each other anymore. Neither did I want to get involved with him again.

"Stop right there, Anna. I didn't say you could leave!"

I had just reached Natalie's side and wanted to get in with her when Michael's commanding voice sounded behind me.

I stopped in my tracks and looked over my shoulder at Michael with furrowed brows, feeling indignant.

"Thank you for helping me today, Mr. Shaw. If you'll excuse me, I have some matters to attend to."

I didn't know how to act around Michael anymore. At that moment, he was looking at me with a possessive gaze, those bottomless eyes threatening to swallow me whole.

Just when I was about to slide into the car, there was a powerful grip on my arm. Michael, who had a stormy expression on his face, was grabbing my arm tightly.

His sinful lips tightened at the sides as he exuded a cold aura.

"Drive."

Michael turned his head slightly to instruct his secretary.

Without any hesitation, his secretary started the car and drove off, leaving the two of us behind.

My arm was still being held tightly by him. Frustrated, I shot him a displeased frown.

I was grateful for what he did, but his behavior at that moment still made me feel uneasy.

"What the hell do you want, Michael? I already thanked you."

I was still mad about the hell he put me through at the office in the past few days, so I wasn't exactly courteous when I spoke to him.

Without answering my question, he yanked me toward his car, opened the door to the front passenger seat and stuffed me in.

I wanted to escape from here, but I knew better than anyone that I wouldn't be able to go anywhere as long as it wasn't this man's will.

Hence, I obediently sat in the car, thinking he'd probably let me leave after saying whatever he wanted to say.

Michael slid into the driver's seat, started the car, and drove toward Birchwood.

It had already been a few days since I moved out of this place. Now that I was back here again, I felt conflicted.

He was silent throughout the entire ride, but I knew that he was brooding.

After pulling me into his house, he pressed me down on the couch before going into the bedroom.

"Why did you bring me here, Michael? If you don't need me for anything else, can I leave now?"

He hadn't spoken a word since leaving the police station. Unable to figure out what he wanted, I grew slightly irritated and stood up to leave.

But just then, he emerged from the bedroom with a first aid kit in hand.

Michael came to my side and pressed me back down on the couch, then said in the same icy and emotionless voice, "Do you think you look very pretty right now?"