

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 50

I flashed a small smile at Millie and said, "You're the only one here who treated me like an equal. Thank you for that, Millie."

Even though Millie and I weren't that close, I already regarded her as my friend because she never once looked down on me or ridiculed me.

The security guards flanked me and grabbed my arms, ready to drag me out. However, being thrown out was an absolute insult to me. As such, I shot Conrad a vicious glare and broke free from the guards.

"I can walk on my own!" I snapped.

Then, I snatched up my bag and was about to walk out when I heard a mild commotion.

Right then, an employee who was closest to the door exclaimed, "Mr. Shaw is here. Oh my God! I can't believe he's here in our department!"

Mr. Shaw? Michael?

I panicked as the first person who came to my mind was Michael. For some inexplicable reason, my heart started beating wildly in my chest.

Why is Michael here? Could it be because of me?

Michael was dressed in a full black suit which complemented his tall figure. He strode in with his signature icy expression and unreadable obsidian eyes. His chiseled face was gorgeous yet unapproachable, and his intimidating aura effectively kept people a distance away from him.

This was the first time I saw him look so serious. His commanding presence was much stronger than usual. I couldn't deny that this man was born to rule.

There were two secretaries trailing behind him with equally serious expressions.

My heart was still pounding erratically as my eyes followed Michael's every move.

Conrad was also momentarily stunned. When he finally regained his senses, he scurried over to greet Michael.

As he stood before Michael, he broke into an ingratiating smile and asked cautiously, "What brings you here, Mr. Shaw? Is there something I can do for you?"

Michael glanced at me casually before questioning, "What's going on here?"

My heart skipped a beat when our eyes met, but it was only a fleeting moment because he shifted his gaze the next second and didn't look at me again.

His eyes when he looked at me was without emotion as though I was merely a stranger to him. Although I knew Michael didn't want anyone to know about our relationship, his impassiveness still made me feel disappointed.

At the end of the day, we were merely bed buddies. Apart from that, there were no emotions involved. To him, perhaps I was only a tool to fulfill his sexual appetite.

Conrad panicked further upon hearing Michael's question.

"Do I need to repeat myself?" Before Conrad could formulate a response, Michael's brows drew together slightly, and his gaze on the former turned frosty.

"No, no. I heard you." Sensing Michael's murderous aura, Conrad swallowed with difficulty before continuing, "A female employee said something inappropriate in the office, so I ordered security to escort her out."

Conrad was obviously tense when he said this. After all, it took courage to lie before someone as intimidating as Michael.

"What did she say that was inappropriate?" Michael glanced at me again, and there was a hint of demand in his tone.

He shifted his gaze back to Conrad, pinning him with a glacial look.

Under his threatening gaze, Conrad's face grew grimmer with each passing second. I could clearly see the beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

"W-Well, her name is Anna Garcia. She deliberately came into my office and behaved indecently. Now she's throwing false accusations at me in front of the whole department. I honestly don't know who gave a small employee like her the guts to do something like this," Conrad stammered out.

I had to admit that he was skilled at distorting the truth. He was, after all, an experienced old geezer. Without this skill, he wouldn't have become a supervisor in the first place.

"How could something like this happen? Such people need to be taught a good lesson, lest they tarnish the company's reputation," Michael said in a flat tone before directing his gaze at me.

When I couldn't get a read on his emotions, I instantly panicked. Does he believe what Conrad said?

But he clearly heard our conversation over the phone yesterday. Why is he saying something like this now? Does he want me to leave Joyful Success too?

As my thoughts ran wild, I looked at Michael nervously, trying to figure out what he meant.

Conrad, on the other hand, was smiling triumphantly upon hearing what Michael said. He sneered at me and looked as though he was certain I was going to be fired from the company one way or another.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to stifle my disappointment. Michael's words had greatly upset me, but words failed me.

Since he already put it that way, I could only leave on my own accord.

Just after I took the first step, Michael's voice sounded once again.

"But Mr. Skeete, before you fire this employee, I have one more thing to say."

What he said caused me to pause in my stride and look at him in confusion.

"What else can I do for you, Mr. Shaw?"

Michael had made his stance clear earlier, so Conrad was no longer flustered like before.

Michael shot him a cursory glance before beckoning his secretaries. A document file was immediately handed over to him.

“It has recently come to my attention that you’ve been doing many things that are damaging to the company.” Michael’s voice was disconcertingly neutral.

Seeing as Michael had mentioned him by name, Conrad’s plump figure visibly stiffened and he asked in a panicky voice, “Mr.

Shaw, what do you mean by that? Have I done something wrong?”

He passed the document to Conrad and demanded coldly, “Your department seems to have a very high budget, but a detailed investigation has shown that it’s impossible for each project to cost that much. Care to explain where the extra money has gone to, Mr. Skeete?”

Conrad shuddered violently, and perspiration coated his entire forehead. His rotund body began trembling uncontrollably, obviously from fear.

“Mr. Skeete?”