

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 51

When Michael didn't receive an answer, he raised his voice and called out to Conrad again.

I noticed that Conrad's legs had started shaking. It turned out that he wasn't just lecherous, but also greedy to the point of embezzling money from the company.

Conrad stared at the documents which clearly listed all the details. At least millions from the budgets over the past few years had gone missing. Although Michael didn't say it out loud, anyone with a brain would know that Conrad had pocketed all that money because ordinary employees like us were only allocated a small portion of the budget money each time.

"M-Mr. Shaw, I..." Conrad fumbled for words with his eyes still fixed on the documents.

"I've already gotten people to look into this. Every time you apply to the company for a budget, a certain amount of money will also be transferred to your bank account. Mr. Skeete, don't you think you need to explain yourself? Where did that money come from?" Michael asked again when Conrad didn't answer.

"M-Mr. Shaw, I made a terrible mistake. I promise that it'll never happen again. Please forgive me."

Conrad was shaking like a leaf. Although he didn't admit to pocketing all that money, everyone could tell by then that he was the culprit.

"I never give second chances. You're fired, Mr. Skeete. The company lawyers will contact you to discuss the budget in private."

Michael's eyes glinted coldly as he looked at Conrad.

Conrad looked at Michael in horror and pleaded, "I know I was wrong, Mr. Shaw. Please give me another chance to make things right."

No matter how much he threw his weight around as the department head; when it came to facing Michael, he could only behave subserviently. Right then, our impression of him was the least of his concerns. After all, if the company lawyers were going to get involved, one could only imagine the severity of the situation.

Michael frowned in annoyance and his gaze sharpened. Noticing this, one of his secretaries snapped, "Security, what are you waiting for? Drag Mr. Skeete out!"

The two security guards stood paralyzed to the spot for a moment, unable to comprehend the situation. Upon meeting Michael's terrifying gaze, they hastily walked toward Conrad and starting dragging him out.

All the employees watched as Conrad was hauled off the premises. The entire office descended into a pin-drop silence, probably still in disbelief.

"What are all of you doing? Get back to work!"

Everyone, including me, was stunned in place. It wasn't until Michael's stern voice broke the silence that I snapped back to my senses. I was the first to return to my desk and resume work.

With that, everyone else followed after me and got back to work. Michael took one last glance at me before turning around to leave.

For some reason, my heart raced as I watched him leave from the corner of my eye. Did Michael come here out of the blue because of me? I can't think of another reason why he'd come here.

Even though Joyful Success was the largest advertising company in the city, it was only Michael's side business. If there weren't any important decisions to make, he would usually never make an appearance here.

Regardless of whether or not his appearance was because of me, I still felt very grateful to him. I was able to keep my job because of him, after all.

After getting off work, I mustered up the courage to call Michael for the first time. My heart was all over the place as I listened to the ringtone.

The call finally connected after a long time. "Hello," came Michael's nonchalant voice.

Upon hearing his voice, my heartbeat sped up exponentially. All of a sudden, I didn't know what to say. This was the first time I felt so flustered. I didn't even feel like this the first time I talked to Justin.

"Um, it's me," I blurted out in panic.

It took me a second to realize what I had said, and I felt the sudden urge to slap myself. Michael has already called me so many times. Of course he'd know that it's me.

"I know. What is it?" Michael's voice was bland as usual.

"Um, are you free now? I would like to see you."

I initially planned to thank him, but thanking him over the phone seemed slightly insincere. Getting to keep my job was, after all, a big deal to me.

"You want to see me?"

Michael raised his voice slightly, and I seemed to hear a smile in his tone.

"Mm-hmm. Do you have time now?"

I asked in a small voice, then waited nervously for his answer.

"I'll pick you up in half an hour." Michael's voice came from the other end of the line.

Before I could answer, the line went dead.

Still holding the phone to my ear, I felt butterflies in my stomach. Michael agreed to meet me.

It was obviously nothing to be happy about, but my treacherous heart was pounding against my chest. I had no idea what came over me, but ever since Michael helped me earlier, my feelings toward him seemed to have changed drastically.

After putting down my phone, I hurried to my room to pick my outfit. I even applied some light makeup.

I was clueless as to when I began to care so much about my image in front of Michael.

Half an hour later, I received a call from Michael. When I came downstairs, I saw a silver Cadillac parked a short distance away.

I immediately knew it was Michael because, among all the people I knew, no one could afford to drive this kind of luxury car.

Tugging on my skirt, I quickened my pace over to his car.

I opened the car door and slid in. Michael was wearing the same suit he wore during the daytime, probably because he didn't have time to go home and change.

When I glanced at his perfect side profile, I was so nervous I didn't know what to say for a moment.

Just when I was thinking of what to say, Michael turned to ask me, "So, why did you call me out?"

Then, he gave me a once-over before a look of appreciation gleamed in his eyes.

"Oh, I just want to thank you for what you did earlier today. If you didn't appear in time, I would've really been fired." Recalling what happened, my heart warmed with gratitude.

Thinking he went to the office entirely for me, I felt all the more touched.