

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 61

It was obvious from Natalie's expression, that she did not believe my words.

"Anna, we're best friends. I don't wish for you to hide anything from me," she said solemnly.

In the face of her genuine concern, I felt tempted to tell her everything that happened between Michael and me but ultimately decided not to. She would only chastise me for the shameful things I had done.

"Natalie, you're thinking too much into this.

There's really nothing going on between us. As you said, we're best friends. Why would I lie to you?"

Contrary to my calm facade, my insides were panicking like wildfire. I tried my best to stay composed under her watchful gaze so as not to give myself away.

After a long while, she sighed resignedly. "I won't force you to tell me if you don't want to. I only have one piece of advice for you—know your boundaries. If you're serious about Yuval, then don't get too close to Michael anymore."

From her advice, I could tell she had more or less figured out my relationship with him. "Thanks, Natalie. I appreciate it."

That night, as I lay on my bed, my mind kept replaying what Michael did to me during the day. Why did he pull me away from Yuval? Was he jealous or simply possessive? Thinking about it only made me more frustrated.

I shook my head resolutely. I needed to stop thinking too much into his behavior. I already decided, the most important thing now was to settle down with someone compatible. Besides, there was clearly no future between Michael and me. Very soon after, I fell asleep.

Over the next few days, I went to work as usual. Michael on the other hand seemed to have completely vanished; I received no calls from him. There were even a few instances where I was tempted to call him. During those times, I had to remind myself not to act so shamelessly. With how things ended between us, there was no reason for me to invite trouble for myself.

In fact, I did not receive any calls from Yuval as well. His silence made me worry that I had lost him as a potential marriage candidate. Truth be told, I was more concerned with the hassle of finding another decent man rather than not being able to go on more dates with him.

I picked up my phone, hesitating whether to give him a call. The last time I met him, he had suggested that we tried dating. Some time had passed since then, and there was still no news from him. Was it because of what happened with Michael the other day?

As my thoughts spiraled, my heart beat with great trepidation. I took a few deep breathes and mustered the courage to call him.

On the other end of the line, Yuval was slightly taken aback to hear my voice. He did not expect me to initiate a call.

"Mr. Lambert, are you free to meet up with me?" Every second felt like an hour as I waited for his response. "Sure. I'll meet you at the same cafe as before."

That went smoother than I expected. I had assumed from his lack of communication, that he had lost interest in me. Hearing how quickly he agreed to meet up, I felt a weight off my shoulders.

After the phone call, I tidied myself up before making my way to the agreed location. By the time I arrived, Yuval was already waiting inside. Perhaps due to the nature of his job, including our past three meet-ups, he wore different sets of suits. His dress code exuded an air of formality.

I took the seat opposite him and ordered coffee for both of us. He had a faint smile on his face.

“Mr. Lambert, sorry for leaving so urgently the other day. Something cropped up.” My voice got softer as I recalled how absurd it was to be dragged away by Michael in front of him.

“Ms. Garcia, can I call you Anna instead? Since we’re dating now, Ms. Garcia sounds a bit too formal.” He smiled.

“Of course. I’ll feel more comfortable this way too.” Frankly, I was not entirely on board with the idea of getting too intimate with Yuval, but he was right. Since we were dating, it was only right he called me by my first name.

“Anna, I have a question to ask?”

I nodded. “Go ahead.”

“T-That person who pulled you away the other day, is he really your boss? Both of you seem close.” He looked at me earnestly.

I was taken aback by his question. Lawyers sure caught on to things really fast.

I averted my gaze before explaining, “Of course! He’s just my superior at work. What else can we be?” I did my best to conceal the guilt gnawing at me. I can’t let him know about us.

“But... I’m getting the feeling it’s not just a simple superior-subordinate relationship.”

He was clearly not convinced by my explanation. “Mr. Lambert if you can’t trust my words, I suggest we end things here. We’re probably not suited for each other.”

Regardless of how valid his questions were, I disliked being doubted. This whole situation was making me angry.

Before, Michael too had interrogated me with the same pair of doubtful eyes. Why must I be stuck between them?

Perhaps I came off a bit too harsh. Yuval panicked while saying, “Anna, please don’t misunderstand my intentions. I’m not doubting your words! It’s just that we’re working towards marriage, so I wanted to get to know you better.”

Seeing how hard he was trying to mend the situation, I guessed he was serious about dating me; I probably checked off all the boxes Yuval was looking for in a marriage partner.