

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 65

"I'm here, so come out!" Before I could say anything, Michael's voice drifted over the moment the call connected.

And as soon as he finished saying that, the disconnect tone sounded.

At that, I glared at my cell phone irritably. What the hell is wrong with him? Every time he calls, he never gives the other person an opportunity to speak! Ugh! What a jerk!

Irrked by his attitude, I inwardly decided not to do as he ordered. Oh well, he can just wait there since he didn't even bother to let me speak before hanging up the phone!

However, I always had no backbone when it came to Michael. About five minutes later, I started growing antsy. He's the kind of person who hates waiting for someone else, so he might leave if I continue tarrying.

"Gah! You're really weak that you can't even stand your ground in such a trivial matter, Anna!"

After having scoffed at myself while pointing at my reflection in the mirror, I then left the house.

When I reached the community gate, I was greeted by the sight of a silver Cadillac sports car dead center of the gate. Oh, he hasn't left despite having waited for such a long time! I breathed a long sigh of relief.

I didn't understand it myself, but a smile bloomed on my face the moment I glimpsed Michael's car.

I sauntered over to the passenger side, but I didn't get in right away.

Michael was dressed in a black suit that rendered his already aloof countenance even grimmer against the black background.

A pair of huge sunglasses sat on his face, so I couldn't see the look in his eyes.

"Is something the matter that you wanted to see me?" I tried my best to sound calm and unruffled as I looked at his perfect profile.

"Get in!"

Michael frowned and stared at me in chagrin when I didn't get into the car after dallying for such a long time. His voice was cold without a hint of emotion.

"Where are you planning to take me?"

Recalling the incident back then, I couldn't help backing a step away. I'm not getting into the car if he's planning to force himself on me again this time. I'm not that stupid.

"When did you become so garrulous, Anna?"

Michael whipped off his sunglasses and pinned his jet-black eyes that glinted with annoyance on me. All at once, I could tell that he was incensed.

In all likeliness, my repeated wariness and refusals had infuriated him.

'I've always been so garrulous. It's just that you've never noticed it before this. It's the weekend today, Mr. Shaw, so what exactly is the matter that you suddenly sought me out?"

I cut straight to the chase since I didn't want to yak with him. I knew that I should make it clear to him that our relationship was over since I now had a boyfriend.

Although I was reluctant to do so, I naturally couldn't maintain an improper relationship with him as I was currently dating Yuval. Indeed, I sounded shameless and despicable, having been friend with benefits with him. Nonetheless, as long as I had made up my mind to date someone, I would treat him wholeheartedly no matter my feelings toward him.

"Get in, and we'll talk. If you continue tarrying, I don't mind carrying you in. I don't think you want others to know about our relationship in such a public place, do you?"

Michael merely looked at me indifferently. No sooner than his threat fell did I know that I was going to compromise again.

Argh! Its always a piece of cake for him to strike my Achilles' heel!

Livid, I shot daggers at him. In the next second, I relented and got into his car.

Starting the car, he drove slowly without saying a single word. A daunting silence hung in the air.

"Mr. Shaw, why exactly did you ask me out today? If there's nothing, please let me out. I've got something important tonight."

It was already afternoon, so Natalie was getting off work soon. I was determined to tell her the truth about that scumbag, John, tonight so that she wouldn't be in the dark anymore.

Considering her innocence, she might not suspect that John was cheating on her. For that reason, I had no choice but to reveal his true colors to her. Otherwise, it might take forever for her to discover his infidelity, and I was worried that it would be too late by then.

"Something important? Do you mean you're going on a date?" Michael's deep and apathetic voice drifted into my ears. His tone was mocking, so I swung my gaze at him indignantly.

"I don't think I need to report my activities to you, Mr. Shaw. We made a deal not to interfere in the other's personal affairs, remember?" I reminded coldly while staring at his profile irately.

Jeez, I really can't figure him out now. Back then, he was the one who proposed not to interfere in each other's personal affairs and to keep our relationship a secret from others. But what is he doing now? He dragged me away right before Yuval, and now, he came to Natalie's residential community to look for me in broad daylight. Is he no longer afraid that others will learn about our relationship?

While he's not a celebrity, he's still a renowned public figure in Avenport. As such, he'll definitely make the headlines tomorrow if we're photographed by reporters.

"I don't need you reminding me of that, Anna!"

The moment my words fell, Michael's expression darkened even further, and his eyes blazed with anger.

"Then, just say whatever it is you've got to say. I really have something to do tonight."

He was always so overbearing that I never once had the upper hand before him. At times, I felt truly rankled that I chickened out every time I glimpsed his wrath.

“Have you really decided to date that lawyer named Yuval Lambert?” Michael asked after a brief silence, his expression frosty.

Upon hearing Yuval’s name, my heart jolted, and I shot a furious look at him. “Did you investigate him, Michael Shaw?”

While it was a question, I was dead certain that I had never mentioned Yuval’s name before him. Since he knew Yuval’s name, the only possibility was that he had investigated him.

“So what if I had?”

Speaking in a placid voice, Michael nonchalantly glanced at me. However, I could distinctly sense the fury concealed within his gaze.

“How could you do that? What right do you have to investigate him?”

Although I had long since surmised it, the rage within me built into an inferno when I heard him admitting to it. It’s my business to date Yuval, so what right does he have to investigate him? What’s his relationship with me that he feels entitled to do so?

“Anna, are you reproaching me?” Michael slammed on the brakes before staring at me with rage blazing in his eyes as he awaited my reply.

I knew that he was pissed off, but I no longer cared at that moment. He provoked me first, after all. And while I was mild-tempered, I had my limits as well.