

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 75

“What’s with the attitude? I was already being very polite to you. All of this is your fault. If it weren’t for you, things would never have turned out this way!”

Michael’s voice had stoked the flames in me, and I couldn’t stop myself from venting all my anger on him.

If he hadn’t stopped me from leaving the previous night, Natalie would never have been with John, and things wouldn’t have escalated to this point.

To be frank, I had never gotten this angry at Michael before. After saying my piece, the line went silent for a long time. When he spoke again, his voice had grown icier.

“You must’ve lost your mind. Do you know who you’re talking to, Anna?”

Just from hearing his voice, I could picture the grim expression on his face.

“I’m not in the mood to talk to you right now. I have more important stuff to do, or I might end up sleeping on the streets tonight!”

Even though I was in a very bad mood and was in dire need of a punching bag, the most important to do right then was to find a place to stay for the night. After all, I really didn’t want to sleep on the streets.

I wanted to hang up the call right after that, but Michael’s voice sounded again from the other end of the line.

“Sleeping on the streets? Where are you now?” Perhaps he noticed something amiss, for his tone had softened a lot.

“I’m on the streets with nowhere to go. Happy?” I snapped, then ended the call straight, unwilling to hear Michael’s voice anymore.

Nothing good ever came from meeting with him. Under normal circumstances, I’d still worry about whether or not I had offended him. But right then, that was the least of my worries.

My best friend and I were on bad terms, so I couldn’t care less about what he thought.

After ending the call, I went to a few nearby hotels, but they were all so expensive.

Checking the time, I sighed helplessly when I saw that it was already ten at night. I was caught in a bind, wondering if I should spend two to three hundred to stay in a hotel for the night because my only other option was sleeping on the streets.

If it were in the past, I wouldn’t be so indecisive, but after my dad had surgery, he needed to consume medication every day to maintain his health, which totaled up to a large amount of money. Thus, I had to save as much as possible now.

Just when I finally made up my mind to check into a hotel room, a honk sounded from behind me. Anyone would be irritated by that harsh sound when it was so late at night, and I was no exception. I spun around in annoyance to look behind me, but I was stunned when I read the license plate number.

Isn't that Michael's car? Shouldn't he be sleeping? What's he doing here so late at night? Don't tell me he wants to experience doing it in a small hotel?

I clearly remembered that he chose a five-star hotel just to have sex previously. Hence, there was no way he was here to get a room.

I stood rooted to the spot, wondering if I should go over to say hi.

Just then, Michael poked his head out of the car window and frowned at me. "What are you waiting for? Get in!" Only after hearing his voice did I regain my senses and walk toward his car.

Fully aware that saying no wasn't an option whenever it came to him, I popped my suitcase in the back and got into the car.

I had only just sat down when the car shot forward.

"Why did you come here all of a sudden? Do you need me for something?"

I had yelled at him over the phone earlier because I felt pretty bold. But now that I was seeing him in the flesh, all that courage had vanished completely.

"To see if you're really sleeping on the streets." Michael shot me a glare and continued driving.

Upon hearing that, I felt upset all over again as I recalled the reason I had moved out of Natalie's house.

I gave Michael the side-eye and said in an accusatory tone, "This is all because of you. If you didn't stop me from leaving last night, Nat and I wouldn't have gotten into an argument."

"What does being kicked out of the house by your friend have anything to do with me?"

I blamed it all on Michael because it made me feel better, but he wasn't one to take accusations lying down.

Initially, I wanted to divulge the entire story to him, but on second thought, it wasn't like there was anything going on between us.

Hence, there was no reason I would tell him about what happened between me and Natalie.

"Forget it. Now that things have already come to such an extent, it's useless to say anything. I'm just worried Natalie will be fooled by that b*stard she has as a boyfriend. Her total faith in him doesn't make it any better."

The thought of Natalie's complete trust in John made me increasingly distressed. Natalie was a very sentimental person. Her feelings for John would only grow stronger over time, and I was worried she wouldn't be able to accept it when she finally saw John for who he truly was.

"You should worry about yourself instead. You've already been kicked out by your friend, yet you're still in the mood to care about her wellbeing?" Michael glanced at my suitcase and said pointedly.

His sarcastic tone only worsened my already bad mood, and how I wish I could throw a string of curses at him. But of course, I didn't have that courage.

"I understand where Natalie's coming from. Sooner or later, she'll realize that I only did it for her own good." "So, what's your plan? You're not really going to sleep on the streets, are you?" Michael said in a

toneless voice.

“I’m planning to look for a place within two days. I can’t keep staying in Natalie’s house anyway.”

In fact, I already had plans to move out of her place quite some time ago. I felt bad for staying at her place for so long without needing to pay any rent.

“You don’t need to find a place. Just move into the house in Birchwood. No one’s staying there anyway.” Michael’s eyes remained focused on the road as he suggested nonchalantly.

He was always so indifferent and rarely wore any other expressions on his face. Sometimes, I even wondered if he was a cold- blooded creature instead.

The set of house keys given by him earlier was for that house in Birchwood. Actually, it was probably best to move there. Not only could I save money on rent, but it was also closer to my office.

The problem was, that house belonged to Michael, so I’d constantly feel like a kept woman if I moved in like that.

On the one hand, I really wanted to save on rent to buy more supplements for my dad, but on the other, I couldn’t accept the feeling of being a kept woman.

“Do you think you have a choice right now? You can barely support yourself, Anna. Even the cheapest rent in the city is probably more than one thousand per month. Do you think you can afford it?”