

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 84

“Don’t worry about it. My place is just walking distance from here, and I could really use a walk, anyway.”

I insisted on getting out of the car; I had to. As much as I wanted to be with Yuval, I still couldn’t cut Michael off either, and that thought alone disgusted me.

I knew I had to make a choice sooner or later. After all, to swing between two men wasn’t something I could accept.

“Hey, but it’s already so late. It’s not safe for you to walk home alone.” Yuval slowed down as he was deeply concerned.

‘It’s okay. My place is literally just a stone’s throw away, and I’ll be home before you know it,’ I persisted. My mind was in a muddle since dinner. How I wished I could tell Yuval everything right then, but my dignity held my tongue back.

“Well... If you insist. But text me once you get home, okay? Or else I’ll be worried.”

He stopped his car and looked at me worriedly.

“Sure thing.”

I gave a gentle reply and got out of the car.

Yuval gave me one last glance before he drove off.

As I walked on the sidewalk, I thought to myself. Should I be honest about my current situation? It’s unfair for him to be tangled in this mess of a relationship.

However, along the entire journey, no decisions were made. I admit that I was a selfish person as I couldn’t make up my mind, nor did I know what to do.

Finally, I was back at Birchwood. Once I pushed the door open, someone brusquely pulled me into the darkness, and before I had the time to react, the same person pushed me up against the wall.

He was so strong that I almost screamed in pain. Stunned, I glared at the culprit who’d just ambushed me. It was Michael.

“What’s wrong with you? You’re hurting me!”

His grip on my wrists got tighter and tighter.

“Where did you go after you left the restaurant? What took you so long to get back? What are you doing with Yuval!”

Michael started questioning my whereabouts.

I wasn’t in a good mood in the first place, and his rough interrogation only exacerbated the situation.

“What does that have to do with you? Do I have to report to you my every single move?”

He absolutely ticked me off. Who are you to talk to me in such a manner? For goodness' sake, you flipped my life upside down! My guard was constantly up, worrying what if someone found out about us. Couldn't I just enjoy whatever freedom that was left for me?

"Anna, don't forget who you belong to. In the next six months, you're mine. I have all the rights to know what you're doing."

It was apparent that my brawl didn't affect him at all. The way he looked at me and the things he spoke was as despotic as it'd always been.

This man was absolutely self-absorbed. He only cared about himself and never for others.

"You sure I'm yours? In bed, yes, but once the business is done, we become strangers, don't we?" I gave out a limp huff. This relationship with Michael had been tortuous, draining my energy day after day.

I described our relationship so succinctly that Michael couldn't respond but blinked repetitively.

He knew perfectly what we are — he, the puppeteer, and I, the puppet — whose sole purpose was to fulfill his needs. No man would want to see the woman he slept with was with another man, even after they were done and dusted. What more someone so proprietorial like Michael?

"Anna, you're mine in bed and out of bed. Have you turned a deaf ear to everything I've told you? Why are you still so close with Yuval!"

It was amazing how he justified his twisted principles so boldly.

"You're saying that I'm yours, but why didn't you tell Yuval that in his face? Michael, we're selfish, and we belong to two different worlds. Six more months, and we're done."

Going against Michael outrightly wouldn't diffuse the situation. That was why I decided to talk some sense into him, hoping he could understand my circumstances.

As I told him, we are from two different worlds. He was handsome, loaded, and powerful. Tons of pretty ladies wouldn't think twice about marrying him. If he was done playing around and wanted to settle down, things could be arranged with the snap of a finger. Sadly, I didn't have the luxury to do so.

Being a small-town girl, I didn't have a wealthy family to back me up. Plus, it was about time for me to get married. Dad and Mom's hopes for me to do so only added more pressure to my already bone-weary life.

All I wanted now was to marry someone whom I could rely on. That man didn't have to love me as long as he was willing to lend me some support when I needed it.

To survive in a bustling metropolitan was tough enough. Now not only did I have to do that, sending money back home and resolving issues created by Steven had become my responsibility as well. How I wished that there was someone I could lean on.

Michael could see that I was deliberately pushing his buttons. "So, Anna, what you're saying is you want me to announce our relationship?" He looked at me suspiciously.

"Anna Garcia, you'd better not come up with any sneaky ideas, or I'll make you pay for it. You're just someone I sleep with. We're not in a relationship!"

He stared at me as his words morphed into hot air and gushed onto my face, sending chills down my spine.

When I looked back into those stoic eyes, I flicked my eyes away. He was so overpowering that I didn't dare to look back, despite the seething rage deep down inside me.

"Mr. Shaw, that's not what I meant. I'd never want our affairs to be known to the public. Do you think anyone with the right mind would willingly show off their black mark to the public?"

I finally mustered my last straw of courage and fought back. I had enough of his nonsense. Undeniably, some women would give their all just to have a go with him, but that didn't apply to every single woman.