

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 87

Speak of the devil — the man himself was staring at me with his steely eyes.

I dropped my head as fast as I could and locked my neck. Why, oh why, is God playing tricks on me again?

Every time I badmouthed Michael, he would unfailingly appear somewhere close enough to hear it. Just when I thought things were finally getting better between us.

Millie, too, detected his overpowering hostility and went back to work. From what I could see, the ladies in the company seemed to fear Michael more than they liked him.

That was no surprise, though. His scrupulosity when it came to working would scare anyone off. A trivial mistake would cost someone her job.

“If I hear another word of gossip during work, you’d better send yourselves packing!”

He gave us his signature stare before uttering those threatening words.

Even with my head down, I could feel his piercing glare.

Only after I heard the closing of his door did I dare to lift my head again. His despotic aura followed him into his office.

“Oh my god! The way he looked at us was so scary! Anna, did you see those eyes?” Millie asked with her lips trembling.

“Yeah. Let’s not gossip during working hours again, or we’ll be fired.”

Come to think of it, Michael was being lenient with us. I highly doubted that we’d be given a second chance if the CEO was someone else. Thus, Millie and I were considered lucky. However, I wondered if his leniency was because of me.

Millie nodded her head and kept quiet from there on.

After work, I went to the supermarket as usual. Doing things on my own most of the time did make me feel lonely.

Back when I was living with Natalie, we’d always hang out at night. But now it was just me, and nothing seemed to interest me anymore.

When I got back to the house in Birchwood, Michael was already on the couch with his legs crossed in the living room. The top two buttons of his shirt were let loose and as always, his gaze was gnawing at my soul. I quietly turned away.

“Hurry up and make me dinner.”

He got up and strode towards me.

“What are you doing here? I thought I’ve made things clear that night?”

I ignored his request and wanted him to clarify.

Which part of my unwillingness and exhaustion didn't he understand? What was he trying to do, standing in front of me tonight?

"Yes, you did, but did I say I'm going to let you go? Anna, you started it. Do you think it'll be that easy to ditch me?" he murmured those shameful words into my ear.

How I wish I could give him two tight slaps to vent out my anger! How did men like that even exist? I'd told him everything at that point, so why couldn't he just let me go? Right then, he could see that anger was bubbling in my eyes, yet he brushed it aside.

"You know, the more you resist, the chances of me letting you go dwindles. Treat me well, and who knows, maybe one day when I'm in a good mood, I'll set you free?" He paired his threat with a sneer.

What a bastard! Never had I imagined that I'd be entangled in this scruffy affair. This man was like gum that you could never shake off no matter how hard you tried.

Since there was no point arguing with him, I walked to the kitchen in a huff.

After countless quarrels, it was obvious that he only did what pleased him. None of my reasonings or pleas would affect him.

Any attempt to talk sense into him would only be futile.

Michael sat on the couch and watched TV while I cooked. He never once looked over to the kitchen, not even a glimpse.

I felt like I was a working wife who was busy with house chores after a day of work. It was weird that he felt like kin to me sometimes.

The extended hours of being in the same space made this feel almost real, as if we were really family.

I must've been bewitched to feel this way.

Shaking my head unconsciously with the intention of shaking all my thoughts out, I didn't notice until I accidentally cut my finger with the knife.

"Ouch..." My face crumpled, the knife fell onto the floor, and blood came oozing out from between the flesh.

In came Michael. When he saw the cut, his usual stoic dark eyes turned soft. "Why are you so clumsy? Are you okay?"

He sounded worried. Despite that, I wasn't sure if the kindness I saw in his eyes was just a delusion. Would a guy like him sincerely care for a casual sex partner?

"I wasn't paying attention," I explained softly.

"You idiot. Can't you be more careful?" A reprimand followed.

I started looking around for a Band-Aid, but he already had it in his hand.

"Thank you." When I tried to take it, he pulled his hand away, and before I had the chance to ridicule him, he offered to help. "Let me do it." He then took my hand, wiped off the blood, and sealed the wound carefully with the Band-Aid.

He did it so gently that I didn't even feel a pinch. I gaped at him as my mind became befuddled by his gentleness, though I must admit that his simplest act of kindness sent my heart fluttering.

Right then, I knew I had fallen for him, but I chose to live in denial, knowing that there'd be no future for us. I'd always tried to suppress my feelings, and that was why I wanted to break off from him.

If this relationship continued, I wasn't sure if I could stop the probable endearment towards him.