

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 187

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Sick people were always in their foulest mood. I would not have given Michael such an attitude if I were not ill.

“You caught a cold? This is so out of the blue.”

He reached out his palm and touched my forehead. A frown stitched on his forehead when he felt my temperature.

“Anyone can catch a cold anytime. Don’t you know that?”

I glared at him unhappily, recalling what happened earlier on.

I did not breathe a word to him because I knew he would turn the whole company upside down in search of the culprit, further inciting everyone against me.

“You get sick too easily. Some exercise will do you good,” he said without suspecting anything.

“Well, it’s not like I have time for that. Work is tiring enough already.”

I rolled my eyes and muttered my complaints. It was true that work was taxing. I felt tired every day after work. Exercising would be the last thing I wanted to do.

“You can still exercise at night if you don’t have time in the day. Having sex is good training too.”

A naughty smile curved on his lips as he eyed me.

Anger shot up in my heart when I finally understood what he meant.

I could not believe he could still crack a joke like this after knowing I was sick.

“You can exercise on your own if you like. I don’t have the energy for that.”

I was not feeling well, so I would definitely not join him tonight.

“But it’s not something I can do alone.”

Michael looked at me innocently as he sat down beside me.

I recoiled the moment he came closer. I was not in the mood to entertain him.

"I really need to sleep."

The dizziness in my head was so unbearable; sleeping was the only thing I wanted to do. I still had to work the next day.

Michael was vexed at my rejection, but after seeing me in such a state, he relented.

I went back to my room and knocked off right after I got in bed.

I had no idea how long I slept for, but when Michael woke me up again, I was still not well-rested.

"Stop it! Just let me sleep."

I tossed to another side and continued sleeping.

"Take some medication before you sleep now," he instructed sternly, "Or I'll strip you naked."

Having sex was the last thing I wanted to do, so I sat up.

"Come, take some med."

Michael passed me a tablet and a glass of water.

I took the glass from him quietly, moved by his kind gesture. I thought he woke me up because he wanted to sleep with me, but it turned out he just wanted to give me some medication.

From what I remembered, our house did not have any cold medication. Did he go out just to get them for me?

"You went out just now?"

I probed curiously, feeling an inexplicable warmth budding inside my heart.

"Of course. It'll be troublesome for me if you're sick for too long," he replied with a hint of annoyance.

His harsh words washed away the last bit of gratitude I felt toward him. Sometimes, I wondered why he just could not say something comforting.

Michael took the glass of water from me and placed it beside my bed after I was done.

“Get some rest. You can compensate me some other time.”

He lay his head beside mine and dozed off not long after.

I could never understand why he craved sex so much. He was sure to have things his way if I recovered tomorrow. Doesn't he ever get tired of it?

I puckered my lips and slept after he did.

When the alarm clock rang the next day, I was still feeling giddy. But, other than that slight discomfort, I was a lot better overall.

I moved my hand along the empty space beside me and figured Michael must have gone to work.

After washing up, I stopped by a cafe to get breakfast before going to the company by subway.

When I arrived at the company, I sensed the gloating stares of my colleagues drilling through me.

They probably knew about what happened to me yesterday.

Truth be told, I was indignant at their spite. However, since I was here to work, I decided to just brush my feelings aside.

I sat at my table and got ready to hand in yesterday's design draft to the editor. Yet, to my chagrin, the draft was nowhere to be found.

My heart started racing as I looked through all the documents on my table. I would never misplace such an important document.

“What's the matter, Anna?” Millie spotted my abnormal behavior and asked.

“Millie, did you see the draft I was working on yesterday?”

I was really getting anxious.

I spent days getting it done, and the client wanted to see the draft today. I simply could not afford to lose it at this point.

"I don't think I saw it. Did you leave it at home?"

Millie was also getting worried when she saw me poring over all the documents on my table. She even started looking for it with me.

"I'm sure it's here. I didn't bring it home."

Fear was eating me up on the inside. What should I do now?

At that point, I was sure many people were delighted at my plight.

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I scanned their faces and was positive that one of them must have done this to me.

I went in front of everyone and glared at them one after another. It was true that I did not want to confront them head-on, but my patience had its limits. That was my last straw.

I toiled for days to come up with the design. I would not let this slide.

"Who took it?"

I focused my gaze on a few women as I asked.

"What are you talking about? None of us is interested in what you're working on. You're the one who lost it. You can't blame us for that," one of them replied acridly.

"I know one of you did this. You'd better admit it before it's too late. You know how much this design plan means to me."

Seeing the unmistakable glee in their eyes, I told myself not to let my emotions take over.

"I really didn't see it. You can't just blame us for something we didn't do."

"Yeah, you can't do that. Besides, who knows if you actually finished it? Don't blame us for your incompetence."

All of them came together in unison to corner me.

“Mr. Shaw wants this document today. I’m sure he won’t let any of you go if he finds out one of you took it.”

Since they were not afraid of me, I decided to just use Michael’s name. Although they were all head over heels for him, Michael was still their boss. They knew what he was capable of when he was cross—Tiffany was a walking example.

Fright settled over their faces when I mentioned Michael, but they did not chicken out. They still refused to give me back the document.

“We said we didn’t do it. You can just go ahead and tell Mr. Shaw. Who do you think you are anyway? You’re just a rookie here. Having Mr. Shaw at your back means nothing to us.”

“What are you talking about? He’s just my superior and nothing more than that.”

I was enraged when they brought up Michael and my relationship. I had always been professional on all fronts when it came to working. I never once thought I was any more special than anyone else. They were the ones who kept picking a fight with me.

“Oh really? Then explain the way he talked to you yesterday! I dare say you’ve already slept with him!”

Their blatant remarks incited fury in my heart. I squeezed my fists, trying to control my anger.

“That’s none of your business. It seems to me that you’re the one who’s desperate to get him in your bed. Sadly, you don’t have what it takes.”

I was usually a calm and quiet person, but they went overboard today. I would not just sit and let them trample all over me.

The supervisor happened to come out when we were in an altercation. He was furious when he caught us fighting.

“What are y’all doing? Work quietly or pack your stuff and leave!”

Harry was a severe man in his mid-forties. Everyone at the office walked on eggshells whenever he was around.

“Mr. Doyle, Anna is the one who started it. She accused us of stealing her document.”

They went over to the supervisor and started pointing out my faults.

“Mr. Doyle, a document I was working on is missing. I think one of them took it.”

“Do you have any proof?”

Now that Harry was here, they decided to strike the iron while it was hot.

I could tell from their gleeful expression that they were the ones who took my document. Alas, it was true that I had no evidence.

“I knew it! She’s just trying to frame us. She’s doesn’t even have any solid proof. I demand an apology.”

Seeing I was rendered speechless, one of them stood forward and looked at me confidently.

I fell under everyone’s attention since all our colleagues heard our argument.

“Anna Garcia, do you have any proof that they are the ones who took your document?”

I could tell Harry was not pleased with me for wasting his time and obstructing everyone’s work.

“I don’t have any proof, but I’m sure it’s one of them.”

I did not see why that was even a question. I would not be fighting with them if I had any proof. Harry must not be in his right mind to even ask this, but I did not point that out because after all, he was still my supervisor.

A deep frown carved on his brows when he heard my answer. “Then how can you just blame people like that?”

Then, he turned toward the group of women. “Tell me, is it any of you?”

“Mr. Doyle, this is so unfair. We don’t even know what she’s talking about.”

Their tone instantly became skittish under Harry’s questioning glare.

“Anna Garcia, do you still have respect for all your colleagues? This is a workplace. I expect some professionalism from you.”

Harry still chose to believe them in the end. My blood was boiling. I knew I had to stand up for myself this time.

“Mr. Doyle, I can’t prove that it’s them. But neither can they prove that they didn’t do it either. You’re clearly taking their side.”

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“Anna Garcia! Is this how you talk to me?”

Harry was exasperated when I shouted at him.

“But that’s the truth!” I retaliated.

I looked at him in the eyes without backing down. I did not care if he was the supervisor.

“Do you know I can sack you right this second?”

Harry hurled threats at me because he felt humiliated when I yelled at him in front of everybody.

“And do y’all know I can fire all of you?” Michael’s voice came from behind all of a sudden. “What’s with all the ruckus early in the morning?”

Michael’s voice was cold and raspy.

Everyone looked away as he swept his gaze across the office. The women fell into silence and even the supervisor straightened his back.

I turned and looked at him with my eyes red.

“What happened?”

Michael turned toward me and asked without betraying any emotion in his voice.

I told him everything from the very beginning.

Michael’s eyes were burning with anger when I was done telling my story.

“So none of you took it?” His fierce glare sank through them as he interrogated the women.

They were shaking under Michael’s harsh questioning.

“No, we didn’t do it. Anna is the one who’s trying to set us up.”

The women came forward one by one and mumbled the same answer.

“Really?”

Michael’s gaze hardened as he scrutinized their faces.

“We really didn’t do it, Mr. Shaw...”

I could tell they were lying from how their voices trailed off weakly.

“Since y’all said no, then I’ll find it until I get it.”

I was touched seeing Michael standing up for me, but I could not dismiss the bugging thought of my colleagues finding out about our relationship.

Michael gestured at his secretary to start searching.

My gaze followed the secretary anxiously. I was genuinely afraid that the document was lost. The people from Benyx Corporation would be here anytime soon. They would definitely want to see the design during the meeting. It would be too late for me to start penning it all over again.

I clenched my fists as the search continued. It did not take long before the secretary located it in one of the drawers of the table.

When one of the women saw the secretary retrieving the document from her drawer, her face turned pale. Even her cronies started quivering in fear.

“So? Is it you, or is it not you?”

Michael took the document from his secretary and smirked.

The woman who turned out to be the main culprit could not even bring herself to look at Michael.

“What’s with the silence? You were so articulate just now.”

The smirk on Michael's face slowly faded as the rage in his eyes intensified.

Joyful Success was known for its strict discipline toward employees, so naturally, Michael was incensed by their actions.

"Mr. Shaw, we're just trying to pull Anna's leg. We really didn't mean it."

The woman had the audacity to say it was all just for fun.

"Do you think it's funny? I know you did this to me because you dislike me. You clearly knew I need this document for the meeting later, but you hid it deliberately. I don't see how this is funny."

I finally spoke my mind. Initially, I wanted to just let bygone be bygone and forget what happened yesterday, but what they did today was just too much.

"I'm sorry, Anna. We're really just trying to prank you. Please forgive us."

Those women were full of tricks and schemes. They knew Michael saw through their act now that he found out they took my document. He would not let them off unpunished, so their last resort was to beg for forgiveness from me.

They flocked around me and held my hand, pretending as if we were close friends. I looked at them repulsively, wondering how people could be so fake.

I ignored them and took the document from Michael before going back to my work desk. It was up to Michael how he wanted to deal with them. I had already proven that they were the ones at fault.

The women did not expect me to be so cold-hearted. They were now entirely under Michael's mercy.

"None of you are receiving your bonus this year. If something like this happens again, count yourself fired."

Michael spared them one last glance and walked into his office, leaving the women behind in shame.

Although Michael did not sack them, depriving them of their annual bonus was already enough of a punishment for them. Joyful Success' bonus was a huge sum and no one would lose it without feeling their skin peeled.

"What are y'all waiting for? Get back to work!"

Harry bellowed at them while the women were still recovering from the shock.

They looked at me spitefully before returning to their seats.

They were not friendly to me, to begin with, so there was no point trying to save them. I would readily do to them what they did to me if they continued the act.

By the time I finished sorting out the design plan, the representative from Benyx had arrived. It was the same female manager from last time.

I was not entirely glad to see her. After all, she asked Michael out for dinner the last time she came. I knew she wanted to have a chance with Michael, but he turned her down.

Despite my displeasure at her arrival, I still had to be friendly toward her since she was the company's client.

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With the file in my hand, I walked into Michael's office. When I entered his office, I saw that the pretty manager's hand was resting on Michael's shoulder, and they seemed to be very close to each other.

I felt a little uncomfortable at the sight of this. It seemed to me that Michael would take on any woman who came on to him. The last time when we were in the meeting room, he did not hesitate to decline this pretty manager's advances. Did he fall for her charms today?

"This is the advertising proposal for Benyx Group, Mr. Shaw," I said flatly as I placed the design draft in front of him.

"Ms. Light, please take a look at this and let us know your thoughts."

Michael glanced at me before he picked up the file and passed it to the pretty manager. Then, he discreetly brushed her hand off him.

"There's no need for me to look at it. I have full faith in Joyful Success."

She took the file without even glancing at it and placed it back on the table again. Then she moved closer to Michael and pouted her full red lips.

I couldn't bear seeing her getting so close to Michael. I was rather upset, but there was nothing that I could do about it. Anyway, I had no right to be upset because Michael and I were not in a relationship.

Michael appeared to be calm. Perhaps he had encountered this kind of scenario far too many times.

"Very well then, I won't keep you any longer, Ms. Light. I have other important matters to attend to."

Just like before, he asked her to leave.

"You've turned down my invitation to dinner the last time, Mr. Shaw. I doubt you will turn me down this time if I were to ask you out for dinner again. After all, a gentleman doesn't decline a woman's offer twice in a row."

It was obvious that she had yet to give up on Michael.

I cast Michael a nervous glance and was hoping that he would reject her. However, his answer this time around disappointed me.

"How can I let a beautiful woman pay for dinner? Dinner is on me tonight," Michael said with a faint smile as he looked at her.

As soon as he said that, my heart sank. He actually agreed to go for dinner with her. Can't he tell that she's coming on to him? Isn't it inappropriate for him to have dinner with another woman when he already has a girlfriend?

And even if he's single, he's got to think about me. Although we're not officially in a relationship, he has to take my feelings into consideration.

"Okay then. I'll send you the address of the restaurant shortly. Don't be late, Mr. Shaw."

She was pleasantly surprised for a second before she beamed at him. She probably did not expect Michael to agree so quickly.

"Don't worry. I won't be late, Ms. Light. I'll get back to my work now."

After Michael said that, he picked up the file and looked at it. Evidently, he was telling her that it was time for her to leave.

"In that case, I won't bother you any further. I'll see you tonight."

She didn't seem to mind that she was being asked to leave as she was still on cloud nine after he agreed to have dinner with her.

She flashed him a smile and walked out of Michael's office as her high heels clicked across the floor.

Michael and I were the only ones left in his office. I glared at him and wanted to vent out my frustration, but I was at a loss for words.

He's gone too far. How could he agree to have dinner with that woman?

Sensing that I was still standing there, he lifted his head and stared at me with a deep frown marring his face. "Why are you still here? Don't you have work to do?"

"Are you really going to have dinner with Ms. Light tonight?" I asked sullenly as I looked into his eyes.

"Is there a problem?"

Michael raised his eyebrows and gave me a puzzled look.

"Isn't it inappropriate for you to have dinner with another woman when you already have a girlfriend? Moreover, you have me..."

I trailed off. I was afraid that Michael could hear it in my voice, then he would be able to tell that I had fallen for him.

"Are you jealous, Anna?"

Michael sneered at me and his face cracked into a smile.

"No, I'm not. I just think that you shouldn't go," I lowered my head and answered reluctantly.

Yes, I'm jealous. I don't want him to get too close to another woman. I was upset, but I couldn't say what was on my mind.

I had no idea why Michael was treating me this way. What if I said what was on my mind? That would anger him for sure.

"Ms. Light is my client. It's just social dinner."

Michael didn't change his mind. He had his heart set on going for dinner with Ms. Light.

"I think she likes you, and dinner is just a way for her to get closer to you."

A woman's intuition is always right. I could tell by the way Ms. Light looked at Michael. She definitely had the intention to develop a relationship with Michael.

I believed a smart man like Michael would be able to see that. Still, he did not decline her offer for a dinner date. Does it mean that he's into developing a relationship with her too?

"That's enough. This is my personal affair. Get back to your work."

Seeing how I reacted, Michael grew impatient and ordered me out of his office. He stopped talking and ignored me by burying himself in work.

I knew it was not my place to say those things to Michael, but I was rather hurt when he said it was his personal affair.

In fact, I was berating myself. I knew that Michael's actions had nothing to do with me, but I still felt uncomfortable to see another woman getting close to him.

I turned around to leave his office and returned to my seat. I couldn't concentrate on my work when my mind was on Michael's dinner date with another woman.

What if they drink too much and have sex afterward?

The more I thought about it, the more upset I became. It seemed like he would take any woman into his arms as long as she came on to him.

I sighed in exasperation and told myself to snap out of it. Instead of focusing on Michael, I ought to focus more on myself and live for myself. I shouldn't lose myself in a relationship that was doomed from the start.

Just when I was about to get off work, my phone rang. It was Ronan on the line.

Upon seeing the caller's name, I let out a helpless sigh before I answered the phone.