

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 118

His words reminded me about the slaps bestowed on me earlier. Although I hadn't had the time to look into the mirror, I knew that my face was red and swollen. I probably looked really ugly.

Thinking of my miserable appearance, I felt the urge to hide from Michael.

My cheek was still burning as the pain hadn't yet subsided. Holding my cheek with one hand, I wanted to leave immediately.

"You're really something, landing yourself in the police station like that. I severely underestimated your guts."

Michael took out a tube of ointment from the first aid kit. After squeezing some out on a cotton swab, he turned to face me.

When his hand neared me, I instinctively evaded it, not wanting to let him touch me.

Michael frowned when I kept dodging him. "Don't move!" he commanded.

He was born with a domineering personality. Upon hearing his command, I instantly sat still. For some reason, I always listened to him like this, even when things had ended between the two of us.

He used the cotton swab to spread the ointment evenly on my cheek. The cooling sensation effectively alleviated some of the pain.

My heart fluttered when I noticed how gentle he was, as if he was afraid of hurting me.

"It's fine. I can do it myself."

Because we were already considered strangers, the sudden intimacy greatly unsettled me.

I reached out to take the cotton swab from his hand, but he evaded me.

"Look what happened after leaving me, Anna. If it weren't for me, you'd still be stuck at the police station!" Michael chided, obviously enraged.

I frowned at him unhappily. It's not like my arrest affected him in any way. Why is he even mad?

This man was a puzzle. I simply couldn't figure him out, and I didn't know he regarded me as a stranger like I did him.

"What happened today was merely an accident. Besides, Natalie and I weren't in the wrong. They were the ones who started it but blamed it on us instead!"

Natalie and I were obviously the victims. Yet, we ended up being slapped like that. At the thought of this, a wave of anger swelled in me.

But there was consolation in knowing that John and that woman received their due retribution.

Thanks to Michael's timely appearance, Michael and I were released. Although I didn't want to have anything to do with him anymore, I appreciated his help.

With a sullen look on his face, Michael continued applying ointment on my cheek wordlessly.

Since he didn't speak, neither did I. Hence, we fell into an awkward silence. After all, we were once in a sexual relationship. Now that we had become estranged, it was inevitable we'd feel somewhat awkward around each other.

Soon, he was done applying the ointment for me. He seemed to be very quiet today, and I couldn't find a suitable topic to talk about either.

This was the first time we were in such close proximity after ending our relationship. Being this close to him made me feel very restless, and every fiber in my body was yelling for me to flee.

"Thank you for your help today, Mr. Shaw. It's getting late now. I should get going."

It was already close to two in the morning. It wasn't a good idea to be in the same space as the opposite gender, especially one whom I used to be sexually intimate with.

He scowled at me when he heard that I wanted to leave. Then, he stood up and ordered impassively, "Stay here for the night. I'll send you back tomorrow."

"N-No. It's fine. I should go back now. I'm worried about Natalie. I wanna go back and check on her."

Michael had always been a callous person. Not to mention, he kept targeting me at every turn during the past few days. When he suddenly showered concern and care on me, I couldn't help but suspect that he wanted sex again.

But even if that was what he wanted, I wouldn't be able to satisfy him anymore. Since it was already over between the two of us, sleeping with him was out of the question.

"Don't make me repeat myself. My patience has its limits!"

He whipped around and stared me down. From the slight growl in his voice, I knew that he was starting to get impatient.

His mesmerizing eyes were like two whirlpools capable of sucking me in. Faced with his imposing stature, my heart pounded in my chest uncontrollably.

I got to my feet and forced myself to maintain eye contact with him before saying solemnly, "Mr. Shaw, you're my boss. If you have needs, you should look for other women. I can't satisfy you anymore."

Besides sex, I couldn't think of another reason he'd want me to stay. From what I knew, this man would only display gentleness when he wanted sex.

Almost instantly, Michael grasped the meaning of my words. With a disdainful expression, he retorted, "Your face is swollen like a pig. Do you think I'd still be attracted to you?"

I was immediately rendered inarticulate by his reply. What was I thinking? I probably look like sh*t now.

Michael is a man with very high standards when it comes to sex. He probably won't even be able to get it up with my face looking like this.

I immediately dismissed my initial suspicion after hearing his reply. But I became even more perplexed as to why he wanted me to stay. We were only ever bed partners. Now that we weren't even that, there was no reason for us to remain in contact.

“Then why do you want me to stay?”

I tilted my head at him quizzically.

Michael shot me an annoyed look and spat, “You talk too much!”

With that, he ignored me and walked straight into the bedroom.

When I stayed here previously, I used to sleep in the bedroom together with him. However, things were different now, so the bedroom was off limits.

Knowing that I wouldn’t be able to leave without his permission, I accepted defeat and lay on the couch, deciding to rest here for the night.

After all the drama from earlier, I was tired to the bone and wanted nothing more than to curl up and allow sleep to take over me. But at the thought of Michael being just a short distance away, I couldn’t seem to fall asleep.

As I tossed and turned on the couch, my treacherous mind drifted to him, wondering if he was asleep.

When sleep remained far from my reach, I sat up from the couch in frustration. As I watched time tick by on my phone, I hoped for morning to arrive sooner. This way, I would be free from the stress of being near Michael.