

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 121

Michael was on the verge of flying into a rage, and I wondered if his fist was going to land on me the next second.

I initially thought he was a very chivalrous man, and that despite being hot-tempered and indifferent, hitting women was where he drew the line. But at the police station earlier, I saw him hit a woman with my own eyes. What he said about not having any qualms hitting women made me worry that I'd be his next victim.

The ferociousness of this man was beyond my imagination. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared.

I blanched in horror and could only shake my head in a daze.

Yuval and I were officially together, but I didn't want our relationship to develop too quickly. I had never even considered having sex with Yuval.

After getting my answer, the rage in Michael's eyes faded slightly, but I could still feel his chilly aura surrounding me.

"You're mine, Anna. Remember that!" he said domineeringly.

Without giving me the chance to speak, he tore off my clothes, and the sound of fabric ripping resounded through the room.

Half an hour later, both of us were on our backs, gasping for breath.

Despite having his release, one of Michael's hands was still teasing my body.

I smacked his hand away and shot him a withering look.

"Stop glaring at me like that. You're already ugly enough as it is."

Michael was in a much better mood right then. The animosity from earlier was nowhere in sight.

Knowing how mercurial he could get, I wasn't all that surprised by the sudden change in his behavior anymore.

"Since you think I'm ugly, why did you still want me? And how did you still get it up, huh?" I retorted in annoyance.

Michael had already called me ugly several times in a single day. I knew that my swollen face wasn't the prettiest sight to behold, but he didn't have to keep emphasizing it. No woman would want to be called ugly, especially by a man she just slept with!

"I almost couldn't climax," Michael said bluntly while looking into my eyes, not at all embarrassed by his own words.

"Can you be anymore shameless, Michael? Is there anything you can't say? You have no filter whatsoever!"

When in bed, Michael could say the crudest of things and still be able to keep a straight face. I highly suspected he had a face as thick as an iron wall.

“If you wanna hear more, I’m happy to oblige.”

He obviously knew I was reprimanding him, but instead of getting mad, he looked at me with mischief in his eyes.