

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 36

He kissed me so skilfully that my brain went blank and I unwittingly responded to his every move. For a while, the atmosphere in the car was filled with sexual tension.

He released me after a long time and I opened my eyes only to be lost in his deep and intense gaze.

Even at such a short distance, he looked so perfect in every way that it was impossible to find any flaws. Justin could not even begin to compare to him.

I had thought that Justin was near perfect, but after meeting Michael, I realized that the former was far from it.

Nevertheless, no matter how great Michael was, it had nothing to do with me. We were just partners in bed and that kind of relationship wasn't something to be proud of. The notion that we could be something more sounded preposterous. Besides, he was wealthy and way out of my league. As such, I had never dared to hope for someone like him, for he did not belong to my class.

"Please, do continue to ogle at me until you're satisfied."

Michael's low and sexy voice sounded in my ears as he smirked and teased me.

His voice brought me back to my senses and I realized that this was the second time I had lost myself staring at him. I felt so embarrassed that I wished the ground would just open up and swallow me whole.

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

Avoiding his eyes, I mumbled a few words and opened the car door to get off.

Even after leaving the parking lot, my heart was still beating erratically. Michael's kiss had stirred up ripples in the stillness of my heart.

The surgery in the afternoon went smoothly without any mishaps and the weight in my heart was finally lifted.

In the following days, Dad's health recovered quickly. Nevertheless, he did have an operation, so it was only natural that he would need more time to recuperate.

I would come to the hospital to take care of Dad at night after coming off from work. For some reason, Michael seemed to have vanished into thin air ever since we met at the parking lot. He never contacted me again.

Every time I thought back to the kiss we shared, there would always be an indescribable feeling surging in my heart.

There has been no recent contact from him and our relationship seems to be non-existent. For some reason, I feel saddened about that. But on the other hand, I should be happy. After all, we were just partners in bed, albeit not willingly on my part. If he forgets me then this will be the end of our transaction.

My life resumed to the way it was. A week later, Dad's recovery was well on the way and he was discharged from the hospital. I had wanted to rent a house for Dad and Mom to stay but they were used to village life and insisted on returning there. I could only compromise as I could not convince them.

The head of the department in my company was a forty-year-old man named Conrad Skeete. He had a beer belly and a balding head. From the first day I entered the company, I felt his lustful gaze constantly lingering on me.

I had always hated being stared at by men, especially by a middle-aged man with a pudgy face. But since he did not do anything to me, I could not find fault with him.

After all, one could lose a job by offending one's superiors, so I had to tolerate his gaze.

However, on one particular day, he crossed the line and infuriated me.

I was sitting at my desk, carefully sorting through the documents when Conrad knocked on my desk and looked at me with a smile. "Anna, bring the shampoo advertisement design to my office."

With his puffy face, Conrad's triangular eyes were zeroed in on my breasts with a lecherous gaze that irritated me. Feeling uneasy, I adjusted my dress and replied faintly, "Sure, I'll deliver it to your office right away."

This was how it went in the workplace. We had to tolerate what we could. It was not easy to find a job suited to us. As such, I cherished the opportunity to work in Joyful Success after trying so hard to get the job.

I had seen through Conrad's motives being impure since long ago but I thought that as long as he did nothing too brazen, I could endure it. After all, he merely looked at my breasts without doing anything to me.

Seeing Conrad walking into the office, I frowned in annoyance as I was very reluctant. Nevertheless, work came first even if I did not like him.

I retrieved the draft for the shampoo advertisement I recently planned and walked to Conrad's office.

I knocked on the door and went in after he answered.

"This is the design information you want. Please see if there is anything that needs to be modified."

I handed the file to Conrad but when he received the documents, he deliberately held my hand.

"Anna, I'm sure I won't need to check your design. After all, your talents speak for themselves. You've only been here for a month but your advertising creativity is many times better than others. I have high hopes for you."

While saying this, Conrad touched the back of my hand with his and started stroking it.

Feeling disgusted, I withdrew my hand immediately. At the same time, my expression darkened.

"Please have some respect."

My impression of Conrad had always been one of repulsion. Before, he had just looked at me lustfully without doing anything.

However, what he did just now had truly angered me.

“Anna, I’ll be frank with you. From the first day you arrived, I thought you were beautiful and talented. If I’d given you a few more opportunities, you’d have no problem getting a raise or a promotion.

When Conrad said this, he sounded rather proud and arrogant. His tone was as if he owned Joyful Success.

However, in reality, he was just a small department head so there was no way he would have so much authority. At most, he could decide the bonuses for the staff in his department. It was most certainly not in his power to promote or increase the salary of staff members. Obviously, he thought that I was ignorant of such rules and that he could fool me.

If I was a newcomer to the workplace, I might have been fooled by him, but since I had been with an advertising agency for a few years before, I was quite familiar with this area.

“Mr. Skeete, thank you for your kindness. I will try my best. But please take a look at this document first. If there is something wrong, I can modify it.”

I pretended not to understand the underlying meaning of Conrad’s words and simply looked at him indifferently while speaking in a neutral tone.

“Don’t you understand what I mean? I didn’t ask you to come in here to talk about design ideas. I want you to be my woman. If you serve me well, there would be no need for you to work so hard in the future. I’ll give the work to others and you can have all the credit.