

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 43

As though chagrined that I had covered myself up, Michael chided me placidly with a quirked brow. “Um... It’s late, so I should head to work now. Otherwise, I’ll be late,” I blurted in a panic, simply making up an excuse.

I didn’t dare look into his eyes anymore, for they seemed capable of perceiving everything. Every time I locked gazes with him, I couldn’t help feeling flustered.

“You’re working at Joyful Success?” I thought that he would say something risqué again, but he unexpectedly changed the subject without warning.

I was taken aback for a moment. When I snapped back to my senses, I truthfully answered, “Yeah.”

When his brows furrowed slightly, panic engulfed me. “I don’t have any ulterior motive working at Joyful Success. I only want a better platform to further my career. Don’t worry, I won’t cling to you because of such a thing,” I hurriedly explained.

Men from the elite classes like him were most averse to women using various methods to get close to them. I was worried that he would think the same of me, thus I promptly clarified things.

I really need this job now, so I can’t lose it because of our relationship! Even though Dad has had a heart stent surgery, his health is no longer what it used to be. Just for that reason alone, I’ve got to support this family!

“Why are you so panicked? Did I say anything?” Clocking my frantic expression, Michael cocked an eyebrow and regarded me with mirth.

I breathed much easier upon seeing that he wasn’t angry.

Nonetheless, I still looked at him apprehensively and asked, “You’re not going to ask me to leave Joyful Success, are you? I really need this job.”

“Do you think I’m such a narrow-minded person? You’re my woman now, so there’s nothing wrong with you working at my company. However, don’t forget your promise to me back then. You’re not allowed to tell anyone about our relationship.” Michael’s assurance had my heart settling back into my chest. But his final reminder caused a sense of melancholy to envelop

me.

Honestly speaking, I never planned on telling anyone that I was acquainted with him. Even so, I was perturbed when he said that.

“I know. I won’t tell anyone about our relationship, so don’t worry,” I replied placidly as I lowered my eyes.

At the sight of my sudden disappointment, Michael frowned slightly and seemingly grew a touch irritated as well.

Subsequently, silence reigned, making the atmosphere grow awkward.

“Can you please retrieve my clothes for me?” I asked once more, turning to look at him. “I need to go to work now.” Then, I shifted slightly. Despite having rested for a night, my nether region still ached slightly.

My brows creased slightly. In the next moment, my face inexorably flushed bright red again when our frantic lovemaking last night flashed across my mind.

“Are you sore?”

Seemingly having noticed my fidgeting, Michael frowned, and he even sounded as though he was concerned about me.

“Yeah, perhaps we did it overly long last night, so I’m feeling a bit sore down there,” I murmured, blushing hotly.

Actually, I didn’t really want to discuss such an intimate subject with him, but the words inadvertently tumbled out of my mouth.

“Can I take it that you’re complimenting me on my stamina?”

Although I was speaking of my soreness, its meaning got twisted when it fell into Michael’s ears.

Stumped, I looked at him speechlessly.

Well, well... Only now did I realize that not only is he domineering, but he’s also narcissistic. I’ve never heard of anyone patting himself on the back for having strong stamina! Ah well, since he’s speaking the truth, I’ll just let it go.

I turned my head a fraction to the side, not wanting to talk to him further.

“There’s a soothing salve in the first-aid kit. I’ll go get it for you.”

To my surprise, he wasn’t offended when I remained mum. After saying that mildly, he flipped the covers and got out of bed, walking over to the cabinet by the window to retrieve the first-aid kit.

He was entirely naked, and I couldn’t help but admit that his figure was indeed superb. He was neither plump nor skinny, his eight-pack abs and Apollo’s belt a feast to the eyes.

As my gaze traveled down, I glimpsed the magnificent manhood between his legs. It was now standing at attention, its size far more impressive beyond my imagination.

Reluctantly, I averted my gaze. My soreness down there is all thanks to his manhood. It’s no wonder that I’m hurting since he tortured me for the better half of the night!

A blush stained my cheeks, and I didn’t dare look at him anymore. After all, it was very embarrassing to stare intently at a man’s groin.

“Feel free to continue looking if you want to do so. I don’t mind.”

Just when my heart was racing and my gaze darting around, Michael’s voice drifted into my ears.

All at once, I averted my gaze in a panic. Oh God, he actually noticed me watching him earlier! I wonder what he’s thinking about me!

“Why would I want to look at you? It’s your fault for getting out of bed without a stitch. I mean, it’s only natural for me to glance at it since that part of you is so conspicuous.”

While my face had long since gone as red as a tomato, I still feigned a nonchalant expression since I hated being teased about such a thing.

‘Ill take that as you saying that I’m big enough, then. So, how do I compare to Justin Xenakis? Is my stamina superior to him?’

A smug smile bloomed on Michael’s face when he heard my remark. He then strutted toward me. The words out of his mouth, however, had my expression turning cold at once.

“What did you mean by that, Michael? I’ve already made it clear to you the previous time that I’ve never been intimate with Justin. Do you still not believe me?”

I glowered at him. He has already questioned me about this back then, and I’ve already explained it to him. So why is he mentioning Justin again out of the blue? Does he still not believe me?

At the direction of my thoughts, the anger within me surged. While I didn’t mind how he perceived me, I loathed the feeling of being wrongly accused.

Likely realizing that I was truly peeved, Michael didn’t continue speaking of that. His tone softened as he coaxed, “I was just joking. Do you need to get up in arms? Anna, if my memory serves, you don’t care what others think of you.”

He had already returned to the bed when he said that. Instead of looking into my eyes, he was rummaging the first-aid kit for the salve.

“I don’t care what you think of me, but I don’t want others to misunderstand me.” I regarded him indifferently, my voice tinged with a layer of frost.

However, my words garnered no reaction from him. In fact, he acted as though he didn’t even hear me. For some reason, an inexplicable spark of anger ignited at the sight of his apathetic expression. What exactly is his stance here? Does he believe me or not?

“Spread your legs.” Michael turned and looked at me with an imperturbable expression.

“What?”