

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 44

I was startled for a moment. When I registered his meaning, my eyes went wide in shock. At the sight of my astonished expression, Michael frowned in consternation.

'I said to spread your legs. Did you not understand me?' he ordered once more.

Keeping my legs tightly pressed together, I eyed him warily. No way! I'm not wearing anything down there, not even panties! He'll be able to see everything if I were to spread my legs!

At that thought, the anxiety within me multiplied. Although I had always been a brazen woman in his eyes, I really couldn't bring myself to show the most private part of me to a man, especially when I wasn't all that familiar with the said man and had only been intimate with him a few times.

"W-Why do you want me to do so?"

I regarded him warily, my expression turning awkward as I spoke.

"So that I can apply the salve, of course. Where did your mind go? Anna, don't tell me you were hoping that I'd take you again?"

Michael stared at me with a raised brow, his words layered with an underlying meaning.

Naturally, I understood the implication of his words. The moment I realized that he only intended to apply the salve on me, my face instantly flushed bright red. Oh... I thought he wanted to do it again...

"My mind wasn't in the gutter. I'm innocent, okay?" I countered guiltily, turning my reddened face to the side.

In actual fact, my mind indeed went there earlier. However, no woman would actually admit it before a man.

"Do you really think you're innocent? Your expression just now betrayed your thoughts. I never knew that you're so depraved, Anna."

Michael curled his lips, not believing my explanation the slightest bit. He was dead certain that my mind was in the gutter earlier.

"Forget it since you don't believe me. It's late, so I've got to go to work."

Not wanting to discuss that topic with him anymore, I made to get up and retrieve my clothes after saying that.

Alas, it seemed that Michael had no plans of allowing me to leave. Flipping over, he pinned me beneath him and easily parted my legs with his massive hand.

In the blink of an eye, I felt a breeze brushing against my ladyparts. At that, I frantically yanked the covers over myself.

My gosh, isn't he the slightest bit embarrassed to look at my body so boldly? How could he?

"Hold still. If you continue wriggling, I don't mind taking you again."

Michael's brows creased in displeasure upon seeing me squirm, and his voice carried a hint of threat.

Hearing that, I immediately held still and no longer dared to twitch even a muscle. After all, he wasn't a person who made empty threats. He had "tortured" me more than enough last night, so I would definitely feel worse if he were to take me again.

I stopped struggling for my own sake and allowed him to apply the salve on me. As I lay in bed, the thought of him having seen all of me struck, and I was seized by the urge to jump off the nearest building.

Ugh! What the hell kind of melodramatic plot is this that it'd actually happen to me? I'm not filming a television series here! My life has been a shitshow ever since Justin cheated on me, and things that happened recently are truly incredulous, especially my relationship with Michael. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever imagined that I'd be involved with a big shot like him.

While my thoughts were wandering, Michael had already applied the salve on me. The cool sensation soothed that part of me significantly, and it didn't sting anymore. But at the thought that Michael had now seen all of me, I still couldn't help flushing.

I didn't even dare make the slightest sound, much less move. After a very long time, Michael was finally done applying the salve.

I breathed a long sigh of relief, but I no longer dared to look at him.

'It's nothing serious, just slightly swollen. It'll be fine after applying some salve,' Michael murmured placidly as he placed the salve back into the first-aid kit.

"Okay, I got it," I replied in a whisper.

I turned my face to the side, embarrassed to look at him further.

Wrapping the blanket around myself, I then headed to the living room to retrieve my clothes. Alas, my clothes were gone from the couch, and two housekeepers were cleaning in the living room right then.

When the housekeepers spotted me, they were both visibly surprised. Meanwhile, I was gripped by the urge to crawl into a hole at the speculation in their gazes. What the hell? Michael didn't tell me he has housekeepers!

"G-Good morning... May I know if you've seen my clothes?"

Despite my stark embarrassment, I still bit the bullet and greeted the two housekeepers.

"I think I put them in with the laundry, but they're still drying now."

That reply from one of the housekeepers had me on the verge of tears. Good heavens! What am I going to wear if my clothes are now hanging to dry? I've got to get to work now, or I'm going to be late!

While I was panicking, Michael was already done with his shower and had come downstairs. At that moment, he was wearing a robe with the sash casually knotted at the waist. It hung on him loosely, revealing a huge part of his chest.

"Michael, my clothes have been laundered! What should I wear now?"

My gaze flew to him anxiously. Glancing at the time, I grew all the more frantic. Ugh! All my colleagues in the company are now gossiping about me, so who knows what kind of rumors are going to surface if I were late to work?

“In that case, just go without clothes.” Michael merely shrugged at my question, not at all bothered.

He sauntered to the couch in the living room and sat down. At once, a housekeeper brought a cup of coffee over and carefully placed it on the coffee table in front of him.

“I’m going to be late for work, and it’ll result in my pay being docked!”

I glared at Michael in vexation. Damn it! He doesn’t need to worry about whether he’s late for work since he’s the boss, but I’m only an ordinary employee. As such, I still need to consider my pay. Besides, everyone in my department is now trying their best to pick fault with me, so I’ve got to be very careful. After all, I might be dismissed for the slightest infraction!

‘Ill compensate the difference in pay. Can you please stop being so cheap, Anna?’ Michael eyed me contemptuously, his gaze brimming with annoyance. He probably thought that I was a stingy woman right then.

‘That’s different, okay? The money you give me and the money I earn myself are two different things entirely. Furthermore, I can’t make the slightest mistake now. Otherwise, I’ll most likely be dismissed.’

Recalling what my department head, Conrad, had done to me, disgust inexorably welled up within me once more.