

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 53

Michael frowned upon hearing my blunt words and gave me a disapproving look. I could understand his displeasure, as men had always liked innocent women.

I expected him to lecture me further, but surprisingly, he started the car and resumed driving again.

I was relieved, although I had to admit I also felt a sense of loss. Time and again, he kept reminding me of the nature of our relationship.

I gloomily looked out of the window. I was upset even though I knew I was not entitled to feel that way. Michael had made his position very clear when he promised me the two hundred thousand.

Men could treat sex as a purely biological need, but to women, we always had emotions invested in the men we sleep with.

What happened between us would be deemed a transaction to Michael. When he had enough of my body and could derive no pleasure from it anymore, things would be over between us.

Just as I was brooding, Michael surprised me by saying, "I have not slept with another woman after I started sleeping with you."

Is he trying to explain himself?

I was stunned and turned around to look at him. His handsome face was expressionless, and he kept his eyes glued to the road.

"Ok." That was the only response I could come up with. I was very emotional, but his earlier warning was still fresh on my mind, so I would not dare to go any further.

Soon, we arrived at a neighborhood near Joyful Success, and Michael brought me to a small three-bedroom apartment.

Of course, it was much smaller and basic compared to Michael's mansion, but it was a cozy apartment.

I curiously looked around the apartment, wondering why he brought me there. Is this another residence of his? I quickly dismissed that thought. After all, he was a CEO and accustomed to living in a mansion.

After checking out the place, I turned to him and asked, "What is this place, Michael?"

"This apartment is for you. In the future, when I have the urge, I will call you in advance, and you will wait for me here." Michael looked at me and emphatically stated the purpose of the apartment.

My expression froze and I was lost for words.

"Here is the key to this apartment. In the future, you'll meet me here when I call for you. Or, you can move in and stay here." I got the jitters and instinctively refused the key he handed to me.

"I think there is no such necessity, right? We can go to a motel when you have the need. Those motels are cheap, just a hundred or so every time."

Michael and I were just friends with benefits. If I accepted the key, I would become his kept woman, which greatly differed from what we agreed on.

I was already ashamed about this casual sexual relationship with Michael. My pride would not allow me to be his kept woman.

“Anna, do you expect me to book a motel room every time I want to have sex with you?” Michael retorted. His face fell, and I was given a death stare. By then, I had a better understanding of this man and knew he was mad.

Much as I wished to explain myself, his piercing stare made me nervous and speechless. I knew he would be infuriated if I did not accept the key.

“Can I not take it?” I asked hesitantly, looking apprehensively into his expressionless eyes.

“What do you think? Do you even have the right to reject it?” he raised his voice to challenge, his eyebrow raised in disapproval.

I knew he would not accept no as an answer.

Michael had always been domineering. His orders were meant to be obeyed, not challenged.

I was intimidated and could only receive the key from his hand resignedly.

“Call me in advance when you need me here in the future. I won’t be staying here so as not to raise any suspicion.”

Natalie was a smart girl and could definitely tell something was fishy if I moved out of our apartment. I did not want her to know about the deal I had with Michael. It was a shameful relationship, and I was worried she would despise me if she knew about it.

Michael’s eyes were flashing anger and he was silently staring at me, his brows knotted in a deep frown

I believed if he were to gift an apartment to any of those social butterflies hovering around him, she would happily accept it and wait on him hand and foot. He had gotten used to having such women around him, always eager to please him. He took it for granted women should idolize a man like him.

My unusual reaction probably puzzled him, or he might have gotten the wrong impression that I was playing hard to get.

I was not trying to imply he was a petty man, but my past encounters with him had clearly shown me he was not a forgiving man either. He looked like a mature and poised gentleman. However, he hid his emotions too well, and I could not read his mind at all.

I was about to crumble under his powerful aura when he finally spoke. “As you wish,” he scoffed and then headed into the bathroom.

I breathed a sigh of relief. I was always tense in his presence as his aura was too intimidating. Small fries like me should keep a distance from powerful big shots like Michael. It would do me no good hanging around him.

I could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom. As Michael showered, I sat there in the hall pondering when my shameful relationship with him would end.

I was no longer young, and the only wish my parents had was for me to marry a good man. They got more anxious after I broke off with Justin.

I yearned to get married too, although I lost my faith in love after Justin's betrayal. I realized belatedly that those sweet words and promises were lies men used to sweet-talk us, and they meant nothing to them.