

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 54

I was past the age of blindly pursuing love, but my parents wished to see me get married, and I could not bear to let them down. I wanted to settle down with a good man too.

I had wasted seven years of my youth on Justin, and I could not afford to squander my remaining youth. My ex-classmates were all married with kids. Even Natalie had found herself a boyfriend, so I was the only singleton left. Sometimes, when I was feeling down, I realized I had no one to confide in. That made me feel like I was the loneliest person on earth.

I did not have the wishful dream of being swept off my feet by a prince charming. All I wanted was a reliable man who could spare me a listening ear when I needed one.

I decided I had to find the opportunity to discuss this issue with Michael. Although he had proposed an open relationship with me, I had no plans to stay in such a relationship for long.

Just as my mind was wandering, the sound of running water stopped, and Michael walked out of the bathroom.

He was topless and only had a towel wrapped around his waist, his sculptured chest in full view.

He had water droplets on his tanned chest, and his hair was dripping wet too. He looked wild and sexy.

Much as I had a conservative upbringing, I could not help but stare at this alluring sight.

I had to admit Michael was a gem, both in terms of looks and built. Countless women in Avenport would be delighted to sleep with him.

He was drying his hair with a towel, and he had this gift of making every little move mesmerizing.

He walked toward me and threw the towel he was using next to me.

He had a sly smile on his face. He bent down and whispered flirtatiously in my ear, "You no longer hide the fact that you are ogling at my body, do you, Anna?"

His deep sensuous voice made my heart skip a beat. I hurriedly turned away from him.

"Get over yourself! I had already played with that body of yours multiple times, so what is the big deal with just taking a look at it?"

I could not let him gain the upper hand despite being deeply embarrassed by myself. Although I was conservative, I had a sharp tongue and would not lose out in an argument. I could not afford to use prim and proper language with indiscreet men like Michael.

His expression froze momentarily, but his wicked smile resurfaced in no time.

"No big deal, of course! We both should get our needs met. If you wish to, I can let you look to your heart's content."

With that, he stood up straight and stretched out his hand to remove the towel around his waist.

I let out a small scream and instinctively covered my eyes with my hands.

Crazy guy! He really would do or say anything and has no regard for other's feelings.

I hid away for a while but sensing something was amiss, I parted my fingers and peeped.

Michael still had the towel around his waist, and he was looking mockingly at me. I realized he played a prank on me!

"How dare you fool me, Michael!" I glared at him. I never knew an intimidating monster like him had this mischievous side to him.

"Anna, I realized you are only good at dirty talking. You are like a dead fish when it comes to the real act. You could not even manage to do it in a different position."

My anger turned to embarrassment the moment he said that.

Indeed, I was crude-mouthed with him, hoping that the promiscuous impression would turn him off and end our relationship.

I did not expect him to see through that tough act of mine.

However, I was offended by the dead fish comparison he made about me.

I bet you had never seen a dead fish with such a beautiful body as mine!

"You are really impressive then! Imagine being turned on by a dead fish!" I mocked him in return.

I may be inexperienced and not skillful in bed, but it was maddening to be called a dead fish.

"You are absolutely right. It would take a lot to make you an expert, but I am impressive in my sexual skills, so you will also blossom under my guidance."

He came near me again with that sly smile, and his eyes were sparkling, excited.

I was speechless, deeply embarrassed by his suggestive words.

How shameless of him! Did he think I went for him to learn sex skills so I could become a sl*t?

I was glaring at him, but he seemed oblivious to that. The smile was intact on his charming face, and he appeared to be genuinely pleased.

"Why are you still rooted here? Go get a shower. Or are you waiting for me to do that for you?" he cheekily teased.

His eyes were fixed on my breast, and I could tell from his voice that he was already aroused.

He had a high sex drive, and I knew he did not have much patience when it came to that matter. I was still mad at being fooled by him earlier, so I decided to revenge by playing hard to get.

"I am not feeling too well today. Can we skip it for today? I will make it up to you the next time, okay?"

My mood for intimacy was also dampened, as he had been reminding me of the true nature of our relationship several times in the evening.

"Things that I wanted to be done today would never be postponed to another day. I have set my sight on you for tonight, Anna, he said, brushing my request aside. When he had the urge for it, he would not care if I was in the mood for it.

I was a little frustrated at his domineering attitude.
Why does he think his wish is a command?

“Anna, if you don’t get going, I seriously do not mind bathing you myself. I would love to have a session in the bathroom.”