

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 69

The clothes hanging in the dressing room were all suits and shirts. Even the shoes in there were almost all black leather shoes.

Well, well... almost all his clothes are suits. In fact, I don't see any casual clothes at all.

I randomly snagged one of Michael's white shirts and promptly put it on.

My shirt wasn't fit to be worn anymore, so I could only make do with his shirt. After all, I couldn't possibly go about his house in my birthday suit.

His shirt was very big, so it fell to mid thigh on me. While it appeared rather odd, it was far better than my torn shirt.

When I went downstairs, Michael was sitting in the living room with his legs crossed elegantly. As I looked at him from afar, I could sense the innate regality he exuded.

Hearing my footsteps, he glanced over his shoulder. The moment he saw that I was wearing his shirt, his alluring brows creased deeply.

Gazing into his eyes, I suddenly remembered that he had mysophobia. Could it be that the look in his eyes now is of reproach because I'm wearing his shirt?

"My shirt is torn, so I have no choice but to wear yours temporarily. But don't worry, for I'll definitely wash it before returning it to you," I hastily explained, looking at him anxiously.

I was rather diffident since I took it without his permission.

Despite that, he was still eyeing me up and down. I couldn't fathom his thoughts, and precisely for that reason, I felt all the edgier.

"You know what, I'll change out of it right away."

Hanging my head, I spun around to go upstairs and change out of the shirt after saying that morosely.

How stingy! Is this necessary when I just wanted to borrow his shirt for a while? It's of no consequence to him!

When I was about to reach the staircase, Michael's voice drifted over. "Just leave it on since you're already wearing it. I didn't say anything."

His voice was placid as he spoke. Whirling around, I looked at him in delight as an inexplicable thrill shot through me.

"Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and cook! Or are you waiting for me to cook?"

As I started walking over to Michael, his voice rang out again.

Stopping short, I threw him a disgruntled look before grouching, "Why must I cook when you've got housekeepers?"

Michael regarded me impatiently. "You're really mouthy, Anna! The housekeepers have the day off, so you go and cook!"

Since he had said as much, I had no excuse to refuse anymore.

Heaving a sigh, I dragged my feet to the kitchen.

When I reached the refrigerator in the kitchen, I opened it, only to be greeted by bare shelves that held only tomatoes and eggs.

“Say, do you not eat usually? There are too few ingredients in the fridge,” I said to Michael in exasperation after glancing at the ingredients in the refrigerator.

‘I rarely eat at home since I’m entertaining clients almost every day,’ Michael, who was drinking coffee in the living room, answered nonchalantly upon hearing my question.

At his reply, I speechlessly curled my lips. He’s entertaining clients almost every day? I wonder how his perfect figure came to be when he’s not eating properly every day, I grumbled inwardly.

However, I was also at a loss right then. What can I cook with a few tomatoes and eggs? I can’t be making scrambled eggs with tomatoes for the two of us, can I?

After wracking my brains in the kitchen for what seemed an eternity, I finally decided on my signature dish — noodles.

When I was swamped with work in the past, I used to cook noodles since I didn’t want to spend too much time and effort on cooking.

After making scrambled eggs with tomatoes, I then cooked two bowls of noodles and carried them to the dining table.

As I slipped off the apron, I uttered mildly to Michael, who was reading in the living room, “Alright, dinner is ready.”

Upon hearing my voice, he put down the book in his hands and strode toward me.

With the corners of his lips tilted into a faint arc, he looked particularly captivating.

But when he reached me and glimpsed the food on the table, his face fell.

“Anna, is this all you cooked for dinner after spending hours in the kitchen? You only cooked one dish?”

He gaped at me incredulously while pointing at one of the bowls of noodles, his voice filled with disbelief.

“Why are you still asking when you can clearly see for yourself? I didn’t want to cook such a simple fare either, but there’s literally nothing in your fridge,” I griped, pursing my lips.

Then, I shifted a bowl to my front and poured half of the scrambled eggs with tomatoes into the noodles.

Seeing that, Michael’s brows scrunched even deeper, and he eyed me with disdain.

“What are you doing, Anna? Is this sow feed that you mixed everything?”

What? Sow feed? How dare he say that? I bustled about in the kitchen for hours, yet he said the food I cooked is like sow feed? He has really gone overboard!

“Michael Shaw, what did you mean by that? You should’ve just told me if you didn’t want to eat instead of wasting my time!” Despite the abysmal fare, I prepared it with much care. For that reason, chagrin flooded me when he scoffed at the food.

“Is it me who doesn’t want to eat or you who deliberately sabotaged me? How am I supposed to eat when this is all you cooked for dinner?”

Crossing his arms, Michael stared at me in vexation.

In response, I furiously shot him a glare. Not wanting to bicker with him any further, I sat down and started eating.

I hadn’t even had lunch after bustling about all day, so my stomach had been growling ages ago. As such, I was already content having a bowl of noodles with tomatoes and eggs.

When Michael saw that I had started eating, he continued regarding me with his brows deeply knitted together and contempt on his face. But after a few minutes, he started wavering upon seeing my relish.

Sitting down across from me, he stared at the remaining scrambled eggs with tomatoes as though contemplating whether he should eat.

‘It doesn’t taste as awful as you imagine. Try it if you don’t believe me,’ I urged with a raised brow.

Hearing that, he eyed me dubiously. A long while later, he decided to mix the eggs and tomatoes with the noodles as I did.

At the sight of his capitulation despite his disdainful expression, my mood inexplicably took a turn for the better.

Michael took a forkful of noodles and stared at it for a long while before opening his mouth and tentatively trying a bite. Perhaps it was truly not as bad as he imagined, for he soon started eating with gusto.

He ate faster than me, yet his movements were no less elegant. It was his first time eating my cooking, and for some inexplicable reason, a sense of warmth suffused me.

The corners of my lips lifted slightly. Subsequently, I lowered my head and resumed eating silently. In no time, both our bowls were empty.