

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 70

I washed the bowls and put them away while Michael sat at the dining table with his gaze locked on me.

Walking over to him, I stared at him. After a moment's hesitation, I murmured, "Why don't you drive me home now that we'd both had dinner?"

In truth, I didn't want him to drive me home at all. Nonetheless, I didn't want people to look at me speculatively either as I traversed the streets in his shirt.

"Did I say you're allowed to leave tonight? Stay the night here and leave tomorrow." I initially thought he would agree to drive me home, but to my surprise, he wasn't planning to let me leave at all.

"No. I still have to go to work tomorrow morning. Besides, I have something important to tell Natalie tonight."

I must tell Natalie about my conversation with that scumbag, John Young, today. I won't allow her to be hurt any further. That scumbag isn't worthy of her love at all, so I've got to expose his true colors as soon as possible so that she won't be fooled anymore!

"I'm also going to the office tomorrow, so I'll drive you. As for whatever you want to tell Natalie, just tell her tomorrow night."

Although I was anxious to tell Natalie about the matter, Michael wasn't at all bothered, showing no signs of relenting.

Livid, I frowned and glared at him furiously. Jeez, he's always so domineering, not allowing others an opportunity to decline at all! "Michael Shaw?" I called out his name in frustration, wanting to argue further.

"That's enough. Why are you in such a hurry when it's not a matter of life and death?"

His gaze turned aggravated upon seeing that I was in such a hurry to leave, no doubt growing testy at my insistence.

"But I really have something very important to tell her!"

I looked at him anxiously, hoping that he would have a crisis of conscience and allow me to leave.

However, reality proved that I regarded him too highly. He didn't give a fig whether I had anything to do, for he only cared about whether I was going to stay the night.

"Do you believe that I'll take you right here and now if you dare say another word, Anna?"

Frowning, Michael gazed at me in annoyance.

Getting to his feet, he stalked toward me. All at once, panic struck me, and I swiftly backed away.

Despite my impatience to leave, the aversion within me grew when I recalled his high-handedness toward me that afternoon.

Once again, I chose to compromise. Inwardly, I resolved to tell Natalie about John tomorrow.

Therefore, I stayed at Michael's mansion that night. And in the middle of the night, we inevitably ended up in a tangle of limbs.

That was precisely why he asked me to stay the night. After all, my relationship with him was only limited to the physical sense.

When I woke up early the next morning, he was no longer sleeping beside me. That was the first time we ever spent the entire night together.

For some reason, there was no awkwardness despite it being my first time sleeping with a man next to me. On the contrary, I slumbered deeply.

However, a sliver of disappointment crept into me upon seeing that he was long gone while I was still lying on the huge bed in his bedroom.

Putting on his shirt, I went downstairs. By then, the housekeeper had already prepared breakfast.

When the housekeeper saw me descending the stairs, a flash of surprise flittered across her eyes. But immediately after, a smile bloomed on her face. She was up in years, so it probably took her no time to figure out what I did with Michael last night.

At the comprehension in her eyes, my face flushed from embarrassment, and I hurried over to Michael.

Sitting down across from him, I started eating breakfast. Nevertheless, I was uneasy with the housekeeper standing at the side.

After eating a few bites, I all but lost my appetite. At that moment, I only wanted to leave as soon as possible.

Fortunately, Michael was going to the office today, so I wasn't worried that he would continue keeping me here. He was the CEO of a huge corporation, after all, so he couldn't be lazing around every day.

"Please drive me home now. I've got to hurry back and change. Otherwise, I'm going to be late for work," I couldn't help reminding him even as I watched him slip on his jacket elegantly after having finished breakfast.

"I'll drive you to the office. I've already prepared an attire for you, so go and change," Michael ordered mildly, pointing at a box on the couch.

At that moment, his expression was so calm and unruffled that it was bereft of emotion. He looked like an entirely different person from the passionate man in bed last night.

He was as wild as a beast between the sheets but cold as ice during other times, switching between two extremes.

Staring at the box on the couch, I hesitated for a moment before taking it.

Since he wasn't planning on driving me home, I had no choice but to change into whatever he prepared for me. He left me no room to decline the offer.

In the box was a light green dress. The fabric felt silky smooth and comfortable.

Hmm... this looks like a high-end dress. Oh well, that makes sense. He's a CEO, so he probably won't be able to bring himself to buy something cheap by the roadside.

I went to the bathroom and changed into the dress. It fit me perfectly as though tailored for me. Surprise flooded me that he knew my size. After all, our relationship wasn't so intimate that we discussed such a thing.

When I descended the stairs after changing, a glimmer of marvel flashed across Michael's eyes as he stared at me. His lips curved into a faint arc.

"Not bad. This dress suits you well."

Michael's scrutiny remained on me, his gaze filled with satisfaction.

"How much was this dress? I'll pay you back."

Despite knowing that the dress was definitely costly, I decided to pay him back.

Honestly speaking, I was the kind of person who usually loathed mooching off others. Besides, the dress was from him, and our relationship made it so that I couldn't quite bring myself to accept any gifts from him.

"It's a gift from me, so I won't be asking you to pay me back," Michael countered coolly with an arched brow.

"No, I insist. Our relationship is merely that of friends with benefits, so you don't need to give me any gifts."

Delight imbued me upon hearing that the dress was a gift from him, but I simply couldn't accept it because of our relationship.

"Anna, you're certain you want to pay me back?"

His face darkened at my repeated demurrals, and his gaze was stained with a hint of ire.

"How could I allow you to spend money on buying me gifts when we're not dating? Well? How much was this dress?"

"The price is in the box, so see for yourself."

His expression was dour, and his voice had also turned much colder.

Ignoring whatever he might be thinking, I opened the box again and glimpsed a receipt. But the moment I saw the price indicated on it, I almost had a heart attack. Regret swamped me for having insisted on paying him back.