

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 76

Every time I was caught in a dilemma, as long as he spoke, I'd find myself relenting.

He was right; I had too much on my plate now. Although my dad was recovering well, he still needed a lot of drugs to maintain his health since he only recently went for surgery, and I was the only one in the family they could rely on.

I actually had a younger brother, but he was irresponsible and never had a proper job. Taking responsibility for our parents was asking for too much. As a matter of fact, I'd already been counting our lucky stars if he didn't ask them for money.

Hence, all the family burdens rested on my shoulders alone. When my dad was still in good health, my life was much easier. But now that his health was deteriorating, I was beginning to feel overwhelmed.

"Since you can't afford it, just forget about your worthless dignity and listen to me," he rebuked, as though reading my mind.

I was irked by his attitude and choice of words, but I really didn't have a choice.

"Thank you."

Although I knew what his purpose was, he provided me a place to stay, after all, and I was grateful for that. Without that house, I might really have to sleep on the streets.

The car sped along the road, and we arrived at Birchwood within ten minutes.

He went upstairs with me. It didn't take a genius to know what was going to happen when a man and a woman were alone in the dead of night.

Needless to say, I was in no mood to entertain him after getting into an argument with Natalie.

But unfortunately, this house belonged to him, so I couldn't very well ask him to leave. Thus, I could only suppress all my emotions.

After entering the house, I dragged my suitcase to the bedroom and started unpacking. I was going to live here from this day onward, and I didn't know what I should feel about that.

Michael followed me into the bedroom and disregarded that I was unpacking as he started directly hugging me from behind and

started kissing my neck.

His actions sent a tingling sensation throughout my body. I knew that this man was wanting some tonight. But then again, this was how he always was whenever he was around me.

"Michael, I'm still sorting out my clothes. Besides, it's getting late, and we still have to work tomorrow." I didn't push him away, but I tried dissuading him in a small voice.

After such a long time, I started to understand his character. Pushing him away would undoubtedly evoke his anger as he was someone who was open to persuasion but never coercion.

“There’s no hurry. Since you’ll be living here from now on, you can sort out your stuff any time.” Lifting a lock of my hair, he twirled it around his slender finger with a seductive smile on his lips. My heart sank because I knew nothing could get through to this man when he was aroused.

Closing my eyes, I sighed in resignation and turned to lie flat on the bed, waiting for him to take me and hoping that he’d finish it up quickly.

Probably not expecting me to react like this, Michael raised a brow and said in a slightly hoarse voice, “What are you doing, Anna?”

I opened my eyes and countered in a dull voice, “Isn’t sex what you want? Then do it quick. The faster you’re done with it, the sooner I can go to bed.”

I thought he’d immediately pounce on me and quickly satisfy his needs, but he didn’t do that.

“Can’t you at least show some interest? Sex should be enjoyed by both sides, but you’re treating it like a chore.”

His brows knitted into a deep frown, and discontent gleamed in his dark eyes.

“I’m surprised you know it should be enjoyed by both sides. You’re the only one who wants it tonight; I don’t. But if you insist, what choice do I have other than hope that you can finish up quickly?”

I can’t believe he has the audacity to tell me it should be enjoyed by both sides.

More often than not, he was the one who wanted it, so of course, I could only cooperate.

“Are you using my own words against me, Anna?”

He raised his voice slightly as rage lined his handsome features.

I met his gaze daringly and retorted, “I’m just stating a fact. Am I wrong?”

“You’re the most disobedient one out of all the women I had!”

Michael strode toward me with eyes that glinted with a strange light as if he was about to devour me whole at any second.

I forced myself to maintain eye contact, unwilling to concede defeat. However, the dangerous gleam in his eyes was too much for me to bear, and I chickened out in the end, averting my gaze timidly.

Between the two of us, I was always the one who compromised. Hence, I couldn’t believe that he called me disobedient. Come to think of it, why should I even obey him? We were merely friends with benefits. I wasn’t his mistress, and he wasn’t my keeper.

He stared at me in silence as a storm brew in his inky eyes. At that moment, I could feel the dangerous aura he was emanating.

Yes, I was a coward. That was why I backed down so quickly.

“Then what do you want from me? Just get on with it if you want to. It’s not like I’m rejecting you. Am I not obedient enough?” ‘I’ll let you off tonight because you had a rough day, but tomorrow night, you’ll have to work twice as hard to satisfy me!’

What he said surprised me, but I was relieved at the same time. I'm safe for tonight.

Wait a second! Did he just say I'll have to work twice as hard to satisfy him? Doesn't that mean he's coming again tomorrow night?

Frantic, I snapped my eyes back to him. After getting my answer from the look on his face, my heart sank, and I felt like I had shot myself in the foot.

"I think it's better that you don't come here so often. Even though you're not a celebrity, you're still a public figure. What if someone notices you coming here so frequently and exposes our relationship?"

Knowing that Michael didn't want people to know about us, I used the knowledge against him.

It sounded like I was saying this for Michael's sake, but as though he could see through me, he shot me a sideways glance and countered, "You don't need to worry about that. I have my own ways."

I could never gain the upper hand over this man, so I didn't bother saying anything because I knew it wouldn't make a difference.

Sighing helplessly, I went back to sorting out my clothes. He, on the other hand, left the house without another word.

The tension instantly left my body, but I still felt uneasy being in an unfamiliar environment. Left alone with my own thoughts, I started to miss those days when I lived with Natalie.

Although she was only my friend, we were more like family. Right then, I wasn't sure if we could return to how we used to be.