

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 78

I didn't shy away from Michael's gaze. Even though his terrifying aura scared me, I refused to yield.

'Ill prove to you that the little lawyer doesn't deserve your affection.'

As soon as he said that, he turned around and left.

After leaving the office, I dropped by the supermarket to buy some groceries before going back to the house in Birchwood.

Back home, I washed my hands and started cooking dinner. Due to being used to living with Natalie, I cooked two portions of dinner out of habit. As I sat at the dining table and stared at the amount of food, my heart clenched painfully.

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to stop thinking about anything upsetting and picked up the cutlery to dig into my food. Just then, the sound of the door opening reached my ears. Stunned, I whipped my head toward the door.

Feeling scared was inevitable when I was living alone in a house, especially during the night. After all, there were many cases of breaking and entering, as well as young women being attacked in their own homes.

I was born with a wild imagination, so I felt somewhat nervous at that moment.

But when I saw Michael appearing through the door, I exhaled in relief.

However, it was short-lived. When my mind registered that it was Michael, I became nervous all over again, but for a different reason.

"W-What are you doing here?" I peered at him nervously as he walked in, recalling the little dispute we had at the office earlier.

Don't tell me he came here so late at night just to get even with me?

He's a CEO of a big corporation, for God's sake. He can't be that petty, right? The thought of that left me with frayed nerves, and a hint of wariness entered my eyes that were following his every movement.

"What kind of question is that? I already told you I'd be coming over tonight." Michael sat down across from me with furrowed brows and reminded me in a bland tone.

Only then did I remember what he said about working twice as hard to satisfy him, which did nothing to make me feel better.

Words failed me as I looked at him in embarrassment. Knowing that he was here for sex, I instantly lost my appetite.

Upon seeing the food I had made, his eyes flashed with a trace of delight. Then, he unceremoniously picked up a pair of cutlery and started eating.

After taking a few bites, he raised his head to look at me with a charming smile. "Not bad. You even remembered to cook me dinner."

Michael looked very handsome when he smiled. His smile reminded me of sunshine during the winter, and I felt warm and fuzzy on the inside. I stared at him in a daze for quite some time before returning to my senses.

Apart from feeling annoyed that I had swooned over him just moments ago, I also grumbled silently about him assuming that I had cooked dinner for him. I was merely used to cooking two portions of dinner after living with Natalie for so long.

But despite my indignance, I wasn't planning to tell him the truth because if I did, he'd definitely get mad. Hence, it was better to let him think that I cooked it for him.

Seated opposite of him, I ate my dinner in silence while debating if I should take some time to call Natalie and explain.

Although things between us became strained that night and Natalie probably hated me right now, the thought of John playing with her feelings made me want to expose him right away.

Noticing the distracted look on my face, Michael put down his cutlery and asked indifferently, "What are you thinking of? Yuval?" Yuval again? Why does he keep mentioning Yuval in front of me? What has Yuval ever done to him?

He seemed to have something against Yuval, and I didn't like it one bit. However, I didn't want to quarrel with him right now.

"I was just thinking how to make Natalie believe me and realize that John is playing with her feelings."

Worry gnawed at my chest. I already spelled everything out for her the other day, but she still refused to believe me, and it left a bitter taste in my mouth.

"Well that's easy," Michael replied in a bored tone.

"Do you have an idea?" I quickly asked, staring at him in surprise.

"Wait until she gets dumped. When that happens, she'll know you weren't lying to her. This is the best way."

My temper flared as soon as these words left Michael's lips. What a terrible idea! Ugh... He might as well have not said anything.

If I waited until Natalie was hurt by John, she'd be heartbroken by then. How could I bear to see that happen to my best friend?

Michael's brows furrowed when he saw the sad look on my face, and he added in a sarcastic tone, "Since you're so much time on your hands, I suggest you worry about yourself first. Your friend has already kicked you out, yet you're still worrying about her. How magnanimous of you."

"I wasn't kicked out by Natalie. I left on my own. Don't talk about her like that." I corrected his assumption with a glare.

I had a very protective nature, especially when it came to my best friend. Thus, I didn't like it when Michael badmouthed Natalie.

"Clean up after eating. I'll wait for you in the bedroom."

The man probably couldn't be bothered to argue with me because he merely shot me a fleeting glance before going to the bedroom. Soon, the sound of running water reached my ears.

Of course I knew what was coming up next. Even though we had already slept together several times, I still felt nervous about it.

After washing the dishes, I made my way to the bedroom. Just when I passed through the door, Michael coincidentally emerged from the bathroom, drying his hair with the towel in his hand. He was completely naked, save for the bath towel wrapped around his waist which concealed his most treasured asset.

Michael had a good figure, with eight-pack abs which extended into a sexy V-line. He exuded a masculine and seductive charm.

This wasn't the first time I was seeing his body, but I still couldn't help but marvel at it.

I could guarantee that he had the sexiest body out of all the men I had seen before. Not to mention, I couldn't seem to recall ever meeting a man as handsome as him.

Solely based on his appearance, he was the Prince Charming in every woman's dream, but they probably wouldn't think so once they fell victim to his unpredictable character.

I gulped and forced myself to look away, internally berating myself for admiring Michael's body. As though sensing the change in me, Michael's lips curved into a smug smile, and desire shone in his eyes as he gazed at me.

"Well, someone seems eager."