

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 80

Resting motionlessly on top of my body, he was huffing and puffing, and his chest heaved.

Judging from his usual demeanor, I couldn't tell that he was a man who would be so aggressive in bed.

I wonder how many women he had been with that he had acquired such impressive skills in bed.

The man panted heavily for a long time before moving away from me.

"Michael, can you make the sessions shorter next time? If this goes on, both you and I are going to be exhausted."

Turning my head to the man lying next to me, I saw a glint of displeasure in his eyes.

Michael's so wild every time. He never cares about others' feelings!

At that moment, I couldn't feel my legs, as though they were broken and no longer attached to my body.

"If I last only for one minute in bed, will you be happy with it?"

Immediately, I corrected him; what I meant was that he went on too long. All men loved it when their women commented on this, and Michael was no exception.

As soon as those words left my mouth, he turned to look at me with a devilish grin. His dark eyes gleamed with pride.

Nevertheless, his words rendered me speechless. If he lasts only for a minute, that'll be too short... Did I ask him to finish it within a minute? I only asked him to shorten the time — maybe for about half an hour will do.

But of course, there was no way I would say these thoughts aloud in front of a man.

If I said it out loud, he would probably despise me inwardly. After all, men loved ladylike and well-bred women. Despite the fact that I was nowhere near ladylike, I believed it was better to be reserved when it came to lovemaking.

Bone-tired, I drifted off into a deep slumber.

The following day, Michael was nowhere to be seen when I woke up. Despite having spent the night with him many times, never once had I seen him the next morning. To be honest, I couldn't help feeling disappointed.

Getting out of bed, I put on my clothes and washed up briefly before preparing breakfast.

Afterward, I wolfed down a poached egg and two slices of bread before leaving for work in a hurry. Because of the strenuous night, I woke up later than usual. It would be such a huge loss if my salary got deducted for lateness.

The second I arrived at the office and sat at my desk, a delivery man asked, "Excuse me. May I know who Ms. Anna Garcia is?" "That's me!" Immediately, I jumped to my feet and waved at the delivery man.

The latter marched toward me, and I was nonplussed at the sight of a gigantic bouquet of red roses in his hands. Who sent me these roses?

Signing the proof of delivery, I took over the bouquet of roses and fished out a small card. For some inexplicable reason, I felt a pang of disappointment when I found out that it was from Yuval.

Opposite my desk, Millie saw it and asked inquisitively, "Anna, who gave you such a huge bunch of flowers? Is it from your boyfriend?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

I couldn't find the right words to answer her question. Up till now, I was still clueless about how to handle my relationship with Yuval.

On the one hand, I was messing around with Michael, but on the other hand, Yuval was the one I chose all the other men, whom I could not bear to spare a glance at. He was the only suitable candidate for marriage, even though I had no feelings for him.

Having put in so much effort and found my Mr. Right, I refused to give up on him just yet. My parents were constantly urging me to get married. They were going to be a cat on a hot tin roof if I stayed single.

"What do you mean by that? How generous is he to send you so many roses! I bet you're over the moon now."

Envy was written all over Millie's face.

Flashing her a smile, I fell silent. Yuval was no doubt fond of me and took our relationship seriously, but that didn't guarantee that I would love him back.

He was an outstanding man, but there was just no chemistry between us.

However, feelings and affection were not important, as long as he was the right person for me.

"Anna, what's your boyfriend's profession?"

Seeing that I remained silent, Millie came to my side and tried to pry information about Yuval out of me.

At a loss for words, I placed flowers on my desk and turned to glance at her. Just as I was about to speak, my gaze landed on the man behind her.

With a stern face, Michael was standing right behind her. His gaze turned dark and menacing.

At the sight of his frigid expression, my heart skipped a beat, and a sense of foreboding welled up in my heart.

"M-Mr. Shaw..." I blurted out in a panic.

As soon as Millie heard my greeting, she snapped her head around in horror. A petrified look flitted across her face. She didn't expect the CEO to appear out of nowhere during office hours.

"Did I hire you to gossip during working hours? Have you done your work?"

Michael's icy voice echoed in the air. His tone was laced with rage, and his gloomy gaze was riveted on me.

Instantly, Millie lowered her head and dared not make a sound, scurrying back to her desk to work

Meanwhile, I looked down and threw myself into work, afraid that he might lash out at me.

Nonetheless, the man was not going to let me off the hook. Marching over to me, his gaze darkened once again as he pointed at the roses on my desk.

"Where did these flowers come from? The office isn't the place for you to be lovey-dovey. I hired you to work, not to date!" Michael glared down at me from above. I didn't peek up, but I could feel his frigid gaze on me.

His husky voice sounded baleful and dominant.

Taken aback by his words, I promptly apologized. "I'm sorry, Mr. Shaw. I promise this won't happen again."

His infuriated face was really terrifying. I usually talked back to him, but now I was overcome by fear.

"Toss the flowers away now!" he commanded in a merciless voice.

Apparently, my apology fell on deaf ears.

His high-handed manner annoyed me. However, he was right that we shouldn't have chattered during office hours.

Stifling my anger, I jumped to my feet, grabbed the bouquet of roses, and threw it into a trash can nearby.

Even though he reprimanded me for hampering my work because of personal affairs, I felt that he was actually picking on me.

"Mr. Shaw, are you satisfied now?" I scoffed after stomping back to my desk, staring into his eyes.