

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 88

“Be more careful for the next two days. Always keep the wound dry and clean.” My jaw was still hanging in astonishment, reliving his tenderness in my head.

“Anna, have you turned mute?” he blurted with a frown from my non-responsiveness.

When I finally got back to my senses, his face was already only an inch away from mine. I nervously drew my focus back onto the chopping board.

After that, Michael went back to the living room, and about half an hour later, dinner was ready.

It was simple cooking and not the best, I must say. It did make me wonder why Michael always came here for dinner.

To be frank, I believed that his housekeeper would’ve made something way better than what I could offer.

We sat across from each other and started eating away. Should I ask him about what Mom told me?

“Did you give my parents the money?”

I let it out as this question had been bothering me the entire day.

I didn’t mind getting on his nerves again anyway, as I’d done that way too many times.

“News travels fast, doesn’t it?”

He wasn’t surprised and continued chewing his food graciously as if he had nothing to do with the money.

“So it really is you. Why did you send my family a hundred thousand out of the blue?”

I put down my fork and looked at him, confused.

“I remember that you said that it was exhausting to support the whole family. Since now you’re my woman, things will change. I can send your family a hundred thousand every month,” he haughtily suggested.

Everything became crystal clear to me right then. He sent them money because he deduced that whatever I said that night was a hint for him to give me more?

How dare he think that of me! I was only ranting!

“Michael, you must’ve misunderstood me. When I said that I wanted someone to lean on, I wasn’t asking that person to share my responsibilities. I was just hoping that someone could give me a shoulder to cry on whenever I’m tired and feeling helpless.”

I tried to oppress the rage in me as I patiently explained to him.

“What’s the use of a shoulder? With free money, you don’t have to work your a*s off to support your family. My goodness, Anna. I can’t believe that a woman at your age could still be so naive!” he jeered.

That got me fuming. What he said was true. Women my age had been through enough, and most of them had bowed down to reality. Still, he shouldn't stereotype all women as such. Not everyone was money-minded.

It'd be unfair for the man if my purpose of being with him was merely to let him share my burden and responsibilities.

Yes, I was selfish, but not to the extent of getting someone to fund my family's expenses.

As a matter of fact, Dad's medical treatment wasn't the major spending. It was Steven's debt that had been sucking my bank account hollow. He was a good-for-nothing who always hung out with chavs. Not only that, but he was also a compulsive gambler.

Things wouldn't have been this tough if it was just Dad's monthly medical fee. However, Steven's debts kept rolling and rolling.

No matter how many times I'd cleared his debt and his countless assurance of turning over a new leaf, he'd always go back to his old ways.

Thus, if I wanted someone to lean on and give me an endless supply of cash to fill this black hole, I would've been the most self-serving woman on earth.

"Michael, you can mock me, but that's what I really want. It's as simple as that. I was sharing with you my point of view, not asking you for money, so please, for the love of god, stop meddling with my life already." I enunciated every single word.

"So within your capability, how much more can you do for your family? Anna, serve me for another six months. I've promised to give you a handsome amount of money after this ends. By then, you'll have one less problem in your life forever."

What he said really bemused me. What was so special about me that made him want to own me?

I wasn't ugly, but neither do I look fetching. For a guy like Michael to find someone pretty would be a piece of cake. He just had to whistle, and women would flock in droves to him. I mean, seriously, though, could someone answer my question? Why me?

'If that's the case, how am I different from a whore? Am I a whore to you?'

Undeniably, I'd got my hands on a great sum of money since I submitted to him. It was a sure-win trade, but what about my dignity? Was it below money?

I'd trampled my dignity once for two hundred thousand. It'd crushed me, and that was why I wouldn't allow it to happen again.

"You've positioned yourself as one, not me. Anna, what's so bad about being with me? Do you know how many people out there yearn for this? And here you are, saying no to me again and again. You even wanted to run away from me!"

A big cheese like him should've been used to women attending to all his whims and fancies. Perhaps I should be thankful for his patience after all this while.

“Yes, you can grant me money, but that’s it. I want a boyfriend whom I could introduce to my family and friends. I want to get married and have children. Can you give me these? Since you can’t, why can’t you just let me go? Michael, we’re poles apart in every single way.”

That man thought all I wanted was money, but only I knew what my heart desired.