

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 321 - 325

Chapter 321 Josephine Went Ballistic

Subsequently, Michael brought me to the Shaw residence. As soon as we stepped into the living room, everyone in the Shaw family was sitting there, awaiting our return. A sense of solemnity hung in the air.

Michael's grandfather was sitting at the center with a grave expression on his face. Josephine, on the other hand, wore a livid expression when she spotted me. Conversely, Lincoln's expression was indifferent, his emotions indecipherable.

"Michael, you're finally back! Do you know how worried I was?"

Josephine hurried over to Michael and looked at him with anxiety written all over her face.

"I'm fine. Look, am I not perfectly well now?"

Although she always picked on me, her concern for him was genuine. The look in her eyes as she gazed at him brimmed with worry.

"I heard that you encountered the bunch of kidnappers. Were you injured? Quick, let me look you over!"

She was still fretful despite seeing that he had returned safe and sound, thus hastily checking him over.

Hiss!

Michael sucked in a breath when she inadvertently touched the wound on his arm, his expression crumpling slightly.

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"Oh my goodness, what is it? What happened?"

Seeing that, Josephine was so stricken that she swiftly dropped her hands. The anxiety in her gaze mounted.

"Michael was grazed by the kidnapper while saving me. We just came back from bandaging our wounds at the hospital just now."

When Michael said nothing, I told her about him having been injured by the kidnapper earlier.

"What? Grazed? Are you okay, Michael? Is it serious? And does the wound still hurt?"

The moment Josephine heard that Michael was injured, a frantic light entered her eyes. Her gaze turned teary as she scrutinized him.

"I'm fine. It's just a paltry wound."

Michael shook his head in exasperation at her frantic expression. Andy and Lincoln likewise regarded him with distress etched on their faces then though it wasn't as blatant as Josephine.

It was a long time before Josephine finally regained her composure after Michael's reassurance. In the next second, she turned to me. Before I even knew what was happening, a crisp slap split the air, and a heavy palm landed on my cheek.

I was still dazed, only sensing a stinging pain on my face. Her slap was entirely beyond my expectation.

Lifting my head, I gaped at her, not quite believing that she actually hit me, and without any warning to boot.

"Mom! What are you doing!"

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Michael didn't expect his mother to raise her hand against me either. When the shock on his face faded, fury followed right on its heels. He glowered at Josephine with utter chagrin on his face.

However, Josephine ignored him. Her attention was wholly focused on me.

"This is all because of you! You're simply a jinx! Ever since Michael got acquainted with you, nothing ever went smoothly in his life! Also, allowing you to marry into the Shaw family will just bring about the ruination of our family!"

She glared at me furiously, steam almost coming out of her ears.

In the face of her condemnations, my face paled at once. I was downright aggrieved, yet I couldn't even utter a single word in rebuttal. For a moment, I was stunned at her incandescent look.

"What are you saying, Mom?"

Josephine glanced at my pale face before she shifted her gaze to Michael with a peeved look in her eyes. Her voice also turned much colder than before.

"Did you not hear me? Ever since you got involved with her, things haven't been going well for our family. And now, you even got injured on your wedding day! Tell me what this means, then!"

Michael's rebuke did not work on her at all. Instead, she grew increasingly angry. The look in her eyes made it clear that she would kick me out right away if possible.

"That has nothing to do with her."

Michael's expression was frosty, and his gaze radiated displeasure.

"What exactly is wrong with you now, Michael? You've gone against me multiple times because of her. You've never done this in the past! Are you planning to abandon your own mother after having her in your life?"

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Michael had defended me too much in front of Josephine recently when she wasn't fond of me in the first place. And after such a huge incident happened, she naturally pushed all the blame on me.

At his mother's unreasonable demeanor, Michael's face turned terrifyingly grim. Anyhow, she was still his mother, so he chose to put up with it as much as he could though she had gone overboard in her speech.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I know many things that transpired lately have to do with me, and I also know that you must be extremely angry right now. I'm really sorry as well. I promise that such a thing will never happen again. I'll never allow Michael to be injured because of me anymore."

While I was rather upset at having been slapped for no reason, I still looked at her apologetically and made her that promise. As I felt guilty about Michael having been injured so badly because of me, I wasn't all that vexed about her slap.

"Don't call me that! I've never acknowledged you as my daughter-in-law! Besides, the wedding today was half-done, so you're not part of the Shaw family yet! Or do you think a mere apology is enough? Michael sustained such a severe injury to save you, yet it's only worth an apology from you?"

Josephine couldn't be bothered about my apology, and the words out of her mouth remained as sharp as ever. Worse still, her refusal to acknowledge me as her daughter-in-law had sorrow deluging me.

"You're going too far, Mom!"

Beside me, Michael kept his eyes glued to Josephine's face. His chest heaved with rage. Nonetheless, he was still keeping a tight rein on his emotions since she was his mother at the end of the day.

"You're still siding with her now, Michael? Look at how much you've changed! You don't even seem to be my son anymore! What's more, such an incident has happened time and again because of her!"

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Josephine's expression turned increasingly darker the more Michael spoke up on my behalf. Right then, she had even transferred her anger to him.

Michael used to be an exceedingly mature and stable person who had everything under his control. But ever since he made my acquaintance, there had been countless incidents. Therefore, it was understandable that Josephine was saying such a thing about me though it was still hurtful to hear.

"As I said, this has nothing to do with her. She's my woman, and I've got the responsibility to protect her. Or was I supposed to sit around and twiddle my thumbs when my woman had been kidnapped?" Michael roared, likewise foaming at the mouth then.

His eyes had long since started blazing with fury as he stared at Josephine.

Although he had defended me many times before her in the past, he had never spoken so loudly.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 322

Chapter 322 Do You Regret Being With Me

Despite feeling all mushy that Michael chose to defend me then, I was scared that Josephine would abhor me more than ever.

"Do you still consider me your mother, Michael? Do you know that I'm only doing this for your own good? She'll only hold you back if she stays by your side!"

Josephine glowered at Michael crossly, so incensed that she trembled all over. After all, he had probably never spoken to her in such a tone.

Just when Michael was about to speak further, a booming shout rang out from his grandfather, who was sitting in the center with fury written all over his face.

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Following his bellow, the living room instantly plunged into silence. Even Josephine didn't dare utter a single word further. Meanwhile, I lowered my head in a timid pose.

He liked me very much in the beginning, but the wedding today was marred by my kidnapping, and I even caused Michael to sustain an injury. Thus, I'm not quite sure how he feels about me now. Is he starting to hate me like Josephine?

"Michael was right. Anna is his woman now, so he ought to protect her as a man. That's his responsibility even if it means his life, much less this paltry injury!"

Andy's remark stunned everyone there, including me. I initially thought that he would be extremely upset with me to see that Michael suffered an injury while saving me since the latter was his only grandson, but that wasn't the case at all. His words really touched me.

Without a shadow of a doubt, he was siding with me.

However, Josephine instantly got up in arms the moment his words rang out. She jerked her head up and gaped at him in shock, looking all chagrined.

"What are you saying, Dad? Michael is your only grandson! What if something happens to him? How could you say that?"

She looked at him irately. Nevertheless, she was no longer as worked up as when she spoke due to the man's authority.

"He's a man, so it's his responsibility to protect his own woman! If he's an irresponsible man, then I'd rather not have such an heir!"

Andy had always been a reasonable person. Even after hearing her words, he still regarded her calmly and asserted that coldly.

Josephine wanted to argue further, but she could only swallow the words on the tip of her tongue at the sharp look in his eyes.

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Lincoln, on the other hand, had been silent. He didn't say anything, seemingly maintaining a neutral stance. However, his subsequent comment made me feel that he was inclined toward Michael inwardly.

"All right, that's enough. Michael isn't a child anymore. He knows his boundaries, so don't meddle in his affairs."

Walking over to her, he wrapped an arm around her shoulder and headed upstairs.

After having been chastised by Andy, Josephine kept herself in check regardless of her dissatisfaction with me. Throwing me a chilly look, she then went upstairs.

I couldn't help feeling miserable as I stared at her disappearing back though she didn't say anything further in front of Andy, aware that I had brought Michael much trouble.

I hung my head, guilt percolating within me. I even started wondering whether I should really stay with Michael.

"Anna, don't take her words earlier to heart. Don't worry, for you're my granddaughter-in-law as long as I'm alive!" Andy declared firmly, looking right into my eyes.

In that family, he was the only person who supported me being with Michael unconditionally other than Michael himself. My nose stung, and words couldn't describe how moved I was by his statement.

"Thank you, Grandpa."

Sniffing, I forced a smile.

"Grandpa, this incident was Emma's doing. This time, I plan to resolve it once and for all!"

At that precise moment, Michael went over to Andy. As he spoke, his expression turned cold.

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When Andy heard that the incident had to do with Emma, his brows furrowed deeply, indicating that he was also enraged.

“She’s too devious. I objected even back when you were with her, and it now seems that my judgment back then was accurate.”

With just that nonchalant statement, Andy rejected Emma. One could tell that he didn’t like her.

He then continued, “It’s good that you plan to do so. If you don’t resolve this once and for all, something else might happen again in the future.”

I had no idea what Michael wanted to do about it. All I knew was that he wouldn’t let her off easily this time.

Also, it was clear that Andy was very indulgent of Michael, giving him permission without even asking him what he wanted to do. All of a sudden, I felt that he was the most sensible person in the family.

“That’s settled, then. I’ll bring Anna home first. I’ll hold a press conference to explain the half-done wedding, while the wedding itself will be postponed for a few days.”

Too many things had happened that day that the average person would have long since panicked. However, things were different with Michael. He took care of everything in an orderly manner.

“Both of you are injured, so go back and rest earlier.”

Andy didn’t persuade us to stay either but gestured us to leave with a wave of his hand.

Getting to his feet, Michael came over to me. Right then, I was still feeling rather dismal because of Josephine’s words. He took my hand, and the warmth from his hand made me feel much better.

“Let’s go.”

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Michael flashed me a faint smile and walked out while grasping my hand.

Sitting in his car, I remained silent since I didn't know what to say then. After all, in Michael's bid to rescue me, his arm was still wrapped in a thick layer of gauze. My gaze remained fixated on his arm, and my heart felt heavy.

"When we reach home later, take a shower and rest."

Michael turned to me, his voice tender.

"Michael, do you regret being with me after I have brought you so much trouble?" I asked after a long silence, turning and staring at him solemnly.

"What nonsense are you spouting? You're my woman. Right now, I only blame myself for not having protected you well."

My question had Michael frowning in displeasure, and his gaze radiated ire as he regarded me.

"Do you truly not regret it? If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have gotten injured. And because of me, your company must also be in hot water, no?"

Those from the elite classes always garner a lot of attention when they marry, so having a kidnapping case during the wedding must have damaged his image tremendously.

"Anna, do you believe that I'll seal your mouth now if you continue to overthink things?"

When I staunchly pursued that question, the crease on Michael's alluring brows deepened, and a spark of anger stained his gaze.

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 323

Chapter 323 Have You Do So Willingly

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Noticing that Michael seemed a tad angry, I knew that he didn't want me to speak about that anymore.

He has never blamed me, and the guilt within me is entirely my problem.

I lowered my head without saying anything further. Nevertheless, I still felt uneasy. Recalling everything that had happened recently, I was troubled and felt as though I really was a jinx. A lot of things happened to him ever since he got acquainted with me.

"Michael—"

At long last, I still couldn't resist opening my mouth to speak. But before I had even finished speaking, I sensed a warm sensation on my lips. Without me realizing it, Michael had already captured my lips.

My eyes widened in astonishment, and my heart pounded wildly. At that moment, I had all but forgotten what I wanted to say.

Michael's handsome face was mere inches away from me, and I felt as though I was being drawn into his jet-black eyes as I stared into them.

Michael only wanted to shut me up, so the kiss wasn't the slightest bit passionate. Still, my heart hammered wildly.

I've been with him for such a long time, yet I still can't help feeling nervous every time he draws close to me. People say that one will get accustomed as time passes and grow sick of the other person, but the feeling he gives me is different every single time. It makes me addicted.

A long time passed before Michael finally let me go. He opened his eyes and looked at me. "Listen here carefully, Anna. You only need to stay by my side obediently. No matter what happens, let me resolve it."

His words sounded like an order, so domineering that it left no room for demurral. However, it was precisely his unquestionable tone that made me fall even deeper for him.

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I'd be lying if I were to claim that I'm not moved. In all my years, no one has ever sacrificed so much for me or shielded me behind him no matter what happens.

"Thank you, Michael."

My nose stung, and my eyes grew burned. Yet, I curved my lips into a smile as I gazed at him.

"In the future, you're not allowed to call me by my name anymore!"

I thought Michael would hug me and cuddle me upon hearing that as he did in the past. Unexpectedly, he didn't do that. He eyed me in disgruntlement instead.

"Why? How am I going to address you if not by name?"

Truly, his remark bewildered me.

I've been calling him by name all along, and he never corrected me. What's wrong with him today that he's suddenly dissatisfied with my address of him? Sure enough, men's thoughts are unfathomable.

"Of course, you're to call me 'Hubby.' Why would you still be calling me by name when you're now my wife?"

Michael smirked devilishly. While he spoke, he deliberately drew close to me, so much so that I could even sense the beguiling aura he exuded.

Upon hearing that, my face instantly flushed bright red. I regarded him in embarrassment, for I had never called anyone "Hubby" in the twenty over years of my life.

"Our wedding is still half-done, so I'm not your wife yet."

It wasn't that I didn't want to address him thus, but I was feeling shy. I had been calling him by name all this while, so it felt awkward to change my address of him suddenly.

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"Must you ruin the mood at such a time, Anna? Regardless of whether our wedding today went smoothly, you're my woman for all our lives! As such, you'll have to change your address of me sooner or later!"

Michael glowered at me. His words were extremely overbearing, but I loved hearing them.

I felt intoxicated and wanted to laugh, but I stifled the urge. Then, I averted my face and deliberately ignored him.

"In that case, I'll wait until our wedding has concluded before doing so."

Blushing, I looked away. Never had I been that mortified before him.

"No way! I want to hear it now, so hurry up and spit it out," Michael demanded adamantly, frowning in vexation.

"Nope," I declined resolutely without an ounce of hesitation.

Gah! Just the mere thought of calling him "Hubby" out of the blue feels really embarrassing!

"You're certain?"

Michael's eyes narrowed a fraction, and a wicked smile danced in his eyes.

"I'm certain," I stated, though puzzled as to his intention right then.

"Okay! I'll have you call me 'Hubby' willingly today."

Michael's lips curved into a beguiling arc that seemed a touch devilish. For some inexplicable reason, a sense of foreboding rose within me as I wondered what he wanted to do.

I eyed him in mystification. Just when I was going to inquire about it, he started the car.

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Hence, I could only suppress the bemusement within me. Well, he never fights any battle he can't win, so he must have a way to have me change my address of him after having said as much.

We then went back to Michael's mansion. Although the wedding was only half-done that day, the room there had been readied long ago.

The car gradually came to a stop. Before I could alight from the car, Michael went over to the passenger seat and opened the door for me. Flashing him a smile, I was just about to thank him when he promptly scooped me up.

Jolting, I hastily wrapped my arms around his neck. I then remembered that his arm was injured, yet he simply carried me. All at once, worry pervaded me. "Hurry up and put me down, Michael! Your arm is injured!"

I saw the depth of his wound myself when it was being sutured and witnessed the blood gushing out! It must still hurt badly right now. Despite that, he still brazenly carried me! Is he not afraid that the wound will open? What is he thinking!

"I'm not that delicate."

Knowing that I was concerned about him, the corners of Michael's mouth tilted into an alluring arc. However, he didn't listen to me and put me down. Instead, he headed upstairs with me in his arms.

In the past, I would have struggled to get down. But this time, I remained still in his arms, not daring to even twitch a single muscle in fear that I would bump his wound.

Strangely, Michael appeared all the more thrilled by my compliance. Soon, he carried me to the bedroom upstairs. As I was pregnant then, he was very gentle with me.

I thought he didn't allow me to walk by myself because he was worried about the wound at my neck. I then wanted to sit up to check whether the wound on his arm opened, but he pinned me down at that precise moment.

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His solid body covered mine, but he surprisingly didn't put any weight on my stomach. Of course, I knew that he was also afraid of hurting our child.

"What are you doing, Michael?"

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 324

Chapter 324 Want Me To Bed You

Michael stared down into my eyes, his black eyes sparkling. I couldn't help swallowing, finding him incredibly handsome at such a close distance.

"What do you think I'm doing?"

Michael didn't answer my question, but the words out of his mouth had my mind going into the gutter.

My heart raced, and my mind wandered. Is he referring to physical intimacy? But his arm is so seriously injured. It must be hurting badly, so could he really be in the mood to do something else right now?

"Are you sure you can manage?"

For some reason, I inadvertently blurted that question out. Perhaps it was because I was too nervous that I forgot about Michael being a competitive man and would definitely be irked by my question.

No man wanted their woman to question their prowess in bed, especially a man like him. Sure enough, his expression immediately turned chilly when my words fell, and a hint of displeasure crept into his gaze.

"You'll know the answer soon enough. I'll make you beg for mercy later."

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Michael's eyes were pinned on me as he spoke in a deep voice. Then, his uninjured hand started roaming all over me.

His sudden action startled me. Good Lord! He's really savage! Can't he be a tad gentler? After all, we're both injured.

"Uhm..."

"Just moan aloud. I want to hear you," Michael murmured beside my ear suggestively, his voice a mere whisper.

I covered my face with both hands to shield my current expression from him. Gah! His teasing is making me mortified!

"Michael..." I called out his name softly and gazed at him with glazed eyes.

"Hmm? What is it?"

Michael deliberately feigned ignorance this time and didn't satisfy me at once. Instead, he even stilled and stared at me while asking that placidly.

Upon hearing that question, I wasn't quite sure how to answer for a moment. I shot him a resentful glance. He knows full well that he has turned me on, yet he's feigning ignorance! This is obviously intentional!

"Why aren't you saying anything?"

When Michael received no reply after an eternity had passed, his lips curved into a wicked smile, and his voice sounded all the more titillating.

As he pressed me for an answer, I realized that he purposely wanted me to utter those embarrassing words. I glared at him, but the emptiness within me impelled me to yield before him.

"Michael, I want you..."

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Biting my lower lip, I finally said those words.

“You want me to bed you?” Michael inquired suggestively, gazing into my eyes.

“Yeah...” I replied frankly.

I had let go of my reservations then, so it felt right to say that. I’ve been with him for a long time, and we share the same bed every night. While it’s slightly embarrassing, he’ll probably be over the moon to hear me saying that.

“Call me ‘Hubby,’ and I’ll satisfy you.”

Michael shifted the topic back to addressing him as “Hubby.” Only after hearing him say that did I finally realize the meaning of him ensuring that I would willingly call him “Hubby”—he had set me up.

Indignation inundated me, and I turned my face away from him to indicate my stance.

He actually set me up! If I were to do as he wished, I’d only be humiliating myself when I’d previously insisted that I’d never call him “Hubby!”

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 325

Chapter 325 The Wound Is Bleeding

“You’re still unwilling to call me that? It looks like you’re not in the mood yet. I’ve got to work harder.”

“You’re such a jerk, Michael!” Argh! He’s truly cunning to utilize a natural physiological need to force my hand! I was already so frantic that I was on the verge of bursting into tears.

“Call me ‘Hubby,’ and I’ll satisfy you. Hurry up...”

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At that exact moment, Michael murmured beside my ear again, enticing me.

I shot daggers at him, not in the least bit willing to capitulate. However, I knew that he would never satisfy me if I didn't give in.

"If you continue keeping silent, I'm going to fasten my pants."

Michael seemed to be surprisingly patient that day, not at all testy even when I stayed silent. He stood up and started straightening his clothes, making it evident that he wasn't planning to satisfy me anymore.

"Hubby..."

In the end, I yielded and called out the endearment he wanted to hear, making me rather hate myself then. Ugh! I've actually caved in just to have him satisfy me! How aggravating!

Having not expected me to abruptly change my mind, Michael was stunned for a moment when my words fell. In the next second, delight manifested in his jet-black eyes.

"I didn't hear you earlier. Repeat that, please."

Michael's bewitchingly sensual and deep voice drifted into my ears, tinged with a hint of excitement.

"Hubby."

Screwing my eyes shut, I steeled my resolve and immediately called him "Hubby" once more. I've already said it just now, so repeating it makes no difference!

"Ouch!"

"Is it that pleasurable that you're so loud?"

"Do you have no shame when saying such things, Michael?"

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"Of course! If you want to hear it, I can say it anytime and anywhere. What would you like to hear?"

Despite knowing full well that I was deriding him, Michael wasn't the least bit angry. Instead, he eyed me wickedly.

In response, I threw him a sharp glare. I've never won an argument with him, so I'd be better served to close my eyes and luxuriate in bliss instead of having a verbal battle with him!

Thus, I closed my eyes and stopped looking at him.

Only after we were done did I open my eyes. Nonetheless, I didn't want to look at him. As such, I turned my gaze away and ignored him.

As soon as my gaze fell on Michael's arm, panic assailed me, for I saw blood seeping out of his injured arm.

I struggled to sit up, distress suffusing me at the sight of the gauze that had been dyed red. "Your wound is bleeding!"

I wonder if his wound is bleeding because he carried me upstairs earlier or because he was too vigorous just now and pulled his stitches.

"It's nothing," Michael replied airily, not a hint of pain to be seen on his face.

Whoa! I'm getting impressed by his high pain tolerance. It's such a long gash, yet he claims that it doesn't hurt!

"It's already bleeding, yet you say that it doesn't hurt? Let's go to the hospital and have your wound rebandaged!"

Although he claimed that he was fine, I was exceedingly worried. His injury had been bothering me, and I would rather suffer the injury in his stead.

"Don't you need to rest for a bit?"

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Michael arched an eyebrow at my frantic expression, the words out of his mouth carrying an implicit meaning.

I didn't understand what he meant at first, but when I followed his gaze, my face inevitably flushed bright red again.

Michael shot his load in me earlier, and the sticky feeling made me extremely uncomfortable. I usually took a bath after our horizontal tango, but I forgot about it that day because of his injury.

"I'll go and take a shower. I'll be out in a jiffy."

Getting to my feet, I headed to the bathroom barefooted. Distraught over his wound bleeding once more, I didn't dare tarry.

"I'll give you a hand."

When I walked past Michael, he grabbed my wrist and whispered that suggestively.

At once, my face flamed. Shooting him a glare, I swiftly strode into the bathroom. I didn't lock the door, so he came in behind me.

I filled the bathtub with water. Due to the wound on my neck, I couldn't use the showerhead and could only take a bath.

After stripping, I went into the bathtub. Michael's gaze roamed all over me. He had an even clearer view of me than when we were in bed since there wasn't a shred of clothing on me at that moment.

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