

Love from My Dominant Boss

Chapter 11

Just when I thought that Michael was going to leave me high and dry, he suddenly wrapped an arm around my waist and flashed me a faint smile.

“Sorry, I went a bit too crazy that night. Are you feeling better now?”

A layer of sensuality blanketed his face, and his voice was so tender that I almost melted into a puddle.

Undeniably, I spaced out for a moment when such a handsome man gazed at me with tenderness etched on his face.

But as soon as I registered the meaning of his words, my face instantly flushed bright red.

Good heavens! How could he be so blunt!

“Uh... Ah, I’m much better now.”

I chuckled embarrassingly. His eyes were so profound that I didn’t quite dare look into them again.

“I’ll take care not to hurt you again next time.”

He reached out and tucked my long hair behind my ear, looking at me with all the gentleness in the world.

For some inexplicable reason, his touch flustered me, and my face went red.

Huh? What did he just say? Next time? There won’t be any next time, okay? I’ve given you my first time, yet you’re talking about the next time?

Inwardly, I cursed him out, but in front of Justin and Mabel, I had to feign an expression of bliss.

At that moment, I could clearly see the change in Justin’s expression. Fury seemingly colored the look in his eyes as he stared at me.

Mabel, on the other hand, was incredulous when she saw me nestled in Michael's arms, her gaze teeming with suspicion.

"Anna Garcia, are you saying that he is your man?"

Michael was far above Justin both in terms of financial capability and looks. Although Mabel had no idea of his identity, she could tell from his aura alone that he was in another league altogether.

"Why? Are you regretting the fact that you seduced Justin instead of him?"

With a sneer on my face, I looked at her coldly.

Justin's expression changed, but he took two steps forward.

"Mr. Shaw," he greeted deferentially.

"What's the ruckus about, Mr. Xenakis?" Michael inquired placidly, casting a glance at him.

Justin threw me a look, but his expression turned awkward upon hearing Michael's question, probably not quite certain how he should answer it.

I was now in Michael's arms. While I had no inkling of Justin's feelings at that very moment, I was imbued with glee.

"N-Nothing much. It was just a personal matter. How come you are free to visit the mall today, Mr. Shaw?"

Probably feeling somewhat self-conscious before Michael, Justin immediately changed the subject.

"Do you know this man, Justin? Is he really Anna's boyfriend?"

Mabel had always been a prideful person, so she probably felt chagrined upon seeing Justin bowing and scraping before Michael. Immediately, she strode over to us.

"What's wrong with you? There's no way he's her boyfriend! I've never even heard her mentioning him," she continued.

She pointed at Michael before shifting her gaze to me, her face contorted with envy.

Not only was Michael more good-looking than Justin, but he also had a far superior aura. For that reason, she was naturally disgruntled to see that he was my man.

“That’s enough, Mabel!”

Justin tugged at her arm, his brows scrunched together deeply.

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“Why are you tugging at me? I’m only speaking the truth! I am dead certain that Anna is still in love with you! I bet she’s just resentful at getting dumped, so she simply found a man to act as her boyfriend!”

“Zip it, Mabel!” Justin snapped the moment her words fell.

His voice seemed to be threaded with a hint of ire.

“You actually snapped at me, Justin? Do you still harbor affection for Anna? Do you not love me anymore?”

Mabel’s gaze instantly turned aggrieved, and tears shimmered in her eyes as though she had been greatly wronged.

At the sight of her pitiful expression, the corners of my mouth turned up in a sneer. Well, well... She truly loves playing the victim, huh? Maybe it’s this expression of hers that entranced Justin. After all, men love women who are weak, fragile, and delicate. Conversely, I’m not that kind of woman.

Dropping his hand from my waist, Michael sauntered over to Justin.

After taking a look at Mabel, he remarked mockingly, “Mr. Xenakis, I think your taste in women needs to be improved!”

Whoa! I didn’t expect him to be so harsh, considering his taciturn demeanor. I could tell that Justin was completely mortified.

At his humiliation, indescribable glee flooded me.

“I’ve got something to do, so please excuse me, Mr. Shaw.”

Justin was an egotistical person, so Mabel's shrewish outburst earlier embarrassed him greatly. After saying that, he left while dragging Mabel along.

"See? Any man Anna finds is better than a cheating scumbag like you!"

Natalie simply had to have the last word before they left.

When they had disappeared from sight, I could no longer keep up the act, and the smile on my face faded.

Glancing at Michael, I hesitated for a moment before walking over to him. "Thank you for playing along with me just now."

"Tell your friend to leave first. I've got something to discuss with you," Michael stated coldly after throwing a glance at Natalie beside me.

"There's nothing to discuss between the two of us. Please excuse me if there's nothing else."

For some reason, I couldn't help feeling flustered every time I locked gazes with his dark and profound eyes. It just felt as though I might get sucked in anytime.

Taking Natalie's hand, I made to leave. I only went wild with him that night because I was tipsy. But now that I wasn't under the influence of alcohol, I didn't have the guts or temerity to speak with him any further.

"Um... I'll leave the two of you to talk. I suddenly remembered that I've got something to do, so I'll be leaving first, Anna."

However, Natalie had the opposite thought. After saying that, she shook off my hand and walked away, leaving me there alone.

Just when I was about to take off, Michael suddenly grabbed my wrist.

Dragging me to a corner of the stairs, he pinned me against the wall.

We were so close that I could sense the masculine aura radiating off him. I was intoxicated that night, so besides knowing that it was him, I was oblivious to everything else. Now that I was interacting with him at such a close distance, my heart was pounding wildly.

"M-Michael, what are you doing?"

His gaze was pinned on me intently. Feeling inexplicably flustered, I wanted to flee, but my legs felt as though they were shackled to the ground and simply wouldn't budge.

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Chapter 13

"What's your relationship with Justin Xenakis?"

Finally, Michael spoke, but the look in his eyes was interrogative as he stared at me.

Hearing the name "Justin Xenakis," my heart inexorably clenched. Nonetheless, I had already scraped through the most unbearable period, so I could conceal my anguish well.

"I don't have a relationship with him. We're strangers."

In the past, he was the most important person to me, the man I was going to entrust the rest of my life to. However, we're now merely strangers.

"Do you think I'd believe that, Anna Garcia?"

His gaze turned cold as he looked at me, and his voice was stained with a hint of anger.

At his words, my heart skipped a beat. How did he know my name? I don't think I've ever told him that!

"How did you know my name? Did I tell you?" I asked softly, looking up at his riveting eyes.

"Do you think it's difficult for me to investigate someone? Also, the woman with Justin Xenakis earlier mentioned your name."

He retorted in a deep and sensual voice. With a frown on his face, he eyed me as though I was an idiot.

"I... I've got to go. It's a pure coincidence that we met again today. Also, thank you for your help just now."

Having said that, I whirled around to leave. Alas, Michael pinned me against the wall again. Propping both hands on the wall, he leaned toward me and enveloped me in his embrace.

At that very moment, I could clearly sense how fast my heart was beating. After all, his handsome countenance was merely an inch away from me. It would be bizarre if I didn't feel anything at all in the face of such a handsome man.

Nonetheless, I felt that it was only because I was unaccustomed to having contact with a man other than Justin. During the past seven years I had been with him, I had kept a distance from the opposite sex. Thus, I was presently inept at dealing with men.

"Ah, you wanted to leave just like that?" he said in a deep and alluring voice as he slowly closed the gap between us.

Every single syllable out of his mouth was tugging at my heartstrings, and my heart couldn't help hammering.

"W-What do you want from me?"

As he drew increasingly close, I didn't even dare to breathe.

"Well? Are you playing hard to get?"

His gaze abruptly turned cold, and the interrogative tone in his voice grew all the more distinct.

I was initially a tad flustered, but the fury within me instantly surged upon hearing his question. What the hell does he mean by that? I'm not playing hard to get!

"I don't understand what you're saying. I'm sorry, but I've got something to do, so I've got to leave."

I forcefully pushed Michael's arm away before I stalked off.

Gah! He's definitely not right in the head. When did I play hard to get? What on earth was he talking about?

I thought he wouldn't allow me to leave so easily, but surprisingly, he didn't stop me anymore.

Never had I felt so desolate as I trudged along the street by myself. The scene that had transpired at the mall earlier remained lingering in my

mind. I didn't know how I could forget Justin completely and no longer feel any pain from his betrayal.

When I returned to Natalie's house, she started hounding me with questions about Michael as soon as I stepped across the threshold.

"Quick, tell me everything! What's your relationship with the man we bumped into at the mall today? Was he the one you spent the night with the other day?"

She was an incredibly smart person, so she actually guessed the gist of it without me saying anything.

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At Natalie's repeated interrogation, I had no choice but to admit that Michael was my one-night stand.

"Anna, I think Michael Shaw is quite a decent choice. You'll definitely be better off with him than the scumbag, Justin."

Probably hoping that I would get over my breakup sooner, Natalie started planting rotten ideas into my mind.

Shaking my head in exasperation, I lamented her impressive imagination inwardly.

We only had a one-night stand, and there's nothing going on between us. Besides, we're from different worlds. He's a big shot who can shake up the entire city with a flick of his hand and has assets all over the country. Everyone knows that he's an invisible tycoon though he keeps a rather low profile.

"It's impossible between Michael Shaw and me, so don't let your imagination wander."

After saying that, I headed back to my room to rest.

"He's Justin's immediate superior. Didn't you see how Justin bowed and scraped like a commoner to royalty when he saw him today? Ah, just the thought of you dating him feels gratifying!"

Natalie's comment halted me in my tracks. For a brief moment, I was indeed tempted. Admittedly, I wanted revenge against Justin, for anger and hatred blazed within me whenever I saw him with Mabel.

However, it was only a fleeting thought that was gone in the next moment.

Michael Shaw and I have no interaction at all, nor do I have any idea why he was at the bar that day. Oh well, perhaps rich people have their own troubles as well. Anyway, that's none of my business. The most important thing now is to get into the right mindset again and find another job!

My previous workplace was too far from Justin's office, so I handed in my resignation letter. Initially, I was planning to find a suitable job at a nearer place after getting married.

Alas, not only did the wedding fall through, but I also lost my job. I was probably the most pathetic woman in the world, having sacrificed everything for the sake of a scumbag...

Another two days went by, and I gradually got over the breakup with Natalie's persistent counseling. It finally dawned on me that it wasn't worth feeling anguished over a jerk who betrayed me.

In the past few days, my life became peaceful once again. I felt that I was ready to start afresh.

On this particular day, I woke up early in the morning and washed up. As I was going for an interview, I changed into a formal dress before applying light makeup to appear more presentable and competent.

I majored in copywriting, so I was going to attend an interview with an advertising company.

When I arrived at the biggest advertising company in Avenport, I stared at the towering building. Sweeping my gaze from the bottom to the top, a sense of dizziness assailed me.

Previously, I was working in a small advertising company, so my bonus was meager even when my performance was outstanding. I knew that I would only have better prospects if I made it in a bigger corporation, and that was why I chose to interview with this company.

There was only one flaw, though—Justin was also working here. Initially, I didn't want to choose this company, but for the sake of my future, I endured the revulsion of having to work with that jerk in the future and came here for an interview.

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I knew that Michael owned this advertising company, but since this was just his side business, I did not expect to see him here. The chances of meeting that busy man were close to none.

My focus then was to get this job and rise through the ranks. I had to stop mopping around and carve a future for myself.

With my qualifications and experience, I was confident that I could get into any regular company. But this was Joyful Success Advertisements we were talking about. They had some of the industry's best employee benefits. Naturally, the hiring process was rigorous as well, so there was no saying whether or not I would be hired.

After the interview, I felt slightly out of sorts. For just a side business, the company was massive. Never had I expected to see thousands of employees working here.

Instinctively, I recalled Michael's face. Despite only being in his early thirties, he already had tons of assets under his name. I simply could not phantom how rich he was. He's probably the richest guy I've met in my entire life.

But that was none of my business. I had but one goal, which was to get hired here.

As I walked down the streets, I prayed fervently that I would get accepted. However, my prayers were cut short as a car started honking repeatedly from behind me. The sounds would have irritated anyone nearby.

"Anna Garcia!" It was a voice I would recognize even in the depths of hell.

While pretending not to hear him, I increased my pace. I never wanted to see this scumbag ever again.

"Anna, stop right there!" With just a few strides, Justin was already in front of me, looking displeased.

"What are you doing? Get out of my way." I shot him a steely look.

"I have something to ask you." There was a hint of anxiousness in his voice.

“How unfortunate. I have nothing to discuss with you.” Our relationship was over, and there was no need for me to answer him.

Who the hell does he think he is to order me around?

Then, I went around to get past him.

Before I could walk any further, he grabbed my arms tightly. “What’s your relationship with Mr. Shaw? Why were you being so chummy with him at the mall the other day? Also, what did he mean when he said he would be gentler the next time? Did you sleep with him?” Nearing the end, Justin was practically shouting, anger written across his face as though he was the one who had been cheated on.

I smiled coldly before rebutting, “Is my relationship with Michael or whether I slept with him any of your business? Don’t you think you’re meddling too much?” From the moment he betrayed me, we were already strangers.

“Did you or did you not sleep with him? Since when did you become such an easy woman? Was the innocent side you showed me a lie all along?” His accusive eyes were filled with rage as they bored into mine.

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“Look who’s talking? If I’m easy, at least I’m one with morals. You, on the other hand, are a scoundrel who slept with your fiancé’s best friend. What’s worse, you did it in our new house. Do you think you’re in any position to scold me? If you can mess around with another woman, why can’t I do the same?” At this point, I couldn’t be bothered about whether I was being too loud.

Upon hearing that, Justin’s expression softened slightly. “I know that Mabel and I hurt you, but you can’t just sleep with any guy because of that. Besides, don’t you know who Michael is?” Despite his softer tone, I could still sense the accusation in his voice.

“I don’t need you to tell me who Michael is. You and I are over! Whether or not I sleep with anyone else is none of your business. Let me repeat one more time. We’re strangers now. Oh, one last thing. I hope Mabel and you will break up soon.” Despite having a million more things to say, I held back the urge to blurt them out and walked away from him.

He got lucky. Had that scumbag followed after me and spoke in that same manner, I would have given him a slap.

This short episode with Justin ruined my mood completely. I decided that I would go wild for the last time in order to release all my pent-up emotions.

After purchasing cans of beer and a packet of snacks, I drove to a nearby river. By the time I arrived, it was dawn. I dialed for Natalie, but she was working overtime and could only join me afterward. Resignedly, I started drinking alone.

The cool night breeze blew gently against my skin. With my low alcohol tolerance, I was soon tipsy.

Not long later, I heard the sound of a couple quarreling. I recognized that familiar man to be Michael, and beside him was the popular celebrity, Sophie Mitchell.

What's he doing here with Sophie?

He's really well connected. I can't believe he even knows famous celebrities like her.

Just as I was puzzling over their relationship, he abruptly looked in my direction. Caught off guard, I hurriedly turned away, shielding my face from them. Even so, my ears remained alert. After all, no one could resist juicy gossip.

"Michael, it was my fault. I won't do it again. Can you forgive me?"

"Was I not clear enough? You and I are over. Stop pestering me." He sounded annoyed.

"Don't do this to me! If there's anything I'm lacking, I'll change! I can become the ideal woman for you. Please don't break up with me!"

Seeing that he had his back facing me, I got bolder and was back at peeking at them.

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After Sophie finished speaking, she went in for an embrace. I was sure no man could refuse a woman who was willing to do this much. What was more, the woman was a popular and beautiful celebrity like her; there was a long line of suitors dying just to catch a glimpse of her face.

I bet he, too, would succumb to her. Yet, the next moment, he did the most unexpected thing. He pushed her away without any mercy. To top it off, his face was as detached and unfeeling as ever.

“Don’t make me repeat the third time. We are over.”

Heartless creature! He did not even hesitate the least. And what’s with that high and mighty tone? I bet he’s just a jerk.

I was cursing him inwardly with all my might.

What was I expecting? Even Justin, a mere department manager, was already two-timing me, let alone a capable and rich guy like Michael. It was probably not an exaggeration to assume that there were women flocking up to him every day.

“How could you be so heartless? We’ve already been together for so long. At the very least, I deserve an explanation, don’t I?”

Sophie started sobbing uncontrollably. Even I felt sorry for her, and I was sure that Michael did as well.

“Do you really need me to spell it out for you? The fact that I didn’t was to let you keep your last shred of dignity.”

“I don’t understand. What do you mean by that?” A deep frown found its way across her beautiful face.

While remaining silent, Michael fished out a few photographs from his pocket and threw them on the ground. Despite being too far away to decipher the photos, his next words were enough for me to guess what they were.

“How do you explain all this evidence of you entering the hotel with another man? I told you from the beginning that my woman can only be mine alone. I won’t tolerate cheating.”

Upon hearing that, I finally understood why he was so heartless. It turned out that Sophie was cheating behind his back all along. But who would have guessed behind that pure and innocent image she portrayed was

such a person. One should never judge a book by its cover, especially in the shady entertainment industry.

Immediately, Sophie got flustered and grabbed his hands desperately. "Michael, that was my fault. It was just a moment's folly. I will never do anything like that again! Please forgive me this time around!"

However, he brushed off her hands, a clear sign he had no intentions of forgiving her.

"Enough! Let's end this once and for all. We're no longer in a relationship. If you continue to pester me, I won't mind sending these photographs to the media."

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Evidently, he was hell-bent on dumping her today, and I understood where he was coming from. After all, I was just in his position not long ago. I, too, made the tough decision to end my relationship with Justin, who was cheating on me. Naturally, a powerful figure like him would not tolerate his woman cheating on him either.

"Please... Michael, can you forgive me?" Tears streamed down her face. Despite that heart-wrenching look, it was funny how I no longer pitied her. After knowing the reason, I could only say that she got what she deserved.

Running out of patience, he bellowed, "Get lost before I change my mind about the photos!"

At that moment, I saw her figure shudder momentarily at his words.

I could tell that she was in a bind between persisting or taking flight. As expected, she chose the latter and left the place with tears all over her face.

Now that the show was over, I turned back toward the river and continued drinking my beer as if nothing happened.

I expected Michael to leave shortly, but I clearly overestimated my spying ability. The next moment, his voice cut through the gentle breeze, "Don't you have anything to say after eavesdropping on our conversation?"

His velvety low voice made my heart beat faster. Looking around, I realized that there were only two of us here, which meant that he was obviously talking to me. I thought I had hidden well enough, but it turned out that I underestimated him.

The moment I turned in his direction, I was met with his obsidian eyes staring right at me with an unfathomable look in them. The next thing I knew, I blurted, "Were you talking to me?"

I smiled awkwardly, hoping to mask some of my guilt. Eavesdropping was not something to boast about after all.

"Who else could I be talking to? Ghosts?" Then, he took large strides toward me.

With every step, my heart beat more furiously than before. Why did he have to mention ghosts in the middle of the night?

I had a vivid imagination due to my love for reading supernatural novels.

The next moment, the cold breeze made the hair on my back stand. If it were not for him, I would have run away.

"Why're you drinking here all alone at night?" He frowned as his gaze landed on the can of beer I was holding. I guess someone doesn't like women who drink.

Assuming he was here to find fault, I blurted out reflexively, "Err... I-I was just coincidentally here. I really didn't mean to eavesdrop on you and Sophie!"

"So, what do you have to say about what you heard?"

By then, he was already next to me. I estimated that he was probably over six feet tall. Against his looming figure, I had to strain my neck up to meet his face.

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"Well, Sophie is such a beauty! Are you sure you want to break up with her? Why don't you forgive her?"

I tried to persuade him to make up with her instead, though I would never accept my partner cheating on me. But if I support his decision, he may suspect me of having an ulterior motive!

Therefore, I'd better persuade him to make up with her, just to be on the safe side.

"Do you think I'll forgive a woman who has cheated on me?" Michael glared at me as his handsome face darkened with anger. It was evident that my words had pissed him off.

I smiled awkwardly at him, unsure of how to reply to such a question. I only overheard you breaking up with your girlfriend coincidentally. How do you expect me to comment on it? What am I supposed to say? Oh gosh, are you trying to make things difficult for me?

He then continued, "By the way, don't get the wrong idea about the relationship between Sophie and me. We only see each other to satisfy our own needs. She wants fame and money, whereas I just want to gratify my sexual desires."

Michael glanced at me impassively. There was not a hint of emotion in his deep voice.

What? Gratify his sexual desires?

My goodness! He's quite frank, isn't he?

"Um... you don't need to explain this to me. I won't tell anyone, and I'll keep it a secret!"

I did not understand why Michael even bothered explaining his relationship with Sophie to me. In fact, that was only our third conversation. We were just two strangers who had a one-night stand.

However, he frowned after hearing my words, seemingly annoyed as though I had said something wrong. My gut told me that he was not one to mess with, so I remained silent.

An awkward pause ensued, and the atmosphere became tense. As Michael stood beside me, I grew uneasy with the silence.

After quite a while, he asked, "What are you doing here at this late hour?"

"I was in a bad mood, so I came here to get some air and have some drinks."

Suddenly, I was reminded of Justin pestering me that afternoon. Once again, I felt irritable.

“Let’s go! I’ll send you home!” Michael glanced at me indifferently and reached his hand out to me.

His fingers were slender and bony, looking clean and beautiful. I stretched out my arm to grasp his hand. As I was sober, my heart thumped heavily at such physical intimacy.

“Don’t worry! I’ll go home by myself. It’s easy to hail a cab ahead.”

Indeed, my heart skipped a beat whenever I saw him. If it were not for the fact that I was still young, I would have suspected that I was having a heart attack.

Instinctively, I wanted to keep my distance from him. After I finished my words, I prepared to leave immediately.

Much to my surprise, he pulled me into a tight embrace. As my face pressed against his chest, I could hear his heart pounding. With the faint smell of his cologne wafting into my nose, I could not control my frenzied heartbeat. Consequently, I forgot to break free from his arms.

“Anna, why are you always avoiding me? You’re not allowed to leave yet!” While I was trapped in his embrace, he pressed his luscious lips to my ear, whispering in his deep and husky voice.

Abruptly, I came to my senses and realized that he was holding me in his arms. I struggled to break free, but he was too strong, and my attempt was to no avail.

“Hey, what are you doing? Let go of me!”

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I glowered at Michael annoyedly. What does he want? It’s not like I eavesdropped on their conversation deliberately. Is there even a need to punish me?

“I want you!”

Upon hearing that, I shot him a fierce glare, but he did not seem angry. Instead, an ambiguous smile crept up on his impassive and handsome face, which mesmerized me instantly.

I was not a maiden who swooned at the sight of every attractive guy I saw. However, Michael was ridiculously handsome with a noble temperament, and I was unknowingly attracted to him.

It was not until he placed his hand on my breast that I was brought to my senses. Immediately, I scowled at him defiantly.

“You’re crazy! Let go of me, or else I’ll shout for help!”

Infuriated by his actions, I shot him a glare. After all, I considered myself a conservative woman.

“Anna, you’ve slept with me, but now you’re acting demure! What’s the point?”

Seeing that I was struggling to escape, Michael got annoyed, and his gaze contained a hint of rage.

I guessed many women wanted to sleep with him, but I was different. I was not interested in him, and that one-night stand was a spur-of-the-moment act when I was drunk.

“There’s no point! Let go of me now! I want to go home!”

I stared at Michael and stopped struggling. Wait a minute. Don’t tell me he wants to have sex with me by this river!

“Let me drive you home.” With that, he dragged me toward his car despite my reluctance.

Panicking, I instinctively wanted to escape. I knew that if I got into his car, I wouldn’t be able to escape anymore. Thus, I forcefully broke free from his grasp.

“Michael, what do you want? It was just an impulsive act that night. I’m sorry that I forced you to sleep with me! Besides, I gave you my virginity, and you weren’t on the losing end either. So stop bothering me!”

Ever since that night, we ran into each other more frequently. As such, I began to suspect that he had a hidden agenda.

"What? You forced me?" His handsome face darkened, and he sounded displeased after hearing my words.

Well, I guess no man likes to be forced into having sex by a woman.

"Anna, your apology is pointless! If you want me to stop bothering you, do something about it!"

"Like what?" I stared at him curiously, feeling excited. If I can fulfill his conditions, we'll be able to go our separate ways!

"Well, since you forced me to sleep with you that night, it's only fair that I do the same to you!"

Admittedly, he was an attractive and charismatic man. I couldn't help but feel flustered as he approached me with a charming smile.

"What? Are you kidding me?"

While considering his words, I looked at him with a stiff smile. Seriously, he wants to sleep with me again?

"Do I look like I'm kidding? You just said that you forced me to sleep with you, so it will only be fair if I treat you the same way!"