

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 1

It was 10 p.m. at Dewberry Garden.

I opened the door and stepped into the house. When I flicked on the lights, the illumination from the crystal lights in the guest room reflected my silhouette on the French windows.

This house would be my marital home tomorrow. My fiancé, Justin Xenakis, was a department manager. Not only was he handsome, but he was also exceedingly attentive to me. Thus, I felt really blessed to be marrying a man who loved me so much.

According to tradition, we weren't supposed to stay together the night before the wedding. Therefore, Justin was spending the night in our new house while I was staying over with my best friend, Natalie Xavier.

Before going to bed, I ran a check to ensure that I had everything needed tomorrow, only to realize that I had forgotten the wedding veil.

In order to give Justin a surprise, I returned to our new house discreetly without calling him beforehand.

At the thought that I'd be living happily ever after with him from tomorrow onward, my lips curved into a blissful smile.

I then changed into a pair of slippers. Just when I reached the living room, a woman's moan of pleasure drifted out of the master bedroom.

All at once, my heart lurched. The master bedroom's door was slightly ajar, and the woman's seductive and enthralling voice came from within the room.

In a flash, a raging fire started blazing within me. My legs felt as though they were made of lead, but still, they involuntarily led the way.

As I stood at the door of the bedroom, the cries of ecstasy from within sounded increasingly clear, every single sound hitting me squarely in the chest.

The door creaked open with a slight push from me.

A pair of beige high heels were scattered haphazardly, and a myriad of feminine items littered the floor. Such a scene had my thoughts inevitably going into the gutter.

Enduring the fury and panic within me, I shifted my eyes to the bed. But at that single glance, it instantly felt as though a knife pierced my heart, the pain so excruciating that I couldn't quite breathe.

My best friend-cum-roommate for four years during university was currently in bed with my fiancé, Justin, whom I was marrying

tomorrow.

The moment Mabel caught sight of me by the door, her eyes glinted with provocation, and her moans became even more licentious.

As I took in everything in the room, even breathing felt painful to me. Oh God, there is another woman in my fiancé's arms, and they're going at it passionately!

In the blink of an eye, rage and humiliation assailed me. I clenched my hands tightly in a bid to suppress the urge to charge forward and rip them to shreds.

Mabel's gaze was sultry as she continued caressing him all over with long and slender fingers, her voice ever so hypnotizing.

"Darling, don't you feel guilty doing this with me when you're getting married to Anna tomorrow?"

"What's there to be guilty about? Is there a difference between doing it on the eve of my wedding or normal days? Besides, she'll never know about us."

Justin's voice was deep and strained.

"But what if... I mean, what if she suddenly comes over and catches us red-handed? What do you think she'll do? Will she call off the wedding?"

Mabel looked at me tauntingly with a sneer playing on her lips.

"That's a moot point since she won't come over. Furthermore, so what if she knows? At most, we'll call off the wedding. I didn't plan on getting married so early anyway."

Chuckling nonchalantly, Justin continued hammering into Mabel.

"So, why are you getting married if you're reluctant to do so? You know, we won't be able to meet so frequently after you're married."