

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 119

Just when I was fidgeting on the couch, entertaining the idea of sneaking away, the sound of the bedroom door opening disrupted my train of thought. My heart skipped a beat and I immediately looked in the direction of the bedroom. Sure enough, Michael's figure appeared in my line of sight.

He was wearing a robe with a few locks of hair messily framing his forehead, giving off a lazy vibe.

When he saw me sitting on the couch, surprise flickered in his eyes. But the next second, he strode toward the kitchen as though he hadn't seen me.

After grabbing a bottle of water from the refrigerator, he stopped not far from me.

Then, he took a sip of water before speaking in a raspy voice. "What are you doing up in the middle of the night? Playing ghost to scare me?"

"Excuse me. Have you seen such a pretty ghost before?"

What is wrong with him? Why is he talking about ghosts at this hour? Besides, which part of me looks like a ghost?

"Pretty? Do you think the word 'pretty' matches the way you look right now?"

Michael snorted with disdain upon hearing my retort.

Already in a bad mood, Michael's jab at me only served to grate on my nerves. What's his problem? Did he force me to stay here just to insult me?

I glared at Michael and wanted to talk back, but when I thought about the way I looked at the moment, I found myself bereft of speech. I know the word 'pretty' doesn't match the way I look right now, but can't he act more like a gentleman and refrain from insulting me like that?

"If you're done, you should go back to your room and rest. I'm going to get some rest too."

Disinclined to get into an argument with Michael, I lay back down on the couch and ignored him since it didn't seem like he had anything nice to say to me anyway.

"Then you can continue playing ghost here. Just be careful, or a real ghost might come here to keep you company."

Michael chuckled lightly and went back to the bedroom.

Right after he said that, I felt a chill run down my spine.

I usually liked reading horror novels and didn't think anything much about them. Oddly, a hint of fear crept into my heart after hearing what he said.

Looking out the windows, only pitch-black darkness greeted me.

As the windows were slightly ajar, the curtains billowed eerily in the wind, painting a scene straight out of a horror movie. A horror movie that I'd watched before surfaced in my mind, and I wondered if a female ghost was about to appear behind the curtains.

I had always possessed a vivid imagination. Hence, goosebumps rose all over my body even when I knew that I was only scaring myself.

Right then, sleep was impossible.

I glanced in the direction of the bedroom, and was suddenly overwhelmed with the impulse to rush in.

Michael was inside. Being near him would definitely make me feel safer.

The curtains were still swaying when I peeked at the windows again. The wind that blew in was slightly chilly, causing my heart to tighten in my chest.

I got up and made my way to the bedroom, but hesitated by the door.

Because the lights in the living room weren't turned on, I felt especially creeped out. Taking a deep breath, I mustered up the courage to push open the door and poke my head in.

Under the moonlight, I spied Michael asleep in bed. When I strained my ears, I could even hear his even breathing.

I stood at the threshold for a long time, thinking whether or not to enter. It's past midnight already. I can't just stand here all night long, right?

With that, I walked in further. Being in the same space as him effectively calmed my nerves.

"Are you planning to seduce me by coming into my room so late at night?"

Michael's voice abruptly rang out in the dark, scaring the soul out of me. I whipped my head toward the bed to see that he had already sat up.

"W-Weren't you asleep?"

He looked like he was sleeping soundly just seconds ago. I didn't wake him up, did I? I already made sure not to make a sound.

"Be honest, Anna. You were planning to seduce me while I was asleep, weren't you?"

Michael lifted the blanket and got down from the bed. When he started prowling toward me, I became tense all over again.

Even though I was no longer scared, my heart thumped violently against my ribcage when he closed the distance between us.

As he got closer, I backed away step by step and started speaking incoherently. "N-No. You've got it wrong. I came in because--"

"No? Then why did you come into my room all of a sudden? Other than to seduce me, I really can't think of another reason."

Michael had already backed me into a corner by then. Trapped, I could only plaster myself against the wall and look at him nervously.

The bedroom was shrouded in darkness, but I could still vaguely make out his distinct features under the dim moonlight.

“I...”

I was rendered tongue-tied by his probing. Not to mention, telling him that I came in because I was afraid of ghosts would sound ridiculous.

He’d probably think I was insane if I told him that, or perhaps he’d accuse me of making up excuses.

“I know we haven’t done it in a long time, Anna. If you want it that badly, I guess I’ll have to grant you your wish.”

Michael placed both hands on the wall, caging me in. Right then, we were mere inches apart. I even caught a whiff of the scent that solely belonged to him.

My heart was beating furiously because of our close proximity, but his bluntness rubbed me the wrong way and I countered, “You wish. I’m not interested in you like that.”

Do I look like I want it badly? Can’t he tell that I’ve been trying to avoid him every step of the way? If he hadn’t talked about ghosts keeping me company, I would never have come in here.

“Are you calling me unattractive, Anna?”

His face turned grim, and a trace of anger flashed in his eyes.

I shot him an exasperated look. How does he expect me to answer that? Saying no won’t change a thing, and saying yes, would only further enrage him.

“I really didn’t-”

I was about to explain myself, but my words were cut off when he smashed his lips against mine.

Didn’t he say my face is swollen like a pig, and that he’s not attracted to me at all? What the hell is going on?

My mind went blank. This man was so capricious. One second he was glaring angrily at me, and the next, he started kissing me.

As usual, his kiss was demanding and domineering, making me lose myself in it.

I was dumbstruck at first, but then started to respond to his kiss. Although it had only been a few days since we ended our relationship, it felt like an eternity.

My eyes fluttered shut as I let him kiss me however he liked.