

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 28

“Didn’t I satisfy you the last time? I never thought an innocent-looking girl like you would turn out to be insatiable. I really underestimated you, Anna.”

It seemed like Michael never intended to let me off. His words enraged me; he was insulting me. Even though I came to him with ulterior motives, I was actually a rather conservative woman in nature. Being called insatiable by a man left a bitter taste in my mouth.

The smile on my face instantly vanished, and I stared at Michael coldly. “Sorry. I came to the wrong person.” With that, I spun around to leave, but he snagged my wrist and yanked me back against his chest.

Circling me tightly in his arms, he inched his face closer to mine with a wicked smile playing on his lips. “Since you’re so eager to roll in the sheets with me, I guess I have no choice but to give you what you want.”

Although this meant he agreed to have sex with me, every word he said was a blow to my pride, even more so when I was a very prideful woman. Thus, I immediately shoved him away.

Yes, I was severely short of money, but that didn’t mean I would allow a man to insult me like that. Coming to see Michael was a mistake.

“Let’s just pretend I never came to see you today. From now on, we won’t ever see each other again!” I said frostily.

With that, I turned around and prepared to walk away, but Michael was faster. He shot forward and blocked my way.

“Don’t you think it’s a little too late to walk away now? You were the one who seduced me first, Anna.”

Before I could react, the man opened his car door and shoved me in.

I initially wanted to resist, but at the thought of my dad, I endured the humiliation I was feeling and stayed seated in his car.

The car sped along the road at an insane pace. Thankfully, Michael was a skilled driver.

“Where are we going?” I glanced at the man’s side profile and asked blandly.

“To some place where it’s convenient for what we’re about to do, of course. Don’t tell me you want to do it in the car again in broad daylight?”

Michael didn’t even look at me when he answered my question, but what he said made me blush a beetroot red as my mind was automatically brought back to that wild scene in the car.

I had slept with him again right here, in the same car and same seat.

Turning my face to look out the window, I remained silent the whole ride.

He made the car fly, and we soon arrived at a chain hotel. After getting out of the car, I looked up and saw that it was a five-star hotel.

I couldn't help but grumble inwardly. This guy must be filthy rich. We're only going to have sex. Is it really necessary to choose a five-star hotel? One night here would probably cost me half a month's salary. The lives of rich people are truly different from ordinary ones.

"Michael, a five-star hotel isn't necessary, is it? Just think about it. We're just going in for a while. I don't think this is an economical choice..." I turned to look at him and voiced out in a cautious tone.

My purpose was to sleep with Michael, not to sleep in a five-star hotel. A round of sex wouldn't take that long either. Coming to a

five-star hotel was just too over the top.

Michael turned to briefly glance at me and replied, "Coming here is, in fact, the most economical choice. I don't need to spend money here."

"You won't need to spend money? Why?" I followed him in and asked in a soft voice.

"Because I own this hotel. Do you think I'd need to pay to rest here for a while?" The man stopped in his tracks and looked at me with mild exasperation.

"What? You own this hotel?"

I gaped at him in disbelief. He owns this hotel? But this is a five-star chain hotel... I heard that there are eighty-six of them all over the country. I never expected that he'd be the owner.

I can only imagine the monthly turnover for so many hotels combined. Just how rich is this guy?

I knew he dabbled in many businesses, but I never thought his involvement would be so widespread and large-scale.

"Are you surprised?" He raised his brows, but before I could answer, he grabbed my hand and led me in.

As soon as we reached the front desk, the manager came forward to serve us. Upon seeing that it was Michael, he was visibly stunned.

"Mr. Shaw, what brings you here? Is there something about us you're not satisfied with?"

The manager came to stand before Michael and bowed slightly. From the apprehensive look on his face, I could see that he was very nervous.

A laugh threatened to escape my lips upon witnessing this scene. I wondered just how strict Michael had to be to cause the manager from his own hotel to be so terrified upon seeing him.

Michael didn't answer the manager's question. Instead, he shot him a cursory glance and ordered, "Get me a room. I'm here to rest."

"Huh?" The manager's eyes widened in surprise, but when he saw Michael's hostile expression, he immediately agreed, "Yes, Mr. Shaw. Please follow me."

The manager led us to a presidential suite on the eighteenth floor. There was no denying that rich people knew how to enjoy their lives. A presidential suite was equivalent to a three-bedroom apartment, and there were also all kinds of home appliances provided.

This was my first time in a presidential suite. Just as I was looking around the place with awe sprawled on my face, Michael abruptly pushed me against the wall beside the door. Before I could register what was going on, he smashed his lips against mine.