

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 42

There wasn't a single soul in the living room, the entire place was as silent as the grave. I looked at Michael apprehensively.

"I can't believe you actually brought me to your house... What if your parents see me?" I reminded in a whisper after walking over to him.

Dear heavens! My relationship with Michael is of a scandalous nature, so I'd be utterly mortified if his parents were to know about us!

"Don't worry. They don't stay here." After saying that, Michael pinned me down on the couch in the living room.

He appeared to be a calm and composed person on the surface, but when it came to matters of the bedroom, he always turned into an impatient and frenzied beast.

Upon hearing that, great relief suffused me. As I gazed into his fervent eyes, my heart fluttered.

"Thank you, Michael..."

Recalling the fact that he had come to my rescue the night before, I thanked him as I stared at his handsome countenance.

His expression stilled for a moment when he heard that. Immediately after, he looked right into my eyes, his voice low and mesmerizing.

"You're my woman, and I, Michael Shaw, never shares my woman with anyone else! Remember this, Anna Garcia—before I break off our relationship, you're not allowed to be with any other man! Do you understand me?"

His voice was domineering and possessive when he said that. In fact, he had always been such ever since I got acquainted with him.

For some inexplicable reason, a wave of bitterness swept over me. Gazing into his eyes, I was silent for a long time before I finally answered, "I got it."

In truth, I had no delusions about our relationship, but anguish inevitably crept in when he ordered me in such a manner. Gah! Why am I suddenly assailed by such a feeling? Well, perhaps too many things have happened recently that I'm now becoming sentimental! I comforted myself inwardly.

At the same time, Michael had already captured my lips. And very quickly, I was lost in his tenderness. He "tormented" me for the better half of the night like a tireless beast.

Lying beside him, I tossed and turned as sleep eluded me. Part of the reason was that we had never slept in the same bed.

During the previous few times, we went our separate ways after doing the deed. This time, however, he had fallen asleep next to me, and we were at his house to boot.

With a practical stranger sleeping beside me, coupled with the fact that my privates were feeling rather sore, I only dozed off when it was almost dawn.

Perhaps I couldn't sleep well since I was in an unfamiliar place, but I woke up very early in the morning. When I opened my eyes, I was immediately greeted by the sight of Michael staring at me.

Flustered, I hastily averted my gaze. Why is he staring at me early in the morning instead of sleeping? I wonder how long he has been at it.

"Uh... It's getting late, so I should get going."

At the realization that I was now in his house and his bed, panic swamped me. Having blurted that anxiously, I swiftly darted my gaze around in search of my clothes.

However, I didn't see a single garment of mine even after sweeping my gaze all over the room. At that, I frowned in mystification as I tried recalling everything that had happened last night.

I remember that I first started stripping in the living room...

Finally, I remembered that my clothes were in the living room. Alas, I was currently in my birthday suit. While Michael had seen every part of me, I simply couldn't bring myself to sashay right past him to the living room without a single stitch on.

"Um... My clothes are in the living room. Can you please get them for me?" I inquired softly as I turned to look at him in embarrassment.

However, Michael didn't answer me. Instead, his gaze was fixated on my chest. Following his gaze, I looked down at myself. All at once, my face flamed.

I swiftly snagged the blanket and wrapped it around myself tightly. At that very moment, my mortification was so great that I was gripped by the urge to crawl into a hole.

"Why are you shy? There isn't a part of you that I have not touched or seen."