

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 67

“Is there a certain timing to have fun between the sheets?”

Michael turned to me with a quirked brow, his voice colored with suggestiveness.

As I clocked the burning desire in his eyes, my heart jolted, and I promptly averted my gaze.

“But there are other people in your house. Aren’t you afraid that they’ll hear us?”

“This is my house, so what if other people hear us? But well, if you’re afraid that they’ll hear you, you can keep your moans to yourself.”

Michael’s lips curved into a smirk. In the next moment, he stalked over with his profound gaze pinned on me.

His eyes were as profound as a bottomless whirlpool that I couldn’t help being drawn in.

“M-Michael...” I started stammering even as I instinctively backed a few steps away.

Without giving me an opportunity to speak further, he bent and scooped me up. Then, he swiftly strode toward the second floor.

The moment we arrived at the master bedroom, he placed me on the huge bed. Right after, he mounted me and pinned me underneath him.

Lying on the bed, anxiety swamped me as I gazed at his handsome countenance a mere inch away. Although it was no longer my first time, my heart inexorably went into overdrive every single time.

“Before half a year has passed, Anna, your body belongs to me alone!” he proclaimed in a deep voice, leaning close to my ear.

Upon hearing that, my brows furrowed. I was just about to counter, but he had already captured my lips before I could even open my mouth.

His kiss was exceedingly possessive. At that very moment, he appeared rather frantic, his previous gentleness gone without a trace.

Abhorring such a frenzied kiss, I pushed at him in aversion. Alas, my resistance seemed to be making him all the more wilder.

He kept kissing me, his lips traveling to my neck and further down. Soon, he got impatient and ripped my clothes off me.

At that, I glared at him irately. Ugh! How could he be so savage to rip my clothes? What on earth am I going to wear after this?

With my mood entirely ruined, I wanted to shove him away. However, he didn’t give me the chance to do so, roaming his hands all over me and igniting my desire to a fervent pitch.

Surprisingly, he wasn’t as anxious as before. This time, he was extremely patient, teasing me relentlessly as he admired my response.

It was broad daylight then, so he had no problems seeing my every single reaction to his touch clearly. As I looked at him with glazed eyes, I could make out the smirk playing at his lips, so I averted my gaze in embarrassment.

Discomfited, I then turned my face away to hide it from his gaze. After all, having a man scrutinize my every expression at such a time was truly mortifying.

As though realizing my shyness, the curve of Michael's lips deepened, and mirth crept into his eyes.

No doubt, most men relished the sight of a woman moaning under their ministrations since it would be immensely gratifying to their egos. In that, Michael was no exception.

By then, I was already squirming impatiently. When I saw that he didn't seem inclined to begin, I glowered at him in chagrin.

Damn it, he must be deliberately torturing me today! He knows full well that I can't take much teasing after having abstained for so many days, yet he deliberately dragged out the foreplay. Never had he been so patient when we did it often in the past! Seeing my restlessness, smugness showed in Michael's eyes.

Leaning close to my ear, he murmured, "Hmm? Are you getting eager for me?"

"Hurry up if you're going to do it, Michael! You're purposely tormenting me!"

Realizing that he was deliberately teasing me, I shot daggers at him. My voice was tinged with a hint of disgruntlement.

Nonetheless, my voice sounded weak to my ears since I was then aroused by his touch. As such, it seemed as though I was enticing him instead.

"Anna, you were resisting me earlier, yet you're now eager for me?"

His voice was so tender that one would melt into a puddle. He wasn't at all angered at my outburst, for his mesmerizing smile remained on his lips as he caressed my face with his other hand.

"Are you going to do it, Michael? If not, let go of me!"

"Beg me. I'll satisfy you if you beg me."

As his long and slender fingers brushed across my face, it didn't feel hot but tingly.

When I heard him telling me to beg him, the rage within me surged to the forefront at once.

"You're a pervert, Michael Shaw!" I snapped coldly, glaring at him furiously.

Hah! He actually wants to be begged by me? Why should I?

"Aren't you eager to have me right now? I'm the only one who can satisfy you, Anna," he asserted with a dark look in his eyes.

The more he spoke, the hotter my fury blazed. He's truly a pervert! Argh! He's really shameless to demand that I beg him! "Michael, you've gone too far this time! I have my dignity as well!"

While I always chose to compromise with him, I still had my dignity. And begging him was something I would never do.

As soon as my words fell, Michael's expression darkened significantly. His gaze blazed with barely constrained anger as he stared at me.

"Will you say the same thing if it's Yuval Lambert?"

He was staring right into my eyes, sounding interrogative as he said that.

I had no idea why he suddenly mentioned Yuval, but fury instantly engulfed me upon hearing that.

"What do you mean by that, Michael Shaw?"

What does our relationship have to do with Yuval? Although I've decided to date him, we've never done anything intimate, not even holding hands, much less sleeping together!