

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 92

“I’m not happy. I just think that he isn’t worth getting sad over.”

With that, I turned back around and left the room.

Too many mishaps had happened recently, and I wasn’t in the mood to argue with Michael any further.

I took a quick shower and planned on sleeping early tonight. After all, I had to wake up early the next day and take a trip back to my hometown to take back the hundred thousand to return to Michael.

Our first time had merely been a transactional occurrence, but now things had changed.

I came out of the bathroom and was surprised to see that Michael had followed me to my bedroom, sitting on my bed.

“Why are you here?” I asked in irritation. “I want to sleep.”

“Then let’s sleep together. I’m tired after a long day as well.”

He wasn’t mad. Instead, a hint of smile appeared on his handsome face as he lay down and made himself comfortable on the bed.

“If there’s nothing urgent, I’d like you to please leave. I’ve been in a really bad mood all day.” I stood stiffly, repressing the growing anger within me.

Is he really going to be this childish and stubborn?

“This is my house, remember? Are you trying to chase me out of a room in my own house?” Michael crossed his arms over his chest, staring down his nose at me smugly.

At that, I admit that I had nearly forgotten that I was currently on his territory. I’d also forgotten that I was supposed to tell him my decision after coming back here and that I couldn’t stay here any longer.

Though I did feel grateful that he gave me a roof over my head when I had no one else to turn to, I couldn’t stay here forever.

“If you’re not leaving, then I’ll leave,” I declared, digging out my clothes from the closet to change into them later on.

Michael strode over to me, grabbing ahold of my arm and turning me around, cornering me against the closet. Before my mind could process what was going on, he leaned down and kissed me.

My eyes widened in shock, and my mind went blank.

I hadn’t been intimate with him in several days. When he told me that he wasn’t going to force me, I’d thought that he would keep his distance from me for the time being.

It appeared that everything he said had all been a lie.

He pressed his mouth to mine desperately, his hands traveling up and down my body. I wanted to push him away, but my strength was no match for his.

In the blink of an eye, he'd picked me up and set me down on the bed, hovering over me with both of his hands on either side of my head. I tried to place my hands against his chest to try and stop him from going any further, but when I looked up, I could see that his eyes were already fogged over with lust.

He furrowed his eyebrows, not pleased at having been interrupted.

"What do you think you're doing?" He growled out, a dark expression on his face.

"You said yourself that you weren't going to force me and that you'd wait for me to make my decision."

I knew that I was fighting an uphill battle, but it didn't hurt to still try.

As soon as I said that, Michael's eyes narrowed slightly. "Are you using my own words against me?"

"I'm just speaking the truth. Or were you lying when you told me that a few days ago?"

Michael still looked annoyed, but I could see him visibly hesitate.

So he does remember what he said to me. Maybe I still have a chance at persuading him.

Unfortunately, that thought quickly dissipated when I heard what he had to say next.

"You must have misunderstood. I only meant that I wasn't going to force you to make a decision too quickly. I never said that I wasn't going to force you to have sex," he smirked.

I couldn't believe my ears. This man is really going to insist on having his way or the high way!

"You have no shame, Michael," I muttered through gritted teeth.

My impression of him had changed once more.

"I'm going to be even more shameless from now on. Would you like to see?"

He'd always had the most patience when in bed. No matter how much I scolded or berated him, he would always brush my insults aside with a proud smile.

This man might have appeared mature and solemn on the surface, but he became a completely different person when it came to his physical needs. In fact, he was almost like an insatiable child.

I glared at him, unable to find anything to reply with. There was no doubt that he was speaking the truth and absolutely planned on following through with his promise.

Upon witnessing my brief moment of vulnerability, Michael raised an eyebrow and pushed my hands away, reaching down to undo the front of my chiffon sleeping gown.

Pushing the fabric aside to reveal my skin, he scanned my body from head to toe, and I awkwardly turned my head to one side to avoid his gaze.

Within seconds, he had undone the rest of my sleeping gown, and I laid bare before him.

His long fingers traced down my neck with a sense of familiarity, his gaze burning with need and want.

When the realization dawned upon me that I was not going to be able to sleep early tonight, I closed my eyes. There was no use trying to refuse him anyway, so I might as well close my eyes and enjoy it while it lasts.

A satisfied smile tugged at Michael's lips, and he proceeded to leave his mark all over my body.

From a man's point of view, a woman's body was the sexiest thing in the world. Perhaps it was lesser common knowledge that men could use their bodies to easily seduce a woman, just like Michael.

I doubted there was a single woman on earth that wouldn't be attracted to his god-like physique. Every time I laid my eyes on his body, I had to resist letting out a squeal. It was embarrassing, but it was the truth.