

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 93

I couldn't deny that Michael was a great partner in bed, and getting to sleep with him was always a pleasurable experience.

Every touch of his hands and mouth left goosebumps in its wake, igniting a flame within me.

In the back of my mind, I thought about ending this relationship and possibly getting married to someone else. I wondered if I and my future husband would be as compatible in bed as Michael and I were.

After all, it was hard to get used to someone new after you had already grown so familiar with a person's body.

Sensing my momentary distraction, Michael paused and knitted his eyebrows together.

"Why do you look distracted when I'm trying to please you? Am I not doing well enough for you?"

Men didn't like it when their partners had the peace of mind to think about anything else except them during sex, and Michael was no exception.

I snapped back to reality, my heart skipping a beat in a panic when my gaze met his icy cold one. How did he even notice that I was distracted?

"No. It feels good," I hurriedly replied, turning to look at anything but him.

"It doesn't seem that way to me. Looks like I'll need to work harder."

His movements instantly increased in their intensity, and I had no other option but to take what he was giving me.

I was drained of all energy after several rounds in a row, and I felt him finally release inside me.

He didn't collapse and go to sleep straight away but wrapped me up in his arms and held me as his breath slowly evened out.

It felt nice to be in his embrace like that, and I briefly dreamed of a life where I could fall asleep like this every night.

The idea startled me as soon as it crossed my mind. Since when have I grown to rely on Michael so much? How could he ever be a permanent presence in my future?

I shook my head as if physically chasing all the bad thoughts away. I understood all too well that Michael and I would never be a thing, and I couldn't allow myself to fantasize about it anymore.

"What's wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable?" Michael stared at me curiously.

"N- No..." I quickly denied.

I couldn't let him figure out what I was thinking.

He had told me multiple times before that a relationship between us was impossible.

Thus, if he found out about my feelings for him, who knew what he might think about me.

Michael didn't respond, closing his eyes as if going to sleep.

"Um... I'm going back to my hometown tomorrow." I spoke up, glancing at him. "I'll be back by nighttime on the last day of the weekend."

He usually never said a word before disappearing for several days at a time, so I wasn't sure why I felt the need to explain the reason for my own absence tomorrow.

His eyes fluttered open, and he furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at me. "You're staying there overnight?"

"Yeah. I haven't been back home in a while, even though I call my family a lot, and I don't know how my Dad is doing either."

Of course, the main reason for going back home was to retrieve the hundred thousand, but I wasn't going to tell Michael that.

Knowing him and his temper, he would get angry at me if he discovered the truth.

Besides, we were sharing a rare moment of peace and quiet, and I didn't want to disrupt it.

"I'll have someone send you," he said.

My heart skipped a beat. Did he come up with that idea because he's worried about me?

For some reason, that revelation made me feel giddy with happiness, although there was a small voice in the back of my mind that kept reminding me about our current relationship status.

Even if he felt concerned, I wasn't going to accept his act of kindness.

"It's fine. I'll just hail a taxi from the bus station. The drive there is only four to five hours." I told him, even though my heartbeat was still pounding in my ears.

If he weren't an unattainable CEO and so out of my league, I would have fallen head over heels for him a long time ago.

"Are you sure?"

His eyes looked like they were searching for something as if trying to figure out why I said the things I said and why I did the things I did.

"Yes. I always take a taxi by myself whenever I go home; I'm used to it."

"Suit yourself."

Michael gave up after my second rejection, turning his back to me and laying on his side.

Disappointment and guilt welled up inside me when I was ended up staring at his back, but I kept quiet.

I turned over so that our backs were facing each other.

At some point, Michael had pulled me back into his arms in the middle of the night, his face buried into the crook of my neck. Every warm exhale and inhale tickled my sensitive skin.

Despite so, I made no effort to escape his grasp, merely closing my eyes and letting sleep overtake me once more.

When I woke up the next morning, Michael was still there lying next to me, sound asleep. This was the first time that I'd ever seen him upon waking up.

I carefully crawled out of his embrace, lifting his arm up from around my waist and tiptoeing out of bed for fear of waking him up.

I quickly changed into my clothes and was packing my luggage when I heard Michael's sleep-addled, husky voice called out, "You're leaving so early in the morning?"

I whipped around to look at him. He was sitting up in bed, staring at me with those dark eyes of his, completely naked except for the blanket covering the lower half of his body.

My cheeks flushed at the sight, and I quickly turned back around. "Yeah," I coughed out, returning to my task of packing my stuff. "The drive is a long time, so I want to get there as early as possible."

Although I only planned on staying for one night, I still needed to bring at least a change of clothes and my toiletries with me.

Michael eventually got up and put on his clothes as well. I was surprised; it was seven in the morning on a weekend, and I thought that he would take the chance to sleep in while he could.