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# Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 271 - 275

Chapter 271 Someone Is Here

No matter what I said, it simply fell on deaf ears. Ronan had gone berserk. The grip on his hand was so strong that he almost crushed my shoulders.

“Ronan, what are you doing? Let go of me! You’re hurting me!”

I grimaced from the pain in my shoulders, Ronan’s furious expression striking fear into my heart.

Given how nonchalant he usually looked, I didn’t expect him to lash out with such ferocity. In fact, his reaction was in some ways similar to Michael’s.

“Tell me how he is better than me! Why have you never considered my feelings? Why won’t you love me?”

Rage swelled within Ronan, so did the pressure from his hands.

Unable to resist the excruciating pain any longer, I pushed Ronan away with all my might. If I hadn’t resisted, he would have crushed my shoulders.

Caught off guard, Ronan staggered backward from my push. I was filled with guilt when I saw the agonizing look on his face. However, I didn’t know what to say to comfort him at all.

Amidst the tense atmosphere, Ronan suddenly sniggered.

At that moment, he looked like an entirely different person from the one I knew. To be honest, I didn’t like this side of him at all.

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Even with a heartless expression, he had maintained a vibrant exterior. But now, it was obvious that I had hurt him.

After a long silence. I finally looked Ronan in the eye and asserted, "I'm well aware of the feelings you have for me, but we can't force matters of the heart. You have always known that I only have feelings for Michael. Even if I didn't ruin his wedding today, I still wouldn't be together with you."

Looking at me in sorrow, he didn't say a word. I was cognizant what I did today had crushed him. Nevertheless, I knew it was inevitable.

"Ronan, I'm not worthy of your feelings for me, and I'm sure you will find someone better. A girl like me isn't compatible with you."

In truth, Michael and I differed a lot from each other. Hence, his feelings for me might have been triggered by a fleeting curiosity. After all, it was obvious to me that both of us were not suited for each other.

"Are you saying all this just so you can avoid me? This talk about compatibility is irrelevant. All I know is that I want you and feel the urge to make you mine. But all you ever do is hurt me. Anna, you really are a heartless woman."

To Ronan, my explanation was nothing but a sick joke. I knew that no matter what I said, it would only sound like an excuse to him.

"I know whatever I say now is useless. I also know that I've hurt you deeply today. But I hope we can still be friends."

I was overwhelmed with guilt when it came to Ronan. Although we had the right to love whoever we wanted and matters of the heart were always selfish, it didn't take away the misery I felt for hurting the person who had always been by my side when I needed someone the most.

I wasn't a saint, and neither did I have romantic feelings for Ronan. Nevertheless, he was still important to me, just like a sibling or perhaps a kindred spirit. Therefore, I tried my best to soften the blow.

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“Friends? Do you actually think we can still be friends? Anna, you are the first girl that I truly like. But you are also the person who has hurt me the most,” Ronan sneered at my suggestion of remaining friends.

I knew that there was no way he would accept whatever I said right now. Despite how hurtful his words were, I didn’t blame him at all. After all, I was the source of his misery.

“I’m sorry.”

Other than apologizing, I didn’t know what else to say. There was no way I could make up for the hurt I caused.

“That’s not what I want to hear,” Ronan said coldly as he looked at me.

After that, he turned and left.

The moment he turned, I caught a glimpse of the tears welling up in his eyes.

Trembling, I could feel guilt permeating every fiber of my body. At that moment, I realized how selfish I was. When I ruined Michael’s wedding, all I could think of was myself; I didn’t consider others’ feelings.

I watched Ronan’s silhouette until he disappeared from my sight. Only then did I withdraw my gaze.

After showering at night, I lay on my bed and stared blankly at the ceiling. Michael had declared that he would marry me in half a month’s time. Despite the wonderful news, I could barely feel any joy.

I sighed as I felt restless in bed. With everything that happened in the day, I was so drained that I wasn’t bothered to process what was going on.

Just when I was tossing and turning in bed, I heard the door opening.

My senses were pricked. I had made a lot of enemies after destroying Michael’s wedding. Furthermore, I was also traumatized by the previous incursion into my home.

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Creeping out of bed, I hid behind the door with a mug in my hand. If the intruder was hostile, I would smash it right on his head.

When I heard the sound of approaching footsteps in the living hall, my heart skipped a beat and my grip on the mug tightened.

As I was living alone, I would be lying if I said I wasn't afraid. Trembling in fear, I felt a cold sweat break out on my forehead as I prayed that the intruder would quickly leave.

There was a brief silence. I thought the intruder was gone. However, what happened next terrified me further. I heard the footsteps grow louder; they were walking in the direction of my bedroom.

I swallowed a lump in my throat, seized by fear. By then, I had raised the mug up high and was prepared to strike once the intruder entered.

As I held my breath, I heard the footsteps stop outside my door. With the help of the dim moonlight, I glared intently at the doorknob.

Before I knew it, the doorknob began to turn. With my heart pounding furiously, my mind flashed with ideas on how to defend myself if the intruder turned out to be hostile.

I was prepared to get hurt as long as I could guarantee the safety of my baby.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 272

Chapter 272 I Will Be Gentle

The doorknob turned, and the bedroom door gradually opened.

I raised the mug up high and smashed it down on the intruder, aiming it at his head. Only by knocking the wind out of him could I create an opportunity to escape.

Unfortunately, I had overestimated myself. Before I could strike, the intruder caught my hand. The latter twisted my wrist, and the mug dropped onto the ground and shattered.

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I couldn't help but cry out in pain at the tight grip on my hand.

"Anna!"

I was struggling to free myself when I heard a familiar voice and looked back.

Seeing that it was Michael, I heaved a sigh of relief. Nevertheless, I was surprised to see him there.

"Michael, what are you doing here?" I asked, my eyes widened.

"Anna, are you trying to kill your husband by hiding behind the door?"

Furrowing his eyebrows, Michael glanced at the broken mug before giving me a look of displeasure.

The moment I heard the word "husband," I blushed. Given how casual his tone was compared to the day, I figured he was no longer angry at me.

However, I was still mad at the fact that he snuck into the house in the middle of the night and gave me a fright.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I thought you were an intruder."

Glaring at him as if it was his fault, I cursed him in my heart for almost scaring me to death.

"Do you think I look like one?"

Michael cocked an eyebrow and smirked faintly. I couldn't help but be mesmerized. After all, a long time had passed since I saw that look.

His attempt to hide his smile caused my heart to skip a beat. It had only been two months, but it felt as if I hadn't seen him smile in ages.

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“Still, you scared me.” I rolled my eyes at him. “By the way, why are you here in the middle of the night?”

It was midnight, and I was curious as to what he was doing at my place. Furthermore, he seemed to be acting differently compared to earlier in the day.

“Am I not allowed to see my own girl?”

Releasing the grip on my hand, he gave me a tug and pulled me into his arms. His movements were so smooth that I found myself in his embrace before I realized what was going on.

When he called me his girl, my cheeks reddened.

Michael was someone who expressed his possessiveness all the time. Even when both of us broke up, he would still see me as his girl. And this time was no different.

I had resented it before, but now, I couldn't help but shudder at those words.

“You...”

I averted my eyes in embarrassment for a long while before raising my gaze back at him. I wanted to say something, but no words came out. Michael carried me in his arms and walked toward the bed.

As I wrapped my arms around his neck, I could sense that he was looking to satisfy his lust. Moreover, he would usually throw me on the bed before climbing on top of me.

Worried about my child, I put my hands in front of his chest and was about to protest when he gently put me down on the bed.

Caught by surprise, I trailed his line of sight and saw that it fell upon my tummy. When I saw that he, too, was worried about the child, I realized that my concerns were unwarranted.

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Nevertheless, the care he showed didn't diminish his passion at all. Before I knew it, he was already stripping me of my pajamas.

It had been a while since we made love. I couldn't help but blush at the sudden removal of my clothes.

However, unlike our past encounters, his actions were a lot gentler this time.

"Michael, can you not—"

The doctor had reminded me not to have sex in my first trimester. Michael's intentions were so obvious and I wanted to refuse him that time.

"Do you think I can hold myself back? Anna, how can you deny me now? Do you know how long I have restrained myself?"

Michael knew what I was trying to say before I could finish. He gave me a frustrated look, and his voice was already tinged with lust.

"But the doctor said I can't have an intense sex life in the first trimester. I'm worried that you..."

The doctor had reminded me to be gentle while doing it. Hence, I wasn't sure if he was capable of that, knowing how rough he was in bed.

Every single thrust of his was done so with all his might. Based on his past performance, I was worried if something untoward would happen to my child.

"I'll be gentle," Michael replied in a raspy voice.

After that, he shifted his gaze to my body.

As I was only two months pregnant, my tummy was still flat as usual.

Seeing how Michael was holding himself back, I couldn't bring myself to stop him. Yet I was also worried about the child in me.

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Just when I was battling with my own thoughts, Michael had removed all my clothes. At that moment, I was completely naked in front of him.

Michael stared at my breasts, his Adam's apple bobbing. After that, he placed his hands on them and started teasing me.

It had been a long time since we made love. Any of Michael's minute movements felt like an intense jolt to me.

Just the touch on my breast alone would send an electrifying sensation throughout my body.

As desire swelled within me, I gradually closed my eyes and relished how he was teasing me.

Michael didn't fondle my breast for long and I felt dissatisfied. But very quickly, he was nibbling my breast, brushing my peak with hot licks. The lust within me intensified and I could feel myself getting wet.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 273

Chapter 273 Stay By My Side

Michael's touch was a lot gentler than usual, but the raging urge within me felt more intense than ever.

"Anna, you seem easily aroused this time. I barely had to do anything."

As Michael continued to fondle me, I blushed harder, averting my gaze on purpose.

I, too, was surprised by my own reaction. Even though I was always aroused by him, the sensation this time was exceptionally intense.

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“But I like you the way you are now. The greater your arousal, the better it reflects on my technique,” Michael asserted shamelessly in his lusty and raspy voice.

Hearing Michael’s brazen words, I couldn’t help but wish for the ground to swallow me whole. Nothing was ever too audacious for him to say.

“Michael, stop—”

I glared at him in feigned anger. I was about to retort when he sealed my lips.

Evidently, he could no longer hold himself back.

However, he moved really slowly, worried about hurting me and my child. Yet the sensation I felt was extremely intense.

This time, our session took longer than usual due to how gentle Michael was. For a man, vigorous movements would add to his thrill. But now that he was holding back, I could sense how tormenting it must have been for him.

Although I sympathized with him, there was little I could do. After all, the baby’s safety took priority.

After a long time, he was finally done.

He sprawled on top of me and heaved a long sigh. It was obvious that he didn’t come out of it satisfied.

Despite that, he didn’t ask for a second round. All he did was pull me into his arms because he knew where to draw the line.

Everything felt so surreal. I couldn’t deny how happy I was and how much I had missed him.

“Michael, what are going to do about me and our child?”

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All that happened that day felt like a dream to me. Although I was now enveloped in his arms and I could feel his touch, I still didn't know what exactly was on his mind.

Having heard my question, he fell silent for a moment before turning his gaze toward me. "I told you that I will marry you."

He sounded indifferent. I could barely decipher the emotions behind it. Nevertheless, his words still caused my heart to race. After all, getting married to him was a dream come true for me.

I was lost for words, overwhelmed with emotions. I still couldn't believe what I just heard.

"Are you really going to cancel your wedding with Emma?"

I remembered Michael mentioning that canceling the wedding would cause him to lose fifty million, which was no small sum. If I were to cause him to lose so much, I would feel terrible about it.

"Do I look like I'm joking to you? Anna, from today onward, stay by my side and bear us our child, all right?" he said in a commanding manner, visibly upset by my doubts.

He had always been a man of his words, hence he wouldn't lie when he declared that his wedding with Emma was canceled. My repeated questions must have annoyed him very much.

Nevertheless, I was inexplicably delighted by it. All this while, I had hated it when he spoke to me that way, but not this time.

"Did you choose to be with me just because of our child?"

Michael had always been aware of my feelings for him. Yet he never changed his mind nor canceled the wedding with Emma prior to this. When he did so today, I couldn't help but wonder if it was solely because of the child.

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## Chapter 274 Massaging Michael

Michael looked at me expressionlessly while I looked at him in anxiety as I waited for his reply.

“The child is half the reason.”

Although his tone was composed, his answer wasn't what I had expected. I gave him a puzzled look as I had assumed he canceled the wedding entirely because of the child.

“What's the other half then?”

I looked him in the eye, feeling nervous yet somewhat hopeful.

“You!” Michael replied in an indifferent tone.

Nevertheless, I was ecstatic to learn that he had married me partly because of his feelings for me.

My eyes sparkled, and my heart was overwhelmed with bliss. It was just that I didn't know how to express it.

“Michael, I—”

It took me a long while to calm down. Looking at Michael's face, I was about to say something when he leaned in and locked his lips with mine.

The moment our lips touched, it felt as if I was being electrocuted. My mind turned blank, and I forgot what I had wanted to say.

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As Michael's scent filled my senses, I felt a sense of security that never existed before. All this while, I had always been fearful of losing him. But on that day, I was certain that he would always remain by my side.

Hugging him, I reciprocated his kiss. For the first time, his kiss was so gentle. It wasn't tinged with his usual possessiveness or anger. Instead, it was filled with all his affection for me.

That night was the happiest night of my entire life.

I slept exceptionally well in his arms after that. In my dreams, I saw both of us at our wedding and the birth of our child. Everything was perfect, and I was the happiest person on Earth.

When I woke up in the morning, I was still lying in Michael's arms. The moment I adjusted myself, he opened his eyes.

"Why are you up so early?"

I gave him a surprised look as I didn't expect him to be up at that hour.

"Do you think I can get any sleep while hugging you like this the entire night?"

Michael's voice was plain and didn't sound as if he had just woken up. Looking at his arm that I had used as a pillow, I knitted my eyebrows slightly.

I trailed his gaze, and it quickly dawned upon me what the issue was. I quickly raised my head and pulled out his hand.

I had used Michael's hand as my pillow the entire night. Just when I touched him, I could see his eyebrows furrow in response. He had maintained that position for the entire night, so it must be numb by now.

"I'm sorry."

Thinking back to how blissfully I slept in his arms, I felt sorry for him.

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“Why?”

Michael frowned, surprised by my sudden apology.

“Your arm must be numb by now. Why don’t I give it a massage?”

I didn’t answer his question. The look on his face made me feel bad for using his arm as my pillow for the entire night. I slept really well and didn’t consider how uncomfortable it was for him.

“It’s fine.”

Despite his refusal, I could see from his knitted eyebrows that he needed it.

I pursed my lips in response. Although I was upset by the fact that his words were contrary to his feelings, my conscience compelled me to sit up and massage the arm I slept on.

Halfway through the massage, the tension between his eyebrows began to ease. In fact, I could see that he was enjoying himself.

Just when I was still massaging him, he blurted all of a sudden, “Let’s go to the hospital after breakfast.”

“For what?” I gave him a baffled look.

“For a check-up, of course. You’re pregnant and a full body examination is required,” Michael said, shifting his gaze to my tummy.

At that moment, I caught a glimpse of the faint smile on his face. It was evident that he was overjoyed that I was carrying his child.

“Okay.”

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The thought that Michael was taking me for a check-up at the hospital delighted me. Although I was given a clean bill of health recently, I didn't mind going a few more times just because he was accompanying me.

Seeing that I was tired after massaging his arm for twenty minutes, Michael got me to stop.

I had planned to make breakfast for him. However, he didn't allow me to do so due to my pregnancy. Instead, he had the housekeeper come early to the mansion to prepare breakfast.

Breakfast was simple and suited to my taste. I couldn't take anything oily at the moment as I would feel nauseous at the sight of meat.

Michael drove me to the hospital after that and led me through a host of check-ups. Although they were a lot more thorough than the ones I had done, the results were more or less the same.

The doctor gave us some advice and reminded me to get enough supplements.

After the check-up, we had wanted to leave the hospital straight away, but we ran into Ronan in front of the elevator.

I was holding Michael's arm, and the smile on my face froze the moment I saw him.

It wasn't because I was self-conscious. Instead, I felt guilty for hurting him so badly while I was now happy together with Michael.

At that moment, I couldn't bring myself to face him at all. Every time I saw the pain in his eyes, I would feel terrible at what I had done.

Ronan's gaze fell upon my grip on Michael's hand. He remained expressionless, but I could still see the sorrow in his eyes.

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Amidst the tense atmosphere, Michael looked at Ronan and commented plainly, "Mr. Moore, you seem to be frequenting the hospital more often now. It appears to me that you're getting more ambitious."

Michael was aware of the feelings Ronan had for me. But since they were good friends, he didn't really mind. If it was anyone else, he wouldn't have greeted them so warmly.

"Do you intend for me to while away my life? I think I should pick up a thing or two from you, Michael. Women nowadays prefer men who are both aloof and successful, like you," Ronan said while looking at me placidly.

I could detect the sarcasm in his words.

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 275

### Chapter 275 Moving Into The Mansion

Knowing how much he resented me for breaking his heart, I looked down without saying a word. After all, I was the one who had hurt him. Hence, it didn't matter what he said as long as it made him feel better.

Michael furrowed his eyebrows in response as he was visibly displeased.

"Some people are just not fated to be yours." He changed the topic suddenly, exhibiting his possessiveness.

I knew he was trying to get Ronan to give up on me.

In fact, he made no exceptions, even if it was Ronan.

"Fate? Is that so?"

Ronan smirked before turning his attention to me. I saw the conflicted look in his eyes and couldn't guess what he was thinking.

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Looking away from Michael, Ronan stared intently into my eyes and asked, "Anna, do you think this is fate?"

I knew he was clamoring for a sliver of hope from me. If I answered yes, I would crush him emotionally. However, if I told him otherwise, it would be a slap on Michael's face—I was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

I hung my head and didn't plan on answering his question. It was understandable for him to lash out in response as I had hurt him. The only thing I could do now was to wait for him to let go.

Michael's gaze fell upon me together with Ronan's, as if he, too, was waiting for my answer.

I had thought that by remaining silent, the matter would just blow over. However, I had underestimated the complexity of the situation as Ronan wasn't planning on letting me off. Staring at me earnestly, he pressed on with his question.

"Anna, why aren't you answering my question?"

I knitted my brows and sighed at the sight of Ronan's pained expression. I wanted to say something to comfort him, but I just couldn't find the words.

"Enough, Ronan!" Michael finally snapped, sensing my dilemma. He was a man of little patience. Seeing how Ronan was putting me to the spot, he lost his temper.

"Both of us grew up together, Michael, but you hid your relationship with Anna from me, causing me to pursue her cluelessly. Have you been taking me for a fool?"

Ronan wasn't daunted by Michael's roar. He shifted his gaze to Michael's face and laughed at himself.

In truth, both Michael and I had hidden our relationship from Ronan. Therefore, it was understandable for him to be furious at us.

"It isn't what you think it is."

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Despite Michael's frosty demeanor, he enjoyed a close relationship with Ronan. When he saw how brokenhearted Ronan was over our relationship, he felt equally terrible over it.

Consequently, his expression turned awkward and his tone was gentler than usual. Perhaps he shared my sentiments about feeling guilty over what we did to Ronan.

After staring at me for a while, Ronan said monotonously, "Forget it. I don't want to hear your explanation. I'll be on my way now."

Without giving both of us a chance to say anything, he circled around us and left abruptly.

Watching as he left only served to intensify my guilt. I was conscious of how much he hated us now. He was a dear friend, and I felt dreadful at how matters turned out.

It wasn't until he was out of sight that I regained my senses.

"Let's go," Michael said as he glanced at me and pulled me along.

By the time we got back into the car, whatever joy I felt earlier was gone. All I could think of was Ronan's sorrowful expression.

"Ronan, is he..." I started, wanting to discuss Ronan's situation with Michael, but I didn't know what to say.

"Don't worry, he will be fine."

Michael's casual reply sounded as if he wasn't concerned about Ronan. However, his furrowed eyebrows betrayed his true feelings.

"I feel really guilty when I see the condition he's in."

Recalling the look in Ronan's eye made me feel terrible about myself.

"Anna, what are you saying? Do you regret being with me?"

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Michael frowned when I mentioned Ronan. In fact, I could even sense the jealousy in this voice.

“Of course not. Being with you is the best decision I have ever made in my life,” I quickly explained myself when I saw the dissatisfaction in Michael’s eyes.

I had always dreamed of being together with him. There was no way I would regret it now that it had become a reality. It was just that I couldn’t stop myself from feeling guilty about Ronan.

If I were to do everything again, I would still make that choice.

My reply elicited a grin from Michael’s face. It was obvious that he was pleased with my answer.

After driving on the road leisurely for a few minutes, Michael remarked, “You should move to my mansion in a few days. You’re pregnant and you need someone to look after you. I don’t feel comfortable leaving you alone at home when I’m at work.”

“But I’m already accustomed to staying at Birchwood.”

I was sure that Michael’s suggestion had my best interests at heart. However, I wasn’t used to staying in the huge mansion. Other than Michael and myself, there were only two other housekeepers. I would be left alone in an empty house when Michael went out for work.

“This is not up for discussion. Just do as I say,” the man said domineeringly, not taking no for an answer.

I pouted and didn’t protest any further, knowing he was doing it for my own good. Nevertheless, the thought of staying at the mansion made me feel uncomfortable.

Back at Birchwood, Michael quickly left after receiving a call from the office, leaving me alone at home.

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I still couldn't believe that Michael and I had reconciled. Everything still felt surreal to me. This time around, his attitude toward me had changed significantly. Never had I realized that being loved by him felt so wonderful.

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