

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 72

Many of the female employees seemed excited, but I was rather distressed. Oh God, I'm going to be seeing Michael every single day if he's going to be here daily for the next six months!

At the thought that I would see him every day, I couldn't quite tell whether I was delighted or flustered. But can our relationship remain under wraps if we're going to see each other every day?

I stared into Michael's eyes. Coincidentally, he happened to look in my direction. His lips curved into a faint arc, adding a hint of warmth to his already handsome countenance.

As some sharp-eyed female employees caught him looking at me, their eyes radiated envy.

Sensing the many hostile gazes, I hastily retracted my gaze, no longer daring to gaze at him.

At that moment, I couldn't help pitying myself. Damn it, his look earlier must have garnered me a boatload of enemies! Women's jealousy is truly terrifying!

Millie had also noticed Michael's gaze on me. Rapping on my table, she regarded me excitedly.

"Did you see that, Anna? Mr. Shaw was looking at you!"

Upon hearing her remark, I heaved a sigh of exasperation. Good grief! I wonder what those women who idolize Michael thinks of me when even Millie is all aflutter!

After that glance, Michael shifted his gaze away. Seeing that he was no longer looking at me, I finally breathed easier.

As he was going to set up an office here, many of the female employees volunteered to help with the motive of having more opportunities to be in contact with him.

To avoid others learning about our relationship and making enemies in the office, I quietly buried my head in work.

In no time, the day passed. As soon as it was time to get off work, I hurriedly packed up to leave.

No matter what, I was resolved to tell Natalie about John's infidelity that night. I couldn't put it off any longer.

I had just stepped out of the office building when my cell phone started ringing. Upon seeing that it was a call from Natalie, I promptly answered it.

"Natalie, I've got something to tell you when I get home. It's a very crucial matter," I anxiously blurted the moment I picked up the call.

'I've got something to tell you as well, Anna. It's good news!"

On the other end of the phone, Natalie sounded rather excited.

"What good news?" I inquired in puzzlement, my brows knitting together.

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Natalie started hemming and hawing at my question.

At that, I became all the more anxious. "What exactly is it? Spit it out."

For some reason, a feeling of dread welled within me though she hadn't yet told me what the good news was.

After all, few matters would render her hesitant and embarrassed, considering her usual blasé attitude. Sure enough, the words out of her mouth next was a bolt of lightning to me.

"Anna, I was with John last night, and we... did it..." After saying that shyly, Natalie tapered off.

Meanwhile, I stilled, and my face drained of color.

'It? definitely referred to doing the deed. I was no innocent virgin, after all, so I understood her meaning at once.

All at once, my mind went blank. When I finally snapped back to my senses, rage blazed within me.

They had been dating for a long time, yet John had never been intimate with Natalie. Nonetheless, they did the deed the very night I found out that he was a scumbag. As such, I had every reason to suspect that he did it deliberately.

I clutched my cell phone hard without saying a single word. Right then, fury was raging within me.

"Anna, why aren't you saying anything all of a sudden?" Seemingly having sensed something off, Natalie uncertainly called out my name.

"Why were you so foolish, Natalie? How could you give yourself to him when the two of you aren't married yet?" I chastised her hotly after having gathered my wits about me.

I initially wanted to tell her that John was a scumbag, but I now didn't quite know to say it when they had been intimate.

Once a woman had been intimate with a man, her feelings for him would deepen. Natalie loved him deeply in the first place, so she would definitely be all the more attached after they had been intimate.

I was at a total loss; I didn't know what I should do or how I should tell her about John cheating on her.

Likely having not expected my anger, Natalie was silent for a moment before she asked in bafflement, "What's wrong with you, Anna? Why are you suddenly so enraged?"

Her voice was cautious on the other end of the phone.

"Why did you give yourself to him last night, Natalie? The two of you have only dated for a brief time, yet you allowed him to bed you. Do you really know him? What if he's a scumbag?"

My anger grew as I thought about it, and my voice took on a hint of reproach.

I was usually even-tempered and had never lost my temper with her. This time, however, I was truly panicked. I didn't want to censure her, but I was worried about her.

Natalie was stunned upon hearing that. It was a long while before she finally replied, "Anna, why are you fretting so much? I'm already a grown woman. I'm not a child, so I know what I'm doing. Besides, John told me that he truly loved me last night and promised to marry me."

Argh! She has been completely duped by his sweet words and empty promises. She has no inkling how much of a scumbag he truly is. He's going to marry her? I'm never going to believe that! It's clear as day that he's merely toying with her feelings!

"You're really too naive, Natalie. Do you know that he's actually a scumbag? He doesn't really love you!"

I was increasingly frantic now that Natalie was head over heels for him, for the more she invested into the relationship, the greater her hurt would be.

She was my best friend, so I couldn't just twiddle my thumbs, knowing that she would end up hurt. However, Natalie didn't understand my intention. After I had blurted those remarks heatedly, she was likewise peeved.

"Anna, how could you say that about John? How could you simply say that he's a scumbag? He's now my boyfriend, so please don't say such things, if only for my sake."

I could tell that Natalie was suppressing her anger when she said that. If it weren't for the fact that I was her best friend, she would probably have lambasted me ages ago.

I was aware that I was indeed too emotional earlier, but I was truly worried about her.

"I'm sorry, Natalie. I was too emotional just now. How about this? I'm going to arrive home soon, so let's talk about this in person later, okay?"

As things had come to this, I had no choice but to tell her everything about John. While it would hurt her, the pain would definitely be far greater were she to discover it herself in the future.