

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 74

I was telling her all of this for her own good, but not only did she refuse to believe me, she even thought that I found all men in the world unreliable because I had been hurt before.

We were initially talking about her, but the spotlight was abruptly shifted to me. I couldn't help but feel sad when she exposed my scars right in front of John.

"Natalie, don't you trust me?" I peered into Natalie's eyes and pressed further, refusing to accept this reality.

"John is my boyfriend, and I've given him my everything, so I believe that he loves me," meeting my gaze, Natalie said with certainty.

Hearing Natalie's answer, my heart sank to my stomach. It was clear she was determined to trust John.

"Why won't you believe me? He admitted it to me himself. We've been friends for so many years. You know I'd never lie to you."

I remained undeterred because I hoped she'd believe me.

If it were someone else, I wouldn't bother at all. But because she was my best friend who had stayed by my side through my most difficult times, I couldn't just stand by and watch when she was tangled up with a scumbag like John.

'It's exactly because you're my best friend that I'm willing to tolerate this, Anna. From now on, I don't wanna hear you say another bad word about John. He's my boyfriend, and I choose to trust him!'

Seeing as I was persisting, Natalie's eyes filled with anger.

Her unflinching gaze was enough proof that she didn't believe me. Realizing this, a wave of disappointment washed over me. We've been friends for so many years. Does our friendship mean nothing compared to a man she's known for a few short months?

They wouldn't have slept together last night if John didn't deliberately instigate it, and I'm sure it's because he knew I'd tell Natalie about his infidelity. That's why he acted first.

At that moment, I regretted not telling Natalie about John's true colors the previous night itself.

If only I had contacted her earlier, John wouldn't have gotten his way. However, it was already too late.

"Nat, I'm really doing this for your own good. Please, open your eyes and look at the truth."

I walked forward and anxiously grabbed Natalie's hand.

But my insistence only served to further anger Natalie. She flung off my hand and glared vehemently at me.

"That's enough, Anna. If you keep saying stuff that's harmful to my relationship with John, I'll never talk to you again! Ever!" Her words hurt me deeply. I looked at her with sorrowful eyes, but besides rage, I couldn't detect any other emotion on her face.

She had left a huge dent in my pride by saying that. For John, she had actually threatened to end our friendship.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have interfered. I’ll move out immediately. I won’t disturb the two of you.”

My face paled, and I rushed into my bedroom right after saying this.

Since things had already come to this between Natalie and me, I felt like I had overstayed my welcome.

After taking out my suitcase, I put in my clothes with red-rimmed eyes.

This friendship meant a lot to me, but because of a scumbag, Natalie had actually threatened to end it. I was well and truly hurt by her words.

Not wanting to stay here a second longer, I randomly stuffed my clothes into my suitcase. I couldn’t believe exposing a b\*stard like John had ended up souring my friendship with Natalie.

Soon, I was done packing my things. When I dragged my suitcase out and walked through the living room, Natalie came over and looked at me hesitantly.

“Anna, I didn’t mean what I said earlier. I wasn’t going to break off our friendship. I only said it in a fit of anger,” Natalie explained to me anxiously, and a trace of sadness appeared in her eyes when she glanced at my suitcase.

“It’s fine. I’m gonna go now,” I replied and continued dragging my suitcase out.

Although I said it was fine, I still felt indignant on the inside. After all, the two of us had been friends for so many years, yet, she didn’t trust me.

“Anna, I was, by no means, chasing you out. You can continue staying here as long as you stop bad-mouthing about John,” Natalie walked up to me and held my hand, persuading me to stay.

At first, I was overjoyed that she wanted me to stay, but when I heard the last part of her sentence, my heart instantly plummeted.

I initially wanted to give her a few more words of advice, but when I thought about her complete trust in John, I knew that no amount of advice would make her believe me. Instead, she would get even more infuriated. Hence, I made a wiser decision — to remain silent.

“There’s no need for that. My presence here will only further destroy your relationship. It’s better if I leave.”

With that, I swiveled on my heels and left Natalie’s house, but not before glimpsing the triumph in John’s eyes.

With me gone, he’d probably become more brazen since he no longer had to be afraid I would tell Natalie that he was cheating on her.

After leaving, I walked on the sidewalk alone with my suitcase in hand. All of a sudden, I didn’t know where to go.

When Justin betrayed me, Natalie took me in. After such a long time, I had already regarded her home as my own. Now that I left, I was lost.

Tears welled up in my eyes, so I tilted my head backward to prevent them from falling down my cheeks. I kept telling myself that it wasn't a big deal and that Natalie would one day see John's true colors.

But where should I go now? It's already so late. I won't be able to rent a place so last minute. Just as I was walking aimlessly on the road, planning to put up at a hotel for the night, my phone rang with an incoming call.

I stopped in my tracks to take out my phone from my pocket. Upon seeing Michael's caller ID flashing across the screen, I hesitated for a moment before answering the call.

Already in a bad mood, I didn't bother being courteous and merely asked in a cold voice, "Why are you calling me so late at night?"

Knowing that Michael wouldn't call me for anything else besides sex, I wasn't in the mood to deal with him.

If he hadn't forced me to stay the previous night, I would've told Natalie all the things John had done, and my friendship with her wouldn't have become so strained.

"What's with the attitude, Anna?" Michael was never a good-tempered man, to begin with. Hence, my biting tone instantly infuriated him.

I was already annoyed enough as it was. After hearing his chiding tone, my own anger surged.