

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 89

If I really wanted money, I would have asked for it from him the first time we slept together. But I didn't.

All I wanted was to have a proper discussion with him, not another argument. He was a domineering man, but he wasn't coldhearted.

Michael scanned me from head to toe curiously. He didn't have to say a single word for me to guess what he was thinking and what he was about to do.

'I'd advise you to give up on the idea of becoming my girlfriend. I can give you anything except that. I would never marry a nobody like you; know your place, Anna!'

If I'm just a nobody, then why are you, a huge CEO, so insistent on clinging to me?

You're surrounded by so many great, intelligent women. You could easily get any one of them to fall for you. So, why me?

"I never wanted to become your girlfriend. Relax. I know where I stand."

A man like him was most likely going to marry someone hailing from a powerful family background and beloved by all those around her.

There was no way that a woman like me would ever become his wife, and the mere idea sent chills up my spine.

"I won't force you. You have time to figure things out."

I let out an internal sigh of relief. I knew Michael would be reasonable.

But I didn't need time to figure things out. I'd made the decision a long time ago to end things with him. I was just afraid that if I let our relationship go on this way, I would not be able to keep my feelings in check any longer.

Michael was way too out of my league, surrounded by flocks of admiring women. On the other hand, I was just an ordinary girl.

Even though I, too, liked handsome, charming guys like him, this particular man was destined to never be mine.

I'm not going to let myself fall any further. I'm not going to let myself get hurt again.

I decided to not reveal my decision until after a few days passed so that I wouldn't aggravate him in his brief moment of kindness.

After dinner, I was under the impression that Michael would stay the night. Yet to my surprise, he left the table and picked up his coat as soon as he had finished his dinner, walking out the door without so much as a "goodbye."

He left me all alone in an empty house, and I hated it.

Later, I took a shower and lay down on my bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. My mind was consumed by thoughts of Michael.

I'd thought that I would never be able to love another man after Justin, but I hadn't expected to fall in love with Michael so quickly after.

All along, I'd been lying to myself that I hated Michael, but I understood all too well what I truly felt for him. When I couldn't help but think of him every time I tried to go to sleep, I chalked it up to having interacted with him too much during the day. It took me a while to realize that that was not the case.

I knew that this little crush would go nowhere, and I was scared to let myself get heartbroken once more. So, I curled in on myself like a porcupine and protected myself in the only way I knew how to — by keeping him at arm's length.

The sound of my phone ringing snapped me awake from my daze. I glanced at the screen, cheering up when I saw that it was

Natalie.

I hadn't dared call Natalie for the past few days for fear that she might think that I was trying to get in between her and John again. There were actually several times where my finger nearly pressed the "dial" button, but I could never muster up the courage to do so.

I hurriedly answered the call. "Nat! You finally called!"

I must have sounded excited even through the phone. I mean, what could I say; Natalie calling was the best thing that had happened to me recently.

To my surprise, I heard Natalie sobbing on the other end. "Anna..."

"Why are you crying, Natalie? What's wrong?"

My heart lurched to the bottom of my stomach. Natalie was a bright, happy-go-lucky girl who rarely cried.

Was it that asshole, John? Did he hurt her?

Instantly, Natalie's answer confirmed my suspicions. "He lied to me, Anna. He's having an affair with another woman," she wailed.

I'd expected the answer, but my breath hitched in my throat nonetheless when hearing Natalie say it out loud.

Natalie was bawling her eyes out right then. However, I knew that whatever I said right now would fall on deaf ears. At that point, my best friend was devastated, and my heart went out to her as I knew exactly how she felt.

"Are you at home, Nat?"

I knew that she used to live together with John, but I didn't know whether or not she still did.

Natalie hiccupped. "Mm-mm..."

With that, I hung up the phone and immediately left the house.

The ride to Natalie's house was about ten minutes. I rushed up to the door and repeatedly rang the doorbell, worried sick that she might do something she would regret if she was left alone for even a minute longer.

Natalie had given me a spare key when I first left her house. Now, I regretted giving the key back to her when I moved away.

After a long, agonizing wait, Natalie finally opened the door. Letting out a relieved sigh, I dragged her into the living room and sat us both down on the couch. Her eyes were horribly red and swollen, and her clothes were all rumpled.

"Nat... What happened to you?"

I tucked a stray lock of messy hair behind her ear, giving her a pained look. I'd been friends with her for years, and I'd never seen her in such a state before.

John, you d*ck!

"I'm sorry, Anna. I should have listened to you in the beginning. John is nothing but a scumbag. He even brought that girl along with him when he met up with me for the breakup today," Natalie spat out through a stuffy nose, throwing herself into my arms.