

## Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 90

I knew all too well how much Natalie liked John. Yet, he had the audacity to not only cheat on her but also bring the girl he'd cheated on her with when asking to split with Natalie? What a f\*cking a\*shole!

"What the hell? How could he do such a thing?"

My hands clenched into fists, rage flaring up within me.

"I'm really sorry, Anna, I truly am. I know that you were only looking out for me back then. I'm sorry for not believing you..." Natalie started crying even harder, constantly wiping her tears away with a tissue.

"It's okay, Nat. You don't have to apologize. You were head over heels for John; that wasn't your fault."

I probably would have done the same thing as Natalie if I were in her shoes.

"You really don't blame me? I even said that I was going to cut off all contact with you because of John..." She glanced up at me uneasily.

"Come on, we've been friends for so long; you know me! If I really was still angry at you, I wouldn't have come here at all."

It was true that I had been angry back then, and that was why I'd left her house. But I had grown to accept reality as time passed. Besides, Natalie was my best friend, and there was no way I could be angry at her forever.

"Thank you so much, Anna. Thank you for coming over to comfort me," she choked out, her arms tightening around me.

"Don't mention it. I know you must be feeling horrible right now. Cry all you want; you'll feel better afterward," I reassured her, patting her back in a comforting motion.

I knew all too well the heart-wrenching type of pain that was betrayal, causing one to lose all hope and motivation to continue living, and I knew that Natalie had to be feeling the exact same way.

"I really loved him, Anna," Natalie whimpered, her tears wetting my shirt. "Why did he have to do this to me? I even gave him my virginity... Why did he have to hurt me like this?"

Hearing that, I had no idea how to answer her.

Natalie was right; she had given up everything for this relationship. Unfortunately, people like her who did just that were usually always the ones to get hurt the easiest.

"Just forget about him, Nat. He's not worth your love. Just think of it as getting accidentally bitten by a dog." Comparing John to a dog is an insult to all dogs around the world. At least dogs are loyal to their owners.

"But I really like him, and I really want to stay with him. What should I do?" Natalie insisted.

Of course she would feel indignant over getting dumped by John. After all, this was her first relationship, and she had poured all of her time, love, and effort into it. Anyone else would feel indignant if they were in her position.

"Calm down, Nat! You could do so much better than that guy!"

Natalie cried even harder after hearing me say that.  
Oh, what I would give to hunt John down right now.

But all I could do was hug her and stay by her side for the time being. Regardless of however much I tried to give her advice or comfort her, she had to come to face the truth by herself.

Natalie stayed in my arms and sobbed throughout the rest of the night. She only finally drifted off into sleep when it was dawn, completely drained of energy.

Then, I carefully set her down on the couch, grabbing a blanket from her bedroom and tucking her in.

I heaved a heavy sigh as I looked at her. There was no telling when Natalie would be able to heal from this hardship. If only I'd been more determined to show her what John was really like...

After that, I took out my phone and glanced at the time. It was nearly time for me to go to work, but I felt anxious about leaving Natalie alone like this. So, I decided to call my supervisor and ask for a day off.

I sat by Natalie's side for a while, cleaning up her dried tears and snot before leaving to buy us breakfast. Dragging my feet as I walked, I stared down at the pavement as I stewed in my own frustration and thought up various ways to get revenge on John.

Just then, my phone rang. My eyebrows furrowed together when I saw that Michael was calling, completely curious as to why he would call me at this time.

"Hello, Mr. Shaw," I politely greeted.

There was silence on the other end of the line for a second before I heard Michael demanded, "Why didn't you come to work today? Are you avoiding me?" He sounded upset and accusatory.

"No, Mr. Shaw. Even if I didn't want to see you, I wouldn't give up my salary to do so. I had something urgent to tend to, and I've already asked to take a day off from my supervisor. I don't need to inform you too, do I, Mr. Shaw?" I sighed in exasperation.

At the state I was in, I wished I could work overtime every day just so I could ear a little extra money. Why would I not go to work because I wanted to avoid him? His imagination and narcissism were truly something else.

It's not like my world revolved around you, y'know!

"What is your reason for not coming to the office?" he pressed on.

"Why do I need to tell you my reason? I was already granted leave."

I was already in a bad mood before this, but Michael's incessant questioning only worsened it. Who does he think he is?

"I'm your boss, Anna. Do you think you can get away with taking a day off without giving me a valid reason why?"