

Love from My Dominant Boss Chapter 91

I huffed. "I took a day off because my best friend broke up with her boyfriend, and I need time to make sure she's doing alright, okay?"

I couldn't help but wonder whether Michael was trying to start an argument on purpose.

Michael grew quiet. After a few seconds, I heard him hang up on me.

"What the hell?" I stared at my phone with a deadpan expression. He's been acting weirdly irritating these past few days.

Deciding not to pay it much mind, I bought takeaway food for breakfast and went back to Natalie's place. When I first got dumped, she had been there for me all throughout my healing process; now, it was my turn to do the same for her.

Natalie was already awake when I got back, her legs drawn up to her chest as she hugged them and stared off into space.

I set the food down on the dining table and approached her.

"Why didn't you sleep for a while longer?"

"I can't. Every time I close my eyes, the memory of him with that girl resurfaces in my mind." She gave me a sidelong glance, her eyes starting to grow watery again.

Upon that, I sighed and sat down beside her to wrap my arms around her, feeling slightly at a loss for what to do. "This is all going to pass. Look at me; I'm doing pretty good right now! You'll be able to forget him eventually; I promise."

Heartbreak was never a permanent emotion, and scars would fade with time. I still felt uncomfortable whenever I thought about Justin again, but the memory of him didn't hurt as much as it first did when we broke up.

"Have you really moved on, Anna? You really don't feel sad anymore?" Natalie asked curiously.

"Yup! Trust me; you'll be able to move on too. Getting sad over a*sholes like John isn't worth it. We deserve much better than that."

"But, I don't know..." She clutched onto my arm. "I feel like I've lost everything without him with me. What do you think I did wrong, Anna? What went wrong?"

"He's just a piece of trash, Natalie, and there's nothing you can do to change that! None of this was your fault. He would never appreciate you and cherish you for who you truly are, no matter what you did. You have to wake up and realize the kind of person he is!"

Why can't she see that it's not worth getting all worked up over someone who doesn't deserve her love and attention? Does she still hope to get him back?

Natalie stared at me with wide eyes. After a long while, a veil seemed to lift from her eyes, and her shoulder slumped. I knew that my words had gotten through to her rationality, but they might need some time to get through to her heart.

It was just that the thought of her being this sad over John, who likely didn't even regret his actions, infuriated me.

Tears ran down Natalie's face, but I offered no more words of comfort, instead opting to pull her to sit down at the dining table.

"Eat something. You shouldn't ruin your body for a man," I told her, handing her the sandwich that I'd bought.

She hung her head and kept her gaze fixed on the table as she slowly nibbled on the sandwich.

It eventually grew dark outside. Nonetheless, Natalie sat motionless on the couch, not saying a word. Worried that she might do something reckless if I left, I decided to stay and watch over her.

As if reading my mind, she turned to look at me, saying quietly, "You don't have to stay, Anna. I'll be fine."

"It's okay; I don't have to work tomorrow either. I might as well stay the night to look after you."

How could I just abandon her when she's in this state?

"I know what you're concerned about, Anna. Don't worry about me. I won't hurt myself over someone who doesn't deserve it. Please go home; I want to be left alone for now."

It was true that Natalie had calmed down considerably throughout the day. She still looked like a wreck, but at least she wasn't crying anymore.

"Alright then. Call me if you need anything. I'll be here at the drop of a hat."

Everyone needed time to themselves after a bad break-up. Knowing this, I didn't press the topic any further and left her place.

As I walked back home alone, my phone rang out from my pocket. It was Yuval calling to ask if we could meet up tomorrow, but I rejected his request.

Tomorrow was the weekend, and I had plans to go back to my hometown. I wasn't going to let my parents keep the hundred thousand that they got from Michael.

Ugh... These last few months have been torture.

Michael was already home when I arrived at Birchwood. I wasn't surprised at the sight of him; if anything, I'd gotten used to his presence after having to be with him daily.

I silently changed into my in-house slippers and made a beeline for the bedroom.

"You're back," Michael suddenly greeted. His tone sounded flat and devoid of any emotion.

"Mm-hmm."

I made a simple sound of acknowledgment and headed in the direction of the bedroom once more.

"Your best friend finally got dumped?"

I'd expected him to get bored and leave if I just ignored him, but he seemed to have no intention of leaving me alone today. His comments pissed me off greatly. What does he mean by that?

I turned around to squint at him in disdain. "You sound like you're trying to rub salt into the wound."

"You've always wanted for her to discover his true personality, and she did. Shouldn't you be happy?" he said, playing with the ring on his finger as he raised an eyebrow.

Happy? Has he gone mad? Why would I have been looking forward to Natalie getting dumped?

If anything, I would rather John put on a façade in front of her for the rest of her life than let him break her heart.