

He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

Chapter 10 - Chapter 10

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The young man turned around to face Kate again. He leaned on the glass pane and put his hand inside his jeans pocket.

He shrugged playfully, "He's gone now."

Kate smiled and nodded, "Yeah, he's gone, thankfully."

"And now it's just you and me," the man grinned. Kate didn't know if he really meant it or if it was just a friendly tease.

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Nevertheless, that sentence made her heart and mind go into a frenzied state.

Her body heated up, and again, perverted thoughts came into her mind, and it was harder to push away now.

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Kate took a big gulp of her wine to ward off the thoughts. She seriously and honestly didn't know why she was feeling horny in front of a stranger.

Thus, to make the situation less awkward for herself, Kate asked, "How about you? What's your problem?"

The grin on the man's face disappeared almost instantly the moment Kate asked him the question. There was only silence as if he refused to share his problem.

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Kate clicked her tongue annoyedly, "What's with your silence? Didn't we agree to share each other's worries? That's why I told you mine!"

"I know, and I'm not the type that goes back on my word," the young man replied. He returned to his seat and grabbed his wine bottle. He swallowed a

mouthful of the strong wine as he tried to get piss drunk and blank out, but he couldn't.

He had an impressively high alcohol tolerance.

He sighed and leaned on the sofa, "Fine, ask me whatever you want and I will answer it honestly."

Kate contemplated for a while. She had so many questions, including how he managed to get the key to the CEO's office.

But she felt that the question was unnecessary because they'd be strangers after the night, so she just wanted to know what fucked up thing was happening to him.

"Just tell me what your problem is," Kate said. "Since you're just like me."

"Just like you?"

"I mean, you brought your own booze, broke into an office to spend the night alone, and tried to get drunk enough to pass out just to forget your problems," Kate said. "We're pretty much the same, right?"

"Heh, now that you mention it, I guess so," the man mumbled. He looked down at the wine bottle in his hand before muttering, "It's a family problem."

"Family problem? What kind?"

"All kinds," the man scoffed. "My family is shit, end of story."

Kate watched as his playful mood suddenly disappeared. He became somber once they talked about his family.

It must be difficult stuff to talk about, but Kate wanted things to be fair. She had told him about her woes. He should tell her as well!

"Well, if you can't speak, then let me guess, just like what you did before," Kate said.

The man was unresponsive, but he silently waited, wondering if Kate could get it right.

"Is it about your father?" Kate guessed.

The man lifted his head immediately. He was astonished, "How did you—"

Kate giggled, "Do you think you're the only one who's using your head? You're probably in your early to mid-twenties, and men that age usually have issues with their fathers," Kate explained. "Maybe about jobs, inheritance, or even potential marriage candidates."

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Kate saw how the man looked even more petrified each time she mentioned problems usually faced by young men his age. It seemed that she hit literally every mark possible.

"Wait, don't tell me that you have all of those as your problems?"

The man pursed his lips and nodded reluctantly, "I do."

"Wow," Kate shook her head out of disbelief. "You sound like a rich brat. Are you President Grant's son or what?"

"Fuck no!" the man retorted angrily. "Don't group me with that old scum!"

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Kate was surprised by his sudden outburst. She never expected him to be so angry because of a simple joke.

After all, who wouldn't want to be a rich brat whose Daddy owned a billion-dollar company?

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But she didn't want to ruin the mood between them, so she just backed off, "I didn't know you'd be offended by that."

The young man realized his mistake and apologized, "Sorry, I just have an enmity against that man."

"You mean the man who owns this place?"

"Owned," the man said. "Tsk, yeah, whatever."

The more this young man tried to deny his connection and got angry whenever she mentioned President Grant, the more suspicious she got.

There was no way he could get the office key if he was a nobody. Thus, her brain started connecting the dots, 'Don't tell me that he is actually that rich brat who will be the new CEO, replacing Mr. James Grant?'

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'Oh-ho, let's forget that idea, Kate,' she advised herself. 'There is no way this guy is that spoiled brat. Based on what I heard from the other employees, the kid who is going to take over this publishing firm is a spoiled, cold, mean, and unpleasant person.'

'But this guy is not temperamental at all. He was very kind and respectful the whole time,' Kate tried her best to forget the idea that this guy might be her new boss, and the alcohol surely helped her quickly ignore this idea.

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The young man's mood turned sour after Kate talked about President Grant. He just drank in silence to forget about his worries.

Then, out of the blue, he said, "My main problem is not about money and or my position. It's about what they told me to do this evening."

"And what did they tell you to do?"

"Fuck a woman they chose for me," the young man replied as he laughed sarcastically. "It's funny that they think they can control my life after the horrible things they did. I want to choose the woman I want to fuck and marry, rather than following the order of two hypocrites."

"And the woman of your choice is?" Kate felt sympathy for him. This young man was most likely already attached to a woman of his age, so it was natural for him to reject another woman.

The young man lifted his head a little until he could stare at Kate, who leaned on the sofa's armrest in front of him. She was already drunk, her cheeks were

red with a gentle flush and she had an alluring misty gaze that would entice any man.

So he replied without hesitation, "You."

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CREATORS' THOUGHTS