

# He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

## Chapter 14 - Chapter 14

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"Ugh, my head...." Kate groaned as she woke up the next morning with an awful hangover after drinking so much last night. She slowly opened her eyes and squinted when the sun from the glass pane hit her eyes.

She looked around to see where she was right now and found that she was still in the CEO's office, lying on the long sofa.

There were a lot of empty wine and bourbon bottles scattered on the carpet, proof that last night was real.

"Haha, who am I kidding anyway? Of course, it really happened. His big cock is the most real thing I have felt in a long time," Kate chuckled. She began to get up from the sofa and realized she was fully clothed, complete with her blazer covering her upper body. It was obvious that the man carefully dressed her after she fainted from all the sex last night.

1

Kate frowned, she didn't understand how that man could be so rough when they did it but so gentle afterwards. It wasn't a treatment that she used to get from Matt.

Usually, he just fucked her for five minutes, then he fell asleep, not even caring whether she had already orgasmed or not, the only thing that mattered to Matt was his own pleasure.

1

Come to think of it, Kate had never felt pleasure like she had last night.

"Is this what they call after-sex treatment, or is it just because my standard for men is on the ground?" Kate wondered.

4

She looked around again to see if that man had left something for her, maybe a number or a name card at least.

2

But there was nothing in the room except for the wine and bourbon bottles and the empty feeling inside her that marked that man's presence last night.

2

'He really wants us to stay strangers, huh?' Kate had to admit that she was a little disappointed. She had never felt so comfortable with a man before. At the very least they could have become friends with benefits, right?

1

Sadly, the last thing she recalled from last night was that man whispering his name, but she was so overwhelmed by pleasure that she couldn't even remember it now.

"Well, it can't be helped, I guess...." Kate sighed pitifully.

She got up from the sofa, and her knees shook as she had just had her guts rearranged last night. She fell back down and sighed before trying to get up once more.

1

She grabbed the furniture around her to help herself up as she walked to collect the alcohol bottles, erasing any and all traces of last night. She was lucky it was Saturday, so nobody caught her doing something this crazy in the CEO's office.

It took her a while to collect everything, put it inside the wine bag, and walked out the office. She searched for her bag and found it on the CEO's table next to the late CEO— Mr. James Grant's name plate.

She stared at the name plate for a while.

She forgot to tell the man from last night that his facial features reminded her so much of the man she had admired, her old boss, James Grant. Unfortunately, the man died at thirty-five, single and childless.

6

He was the man who gave Kate this job when she was in dire need of money. He was also the one who kept on promoting Kate because he believed in her ability as an editor.

She never saw him as anything more than a mentor despite his obvious interest in her, though, this was because she was already married. She never looked at another man when she committed to one, she had always been the loyal type.

'Well, I should've accepted Mr. Grant's advances since Matt destroyed our marriage by sleeping with my sister,' Kate muttered to herself.

She ran her finger on the bronze name plate and sighed, "I'm sorry, Mr. Grant. I was such a hot mess last night."

Kate grabbed her bag and left the office. She threw the wine bag into the trash can in the lobby before calling an Uber to go to her other apartment not far from the office.

4

She owned four apartments, two in Downtown Los Angeles and two she put up for rent in New York City. Thanks to her hard work, she was able to establish all of these assets, yet Matt never appreciated her for all the things she brought to the table.

6

She entered her apartment and went straight to the bathroom to clean herself after such a sweaty night.

Kate showered first before jumping into the bathtub to relax. She scanned her body and traced her finger on all the kiss marks the man had left—mostly her breasts, waist, and inner thigh, it was as if he was desperate to mark her as his.

"He was like a beast last night," she murmured. "I really didn't expect him to be so wild. Hell, I didn't even expect him to stay hard after the first round."

Kate could feel her pussy starting to throb, longing for that man to touch her again. She felt her crotch dampening, causing her to quickly clamp her thighs together and take a deep breath, calming her mind.

1

She leaned her back against the bathtub and submerged her body in the warm water. She stared at the ceiling, trying to break down and process everything that had happened last night.

She vividly remembered Erin straddling Matt's lap, half naked. She remembered how her heart shattered into pieces when they told her they were doing her a favor since she was barren.

2

She then entered the CEO's office late at night and met a mysterious handsome man that she could connect with on a whole different level. She told him her worries while they slowly got drunk and she ended up having the most pleasurable night of her life with that man until she passed out with him still inside of her.

Kate felt this whole thing could have been avoided if Matt managed to keep his dick in his pants.

"Is it really my fault that I'm infertile?" Kate murmured. "Do I have no right just because I'm not a 'complete woman' like what Barbara told me?" Kate mentioned her mother-in-law who always blamed her for everything wrong with Matt, including his failed acting career. She even told everyone in their small town that Kate was the one who brought bad luck to Matt!

10