

27 Chapter 27

Mai watched as Mrs. Wood's back vanished through the threshold of the door, then she remembered what Mr. Grant told her earlier, "Wait, Ma'am your stoma—" 1

Kate slammed the door shut before Mai could finish her sentence. She swallowed her saliva as she expected herself to get scolded by both Mrs. Woods and Mr. Grant.

"Oh no, why am I trapped in this weird relationship happening between them? Why can't I just be a regular editor in this office?" Mai lamented her fate before she went out to chase after the Chief Editor. 3

She wanted to clear things up, but when she reached the office lobby, Mrs. Woods's car was already gone, and she had to order an Uber to go to the cafe.

"Oh crap, I'm going to die soon."

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Kate drove to The Penthouse, a high-end cafe

not far from the office.

She often visited this place to meet with authors that published under Emperor Publishing, but Irene Banks never liked going to such a public place to discuss her novel, so they always met inside the office to ensure privacy.

"That rascal seriously lacks a brain!" Kate scolded. "What if we lose this author because she finds him annoying or bratty? Damn, we're potentially losing millions of dollars!"

Kate parked her car and briskly walked towards the cafe.

Her eyes scanned the dining area, trying to catch sight of a striking blonde-haired man with a woman in her late thirties.

But she couldn't find either and was finally approached by a waiter when he noticed that she had been standing in the middle of the cafe for a while.

"Can I help you, Miss?"

Kate glanced at the waiter and asked, "I'm searching for a man with blonde hair and green

eyes, he should be with a woman in her late 30s, Mr. Henry Grant is the man's name."

"One sec—" The waiter checked her note and nodded, "Miss, the guest is in the VIP room. He booked the entire VIP room all for himself, and yes, he is with a woman."

"Then bring me there, I'm his secretary," Kate claimed. "We're supposed to attend this meeting together."

"Sure, this way, Miss." 1

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The waiter guided Kate to the VIP room and opened the door for her. Kate expected Irene Banks to make a scene and yell at Henry for being unscrupulous and mean-spirited, she braced herself for the worst.

After all, Mrs. Banks was very sensitive and shy and definitely wouldn't want to talk to a rascal like Henry for long.

But her expectations were shattered when she saw Mrs. Banks giggled as she sat across from Henry. They seemed to be having a proper



discussion about the novel that Irene Banks had written, as if Henry had read her first book and the manuscript of the sequel.

Henry noticed Kate in the corner of his eyes, and he looked at her, "Mrs. Woods, I thought you'd never come."

"Ah—" Irene Banks turned her head and stared at the woman standing near the door. She got up while clutching her bag and approached Kate, "Mrs. Woods, thank you so much for your thoughtful suggestions and recommendations on what I should do for my manuscript. Mr. Grant told me that everything he said is based on your editing."

Irene's cheeks reddened when she mentioned Henry's name, she looked over her shoulder, and Henry gave her a grin, which made her blush even more.

And for some reason that disgusted Kate so much. 7

'As expected, that man is a total playboy asshat. He's probably no better than Matt,' Kate assumed. 'Why did I give my body to him that night? That goddamn wine must've turned him

into a saint in my eyes.' 3

"W—Well, I'll leave first, I'll email you the edited version of the manuscript in a week, Mrs. Woods, now if you'll excuse me."

Irene Banks left the VIP room without even letting Kate utter a word, as if everything she wanted to say had been delivered by Henry.

Kate glared at Henry, who sipped on his coffee as if he had done nothing wrong and his meeting with Irene was all properly planned.. He tapped his finger on the table and said, "You're late, Mrs. Woods. Is this what I should expect from my competent Chief Editor? Good thing I came prepared as the CEO." 3

Kate wanted to stay professional and formal in front of her boss, but she was so annoyed because this man suddenly changed the schedule of her meeting with one of their high-earning authors and risked it all to meet her himself without even consulting Kate first.

She would've slapped his smoldering face to hell if only this man wasn't the President's son.

"What were you thinking, Mr. Grant?!" Kate

asked. "Did you not know that Irene Banks is one of our most important authors? What if she got offended because of your carelessness?!"

Henry smirked and then said, "I can't hear you. You should come closer, so we can talk about this. I naturally have my own reason."

Kate clenched her fist. She didn't have time to play with this bastard, but she didn't want to make a scene either.

Thus, she took a deep breath and walked towards the table. She stood across the table and crossed her arms, "I demand an explanation from you, Mr. Grant. Your actions almost jeopardized our entire company. We could have lost millions because of you."

"I still can't hear you, Mrs. Woods. Why don't you sit here right next to me, so we can have a proper conversation?" Henry suggested as he patted the spot on the long sofa, inviting Kate to sit beside him. 4

"This is getting ridiculous," Kate complained. They were only separated by a table, and yet this man acted like he was that Big Bad Wolf from Little Red Riding Hood. 5

But Kate didn't care anymore. She walked around the table and sat beside Henry, "Now, tell me, Mr. CEO, what was running through your mind when you were about to risk the company losing millions of dollars?"

"Well, I'm just thinking that I—" Henry skillfully slipped his hand behind Kate's back and wrapped his arm around her waist, then he pulled her closer until their thighs were rubbing. "—Should help my woman." 7

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