

## 36 Chapter 36

"It should be easy," Henry said, confident in his own skills. 1

He took off his suit, ruffled his slicked-back hair, and rolled up his sleeve revealing the snake tattoo on his arm.

He did all of this to give off that relaxed harmless playboy vibe. Something he often did in front of his family and friends, also women he fancied.

He grabbed a few boxes of pizza right next to him and told Michael, "Stay here, I'll go up to check on her. I wonder if that stupid wench did something to Kate and the baby."

Henry left the car and headed straight to Kate's apartment.

Michael stared at his boss' back from the side-view mirror, then commented, "I wonder if you can keep your word, boss. My gut tells me that you're the one who will get burned instead." 16

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Kate was drifting off to sleep when she was rudely awakened by the sound of the doorbell.

She clicked her tongue, as she did her best to ignore the doorbell because she thought it was just Erin who wanted to torment her again.

But the person on the other side of the door pressed the bell so ruthlessly to the point that it stressed Kate out so much.

"Goddamn it!" Kate finally stopped and stomped her way to the front door. She didn't even bother to use the peephole to check because she thought it was just Erin again.

Thus, she unlocked the door and snapped, "Just shut up and tell me what do you want?!"

"What do I want?"

Kate was stunned when she heard a man's deep and mellow voice. Kate looked up and saw Henry smiling from ear to ear like a Cheshire cat as he stood in front of her.

He wasn't wearing his suit anymore, and his hair was ruffled, making him look less formal and giving him that handsome young model aura



back.

He was carrying three boxes of pizza and said, "Well, I want to stay here for dinner," Henry raised the boxes of pizza slightly. "I brought pizza for us."

Kate's jaw dropped. There were a lot of questions in her mind regarding the man in front of her.

But the first question that came out of her mouth was, "How do you know where I live?"

"You told me that night, don't you remember?" Henry said looking bewildered as if he was just as confused as she was. "You told me your apartment address, and told me I can visit anytime I want."

"Did I actually say that?" Kate wondered. 1

"You did."

Of course, Henry was lying. Kate never told him about her address. 1

He had Michael dig for the information. But Kate wouldn't be able to tell because she was so drunk and horny that night.



"Ugh..." Kate didn't remember most of the things that happened between them aside from the amazing sex. So it was possible that she actually told Henry her address, it was also highly likely that she invited him to come and visit especially after a wonderful night they had.

So it wasn't his fault that he was here. 2

"Fine, you can come in. But this will be the last time." 2

"Great!"

Kate turned around and walked into the living room, letting Henry invite himself in. He tailed behind her, his eyes scanned the living room and realized that Kate must be a very busy woman who rarely spent her days in her own apartment.

Because everything felt untouched.

It wasn't dusty, as the housekeeping service must've often come to this apartment quite often. But every item around the house felt untouched and brand new.

There was also no sign of modification around, not even a family picture hanging on the wall.

Henry stared at Kate, whose body looked frail. She was paler, and it seemed that Kate sweated a lot because her back was damp, and Henry could see the bra strap.

Henry swallowed his saliva. He had to admit that Kate's body was truly a marvel he wanted to taste again.

He usually didn't like to taste the same woman twice. He had plenty of exes, one night stands, and women chasing after him. So if he was in the mood, he'd just call one of them over, and they'd come to his apartment like a female cat in heat.

But that night was indeed wonderful.

He didn't know whether it was the effect of the alcohol he consumed or if Kate's body was just very compatible with his, or it could be both.

But he still couldn't forget what they did that night. As a matter of fact, it had been so good that he had been refraining himself to see other women, as he didn't want to waste his time with an inferior woman in terms of everything compared to Kate. 5

Spending a night with Kate made him



understand that he preferred a quality and wonderful sex rather than mindless dick-thrusting that would only give him a quick physical pleasure and made him hollow and depressed the next morning. 4

'I guess our body is just very compatible,' Henry guessed. 2

"You can sit there," Kate said while pointing at the sofa briefly before heading into the kitchen.

"Huh?" Henry frowned. "You're not going to eat the pizza with me?"

"I don't like pizza," Kate replied.

"You don't like pizza? Seriously?" Henry asked. He was genuinely confused because he thought a busy career woman like Kate would resort to a diet of junk foods and soda.

"I don't hate it, but—" Kate stopped her sentence once she realized that she might've accidentally said too many private things.

She was about to say that Matt's diet consisted of nothing but junk food, So whenever Kate saw food like pizza, burgers, and french fries, she'd

be reminded of that slobbering mess of a man.

It made her sick. Failure made her sick. 3

So she often went out to restaurants to eat.

"I'll just cook for you," Kate said as she went to the kitchen. 3

Henry followed Kate to the kitchen instead. He put the pizza boxes on a kitchen countertop and sat on a stool, watching Kate intently, all while she was busy checking the fridge.

"What do you want to eat?" Kate asked as she rummaged through her fridge. 2

"... Anything," Henry replied.

"Good, I happen to have only a few ingredients left anyway," Kate said as she took out most of the ingredients left inside the fridge. "I'll make a Minestrone soup for dinner. Sorry if it's up to your standards, I'm sure you're used to eating food by chefs." 1

Henry shrugged, "I'm not picky with my food. But are you sure that you can cook? We can just order food if you want to eat something."



"Sure I can, what's wrong?" Kate asked as she put on her apron.

"Because you look sick, you're so pale, Kate," Henry said. "You looked like you've seen a ghost." 1

Kate's body stiffened.

Of course, she must've looked pale and exhausted. Who wouldn't when their mother almost died just because Kate refused to give Erin her credit card?

But she didn't want to talk about something like that with Henry. They were two strangers who happened to be entangled after one wild night, at best they were employee and employer and that's where their relationship ended. 2

So she cleared her throat and replied, "I'm just a little tired after work. It's nothing to worry about."