

He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

Chapter 5 - Chapter 5

"Which bastard dared to make you cry?"

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Kate's jaw dropped as soon as the question left his lips.

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Where was the customary "Hello?" or "Who are you?" wasn't that how you were supposed to greet someone you've never met?

2

Heck, Kate wouldn't even be surprised if this man started cursing at her out of the blue since he looked half-drunk already.

'Is this just him slurring out nonsense because he's drunk?' she thought for a moment, but then eliminated the idea. 'I don't think so. He's drunk, but not THAT drunk.'

4

There was a long uneasy silence between them. The young man didn't seem to care. He simply raised his hand and drank the remaining bourbon in the bottle.

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Once he realized there was no more left inside the bottle, he tossed it on the carpet under his shoes and started looking around for more.

He clicked his tongue and muttered, "Tsk, should've bought more."

The man's eyes darted back to Kate, who was still standing at the door warily. His eyes lighted up as he saw the wine bottle Kate was holding in her hand. "Did you come to bring me some? Sweet!"

Kate quickly put the wine bottle back into the bag, clutching it protectively. She was saving this for herself and had no intention of sharing them with a random drunkard.

1

The young man chuckled when he saw her reaction, "So stingy. I can buy that from you if you want."

Kate frowned. This man sounded way too casual. They didn't even know each other! "You know this is private property, right? How did you get in?"

The young man grinned—stupidly, Kate might add—and fished something out of his breast pocket.

"I have this, obviously," the young man replied, dangling a ring of keys in front of Kate.

She studied the keychain. "That's the key from the head office. Who are you, really? What's your name and how did you get that key?"

1

"Hmm?" The man's grin widened teasingly.

1

He was in a playful mood, especially after successfully identifying the woman before him. "I'm also curious about that," he answered cheekily, his smile almost a leer as he continued looking at her mischievously. "Do tell me once you know my name."

"Seriously—" Kate's head was starting to ache. She had had a rough day and an even rougher night. Now she had to face an unscrupulous young man who also happened to be half-drunk.

"You can either leave of your own free will, or I'm going to call security to kick you out for trespassing," Kate said firmly. "I don't have the time to deal with your bullshit, not tonight at least."

1

"Hey, hey, relax," the man chuckled as he patted the spot next to him on the sofa. "Come here and chill with me. We can share those bottles of yours."

"Do you take me for an idiot?" Kate scoffed. "We're strangers. Don't act like you know me."

"Heh, really?" The man was now even more amused by her response. His gaze intensified, and Kate became keenly aware of how he was eyeing every small movement she made as though she was prey. "I think it is you who does not know me."

5

Kate was getting nervous under his gaze. She put down her bag of wine bottles and grabbed her phone from inside her tote instead.

"I'm calling security!" she threatened.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you," the man said, evidently unfazed by her words. "You'll be kicked out of here instead of me. Wouldn't that be an embarrassing sight?"

1

The young man's brazen boldness—he raised a brow teasingly at her—left Kate speechless.

The confidence he exuded, even when half-drunk, was making her hesitate. Even the thought of being arrested by security didn't bother him! He also likely had access to the CEO's office as the place showed no signs of a break-in.

He clearly was no ordinary person.

"You—who are you? Were you sent by the head office?" Kate demanded.

"Hmmm? Perhaps."

"Or are you a new employee that I don't know?"

"Could be that too, heheh."

2

Kate was starting to get annoyed. Her gut told her that he was someone important and that she shouldn't mess with him, but she also wasn't in the mood to cater to anyone right now.

"Tsk, whatever, I'll just find a hotel nearby," Kate grabbed her bag of wine and turned to leave when the man suddenly said something that made her stop in her tracks, "That's too bad, Katherine Woods. You look like you need some comforting."

"D—Did you just...."

"Call your name? Yeah, I did. So you can't say that we don't know each other. Because I do know who you are. I know you very well, Kitty."

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