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"Well, Mr. Grant, if we have more free time later on, can you take me on a long vacation somewhere? It would be nice if it's only you and I," Kate said. 1

Of course, she was just teasing him. Though she had a bit of hope, she knew they couldn't take it too far. They were connected because of a steamy one night stand, and though she was pregnant with his child right now, she doubted that Henry was the type to settle down with only one woman.

She didn't want to get her heart broken for the second time, so she tried to limit any kind of feeling sprouting in her heart.

Though she couldn't deny that the chemistry between them was fantastic, after all, they were physically compatible in almost every way.

She thought Henry would just laugh it off or joke about it, but he was actually serious. He stared at Kate with his emerald eyes and then shot her an assuring smile, "I will, don't worry."



Kate's heartbeat accelerated instantly. She didn't expect him to be so serious about it, and his response made it awkward for her, but she tried to play it off and said, "Alright, Casanova, you should put me down now, your arms must be sore from lifting me up for a while now."

"I'm not," Henry denied. "You're as light as a feather."

"Haha, sure," Kate didn't like to entertain anymore of his sweet talk, knowing that her heart couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm not joking," Henry said. "I think your big butt and boobs are just for show since you're too light."

Kate clicked her tongue and flicked Henry's forehead. 3

"Ouch!" He grimaced.

"Put me down. Now."

"Alright, alright, jeez," Henry carefully put Kate down and rubbed his forehead. "You changed your mood so fast. I thought I could spend more time with you in that position just now."



"Well, the sun has already set. There's no more romantic scene, it's just dark and cold now," Kate shot a cold, harsh truth at Henry, and he could only pout as he knew she was right. "Well, what should we do now? Should we drive back to Los Angeles or..." Kate left her words hanging as if waiting for Henry to say no so they could continue their sudden road trip.

Naturally, Henry knew what Kate wanted, so he completed her words, "Or, we can just drive to San Francisco. It's closer to go there."

"We have work tomorrow," Kate reminded.

"We can stay at a hotel for the night, and then catch the morning flight back to Los Angeles," Henry suggested. "Don't worry about the car, I will have one of my friends drive it back to Los Angeles."

"This friend of yours won't mind to drive your car back to LA?"

"Oh, he won't mind," Henry had an image of Michael cursing because he had to catch a night flight to San Francisco, and drive six to seven hours back to LA, then snickered mischievously, "He won't mind at all." 6



"Besides, I can take you to a restaurant in San Francisco and then stay in the hotel after that," Henry added.

"Different room, right?" Kate said as she turned around and walked to the car.

"I don't mind if we stay in the same room though," Henry said as he took a longer step to pass Kate and opened the car door for her.

Kate entered the car and said, "It's a different room for each of us or we will return to Los Angeles immediately."

Henry was helpless. He thought he could finally get some hot time with Kate, but it seemed that she wasn't in the mood. So he just nodded, "Alright, separate rooms it is."

Kate smiled, "Good, I'm so done today, I just want to rest, and I doubt I can get rest when I'm with you."

Henry chuckled. He didn't know if Kate was messing with him, but it was damn effective because she got Henry to expect more.

Henry closed the door for Kate before returning



to the driver's seat. He turned the radio as they headed to San Francisco. It took him another one-and-a-half-hour drive before they finally reached the city.

"Let's have dinner first, okay? I'm so damn hungry right now," Henry said.

"Then let's just stop at the nearest restaurant," Kate suggested.

"No, I'm bringing you to my favorite restaurant in San Francisco. This is a semi-trip for you, you deserve nothing but the best," Henry said. "And you can't refuse, because this is me compensating you for my mistake today."

"Is it fine dining?"

"Hmm, you could say that," Henry replied.

"Then we should just go to a nearby restaurant instead," Kate said. "I'm not wearing my evening gown or dress. I'm still in my work blazer right now."

"That's fine, you're still beautiful nonetheless," Henry said lightly, which Kate thought to be his frivolous attempt to calm her down. "Besides, I'm



only wearing a gray shirt and pants right now. It's not that big of a deal."

"Well, you fit those either way. Nobody will question you since you look like a model," she said. "I'm too much of a plain jane to rock all kinds of outfits."

"Kate, stop worrying about it and let me bring you there," Henry rolled his eyes. "You look perfect, don't worry."

Kate wanted to protest again, but Henry suddenly stopped and parked his car in front of a restaurant called 'Nightbird's Song.'

"This is the restaurant. You can't refuse me now," Henry said.

Kate sighed and finally gave in. They went out and were stopped by the waiter outside.

"Excuse me, Sir, Ma'am, may I know your reservation name and number?" He asked politely, implying this restaurant was on a reservation basis only.

Kate frowned.

They came here abruptly, so it was impossible



for Henry to make a reservation for them. She was about to tell him to find another restaurant, but he suddenly fished his phone out and quickly sent out a text.

About five minutes later, the restaurant manager suddenly came down and told the waiter to leave because he would be the one who handled this important guest.

"This way, Mr. Grant," the manager said as he led them to a good table upstairs with a magnificent view of the city. He helped Kate and Henry take their seats and then asked, "We only have one set of menu tonight, Sir, Ma'am. Is that alright?"

Henry nodded carelessly, "Yeah, just serve them to us. We're hungry."

"Certainly, Sir, please excuse me."

Kate was stunned by the sudden special treatment they got. She was certain someone else had reserved this table for the night. Yet the restaurant had the audacity to give this table to Kate and Henry.

The restaurant treated them like a royalty, and Kate wondered what did Henry do to get them



such special treatment.

Unable to contain her curiosity, she asked, "This place is reserved by someone else, right? How did you get us a special spot like this? Are you friends with the owner?"

"Not really a friend. But I'm the owner's benefactor," Henry replied. "I invested some of my pocket money in this restaurant, so I have a big share, so it's only natural that they would give special treatment to their most important investor."

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