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To him, it didn't matter if Kate said that Henry shouldn't even bother doing anything against Erin because she wasn't his problem. 1

He knew it was her problem, but that problem made him restless. It made him unable to focus on his job or plan because he kept thinking about how Erin could bully Kate and make her cry again in the future. 2

So, he should still do something against Erin. He just had to find an ingenious way to get rid of her without simply killing and ditching her so that Kate wouldn't notice that Erin's demise was his doing. 1

"Maybe the problem was Erin all along," Henry guessed. "Maybe I should get rid of her first, so Kate can stop shedding her goddamn tears that could make me so restless."

"Once things have been settled with Erin, I should be able to make Kate fall madly in love with me, so she would do everything I tell her later." 2



Henry nodded in agreement with his own opinion. He was relieved that he was still in control of his own heart. He was a man that craved for control. Once things weren't going his way, he'd become restless and irritable. 1

As he was trying to calm his heart down, he heard the doorbell ringing.

Naturally, he knew who his guest was, he told the hotel staff not to bother him so it was quite obvious.

He opened the door, and the man in his late twenties bowed politely in front of him, "Good evening, Sir."

Henry scoffed, "Come in, Michael. I have a few things to talk with you about."

Michael followed Mr. Grant into the suite, standing straight as Henry returned to his previous seat.

"Bring me a bottle of wine from the minibar," Henry ordered. Michael quickly brought a bottle of opened wine and a glass. He poured the wine into the glass and put it on the small table next to Henry.



Henry picked up the wine glass and sipped it slowly. He glanced at Michael after he relaxed and asked, "Have you found a way to get rid of that woman, Erina Ross?"

"Not yet, Sir," Michael replied. "It's only been a day since we talked about this. I also have other tasks to accomplish. Is the matter with Miss Ross urgent? Is it that much of a rush?"

'Because that woman made Kate cry, and my soul crumbled when I saw her cry,' Henry wanted to say in reply, But that was too embarrassing, so he simply said, "I just want her dead as soon as possible." 3

"Then forgive me, Sir, because I still haven't found a good way to get rid of her," Michael apologized, though he believed he was not in the wrong here.

He believed that his Boss was too rash, and he had never been this rash. He was normally very patient with everything he wanted. As the second son of the Grant family, he wasn't allowed to show his ambition. So, Michael was still trying to fit in with his Boss' changes, including his impatience. 1

"Tsk, then do your job and find a way to get rid of her," Henry said.

"Understood, Sir," Michael nodded. "But did you really ask me to come to San Francisco just to say that? I believe we can talk about this on the phone rather than forcing me to take a flight, right?" 1

"Hahah, you're right," Henry fished his car key out and threw it to Michael. "That's my car. You must drive it back home for me, I'll be catching the first flight out in the morning with Kate tomorrow."

Michael's jaw dropped when he heard that, "Wait, Sir, are you telling me that you just took a six-hour drive from Los Angeles to San Francisco with Mrs. Woods?"

"I did," Henry replied. "What? Why are you making that face?"

"Is there any reason for it, Sir?"

"... not really," Henry lied. "I just felt like bringing her here."

"Sir, you—you've never done that with any

woman before," Michael said. "Not even with Miss Sarah." 3

"Hey, leave Sarah out of this," Henry clicked his tongue. "Kate is a special case. She's the key to my plan, remember?" 2

"Even if you say that this is the first time you've ever done so much for a woman, Sir," Michael warned. "I think you should be careful, you look and act like a man in love." 2

"Don't exaggerate, Michael. You know it's all part of the plan," Henry said. "I will ditch her after I get what I want, but I'll make sure to compensate her enough so she will live a life of luxury." 2

Michael didn't believe his Boss' words at all, not when he drove a woman for six hours to San Francisco just because he felt like it. 2

His Boss was definitely whipped for Mrs. Katherine Woods. Whether he admitted it or not, it didn't really matter to Michael because the truth was right in front of him.

"Sir, for all of your pain, did she at least give you... you know... that?"

Henry frowned, "She gave me a kiss, why do you ask?"

"Just a kiss?" Michael curled his lips as he tried not to laugh. "Then, do you need me to call an expensive prostitute, or you'll call one of your girls to come here, you have been with at least five girls in San Francisco before, right?"

"What are you going on about, Michael?" Henry asked as he didn't understand what was so funny about that. "Yeah, I got a kiss from Kate, and I'm happy about it."

"Are you sure you're happy with just a kiss, Sir?" Michael said as he glanced down for a split second, signaling Henry that he noticed. He almost laughed in front of his Boss, but he didn't want to get a salary cut because of that. "She sure is a fantastic kisser," Michael teased.

Henry looked down, and when he realized his bulge was too obvious, his face reddened out of shame. He glared at Michael, then yelled, "GET THE FUCK OUT!" 9

Michael took a step back, still holding his laughter. He excused himself and left.



"Urgh, fuck!" Henry was frustrated because he hadn't found a release since Kate refused to do more with him. "Fuck, why am I torturing myself like this?!"

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