

# He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

## Chapter 7 - Chapter 7

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The young man got up and reached for the bag of wine that Kate had reluctantly shared. He pulled out one of the bottles, saw the label, and chuckled, showing his pearly-white teeth. "Heh, what a strong wine you've got here. You really want to get blackout drunk, huh?"

He then opened two bottles of wine with practiced ease and handed Kate one bottle like a gentleman. "Here's yours, I'm guessing you have a lot of reasons to drink right now. You must be exhausted from everything weighing on your mind. Get drunk with me and forget about all of it, alright?"

Kate hesitated for a second. After all, getting drunk with a stranger was not the safest thing in the world. But the man's gaze was reassuring, as if wordlessly telling her that everything would be fine. At least for tonight.

Kate bravely grabbed the bottle and took one big gulp without even thinking twice. She winced when she felt the burn as the alcohol hit her throat. But that quickly faded and she was soon relaxed enough to continue drinking.

This time, she savored the sweet and tangy flavors of the wine as it spread through her mouth before finally swallowing it.

The mysterious man had been carefully watching Kate. As she started to slump into the sofa, he said softly, "There you go. We're here to chill and talk about our problems after we get drunk enough."

Taking his cue from Kate, he also leaned back against his seat before downing half his bottle in one smooth motion. "Ahh... that hits the spot, nice."

Kate's eyes instinctively wandered over him, admiring how inviting his stretched neck looked had it been planted with a few hickeys. Luckily she caught herself before he noticed. She determinedly warded off the erotic thoughts that had entered her mind—she was here to get drunk and vent about her problems. Nothing more, nothing less. She took another huge gulp of wine.

This was her plan from the beginning, anyway. There was no difference whether this man was here or not.

She stared at the ceiling, preoccupied with her own thoughts, clueless to the man sitting across from her, oblivious to how his powerful gaze was locked on her. There was long, understood silence between them until Kate finally had the courage to ask, "What's your name?"

The man broke into a cheeky smile. "Never thought that Miss Chief Editor would be interested in me. Do you really want to know my name?"

"Tsk, forget it," Kate clicked her tongue and looked away. She wasn't in the mood to play along.

"Hey, don't be so tense, I'm just fooling around," the man said. "I don't think you need to know my name. It's unnecessary."

"Unnecessary? You already know my name and I'm not allowed to know yours?" Kate rolled her eyes. "I thought you wanted us to relax and talk about each other's problems. But you can't even tell me your name, how am I supposed to trust you to listen to my problems?"

"You can tell me all of your problems without knowing my name. You just need a person to vent to, right? Besides, we will never meet each other again after tonight. There is a beauty in anonymity."

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When she didn't respond, he continued, "In fact, it's better if you didn't know who I am. Because that means we will always be strangers, and why do you care about what a stranger thinks about your life?"

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Kate went silent for a moment and thought about what this mysterious man had just said. Somehow she agreed with him.

It was better to let her problems out to a stranger she had zero connections with. Because all she needed was someone to listen to her woes right now, right at this moment. She needed someone to know that she had worked her ass off for Matt, that she had done her best as a wife to make him happy despite her infertility. And yet, that still wasn't enough.

2

Tomorrow she would go back to being the assertive and capable Editor-in-Chief who almost never showed any weakness in public or in private. She would be the independent Ms Katherine Woods again. But today the stone wall around her had broken along with her heart. She felt awfully vulnerable and worthless.

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Kate finally turned her head to the right towards the mysterious man and demanded, "Promise me that you will also tell your story after I have told you mine. I don't want to be the only weak one."

"Sure, I also need someone to listen to my woes anyway."

Kate nodded slightly. She lifted her glass and took a large gulp of her wine, her liquid courage. She waited until her throat burned again and took it as a sign that it was time to pour out whatever pains she had been keeping buried deep down. Across from her, the man mirrored her actions.

"Well, I don't know how to explain my problem," Kate sighed. "I've never told others about my worries or my pains because I don't want to appear weak."

"Then let me guess what your problem is," the man said as he looked into her eyes, looking deep into her soul. "It won't be difficult for you to speak once I know the problem, right?"

"Guess?" Kate frowned. "How can you guess my problem?"

"I can because it's so obvious. You're like an open book, Katherine."

"Then do it."

The man's smile broadened. When he spoke it was with confidence, as if he already knew the truth and wasn't simply speculating. "You are married to a useless husband who refused to find a job, so you have to work crazy hours to compensate for his laziness, right?"

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Kate's eyes widened instantly. She almost dropped her wine bottle out of shock.

"H—How did you know?" Kate managed to ask. She was immediately on guard once more. "Seriously, are you my stalker or what?"

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"Heh, I don't even need to stalk you to know." The young man lazily extended a finger to point at Kate's hand. "That ring tells me everything."

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