

# He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

## Chapter 8 - Chapter 8

Kate instinctively touched the ring on her finger. This man was surprisingly observant despite being drunk.

"J—Just because I'm married doesn't mean that my problem stems from my marriage," Kate tried desperately to defend herself, she felt too exposed for her own comfort.

Honestly, Kate still suspected that he was a stalker. But then again, what was the point of stalking her? She was neither an important person nor a beauty worthy of being obsessed with.

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She was just an ordinary working woman with too much stress weighing down on her shoulders.

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"That's true," the man nodded as he took another gulp. "But relationships are often the main source of problems for a married career woman. Most of them are forced to choose between their husband or their job."

"I know that you must be earning a lot from your job as the Chief Editor, but you also work crazy hours because of it," the man commented. "So the only reason for your meltdown must be a fight between you and your husband regarding your work hours and his uselessness."

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The man stopped to give her time to react. She raised a questioning brow as she waited for him to continue.

"Why do I think he is useless? Well, no self-respecting man will allow his wife to work like a robot if he is rich enough to support them."

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Kate's jaw dropped as this young man explained his accurate observation of her, and that last sentence was a nail in the coffin.

It was true. No man would want his wife to work herself to the point of exhaustion if he was well off.

"But, I don't think you are crying just because you had a fight with him, right?" The young man said, pulling Kate back from her thoughts. "There must be something more. A deeper reason, a bigger problem."

"And why do you think that?" Kate asked.

There was a little uncertainty on the young man's face for a second, "Because you look like a tough woman. You won't cry over a small argument."

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Kate scoffed when she realized that she couldn't hide anything in front of this young man. He looked like a university frat boy, the type of young adult who focused on partying all weekend and barely used his brain during classes.

But he caught her off guard with how observant he was.

"You're pretty keen for a drunk frat boy," Kate commented sarcastically. "Not bad, not bad at all."

"Heheh, I'm just drunk, not stupid," the man said. It seemed that he didn't take offense from Kate's comment. He was more amused instead, because it was the first time someone referred to him as a drunk frat boy.

But that was fine, they were supposed to be strangers, so they weren't supposed to know each other's identities.

"Well, if you must know, the answer is yes, it's not just a fight. It's..." Kate took a deep breath, wondering if she could really pour her heart out to this man tonight.. They were strangers, so there was no point hiding anything, they'd forget about each other tomorrow morning.

She took a deep breath and dropped the bomb, "It's because he cheated on me."

Kate waited for a reaction from the man across the table. But he didn't react, he stayed passive, as if he had predicted what she was going to say, as if it was something bound to happen.

Kate was a little disappointed that he wasn't at all surprised, but she continued nonetheless, "And he cheated on me with my own sister. The same sister I raised since she was a child."

"Now that's surprising," the man finally commented, shaking his head and taking another drink from the wine bottle. "I didn't expect him to cheat on you with your sister, seriously, that's messed up."

"But you still expected him to cheat on me?"

"Of course," the man said ruthlessly. "I mean, isn't it bound to happen? A useless man who is a failure at life cheats on his highly successful wife out of spite or boredom, whichever suits him best, and then acts like he is the one who got hurt the most when caught. As if he was the victim and not the other way around."

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Kate sighed, "You're right. It was bound to happen. How could I have not expected it?"

"Still, it doesn't make him right. Don't worry, I'm on your side," the man reassured her. "So, what happened after you caught him cheating? Did he apologize?"

"Hah! As if!" Kate snorted. "He told me that he wants an open relationship, and I that should accept that he is going to fuck other women because... well, because he wants to!"

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Kate was about to say that Matt cheated because she was barren, but that was something too personal and she was too ashamed to say it out loud. She didn't want anyone to know, not even a stranger she would never meet again.

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"Unreasonable! don't tell me that you're accepting his open relationship bullshit," the man snorted in contempt. "Unless you want to do that open-relationship stuff as well. You don't, right?"

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Kate stared at the man and almost said that she wanted to do the same.

It wasn't because she wanted it, no, she could never, but she wanted it as an act of revenge against that useless fucker called Matt. He cheated on her? Then she could do the same!

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But in the end, her logic stopped her from saying something stupid, it was a good thing that she wasn't drunk as a dog right now.

"No, I don't want an open relationship. I just want to be in a relationship with one man that loves me, a normal loving relationship," Kate stated. But she was also unsure of her own statement.

"And that man, your husband, will you stay with him?" The man asked.

"Oh fuck no!" Kate denied vehemently as she shook her head, the thought of staying with him after that was outrageous. "I've already done so much for him and this is how he repays me? I'm not an idiot who would reconcile after he cheated and humiliated me!"

"Well, what are you waiting for then?" The man got up from the sofa and walked up to Kate. He stretched his hand and opened his palm. "Give me your ring."

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## CREATORS' THOUGHTS



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