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Michael wanted to find Henry as soon as possible since he didn't think he could survive in this office for a long time, especially not when Erin kept trying to get in his pants, and with Mai looking at him like he was a filthy bed bug, she couldn't wait to squash. 1

The working environment was so hostile, and at this rate, he'd rather go to a real war than deal with those two women. At least he could be himself as a soldier. 3

He didn't know what kind of fight happened between Henry and Kate, but it definitely wasn't their first fight.

Since he only wanted to meet with Henry to get help, Michael grabbed his suit and phone from the desk and left the office. As he walked out of the lobby, he realized Henry had used the Bentley Michael brought to the office.

He clicked his tongue and called Henry's phone to find out where his boss was, but to his surprise, Henry rejected the call.

He called again, and Henry rejected the call again.

He did it three more times until Henry suddenly blocked his phone number. 1

"What in the—" Michael cursed. "What kind of problem did he have with Kate to reach the point that he would block me, his own right-hand man?" 2

"When did Henry turn into such a moody person?" Michael wondered. Since he didn't know his Boss's whereabouts, Michael called a Taxi and headed straight to the apartment where Henry usually spends his nights alone.

Henry had plenty of apartments and also a few villas that he rented. But he only had one retreat when he was too stressed or depressed.

Michael remembered how Henry spent the whole month in his seaside apartment, locked up, as he got too depressed thinking about the death of his elder brother and how he was the indirect cause of it. 2

'Well, it's not his fault,' Michael thought. 'But Henry is still the main reason for his elder brother's death. So I know how hard it was for Henry at that time.' 2

As Michael walked towards the apartment, he saw that the door was open.

However, he didn't intend to enter the apartment because Henry told him many times that he would NOT let anyone but himself and the cleaning lady enter this apartment.

So he waited in front of the opened door until the old cleaning lady left the room and closed the door behind her.

"Excuse me," Michael asked. "Is Mr. Grant in his apartment right now?"

The cleaning lady shook her head, "The apartment is empty, Sir. I just finished cleaning everything. If you want to wait for Mr. Grant, you should probably come back tomorrow or just call him."

"Yeah, that means I'll just have to wait here until he comes home," Michael thought.

Thus, he stood in front of the apartment for hours until it was almost midnight.

Then, Michael saw the figure of his Boss walking out of the elevator. He swayed left and right as he tried to reach the apartment. His face was red, his previously neat hair was disheveled, and his eyes were a bit empty.

It was obvious that Henry was drunk right now.



Michael rushed to Henry and propped him up before he fell flat on the floor.

"Sir! Where have you been?" Michael asked as he tried to help Henry reach the apartment door.

Henry burped a few times as his stomach felt uncomfortable, and then he replied, "In a bar not far from here."

"Why did you drink so much anyway?" Michael asked. "Mrs. Woods told me that you had a fight with her. Is everything alright?"

Henry felt his gaze was blurry, and he could barely prop himself up. But his mind was still clear enough. So when he got the question, he quickly refuted it.

"A fight? No, not at all..." Henry denied. "It's me. It's my fault because I am a horrible man who makes her cry."

Michael frowned, "But Mrs. Woods said that it's her fault."

"No, it's my fault."

"But—"

"ARE YOU DEAF? IT'S MY FAULT! EVERYTHING IS MY FAULT!" Henry suddenly snapped. He then

began to ramble at Michael.

Michael shut his mouth instantly, knowing he'd only get yelled at if he dared to say anything else. 1

They stopped in front of the apartment door, and Henry unlocked it with his fingerprint.

He then sat in front of the door and said, "Let's talk here, Michael. You can't come in."

"Sir, we are outside your apartment, in a hallway," Michael warned. "Someone might overhear us."

"It's fine," Henry replied. "I bought all the apartments on this floor. So this whole floor is owned by me."

"Then why don't we talk in your other apartment

—" 1

"SHUT UP!" Henry snapped again, much to Michael's grievance. Henry burped again and said, "Nobody is allowed to enter any of my apartments except me and my woman."

"Miss Sarah?" 3

"KATE!" Henry yelled again. "WHY WOULD I GO WITH SARAH WHEN I HAVE KATE? SHE IS MY WOMAN! MY ONLY ONE!" 3

Henry's loud voice echoed throughout the floor.

It was fortunate that Henry already purchased all the apartments on this floor, or else everyone would laugh at this man's drunken slur.

Michael should be holding his words, knowing Henry was drunk right now.

But he couldn't help but argue with his Boss, "Sir, you already promised Miss Sarah...." 4

"I DON'T CARE!" Henry shouted. **"IF I'M GOING TO MARRY, THEN IT WILL BE WITH KATE! STOP SAYING SARAH'S NAME, YOU FUCKING NUMBNUT!"** 1

Henry's mind began to recall the image of Kate. He vividly remembered everything about that woman. But the more he remembered her, the guiltier he felt.

Henry suddenly lowered his head and said, "Michael, I'm a horrible man." 1

"And why do you think like that, Sir?"

"I wanted to use Kate as a scapegoat. Even though I know that she is innocent," Henry said. "I don't think I can continue with our mission, Michael." 4

