



108 Chapter 108

"Your name tonight is Kate, Katherine Grant." 1

"Katherine Grant?" Lydia was shocked when Henry mentioned another woman, and was even more blown away by the fact that the said woman had the same surname as him!

'Wait, does that mean he is already married?' Lydia wondered. 'No, there is no way he's married. He is Henry Grant. He doesn't fall in love.'

"Yes, your name is Katherine Grant," Henry said. "And you are my wife."

"Your wife?!" Lydia gasped. This one was the most unrealistic of all the kinds of made-up bullshit that Henry told her. 1

There was no way that Henry Grant, the notorious playboy who couldn't even keep a relationship for more than a month, would suddenly be a married man.

'Could it be that he is stuck in a political marriage?' Lydia wondered. 'I know he comes from an old-money family. So political marriages like those on TV shouldn't be uncommon, right?'



Lydia thought about it for a moment and quickly rejected the idea, 'No, that's not possible. If he's trapped in a loveless marriage, he wouldn't force me to use his wife's name.'

To be honest, Lydia was uncomfortable with the condition that Henry had just set. She felt Henry was only using her to vent his frustration for an unknown reason.

But before she could voice out her disagreement, Henry suddenly held her chin. He leaned to check on her and said, "Yes, you're Katherine Grant tonight. You have eyes more brilliant than the golden sunset, flowing red hair that I sways when the wind blows gently through it, and a sweet and sincere smile that makes me fall in love every time I see it."

"You are my Kitty, the woman I love..." As Henry said this his mind got blurry, and he began to imagine this woman in front of him was truly Kate. 2

Henry smiled and then leaned down until their lips almost touched, "I love you so much, Kitty. I want to wife you up, and I can't wait to raise our baby together, just the three of us in our retreat." 1

"Katherine Grant, my woman..."



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Kate sighed as she sat on the sofa, watching a late-night talk show that didn't interest her at all.

She didn't expect that something she used to routinely watch and enjoy to become so boring after meeting Henry. She would usually watch a late-night talk show after work to help her relax. Sometimes she watched it while eating her late dinner or simply eating popcorn if she was in the mood for a movie.

Today it was one of her favorite talk shows being aired, but she didn't enjoy it at all.

"It would be nice if I could spend the night with Henry," Kate murmured. 1

She had an amazing night with him yesterday. After dinner, they slept on the same bed, staring at the night sky full of stars, and then they watched each other.

It gave her a warm feeling inside, and it had been so long since she had felt that kind of warmth in her life.

Her life was usually filled with nothing but work to the point that there was no difference between Monday and Friday because she would



still be working anyway.

Her relationship with Matt also soured because of how much heavier her workload got right after James Grant's death because she had to take the responsibility of the CEO until the new one filled the position.

Now she was finally free from the responsibilities and workload that came with being the acting CEO. But she felt lonely instead.

"Should I go to his apartment?" Kate considered. Then she laughed at herself because she sounded ridiculous, "No, what are you thinking, Kate? What kind of woman goes to a man's apartment in the middle of the night just because she feels lonely? That sounds like something Erin would do."

Kate was laughing at the idea, it sounded silly, but she couldn't lie, that she was actually considering it seriously. 2

She felt that she was in the wrong for showing a side of her that didn't seem to be so ladylike or mature.

"Well, I don't really need to be so ladylike in front of random men, but I... I also want to impress him a little...."



Kate had to admit that she—just like all women who were interested in a man, wanted to show this feminine side of hers.

She wanted Henry to see her as a good woman.

Kate sighed, "Well, I fucked up. What can I do anyway?"

Kate turned off the TV, went to the bathroom to brush her teeth, and then tucked herself into bed. She stared at the ceiling, thinking it'd be nice to have a man's strong arms wrapped around her with his warm body pressed against hers.

She tried to close her eyes a few times in an attempt to fall asleep, but to no avail.

She couldn't sleep as she kept thinking about Henry.

"Alright, this is getting ridiculous. Let me just set this straight so I can go to sleep. I have a lot to do tomorrow," Kate said.

She grabbed her phone and then dialed Henry's number.

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"Katherine Grant, my woman...."



Henry's drunken haze had successfully fooled him. He actually saw Kate laying in front of him, smiling at him as she waited for Henry to kiss her.

So he leaned forward to savor her luscious lips.

But his concentration was soon broken when his phone began to ring loudly from his shirt pocket. 2

Henry snapped out of his daze, and the image of Kate before him disappeared, and the face of the woman returned to her real self, making Henry quickly lose all interest in her.

He pushed the woman back to the chair and checked the caller.

He thought it was Michael, but he didn't need to call him even if he had something to say. He could've just knocked on the door or simply stormed in.

"Uhh..." Henry shook his head a few times to read clearly the caller ID, and his eyes widened instantly when he realized it was Kate!

"Kate?!" Henry regained some of his sobriety instantly. He was about to answer the call, but then he heard the woman ask.

"Is that your wife?"



Henry glanced at Lydia and nodded, "She is the woman I truly love."

"... then pick it up, Henry," Lydia said. "Wait, you should answer her call after I leave. So she won't get any wrong ideas about what happened between us." 7

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