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Henry paused for a moment. He wondered what was running through this woman's head. But Lydia quickly added, "I do like you, Henry. I like you a lot. Any woman would be a fool not to like you, but seeing you try to turn me into another woman just so you can have sex with me, is a red flag for me." 1

"Besides, that also means you are truly hopelessly in love with this Kate of yours, and I'm not a woman who wants to fight over a guy," Lydia said. She got up from the chair and grabbed her bag. "Don't worry, your assistant already paid for everything. I will leave now. Goodbye, Henry."

"..." Henry nodded as he remained silent, watching the woman leave the room. Honestly, he already forgot that woman's name. He had a lot of lovers before Kate, so their faces got a little blurry, merged and mixed most of the time.

But that didn't matter because he had something more important to do: answer his woman's call!

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Lydia walked out of the apartment and met

Michael who had been standing in front of the door since Henry entered.

He frowned when he saw her coming out early. She was still wearing the same dress, and there was no trace of lovemaking on her body. Michael also doubted that Henry would cum so fast. 1

"Why are you coming out so soon?" Michael asked.

Lydia sighed, "You didn't tell me that Henry is madly in love with his wife."

"His wife?"

"Yeah, the one called Katherine Grant. He told me that I will be his 'Kate' for the night. It's ridiculous that I have to be someone else just to have sex with a man," Lydia rolled her eyes. "It's unfortunate, but I'm not the type to fight with another woman over a man. I like him, but not to the point that I would be as pathetic as that." 4

Michael had somewhat predicted that Henry would see this woman as Kate's replacement. He might be trying to imagine Kate when he had sex with another woman.

But he didn't expect Henry to say it out loud, even proclaiming that Kate was Katherine Grant,

thinking he already married her.

Michael shook his head, "I'm sorry, Lydia. He is going through difficult times right now. Don't worry, I will pay you for all the hassle you suffered tonight."

Lydia smiled, "Thanks, please tell him not to waste that woman named Kate if he truly loves her, okay?" 2

After Lydia left, Michael walked into the apartment and realized Henry looked so happy as he sat on the sofa.

He was speaking to someone on his phone, and from his sweeter mood and the smile on his face, it was obvious that he was on the phone with Kate.

'... I don't know what will happen in the future. But he already went through so much today. It's better to let him have his time alone.'

Thus, Michael turned around and left the apartment, allowing Henry to talk privately with Kate.

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After ensuring that woman had left, Henry finally picked up the call and threw himself on the sofa.

"Good evening, darling," Henry said as he answered the call.

"Darling?" Kate was surprised. She really thought that Henry would be reluctant to answer her call, but it seemed that she had been worried for nothing. 1

It seemed that everything was just fine, and she was simply overthinking things.

"Yeah, my darling," Henry chuckled. The alcohol was yet to leave his system, so he got bolder and became unrestrained in his terms of endearment, just like he did that first night with Kate.

However, his speech was also a little slurred, which made it easy for Kate to guess, "Are you drunk right now?" Kate asked.

"Ehhh, I'm not," Henry lied. "Tell me this is not just my imagination, and you're actually calling me right now. Because if it is, damn, I have to drink a lot just to get this kind of fantasy."

Kate curled her lips. Henry was definitely piss drunk right now.

But as Kate learned from the night they spent

together, he was the type of drunk that would still have his mind intact. His whole body might shut down, but his thoughts and judgment were still logical.

Though, Kate also remembered how Henry became bolder as he drank more and more throughout the night.

"This is not your imagination, handsome," Kate teased him. "I was calling you just to make sure that you're doing just alright there."

Kate didn't want to admit the truth that she felt lonely, that she missed him, and that she wanted to spend the night with Henry in his bed.

"So, are you alright? I bet there's something wrong, that's why you drank so much tonight," Kate guessed.

Henry fell silent instantly.

He didn't want to tell Kate about his whole ordeal with Michael. He was so close to coming clean, but the call from Kate was like a wake-up call for him, it felt like a bucket of ice cold water was poured on his head.

As expected, he felt so much better when he could be with her.

"I'm not fine, Kate," Henry said. "I... I have a big problem that I can't solve."

"Really?" Kate didn't know what kind of problem a rich and carefree man like Henry had, but she also didn't want to know. She felt that whatever his problem was, it must be dangerous.

Kate was just a regular working lady. She could not join 'that' kind of game full of schemes and betrayal.

She simply believed that Henry was a good guy. At least, that was what she wanted to believe.

But of course, she also wanted to help him the best she could.

Henry had helped her a lot, it was the least she could do after everything. After all, that was the essence of being in a relationship, right? To help each other during hardships, a relationship wasn't supposed to be a one-way street, right?

"Can I help you with something then?" Kate offered. "I can't do much, but you've helped me a lot, it's natural for me to help you as well."

...

'I prefer that you don't help me, Kate,' Henry replied in his heart. 'I prefer you to stay as far as

possible from me.' 1

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