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"Do you want to help me?" Henry asked.

"Uh-huh," Kate replied lightly. "I don't know what your problem is, but by judging based on how drunk you are, it must be something that you don't want to talk about, right?"

"Yes," Henry replied. "I also don't want you to get involved with my problem, Kate. I want you... and our baby to be safe." 2

"Yeah, is it possible that I can help you in some other way... you know... anything that will make you feel happier tonight?" Kate offered. She was hinting, hoping Henry would suddenly pick her up and bring her to that apartment where they spent last night together. 1

Henry might be drunk, but his mind was clear enough to understand what Kate meant, "I want you to be here with me, Kate. I feel so lost when you're not around me." 1

"W—Well, then let me grab my bag and I'll go to your apartment," Kate said.

"No, that's too dangerous," Henry refused. "It's



already late at night, let me pick you up."

"Henry, you're drunk, it's not only illegal but also dangerous for you to drive. You might get into an accident, or worse, die if you get behind the wheel," Kate said.

"Well, I'll tell Michael to pick you up then. I will be waiting in our apartment, in our room, Kitty," Henry said with a big grin on his face. 2

His aching heart gradually eased as he found comfort in the statement he had just uttered.

Yes, all he wanted right now was to be in their apartment, snuggling in their bedroom, feeling each other's warmth.

'Our room...' Kate's cheeks reddened instantly as she remembered what she did with Henry yesterday in that room. Her body began to heat up as lewd images appeared in her mind.

She shook her head to ward off the thought and replied, "Alright, you can tell Michael to pick me up. I'll get ready."

"Sure, I can't wait to be with you, Kitty." 1

Beep.

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Henry took a deep breath after they ended the call. The big grin on his lips became permanent as he felt so much joy. He knew this wasn't supposed to happen. He wasn't supposed to invite Kate here, and they weren't supposed to spend more time together. 1

But fuck that. 1

He already had a long day today, and the fact that he almost fucked another woman was just something that came straight out of his nightmare.

He walked out of the apartment and told Michael, who had been standing outside for a while, "Go to Kate's apartment. She will stay with me tonight."

Michael was surprised, "Sir, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing?" Henry frowned. "I just want to spend the night with my woman. Is that so wrong?"

Michael's lips thinned. Of course, that was wrong! They weren't supposed to be together!

The main reason why he contacted Lydia and brought her there was to separate Henry from Kate. It was he who agreed that he shouldn't be



entangled with Kate or else that woman would get hurt.

But now look at him.

He made a big scene about leaving Kate and seemed determined, only to turn around the moment Kate called him.

'At this point, there is no use trying to separate those two. Henry is obviously madly in love with Kate, and Kate seems to feel the same for him,' Michael thought. 'But then what about our mission? Do we have to abandon it? Is this the end?'

Michael helped Henry until he reached his apartment and said, 'I won't lock the door, just tell Kate to come in once you've picked her up. Don't be late, I don't want her to get upset because she waited for too long.'

"... Yes, Sir." 4

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Michael drove the Bentley to Kate's apartment and called her to tell her he was waiting outside.

It didn't take long for Kate to come out of the apartment building. She wore a long white shirt and men's boxers, which Michael knew belonged



to Henry. 1

'Huh, I guess they did that already,' Michael commented.

Michael left the car and opened the door to the back seat, allowing Kate to climb in.

"We're going now, Mrs. Woods," Michael said as he drove through the night with the lights of Los Angeles illuminating the road.

There was nothing but silence between them. Michael and Kate barely knew each other, and of course, they weren't the social type like Henry.

They preferred peace in the absence of noise.

But Kate eventually grew uncomfortable because of the awkward silence between them.

So she began to strike up a conversation, "Mr. Eckermann, do you know what kind of problem caused Henry to get so drunk? He's usually not this bad, right?"

'You,' Michael replied curtly in his heart. Obviously, the problem was Kate.

Henry couldn't revert to his old self because he kept thinking about Kate. He couldn't be cold-hearted and cruel because he was in love



with her.

All these facts only gave Michael a headache. He didn't know how to solve this problem, especially when they had limited time before Miss Sarah called and asked about the progress of their mission.

"He had a family problem, Ma'am," Michael replied. "He has a lot of family problems, and it's very heavy, so I suggest you not mix yourself into the dirty water."

"Don't worry, I'm not an idiot. I'm not the one who would put myself in danger just for a man," Kate chuckled. "And you don't need to call me Mrs. Woods outside of the office, just call me Kate."

"I can't do that," Michael refused. "Why not?"

"Because you are with Mr. Grant right now. He is my boss, and that makes you my female boss," Michael replied. "Though, I don't think it's good to get entangled with him, Ma'am. He has a difficult family situation."

"I know, Henry already told me that his family is really problematic, but he doesn't tell me the details, so I reckon that he doesn't want me to know."



"Yes, he doesn't want you to know anything about this grave problem," Michael replied. He checked on Kate from the rearview mirror and then asked, "Mrs. Woods, what kind of feelings do you have for Mr. Grant?" 1

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