



## 133 Chapter 133

Kate finished her dinner and returned to her bedroom. She washed herself before sitting on her bed, reading another manuscript that was submitted by one of the top authors this evening. **1**

She felt much more relaxed after hitting that spoiled skank in the face, so she could finally work in peace.

But it wasn't for long because her phone rang just when she was about to get absorbed with the well-written manuscript.

She checked her phone and rolled her eyes when she read the caller ID. Nevertheless, she picked up the call because she knew he must be worried about her.

—

"For the third time, I am fine, Henry. You should stop calling me. You've called me at least three times after I left the office," Kate said before Henry could even say a thing on the phone. **2**

Henry sighed, "You know I'm worried about you, Kate. I don't know what will happen to you... and to our baby, since you're dealing with that wench."



"We are doing just fine. I didn't tell you this before, but I found a way to stop Erin from doing whatever she wants, at least for a while until we throw her into her ice coffin," Kate said. "I sent my sickly mother to a good nursing home, with a competent caretaker. I realize that I have to hide my mother somewhere from Erin, and a nursing home is good since she also needs 24 hour care for her frail body."

"Miranda, the caretaker, is the one who has my mother's phone, and I told her to ignore Erin's distress call completely because she has schizophrenia and often misses her medicine," Kate chuckled as she remembered that funny scene. "She's not the only one who can lie, after all."

Henry was relieved that Kate was okay. He actually called thirty minutes after Kate left the office, an hour after that, and this was the third time he called.

He wanted to follow Kate to her apartment just to make sure that everything was alright and to protect her if she needed assistance, but of course, Kate forbade him to do that because their plan would be ruined the moment Erin saw them together.

Fortunately, it seemed that she had it all in control.



"Are you sure you don't want me to go there? I can stay in your apartment for the night," Henry said. "Or you can stay here in our apartment, just to be safe."

"Henry, we already did it in the office today," Kate said as she quickly caught Henry's hidden intention.

"Darn it." 1

Kate chuckled, "Well, I do need a bit of your help. But this is for tomorrow."

"What is it? I'm all ears."

Kate put her iPad in the small drawer next to the bed. She rested her back on the bedpost, "You see, I slapped and kicked Erin in the face just now, and I think she will come to you tomorrow morning to report everything, saying that I hit her without reason and demanding you to punish me."

Henry groaned in pain as he realized that Erin would definitely come to him tomorrow morning, "And what do you want me to do? You know that I won't punish you, right? I refuse to hurt you." 2

"You just need to cater to her needs. Just try to pacify her, and act like you're angry at me," Kate instructed. "Remember, Henry, do not ruin our mission. I don't want you to give me the usual

stare."

"Huh? The usual stare?" Henry frowned. "What kind of usual stare did I give you?"

Kate's cheeks blushed. She wanted to say that Henry usually stared at her as if she was his treasure. His eyes were deep, mysterious, and intimidating for many.

He was like a viper that always had his eyes on his prey, and Kate wouldn't lie that she also sensed that the moment she reunited with Henry since the fateful night they had.

But gradually, Henry began to feel less intimidating for her, and whenever he had his eyes on her, they would soften and whisper so many unspeakable love songs that wouldn't come out of Henry's lips.

"J—Just stop staring at me for too long when Erin is around us, you're too obvious!" Kate yelled. "Anyway, I'm hanging up, I still have to read a manuscript. See you tomorrow."

Beep.

—

Henry was left dumbfounded as Kate ended the call abruptly. He began to wonder what kind of stare he gave her every day.

"I didn't stare at her like a pervert, right?" Henry

began to worry. After all, he had to admit that his libido would rise whenever he stared at Kate. "What? Blame her for being too sexy!" Henry talked to himself as he got a little defensive.

He got up and checked himself in the mirror. He had viper-like eyes, deep green like dark emerald, with deep eye sockets and thick brows.

He could be seen as intimidating to many, though most women loved his eyes.

But he didn't care about other women's opinions right now.

He began making various kinds of stares in the mirror, checking if he accidentally made a perverted stare. 4

But no matter how many expressions and stares he did, there seemed to be nothing wrong with him.

"W—Well, as long as she doesn't hate it, then it's fine I guess. Though I still don't know what kind of stares did I show whenever I'm with her." 1

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Matt was sitting on the same sofa he got when he married Kate five years ago, staring at the TV, playing his Playstation 5 that he recently bought with Kate's credit card. 7



He had been doing the same thing for at least four years now.

He woke up at noon and got his lunch with UberEats or any food delivery.

He took a bath if he felt like it, though it was usually a one-week thing for him these days. 2

He then played games on his Playstation 5, Nintendo Switch, computer, or phone.

When he got tired of playing games, he would watch movies in the living room with the huge TV he bought with Kate's money.

Well, he bought everything with Kate's money anyway. 4

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