

He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

Chapter 6 - Chapter 6

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Kate stopped dead in her tracks, her heart in her throat. She was terrified. How did this intruder know her name? He even called her twice! Was he a stalker? She would run, but her body seemed frozen in place. She couldn't move a muscle, and could only stare helplessly at him as he—she was sure—readied to attack her.

1

To her surprise he continued sitting lazily at the same spot, watching her with the same teasing glint in his eyes.

There was zero hostility coming from him. At least for now.

Kate wondered what he was thinking. His cheeky demeanor seemed at odds with the three empty bourbon bottles around him. No one truly happy would be drinking so much alone. Kate knew that for certain, because she was in the same position.

1

With that in mind, her curiosity got the better of her.

"H—How do you know my name?" Kate asked. "Did you stalk me?"

The man didn't answer. He continued observing her wordlessly until he let out a small snicker, "Why? Do you wish to be stalked?"

2

"Stop playing around!" Kate snapped. She regretted starting this conversation. He had done her no harm, but she could not figure out what he was planning either. "Tell me how you know my name or I'm calling the cops!"

"Pfft—hahaha!" the young man burst into a hearty laugh, as if Kate's panic was the funniest thing in the world. "Okay, okay, I'm sorry. I was just looking

around the office and happened to see your name in a document on the CEO's desk."

Kate's eyes darted towards the desk and saw an old proposal she had drafted for the late CEO. It had been left untouched ever since Mr. Grant's sudden passing in a car accident.

1

"Well, we know each other now. Why don't you spend the night with me, Kitty? There is nothing wrong with letting your hair down and having fun every once in a while." The stranger's invitation—and his smoldering gaze—somehow sent Kate's heart fluttering. She swallowed and finally gave the man a better look from head to toe.

His blond hair was almost a gleaming gold under the office lights, highlighting his deep green eyes. There was a glint in them that made Kate think of dark emeralds in ancient crowns. The rest of him was just as mesmerizing. He had a perfect feature that Kate never found in another man—his sculpted aquiline nose, high cheekbone, chiseled jaw, and healthy tan were all befitting a supermodel. Not to mention, he seemed to have a well-toned body given how tight his suit was. His buttons looked like they were about to pop loose any moment. Kate found herself unable to turn away.

5

This man was so good-looking that Kate suspected that he might be a model.

After all, this was Los Angeles. Even among the throngs of attractive wannabe models and actors, he stood out. He could transform a street into his personal runway with his head-turning perfection. Compared to him, Matt seemed plain and forgettable, even ugly.

2

The sheer difference between the two men made Kate realize what an absolute fool she was to waste the past five years on Matt. It shouldn't take a genius to see why he never broke into the entertainment industry. Even on his best days, he couldn't hold a candle against this half-drunk stranger's effortless charm.

3

'And Matt has no talent or hard work to compensate for his plainness,' Kate reminded herself.

3

The man before her leaned back against the sofa, flashing a bit of muscle. One look at his smug smile and Kate knew he did it deliberately. He liked her staring.

And so she kept staring. The top buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing his defined bronze chest. Her eyes greedily moved downwards before lingering on his strong thighs. She loved men with strong thighs.

15

But something else made her weak all over, and it was taunting her like the snake tattooed on his arm.

4

His legs were spread as if they were asking, no, daring, her to look between them. And Kate obliged. His bulge was enough to tell her that he was not just very much aroused, but that he was packing a python down there. It would probably get even bigger once freed of his tight jeans.

6

And it was already much bigger than Matt's.

2

The man chuckled, "Enjoying the view?"

8

His voice snapped Kate out of her daze. She shook her head immediately to banish that perverted idea out of her mind.

"Just because you know my name doesn't mean we are friends," Kate began with a confidence that she faked. "I don't care whether you were sent here by the main office or are a new employee I don't recognize. Hell, I don't even give a shit if you're a trespasser! I'll just spend my night somewhere else!"

"Alone?" The man finally showed a bit of frown. "Why would a sad lady want to spend the night alone? I can keep you company here."

1

"I'm not sad! Don't act like you know me."

"Heh, sure," the man scoffed. "Your eyes are bloodshot, your hair and make-up are streaky mess, and your jacket is wrinkled. You also have no shoes on. I think it's pretty obvious that you're sad."

Kate couldn't refute his observations. She knew she did look like a disaster right now. But so what? She didn't want his pity. She didn't want any man's pity.

"Just because I'm sad doesn't give you the right to act like a creep," Kate hissed as she was forced to recall the scene of Erin straddling Matt. The pleasure from her sister's face was unmistakable and Kate couldn't stop the contempt welling up in her. "I'm not a cheap woman."

1

"Hm? Who said that I want to fuck right now? I just want to keep you company," the man replied in an easy-going manner. "We can spend the night drinking your wine and crying about our problems. When tomorrow comes, we'll be strangers again."

Kate paused, skeptical of his words. They were too good to be true, but she also desperately wanted to believe in them. She craved to be heard, to be understood. To have someone—anyone—share her grief and worries. To be given what Matt and Erin had so cruelly taken from her.

It was as if the stranger could hear her thoughts. "Besides," he continued, "I think you need a listening ear, right? Your job as chief editor must be very demanding."

He was giving her a reason to stay. Kate considered his offer as she continued eyeing him suspiciously in hopes of figuring out his intentions.

Her gut feeling told her he wasn't malicious. And he was right. She did want, no, need, to vent her woes.

'Ah, screw it, I'm not going to waste my last brain cells worrying about this guy.'

And thus Kate gave in and walked towards the mysterious man. Before sitting down to face him, she placed her bag of wine bottles on the coffee table and said warningly, "I'm here to get drunk and rant about my problems. Nothing more, nothing less. Don't get any funny ideas."

The man grinned, "I won't get any funny ideas if you don't."

7

CREATORS' THOUGHTS