

Chapter 46 Need His Help

Alicia laid everything out, finally putting Monica's suspicions to rest.

Monica laughed. "Look, lots of men may be lacking in personality, but plenty have good bodies. If it's just physical, don't hold back. Pleasure is something you can pay for."

It was like hiring a gigolo. There was a type for every fantasy.

Alicia sighed, frustrated. "This all started because of that damn gigolo."

Because of him, she had ended up in the wrong room, slept with the wrong man.

And now, she had to deal with the fallout.

A sudden thought crossed her mind. "Hey, could the drug Lilliana gave me have any side effects?"

"Biologically and medically speaking? No," Monica answered.

Alicia wasn't convinced. "I don't trust that."

Monica looked puzzled.

It was at this point that Alicia came up with a decision.

Alicia kept her thoughts to herself, not daring to tell Monica just yet. She feared her friend's impatience would lead to something extreme, like tossing two men into her bed just to "help."

Monica broke the silence. "Now that things have settled a bit, don't you think it's time we made our move?"

Alicia stated, "I'm planning to reach out to lawyer Jeffery Benson. At the same time, I'll start collecting evidence to use against Joshua and Lilliana for slander."

Monica raised an eyebrow. "Jeffery Benson? He's tough to get. I'll see what I can do to help with that."

After ending the call with Alicia, Monica was pulled back to reality and decided to ring up her father, Lennon.

Their recent cold war had kept them from speaking, and the tension hung in the air.

When his phone buzzed, Lennon was secretly thrilled to hear from his beloved daughter. He answered coolly, "Oh, so you remembered you have a father, did you?"

Monica muttered, "Dad, I'll come by for lunch today. I've been craving that special dish of yours."

Lennon scoffed and said, "You think you can just show up and I'll cook for you? I'm not going to make you anything."

By noon, when Monica arrived, the table was overflowing with dishes, looking like a holiday feast.

"Wow, Dad, you went all out!" she teased. "This could feed us until Christmas!" she added while chuckling.

Lennon proudly brought out his signature dish, still steaming hot and cooked to perfection.

Monica smiled and offered him the first bite, catching him by surprise.

Lennon's mood softened at the gesture. "Look at you, acting all grown-up. It used to be me trying to get you to eat."

Monica hesitated for a second, then said, "Dad, you know Jeffery Benson, don't you?"

Lennon was just about to take a bite when he paused, sensing something fishy. "Why are you bringing him up?"

"I need you to set up a meeting with him. Alicia's filing a lawsuit."

He placed the piece of meat right back on her plate. "I knew you had an agenda!"

Monica playfully put the meat back on his plate. "Oh, come on, Dad, you're the best! Help me out! I'm even offering you meat, so you have to say yes!"

Lennon raised an eyebrow. "I'm the one who cooked this!"

"Dad, I'm begging you!" Monica pleaded. "Please help Alicia. I owe her my life."

Lennon looked confused. "How did a young girl like her manage to save your life?"

"Uh... remember during exams? She always helped me cheat. If I hadn't gotten her help, you'd have killed me for those awful scores. Isn't that life-saving enough?"

Well...

Lennon stared at her for a second before jumping out of his chair, grabbing a few branches from the nearby vase. "Damn it! It's better late than never. I'll give you the beating you deserve now!"

Monica bolted, dodging him as they ran around the house.

When they both finally collapsed in exhaustion, Monica sat down, her tone serious as she pleaded, "Dad, Alicia's my best friend. I really need you to help her."

Seeing his usually headstrong daughter humbled and asking for help, Lennon felt his resolve weaken.

Lennon let out a deep sigh. "You always come to me with the hardest requests. Jeffery signed an exclusive contract with someone overseas six months ago. He only takes cases for that one client now."

Monica raised an eyebrow. "Who on earth could lock down a lawyer of his level? Who has that kind of pull?"

"Caden Ward," Lennon said simply. "I'm sure you've heard of him. If you want Jeffery's help, you'll need Caden's approval first."

Monica sat there, stunned into silence.

Lennon added, "There's really nothing I can do about it."

Getting Alicia to approach Caden for help felt like a long shot, almost impossible.

Monica knew this conversation was one she'd have to have with Alicia face-to-face.

They agreed to meet at a specialty restaurant.

Before they could even get started, Monica's attention veered off toward the gym across the street.

"Oh my gosh," she gasped. Even through two layers of glass and across the street, the view of countless well-built men was mesmerizing. "This place sure knows how to choose a spot. Great food with a side of muscular men. What more could you ask for?"

Alicia laughed at that.

"No wonder it's always packed. Who wouldn't want to be surrounded by handsome, muscular men?"

Monica watched for a moment longer, then fell oddly silent. She pulled out her glasses to get a better look.

Alicia's curiosity spiked at the change in her expression.


"Who are you staring at like that?" She turned to follow Monica's gaze, and her smile dropped.

Oh no.

It was Caden.

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Chapter 47 His Size

Caden was jogging on the treadmill, fresh from a cardio session. His damp hair clung slightly to his forehead, and the sheen of sweat made him look even more confident and undeniably attractive. 

Because he was focused on running, he didn't notice them.

Alicia quickly turned her head, lowering it as she said, "Let's just eat. Stop staring."

Still taking a moment to admire him, Monica finally asked, "Alicia, you and Caden haven't seen each other in years. There can't be any hard feelings left, right?"

Alicia recalled the recent encounters.

"There are still a few. He still hates me."

Monica sighed. "Maybe we should think about finding a different lawyer."

"Why?"

Monica decided to avoid making Alicia uncomfortable and brushed it off. "Never mind. I talked to my dad, and we won't be able to hire Mr. Benson."

Knowing that this could happen, Alicia nodded and said, "It's alright. We'll figure something out."

She then calmly returned to her meal.


Monica's eyes wandered back to the gym across the street.

"Honestly, Caden's body is something else."

Alicia didn't respond to that.

Instead, she just turned her gaze towards Caden.

Chapter 47 His Size

 +120 Points at most

His workout clothes fit tightly around his broad shoulders and well-defined muscles, showing off his strength and giving a sense of security that seemed effortless.

His waist was lean, with firm muscles that added to his athletic appearance.

His long legs only enhanced the image, giving him a balanced and powerful presence.

Everything about his physique was almost flawless, from top to bottom.

While Alicia was still admiring him, Caden seemed to pick up on her gaze.

He then looked right at her.

Alicia felt her heart skip and quickly averted her gaze.

She cleared her throat, trying to sound indifferent. "He's alright, I guess."

Monica leaned in and whispered, "You know how men like him look so proper all the time? Every photo of him in the news, all buttoned up and composed. I bet someone like him is wild when he's out of the spotlight. What do you think?"

Alicia paused for a moment.

Wild?

That wasn't quite the right word. His moves weren't anything out of the ordinary.

But, there was no denying his strength was... overwhelming.

Monica smirked, and her eyes gleamed with mischief. "I heard a man with a strong nose is usually well-endowed. So, what do you think? How big do you reckon he is?"

Alicia found herself speechless once again.

Would this conversation ever end?

She rested her chin on her hand, refusing to respond.

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Monica murmured, "Judging by his build, I'd say he's about this big."

She extended her hand in an exaggerated gesture.

Alicia blinked, completely taken aback. "That's ridiculous! He's not that big!"

Monica burst into laughter, realizing her own exaggeration.

But then, she realized that Alicia said something interesting. Narrowing her eyes, she asked, "Wait, how would you know he's not that big?"

Alicia froze for a second.

She had measured it.

"Just a wild guess," she replied, blushing slightly. "You went way overboard."

Thankfully, she managed to steer Monica away from the truth.

After all, who would ever suspect that she and Caden had slept together?

Alicia took another bite of her meal.

But for some reason, the food didn't taste as good anymore.

The plate of food was steaming, but a strange chill went down her spine.

She had the odd feeling that someone was watching her.

When she turned to check, her eyes landed on a familiar figure standing by the door of a private room.

It was Joshua.

The recognition was immediate. He hadn't changed much physically, but something about him felt different.

His eyes carried a strange mix of resentment and longing.

It was a contradiction she'd never seen in him before.

Memories of the past came rushing back, but the things he had done over the years had eroded any feelings she once had. She didn't linger on him. With a calm, detached expression, she turned back to her plate and resumed eating.

Joshua had stepped out to grab something.

Joshua walked past the area and first noticed Monica, causing him to pause for a moment before his eyes landed on Alicia.

Alicia looked exactly the same as before, showing no signs of change.

However, the way she looked at him had grown much colder than before.

There was a clear sense of disdain in her expression.

In response, Joshua gave a subtle smirk.

He quickly turned his attention away and headed back to his room without another word.

Inside his room, Lilliana was seated comfortably.

She was dealing with some intense pregnancy cravings and had requested something particularly flavorful to eat. After consuming a large meal and feeling extremely thirsty, Joshua had just stepped out to bring her favorite drink.

Lilliana immediately noticed the slight shift in Joshua's behavior.

"Are you alright?" she asked. "Did you encounter someone you recognize?"

Joshua glanced downward. "No."

Since the incident, Lilliana had become more vigilant and mistrustful.

Her actions started to become unpredictable as well.

He felt exhausted from trying to manage her suspicions and preferred to keep her away from Alicia.

Nevertheless, Lilliana's sharp instincts kept her on edge.

"Have you seen Alicia around?" she asked bluntly.

Joshua responded with a frown, "Stop making things harder for yourself."

Convinced he was hiding something, Lilliana countered, "Just answer me. Why are you so evasive? After everything that's happened, are you still thinking about her?"

Joshua knitted his brows again.

He looked down at her flat stomach and said, "Lilliana, you're still in your first trimester. Stressing yourself will only make things worse."

Hearing his detached tone, Lilliana felt a sudden unease.

She realized she had been too demanding recently, and Joshua's patience was running thin.

Her parents had just advised her that in her current situation, she was at a disadvantage and needed to be more patient.

Everyone had a limit. And if she pushed him too far, it would end badly for both of them.

To avoid that, she softened her approach, leaning into Joshua's embrace. "Alright, I won't ask anymore."

Joshua embraced her tightly.

At that moment, a loud disturbance erupted outside.

Joshua's instincts told him Alicia was involved, so he stood up to investigate.

As he had anticipated, a group of intoxicated men were harassing Alicia and Monica.

