

Chapter 60 Who's More Tempted

Shelia flinched, unease instantly flooding her.

She worried Caden might have overheard her.

But then she reminded herself that Jerald was awake and would support her. What could Caden do? He'd have no choice but to fall in line.

Putting on a smile, she said, "Caden, it's pouring outside. Why don't you stay a bit? Skip the office today. Have dinner with Jerald."

She expected him to decline, but to her surprise, he simply said, "Alright."

She stared at him, momentarily caught off guard.

Caden raised an eyebrow. "What? Were you hoping I'd refuse?"

Shelia forced a smile. "No, no. I'm just— happy you're staying. It's so rare."

Caden remained stone-faced.

He could see right through her, knowing her kindness was nothing but an act.

But he didn't have the patience for it and turned towards the guest room without another word.

Alicia limped back to her own room, pulling her dress up to check her knee.

It wasn't seriously hurt, but a bruise had already started forming.

She let out a heavy sigh.

Karma seemed to come quickly for her.

But why hadn't Caden ever faced any consequences for his actions?

She opened the wardrobe and found some clothes she'd left behind from before the divorce, then headed to the bathroom.

Stepping inside, she was overwhelmed by the presence of Joshua's things everywhere.

The sight made her stomach turn. She closed the door and went to find another room.

The upstairs rooms were all private, so she randomly picked one to freshen up.

Pushing the door open, she stopped dead. Caden was standing there, right by the bathroom door, in nothing but his underwear.

His hands were hooked on the waistband, ready to pull them down when he noticed her.

He froze, his sharp eyes locking on hers.

Alicia stood there, stunned, unable to look away as her gaze dropped to his nearly perfect abs.

She was at a loss for words.

Caden's physique was impeccable, from head to toe.

It was just unfortunate that his personality was as sharp as his tongue.

For a moment, she was completely mesmerized, lost in her daze, unable to speak or move.

Caden stood still for a few moments, watching her, and when it was clear Alicia wasn't looking away, he pulled his underwear back up slowly.

"Enjoying the view?" he teased.

Alicia blinked, startled back into reality.

He smirked. "Just looking, huh? You know it's more fun if you touch."

Her face flushed, and she quickly redirected her gaze to his face, avoiding any awkwardness.

"What are you doing here?"

He shrugged casually. "Is this your room?"

She had no response.

Of course, it wasn't. There were plenty of guest rooms, and she had just picked the closest one without thinking.

Running into him had been pure coincidence.

Caden, ignoring the tension, opened the bathroom door with a smooth gesture. His voice, deep and suggestive, filled the room. "Since you're here, care to shower together?"

Her mind raced, replaying memories of him.

He'd already had his way with her twice before.

If she let herself give in again, there was no turning back. She wouldn't be able to resist.

Absolutely not.

Alicia shook her head firmly. "You go ahead. I'm not comfortable with someone else around."

With that, she quickly turned and reached for the door.

Just as she cracked it open, the sound of approaching footsteps reached her ears.

She hesitated. It had to be one of the maids. Her instinct took over, and she immediately closed the door again.

Getting caught in this situation, soaking wet and in the same room as Caden, would create all sorts of rumors.

This wasn't a hotel. It was the Yates Mansion.

The family thrived on gossip, and if Joshua heard about this, it would spell disaster.

As if reading her thoughts, a knock came from the door. The maid's voice followed.

"Mr. Ward, the clothes you ordered have arrived."

Alicia stepped to the side in shock, giving Caden room.

Without a word, he grabbed a towel, wrapped it around his waist, and called out, "Leave them at the door."

The maid acknowledged, "OK," and soon the hallway fell silent.

Only then did Caden open the door to grab the clothes.

Alicia, leaning casually against the wall, asked with curiosity, "Why bother with the towel if you weren't going to let her in?"

Caden glanced at her. "To protect myself from you."

Alicia blinked, momentarily speechless.

Without hesitation, Caden tossed the clothes onto a nearby surface and removed the towel.

His toned chest, chiseled abs, and lean figure immediately caught her attention again.

She cleared her throat, trying to regain composure. "And now you're not protecting yourself from me?"

Caden sneered, "Think before you speak, alright? You expect me to shower with a towel on?"

Once more, Alicia had no words.

Caden walked toward the bathroom, his voice indifferent. "I'll shower first, then you can have your turn."

Alicia hesitated before saying, "I think I'll just head back to my room."

Caden raised an eyebrow. "Oh? In that case, you're fine with everyone assuming we're involved?"

Her face flushed, caught off guard.

"I'll be careful," she murmured, touching her nose.

Caden's lips curved into a smile. "If you're really worried, jumping out the window might be your safest bet."

He then asked, "Why are you so nervous around me? Overconfident much?"

Her irritation grew. Rather than leaving, she stubbornly sat down.

She wanted to see who would give in to temptation first.

As she sat there, fatigue began to weigh her down.

From the moment she had arrived at the Yates Mansion, she'd been on edge. Now, listening to the rhythmic sound of the shower and the quiet of the room, her body gave in. A yawn escaped her lips.

Her wet clothes clung to her skin, making her feel overheated and drowsy. Her eyes grew heavy, and soon she couldn't keep them open.

Just as she began to doze off, a sharp pain jolted her awake.

She gasped, opening her eyes to find herself lying in the bathtub. Caden knelt beside her, carefully tending to her injured knee.