

Chapter 62 How Shameless Can You Be

Shelia hadn't initially noticed Alicia slipping into that guest room.

It wasn't until Caden went downstairs to get medicine for bruises that Shelia grew suspicious. She stepped out of the master bedroom and saw Caden passing by with the medicine. It puzzled her—Caden wasn't hurt, so why would he need medicine?

Then it clicked. She remembered Alicia limping earlier when the latter returned.

It seemed Alicia had injured her knee.

Alicia and Caden were known for their mutual dislike.

Why were they suddenly so close?

Shelia, intimidated by Caden, didn't dare knock on the door or try to listen in. Instead, she chose to wait, hoping to catch them in the act.

And soon enough, Alicia appeared.

"Cat got your tongue?" Shelia snapped. "I asked you, what were you and Caden up to?"

Alicia visibly relaxed, her back no longer tense. "Nothing serious. I just wanted to take a shower and accidentally walked into the wrong room."

Shelia's lips curled into a sneer. "So, out of all the guest rooms, you just happen to stumble into his? You're unbelievable, Alicia. First one brother, and now the other? Your ambitions know no bounds."

Alicia's expression turned icy. "I wish I had that kind of talent."

Shelia scoffed, "Oh, I think you're talented enough. You want to play seductress? Fine, but keep Joshua out of it. If you break things off with



him for good, I'll act like today never happened. If not, once Joshua returns, I'll make sure he sees who you really are."

Leaning against the wall, Alicia raised her bruised knee and sighed. "And what exactly have I done?"

"You know perfectly well," Shelia hissed.

"No evidence, no confession," Alicia replied calmly.

Shelia's expression wavered, her voice growing sharper. "How shameless can you be, Alicia? You couldn't hold onto Joshua when you were married, and now that he's done with you, you're still chasing after him?"

At that moment, Caden approached from behind.

"What are you two arguing about?" he asked.

Shelia's face immediately changed.

Alicia turned her gaze toward Caden, who was holding a bag in his hand.

"You left your clothes behind," he said, passing the bag to her.

Alicia froze in place, caught off guard by the timing. Could this get any worse?

Shelia observed the exchange with a keen eye, misinterpreting the interaction.

Alicia, realizing she had no choice but to play along, accepted the bag with a forced smile. "Thanks, Caden," she murmured, carefully hobbling forward, using the wall for support.

Shelia quickly intervened. "Caden, Alicia and Joshua are divorced. She's no longer part of this family."

Caden began walking as well, keeping a comfortable distance from Alicia.

"Hmm." Casually, he asked, "By the way, how far along is Joshua's fiancée?"

Shelia responded tersely, "Almost three months now."

Caden's eyebrows shot up. "Three months? Funny, I recall Alicia and Joshua were still married back then. Impressive that Joshua managed to have an affair with the Green family heiress."

Shelia, rendered speechless, finally realized Caden was deliberately provoking her. Her expression shifted, and a wave of awkwardness washed over her.

She knew Joshua had crossed a line, giving Caden an opening to twist the knife.

With a faint smile, Caden added, "Miss Green is lucky to be marrying into the family. When it comes to being a mistress, you, as the future mother-in-law, are the expert. Joshua's little family should run smoothly under your guidance."

Shelia's face drained of color, her anger barely contained. But she didn't dare retaliate.

She bit back her fury, watching as Caden descended the stairs, completely unfazed.

Alicia, exhausted from the encounter, retreated to her room for a nap. When she woke up, one of her nostrils was stuffy, and her head felt heavy.

Assuming she was catching a cold, she went downstairs to get some water.

As she stepped out and glanced over the railing, she saw Jerald seated in the living room, with Shelia at his side and Caden sitting across from them.

The tension between the three in the room was palpable, and Alicia's curiosity piqued as she quietly made her way along the wall, listening.

Snippets of their conversation reached her ears.

"You've been gone for so long, and now you only bother answering one out of every three questions. What kind of disrespect is this?" Jerald's voice was frail but resolute.

Caden, sitting with his legs crossed, exuded an air of superiority well



beyond his years, likely a result of his Ward family lineage. His presence easily overshadowed Jerald's.

With a shrug, Caden replied, "It's been so long, what's left for us to talk about?"

Jerald snapped, "If that's the case, why are you even here?"

"Joshua said you were on death's door. I thought I'd come to say goodbye," Caden said with a smirk.

Jerald's face flushed with anger. "What kind of nonsense is that?"

"Just repeating what your youngest told me," Caden said nonchalantly.

Shelia immediately gripped Jerald's arm, her voice trembling. "Caden, stop. Please say less."

Caden shrugged again, showing no sign of remorse. "If I don't say enough, I'm blamed. If I say too much, I'm blamed. It's exhausting."

Alicia stifled a laugh.

Caden's arrogance was both infuriating and oddly amusing.

Jerald's chest heaved with fury. "You rascal! Don't expect to see a penny of my inheritance."

Caden merely snorted in response, unimpressed.

Panicking, Shelia rushed to grab the medicine, frantically shaking out several pills.

Caden watched with a bored expression. "Careful with those. They're not easy to get. Once you've used them up, they're gone."

Jerald, focused on survival, snatched the pills and swallowed them immediately, glaring at his son. "Did I spend your money?"

Caden smirked, clearly entertained by the situation.

Shelia, knowing how rare and difficult it was to obtain that medicine, shot Caden a cold look.

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"He's still your father, Caden. Is it really too much to ask for you to help him with some medicine? Must you be so petty about it?"



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