

Chapter 67 Getting Hard That Fast

Caden's voice was colder than the rain beating down outside.

Alicia struggled to hold up the umbrella as the bag in her hand shook slightly, filled with antiseptic and bandages. "Let me see your wound."

Caden's response was indifferent. "No need."

He rolled up the car window without a second thought.

Alicia stood frozen, her reflection staring back at her in the glass.

Caden stayed silent for a moment, but then glanced out the window and noticed her still standing there, unmoving. A slight frown creased his brow.

With a sigh, he relented and unlocked the door, letting her in.


She carefully slid into the passenger seat, wiping the rain from her clothes. The silence between them was thick, but Caden eventually broke it.

"What are you doing out here at this hour?" His voice was sharp. "Shouldn't you be with Joshua by now, all cozy in bed?"

Alicia couldn't believe how cutting his words were.

She was fed up with his constant jabs, wondering if he ever knew when to stop.

Her emotions were already tangled and confused on the way over, but sitting next to Caden, they unraveled completely.

Without thinking, she scoffed, "If it weren't for you taking that hit on your shoulder, I wouldn't even care about you." 

With a firm grip, she pulled out iodine and cotton swabs, ready to clean



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The air in the car slowly shifted, becoming less tense as the moments passed.

Caden had stopped the car earlier to calm the rush of adrenaline that had spiked through his veins. The heavy rain outside had been a distraction, and he didn't trust himself to keep driving without losing control. Stopping was the safe option, but he hadn't expected Alicia to follow him out here. He watched her carefully, knowing she'd used the excuse of his wound to check on him.

But that didn't bother him. He was actually in a better mood now.

Alicia glanced over at him, meeting his gaze. His deep eyes felt like they were pulling her in, making her hesitate.

She knew how dangerous his charm could be, so she quickly looked away.

"Take off your shirt," she muttered. "Let me see the wound."

Caden leaned back, almost lazily, and began to unbutton his shirt, his fingers moving slowly.

The quiet sound of fabric shifting filled the car, a strange intimacy hanging in the air.

As he pulled back the hem of his shirt, his chest and abs gradually came into view, and Alicia did her best not to look directly at him.

Alicia snapped out of her daze, quickly protesting, "Stop, stop. You don't need to take it all off. Just show me the wound."

Caden's voice was teasing. "What, you don't want to see the rest?"

Alicia was momentarily speechless.

She wanted to avert her eyes but couldn't.

Without hesitation, Caden removed his shirt completely, revealing his toned arms.

The car was immediately filled with an undeniable tension. His shoulder wound wasn't severe, but the slight bleeding added to his rugged appearance.

Alicia focused on treating the wound, doing her best to ignore the heat between them.

"Is this convenient?" Caden asked, his tone unreadable.

"Hmm?" Alicia replied absentmindedly.

Before she could react, she felt his hands tighten around her waist as he lifted her onto his lap.

Her face turned red. "You—"

Caden looked up at her, calm and unfazed. "It's easier this way."

Alicia felt something pressing against her, and her mind jumped to conclusions. "You— Are you getting hard already?"

Caden paused before letting out a low chuckle. "What are you, some kind of aphrodisiac? That's my belt."

Mortified, Alicia didn't dare check. Instead, she cleared her throat and reached for the iodine, trying to focus.

What should have been a simple task turned awkward, their proximity making it difficult to concentrate. The heat radiating from him didn't help.

"Why are you trembling?" Caden asked, watching her closely. "Are you squeamish about blood?"

Alicia forced herself to remain calm, swallowing her nerves. "I'm not trembling."

But as she pressed the cotton ball to his skin, it slipped and missed the wound entirely, landing on uninjured skin.

She squinted, trying to play it off. "Oh, did I just become nearsighted all of a sudden?"

Caden smirked to himself and shifted slightly.

Alicia, already on edge, whispered, "Don't move."

He chuckled. "If I don't move closer, you might not finish tonight."

As he adjusted, their bodies pressed even closer, leaving little room between them.

Alicia, tense and unsure where to put her hands, instinctively leaned forward.

But with his abs so close, there was nowhere to go.

In her attempt to adjust, she tightened her thighs around his waist.

The squeeze triggered a memory for Caden, a familiar one from their time together at the cinema. He remembered how Alicia had been on top of him back then, just like this.

His eyes darkened, filled with the intensity of the moment, as the scent of her skin surrounded him. It was a sweet, floral aroma that seemed to ease the tension from the Yates family drama still weighing on him.

Without hesitation, Caden stretched out his arm, his hand gripping her waist tighter.

"Hurry up with the medicine," he muttered, his voice rough and edged with something more.

Alicia, not entirely aware of the shift in his tone, focused on applying the

Chapter 67 Getting Hard That Fast
antiseptic.

 +120 Points at most

The wound, though not deep, was swollen and bruised from the impact. It would probably stay sore for a few days.

As she worked, the memory of what had happened in the study flashed in her mind. The fear from earlier still lingered, and she couldn't help but ask, "Does your dad always treat you like that?"

Caden buried his face against her neck, his breath warm on her skin. "What, are you feeling sorry for me?"



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