

Chapter 87 Kiss Them

Alicia understood that if this continued, something was inevitably going to happen.

Caden's eyes were already brimming with desire.

It seemed her instincts were eerily spot on.

After she fed him the final spoonful of soup, desperately clinging to her last bit of clarity, she attempted to escape, but he swiftly pinned her to the chair.

He pressed his chest against her as he kissed her with authority.

Then, he held her chin.

Soon, his tongue invaded her mouth.

Alicia began to waver.

During sex, Caden was a completely different man.

Usually, he was impeccably dressed. He projected an air of refinement and restraint. Aside from his occasionally aloof demeanor, he was never aggressive.

But when lust took over, he transformed into a ravenous predator.

And right now, he was savoring every bit of her.

He wanted to enjoy all the parts of her body.

Feeling his kiss moving downward, Alicia opened her eyes and saw the ceiling above. Her vision went blurred.

She was enveloped tightly in his strong arms.

He pulled her closer into his embrace.

She squirmed in his grasp. Her slender legs thrashed about, and it only heightened her sense of vulnerability.

Caden slipped his hand beneath her clothing, exploring her curves with a careful yet eager touch.

Alicia gasped in surprise, clutching his muscular arm. "Caden, you..."

Everything was a chaotic mess once more.

It all ended up in disarray.

Caden was infuriating. He shouldn't be doing this with her.

He silenced her with a kiss. His voice was rough as he said, "Don't you want this?"

Alicia nearly melted under the intensity of his gaze.

"You've set your mind to it from the beginning. So why bother asking me to cook?"

He wanted her, but earlier, he ridiculed her for buying condoms.

He acted superior back then, but now he craved more.

Dream on!

Caden responded, "I never meant for your body to be part of our arrangement. Asking you to cook for me is the reward I seek. What's happening now is simply the natural attraction between a man and a woman."

Alicia was caught off guard.

She didn't think that he'd say something like that.

In the business world, he was always assertive and ruthless. He wasn't the kind of person to consider others' feelings.

They had been at odds for so long, both eager to one-up each other, yet here he was, expressing himself.

It was she who had underestimated everything.

She murmured, "I didn't see it that way at first."

If it had been anyone else pressuring her, she wouldn't have agreed to go upstairs.

However, this was Caden.

She considered the pros and cons. Putting the transaction aside, she had to admit that she felt a bit drawn to his body.

When it came to having sex, wasn't it ultimately about enjoyment?

Caden stood by his promise.

He had said he wouldn't pressure her, and his behavior was noticeably more restrained.


He patiently waited for her to give her consent.

In broad daylight, without the influence of alcohol or drugs, she felt unable to act freely. Too many worries held her back.

As Caden skillfully unbuttoned her blouse, she hesitated for a moment.

Alicia suddenly remembered and covered her almost exposed skin. "Last time, you said that if this happened a third time, what would you do?"

Caden glanced up.

His eyes were slightly red. 

"If there's a third time, then there will be many more after that, and it will be up to me," he said.

Alicia's heart raced, and her waist felt weak.

She inquired, "Why me? Aren't there plenty of beautiful women who are interested in you?"

Caden swallowed hard, moistening his dry throat.

Despite his longing, he couldn't reveal the truth.

He wouldn't admit that his body only reacted to her.

If she were to find out, she would take advantage of him.

"Because we're more compatible," Caden reasoned.

Alicia found herself at a loss for words.

Before she could respond, Caden pressed his face against her neck.

When he spoke, his voice was more commanding than inviting. "Alicia, will it be a yes or a no for sex?"

His blunt words and husky voice were nearly impossible to resist.

Alicia held her lips tightly together, grappling with her feelings.

She couldn't come to a decision.

She sensed an undeniable attraction towards him, but Caden's previous words lingered in her mind, causing her to hesitate.

After this moment, he would have the final say in their interactions.

Was she truly allowing him to dictate the terms?

Caden could feel Alicia's internal conflict as he licked his thin lip.

He actually figured this would happen.

Knowing Alicia's personality, he understood that once they entered a tug-of-war, she wouldn't give in easily.

However, this challenge intrigued him.

Watching her cry beneath him was satisfying, but hearing her plead for more...

Caden abruptly stopped his thoughts, fearful of losing control.

Thus, he stopped teasing her.

But now that they had reached this point, it felt appropriate to take action.

Caden's breath came in uneven bursts. "When do you plan to return to the Yates Mansion?"

"I suppose I'll leave before dinner," Alicia replied, her voice lacking warmth.

"There's still plenty of time," he stated.

Alicia found herself confused by his implication.

Before she could process her thoughts further, Caden raised his hand and pressed his index and middle fingers against her lips.

"Kiss them," he instructed.

Alicia's mind was racing. "You want me to kiss your fingers?"

"That's right," he whispered.

Because of how horny she felt, she did as he told her.

Then, Caden used the fingers she sucked on to masturbate.

Alicia had never witnessed something so wild before, and it frightened her.

Caden held onto her waist, preventing her from moving away.

Alicia said in a muffled voice, "Let me go. I have to leave!"

"There's a few more hours before dinner. You don't have to rush," said Caden.

In a tempting voice, he whispered to her ear, "I'll make you feel really good."



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Chapter 88 Think Of Me

Now, Alicia was at her breaking point.

It was getting harder and harder to think straight.

Despite everything, she was still able to hold onto her consciousness. "You don't have to do that. I didn't do anything to make you feel good. You're the one who did everything," she stammered.

Caden let out a soft chuckle, his voice muffled against her.

"I appreciate your concern for me," he said, drawing her closer and inhaling the scent of her hair deeply.

Alicia felt paralyzed and too flustered to respond.

Caden then asked, "Do you hate it?"

Though the question was casual, his gaze burned with intensity.

It was as if he wouldn't allow her to say yes, but he didn't seem worried if she did.

Alicia found herself unable to lie, but she also couldn't bring herself to admit the truth, so she turned her head away to focus on something else.

Caden took the opportunity to push further. "If the answer is no, then think of me when you're unable to sleep."

Think of him while doing what?

They both understood the implication.

However, they couldn't bring themselves to say it out loud.


Alicia felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her. "Just be quiet."

Once they were done, she couldn't bring herself to look at Caden and



quickly found an excuse to head to the bathroom.

Caden leaned back in his chair, seeking a moment of respite.

He didn't have a habit of smoking, so there were no cigarettes in the house. He closed his eyes, allowing himself to relax while waiting for his heartbeat to steady. 

His shirt was half-unbuttoned, revealing a sheen of sweat on his muscular chest, which was rising and falling with each breath.

After what felt like an eternity, Alicia emerged slowly from the bathroom.

She stood a few feet away, attempting to act as if nothing had happened. "Where's the thing I asked for?"

Caden slowly opened his eyes.

He looked deep into her eyes before walking to his desk.

Alicia followed closely behind.

She positioned herself at the edge of the desk.

After leaning against it to steady her shaky legs and slightly trembling waist, she tried to find her balance.

Caden handed her the remaining third of the documents.

He then retrieved a sealed envelope from the drawer.

"Inside of this envelope are some photographs," he explained, tapping the envelope. "Randolph doesn't want anyone to know about them. They're of no use to me, but you might find them valuable."

Alicia glanced at his hand for a brief moment.

His hands were already clean, showcasing distinct and slender fingers.

It was impossible to tell what unsavory things they had done just moments ago.

Caden noticed her lingering gaze and smirked. "What's on your mind? Do you want to do it again?"



Alicia covered her mouth and coughed softly.

Then, she discreetly accepted the envelope from him.

"I didn't mean it that way. I was just curious. Why do you put up with all this trouble?"

Last time, even though she had been drunk, she hadn't held back. If he had truly crossed a line with her, she wouldn't claim he was forcing her.

As for just now, she had refused him verbally, but her body told a different story.

What could she have done if he had been more assertive?

From a man's perspective, she reasoned that Caden had no need to pretend to be a gentleman.

Caden stated bluntly, "We can continue now if you want."

She shook her head vigorously.

There was no need for that at all.

As she was holding the envelope, she hesitated to leave.

"If you have something on your mind, just speak up," he said.

Alicia leaned in slightly and whispered, "Caden, do you have some kind of secret illness?"

Caden was momentarily speechless.

Then he pressed his lips together and replied casually, "You're right."

Alicia was shocked.

"What the fuck?" she exclaimed inwardly.

"What is it?" she asked.

Caden let out a snort as he glanced at his "cure." "Why don't you take a wild guess?"

Alicia's mind raced with all sorts of wild ideas.

The more she contemplated, the more outrageous those thoughts became.

"Well, just take care of yourself," she said.

Alicia could feel the intensity of his gaze. It was like he wanted to eat her alive. Thus, she decided it was best to leave as quickly as possible.

Caden watched her retreating figure, leaning back slowly in his chair.

Would he really give up the chance to sleep with her again?

No, he definitely wouldn't.

However, he wasn't in a rush. He could still wait for the right moment.

By then, his prey would be even more enticing.

As Alicia opened the door to leave, a thought crossed her mind, prompting her to turn back to him.

"Do you need me to take out the kitchen trash?" she asked.

Caden was momentarily taken aback.

"No? Alright then," she asked casually.

Caden still found himself at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, Jerald was currently at the Yates Mansion.

He now required several meals throughout the day, including one at four in the afternoon.

When he was awake, Shelia would personally attend to his daily needs, eager to win his favor.

Upon carrying the food to the study, she said, "Take a break, Jerald. You've just recovered. Don't wear yourself out. You can let Joshua handle these tasks."

Jerald let out a snort.

He didn't want Joshua taking on too much responsibility, which was why he insisted on working even while he was unwell.

"Set it down and leave," he said, irritated by her nagging.

Shelia understood his temperament. He was accustomed to being a chauvinist and harbored insecurities from his past as a live-in son-in-law, making him quite patriarchal.

She knew that saying too much would only provoke his anger.

With that in mind, she opened the door and stepped out.

As Shelia stepped out, she recalled Jerald's medication schedule. Worry gnawed at her, prompting her to open the medical kit and rattle the bottle.

To her dismay, only a small quantity of medicine remained.

This particular medication was effective but not something that an ordinary person could easily purchase; only Caden had the means to obtain it.

Jerald always assumed it was Joshua who had been supplying him with the medicine.

Shelia preferred to let Joshua receive the credit for such a thoughtful act. She had no intention of revealing Caden's capabilities to Jerald.

In her effort to maintain the facade, she resorted to buying counterfeit medicine, passing it off as the genuine article.

Since the effects were similar, she believed Jerald wouldn't notice any discrepancies.

At worst, he might experience a slightly slower recovery.

Just as Shelia was in the process of mixing the real medication with the counterfeit, she heard Joshua's voice suddenly call out from behind her. "Mom, what are you doing?"