

Chapter 91 Joshua's Weak

Alicia knitted her brows.

Joshua was accustomed to Shelia's sharp tongue and knew she disapproved of Alicia. Not wanting to upset Shelia, he pretended not to hear and walked out of the kitchen.

The more Shelia thought about it, the more her frustration grew. Pointing a finger at Alicia, she shouted, "All you do is spend money! You contribute nothing to this family and have no manners. Can't you see that Joshua is exhausted? Jesus, he can barely catch his breath!"

Alicia had heard enough and turned to look at Shelia.

She glanced at Joshua, who quietly ate his food, acting like none of this concerned him.

He had been so persistent earlier. He was practically throwing himself at her, but now he was pretending as if none of it had ever happened.

He never cared about her feelings or what she had been through.

He was always like this.

Nothing had changed, not even now.

A few days ago, when Joshua hadn't realized she was on her period, he had been so eager to sleep with her that he argued with Shelia just for the opportunity.

But now that he knew there was no chance, he didn't even care enough to step in.

Alicia never counted on Joshua stepping in for her, but that didn't mean she'd let Shelia walk all over her.

"What are you glaring at?" Shelia growled. "You live here, depend on us, and I can't even give you a piece of my mind?"

Alicia fought to keep her emotions in check.

She wasn't in a position to start a direct confrontation with Shelia, not with the situation she was in now.

Keeping her voice level, she asked calmly, "Mrs. Yates, do we have any herbal supplements for the soup? The finest ones, the most nourishing?"

Shelia eyed her suspiciously. "Why do you need them?"

"To make soup for Joshua, of course," Alicia replied with a pleasant smile. "After all, he just hugged me, and you said he was weak. We should definitely take that seriously, don't you think?"

Shelia immediately picked up on the sarcasm in Alicia's tone. Her eyes widened. "What kind of nonsense are you spouting? Joshua's only in his twenties! There's no way he's weak!"

Alicia put on a forlorn expression. "But Mrs. Yates, you were the one who said it earlier. You said he could barely catch his breath, didn't you?"

Shelia was momentarily lost for words.

Joshua, on the other hand, began to sense something wasn't right.

Even though Alicia's demeanor appeared gentle and harmless, her words unsettled him.

"Enough, both of you," Joshua said firmly. "I just want to eat in peace."

Alicia sneered internally.

"Fuck you!" she growled inwardly.

She had been willing to put up with everything, even preparing a meal for the sake of keeping things calm.

But now, the thought of cooking disgusted her.

Shelia was seated beside Joshua. He wasted no time in badmouthing her. "I told you not to bring her back, but you wouldn't listen. She's nothing but trouble."

Shelia's tone grew sharper. "How much did she spend on that beauty treatment today? She wastes so much money in a single day. Can you even afford to keep her around?"

Alicia paid no attention to Shelia's remarks.

She opened the fridge, pulled out the priciest herbs she could find, and placed them in the most expensive pot she could find.

On the surface, it looked like she was diligently preparing a meal.

Once Joshua finished eating, he went upstairs with Shelia to visit Jerald.

Knowing Georgia would be arriving soon to take over cooking, Alicia turned her attention to the fish tank in the living room.

She scooped out one of the prized fish. It was a rare breed that Shelia adored.

The fish was both costly and delicate, requiring constant care.

Without a second thought, Alicia grabbed it and dropped it into a pot of cold water, where it swam about blissfully unaware of what was coming.

Soon, Georgia arrived to help.

When she noticed the untouched vegetables, she rolled her eyes in frustration. "You're so slow. When exactly are we supposed to eat?"

Alicia calmly replied, "I was waiting for you to cook."

"Me?" Georgia's tone turned sharp now that no one else was around. "Get real. I didn't respect you even when you were Mrs. Yates. Now that you're just a mistress, you better wise up and do your part to avoid getting scolded."

Alicia wore a faint smile.

Georgia walked over and removed the lid from the pot. "What's cooking in here?"

The moment she lifted the lid, the fish inside jumped out, splashing water all over Georgia's face.

Startled, her grip slipped, causing her to knock the pot over.

The expensive pot hit the ground with a crash, shattering into pieces.

While Georgia stood frozen in shock, Alicia quickly snatched the lively fish and tossed it back into the tank.

Shelia, hearing the commotion, hurried downstairs. "What's the matter? What happened?"

By the time Georgia snapped out of it, she saw Alicia crouching down, calmly picking up the broken pieces.

Before Georgia could explain, Alicia spoke up. "Mrs. Yates, please don't be upset with Georgia. She's getting older, and her eyesight isn't what it used to be. That's why she accidentally broke it."

Georgia's eyes widened in disbelief. "No, Mrs. Yates, that's not what happened..."

But as Shelia approached and saw the shattered pot, her face turned pale, and she looked like she might faint.

Shelia had paid tens of thousands of dollars for that pot.

And now it was ruined.

Georgia shouted, "Alicia, how could you accuse me like that? You startled me!"

Alicia acted like she was unaware. "I startled you? How? Weren't you the one who knocked the pot over?"

Georgia knew Alicia was right. She had knocked it over, and now guilt silenced her.

Shelia noticed Georgia's hesitation and sternly asked, "So, it really was you who broke it?"

"Mrs. Yates, it's not what you think..." Georgia began to protest.

Without warning, Shelia slapped her across the face.



"Fantastic! The cost will come straight out of your salary!"

Georgia held her cheek, seething in silence, her glare filled with hatred toward Alicia.

Alicia, however, showed no emotion. After calmly cleaning up the shattered pieces, she left the kitchen without a word.

In the hallway, Joshua approached her.




He noticed a small cut on her finger, blood slowly trickling down.

Alicia casually grabbed a tissue, pressing it against the wound. "I'm injured, so I guess I can't cook."

Joshua had been observing the whole scene.

He looked at her closely with an unwavering gaze. "You've changed a lot since the divorce."



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