

Chapter 94 I Didn't Sleep With Him

Joshua's line of thought shifted abruptly when the question turned to him.

He chuckled. "You married me shortly after graduation, yet you've hardly interacted with the elite. Rachel is a socialite. Do you think you can fit into her circle?"

Alicia responded with a calm demeanor, "It is quite odd. Despite my seeming simplicity, she reached out to befriend me."

Joshua's face darkened further.

He wondered inwardly, "Why is Alicia acting against my wishes?"

He then remarked, "She's merely being polite. To her, you are insignificant. Trying to connect with her makes me look foolish."

Alicia, puzzled, asked, "How would that embarrass you? We are divorced, and no one is aware of our current relationship."

His irritation evident, Joshua snapped back, "Just follow my instructions!"

Alicia concealed a smirk, choosing to keep quiet.

The atmosphere turned sour, and Joshua lost his interest completely.

He exited the room.

Alicia donned her coat and followed him outside.

It was too late for Joshua to stay. He needed to return to Lilliana.

Alicia bid him farewell.

She then filled a glass with water and subtly dropped a pill into it.

It was undetectable in taste and appearance.

As she handed him the glass, she whispered, "Take care not to overdo things."

In his irritable and parched state, Joshua drank without giving it a second thought.

A fleeting look of triumph crossed Alicia's face as her scheme unfolded successfully, and she chose to remain silent.

Joshua, burdened with a slew of tasks, departed promptly.

Alicia returned to her bedroom.

She then meticulously examined the document Caden had provided.

The record of Joshua's transactions over the past three years was displayed before her, perfectly intact.

A smile of relief spread across her face.

She was amazed that after so many complex years, it was Caden who finally lent a hand.

However, she puzzled over why he possessed such documents.

As she was contemplating this, her phone rang.

It was Rachel calling.

Alicia felt her heart jump as the phone rang late in the evening.

She picked up the call.

"Mrs. Gray," she greeted, her voice warm.

Rachel replied in a soft tone, "Are you available in the next few days? I'd love for you to visit my home just for some company."

Alicia inquired, "Is this for a special occasion?"

"Not really," Rachel explained. "I often host friends for tea and

conversation. I'm eager to introduce you to them as a new and talented friend."

Alicia paused briefly, then reluctantly replied, "I'm sorry, I might have to disappoint you."

Rachel responded, "You declined Randolph's offer for a ride before, and now you're turning down my invitation. Have we upset you somehow, Ms. Bennett?"

"No, not at all," Alicia assured her quickly. "I just already have plans."

"My influence seems too limited then. I guess I'll need Randolph to extend the invitation personally," Rachel noted, her smile lingering.

A wave of anxiety washed over Alicia.

She felt as if a knife were pointed at her throat.

Rachel's persistence made Alicia suspect that something was amiss.

Her intuition screamed that attending would lead to trouble.

However, avoiding the gathering might anger Randolph, a situation she preferred to avoid.

It might be wiser to act diplomatically.

Facing adversity could be inevitable, yet there was also a chance to prevent any crisis.

"Alright, Mrs. Gray," Alicia accepted with a forced smile. "Just let me know the time, and I'll be there," she confirmed.

Rachel expressed her relief.

"Great. I won't keep you any longer."

Once the call ended, Rachel turned to Randolph with a concerned look.

"You're adamant about her coming. What are you planning?"

Randolph scoffed, "I need to set her straight. I won't be manipulated by just anyone. Do they think I'm a pushover?"

Rachel attempted to calm him. "You're not really bothered by this, are you? Why not just let it go?"

"Do you think those people are fools? Everyone's watching me," Randolph snapped back.

Rachel became quiet.

She thought, "If you had shown a bit more restraint with your ex, none of this would have happened."

Randolph's tone grew cold. "If it were someone else, I'd handle it quietly. But it's Alicia, Joshua's ex-wife. He betrayed me, and now I'll get even through her."

Rachel, seeing his real anger, decided it was better not to argue further.

Alicia felt a twinge of discomfort.

She pondered over her next steps and decided to call Caden.

"Do you still have time to talk?" Caden asked playfully.

"Why not?" Alicia replied.

He fell silent.

She dove right in. "I have a question about the document you gave me today. Does Randolph know anything about it?"

Caden hesitated before asking, "Is this a good time to talk about it?"

"Why not?"

"Where's Joshua?"

Alicia paused, realizing Caden misunderstood. "I didn't sleep with him," she corrected quickly.

After clarifying, she felt a wave of guilt and covered her mouth.

Why was she justifying herself to him?

Caden laughed softly. "Okay."

Alicia's anxiety grew. She composed herself and pressed, "Now, please answer my question."

Caden answered casually, "He doesn't know anything."

"Why then did Rachel invite me to her house so suddenly?" Alicia expressed her fears. "I feel like it's a setup, like walking into a lion's den."

