

Chapter 96 A Striptease Routine

Joshua was shocked.

So was Lilliana. She instinctively reached to touch his face, showing remorse.

Despite her strong-willed nature, she understood the significance of pride to a man and regretted her impulsive action.

It was merely a momentary lapse.

Joshua's face darkened as he pushed her hand aside.

He struggled to contain his anger and managed to say, "If you won't listen, fine. I'm exhausted. I'll sleep in the living room tonight."

Lilliana, still upset, turned away, not ready to speak.

"If you leave now, don't bother returning!" she declared.

Joshua left despite her warning.

As the door slammed shut, Lilliana bit her lip in frustration.

In anger, she threw a pillow at the door, yelling, "Joshua, go to hell!"

She broke down, tears streaming down her face.

After her tears subsided, she began to reflect on recent events, noticing that things didn't add up.

Since his divorce from Alicia, Joshua had become less attentive and passionate.

Was he weary of her, or was there someone else?

Her suspicions grew.

It was time to investigate Joshua more thoroughly.

Days flew by quickly.

Alicia secured the evidence provided by Caden in a safe location.

The records she possessed, detailing transactions, were insufficient to seriously damage Joshua's reputation.

She had given the money to him willingly at the time.

Even if the information went public, some might label him a freeloader, but that hardly mattered.

Given Joshua's influence, he could easily silence any detractors.

A memory struck Alicia of something Caden had once mentioned.

He had spoken of significant disputes during Joshua's dealings with Randolph, leading to no contact between them for almost half a year.

What were those disagreements about?

Considering Randolph's influential position, it had to have been a major issue.

Unraveling this mystery could be a turning point in her plans.

Rachel would be the ideal ally for this undertaking.

With renewed resolve, Alicia was more determined than ever to accept the Gray family's invitation.

Concerned about her safety, she thought of Caden again.

While he was known for his cunning and playful teasing, he had a unique knack for making her feel protected in serious situations.

However, he didn't seem eager to help this time.

Reluctant to ask again, Alicia decided to procure some self-defense

items instead.

At Blizzard Group's headquarters, Caden was sitting through a meeting.

Within the first hour, Hank noticed Caden glancing at his phone repeatedly.

After a presentation, Hank leaned over and quietly asked, "Mr. Ward, have you missed something urgent?"

Caden, maintaining a steady demeanor, replied simply, "No."

His mind was on waiting for a message from Alicia, though it wasn't an urgent matter.

The visit to the Gray family was scheduled for the next day, and Caden felt certain Alicia would attend. He wondered why he hadn't heard from her recently.

Was she no longer worried?

As the meeting drew to a close, Caden had yet to hear from Alicia.

He got up to leave.

Hank, keeping pace, inquired, "Do you have plans tonight, Mr. Ward?"

"Why do you ask?" Caden responded.

Hank suggested, "There's a social event tonight that might interest you."

Caden nodded in acknowledgment, then paused briefly, recalling past events.

"Didn't Randolph extend several invitations to me after the last banquet?" he queried, pondering the connection.

Hank confirmed, "Yes, you've declined those invitations before."

"Let him know I'll visit his place tomorrow," Caden declared.

Hank was surprised. "Randolph? Really, Mr. Ward? Considering his status?"

After a pause, Caden remarked, "You think it's quite a sacrifice too, right?"

"Absolutely. Visiting his home would be seen as a great honor for him."

"Then get Alicia to come over as well," Caden suggested.

Hank was taken aback once more. "Why bring Ms. Bennett into this?" he queried.

What did Alicia have to do with this?

Caden didn't respond and walked into his office.

"I need to see her in half an hour," he stated.

Hank immediately felt the urgency. "Half an hour? What if Ms. Bennett is busy? She's not easy to invite—"

"Make it twenty minutes," Caden cut him off.

Hank was left speechless.

Understanding the seriousness, he wasted no time and called Alicia directly.

Luckily, she was available.


She picked up the phone. "Hello? How may I assist you?"

Hank knew that a direct approach might make Alicia decline.

Nor would threats sway her.

So, he tried a different tack. "Ms. Bennett, Mr. Ward has picked up a striptease dance and would like you to watch. Are you interested?"



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