

Chapter 100 I'm So Tired

"Oh, is that so?" Lilliana asked.

Joshua's voice was flat, his face a mask of indifference. "She's your assistant. What could she possibly be hiding from you?"

Lilliana's lips curled into a sharp, mocking smile. "Who knew what you'd get up to, Joshua? Allow me to give you a little advice—don't dip your pen in company ink. It's a messy business."

Joshua's patience thinned, his cold eyes narrowing.

"Fine. Since you don't trust me in the slightest, I'll stop everything. I'll stay by your side 24/7. How about that?"

Unfazed by his biting tone, Lilliana raised a brow. "If you want me to trust you, quit playing games. I know you're hiding something, and I won't stop digging until I uncover every secret you're keeping from me."

Joshua's gaze locked onto hers, tension rising between them.

He knew she had caught wind of something—rumors that might destroy everything.

Alicia was becoming a real threat.

However, the more dangerous the situation was, the more he wanted her; the challenge only stoked the fire in him.

"Alright then," he said with an unsettling calm. "Do what you want. I have work to do."


As he walked away, Lilliana's eyes followed him, her suspicion simmering beneath the surface. She snapped her fingers, summoning her assistant.

"How many times have you been here?" Lilliana's tone was sharp, laced with accusation.

The assistant froze under her gaze, her voice trembling. "Miss Green, I swear, this is the first time I've ever been here. I lost sight of you earlier and panicked—so I went to Mr. Yates's office."

Lilliana's eyes narrowed, amusement flickering as she watched the assistant squirm anxiously. "Do you really expect anyone to believe that pathetic lie?"

"Miss Green, I'm not—"

A sharp crack cut through the air. 

Lilliana's hand lashed out, leaving the assistant reeling from the sting.

Her cheek burned as tears welled up in her eyes, streaming down her face despite her best efforts to hold them back.

Though she had long grown used to Lilliana's outbursts, the pain and humiliation stung, and she couldn't help but tremble like a frightened child.

Lilliana, unbothered by the aftermath, casually shook her hand as if brushing off dust, her chin lifted in defiant arrogance. "Wipe that pathetic expression off your face," she sneered. "I'm pregnant now, and I won't tolerate any sly little temptresses lurking around, hoping for an opportunity—especially not the ones hovering close to me!"

The assistant, her voice trembling with frustration, pleaded softly, "Miss Green, I didn't—"

"Too bad you caught me in a bad mood today," Lilliana cut her off, her tone icy and dismissive.

With a flick of her wrist, she pulled a wad of cash from her purse, tossing it carelessly at the assistant's feet. "Take this—and keep your mouth shut."

The assistant stood frozen, biting her lip to stifle her humiliation as the money fluttered to the floor, her pride bruised as deeply as her cheek.

She didn't want to pick up the money; the mere thought made her stomach churn. How degrading!



Lilliana's lips curled into a sneer. "What's the matter? Suddenly found a sliver of courage, have we?" Her eyes glinted with mockery. "Or have you conveniently forgotten about your sister clinging to life in that hospital bed?"

Her assistant's face drained of color, each word tightening the noose of shame and fear around her.

Lilliana, growing more smug, continued, "If it weren't for the generous paycheck I provide, how exactly would you cover those medical bills? Let's face it. If you can't handle this, then quit. Do you think anyone else would dare hire you after you walk away from me?"

Her assistant's eyes glistened with unshed tears, a storm of hatred and helplessness swirling beneath the surface, but she dared not let it show.

Swallowing the bitter taste in her mouth, she whispered, "I'm sorry, Miss Green. It was my mistake."

Lilliana waved a dismissive hand. "Now, get out of my sight."

"If you don't need me anymore, I'll head back to the office," the assistant said in a small voice.

After a brief pause to collect herself, she hurried away, stopping only to splash cold water on her face.

Meanwhile, Shelia had just reached the company entrance, balancing a thermos in one hand, phone in the other.

Engrossed in her phone conversation, she didn't notice the assistant walking out.

The inevitable collision happened in a flash; the thermos hit the ground with a clatter, spilling soup everywhere.

Shelia's face twisted in irritation. "Damn it! I spent over six hours making that, and now it's completely ruined!"

The assistant immediately crouched down, guilt washing over her as she scrambled to clean up the mess.

On the other end of the phone, Joshua's voice came through. "What



happened?"

Shelia huffed, "The soup spilled. I made it especially for you since you're not feeling well. Honestly, nothing's been going right for me lately."

Her tone sharpened, "And did you hear what I said earlier? Cut ties with Alicia already. I'm tired of seeing her around every day. I can't take it anymore!"

The assistant's breath hitched.

She recognized Shelia to be Lilliana's future mother-in-law.

And Alicia...

Wasn't she Joshua's ex-wife? Weren't they divorced?

But the assistant didn't dare linger. As Shelia hung up the phone, she murmured, "I'm so sorry, ma'am. I'll pay you back for the trouble..."

Sheila, already simmering with frustration, noticed the fresh slap mark on the timid assistant's cheek. The sight barely fazed her, and money wasn't her concern today, so she just turned around and left.

The assistant, dazed by the series of unfortunate events, stood frozen in place.

An audacious idea quietly sprouted in her mind, taking root despite her initial hesitations.

Later that evening, after the day's work was done, Alicia sank into her chair, casually scrolling through the news.

Her eyes skimmed over headlines until one caught her attention—Joshua had dismissed all the female employees from his office.

Something in her gut told her there was more to the story, so she dug deeper into related reports; it didn't take long to piece together the story.

Just then, Joshua called to warn her to steer clear of the Yates Mansion for the time being, claiming it was a "sensitive period."

Alicia could hardly contain her excitement, though she kept her tone

neutral, giving only a simple, "okay" in response.

Joshua lingered on the line.

His voice softened, carrying an unusual vulnerability, almost like he was seeking some comfort. "Alicia," he murmured, "I'm so tired."

Alicia's lips curled into an incredulous smirk.

"Tired? Isn't this exactly what you wanted?" she asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Silence followed. Joshua, caught off guard, was at a loss for words.

In that pause, he felt the weight of nostalgia pressing on his chest. He longed for the days she used to greet him warmly after long, grueling day at work.

But those days were over.

When he finally spoke again, his voice was quieter, almost hesitant. "Why aren't you saying anything?"

Alicia pressed her lips together, suppressing a laugh.

"Oh, I'm just worried," she said, feigning concern. "Wouldn't want your fiancée getting suspicious, now would we?"

Of course, that was a lie.

She wasn't afraid of saying too much; she was afraid of bursting into laughter.

"Let's end the call," she suggested, her voice light. "You said it yourself—it's a sensitive time. Best to be careful."

As soon as she put the phone down, a mocking thought slid into her mind.

Back when he had threatened to let those drunks rape her, did he ever once stop to ask if she still loved him?