

Chapter 119 Liars Get Punished

Alicia's lips twitched slightly.

"Who's the eager one now?" she muttered.

Three days ago, he had insisted it wasn't about trading favors for sex.

And now, before anything had even happened, he was already showing his intentions?

Caden noticed her steady expression and couldn't help but smile.

She had matured quickly.

In the past, even a few teasing words from him would make her blush. Now, she was able to keep her composure effortlessly.

He stepped closer and watched as she cracked the eggs. "I'm just joking. No matter what, I wouldn't take advantage of someone who isn't feeling well."

He nudged the glass of water toward her. "Drink this."

Alicia eyed the warm water with suspicion.

"Why are you being so nice? You didn't scoop this from the toilet, did you?"

Caden looked at her, speechless.

He still couldn't forget that toilet water incident.

"If I hadn't caught you that day, were you actually planning to give me toilet water?" he asked.

Guilt flashed across Alice's face for a brief moment.

"Do you really want to know the truth?" she asked.

"Yep."

Alicia was reluctant to admit it. "I don't think I should say it."

Caden's expression hardened.

"Are you seriously unable to even tell a lie?" he said in a cold tone.

Alicia shrugged. "Liars get punished."

"You won't be punished if you just tell me the truth," Caden said.

Alicia fell silent for a moment.

Then she clicked her tongue. "See? If you don't want to hear my answer, then stop asking. You're only making this harder on yourself."

Caden didn't respond.

He should have just let her drown in that pool at the Gray family's estate.

Then, he glanced at the bags of groceries nearby, feeling no sympathy left for her.

"Get started. I want five dishes and a soup."

Alicia's eyes widened. "Five dishes and a soup? At this hour?"

"If I don't finish it, I'll toss it out. I just like five dishes and a soup. It feels like a complete meal to me."

Alicia sighed, knowing he was upset. She cleared her throat, searching for a way to calm him down. "I was only joking. If I really disliked you, why would I even come here to cook? I haven't even been discharged yet, and I'm still not at full strength..."

"If you're really that weak, how do you still have so much energy to argue?" Caden said, staring at her with a blank gaze. "Get moving. You have no more than thirty minutes."

With that, he turned and walked away.

Alicia stood there, stunned.

She glared at his back, gritting her teeth in frustration.

He wanted five dishes and a soup? He could dream on. There was no way she was making that much. He would just have to eat whatever she decided to cook.

Just as she finished venting silently, she heard Caden's footsteps coming back.

She forced a smile, trying to smooth things over. "You were joking about all that, right?"

Caden picked up the glass of water, poured it down the sink, and looked at her with an expressionless face. "You're overthinking it."

Alicia couldn't believe it.

He really was unbelievably petty.

After about an hour of work, Alicia finally set the dishes on the table.

She had prepared stir-fried pork, a plate of shrimp, and a bowl of sliced grapefruit.

The meal was simple, but the dishes were colorful, aromatic, and packed with flavor. It seemed like more than enough for Caden.

Caden noticed there was only tableware for one person. He looked at her and asked, "Aren't you eating?"

Alicia shook her head. "I already had dinner before coming here."

To prove her point, she casually picked up a piece of grapefruit and popped it into her mouth.

Caden's gaze didn't change as he said, "Then stay away from me. I don't want you ruining my appetite."

Alicia was left speechless.

He was impossible to deal with.



She rolled her eyes, turned on her heel, and walked away with her head held high, refusing to let him get to her.

Alicia suddenly remembered something, turned back, and picked up the plate of grapefruit.

She went into the living room and found a sofa. She touched it, noticing the fabric felt high-quality, but it was much too firm.

She sat down to test it and found there was no softness to it at all.

Unable to keep quiet, she asked, "Is this sofa meant for chopping fruit? It's as hard as a rock."

Caden frowned, staring at the plate of grapefruit she was holding.

"No eating on the sofa," he said.

Alicia looked down at the grapefruit in her hands.

"Alright," she muttered.

When Caden finished his meal and walked into the living room, he found Alicia stretched out on the sofa. She was holding the plate of grapefruit and eating happily, completely ignoring his earlier command.

Alicia knew she was breaking his rule, but she didn't care. When she saw Caden approaching, she looked at him boldly and said, "Can you grab me a cushion? My head hurts, and this sofa is awful."

Caden didn't know how to respond to that.

Of course, he knew this might happen.

The TV was playing an old romance drama from the late-night slot. The scene showed the lead couple in a heated argument, ending with the woman slapping the man before storming off.

The male lead quickly ran after her, refusing to let her leave.

Caden fetched a cushion for Alicia and handed it to her. Then he sat down beside her, watching the show without saying a word.



Alicia looked at the few pieces of grapefruit left on the plate. She felt too full to finish them. "Do you want some?" she asked. "I saved these just for you."

Caden leaned back against the sofa.

He stretched his arms lazily. "Only if you feed me."

Alicia's lips twitched, and she stayed still. "I can't. My head hurts."

Caden gave her a sideways glance. "Are your hands connected to your head?"

"Yes," Alicia replied, stuffing more grapefruit into her mouth defiantly.

Without warning, Caden leaned in closer, pinning her beneath him.