

Chapter 110 The Young Caden

Alicia's consciousness was drifting aimlessly.

Heavy rain poured down, and beneath the emergency department building, a small figure was curled up tightly.

Alicia moved closer, curious about who it could be.

The moment she saw who it was, she was dumbfounded.

It was Caden.

However, this Caden looked nothing like the man she knew.

He always carried arrogance, meeting everyone with a cold, dismissive gaze.

And he was constantly at odds with her.

Now, Caden knelt in the rain, staring blankly at the hospital entrance. His body appeared weak.

Grief and despair had consumed him entirely.

His face had lost all color under the downpour.

The wind blew harshly, making him unsteady. Alicia couldn't take it anymore and called out, "Get out of the rain!"

However, he received no response.

Caden stayed where he was, unmoving, like a statue.

Alicia touched herself and realized her body had become transparent. As she tried to make sense of it, a group of people emerged from the hospital.

It was the Yates family.

The family servant held an umbrella, keeping Joshua dry from the rain.

Joshua was walking with his parents, holding their hands, and carried an obvious sense of privilege.

He noticed Caden kneeling in the rain and smiled before walking toward him.

"Caden," Joshua called out. "Stop kneeling. Your mother is dead."

Alicia felt her anger rise within her.

Joshua's smug expression made it even worse.

"Don't you get it?" Joshua walked closer and kicked Caden. "Your mother is dead! Why are you still kneeling?"

Caden hit the ground hard after the kick.

Alicia tried to reach out and help, but her hands passed right through him.

Only then did she realize that she was powerless to help him.

As Joshua prepared to kick Caden again, Alicia instinctively stepped in front of him. "Joshua, stop..."

Before she could finish, her throat tightened, and she suddenly vomited a large amount of water.

The pain jolted her back to consciousness.

A sharp pain spread through her body, forcing a groan from her lips.

She had a hard time opening her eyes.

When her vision cleared up, she saw the person right in front of her. It was Caden.

She was shocked to see him, and she could only stare at him in disbelief.

The Caden standing before her didn't resemble the one from her dream.

He looked older and more serious. His eyes showed something she couldn't quite understand.

Her thoughts were scattered as she reached for his hand. "Caden..."

Caden stopped but quickly brushed her hand away, showing no hesitation.

Alicia froze in shock. She wanted to speak, but the words wouldn't come.

This wasn't a dream anymore.

This was reality.

Here, Caden was irritable, unpredictable, and quick to anger.

He wasn't the same as the pitiable figure in her dream.

"Is she conscious?" someone asked, leaning closer.

Alicia remained dazed.

She slowly turned her head and realized that, besides Caden, a group of others had gathered.

The wealthy ladies were there to check on her.

Each of them wore a different expression, but none of them seemed concerned. They were only here for the spectacle.

The person who spoke was Rachel.

She was one of the pretenders.

Caden wiped the water from his clothes and spoke with no emotion. "Do whatever you want."

Thereafter, he walked away.

Alicia didn't expect Caden to act so distant, and it left her confused.

"What the hell is the matter with him?" she wondered. "I'm already in a terrible state, and he's still being so petulant? What the fuck is wrong with him?" she cursed internally.

Rachel immediately called for an ambulance.

She walked over to the bed with a concerned expression. "Ms. Bennett, are you alright?"

Alicia remembered what happened before she passed out and pulled away from Rachel's hand.

Upon noticing this, Rachel softened her tone. "Don't worry. I'll make sure those kids are punished. You won't suffer for nothing."

Alicia's face stayed blank. "Please go. I need some time alone."

Rachel hesitated. "The ambulance is on its way. Should we contact Mr. Yates?"

Alicia snapped. "Why would you?"

Rachel still seemed concerned. "I know you're divorced, and you're no longer his wife. But after something like this, it's only right for him to come and check on you."

"No need!" Alicia spoke with a hoarse voice, filled with anger and anxiety. "Don't call him."

Rachel looked confused and asked, "Why don't you want him to come?"

"Why should he?"

"You called his name several times while unconscious," Rachel said. "Isn't this when you need him most?"

Alicia didn't know how to respond.

Did she really call for Joshua?

She vaguely remembered feeling emotional in the dream, but it wasn't because she missed him. She had been cursing him.

She pressed her fingers to the bridge of her nose. "My situation has nothing to do with Joshua. If you want Lilliana to create chaos, then go ahead and call him. Just be ready for the fallout."

As soon as those words left her mouth, the image of Caden's stern expression filled her mind.

All of a sudden, a thought crossed her mind.

Had he misunderstood everything?

Without wasting another second, she pushed herself out of bed to track him down.