

Chapter 137 What's Bothering You

As Alicia's face began to turn purplish-blue, Joshua released her and shoved her away.

Breathing heavily, he glared at her with disgust. "Do you really think Caden cares about you? He's even more ruthless with women than I am. You'll regret your choices soon enough."

Alicia's vision turned blurry as she desperately gasped for air.

By the time she managed to breathe again, Joshua had already stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

She struggled to her feet and tried to open the door.

Unfortunately, it was locked again.

Weakly leaning against the wall, she heard a commotion outside, followed by the sound of a car pulling away.

Then, she made her way to the window.

Joshua's car had already disappeared.

Since no one came to unlock the door, she realized they had every intention of keeping her confined.

She had finally reached her breaking point.

With her hopes shattered, she no longer felt afraid of Joshua.

She opened the window, shut her eyes, and jumped.

Meanwhile, Caden sat in his office at the Blizzard Group headquarters.

He set his phone down on the desk.

After a brief pause, he refocused on his work.

Afterwards, he told Hank to schedule a meeting in thirty minutes.

Hank seemed confused. "Mr. Ward, didn't you say you had plans today and asked everyone to leave early?"

Without glancing up, Caden replied in a tone completely devoid of emotion, "Leave. Don't even bother showing up for work tomorrow."

Hank shivered at his words.

He couldn't understand why the boss was suddenly so irritable.

Thereafter, he went out to prepare for the upcoming meeting.

The meeting stretched until nine in the evening, and the executives trickled out one by one. Caden returned to his office, focusing on organizing key projects.

Moments later, Hank came in with some takeout. "You must be hungry, Mr. Ward. I brought you something to eat."

Caden didn't take his eyes off the screen. "I'm fine. Don't worry about me."

Hank had seen this behavior before.

Something didn't feel right.

He opened the container and gently nudged it closer to Caden.

"Mr. Ward, what's bothering you?"

Caden paused for a moment.

He couldn't quite identify what was fueling his frustration.

He thought back to the phone call earlier. Joshua had taunted him, and Alicia refused to speak.

Was that what was bothering him?

A bitter laugh almost escaped him.

Whatever the situation between them, why should it matter to him?

"Nothing." His stomach growled from hunger, adding to his irritation.

He scowled and said, "Take the food away. Eat somewhere else."

Realizing Caden meant it, Hank quickly packed up the takeout.

He knew Caden hadn't eaten properly all day.

With the amount of work piling up, Hank was worried that Caden might collapse.

Hank shoved a drumstick into his mouth and called Gerry for backup.

Around ten, Gerry drove over.

Afterwards, he went upstairs, curious to see how Caden was handling his anger. The moment he arrived, he found Caden, calm and composed.

"Hank said you were in a bad mood. Why do you look so calm?" Gerry asked. "I thought I'd catch you blowing off some steam."

Since the day they became friends, Caden had always kept his composure.

Big issues or small, nothing ever seemed to rattle him.

Caden picked up his coat and said in a flat tone, "If you're that disappointed, I could always use you as my punching bag."

Gerry was at a loss for words.

Caden hadn't eaten all day, and his empty stomach was starting to cramp.

Even so, he had no appetite.

Gerry handed Caden a glass of wine, unaware that he hadn't eaten anything. Caden drank it without giving it a second thought.

Their years of friendship had taught Gerry to notice when something was off.

"Are you under a lot of pressure?" he asked.

Caden set down the empty glass, and Gerry immediately refilled it.

"Is it because Jerald favors Joshua? Or are you thinking about your mom? But isn't the anniversary of her death far off?"

Gerry threw out several questions, but Caden didn't respond to any of them.

Shifting his approach, Gerry asked, "Did the woman you like turn you down?"

Caden shot him a sharp look. "Would it kill you to stop being nosy?"

Gerry couldn't hide his excitement.

"There it is! A reaction. Did I hit the mark?" Gerry tried to comfort him by saying, "Come on, it's just a woman. What's the big deal? If you're that broken up about it, I'll find you someone better!"

With a quick signal, he called the manager over.

The manager caught on right away and brought a group of attractive, young women to their table.

Caden glanced at their heavy makeup and immediately lost any interest in drinking.

Gerry waved them to come over. "Come and serve Mr. Ward. Whoever gets him to smile will earn a 50,000 dollar tip."

The women rushed toward Caden at once.

Caden frowned as his thoughts drifted. One of them used the chance to cling to his arm.

Then, she started feeding him some food.

Caden remembered Alicia's words. She had pointed out that their agreement didn't require them to stay loyal to each other.

She wasn't wrong.

He wanted to give in and take what was being offered, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. It was as if his body refused to cooperate.

His old habit had resurfaced.

With a scowl, he pushed the woman away and hurried to the restroom to vomit the drink he'd just consumed.

Gerry was able to sense that something was seriously wrong.

He then followed after Caden.

Caden had already rinsed his mouth. Aside from his slightly distant gaze, he still looked as composed and elegant as always.

"Are you alright?" Gerry asked with concern.

It took only a few seconds until Caden wiped the last drop of water from his mouth.

"I'm fine," he responded. "But stop arranging women for me. It makes me sick."

Gerry felt relieved, though he was still confused.

"What kind of strange issue was this?" he wondered.

Thereafter, Caden stayed out with Gerry until nearly dawn before finally heading home.

When he opened the door, the bright light inside caused him to frown and squint.

The moment he looked up, he saw Alicia lying on the sofa.



