

Chapter 138 Our Agreement Is Off

The sound of the opening door woke Alicia from her light sleep.

She got up, and rubbed her eyes. "Why are you here?" she asked.

Caden was suffering from a migraine caused by the hangover.

The sleepless night he had, and the fact that he went an entire day with an empty stomach had left him in a foul mood.

Anyone could tell that he was fuming.

"When did you get back?" he asked.

"A few minutes ago. I was actually just about to sleep," Alicia confessed.

Caden's face hardened even more as he quietly changed his shoes and walked off to wash his hands.

The atmosphere felt cold and unwelcoming to Alicia.

She could practically feel his impatience in the air.

Confusion tugged at her, but her exhaustion outweighed everything.

After jumping from the second floor last night and injuring her ankle, she had spent hours at the hospital waiting for the swelling to subside.

The night had been long, and with nowhere else to turn, she found herself back here, unsure of what else to do.

Alicia had assumed Caden stayed at the office all night. She didn't expect him to return at seven in the morning.

She watched him silently as he turned his back to her.

After he washed his hands, he poured himself a glass of water.

His tall frame carried a harsh, unapproachable air.

Once he finished the water, he walked over, and removed his coat.

Not wanting to leave room for any misunderstandings, Alicia spoke up. "I went to the Yates Mansion yesterday..."

Before she could get another word in, Caden tossed his coat onto the sofa.

That was when she caught the faint scent of alcohol.

Aside from that, it had the scent of a woman's perfume.

This fact surprised her.

Had he stayed out all night because he was with another woman?

Caden started unbuttoning his shirt without a word. "So? What happened next?"

Alicia felt a surge of bitterness, and she pressed her lips tightly together. "Nothing."

Caden looked over at her.

She was wrapped in a thin blanket, but he noticed she had changed her clothes.

There were light marks on her neck. They were barely visible but enough for Caden to notice. At first glance, they kind of looked like hickeys.

Caden scoffed.

He pictured what might have happened between them, and the thought angered him. "Didn't you say Joshua was impotent?"

Alicia stared at him in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Caden suddenly realized how ridiculous his thoughts had become, and it made him laugh bitterly.

"You've really outdone yourself," he sneered. "Impressive."

Alicia said nothing.

When she understood the accusation behind his words, her heart sank. "Caden, what is the matter with you?"

Did he actually see something? He didn't even know enough to make accusations!

Caden stayed composed. "Did you at least shower? I don't want my sofa to be tainted."

Alicia's eyes reddened with anger as she bit her lip and glared at him. "Do you really think I spent the night at the Yates Mansion, sleeping with Joshua?"

Caden's expression remained indifferent. "What else am I supposed to think? Are you still playing innocent with him? At this point, what's the point of pretending?"

Alicia had thought she could depend on him.

And with everything she knew, what was left for her to be afraid of?

What Caden didn't realize was that it was those very things that gave her the courage to finally confront Joshua last night.

Unlike him, she couldn't afford to assume victory.

She had to weigh every decision carefully.

She had planned to explain everything, but now it felt pointless.

Swallowing her grievance, she spoke with quiet disappointment. "Believe whatever you want."

She tossed aside the blanket and got up. "Sorry for ruining your sofa. I'll replace it."

With that, she turned to leave.

Caden's voice hardened. "Where do you think you're going?"

"None of your damned business!" Alicia growled.

"Make breakfast before you leave."

Alicia leaned against the back of the sofa, her eyes reddened with anger as she glared at him. "Why should I? I cooked for you because I wanted to. Do you really think I'm your maid?"

Caden's tone became even more cutting. "Because of our agreement. We're partners, not me helping you for nothing. If you can't offer me anything, why shouldn't I treat you like a maid?"

Alicia's fingers trembled slightly.

This time, she didn't respond.

Caden chuckled and said, "What's the matter? You're not interested in keeping up your end of the bargain anymore? Are you feeling guilty acting against Joshua now?"

In a lighter tone, he stated, "It seems like he did a lot of work on you last night, considering how easily you've changed your mind."

At last, Alicia lost her composure and tears began to form in her eyes.

Seeing her like this made Caden's heart tighten.

Other than the times they had sex, he'd never witnessed her cry.

Were his comments really that cruel?

His headache and the pressure in his chest were unbearable at this point.

Thus, he didn't bother mincing with words.

Alicia remained silent for a while, but when she finally spoke, her voice wavered. "I must have been completely out of my mind to ever trust you, Caden!"

He had always been cruel. She had been taught that lesson time and again, from childhood to now, but she never learned.

She had brought this on herself.

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Alicia wiped away the tears that threatened to spill and spoke each word with clarity. "You'll never taste my cooking again!"

"Eat shit, asshole!" she growled inwardly.

Her anger was so intense, she didn't even notice the pain in her ankle as she stormed toward the door.

Just as she reached for the handle, Caden's voice cut through the air. "So, I guess that means our deal is over."