

Chapter 139 I'm Disgusted

Alicia's grip tightened on the doorknob as she turned to face him, her expression fierce. "Who are you to end this? I haven't broken any rules!"

"Why are you leaving then?" Caden asked, his voice flat. "The contract specifies you can't deny certain requests," he replied.

"But it also insists on consent," Alicia countered.

"You owe me for skipping out last night," he declared. "If you're going to renege on your promise, then don't expect what I received from Randolph yesterday."

Her fingers tightened further, nearly creaking.

It was clear to her.

Caden was making a threat.

Why this sudden change in him?

"Is this breakfast so crucial to you?" she inquired, patience thinning. "Or does my visit to the Yates Mansion yesterday bother you?"

His face was a mask of indifference. "Exactly. You should not have gone to the Yates Mansion."

"Why not? The agreement doesn't require your permission for me to meet others or stay out, does it?"

"You're free to stay with anyone except Joshua," he stated coldly.

She opened her mouth to respond, but he cut her off. "Remember our purpose here. I'm appalled by your actions."

Alicia choked back her words.

What was the use in explaining?

Would he even consider her side? He had already branded her as guilty.

Alicia's resolve wavered, and she began to think seriously about terminating the agreement.

Opening the door, she stepped out.

The door closed behind her with a resounding slam that hit Caden squarely.

He tolerated Alicia's outburst and the chill that swept in from the corridor, enduring it all.

Rooted to the spot, his face darkened slowly.

Despite her lack of skills, Alicia's temper was fierce.

Dwelling on it only worsened his headache, prompting him to breathe deeply and head for a shower.

As morning broke, Georgia noticed Alicia's absence.

Fearing to involve Joshua or the authorities, she ventured out alone to search for Alicia.

No sooner had she left than someone from behind clamped a hand over her mouth and nose, pulling her into a shadowed recess.

A stocky man confronted her. "Stay silent. I'm not here to harm or steal. I need to ask you something."

Georgia, older and easily frightened, trembled uncontrollably.

He struck her face, and she fell silent immediately.

Blood filled her mouth, and some of her teeth loosened.

She sank to the ground, clutching her head, her hands trembling.

"Who was here last night?" demanded the man.

Georgia's thoughts remained active as she weighed her words carefully.

The man's impatience surged. "Speak up!" he demanded.

Hesitantly, she murmured, "I— don't know—"

"You serve the family, yet you're clueless?" he challenged. His tone grew threatening. "Be honest!"

With no further warning, he struck her again, dislodging one of her teeth.

In tears and agony, Georgia blurted out, "A lady from a prominent family and Alicia—"

He swiftly lifted his phone. "Ma'am, are you listening?"

"What exactly was Alicia doing there?" Lilliana inquired through the phone.

The man echoed the question to Georgia, who, struggling for coherence, managed to convey the story.

Yet, she chose not to implicate her employer, placing all blame on Alicia instead.

Lilliana's anger turned to laughter, her suspicions now validated.

"Release her," commanded Lilliana. She continued, "Monitor Alicia closely from this point and keep me informed."

Alicia, after exiting the apartment, sought refuge in a hotel where she promptly fell asleep.

Drained physically and mentally, she slept through the day, plagued by bizarre dreams.

Upon waking in the darkness, she felt even more depleted.

As she sat on the bed, feeling dazed, she examined her sore foot, which was painful but not debilitating.

Intent on treating Monica to dinner, her plans were interrupted by an incoming call from an unknown number.

Answering it, she recognized the voice immediately.

"Ms. Bennett, it's me."

Caught off guard, Alicia responded with a hint of surprise, "Miss Mendoza."

With a gentle laugh, Gina replied, "Let's keep it informal. Call me Gina."



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