

Chapter 143 Little Beast

Alicia scoffed, "I'm so filthy. Won't stepping into your apartment ruin your immaculate floors?"

Caden responded with unsettling calm, "You could wear shoe covers."

"Even my breath is infectious," she retorted.

"Then disinfect," he replied coolly.

Unable to contain her frustration any longer, Alicia snapped, "Does my face annoy you? Why don't you blindfold yourself?"

"You can simply wear a hood," he suggested dismissively.

Alicia was left dumbfounded.

Caden stated blandly, "Send me your address, and I'll send a car for you."

Alicia clenched her jaw. "No need. I'd rather not hear you complain about me soiling your car or incurring charges because it's a limited edition."

Caden was momentarily at a loss for words.

Once the call ended, he stared at the phone and muttered indifferently, "Serves you right."

She was free to limp all the way here.

Let her endure the pain!

Alicia flagged down a taxi and headed over.

Despite his instructions to wear a hood and shoe covers, she defiantly slipped into his spare slippers right in front of him upon arrival.

Caden watched her with a detached gaze.

Alicia switched slippers, apologizing, "Sorry, I picked up the wrong pair."

Caden remarked coldly, "Even blind people wouldn't make such an obvious error."

"Mistakes are valuable. I embrace making them," Alicia quipped.

"Remarkable," he noted dryly.

He then glanced at her ankle.

It was still slightly bruised.

But it was nothing grave.

Alicia was determined to settle the matter swiftly. "Just tell me where you bought your sofa, and I'll pay extra to secure one you'll accept."

Seeing her urgency, Caden purposely slowed down the conversation.

He insisted, "I will accept only an identical replacement."

Alicia gazed at him intently.

The longer she looked, the more annoying he appeared.

She proposed a solution, "I can expedite a replacement from the factory."

"I want it immediately," he insisted.

Alicia's frustration grew. "Why must you be so troublesome? It's unbearable!"

Caden paused to drink some water.

"You have an issue with that? Go ahead, call the police."

Alicia was left without words.

She had often thought about involving the police.

A few shocks might set him right.

Following their heated exchange, Caden set his glass aside and directed,

"Sit on the sofa."

Alicia regarded him as though he were unhinged. "Why sit? We haven't resolved anything yet."

"Sit down. I need to examine your foot," Caden instructed.

Alicia recoiled in surprise.

The conversation took an unexpected turn, and instinctively, she questioned, "Why?"

Exhausted from the discussion, Caden approached to lift her.

Alicia defensively crossed her arms over her chest, eyeing him cautiously.

Caden's expression grew stern. "Don't flatter yourself. I have no interest in you at the moment."

He then lifted her and placed her onto the sofa.

He proceeded to remove her slippers and held her ankle gently.

Alicia was so shocked by his actions that she remained completely still.

Confused, she watched silently.

Caden removed her slippers and conducted a brief examination.

Looking down, his feelings hidden, he questioned, "Why didn't you inform me this morning when I inquired?"

Realizing Hank must have informed him, Alicia felt a constriction in her chest. "Did you even give me a chance to explain?"

Caden responded flatly, "Didn't I ask you?"

She felt stifled by his accusation.

Recalling the scent on his coat, she retorted icily, "Would you have believed me if I had told you? Haven't you already made your decisions about me? What concern is it of yours anyway? Why should I have to tell you?"

Caden's frustration mounted.

Her behavior brought to mind a spoiled cat owned by Ciara.

The cat, aware of its favored status, acted without caution.

It once destroyed a treasured tea set belonging to Ciara.

Caden had disciplined the cat by grabbing its neck.

Each subsequent visit saw the cat feigning affection, only to leap and step on his face as he reached out.

The only thing separating Alicia from that cat was her outright malice.

She skipped even the facade of seeking affection.

Her nature was spiteful and malevolent.

"What a grudge-holder that's impossible to domesticate," Caden remarked icily.

Alicia tightened her lips and swiftly pulled her foot back. "Who are you to domesticate me?"

"Was I speaking about you?" Caden countered. "I was referring to my grandmother's pet," he clarified.

Alicia was taken aback.

She felt as though Caden was mocking her.

Failing to outwit him, she pushed his boundaries by brushing her unclean foot against his trouser leg.

Caden was momentarily taken aback. "Your flirtation tactics remain as flawed as ever," he commented.

Alicia responded with a forced smile, "Thank you. I'm merely trying to repulse you."

Caden looked down at her delicate toes.

He briefly held her ankle, then released it.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Caden had previously ordered herbal oil online for treating bruises, which had just been delivered.

Alicia's confusion deepened upon seeing the oil.

Why was he suddenly treating her kindly?

