

Chapter 146 Tug Of War

As soon as Caden began the countdown, Alicia felt the pressure hit her hard.

Alicia covered his watch with her hand, feeling the heat rise in her cheeks. "Three seconds? Seriously? For something this big, you should give me at least three days."

Caden raised an eyebrow and calmly pushed her hand aside. "I've got the evidence. If you want it, you'll have to play by my rules."

He glanced at his watch again. "And now, your time's up."

Alicia tried to steer the conversation elsewhere. "How do I even know you really have the evidence? Let me see it."

Caden saw right through her attempt. "You just want to confirm it so you can track it down somewhere else, don't you?"

Alicia was at a loss for words.

She had forgotten just how sharp he was.

"Ugh, he's the devil!" she growled inwardly.

Caden noticed the frustration on her face, and he could tell she was silently cursing him. This only seemed to lift his mood.

He found the whole situation strangely entertaining.

"I work non-stop at the company every day, and just like that, 300 million dollars of mine vanishes. I gave it away to buy evidence that has nothing to do with me. After all that, I still come back here to keep you satisfied, squeezing every minute out of my day. And you, Ms. Bennett, what exactly have you done?"

Alicia was caught off guard by his sudden change in tone.

He made it sound like he'd been slaving away, but hearing those words from him was oddly irritating.

Caden wasn't finished. "The day I had dinner with Randolph, I didn't touch a single bite of food. When I asked you about dinner, my stomach was completely empty. I was starving. And where were you? Cozying up to your ex-husband."

Alicia's lips twitched. "Cozying up? That's ridiculous."

"But you didn't deny it at the time," Caden replied smoothly.

This time, she didn't know what to say.

Talking to someone as unreasonable as Caden would only lead to frustration.

She could barely get a word in.

No matter how things were, he would always find a way to blame her.

"We're talking about the agreement now, alright?" Alicia wasn't about to let him sidetrack her. She gritted her teeth and said, "Let's renegotiate how many times per month."

Caden didn't budge. "The agreement's already signed and in effect. There can be no more amendments!"

"We changed it last time, didn't we?" asked Alicia.

"Weren't you the one who added those changes? Shouldn't it be my turn to make amendments to the agreement?" Caden countered.

Alicia found herself speechless again.

Caden took full advantage of the moment.

"Well, since it's my turn, I'm thinking twenty times a month sounds fair."

He then sat down and turned on his computer.

"I like the sound of that," he remarked.

Alicia's eyes widened in disbelief, and she quickly cut in. "What? No! I didn't agree to that change."

Caden smirked at that. "So, we're sticking to the present agreement then?"

Alicia fell silent and started mentally calculating.

With five days out of each month off the table, that meant every three days.

It was way too much.

With Caden's strength and endless stamina, every time they were having sex left her completely drained. If this kept up, she was sure she wouldn't last much longer.

For her own sanity, she protested, "This has to change. Ten times a month is way too much."

Caden scoffed at her insistence. "You were the one who typed ten in the first place. Are you going back on your word?"

Alicia frowned, feeling something wasn't right. "No, that doesn't make sense. Something's off."

"The only thing off is you," Caden said, sliding his chair closer as he pointed to the keyboard.

"You were lying right here, face down, enjoying yourself so much I couldn't even hold you down. In the heat of the moment, you typed ten times." He was about to say more when Alicia quickly covered his mouth.

Blushing, she whispered harshly, "Stop saying that! You were the one who led me into this!"

Caden inhaled the faint scent of her hand cream, finding it surprisingly pleasant.

He didn't push her hand away. Instead, he exhaled softly into her palm. "It's just the two of us here. Why are you worried about being decent?"

Alicia's hand tingled, and she quickly pulled it away, scratching at the itch. "If cockroaches overhear you, they might get ideas and start multiplying

tonight!"

Caden remained silent, thinking to himself.

Maybe he was better at this than he thought.

Perhaps starting a side business wasn't such a bad idea.

Meanwhile, Alicia refused to give up, trying every possible way to negotiate the number down.

Caden had already lost his patience. With a quick tap on the keyboard, he said, "If you can't decide, I'll do it for you."

He typed in thirty.

Alicia's eyes widened in shock. "Thirty? You just said twenty!"

"Thirty is the minimum I need," he replied casually.

"Thirty? You might as well kill me," Alicia finally gave in. "Fine, ten it is!"

Caden lightly tapped the mouse with his slender fingers. "Too late. Either the agreement is null, or we go with thirty."

"I never agreed to change the deal!"

"I have the evidence, and your opinion doesn't matter much here." Caden stared at her calmly. "Ms. Bennett, if you want to play hardball, I can make this a lot more difficult for you."

Alicia froze.

He was threatening her again.

She hated how powerless she felt against him, and even more, how tempting the evidence was.

Sighing in defeat, she muttered, "Eleven times."

Caden's grin widened.

"You're being stingy." He leaned back and added, "Twenty-nine times."