

Chapter 147 The Negotiation

Alicia felt her knees buckle when she heard the number.

"Caden, you cheeky bastard!" she blurted out, her voice laced with frustration and disbelief.

Caden, unfazed by her outburst, chuckled softly.

For someone her age, he mused, her behavior was downright childish.

He leaned back lazily in his chair, rubbing his chin as if deep in thought. "Quite the insult. You must be really mad. Hmm, how about twenty-eight times then?"

Alicia's eyes narrowed, her stubbornness hardening her resolve. "Eleven times," she snapped back, her tone unwavering.

"Is that your final offer?" Caden teased, his lips curling into a mischievous smile. "If you insult me a couple more times, I might consider going lower."

"So, are we good with eleven times?"

He clicked his tongue in mock disappointment, shaking his head slightly. "Did I say I was going to listen to you?" His gaze sharpened as he started calculating. "Let's see... twenty-eight times, minus your period, averages to twice a day."

Alicia was left speechless, unable to process his absurd reasoning.

Caden, however, seemed to relish her frustration. He leaned in closer, his voice dripping with playful menace. "So, shall we do it once in the morning and once at night, or both in the evening? Don't worry, I'm flexible."

Alicia was at her wit's end.

"Fine!" She finally caved, unable to muster the energy to keep fighting. "Twelve times, okay?"

Caden, amused by her attempt at negotiation, stopped toying with her. "Fifteen times, plus three meals a day."

Alicia's murderous glare could've set him on fire. "You add five more times and expect me to cook for you? In your dreams!"

"Alright. I won't force you if you don't want to cook." Caden only shrugged, offering her a smug alternative. "Alright, no cooking then. But that still means five more times in bed."

Alicia struggled to find the words, but in the end, she settled for a resigned sigh.

"Caden, aren't you afraid I'll cut you up if you push me too far?"

He looked at her, amusement dancing across his eyes. "Well, the knives at home aren't sharp enough for that. You'll probably need a chainsaw. They sell one at the hardware store downstairs, but it's closed right now."

Alicia glared at him, her lips twitching in a mix of fury and helplessness.

He was absolutely impossible.

She could feel herself on the verge of breaking down, knowing full well that she was bound to lose this ridiculous negotiation.

But swallowing her pride? Not a chance. "I swore you'd never taste my cooking again," she started to say.

Caden raised an eyebrow, his smirk deepening. "So, five more times in bed then?"

Her silence stretched out, thick with tension.

Eventually, Alicia let out a long, defeated sigh and gave a reluctant nod.

Caden, satisfied, amended their little "agreement."

Alicia's hands hovered over the keyboard, clenching tightly as she struggled with the urge to scream.

Caden looked up at her, his expression softening ever so slightly.

"I want you to apologize," she demanded, her voice low but firm.

She wanted him to at least show some remorse for speaking out of turn.

But Caden wasn't about to give in so easily. He brushed her hand aside, dismissing her demand with cold detachment. "I don't expect you to forgive me. This agreement says we'll have sex, and we will. After that, we can go back to quarreling."

Alicia's heart sank.

She wasn't willing to let this go, but she knew deep down there was no winning with him. Even so, she pressed down on the keyboard, refusing to let him type.

His eyes darkened as he looked at her. "Alicia," he said coldly, his earlier playfulness evaporating, "this is not negotiable."

Her gaze met his, and she saw that the cunning from earlier had vanished, replaced by something far more ruthless.

He was like a cold-blooded serpent; his aura alone sent a chill down her spine.

Alicia yanked her hand away, her eyes blazing with anger. "Before the agreement ends, if either of us so much as breathes wrong, there will be consequences!"

Caden didn't seem to mind at all. "And what consequences would those be?"

She bit out each word with a sharpness that matched her glare. "A public apology posted online, chemical castration, and a ten-billion-dollar payout to the other party."

At this, Caden's expression finally faltered.

Chemical castration?

A sudden shudder ran down his spine, and though he would never admit it, he felt a phantom ache, something unsettling creeping beneath his skin.

Five days of this month had already passed.

Excluding the days of her period, and given that they had already been together once, that left the unfortunate reality of an average of once a day for the rest of the month.

Alicia tried to dodge him at every turn, finding excuses, stalling, but Caden...

He wasn't in a rush.

After all, she could only evade him for so long.

The next evening, her phone rang with a call from Caden.

She hesitated but ultimately answered, still simmering with the anger she had yet to let go of. "What do you want?" she asked sourly.

Caden's voice was cool and matter-of-fact. "Don't you want what Randolph gave me?"

Her irritation was immediately replaced with curiosity. "Of course, I do."

"Then come to my office."

Relief washed over her—at least he wasn't calling her back to the apartment.

She wasted no time and hurried over.

Upon arriving, Alicia bumped into Hank, who was just leaving work, a broad smile lighting up his face.

"Mr. Ward is in his office," he said cheerily.

Alicia couldn't help but smile back at him. "What's got you in such a good mood?"

Hank chuckled, his grin widening. "I got off work early today. It's a rare treat. I'm meeting an old friend for dinner."

Alicia gave him a congratulatory thumbs-up, recalling how eerily quiet it was when she stepped foot inside the building—no employees, no bustling activity.

It was still early, but the place was deserted. She couldn't help but envy their early departure.

But her smile vanished the moment she stepped into Caden's office.

The sound of water running greeted her, which meant Caden was in the shower.

A sinking feeling spread through her chest—this wasn't a simple business meeting. She had hoped to avoid any torment by meeting him here, but she quickly realized that coming to the office had been his plan all along.

He lured her into the bathroom to shower. After that, his true intentions surfaced with the wicked gleam in his eyes.

The vast, empty office floor was encased in floor-to-ceiling glass windows, towering above the city yet hidden from prying eyes.

Alicia found herself pressed up against the cold glass, her fingers digging into Caden's neck for support as her breath grew uneven and ragged.

Her lips, swollen from his relentless kisses, pressed desperately against his damp shoulder, trying to muffle her own sounds of surrender.

She felt completely undone by him—his touch had changed.

His skill had grown sharper, more intense, like he'd honed it for this very moment. His hands, his lips... they knew exactly how to unravel her.

When it was finally over, Alicia's nails were painted with the evidence of her struggle.

Blood marked Caden's broad back, chest, and neck—her feeble attempts to push him away turned into traces of her surrender.

Reality struck her as she caught her breath, panic curling around her chest—this would be her life, her reality, for the rest of the month.

Tears welled up in her eyes as her last sliver of strength crumbled. "I'll cook... I'll cook, okay? Just cancel those five times, Caden, please..." She sobbed, her voice shaking.

Caden cupped her tear-streaked face in his hands, his lips brushing


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 +120 Points at most

against her wet cheeks. He kissed her softly, tasting her tears.

He let out a low chuckle, teasing her as he swallowed her sadness.



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