

Chapter 151 Spend Time With Women

Alicia stood quietly in place, holding her helmet and fixing Caden with an intense gaze.

He struggled against his penchant for cleanliness. "I'll find someone to adopt it," he declared.

Alicia responded firmly, "I want to keep it."

Caden relented slightly. "I'll contact the best pet store in Warrington to ensure it's well taken care of, alright?"

Alicia persisted, "I want to keep it myself."

Caden's expression grew stern. "Is that really necessary?"

Alicia, resolute, replied, "I can rent a place outside. You won't be disturbed."

Caden was silent for a moment before he coldly instructed, "Get on."

Alicia's face brightened, and she quickly mounted the motorcycle.

She realized Caden had consented to keep the puppy. Smiling, she said, "Its teeth are so soft, and it feels soothing when it nibbles on your fingers. Want to try?"

Caden shivered and cursed softly.

"Stay away from me."

They then visited a nearby pet hospital to have the puppy vaccinated and dewormed, also picking up puppy formula and a range of dog supplies.

Alicia loaded the supplies onto Caden's motorcycle. "Take these back to the apartment first. I promised Monica I'd spend time with her today, so

I must go."

Caden looked deeply displeased.

The puppy, now fed and content, was sound asleep.

Back at the apartment, Caden took out the pink cushion Alicia had chosen and frowned.

He set the puppy on it and casually checked its gender.

It was a male.

A pink cushion for a male dog?

He thought she should at least check if the puppy was comfortable with it.

After handling these tasks, Caden washed and sanitized his hands thoroughly.

By the time he finished, it was already late into the night.

Yet, he wasn't ready for bed and sat down at his desk to catch up on unfinished work.

His grandmother Clara called him.

He picked up immediately. "What's up, Grandma?"

Clara sounded tired. "I've already slept once. Why aren't you resting yet?"

Caden let out a quiet sigh of relief.

"I'm working," he muttered.

"At eleven-thirty?" Clara exhaled deeply. "Spend more time with women, Caden."

Caden massaged his temples.

He had, in fact, spent a considerable amount of time with Alicia today.

Clara, restless and unable to sleep, was talkative this evening.

The topic soon shifted towards his future spouse.

"After the Christmas, come back. I want to introduce you to someone. You don't have to marry, but try to start a relationship, okay?"

"I'll be too busy next year," Caden replied.

"You're always busy. What do you do all day?"

Caden glanced at the cushion nearby.

He scrambled for an excuse. "I've got a dog to look after now."

Ciara was surprised. "A dog? But you don't like pets."

Caden was unsure what had prompted his agreement to Alicia's request earlier.

"Maybe I'm unwell," he suggested.

Ciara was concerned. "Sick again? You're too frail for your age."

He paused briefly, choosing not to prolong the conversation and disturb Ciara further. "How many people will you bring with you to Warrington?"

"None. They aren't familiar with Warrington. You might need to arrange for bodyguards."

"Alright, I'll handle it personally."

As Alicia entered Monica's place, Monica greeted her with a teasing smile. "Is that handsome motorcyclist the guy you've been seeing secretly?"

Alicia cleared her throat awkwardly.

"No, I don't know him."

"But he just drove you here?" Monica raised an eyebrow skeptically.

"I called a ride-hailing service," Alicia fibbed smoothly. "He's just a wealthy young man exploring how regular people live," she added.

Monica let the matter slide.

"Sure, I know you're shy. Just let me know when you decide to go public." Monica then added thoughtfully, "Even without seeing his face, I could tell he's well-built."

She smiled knowingly. "He reminds me of Caden."

Alicia was left speechless by the comment.

Monica quipped, "Why didn't you kiss him goodbye before you left?"

Alicia felt a tingling in her lips. "I'm off to shower, Monica," she replied and quickly left the room.

Once in the bathroom, Alicia recalled she had already showered in Caden's office earlier that day.

However, to avoid Monica's skeptical gaze, she decided to shower again.

Dressed in the revealing sleepwear Monica had bought her, Alicia returned, her cheeks tinged with red.

Monica, lounging on the bed and supporting her chin with her hand, eyed Alicia playfully. "Look at that slender waist of yours! Any man would be tempted," she teased.

Alicia giggled and playfully dove onto the bed, wrestling with Monica.

Monica reveled in the contact.

Though they often shared a bed in the past, physical contact was rare. Alicia expected it to be ticklish, but it wasn't.

Pausing, she grabbed Monica's hand and asked seriously, "Want to check under my dress?"

Monica's grin widened mischievously. "Do you want me to?"

Alicia nodded, needing to confirm something.

Monica indulged her for a while before pulling her hand back. "So soft. Can I feel your butt too?"

Alicia declined and slipped under the blanket.

Memories of today's events in Caden's office flooded her mind, puzzling her about why Monica's touch left her unfazed, yet Caden's presence was overwhelmingly stirring.

She bit her lip, feeling trapped by her emotions.

Monica, observing her, teased, "Are you thinking about another man while you're in my bed?"

Alicia's face turned a deeper shade of red, and she buried it under the blanket.

"No," she murmured softly.