


Chapter 48 A Fight

"What's the harm in a little contact? You look like you are aching for it. Isn't that why you came here, to let us have our way?"

Laughter erupted from the group.

The drunken man ogled Alicia, moving to brush his hand against her cheek once more. 

Alicia smacked his hand aside, her voice icy as she said, "I have already alerted the police. You should think twice about your next move."

The man sneered and said, "Oh, the police? I am shaking in my boots. Were not you the one begging for it?"

Monica, hearing this, was enraged. "Shut your damn mouth! We were just eating, and you are the one who started everything. Nobody agreed to a damn thing with you!"

The man sneered, "You have been dumped, divorced, and now you are lonely and desperate. You resort to dirty tricks just to steal someone else's husband. Is not it because you are craving attention and need a man? I am here to fill that emptiness in your life. Is not that exactly what you want?"

His mocking words drew laughter from the crowd, who began murmuring among themselves.

"Now I remember why she looks familiar. That is Alicia Bennett."

"She has been making headlines lately, wrapped up in all kinds of rumors about what she is willing to do to get a man."

"Look at her, so flirtatious. She probably has no shortage of guys. Why go to the trouble of fighting over one?"

"She is just cheap. That is why. Beautiful women are all the same cheap, and they cannot make it without a man. Yet they act all offended when

someone touches them."

"Ha-ha-ha. She wouldn't want a man like you to lay a finger on her."

"Like I would even want to touch her. Who knows how many guys she's been with?"

The cruel words cut through Alicia, sharp as blades.

She fixed a glare on the man shouting the loudest.

His expression was as repulsive as his words.

Her icy stare only made them laugh harder, and the crowd's insults became even more vicious.

She took a step back, her hand reaching for something on the table.

The drunken man staggered closer, resting a hand on her shoulder. "Why don't you come along with me, huh?"

She shoved his hand away.

Monica jumped in, shouting, "Don't you dare touch her with those disgusting hands!"

The man, wobbling on his feet, nearly toppled over.

Furious, he jabbed a finger toward Monica. "You have got the nerve to shove me, you bitch!"

When he raised his hand to strike Monica, Alicia hurled the object at him.

Chaos erupted instantly.

Physically, they were no match for the man. In the struggle, Alicia was shoved against a table, her arm colliding with a pot of hot soup.

She bit back a cry of pain.

Joshua, who had been standing still, finally moved, ready to step in.

Lilliana grabbed his arm, flashing a smile. "The show's over. Let's leave."



A good number of the onlookers were her fans.

They would undoubtedly defend her if things got messy.

Joshua paused, still staring at Alicia.

Moments later, the restaurant's security showed up alongside the police.

The chaos came to an end.

"Joshua, I said let us go!" Lilliana called out, her voice louder this time.

Joshua finally relaxed as the police restrained the drunken men. Without another word, he followed Lilliana out.

Just before getting into the car, he cast one last look at the drunks.

Beyond the crowd, a man stood apart.

The tall figure drew his attention.

Caden?

Caden stood just behind the police, exuding an air of authority and dominance that demanded attention.

Joshua looked sullen.

But then he reasoned that, considering Caden's poor relationship with Alicia, he was probably just here for the drama.

Before Joshua could linger on the thought, Lilliana, already in the car, called out, "Joshua, come on, let us go home."

With clenched fists, Joshua slid into the seat beside her.

Lilliana, clearly in high spirits, remarked, "If I were Alicia, I would be humiliated to show my face in public, let alone come here for a meal. She got what she deserved."

Joshua, his voice steady, gave the driver a simple command, "Drive."

Alicia had endured more than enough.



It was clear she would not be able to hold out much longer.

The main instigators were taken away by the police.

Since Alicia had been involved in the altercation, she, too, had to accompany them to the station.

She tried to reassure Monica, "Go home. I just need to give a statement. I will keep you posted."

Monica shook her head, adamant. "No way. Who knows if they will try to mess with you? These lowlifes are all the same!"

"I am alright," Alicia insisted. "You are still in school. You should not have to be anywhere near a police station."

She knew it would impact Monica's future.

Monica, however, was not concerned about that. Just as she was about to protest, Caden's imposing figure appeared above them.

He took Alicia aside.

Then he turned to Monica. "I have reached out to Mr. Flynn. He will be here to pick you up."

Monica opened her mouth to retort but was silenced by the stern look on Caden's face.

Monica swallowed hard.

Alicia insisted, "Just go home, Monica. I will be alright."

Monica hesitated, her concern evident. "But Caden..."

Alicia took a moment before responding, "He will not do anything to me."

Caden shot her a sidelong glance.

She resembled a wildcat that had just emerged from a tumultuous encounter.

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Caden smiled, guiding Alicia toward the police car while completely overlooking Monica.