

Chapter 52 Her Beauty Is Undeniable

Hank kept searching the bag. "You bought seven boxes? Planning to consume them like candy?"

Caden's expression darkened.

Taking a deep breath, he gestured towards the cabinet beside him. "Put them in there and lock it."

Hank expressed deep concern. "Ciara was clear that you shouldn't take random medications. Can you tell me how long you've been using them? How much have you taken? How are you feeling now?"

Before Caden could reply, a thought struck Hank. "Wait, is this why you were watching those videos in the car earlier? Did you overdo it and lose control?"

Caden's response was icy. "If I couldn't control myself, you'd be the first to find out."

Hank remained silent, picturing the scenario and quickly composed himself.

He dutifully secured the medication in the private cabinet.

Caden then texted Alicia. "Who taught you to thank people in such a manner?"

Alicia responded, "Isn't it necessary?"

This left Caden both amused and frustrated.

Soon after, Alicia inquired, "Did I get too few?" She added, "They're quite pricey—180 dollars each. You only bandaged my arm. Isn't this enough?"

Caden sneered in response, "Thanks for dropping over a thousand on me."

"It was actually 900. There was a promotion—buy five, get two free," Alicia clarified.

Caden set his phone aside, choosing not to respond.

Replying would only escalate his frustration.

Noticing Caden massaging his temples, Hank thought he might have caused upset.

Respecting their relationship, Hank felt compelled to apologize. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ward, I was out of line earlier."

With that, he opened the cabinet, retrieved a box, and took out a pill.

Caden frowned as he watched Hank and asked, "What are you doing?"

"You can take this medicine if you want, but make sure to take it after meals so it doesn't upset your stomach," Hank replied.

Caden was at a loss for words.

He wondered about the kind of person he had employed.

Indifferently, Caden sipped his coffee and inquired, "Has Jerald woken up?"

Hank recalled, "Yes, and you need to return to the Yates Mansion for dinner today."

"Go start the car," Caden directed.

Hank was puzzled and questioned, "It's still early for lunch. Why return so soon to face that family and make yourself uncomfortable?"

"Dealing with you gives me more of a headache," Caden retorted, throwing the pill into the trash.

Hank noticed that Caden had been acting unusual since his return to the country.

Caden was once known for his emotional stability.

Lately, he seemed to be on edge all the time.

Deciding to keep the peace, Hank chose to speak less and tried to keep Caden in good spirits.

It was the rush hour, and the traffic was dense.

Caden casually reviewed some documents.

Jerald had been ill for years, moving from one hospital to another without finding a cure.

His condition had deteriorated to the point where the Yates family had abandoned hope for recovery, awaiting the inevitable.

Upon his return, Caden had taken Jerald into his own care and soon noticed anomalies in Jerald's condition.

Subsequent tests showed traces of a slow-acting poison in Jerald's bloodstream, a substance that was gradually weakening his heart, administered in small, unnoticed doses over time, dating back to the previous year.

This was a covert, silent assassination.

Caden smirked. "This drug is illegal here and is only available through private transactions. Instruct them to fast-track the investigation. I need to know who's responsible as soon as possible."

Hank nodded in agreement.

The traffic was heavy, and it was clear it would take time to dissipate.

Hank switched off the engine and expressed his confusion to Caden. "Mr. Ward, I don't quite understand. You have such disdain for your father. If he passes, he passes. You could simply gather evidence and confront Joshua later. Why bother with all this effort now?"

"I need Jerald alive for now," Caden stated calmly.

Hank was taken aback by this revelation.

Understanding the deep-seated secrets Caden held, he refrained from probing further.

Caden gazed out the window, observing the pleasant weather, yet his expression remained icy.

The warmth of the sun did nothing to thaw his cold demeanor.

As the car crept forward, Caden was about to divert his attention when he spotted a familiar figure exiting a bookstore.

There was Alicia, dressed in a light green spaghetti strap dress, complemented by a sheer shawl that almost seemed transparent, resting on her slender shoulders.

She carried two books and was approaching their direction.

The intense sunlight highlighted her striking features.

As Alicia moved, the breeze caught her skirt, accentuating her pure and innocent appearance.

Her outfit was modest yet captivating, attracting admiring looks. Alicia's beauty was evident.

She was not known for being ostentatious, nor was she one to shy away from attention.

However, today's ensemble was unlike anything Caden had previously seen her wear.

This stirred inappropriate thoughts in him, darkening his expression.

Hank noticed Alicia too and hesitated before suggesting, "Mr. Ward, should we offer Miss Bennett a lift?"

Caden averted his eyes and firmly declined. "No."

Hank held the steering wheel tightly, observing Alicia as she waited by the roadside for a ride.

Nearby, a few pedestrians covertly snapped pictures of her, whispering among themselves.

Surprised, Hank turned to Caden, "Mr. Ward, it looks like they're secretly taking pictures of Miss Bennett."