

Chapter 73 His Sex Life

Caden stared back deadpan, betraying no emotions.

Gerry took Caden's calm expression as confirmation of his suspicions. "When did this start?" he cried emotionally. "Is it in the early or the late stages?"

Caden remained silent, resisting the urge to engage.

Why bother conversing with an imbecile?

The doctor, meanwhile, pressed his fingers more firmly against Caden's wrist, his brow furrowing in concentration. "I assumed your pale complexion was from general weakness, but it seems you're suffering from significant stress."

Gerry heaved a sigh, relieved to hear that it wasn't some dire, life-threatening condition after all.

The doctor, not missing a beat, asked, "Is your sex life normal?"

His tone was so casual, it was as if he were asking about the weather.

Caden responded just as coolly. "Yes."

Gerry's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Could he have misheard?

Hank, standing nearby, looked equally stunned. Caden? A normal sex life?

Since when?

The doctor's fingers twitched slightly, a shadow of skepticism crossing his face. "How frequently?"

Caden flicked a glance in Alicia's direction, a small, almost imperceptible smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. "At least once a day."

Alicia's heart skipped a beat.



"Once a day?" she thought to herself, her mind racing. "And why's he looking at me like that? I'm not part of this equation!"

Finally, the doctor released Caden's wrist, his expression unreadable.

Gerry, ever curious, pressed on. "So, what's wrong with him, Doc?"

The doctor replied with a sigh, "He's not being entirely truthful, so I can't give an accurate diagnosis. The last time I felt a pulse like this, it was from someone who'd never been intimate with anyone."

Caden stiffened, his calm exterior faltering for a split second.

"Seriously, doc?" he cursed inwardly. "No need to expose me like that."

Gerry's lips curled into a sneer. "Why're you lying to the doctor, Caden? Just answer his questions!"

Without missing a beat, Caden turned the tables, his voice steady. "How many times a day do you do it, Gerry?"

Gerry went silent, momentarily lost for words.

Caden didn't stop there. "At least I'm not a virgin. How about you, Mr. Hopkins? What age did you finally lose yours?"

Gerry's face flushed with frustration, his brows furrowed in agitation. "There's a lady here! Keep it down!" he snapped, trying to regain control of the conversation.

Unfazed, Caden smirked and taunted, "Your reaction says it all. Still a virgin, huh?"

Gerry stood there, struck silent by the jab.

His mouth opened, but no words came out as he turned hastily to Alicia, his face a mix of embarrassment and desperation. "He's just spouting nonsense. Don't listen to him!"

Alicia, her expression cool and composed, merely nodded as if she hadn't heard a word. As if on cue, her phone set off an alarm, and she quickly pressed it against her ear to "answer" it.



She walked away, pretending to be on the phone with someone as she put more distance between herself and the uncomfortable scene.

Yet despite her calm exterior, her little act was far from perfect. The strain in her posture betrayed her.

The doctor, amused by the exchange, chuckled softly. "Mr. Ward, there's no need to worry. It's nothing serious. Just be sure to get plenty of rest. As for sex," he added with a knowing smile, "you're an adult. You can go ahead whenever you're ready. Don't hold back, or it might cause some issues."

Caden gave a brief nod, his expression unreadable as he adjusted his cufflinks with practiced precision.

His demeanor remained polished and composed, exuding the elegance usually reserved for royalty.

The doctor offered again, "I can prescribe you some medicines for that cold."

"No need."

As Alicia wandered further away, Caden's eyes trailed her subtle movements.

She casually picked up a drink, scanning the room until her gaze landed on Rachel.

Gerry noticed, too. He stroked his chin thoughtfully. "When did Alicia get so chummy with Randolph and Rachel?"

Caden, knowing full well the answer, simply shrugged. "No idea."

Gerry pondered aloud, "Maybe she's thinking of joining the bank? It's absurd she wouldn't work with me, opting for something less professional instead."

Caden shot him a sidelong glance, his tone dry.

"Maybe it's because you're ugly and you talk too much."

Gerry balked. "Ugly? You serious, Caden? Look at me! Sure, I might not



outshine you, but I'm definitely better-looking than Randolph."

Caden's lips twitched into a smirk. "If you're not ugly, why are you still single?"

Gerry straightened, feigning seriousness. "I haven't found anyone worth my time yet. Unlike you, I have standards. I don't go chasing after every woman who walks into the club."

Hank, who had been listening quietly, looked startled.

When had that happened? He hadn't heard about it.

And who was the woman in question?

Gerry, suddenly remembering something, turned back to Caden. "By the way, did you actually call for someone last time? I asked the boss, and he said you didn't."

Instead of answering, Caden took a slow sip of warm water.

But the persistent Gerry wasn't deterred. He leaned forward with a sly grin, "So, who was the woman you were spooning with that night?"

Caden shot him a dark look, as though the question itself was beneath him.

There were only three people involved that night.

Was it really that difficult to figure out?

"Why don't you try using that head of yours and figure it out."

Gerry furrowed his brow, thinking hard.

Caden, on the other hand, took another sip.

The water was lukewarm and unpleasant now, a stale reminder of his current misery.

His illness only made it worse; his throat throbbed with every swallow, not to mention the water tasted terrible.

Annoyed, he set the glass down with a faint scowl.

Suddenly, Gerry's face lit up, and he practically shouted, "I've got it!"

Caden gave him a half-hearted glance, his voice dry and dismissive. "Took you long enough."

With a self-satisfied smirk, Gerry declared, "You paid off the boss so he wouldn't tell me, didn't you? You didn't want me to know!"

Caden stared at him, dumbfounded.

He turned to Hank with a raised brow. "Are all virgins this clueless?"

Hank blinked, unsure of how to respond. Not all of them, surely...

Caden smirked. "Oh, right. Forgot you're a virgin, too."

Hank was left speechless, mentally rolling his eyes. Caden had no right to boast!

"If Alicia hadn't been drugged, you'd still be one yourself," Hank thought with a silent scoff.

Eventually, Gerry gave up on guessing, sinking back into his chair.

He glanced around the room, watching people mingle and toss around hollow compliments. The whole event felt pointless, a chore with no real substance.

He sighed. "Since when did you start caring about these insignificant social gatherings? Randolph's just a deputy manager. You don't owe him anything, yet here you are—sick, no less. What's the point?"

Caden didn't answer. Instead, he grabbed his glass and rose to his feet.

Gerry frowned. "Where are you going?"

Caden tossed a glance over his shoulder, his voice flat. "Anywhere that's far away from you."

Chapter 74 A Deep Kiss

Caden despised drinking warm water, but his throat was too uncomfortable at the moment.

It quickly became dry again.

He waved down a server, asking for another glass of water.

Meanwhile, Alicia hadn't found a chance to approach Rachel, so she stood to the side, idly passing the time.

When Caden came near, she didn't move. Instead, she gave a polite smile. "Mr. Ward."

Caden, just as insincere, replied, "Ms. Bennett."

An awkward silence followed.

Alicia glanced at him from the corner of her eye.

The room was packed with people.

Even so, Caden's striking appearance still drew attention.

Caden's face had a pale look from his illness, but it didn't make him seem weak. Somehow, it only made him more striking.

His eyes met hers with a detached expression.

They weren't standing too close or too far apart, but his gaze lacked any warmth, like they were nothing more than strangers.

His gaze seemed almost indifferent.

It was completely different from the heated passion he showed during the night.

Alicia felt a wave of unease sweep over her as she glanced around the



room. To compose herself, she decided to walk over to a different table to pick up a dessert.

Just then, a familiar figure appeared beside her.

Before she could reach for the tart, Caden's hand swiftly intervened and took it instead.

She stopped for a moment, turned to him, and asked, "Why are you eating sweets when you have a cold?"

She sounded annoyed.

Her irritation only seemed to encourage Caden further; he calmly brought the tart to his mouth, took a bite, and said, "Why shouldn't I eat it?"

She instinctively responded, "Eating sweets when you're sick can cause inflammation. You don't want to end up with a high fever."

Caden stared intently at her.

Feeling uneasy under his stare, she added, "I'm not showing concern. I'm just making a comment."

Caden chose not to reply and simply tossed the untouched tart into the trash can.

This unexpected action made Alicia feel weird.

She couldn't understand why he was suddenly being so agreeable.

Something didn't add up.

After wiping his hands, Caden commented in a chilly tone, "It was awful."

The dessert had been excessively sweet.

Alicia was left speechless.

She knew his behavior wasn't because he had heeded her advice.

He never listened to her in the past.

Caden took a sip of water to cleanse the sugary taste from his mouth.

Then he turned to her and asked, "Since sweets are off the table, what should I eat instead?"

Alicia picked up a cookie, and with a peculiar look, she responded, "Do you really need to eat anything at all?"

"I can't taste anything," Caden complained. "Why don't you think of something I could eat?"

Alicia looked at him in surprise. "And why should I do that?"

She wasn't his caretaker, after all.

"Ms. Bennett, have you forgotten that I caught this cold because of you?" Caden countered.

Alicia was momentarily speechless.

Determined not to fall into his trap, she muttered defensively, "You were the one who kissed me first that day."

After saying this, she glanced around nervously, worried that someone might overhear them.

People occasionally walked by, casting curious glances in their direction.

Even so, she reassured herself that their conversation wasn't audible to others.

Caden seemed unfazed. In a steady voice, he said, "I doubt that a single kiss could make me this sick."

As he finished speaking, he stepped closer to her, reaching out to take the cookie from her plate.

Their clothes brushed softly against each other.

To anyone watching, everything appeared normal.

But Alicia knew that Caden was seizing the moment to tease her.

"Only a deep kiss could make me catch a cold like this, right?" Caden played with the cookie in his hand, his eyes fixed on her increasingly

Scanning the spread on the table, she intentionally selected some mild snacks.

He smirked and said, "It's too dry. I can't swallow that."

Feeling more and more irritated, she searched for something more suitable.

"Try this," she said, handing him a different option.

Caden looked at the plate and explained, "Eating fried food will only worsen my condition."

"How about this one?" asked Alicia.

He examined it briefly before responding, "It doesn't seem very appetizing."

Undeterred, she presented another choice. "And this?"

Caden shook his head and asked, "Does it look appealing to you?"

Alicia was left speechless by his continuous refusals.

As his excuses became more unreasonable, she decided to stop trying to accommodate him and firmly asked, "Are you going to eat or not?"

Without hesitation, Caden simply replied, "No."

Alicia chose not to give in to his requests, which led her to deliberately step on his toe to show her displeasure.

Everyone was aware that people operated similarly to vending machines in how they responded to different stimuli.

When the appropriate actions were taken, individuals would react accordingly.

However, Alicia had encountered someone who was different.

Caden stayed completely calm and showed no signs of being bothered.

In a sudden moment of realization, she said, "Caden, you have a cold, and you can't taste anything, so what you want isn't snacks at all, is it?"

without taking responsibility?" he asked.

She glared at him, feeling quite infuriated.

Knowing he was difficult to deal with, she realized confronting him directly wouldn't work.

She needed to work on a different tactic. "Alright," she conceded. "I'll get you something to eat."

Scanning the spread on the table, she intentionally selected some mild snacks.

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