

Chapter 93 Can't Stand Physical Contact With Joshua

Caden was speechless.

Moments later, a knock came at Alicia's door.

"Alicia, why did you lock the door?" Joshua inquired.

His voice was soft, but Caden could still make it out.

She then ended her phone call.

A frown creased Caden's brow as he glanced at his phone, his mood darkening slightly.

She was at the Yates Mansion.

Joshua's late visit had clear intentions.

Caden tried to brush off an unsettling feeling, deciding not to focus on such minor details.

He then washed his hands, disinfected his phone, and took a shower.

Alicia, after a pause to compose herself, opened the door.


"I lock my door every night," she explained calmly.

Joshua entered without hesitation.

He surveyed the room with suspicion but found nothing out of the ordinary.

Dismissing his suspicions, he remarked, "I thought you were guarding against me."

Alicia kept her thoughts to herself but responded, "If I were guarding

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against you, why would I be here at the Yates Mansion?"

Suddenly, Joshua shut the door and gently held her face, admiring how she looked fresh from her bath.

Alicia's face tensed.

She had thought her menstrual period would deter him, making her less appealing—a notion he typically adhered to.

However, his current expression hinted at uncertainty.

Joshua tenderly caressed her face, examining her features closely.

"How long has it been since your period started?" he asked.

Clenching her jaw, Alicia replied tersely, "Three days."

"It's almost done, right?" He prodded further.

Internally, Alicia felt a surge of annoyance.

"It's still quite heavy," she responded, her words a mix of defiance and hope to repel him. "You'd better not proceed."

Joshua laughed softly, easing the tension. "I had no plans of pursuing that tonight, but Alicia, remember, there are many ways to make someone happy, and it's not limited to one," he teased, softening his words to keep the conversation light yet suggestive.

Alicia was nauseated by the thought of his sexual experience with Lilliana.

Recalling Joshua's past remarks about her being dull, she adopted a look of puzzled ignorance.

"I— I'm at a loss," she admitted.

Joshua, barely holding onto his composure, suggested, "You could use your mouth."

The suggestion filled Alicia with revulsion.

She fought to mask her disgust as she searched for an excuse.

"But I don't know how," she protested.

"I can show you. You're a quick learner, a straight-A student. I'm sure you have a knack for this too," Joshua reassured her, taking her hand and guiding it below his belt.

"I must leave shortly, so please be quick." His whisper was intimate. "I've been waiting for this moment since our divorce, you know?"

Alicia pulled her hand back continuously.

With Caden, intimacy felt right. With Joshua, it was utterly terrifying, and she felt complete aversion.

As Alicia resisted, Joshua's frustration mounted.

"What's the issue? Don't you want to?"

Alicia, clenching her jaw and bowing her head, confessed, "I'm too anxious. I don't know how to proceed."

Joshua ceased his instructions.

He unbuckled his belt and pushed her towards the bed.

Overwhelmed, Alicia started to gag.

Joshua recoiled in shock.

His expression turned icy. "What's causing this reaction, Alicia?"

Alicia blurted out the first lie she thought of. "My period makes me sick, especially when I'm nervous, and I start to vomit—"

Joshua paused, his eyes shut briefly, then he released her and stood upright.

At that moment, his phone buzzed.

Irritated, he was ready to dismiss the call, but upon seeing Randolph's name, he moderated his tone and answered.

Alicia escaped to the bathroom, frantically scrubbing her hands.

It took a long time for her to regain her composure.

She inhaled deeply, torn between retreat and resilience.

She had hoped she might tolerate Joshua's presence briefly to fulfill her objectives, but now doubted she could endure another moment.

After a considerable time, she dried off her face and stepped out, ready to leave.

Joshua had just ended the call.

He then looked at Alicia, his eyes questioning.

Alicia tensed up, her lips pressed tightly as she waited for him to speak.

In frustration, Joshua threw his phone aside. "Did you go see Randolph?"

A pang of anxiety tightened Alicia's chest.

She was unsure how much Joshua knew about her meeting with Randolph or what Randolph might have shared.

Yet, she realized honesty was her only viable option at the moment.

"Randolph? Mrs. Gray's husband?" Her face remained composed as she responded, "Today, I had the opportunity to accompany Mrs. Gray to a party and met him there."

Joshua continued to scrutinize her intently.

He had recently learned from Randolph about her actions at the party, prompting Randolph to question his motives.

It was really no significant matter.

She had merely defended Rachel during a fleeting unfair situation.

However, Randolph was the unintended focal point of her actions.

The clandestine dealings between Randolph and Joshua, now complicated by her involvement, caused Joshua to become suspicious.

"Do you know Rachel?" Joshua inquired.

Alicia shook her head. "Not really. We met for the first time today at the beauty salon and had a short chat."

"How did you end up speaking to her? Don't mingle with the Gray family anymore," Joshua cautioned, "You're out of your depth with them."

Alicia offered a smile. "Why? I've simply made a new friend. But your concern seems excessive."