

Chapter 98 What Happened To Your Lips

Alicia evaded Caden's probing question with a diversion. "I'll be kissing many more in the future."

Caden's query was incisive. "Do you also prepare with breath spray before kissing Joshua?"

Lost for words, Alicia felt that continuing the conversation might expose too much.

Choosing to switch from being passive to taking action, she bit his lip and initiated a kiss.

Caden inhaled sharply in reaction. "My wound is still fresh, and now this?"

"You talk too much," Alicia complained, annoyed by his ongoing chatter during the kiss.

Why couldn't he just be silent?

Kissing was meant to be simple, free from unnecessary talk.

As the kiss ended, Caden let her go, and the immediate warmth between them dissipated.

With a lingering sensation on her lips, Alicia stated, "My safety tomorrow is your responsibility. Keep an eye on my location, and intervene immediately if anything seems off."

Caden, lifting his head nonchalantly, responded, "Am I to act as your bodyguard just from a kiss? That's like expecting a free ride for a mere handshake."

Alicia chose to disregard his remark.

After all, he was the one who had summoned her.



She figured the more desperate one appeared, the more they stood to lose.

After she left, Caden still felt the residual taste of her kiss on his lips, hard to ignore though he pretended otherwise.

Later, when Hank entered with updates and noticed the marks on Caden's lips, he halted abruptly.

"Mr. Ward, what happened to your lips?"

Touching his lips subconsciously, Caden saw a faint red stain and quickly wiped it off with a tissue. "It's nothing." He brushed it off.

Hank looked on with a knowing expression.

"It seems things are progressing well between you and Ms. Bennett."

Instantly, Caden's mood turned frosty. "Are you collecting information for Ciara again?"

Hank clarified swiftly, "After your warning, I haven't talked to anyone else. I'm simply impressed by your willingness to put aside your biases for your own well-being—it's quite rare."

Caden took a deep breath, pondering over his journey from a precocious toddler starting education at two to becoming the CEO of Blizzard Group.

Throughout the years, he faced countless challenges, yet none were as intricate as managing his interactions with Alicia.

He often considered deepening their relationship but consistently held back, uncertain of his ability to remain composed under such circumstances.

Hank, remembering they had pending business issues, initiated a discussion. "Mr. Ward, I've noticed you've been examining Mr. Yates's account transactions. Do you have plans to take action?"

Caden replied with casual detachment, "Alicia has expressed interest in those transactions."

Hank, puzzled, asked, "Is she targeting Mr. Yates as well?"

"Yes," confirmed Caden. "Alicia's longstanding acquaintance with Joshua makes her far more than just a pawn," Caden added, highlighting her strategic importance.

Hank's concern was evident as he probed further, "Mr. Ward, are you using Ms. Bennett in this endeavor?"

Caden paused, then offered a noncommittal, "Not exactly," suggesting a more intricate involvement than Hank had surmised.

Opting to keep the matter private due to Alicia's formidable personality that could lead to direct confrontations, Hank decided.

"I'll keep this confidential to avoid any direct confrontation from her," he advised.

Caden felt a twinge of apprehension as he recalled the unpredictable outbursts he had witnessed from Alicia over the years.

Seeking to steer the conversation away from delicate topics, he shifted the subject. "What time should we head out for dinner at the hotel?"

Meanwhile, Lilliana, clad in loose attire and sunglasses to conceal her identity, approached the reception at Joshua's company.

The receptionist initially didn't recognize her and greeted her politely. "Hello. Do you have an appointment?"

Lilliana removed her sunglasses and sharply inquired, "Do I look that ordinary?"

Once she was recognized as the future Mrs. Yates, the receptionist quickly bowed and apologized, "I'm sorry, Miss Green. It was the sunglasses—"

As she bowed, Lilliana noticed the receptionist's attire and her demeanor turned icy.

"Is this how you dress for work? Is this reflective of the company's culture?"

Confused, the receptionist looked down at her standard business suit, baffled by Lilliana's disapproval.

Lilliana, losing interest in discussing further, put her sunglasses back on and abruptly said, "You're fired."

Stunned, the receptionist followed Lilliana, pleading, "Miss Green—"

At the same time, Joshua, having just completed his work, walked into the unfolding chaos downstairs.

His secretary quickly briefed him. "Mr. Yates, Miss Green has terminated about ten female employees arbitrarily—"

Joshua's expression hardened as he proceeded to his office.

Inside, Lilliana sat in his chair, exuding authority as she occupied the space.

The secretary instantly became silent under Lilliana's formidable gaze, and began to back away.

"Why are you leaving? Come in," Lilliana insisted.

The secretary hesitated, looking uncertainly at Joshua for cues.

Perplexed by Lilliana's actions, Joshua signaled for the secretary to exit.

Lilliana, slamming the desk, loudly demanded, "Didn't you hear me? Come in!"