

## Chapter 142 Face To Face

Hank silently promised himself he would relay what he overheard to Caden, hoping it might lift his spirits.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, they went their separate ways.

Alicia exited the building first. Caden, who was parked roadside, noticed her as he turned.

He observed her through the car window, where she was out of view and could not see him.

His eyes traced her figure from head to toe.

Though she showed no visible injuries, her walk was slightly impaired.

Her steps were hesitant, one foot barely grazing the ground.

Caden sarcastically wondered to himself, "Why didn't she just hit her head, maybe that would knock some sense into her?"

To bolster his fabricated story, Hank purchased a box of digestive tablets before returning to the car.

Caden merely glanced at him without a word.

Hank then started the vehicle.

After a brief silence, Caden commented, "You returned quite fast."

Hank agreed. "Yes, Mr. Ward. My long legs help."

Caden remained silent.

Their drive back to the company was notably quiet.

Caden gazed out the window, his expression unreadable.

Hank stole a few glances at him, pondering if Caden had questions he wished to ask.

Deciding that Caden's silence meant a lack of interest, Hank chose not to speak.

Following a lengthy pause, Caden finally inquired with a frown, "What happened at the pharmacy?"

Hank rattled the bag of pills slightly. "I picked up some digestive tablets."

"And what else occurred?"

Hank hesitated, then revealed, "Ms. Bennett had a few choice words about you."

Caden pressed, "What exactly did she say?"

"She mentioned you got what you deserved," Hank explained.

Caden paused briefly, unsurprised, and took a deep breath. "Was there anything else?"

"That's everything she said," Hank confirmed.

Caden was left speechless once more.

"I'm asking if there was anything else that happened, you idiot! It seems like your brain switches off after work. Is your mind gathering cobwebs?" Caden thought.

Noticing Caden's urge to speak, Hank cautiously ventured, "Mr. Ward, is there something you'd like to discuss?"

With a frosty tone, Caden replied, "I'm contemplating how to dispense with your services."

Hank was taken aback.

"What have I done?" Hank pondered.

Annoyed, Caden directed, "Drive us back to the apartment."

Then something occurred to Hank. "Mr. Ward, were you aware that Ms. Bennett visited the Yates Mansion yesterday?"

This question clearly agitated Caden.

He had been perturbed by this lately.

"Why do you ask?" Caden queried.

Hank disclosed honestly, "Ms. Bennett injured her ankle jumping from an upper floor. Mr. Yates attempted to confine her."

Caden felt a pang of dismay. "Did she tell you that?"

"It was her friend who inadvertently revealed it. Ms. Bennett seems keen on keeping it under wraps," Hank explained.

The scenario replayed in Caden's mind like a film from start to finish.

Reflecting on his phone call that night, he had suspected Alicia had valid reasons.

She loathed Joshua. How could she possibly consent to be with him?

That was why he didn't end the call when Joshua hinted at it.

He was waiting for Alicia to say, "Caden, come get me."

He would have rushed to her immediately.

But Alicia remained silent, and by morning she appeared with fresh attire and marks on her neck.

She continued to withhold any explanation.

Not even when he inquired.

Caden's expression was as grim as the ocean during a storm.

He provided Hank with a contact's details. "Invite this competitor of the Green family to dinner tonight. Make sure to treat him well."

Hank noted the information. "Got it, Mr. Ward."

Given the significant hurdle, Joshua would likely seek financial support from the Green family.

Should the Green family face their own challenges at this juncture, they would not be able to assist Joshua.

Essentially, Joshua was in for a difficult period.

Once Caden ascended the stairs, he dialed Alicia's number.

Alicia had just said goodbye to Monica and was on her way back to the hotel.

Her response was nonchalant. "What do you want?"

Caden was in his living room. "When will you replace my living room sofa?"

The morning's quarrel flashed in Alicia's mind—Caden had berated her for staining his sofa, and she had hastily promised to replace it.

Commitments must be honored.

She inquired, "Where did you purchase the sofa? I'll arrange for an identical one to be delivered."

"It's a limited edition model. They don't make it anymore."

She found herself at a loss for words.

Realizing the extent of his high-end and luxurious possessions, she reluctantly accepted. "How much did it cost? I'll buy another of equal value."

Caden's reply was uncompromising. "I want the original one."

Alicia managed to keep her cool. "But it's no longer available, is it?"

"That sounds like a personal problem," Caden retorted.

Alicia distanced the phone from her and swore softly.

Yet Caden caught every word.

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 +120 Points at most


His tone icy, he warned, "Next time you criticize me, ensure you're muted."

"I wanted to get under your skin," Alicia thought.

"So, what's your proposal?" Aware that Caden was purposefully complicating matters, Alicia resolved to confront the issue directly.

Caden stated bluntly, "Come here, and we'll talk face to face."



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