

Chapter 51 Think About Me

Alicia had just arrived home when she picked up the phone to reassure Monica of her safety.

Upon hearing her voice, Monica's relief was palpable. "Caden didn't pick on you, did he?"

Alicia glanced at her bandaged arm and replied softly, "No."

It was Joshua who had confronted her.

To steady her nerves, Alicia drank some water.

"Monica, tomorrow I'm headed to the Yates Mansion."

Monica's response was sharp. "Why?"

Alicia outlined her strategy briefly.

She noticed Joshua's persistence, which oddly played to her benefit at the moment.

In her quest for swift and effective evidence gathering, involvement was essential.

Monica's concern was evident. "What if something unexpected occurs? You're completely on your own."

Alicia let out a small chuckle. "Staying away doesn't make life any easier. It's worth the risk."


The vicious cycle of revenge was something she knew she had to escape.

The longer it persisted, the more detrimental it became for her friends.

Monica, coming to terms with Alicia's decision, offered help. "What can I do to assist?"

After a pause, Alicia responded, "Could you find me a few books?"

"What sort of books are you looking for?"

After the call, Alicia showered, during which she accidentally aggravated a burn blister. 

The pain was sharp, and it conjured memories of the restaurant incident.

When the police had arrived that night, chaos ensued as the crowd dispersed.

Only Caden had come forward, soothing her burn with ice from a plate calmly.

His simple act profoundly affected her, providing unexpected comfort amidst the turmoil.

Back in the present, she applied more ointment to her arm.

That night, as she lay awake, the events replayed in her mind. Restless, she eventually sent a message to Caden.

"Think you a lot." Only after sending did she realize the typo.

Panic set in as she tried to recall the message, but in her frantic state, she deleted it by mistake.

Overwhelmed, she sighed heavily and massaged her temples.

Caden's message came after a pause. "Think about me? What exactly?"

Finding it difficult to breathe, Alicia managed to respond, "Sorry, it was a typo. I meant to say thanks a lot."

"Why didn't you just correct it then?" Caden questioned.

"I ended up deleting the message by mistake," Alicia explained.

"That seems like a cliched way to admit feelings," Caden texted back.

Alicia's eyes widened in surprise.

Admit feelings?

Caden had a knack for saying things that overwhelmed her.

Even through the digital screen, she could envision his teasing smirk.

He was both charming and exasperating.

Alicia rubbed her warm cheeks, chastised herself quietly, then reassured herself it was merely a typo—everyone erred at times.

Once she regained her composure, she responded, "Thanks for taking care of my arm tonight."

"Is a single sentence all the thanks I get? That seems insincere," Caden retorted.

She acknowledged his point.

"I'll make sure my thanks isn't just in words. Count on it," she replied.

Caden initially smiled at her message.

But a sudden memory made him stop smiling, and he tossed his phone aside, bored.

Alicia's next message vibrated his phone. "Send me your address, and I'll mail you a thank you gift."

"No need. Keep it," Caden responded.

Alicia was taken aback.

She felt an inexplicable chill.

What was happening?

Didn't he want a gift?

His unpredictability was baffling.

Concerned he might use this against her later, Alicia decided to send a gift anyway, arranging overnight delivery to his office.

The following morning dawned.

Caden woke at six, having already been working for hours when Hank arrived.

"Mr. Ward, your breakfast is ready," Hank announced, setting down the food and a bag. "There's also a package from a local pharmacy. Are you feeling okay, Mr. Ward?"

Caden looked up, curious. "Who sent it?"

"It's confidential, no details available," said Hank as he opened the package to reveal a box of medicine.

The label on it shocked him into widening his eyes.

Hank was astonished. "Mr. Ward, it's risky to use this medication without caution. It could be harmful!"

Caden's attention shifted slowly from Hank to the box of Viagra in front of him.

He, too, was shocked.

It was the same Viagra Alicia had given him that evening.