

Chapter 64 She Acts So Well

As Joshua spoke, he staggered back, spitting a mouthful of blood into the trash can.

Among the blood was a small shard of glass.

His expression shifted as he tilted the bowl in his hand, revealing more shards settled at the bottom.

"What the hell is this?" Joshua's voice cut through the air, firm and angry.

The room descended into chaos.

Shelia rushed to his side, her voice laced with worry. "You're bleeding? How did this happen? Let me see where you're hurt!"

Joshua's face twisted in fury as he glared across the room at Georgia, who looked more than a little guilty. "Care to explain why there are glass shards in the soup?"

Georgia, as sly as ever, feigned innocence. "Glass shards? How could that even happen?"

Alicia, seeing the moment, played along.

She took a shaky step back, pretending her legs were weak with shock. "If Joshua had swallowed— his throat would have been shredded!"

She gasped, grabbing his arm with a look of concern. "Did you swallow any? Are you alright?"

Joshua's tense expression softened slightly. "No."

Shelia let out a breath of relief, but her eyes shot daggers at Georgia.

"Useless," Shelia thought. "Georgia can't do anything right."

Shelia stepped in, attempting to smooth things over. "Georgia probably



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Shelia stepped in, attempting to smooth things over. "Georgia probably wasn't paying attention. Maybe something broke and fell into the soup without her noticing."

Georgia quickly jumped on that excuse. "I'm sorry, Mr. Yates. I didn't mean to. Ms. Bennett pushed me earlier, and I felt dizzy—"

Joshua slammed the bowl down with a loud thud.

"You've been working here for years!" he snapped angrily. "How could you make such a stupid mistake?"

Georgia, knowing how to play the situation to her advantage, knelt down, tears brimming in her eyes. "Mr. Yates, I truly didn't mean to."

Being an older woman, her kneeling seemed pitiable, and refusing to forgive her might make anyone appear heartless.

But Joshua wasn't the kind to be swayed by such things.

With Shelia present, he turned coldly to his mother. "Mom, she's your responsibility."

Turning to Alicia, Joshua pulled her close, checking her mouth with concern. "Are you alright? Did you get hurt?"

Alicia shook her head.

"I only took a small sip."

She played the role of the caring, composed woman effortlessly.

Shelia's expression darkened, but she couldn't intervene and separate them.

Still kneeling, Georgia suddenly broke the silence. "Ms. Bennett, did you

do it on purpose?"

The room fell silent once again, the tension thick.

Alicia, genuinely surprised, asked, "Georgia, why would you say that?"

Tears streaking down her face, Georgia sobbed. "You don't like me. You pushed me into the pond earlier today, and even then, you weren't satisfied. So, you secretly added glass shards to the soup to frame me."

Alicia stood there, speechless.

If she could, she would've applauded Georgia's performance.

What a talented actress!

Georgia wiped her face dramatically. "I know I'm not likable, but if you have a problem with me, come at me directly. Why give the soup to Mr. Yates? What if something had happened to him?"

Shelia, not missing a beat, jumped in. "That's why you refused to drink it, Alicia! You were waiting for Joshua to come back, so you could hurt him!"

Alicia, her eyes now red, responded calmly. "But it was Georgia who brought the soup."

"Maybe you hid the glass shards beforehand and threw them in when no one was looking!" Georgia quickly added, fueling the accusation.

Alicia pressed her lips together, her gaze fixed on Joshua, her eyes filling with tears. "Do you think it was me too?"

She tried to make the tears flow to make her plea more convincing, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't summon the emotions.

Desperate, she resorted to physical pain.

Alicia pinched her arm harshly behind her back.

The sharp pain worked, causing her to burst into real tears, even letting out a soft sob.

Joshua had never seen her cry like this before.

His heart softened instantly, and he pulled her into his arms. "I believe you. I'll take care of this."

Alicia leaned into him, continuing her act, sobbing quietly against his chest. "No one here likes me. I should just leave. We can go our separate ways, but please don't let me be the reason your relationship with your mother is ruined."

Shelia stood frozen, unable to say a word.

Georgia, equally stunned, couldn't react.

They had never seen Alicia put on such a convincing performance before.

Jerald, fed up with the constant arguing, slammed his hand on the table. "Enough! You're all making a scene over something trivial!"

Georgia, not wanting to worsen the situation, quickly stood and moved aside without a word.

Jerald rose to his feet, hands firmly pressed on the table.

His eyes bore into Joshua and Caden. "Both of you, come with me to the study. There's something we need to discuss."

Shelia stepped forward, attempting to calm him. "Jerald, maybe we should eat first. Let's talk after dinner, okay?"

Jerald roughly brushed her off. "Stay out of it!"

With his medication freshly taken, Jerald wasn't as frail as he usually appeared. He marched toward the study, with Joshua and Caden following behind.

As the door clicked shut behind them, the room grew eerily quiet, leaving the women alone.

Shelia dropped her facade, her gaze turning sharp as she glared at Alicia. "You've certainly gotten craftier since the divorce. No wonder Joshua still keeps you around."

Alicia calmly wiped away the lingering tears from her face, her voice sweet yet cutting. "Mrs. Yates, maybe next time, be a bit more careful. If

those glass shards had really caused serious injury, it would've been quite the problem.*

Shelia's expression darkened slightly.

Alicia leaned back, rubbing her temple as a wave of dizziness hit her.

Just then, loud shouting erupted from the study, shattering the silence.