

## Chapter 65 Being Injured

In the study, Jerald's anger was palpable.

After gathering himself, he had gone over the Yates Group's financial reports and discovered that Joshua had secretly diverted a significant amount of money.

Joshua immediately apologized, explaining where the funds had gone.

But when Jerald learned that Caden had a hand in the scheme, his fury erupted.

"Caden, you've spent years with the Ward family. I could overlook the fact that you haven't contributed anything to me. But to come back here and plot against your own brother? How could you stoop so low?"

Caden, long familiar with Jerald's constant favoritism toward Joshua, remained unfazed.

With an indifferent expression, he responded, "So, you called me here for this nonsense? I'm not interested."

He turned to leave, but Joshua quickly blocked his path.

The two locked eyes in a tense standoff.

"Caden," Joshua said, gaining confidence from Jerald's presence, "Dad's right. We're family, and what you did went too far."

Caden smirked, his gaze cold. "I didn't do anything. You handed over the money willingly."

Joshua's voice tightened. "You knew about my relationship with Lilliana and used it to trap me, didn't you?"

"When you asked for my help, your tone was quite different," Caden replied, his words laced with mockery.



Joshua's expression shifted, realizing how he'd been played.

"Enough!" Jerald shouted, his patience wearing thin. "Caden, give back the money, and we'll forget this ever happened!"

Caden's smile remained devoid of warmth. "Will that little amount satisfy you?" he asked mockingly. "Why don't I just hand over the entire Ward family while I'm at it?"

Jerald, seething with anger at Caden's defiance, reached for something on the desk to throw.

Caden didn't flinch.

He knew Jerald all too well—lots of threats but never any real consequences.

Jerald had climbed to his position through his marriage, relying on force to control those around him. But he lacked the true power to harm anyone.

Even in his rage, Jerald understood one thing clearly—Caden wasn't just his son. He was the firstborn grandson of the powerful Ward family, their pride and joy.

Caden didn't even blink, his icy gaze directly taunting Jerald.

Jerald, enraged, turned crimson with anger and began hurling whatever he could get his hands on.

Outside, the thunder rumbled, blending with Jerald's furious shouts. "You bastard! You're as much trouble as your mother!"

Alicia's heart raced as she listened to the muffled chaos.

She moved toward the study door, her pulse quickening. Just as she reached it, a loud crash echoed—something had broken.

Without thinking, she pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Jerald was mid-motion, picking up another object, poised to throw it at Caden.

Alicia, acting on impulse, rushed forward.

"Jerald!" she cried out.

But Jerald, blinded by rage, swung the object toward her instead.

Alicia hadn't expected him to lose control so completely. She instinctively raised her arms to protect her face, bracing for impact.

A gust of wind brushed past her.

She caught a familiar scent, and when she opened her eyes, she was met with Caden's shadowed face. Her gaze then dropped to his shoulder, where his shirt had torn, revealing a wound. Blood seeped from the fabric.

She froze, her first instinct to help him, but with Joshua watching, she held herself back.

The depth of the wound was unclear, yet Caden's expression remained stone cold, his face betraying no pain. His presence exuded a frigid aura that sent a chill through the room.

Joshua noticed it too.

His eyes flickered with unease as he approached Jerald.

"Dad, stop throwing things," he said, gripping Jerald's arm, his eyes shifting between Caden and Alicia. "Caden's hurt."

Joshua glanced meaningfully at Alicia.

Aware of his gaze, Alicia stayed perfectly still, her face pale but her emotions concealed.

In front of her, Caden's chest rose and fell, his muscles tense, veins bulging beneath his skin.

Alicia could feel the restraint in him. She could see how tightly he held himself back. After a tense pause, Caden turned and left the study without uttering a word.

As the door closed behind him, Jerald let out a shaky breath, muttering bitterly, "Son of a bitch, daring to stand against me like this, thinking he's

Joshua calmed Jerald down, guiding him to sit before turning his attention to Alicia.

"Are you hurt?" he asked gently.

Alicia, looking shaken, shook her head in a daze.

Before he could ask anything else, she spoke up, her voice trembling. "I thought Jerald was going to hurt you, so I stepped in—"

Joshua had seen her love for him in the past, so he didn't question her sincerity.

He let out a thoughtful hum. "I didn't expect Caden to take that hit for you. It confirms what I've been thinking."

Alicia's mind drifted to Caden's wound, a frown creasing her brow.

Avoiding Joshua's gaze, she muttered, "I'll clean up the study."

"There's no need," Joshua said, gently taking her hand and giving it a reassuring pat. "Let Georgia handle it." He glanced toward the door. "Go help in the kitchen. I need to talk to Dad."

Alicia nodded absently and walked away, her thoughts elsewhere.

As she left, Jerald, still catching his breath, grumbled, "You two are divorced, so why does everything between you still seem so unresolved?"