

## Chapter 7 Found The Ring

Alicia soaked in the warmth of the bath, letting the gentle steam wrap around her like a cocoon.

When Monica found out that it was Caden who brought Alicia back, she couldn't stop gabbing, her eyes flashing with excitement.

"The Yates family scandal was the juiciest talk of the town back in the day! Who would've guessed Caden would return? And now, with the way he's built a name for himself, it's not like he needs the inheritance, right? So, why show up at all? To make Joshua's life a living hell? Oh my god, it's like a soap opera come to life—two brothers at each other's throats. One's your soon-to-be ex-husband, the other's your nemesis. So, who're you rooting for, Alicia?"

But Alicia's mind was elsewhere, and Monica's constant yammering had long faded into the background.

"Alicia? Hey, earth to Alicia!"

Only then did Alicia snap back to reality. "Huh? Sorry, did you say something just now?"

"You okay? You seem... distracted." Monica's eyes narrowed with concern, pressing her hand gently against Alicia's forehead. "You're not coming down with something, are you?"

Alicia shook her head, but the fog in her mind lingered. "I'm fine," she murmured, her thoughts wandering again.

Was Caden really the man from that fateful night?

The scent, the way he moved, the sound of his voice— it was all too familiar.

She tried to recall the details from that night. The private cinema had been cloaked in shadows, the only light coming from the faint glow of the screen.

Moreover, she had been so lost in the moment that she hadn't bothered to study the man's face.

Alicia frowned. A sinking feeling kept gnawing at her...

With a frustrated sigh, she pushed those thoughts to the back of her head, she climbed out of the tub and dried herself off, wringing out her wet hair.

Just as she was wrapping herself in a towel, her phone buzzed on the counter.

She glanced at the screen and frowned deeper. Joshua, again.

He had been calling non-stop. Without hesitation, Alicia blocked his number, her finger tapping the screen with finality.

As soon as she emerged from the bathroom, she found Monica standing by the window. Just as the latter was about to draw the curtains, Alicia caught sight of Joshua's car pulling away from the driveway.

"Would you look at that," Monica sneered in disdain. "What's his problem? Acting like he's suddenly madly in love with you after all this time?"

With a shrug, Alicia plopped down onto the bed.

Love? Joshua?

The thought alone made her want to laugh. If he actually gave a damn about her, he wouldn't have abandoned her in the rain.

No, she was done with him—for good.

As the two girls were drifting off to sleep, Monica suddenly sat bolt upright in bed.

"Alicia, I just remembered—the person who bought the drug wasn't Joshua." After a slight pause, she continued, "My senior mentioned the buyer was someone named Lillian. Is that the name of Joshua's secretary or something?"

Alicia turned onto her side, gripping Monica's arm as if steadying herself.

Her mind raced, sifting through every possible "Lillian" connected to Joshua.

There were too many, each name blurring into the next, making it impossible to single out who it could be.

But there was one thing she knew—Joshua never told anyone about their wedding anniversary. Only someone close, someone truly significant, would know such a secret.

That woman—the one he protected so fiercely.

Alicia's lips pressed into a thin line as she whispered, "Thanks, Monica. You've been a great help. For tonight, let's try and get some rest."

She exhaled softly, knowing she needed a good night's sleep if she wanted to get back at those who wronged her.

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The next morning, her phone buzzed with a call from an unfamiliar number.

"Ms. Bennett, we've found what you've been looking for, but you'll have to claim it yourself. I'll send you the address shortly."

Alicia's first instinct was to keep her guard up, lest this be a scam.

However, upon stealing a glance at her phone screen, she changed her mind. The number was a luxury one, and no scammer would waste money on that.

"What exactly are you talking about?" she asked carefully.

"Your wedding ring."

Oh.

Her thoughts immediately spiraled back to the man from that night.

At this, her heart leaped to her throat.

The caller abruptly hung up on her, and seconds later, she received a

text with the address.

Her breath caught in her throat as she read the words "Blizzard Building."

The Blizzard Building was owned by the founder of Crest Group, a cutting-edge tech company renowned around the globe for its cloud robots and high-tech microchips.

Her mind reeled. Who on earth had she slept with that night?

Bewildered, Alicia double-checked the address, eyes widening at the final detail – the address specified the CEO's office.

"Oh, my God."

Later that day, on her way to the Blizzard Building, Alicia quickly looked up the list of Crest Group shareholders.

Hmm... They all had foreign-sounding names, each of them over fifty.

Foreigners...

No wonder the man's member was so... huge.

Flustered, Alicia patted her burning cheeks, feeling a whirlwind of emotions.

Standing before the towering, sleek logo of the Blizzard Building, Alicia couldn't shake the surreal feeling that clung to her.

Was this some kind of trap?

Her thoughts turned dark, one unsettling possibility after another creeping into her mind.

Out of caution, she picked up a few self-defense items before stepping through the entrance.

Just as she crossed the lobby and stepped inside the elevator, a car pulled into the driveway behind her.

The car door swung open, and Lilliana stepped out, followed by Joshua.

She clutched his hand tightly, face etched with worry. "Joshua, can you

really handle this?"

Since returning to the country, Caden had acquired several entertainment companies— one of which Lilliana had invested in.

As a pop star on the way to the top, her career was thrown into disarray when Caden unexpectedly intervened.

Joshua's eyes remained fixed on the imposing building ahead, his expression unreadable. "Caden's issues with me are personal. If he drags you into this, it'll only tarnish his own name. Don't worry. I'll talk to him."

Lilliana clung to him, her big, doe-like eyes welling up with tears.

"Please, Joshua! You have to help me! I worked so hard to get to where I am today!"

"I said, don't worry. I've got this." He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze, though his gaze never left the building.

Meanwhile, Alicia stood outside the CEO's office, her path blocked by the high-tech security system.

The red light kept flashing above her, and the robotic voice kept blaring a warning of an unauthorized breach.

Hank appeared beside her, his face stone-cold. "Ms. Bennett, hand over the items."

