

Chapter 92 Horny

Alicia kept her face blank and got straight to the point. "Do you really think I should be the one getting blamed in the kitchen right now?"

Her bluntness caught Joshua off guard.

He couldn't think of a retort, because he knew that things had changed between them, and he no longer felt comfortable speaking harshly to her.

Carefully choosing his words, he said, "Georgia's been with my mom for years. She's practically part of the family, so she has her moments. You're younger—what's wrong with giving her a break?"

Alicia absentmindedly touched her wound, showing no reaction.

She remained quiet.

Joshua sighed and led her into the living room, taking out a band-aid to gently tend to her injury.

"In the past, when I brought you here, didn't you work non-stop from morning till night just to make a good impression? It's just one meal. How exhausting can it really be?"

Alicia pulled her hand away from his. "I never said I wouldn't cook."

"You caused the pot to break on purpose. Isn't that your way of making a statement?"

Alicia didn't know how to respond.

"It was Georgia who broke it," she finally said.

Joshua was convinced she was just shifting the blame.

"But in the end, it's still your fault," he replied. "You already hold a special position here. I'm not around much. Can't you just tolerate a bit more to make things easier for me?"

Alicia said nothing more at this point.

She had been furious just moments ago, but as Joshua continued with his absurd remarks, a strange calm washed over her.

At some point, she had stopped feeling anything when it came to Joshua.

Whatever he did or said, it no longer stirred any emotion in her.

So this was what indifference felt like.

"You can't stand seeing me idle, can you?" she said flatly. "Fine. I'll go help Georgia. If my blood ends up in the food, that's your problem."

Joshua frowned. "Alicia, there's no need to be sarcastic."

Alicia fell silent, choosing not to say anything else.

Had it not been for unfinished business, she might have slapped him right there.

The air between them grew thick with tension.

Alicia knew Joshua cared too much about appearances to come near her anytime soon.

So after her shower, she locked the door and pulled out her phone to check the file Caden had sent.

A password was required to open the document.

The software only allowed one incorrect attempt before locking it permanently.

Alicia didn't dare risk it. After making sure no one was nearby, she called Caden.

The phone rang for a while.

Just as she was about to hang up, a groggy voice answered, sounding like he had just woken from a nap. "What is it?"

The tone was almost like a lover's murmur.



Perhaps because they had been intimate more than once, Alicia's heart skipped a beat. "The file you sent me needs a password. What is it?"

There was a pause before Caden replied.

He pried his eyes open, realizing it was already night.

He couldn't remember exactly when he had dozed off.

All he knew was that both his body and mind felt completely at ease. After Alicia left, he had planned to rest on the sofa for just a moment.

With the lingering cold and several nights of poor sleep catching up to him, he drifted into a deep, exhausted slumber the second he shut his eyes.

It felt oddly satisfying.

However, he couldn't quite figure out why it felt good.

It had been a peaceful, dreamless sleep. It took Caden a few seconds to process her question, and then he finally answered, "The password is my birthday."

Caught off guard, Alicia asked, "And when is that?"

Caden's stubbornness flared up. "Go look it up yourself."

Alicia sighed in frustration. "Really? Can't you just tell me?"

"No," he replied curtly.

Alicia found herself speechless once again.

It seemed she'd have to figure it out herself.

Since birthdays had multiple digits, she wasn't sure how long the password would be or which part to use, so she kept the call connected, just in case she needed to ask him something else.

She quickly pulled up Caden's personal details online.

"How many digits is the password?" Alicia asked over the phone.

There was a faint rustling on the other end of the line, like the sound of fabric shifting.

Caden's voice came through, accompanied by the sound of footsteps.

"It has six digits."

"But your birthday has eight digits. I don't have to include the first two?" asked Alicia.

"Correct," he confirmed.

Thereafter, Alicia carefully entered the password.

It didn't take long until the file was unlocked.

Alicia let out a breath of relief and was about to hang up when she suddenly heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper being undone on the other end.

Recognizing it immediately from past encounters with Caden, her heart skipped a beat.

"What are you doing?" Alicia was startled.

Surely, it couldn't be what she was thinking. Could he really be that desperate?

Caden paused for a moment and asked, "Why? Are you curious?"

Alicia's instincts told her nothing good could come from this. She was about to refuse when the clear sound of running water echoed through the phone.


She couldn't comprehend what he was thinking.

Caden casually said, "Did you hear that? I'm just taking a leak."

Alicia silently cursed him under her breath.

"I didn't expect you to be into this sort of thing," Caden said. He made it sound like he was discussing something completely ordinary.

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 +120 Points at most

It was as if Alicia was the one being inappropriate.

Alicia rubbed her forehead, and didn't even bother to chastise him for his actions.

Without missing a beat, she replied dryly, "Sounds like your urination's got a problem of bifurcation. Maybe see a doctor when you get a chance. Men's health issues only get worse the longer you ignore them."



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