

## Chapter 118 Make Something Else

Alicia's injuries weren't too serious. After three days in the hospital, she was feeling nearly back to her usual self.

However, the doctor recommended that she should stay under observation for a little longer due to her head injury.

"Could I go home just for tonight?" Alicia asked. "I can come back early tomorrow for the IV."

The doctor gave her a questioning look. "Is there something urgent you need to handle?"

Alicia was hesitant to respond.

It wasn't exactly urgent, but if she ignored it, she'd feel uneasy.

"Yes," she answered, scratching her head nervously. Unfortunately, she brushed against her wound, causing her to wince in pain. "There's, um, a burst pipe at my house. No one's there to take care of it, and I need to get the property manager involved."

The doctor looked at her with concern. "Are you sure you should be dealing with that in your condition? Can't you ask someone else for help?"

Alicia raised an eyebrow. "Is my condition that serious?"

"Not exactly, but you need to avoid overexertion. Even if you go home, make sure you rest as much as possible."

"I'll make sure to be careful," Alicia assured the doctor.

Seeing her determination, the doctor eventually allowed her to leave.

"Be sure to come see me first thing tomorrow morning."

brushed against her wound, causing her to wince in pain. "There's, um, a burst pipe at my house. No one's there to take care of it, and I need to get the property manager involved."

The doctor looked at her with concern. "Are you sure you should be dealing with that in your condition? Can't you ask someone else for help?"

Alicia raised an eyebrow. "Is my condition that serious?"

"Not exactly, but you need to avoid overexertion. Even if you go home, make sure you rest as much as possible."

"I'll make sure to be careful," Alicia assured the doctor.

Seeing her determination, the doctor eventually allowed her to leave.

"Be sure to come see me first thing tomorrow morning."

"Understood."

By the time Alicia left the hospital, it was already past eight in the evening.

The temperature had dropped noticeably. The chill of autumn surprised her as she stepped outside.

Three days had passed since Alicia last reached out to Caden. As she typed a message, a feeling of unease crept in. She asked him, "Are you done with work?"

This was usually Caden's busiest time of the day.

Over ten minutes went by before his reply came in. "What's up?"

Alicia responded, "Never mind. Just focus on your work."

Caden replied quickly, "What? Just say it."

Alicia could almost picture his impatient expression from his short reply.

With a small smile, she texted back, "You helped me out at the Gray family's place, and I did promise to cook you a meal. I'm free today. How about I make good on that promise?"

Right after sending it, she worried he might take it the wrong way, so she added, "So I won't keep owing you favors."

Caden read the message half an hour later.

His mood changed, and he decided to wrap up the discussion at hand.

"We'll pick this up tomorrow," he said, rising from his chair. He grabbed his coat and added, "We're done for the day."

Hank rubbed his tired eyes as he followed behind. "It's quite late, sir. You haven't had dinner yet. Would you like me to order something for you?"

Thereafter, Caden got into the driver's seat.

"Don't bother. I'll have dinner at home."

Hank stood beside the car, confused. "You're cooking tonight?"

Caden glanced at him briefly. "Someone's making dinner for me."

Hank's eyes widened. "Did you hire a chef, Mr. Ward?" He quickly ran towards the passenger door and asked, "Can I join you for dinner?"

Before Hank could reach the handle, Caden drove off, leaving him behind.

Hank watched in disbelief, completely stunned.

Who exactly was this mysterious cook?

Alicia leaned against the wall, trying to steady herself. Just as she felt her knees weakening and prepared to crouch, the elevator doors opened, revealing Caden stepping out.

Upon seeing him, she got up and looked at him.

The corridor lights were bright, but the wind flowing through carried a biting chill. He noticed her reddened eyes were clear and focused despite the cold.

Before he could ask a question, Alicia stated, "I haven't been waiting long. It took me half an hour to get groceries, and then I saw your message about coming back."

Caden did a quick calculation. It took him about twenty minutes to drive home.

She must have been here for quite some time.

He first checked the bump on her head, noting that it had gone down considerably.

Then, his gaze shifted to her hands.

Alicia was carrying bags of groceries.

The straps dug into her fingers, making them red.

Caden took off his coat and placed it over her shoulders. He then reached out to enter the door code.

"Did they discharge you already?" he asked. His voice had grown weary from a long day.

Alicia felt the warmth of his coat and stammered, "No... I just got permission to leave for a while."

The door unlocked with a click.

After hearing her response, Caden turned and looked at her.

"Seems like you were eager to come over," he said with a small smile.

Alicia's pale face turned red as she quickly replied, "That's not it! I just came to cook for you!"

"That's what I was saying," Caden replied, taking the grocery bags from her and then holding her hand. "What did you think I meant?"

Alicia didn't know what to say.

"You always fall for the same trick," Caden remarked.

She looked at their hands, still clasped together. His warmth and the feel of his skin tugged at her emotions.

Her face grew even redder, and she quickly pulled her hand away.

Caden ignored her reaction.

"Change your shoes," he said.

There were no shoes for her here, but he had a new pair she could use.

Her feet were much smaller than his. His shoes were size 10H. They were too big for her. As she stepped into them, they clattered loudly when she walked.

Caden poured a glass of warm water and was about to call her over when he saw her heading straight to the kitchen instead.

Her injury still hadn't healed, so her movements were slow.

There was a certain grace to the way she moved.

Under the warm lighting, Caden felt a comforting sense of calm after three hectic days.

He walked over, holding the glass of water. "If it's too much, don't push yourself. You've owed me this meal for three days; a few more won't make a difference."

Alicia glanced back at him. "But I'm already here, aren't I?"

Seeing how determined she was, Caden stated, "If you're worried about not doing enough, then make something different."

Alicia looked at him, puzzled. "Make what?"

Caden pressed his lips together.

With a serious expression, he said, "Love."

Alicia stared at him, unable to utter a word.

