



## Chapter 12 Flirting With A Married Woman

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Caden's gaze shifted to Hank, his eyes hard as steel.

The silence that followed was suffocating, seeping into every corner of the room like a thick fog.

Hank could feel the tension pressing down on his chest, and a shiver snaked down his spine. Swallowing hard, he straightened his posture and stammered, "I-I'm sorry, Mr. Ward. This was my mistake. You have full authority to handle it however you see fit."

Caden's lips twitched into a faint, dismissive smile. "Hmm, no year-end bonus for you, Hank. Good thing, too, since I've been thinking of upgrading my car."

Well...

Despite the cold remark, Hank maintained his composure and dutifully launched into his brief report of the day's failed meeting.

His voice lowered as he reached the more delicate details. "Mr. Joshua Yates, however, sent quite a few rather generous gifts and deposited a hefty sum into our account. He said it was just a little gesture, to make sure Lilliana's future is safe and sound."

Joshua's obvious attempt at securing favor made Caden chuckle under his breath.

It also brought to mind the look in Alicia's eye before she had left that morning.

What was she up to now?

A flicker of anticipation sparked in Caden's eyes as he finally spoke again. "This woman, Lilliana..."

He paused deliberately, shooting Hank a meaningful look.

Hank, ever quick on the uptake, nodded obediently. "She made her debut in the entertainment industry thanks to her family's financial backing. For a while, she floated under the radar, but last year she struck gold with a hit song and rose to fame overnight. Her popularity's been climbing ever since. I'll compile all the details on her background and email it to you shortly."

Caden's expression remained impassive, almost bored. "Since they've bought her way in, I won't waste the opportunity. Let Joshua know—I'll ensure his precious lover is well taken care of."

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Now that she had the ring, Alicia whisked Monica away to a lavish dinner at one of the city's finest restaurants.

The two clinked crystal glasses gleefully, the crisp sound echoing across the hall.

Monica wrinkled her nose in disgust. "I never would have guessed Lilliana would sink so low as to become someone's mistress." She rolled her eyes dramatically before adding, "And getting pregnant before marriage? If her fans ever find out, there'll be a full-blown scandal!"

Alicia took a measured sip of her drink, a faint, knowing smile curving her lips. "She's playing with fire," she mused softly. "And eventually, she'll get burned. She got pregnant far too early. Once she gives birth, hiding it will be impossible. Sooner or later, she'll slip up."

However, Monica still simmered with indignation, her eyes flashing. "Are you seriously going to let those two scumbags get away with this?"

Alicia, however, had long since let go of any desire for revenge. Her voice was calm, her words measured.

"I couldn't care less about their relationship, but Lilliana drugging me is a different story. That, I won't forgive so easily."

Monica's fists clenched as she rolled up her sleeves, as though revving up the engines of war. "Say the word, and I'll round up a few of my guys to take care of things for you."

"No need." Alicia chuckled lightly, shaking her head. "I have my own ways of dealing with things."

Monica, seeing her friend so poised in the face of adversity, couldn't help but sigh with admiration. It reminded her of the good old days.

"You've really changed since you've decided to dump that jerk. Back when you were locking horns with Caden, you were so alive, with your fiery spirit and competitiveness. Now, it feels like the old Alicia is back!"

Alicia couldn't help but chuckle at Monica's words, immediately thinking about her little scheme from earlier that day.

If everything went according to plan, the people in the meeting room would've gotten quite the surprise today.

Caden's expression must have been priceless—dark as a thundercloud, no doubt.

She couldn't help but smirk at the thought.

"What's so funny, Alicia?" Monica's eyes narrowed at her curiously.

Alicia quickly composed herself, suppressing the mischievous grin that had threatened to give her away. "Oh, nothing. I just... hit my funny bone while eating, that's all."

Monica blinked in confusion. "Wait, you eat with your armpit now?"

Before Alicia could respond, her phone buzzed in her hand. She glanced down to see a message from Caden.

It read, "Nice photography skills."

Alicia snorted, rolling her eyes.

Another message popped up almost instantly. "Satisfied with the size?"

Even through the text, she could imagine his signature smug grin.

So infuriating!

Alicia's lips twitched, and she quickly typed out a reply. "Too small.



Honestly, it's an eyesore."

A pause, then another message flashed on her screen. "Oh? Well, still better than my pathetic brother. Took me two minutes to break what he couldn't after two years."

Her fingers froze, her eyes widening as the double meaning sank in.

Her heart gave an unsteady thump, and a wave of heat rushed to her face.

With a frustrated huff, she slammed her phone down on the table, but the words lingered, his implication twisting in her mind. Her pulse quickened in irritation as she snatched the phone back up and typed furiously. "Don't flatter yourself, Mr. Ward. I've undergone hymen repair surgery." ④

Caden, lounging in a dimly lit booth at a sleek bar, chuckled as he read her response.

The amber glow from his glass of whiskey reflected off his sharp features, his lips curving into a devilishly charming smile.

Gerry Hopkins, his ever-inquisitive friend, raised an eyebrow from across the table. "What the hell are you looking at now? You've got that seductive smirk on again."

Caden simply shook his head, locking the phone and setting it down with an amused gleam in his eyes.

"Just flirting with a married woman," he replied lazily, as though he was talking about something as trivial as the weather.

Gerry sat bolt upright, eyebrows raised in disbelief. "Since when did you get so desperate?"

Caden didn't bother with a response, opting instead to drain the glass of liquor in one swift motion.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed, lending him a raw and magnetic appeal that was hard to ignore.

Yet, despite his striking looks, women rarely lingered around him. His



aloof nature made him seem untouchable—cold, distant, like a devil carved from ice.

Curiosity piqued, Gerry leaned in slightly. "And whose wife was charming enough to break through that... peculiar condition of yours?"

Caden's expression remained unreadable, his voice flat. "Maybe I was never sick to begin with."

The idea of romance had never lingered in his mind. In his eyes, it was a mere indulgence he never had the time or inclination for.

Alicia just happened to be in the right place at the right time.

Soon, the bar came to life as the evening crowd filled the room, mostly beautiful women.

With Caden's good looks, he instantly became the center of attention, whether he liked it or not.

A stunning woman with wavy hair approached, her gaze lingering on him as she offered a flirtatious smile. "Mind if I get your number?"

Caden's gaze slid up to meet hers. He could appreciate her flawless face and the graceful curve of her body, but he had zero interest in her.

"Sorry, but I already have a partner."

He let the poor girl down easy, gesturing lazily toward Gerry.

The woman blinked, surprise flashing across her features before she quickly apologized and retreated.

Gerry let out a long sigh. "Who're you calling 'partner'? You're really something else, Caden, using me as your excuse for... impotence."

Caden shot him a look but couldn't muster the energy to argue.

Instead, he offered his friend a compensation of sorts. "Your new movie's releasing next month, right? I'll get Lilliana to write a song for it—free of charge."

Gerry's indignant expression softened, a smirk tugging at the corner of his

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mouth. "Now that's more like it."

 +120 Points at most

Still, there was something odd about it all. Lilliana, the rising star whose song had catapulted her into fame last year, hadn't produced anything good since then.

Gerry couldn't help but wonder, his tone lowering into suspicion, "Do you think Lilliana actually wrote that song?"

