

Chapter 13 She's His And His Alone

That song—its melody, its heartfelt lyrics, the soulful voice behind it—had captivated the world in an instant.

Thanks to that song, Lilliana became a sensation overnight.

For a moment, it seemed as though she was just beginning her rise to stardom. But who could have foreseen that it was the peak of her fame? Since then, her career had hit a plateau, causing her to fade into the background.

With an indifferent glance, Caden said, "We'll find out soon enough."

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Wasting no time, Alicia tried to arrange a meeting with Joshua to finalize the divorce.

Hours passed before Joshua finally responded, "See you tonight at nine. Let's talk at home."

At precisely nine that evening, Alicia returned to their matrimonial home.

As soon as she pushed open the door, she was greeted by an unexpected sight.

A pair of women's shoes lay carelessly discarded at the entrance, as if the owner had kicked them off in a frenzy.

Alicia's gaze drifted deeper into the room.

A man's suit jacket and a woman's dress were haphazardly strewn across the floor, suggesting something intimate had happened not too long ago.

Her eyes moved upward, landing on the partially open bedroom door on

From within, she could faintly hear the telltale sounds of labored breathing— Joshua's, no doubt.

Alicia smirked as she stepped back, the irony of the situation not lost on her.

"Impressive," she thought wryly. Only a couple of months' pregnant and already back at it with such reckless abandon.

Moments later, her phone buzzed with a message from Joshua. "Where are you?"

Alicia exhaled deeply, steeling herself for what was to come, and walked back inside.

Joshua was already waiting in the living room, seated as if nothing had happened.

His eyes, still glazed with the remnants of desire, swept over her with a calculated air, as if measuring her reaction.

"Where's that bag you always carry?" His voice had a sharp edge, his eyes narrowing as he studied Alicia.

Alicia hesitated for just a moment, unsure of what he was playing at. Then, she calmly retrieved the ring from her purse and held it out for him to see. "Let's sign the agreement," she said evenly, cutting straight to the point. "I don't want anything but what I brought into this marriage. You can keep everything else."

His expression darkened, a storm gathering behind his eyes.

"Nothing at all?" His laugh was bitter, full of disdain. "Stop acting all high and mighty, Alicia." But her firm stance only seemed to fuel his anger. "Before we got married, you gave me everything you could. Now, for two years, you haven't worked a single day, living off of me. Are you sure you can handle losing this cushy life after the divorce?"

"Living off of you?" Alicia's lips curved into an almost mocking smile. "What exactly have you given me these past two years?"

It was true that she had "enjoyed" a meager monthly allowance and the occasional thoughtless gift.

But even the jewelry she once cherished had likely been discarded by Lilliana first.

Luckily, Alicia hadn't completely lost herself after getting married and had taken on some work here and there, saving up a bit of money. She wasn't nearly as helpless as he thought.

Not wanting to waste her breath any longer, Alicia picked up the pen, her hand steady as she swiftly signed her name on the dotted line.

There was no hesitation, no second-guessing.

She then slid the papers across the table toward Joshua with a finality that made the air between them feel heavy. "Go ahead," she said calmly. "Sign it. I know someone's waiting for you upstairs."

Joshua's lips twisted into a cruel smile. "Jealous, are we?" His voice dripped with mockery. "Her skills far surpass yours. Even though she's pregnant, she knows exactly how to keep me satisfied."

But Alicia didn't flinch. The disgust she'd felt for him had long since settled deep within her, dulling any sting his words might have carried. She shrugged, her voice light. "Well, lucky you. Congratulations."

His jaw clenched, his fists tightening until his knuckles were white.

He grabbed the pen and signed with an icy glare, the sound of the pen scratching against paper, threatening to tear it. He practically slammed the pen down afterward. "Alicia," he growled, "don't come crying to me later."

Alicia looked down at the signed agreement, her heart feeling light for the first time in years. It was as if an enormous weight had been lifted, freeing her.

She glanced up at Joshua, her gaze steady. The tenderness she once felt for him was long gone; what they'd once shared now felt like a distant, fleeting dream.

"Don't worry," she said softly, her tone resolute. "I won't."

Her voice, despite being devoid of malice, pierced his heart more deeply than any insult ever could. Joshua's chest tightened painfully, the sting of her words sinking deep like a dagger coated in ice.

With that, Alicia stood up to leave.

But Joshua leapt to his feet, his hand instinctively latching onto her wrist. "Alicia, wait!"

His voice caught in his throat as his eyes landed on the faint hickey on her neck, hidden beneath her collar. The confusion that had swirled inside him moments ago was swept away, leaving only a fierce, unrelenting anger in its place.

"What the hell is that?" he demanded, his tone raw with accusation. "Did you sleep with someone?"

Alicia wrenched her wrist free, her expression frosty. "You've known me long enough to ask smarter questions than that," she said, her words laced with quiet disdain.

Her response set fire to the rage already simmering inside him.

Joshua's eyes darkened as he seized her by the shoulders, pulling her forcefully against him. He gripped her face in his hands and squeezed, as though he could wring the truth from her with sheer force. "Who?" he hissed. "Who did you sleep with, and how long has this been going on?"

Revulsion twisted Alicia's features as she shoved him away. "You have no right to ask about my personal life," she spat, her voice cold as winter. "Now, let go of me!"

Joshua sneered, his temper unraveling into something dangerous. "Now it makes sense. That's why you're so eager to divorce me—you've already had a taste of someone else."

His anger twisted into something darker, his voice low and venomous as he roughly tore at her clothes. "If you wanted more, you could've come to me. I'm more than capable of satisfying you too!"

Alicia, her patience snapped, struck him across the face, the sharp crack of the slap hanging in the air.

Joshua's world spun, not from the force of the hit but from the shock. He had never been slapped by a woman before, and now the rage boiling inside him roared out of control.

The thought of Alicia in another man's arms poisoned his mind, driving him to the brink of madness.

She was his.

She had always been his.

With a guttural growl, he shoved her down onto the sofa, his fingers yanking away his bathrobe as his intentions turned vicious.

Just then, Lilliana's voice rang out from upstairs. "Joshua, what the hell do you think you're doing?"

