

Chapter 20 No Lights

Lilliana felt Joshua's words hit her deeply, but she forced herself to stay composed. "I'm not afraid of her. I just don't feel like writing the song myself."

Joshua told her, "Just throw something together and get it over with. Alicia's been married for two years, stuck in the house cooking and taking care of things. She's forgotten everything. She's nothing special. Why even worry about her?"

Lilliana pouted, clearly not satisfied.

"Are you really not willing to spend the money on me? Fine, I'll handle it myself."

In a firm tone, Joshua replied, "Lilliana, you know I'd spend anything on you. It's not that I don't want to, but it's not worth it in this case. Stop acting like this."

Lilliana bit her lip in frustration.

She knew how much Joshua had spoiled her over the past two years.

He had spent millions on her without a second thought.

"Alright," Lilliana agreed, though it was clear she wasn't entirely happy about it.

Later that evening, when Joshua returned home from work, something unexpected awaited him. As soon as he stepped through the door, a soft figure threw itself into his arms.

The room was dark, but the heavy scent of perfume filled the air. It carried an intoxicating effect that quickly stirred something inside him.

He grabbed hold of Lilliana, kissing her roughly as his hands roamed over her body with clear intent.

Knowing exactly what she wanted, Lilliana responded eagerly.

"Turn on the lights, I want to see you, hubby."

The word "hubby" triggered something in Joshua's mind, pulling him back to memories of his early days with Alicia. He remembered how she had shyly called him "hubby," her eyes filled with sincerity and love.

Back then, Alicia's emotions had been raw and real.

All she had ever wanted was his affection.

While caught in the flood of memories, Joshua suddenly gripped Lilliana by the neck. His voice came out rough. "No lights. We'll do this my way."

Equally driven by her own emotions, Lilliana responded with a breathless plea, "Just be careful. Remember the safety of the baby..."

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Later, Joshua transferred five million dollars in cash to Iris.

Along with the money, he left a note that read, "Don't let me down."

"I'll deliver it to you in ten days," Iris replied.

Upon hearing that, Lilliana was indignant. "Ten days? The movie premieres next month, and Gerry gave me a deadline of ten days! Isn't that cutting it a little too close?"

Feeling frustrated and exhausted, Joshua ignored Lilliana's complaint and said, "Good things come to those who wait. Rushing it will only give us a subpar quality."

After he said that, Lilliana no longer argued.

"Fine. Just make sure that it's done before the deadline," she said. Lilliana had faith in Iris' skills. "Once I get the company to make a fantastic marketing campaign, and with another hit song, my market value will skyrocket. And when I inevitably become famous, I'll personally deliver the first signed copy to your ex-wife. I wanna see the look on her face when she sees it."

Joshua simply gave her a perfunctory response. At the moment, he couldn't think of Lilliana's rise to stardom. He was actually more excited about seeing Alicia's reaction once she was overshadowed.

And when her humiliation had come, she'd have no one else to ask for help.

This thought made him wonder if Alicia would ask him for help.

The question lingered in Joshua's mind as he went back to the company for work.

He was raring to find out the answer to his lingering question.

Around lunchtime, his assistant came in with some food. "Mr. Yates, it's lunchtime."

Upon getting a whiff of the greasy scent of the food, Joshua knitted his brows.

Because Lilliana grew up in a wealthy household, she didn't know how to cook. Therefore, she had grown accustomed to eating takeout or having dinner at restaurants.

Back in the day, Alicia cooked for Joshua. She was always trying to find ways to gain his favor, and she took great care of him.

Due to Alicia's cooking, Joshua's palate had become refined.

It only dawned on him now that those seemingly trivial matters had become a part of his personality.

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Later, Alicia was carrying some shopping bags across the hallway and saw Joshua leaning against the wall and smoking.

His tailor-made suit and elegant appearance was something out of the ordinary in this environment.

He let out a puff of smoke, appearing mature and sophisticated. His appearance was now a far cry from the frenzied man he was when they got divorced.

"Did you eat yet?" he asked.

Staring at him as though he were a stranger, Alicia asked pointedly, "What do you want from me?"

"Relax. You don't have to be so wary of me," said Joshua. He put on a gentle smile and said, "I'm not here to do anything bad. I simply wanted to see you."

Alicia scoffed at that. Without a word, she walked past him and went upstairs.

Joshua went after her as he stared at the groceries in her hand. "Looks like you didn't even eat yet. Do you mind if I join you for a meal?"

Upon hearing that, Alicia took out her phone and told him, "Stay back or I'll call the police on you!"

Joshua put out his cigarette and stared into her eyes. "Alicia, I have a proposition for you. All I want is for you to continue cooking for me, and I'll pay you a hundred thousand a month."

Alicia didn't hesitate to dial a number.

Unfazed by her action, Joshua remarked, "Is one hundred thousand not enough? Alright, I'll double it. You can even negotiate the price and I'll accept it!"

His remark made Alicia laugh.

Back when they were married, Joshua was always looking down on her.

But now that they'd gotten divorced, he suddenly became magnanimous.

Was he really just asking for some food?

Of course, not. Alicia wasn't that naive.

She then held up her phone and let the dial tone resonate.

"If you're not scared of the police, surely you're terrified of Lilliana, right?"