

## Chapter 21 Rekindling Old Flames

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Joshua's expression froze, and his blood ran cold.

The lover he once flaunted with pride now felt like a bitter weight, a source of humiliation whenever her name came from Alicia's lips.

Just as the call connected, Alicia swiftly hung up, her composure unshaken.

"I know how hard you've worked, climbing the Green family ladder," she said calmly. "It would be a real pity to ruin all that over a simple meal, don't you think?"

Joshua found himself speechless, just standing there, staring at her like an idiot.

Confusion clouded his mind.

What the hell was happening to him?

Alicia should have been a mere stepping stone in his path, just like Lilliana.

Alicia turned away, as though he no longer concerned her. "We're divorced, Joshua. Let's stay out of each other's way. You can show yourself out."

Her rejection, though expected, landed heavily on him.

He stood frozen in place, watching her retreating silhouette.

Suddenly, a burning question escaped his lips. "Has Caden slept with you?"

Alicia didn't even stop to spare him a glance. "You have no right to pry into my personal life."

"Alicia, we may be divorced, but Caden's not someone you should get

involved with. Do you understand?"

His voice, though calm enough, carried an undercurrent of warning.

Unfazed, Alicia continued to distance herself until she reached her doorstep.

She paused, leaning against the door for a moment, her body relaxing slightly, though tension remained etched on her face.

After a brief contemplation, she turned the knob and stepped inside, locking the door behind her with a decisive click.

She took out her phone and bought a few things online.

Meanwhile, in Caden's office...

Hank was standing beside Caden, methodically reporting the day's significant developments.

"Lilliana's team has bought all the trending hashtags; they've been heavily promoting the release of the score of Gerry's new movie, claiming it'll be amazing."

Caden's voice was flat, betraying little emotion. "They seem confident. Any word from Gerry?"

Hank shook his head. "Nothing yet. The Green family has spared no expense, hiring big names to back Lilliana. They'll even make a personal appearance at the movie premiere to support her."

A playful glimmer sparked in Caden's deep-set eyes.

"She's made such a huge fuss over a run-of-the-mill song, don't you think?"

"I'd say Mr. Joshua Yates isn't too thrilled about the situation. Lilliana's working for us now—her success ensures profit for us. I bet Mr. Yates is fuming that all his hard work is lining our pockets instead."

Caden, however, remained expressionless, his gaze unreadable.

At the mention of Joshua, Hank suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, and by the way, Mr. Ward, a paparazzo caught Mr. Joshua Yates

sneaking out of Miss Bennett's place earlier today."

Caden's eyebrows lifted slightly, a spark of interest flickering briefly in his cold eyes. "Old flames reigniting?"

"Hard to say," Hank replied cautiously, as if walking on eggshells. "But I doubt Miss Bennett would be that naive."

Caden snorted.

The naive Alicia he knew wasn't built for playing mind games.

And her body couldn't handle much teasing.

If Joshua had any real intentions, Alicia would probably fall right into his arms.

Caden's tone was indifferent, almost bored. "Her body, her choice."

Five days later.

Alicia clutched the music sheet close to her chest as she stepped into the recording studio, her heart racing.

Gerry was already there, lounging by the door. His usual charming grin stretched across his handsome face. "I thought you'd bailed on me."

Alicia greeted him politely, offering a small smile. "Mr. Hopkins."

Gerry waved her off, laughing. "Come on, just call me Gerry like the old days."

They were classmates back in the day. Gerry had always been Caden's best friend, and he had a front-row seat to every spat and stolen glance between her and Caden.

After graduation, they had taken different paths, but Alicia had once been the star of the school—known not just for her talent, but for how she always kept Caden at arm's length. On a spiritual level, she was a notch above Gerry.

Gerry led her into the recording studio, gleaming with state-of-the-art equipment and an arrangement team that could rival the best in the

business.

"Go ahead and get settled," Gerry said, gesturing toward the mic. "I'll give it a listen from outside."

As soon as he stepped out of the studio, his phone buzzed. It was Caden calling.

"Hey, right in the nick of time; Alicia just got here to record," Gerry informed him casually.

Caden's voice came through the phone, cool and uninterested. "And?"

He was about to lead an international meeting, but the mention of Alicia, as always, distracted him.

Gerry clicked his tongue, his voice dripping with amusement. "Aren't you coming? This is your arch-enemy's first time recording a song. Don't you want front-row seats?"

Caden's lips curled into a smirk. "Why would I waste my time listening to a monkey screech?"

Well...

He hung up, the sharp click cutting the conversation short.

Beside Caden, Hank was hunched over his computer, fingers moving cautiously across the keyboard as he double-checked the system for any sign of viruses.

It seemed the last incident had really did a number on him.

The video call with the foreign executives soon began, filling the room with a rapid-fire exchange of data in crisp, clear tones.

Caden's mind filtered through the technical jargon with ease, interrupting only to ask pointed questions before he ended the meeting earlier than expected.

"Mr. Ward," Hank said, checking the clock, "there's still some time. Any plans tonight?"



Caden stood, grabbing his coat with a swift motion.

"Let's go hear the monkey sing," he said with a sly smile.

When they arrived at the studio, Alicia had just wrapped up her first take.

Through the glass window of the recording booth, Caden's eyes settled on her. She stood with her head slightly bowed, her fingers trailing across the sheet music as she reviewed her lyrics.

Under the warm spotlight, her already delicate features seemed to glow, adding a graceful softness to her flawless skin.

There was also an undeniable confidence in the way she carried herself—serious, focused, yet undeniably captivating.

This woman might've been a hopeless romantic, but even Caden had to admit her figure was beyond reproach.

His attention then shifted to Gerry, seated off to the side, eyes closed, headphones on, completely absorbed in the music.

Caden raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Hey," he called out.

But Gerry didn't flinch—not even a twitch.

Caden turned to Gerry's assistant, deadpan.

"Is your boss high on something?"

