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"Hi, Lucius! How are you? Do you miss me?" Caiden got up and lowered himself to Lucius' eye level.

"Caiden! I missed you so much!" The young boy was full of beans and wrapped his hands around Caiden's neck.

Delilah couldn't believe her eyes.

Lucius has always found it hard to mingle with people he wasn't familiar with. Why is he so natural around Caiden?

"Lucius didn't dare to go rock climbing until Caiden helped with his character building. It's interesting how he's not afraid of heights anymore after that," Joan explained upon seeing the look of confusion on Delilah's face.

"I'm home!" Larry announced his arrival in the yard.

In the living room sat Caiden. He heard that cry, and a scheming thought came to him. How will Larry react when he sees me? Will he be shocked, or will he give me the cold shoulder? Maybe he'll look at me in contempt? Or perhaps he'll go panicky and react in fear?

"Dad's home." Lucius pulled Caiden by the hand and walked over to Larry.

Larry was stupefied when the other man entered his line of sight. What's he doing here? And why does Lucius seem so close to him? Larry's eyes scanned around the house, and he soon saw Joan making dinner, whereas Delilah was trimming some branches in the yard. It was hard for him to act naturally.

"Hi," Larry greeted Caiden stoically.

"Am I not welcome?"

Duh! Isn't that obvious? Larry hurled his briefcase onto the couch in a huff, not bothering to immediately respond to that sarcastic question.

"Dad, it was Caiden who went to the field trip with us when you couldn't go," Lucius whispered.

Larry had already been aware of the incident, and that was the reason his guard was up.

He had already had a feeling that the man standing in front of him had some hidden agendas ever since their first meeting. Little did he expect Caiden to make his move so soon.

Larry got cozy on the couch as he forced a smile, saying in reply, "No, not at all! I'd firstly like to thank you for going on the field trip in my stead."

Pretty sure he didn't mean that. Caiden twitched his lips, holding back a smirk.

"I know you're a busy man, Mr. Norton. I get it. How important could a field trip be compared to your company matters?"

Ooh, that sarcasm. He's declaring war so soon, eh? Larry took a good look at the man and smiled.

"Oh, that's not the case. Lucius will always come first and—"

"Dinner's ready!" Joan's summon for dinner broke off the conversation.

"Come on. Stop dilly-dallying." Delilah hastened them to the dining area.

Joan had cooked up a feast as a token of appreciation to Caiden.

"Wow. This blows me away, Joan! Everything looks absolutely scrumptious! I mean, you only made some simple dishes at my place a few days ago, and I thought you only knew how to—" At his comments, Larry turned sullen and Joan uncomfortable.

What's wrong with this guy? Did he just slap himself in the face?

Joan tried to divert the topic, sensing the tension growing in the air. "Have some of this, Caiden. You must've been exhausted."

Delilah knew very well at that moment that this unscrupulous rat wasn't there to visit her.

The air around the dining table wasn't at all pleasant. The way Lucius interacted with Lucius was a red flag for Larry.

"Have more of these, Joan. It's your favorite. You've been up and about taking care of Lucius and Ms. Young, and occasionally an outsider like me." Caiden gave Larry a victorious sidelong glance after saying so.

Joan's face was seething in mortification as she racked her brain for a reasonable explanation for the man's behavior.

Delilah spoke up in an attempt to try to maintain the merriment, "Dig in, everyone. None of Joan's effort should go to waste."

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"Lucius, here are your favorite buffalo wings. Your mom made them just for you." Delilah placed a piece of buffalo wings on Lucius' plate.

"Thanks for the wonderful meal, Mom!" The young boy praised his mom and flashed her a blinding smile before digging in happily.

The atmospherically awkward dinner soon came to an end. However, Caiden showed no signs of taking his leave, much to Larry's dismay.

"Lucius, shall we play a game together?" Caiden swept his hands around Lucius and had him sit on his lap.

"I'm down for it! But it's late now. Don't you have to go home?" Lucius curiously looked at Caiden.

The moon had long settled snugly in the dark sky. It was indeed late.

"I see. You don't like me anymore. Guess I'll just go then." Caiden loosened his grip, acting as if he was upset.

"No, no, no, Caiden! I like you, but I'm just worried."

The two then started their own little game on the couch. Delilah witnessed the whole exchange between the boy and the man.

Caiden has declared war. How will Larry defend his territory?

While watching TV, Joan couldn't stop swishing her eyes onto her watch.

"Lucius, it's time for bed. You still have school tomorrow." She yawned.

"Mom, let me play for a little while more, please? We aren't sleepy at all," Lucius pleaded, going against her request.

What's Caiden trying to do here? It's already late. Why is he still hanging around the house? Joan slowly walked towards Caiden and tossed him a polite smile.

"Caiden, as you can see, it's pretty late now. I think it'd be better if you head home now." Her request was nothing but impolite.

That would be her first time asking a guest to leave.

Caiden instantly stood up, his face flushed with embarrassment.

He patted Lucius on the head, saying, "Right, Lucius. I'm going home now. Time to hit the sack."

"Got it, Caiden. Goodbye." Lucius ran into his room after saying his goodbyes.

Meanwhile, Larry stayed cooped up in his bedroom, working. After attending to some urgent matters earlier in the day, he had left the company early, hoping to have dinner with his family. That was why he was trying to finish up his work at such a late hour.

Creak... The door opened slowly.

Larry didn't notice it and went on pitter-pattering on the keyboard.

"Are you not going to sleep yet?" Joan whispered.

There was a brief pause before the sound of the keyboard resumed.

Larry's reply came short and crisp. "Yeah. You can go ahead. I still have work to do."

What he really wanted to know was, what brought Caiden here, and why she'd cooked for him. But he eventually chose to drop the burning question.

"Larry, I-"

He interjected before she could say anything further, "Let's talk tomorrow. It's pretty late now."

"Okay." Joan walked to their bed and lay down.

The man affixed in front of the window was flicking through documents; the woman in bed was tossing and turning, trying to fall asleep; and the new moon hanging in the night sky was steadily shifting its position bit by bit.

At this moment, even the bugs had mellowed down their chirping and laid themselves to rest. The air was clouded by silence.

As the sun rose high, rays of sunshine filled the room with light and warmth. A new day had arrived. Joan stretched out like a cat and turned over to hug the person next to her, but all she could feel were sheets.

Larry had dozed off at his desk after he was done with work the night before. Prickly feelings consumed her heart as she looked at his worn-out figure.

I wonder if he's angry about what happened last night. It must've drove him up the wall. She quickly walked out to put a blanket over Larry.

At the sight of Joan, Delilah greeted, "Good morning, aren't you early."

Read full novel here https://myfinder.live/ After a short pause, the woman added, "Oh, by the way, Caiden was here the whole night."