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"I'm sorry, Caiden. I'm afraid I can't accept your gift. Also, I think it will be best if we stop contacting each other because I've already accepted Larry's proposal, and we will be getting married soon," Joan announced while hooking her arm into Larry's.

The man mentioned was taken by surprise, but he quickly regained his composure.

Playing along with her, he wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her closer. "Well, Joan has always been mine from the start. Caiden, you'd better watch yourself."

"That's impossible! Joan, stop lying to me. I don't believe that Larry has proposed to you," Caiden roared.

"Besides, what happened to you? Weren't we doing fine before this? Why are you acting like this all of a sudden?" He pressed on.

Suddenly? I've always been like that.

"I've repeated myself countless times, but you are just so stubborn. It's impossible for anything to happen between us! I'm simply an ordinary woman, and I would hate to get involved in someone else's drama. With that said, please watch your friends properly," Joan seethed.

Immediately, Caiden understood what she meant.

Someone must have visited her before me!

"Tell me, who came to look for you? I will explain to them that everything is my fault, and I will bear all the responsibility. Don't worry, Joan. I will not let them harm you in any way," Caiden asserted.

Besides Larry, Joan did not trust the words of any other men.

"Forget it. If you continue to pester me, I will leave here once and for all," the woman threatened as she glared at the unwelcome visitor.

Hearing what she had said, Larry froze.

Where would she go? He felt anxious.

She can't just leave! Instinctively, he held onto her hand tightly. That gesture prompted Joan to look to the man beside her. Realizing that he was worried, she smiled at him to assure him that everything would be alright.

"Do you have to go to such extremes?" Caiden asked.

"Yes, that's who I am, and this is my true self."

That's impossible! She was never like this. Still, Caiden shook his head in disbelief, with tears glittering in his eyes.

"I was never a good girl, and I don't care about what others feel. I'm unreasonable, ruthless, have a bad temper, and definitely not your cup of tea. Whatever you've seen in the past was just a front I've put up," Joan snarled.

Caiden gave up finally.

It was not because she embodied the characteristics she mentioned but because she did not even spare him a chance.

"Caiden, please leave. My wife is clearly unhappy right now," Larry interrupted.

Taking one last glance at the woman before him, Caiden left reluctantly.

Bang! The door slammed shut.

Feeling weak, Joan collapsed onto the sofa.

She just spouted a string of cruel words that she could never bring herself to say.

At the same time, Larry could understand how she was feeling, and it made him certain that there was really nothing going on between Caiden and her.

"Are you okay?" He sat beside her and whispered.

"I'm okay. Was I too harsh earlier?" Joan groaned with her eyes closed while leaning back on the sofa.

"No, it seemed natural, and you did well," Larry replied.

"Larry, I'm tired," she whined. Then, she crawled into his arms with sadness in her eyes.

He knew how exhausted she was. Patting her back, he tried to give her some comfort.

It seemed like it had been a long time since they had been in such close contact with each other.

"Joan, I'm sorry," Larry apologised after some time.

Meanwhile, the woman was still in his embrace. She blinked a few times as though deliberating something.

It did not take much for her to realize what he was referring to.

Moving closer towards him, she murmured, "It's okay."

"Do you hate me?" Larry spoke in a deep voice.

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Do I? Nope! She only felt disappointed and heartbroken, but she never hated him.

"No, I don't."

Gently planting a kiss on her forehead, Larry uttered, "I will not push you and will always be waiting for you. When you want to get married, I can organize a wedding then. Does that sound okay?"

She was afraid that she would have to go through another divorce with Larry again in the future if they got married.

Despite that, she nodded without a word.

In the corner of the house, Delilah overheard their conversation, and her lips curled into a smile.

They have finally made up.

"Grandma, would you like to have some of this? It's really yummy," Lucius exclaimed.

"Sure. You can leave me a small slice," Delilah gladly replied.

As for Caiden, when he returned home, he sat in his living room without turning the lights on. Curling up on his sofa, he looked dejected.

Joan, why did you have to pick Larry of all people?

After mulling over his heartbreak, he went into a recluse. He locked himself in the study and did not bother paying attention to whatever happened outside.

"Jaden, did something happen to Caiden? It's been a long time since he started looking like the world owes him something," Noelle questioned worriedly.

Of course, she wanted to see how Caiden was doing, but the latter warned that he would break ties with anyone who disturbed him.

"Leave him alone for now. He will be fine after a few days. Instead of wasting your energy and time on him, you should take care of yourself first. His mother has already started preparing for his marriage," Jaden reminded.

At that moment, Noelle felt crushed.

Even after so many years, she still could not hold up against another woman from a better background than her.

"You don't have to be disappointed. I will find a better guy for you." Jaden patted his sister's shoulder and grinned.

But I only love Caiden. How can I forget about him after I've held a torch for him for so many years? Noelle sighed, with a hint of regret in her eyes.

Boom! Suddenly, the study's door was thrown open, and Caiden emerged from the room.

"Is everything done?" Jaden asked on purpose.

"Yes, it is," Caiden confirmed.

Perhaps because Joan had rejected him, his productivity had skyrocketed.

"Okay, we shall celebrate tonight?" Jaden suggested.

"I will give it a miss because I want to rest." With that, Caiden stretched his back and headed straight to his bedroom.

Noelle watched Caiden, who was on the second floor, from the living room. She wanted to say something but swallowed her words when she heard the door close.

"You should head home in case you disturb him," Jaden advised.

How can he be siding with someone else? Noelle shot her brother a begrudging look.

On the level above them, Caiden looked at an oddly familiar number. He hesitated.

She hates me, so why should I still bother her?

Huh... I shall let her do whatever she wants! Frustrated, Caiden threw his phone on the sofa beside him and plopped onto his bed with his eyes closed.

"Did he come over to look for you recently?" Delilah asked Joan out of the blue.

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"No," Joan responded.

When did he become so well-behaved overnight? This is not like the Caiden's style. Delilah tilted her head, deep in thought.

"When are you planning to marry Larry then?" Delilah shot her another question.

Taking a deep breath, Joan muttered, "I don't know." She looked out at the blue skies as she tried to relax.

"Are you tired?"

"Nope." Joan smiled.

Delilah knew how the younger woman was feeling. As a fellow woman, she knew the sudden divorce was a big blow to Joan. Naturally, the latter would be more cautious about entering into the same marriage for a second time.

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"Joan!" She was startled by that familiar voice.

Even when Delilah heard it, she unconsciously took a few steps back.

"What are both of you busy with? Joan, I've been trying to reach you for a long time. Why didn't you contact me?" Gabriella marched in and stated in a loud voice.

All Joan wanted to do was bury her head in the sand like an ostrich that instant. She was too distraught by this woman to face her calmly. Every time they met, Joan could only recall the time where she was kidnapped and abused.

"Gabriella, what are you doing here?" she stammered, feeling uneasy.

"I came here to see you. What's wrong? Have you been doing well recently?" Gabriella asked.

Didn't she lose her memories? Why would she think of me suddenly? Suspicious, Joan looked at the assistant standing beside Gabriella.

"Ms. Ward's memories are starting to come back," the assistant explained.

Does it mean that Gabriella remembers whatever she has done to me in the past? If she remembers everything, won't she plot against me again? Fear ran through Joan's veins.

Gabriella was a clever individual and would never let someone else take advantage of her.

"Gabriella, have some water." Delilah waved the visitor over.

Watching Delilah's actions, Joan was somewhat dumbstruck.

Since when is she so polite? I thought she hated Gabriella.

"That's enough. She has already lost her memories, so you shouldn't agitate her further. If she recalls all the evil deeds she had done to you, I'm afraid you won't be living in peace anymore," the older woman clarified while nudging Joan.

Regardless, she will recover her memories sooner or later!

"Gabriella, why do you have the time to stop by our place today?" Delilah pointed out in a gentle and welcoming tone.

By now, she had already left the past behind her and could be nice to the woman before her. However, if Gabriella did get her memories back and continued to attack Joan, she would not sit idly either.

"I have wanted to visit Joan for quite some time now, so I decided to drop by when I heard she's living here. Joan, I can't even remember the last time we met, and I miss you," Gabriella cooed.

These words did come from her heart, only because she had not recalled all the nasty deeds she had done to Joan. She was unaware that Larry and Joan were once married too.

"Yes, I should feel honored that you are here," Joan awkwardly responded.

Sure, I feel so honored. I'm speechless at this point.

"Joan, is there something wrong? Are you feeling unwell? In my memories, you were never like that in the past. Why are you so quiet?" Gabriella persisted.

What else can I say when I'm facing someone as ruthless as you? Joan could only chuckle.

"Gabriella, do you want to stay for dinner?" Delilah offered.

At once, Joan snapped her head towards the older lady in shock. What the hell is she doing?

"Sure, Ms. Young. Can we have fish?" Gabriella chirped without hesitation.

Both of them are really doing whatever they want. Exasperated, Joan looked at the moon outside the window and sighed.

Actually, Gabriella's current state made her seem more approachable. If she remained like that in the future, it might not be a bad thing.

"Joan, can you get some groceries from the supermarket?" Delilah called out from the kitchen.

Gabriella hurriedly added, "I'll accompany Joan there!"

In fact, Delilah's intentions were simple. She wanted the two ladies to spend time together, but whatever happens next would be up to their fates.