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Caiden was somehow trapped by her tactful response.

"Yes... we will always be good friends, now and in the future!" He shouted suddenly.

He did not include "past" in his sentence, since as a matter of fact, he used to view her as his girlfriend.

"Let's go. It's late already. Let me send you back."

"Okay. Thanks."

They both had a pleasant time together, but little did they know that Keith had started planning a series of moves in the dark.

"Hello, Caiden. Long time no see! I miss you!" Lucius was excited to see Caiden as he ran right towards him when the latter appeared at his house.

"Really? How much do you miss me?" Caiden squatted down and gazed at Lucius in his eyes.

Right then, Lucius happily left a kiss on Caiden's chin.

"How could Mr. Caiden be so free to come here?" Delilah emerged out from nowhere, while her tone sounded clearly displeased.

Caiden understood that Delilah was supposedly still mad at the previous incident, but he did not mind.

"Ms. Young, I miss you so much that I come to visit you." Caiden patted Lucius's forehead before he turned to hug Delilah.

"You little rascal, let go of me. Let me tell you this. If Mr. Owens were to create any more trouble, don't ever expect me to forgive you."

Caiden could not seem to suppress the dull pain in his heart while listening to Delilah's words. Indeed, all those mistakes started with me.

"Ms. Young, I am terribly sorry. It was all my fault. Please forgive me." Caiden kept on shaking Delilah's arm in a spoiled manner.

It was somewhat peculiar that every time Caiden met Delilah, he acted like a son seeing his own mother. Perhaps this was a kind of fate that no one could explain.

"Caiden, is this how you treat your mother at home too?" Delilah responded faintly.

She assumed after he returned to the Owens family, his relationship with his parents would have improved, but the reality was the opposite.

It was true that he would obey his father submissively in the company, and he took her mother's advice to lead a healthier lifestyle. However, when they were together, he still seemed to lack a sense of comfort and freedom that belonged to a young man like himself.

"Nope. I only behave like this with you," Caiden purposely responded.

Since when has he become so cringey? Delilah gently smacked his head and said nothing.

"Caiden, you like Grandma very much, don't you?" Just then, Lucius appeared and hugged his thigh while gazing at him with overjoyed eyes.

"Yes, I do," Caiden responded with a faint grin.

He failed to sense the nosiness in Lucius's tone.

As he always thought Lucius was still a kid, he never expected that he was indeed premature in terms of a relationship.

"No way. How could you like Grandma? You are too young to be my Grandpa," Lucius joked.

With that, Joan, who was sitting nearby, burst into laughter.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Stop it." Delilah was obviously unsatisfied with that joke.

At the same time, Caiden was embarrassed and clueless about how to handle the situation. Thus, he turned and walked towards Joan, leaving Delilah on her spot.

"Stop laughing. Why does he seem to know so much at this age?" Caiden asked in a low voice.

However, he did not realize his words sounded utterly misleading.

"Caiden, are you out of your mind? Haha. So are you admitting that you want to become his grandfather?" Joan purposely teased him.

Upon hearing that, Caiden started to panic. "Joan, what are you saying? The kid has no idea, but you should know better than anyone. You are the one who has always been in my heart, okay?"

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At that instant, the air fell into an awkward silence, while a dark expression loomed over Joan's face. This was exactly what she feared to hear the most. On the other hand, Caiden was genuinely worried about her reaction after hearing this.

"Alright, alright. Just explain to him later." Caiden patted on Joan's shoulder, trying to end the topic.

"Caiden, please answer me. Do you really want to be my Grandpa? Actually, it's not impossible." Lucius had not given up on questioning Caiden.

Why is he so nosy all of a sudden? Where did he learn this? Caiden was at a loss by Lucius's interrogation.

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"Kid, not only do I like your Grandma, but I also like you and your Mom."

"What? No way! Mom belongs to Dad, so you cannot like Mom!" Lucius yelled aloud.

Great! This only makes it worse! At that instant, Caiden held his head in both hands, out of words.

"That's enough, Lucius. Stop making fun of Caiden." Joan came to his rescue.

What? So he is just joking with me? Caiden looked up at Lucius, only to see him gazing at him with an amused look.

He realized he had been fooled by yet a kid. "Lucius, let's see how I'll deal with you!" He stood up to chase Lucius.

"Caiden, how could you be such a fool? Can't you see I am just joking around? Hahaha..."

Both ran wildly around the living room, whereas Delilah was busy preparing a meal in the kitchen while Joan was setting up the dining table. What a warm and lovely scene it was.

Nonetheless, those heartwarming moments were all secretly captured, possibly becoming another time bomb for Joan.

The next morning, Joan was wakened up by the warm sunlight that slipped through the curtain in her room.

While still in bed, her arms extended into a stretch while she took a long breath. Her eyes were still reluctant to open to face this world.

"Time for breakfast." A familiar voice made her heart fell with a thud.

What's happening? Isn't that Caiden's voice? Am I dreaming?

Joan laid a few slaps on her own face, trying to clear her head.

"Ouch!" Next, she pinched hard on her thigh to make sure she was not dreaming.

"Why are you torturing yourself in the morning?" Caiden's voice echoed again.

It's Caiden for real! She ran out of her room and scanned through the house confusedly.

"Didn't you leave last night?" she asked directly.

"I wanted to leave, but Lucius kept holding on to my leg, so I could not," Caiden replied.

Lucius, what have you done? Why do you always come up with such antics? If this spread out, what will people think of it? And if Larry finds out, he's gonna be jealous again.

"Don't worry. I will make sure to explain to Larry later." Caiden could read her mind.

He knew she prioritized Larry's feeling in all circumstances.

Compared to before, Caiden no longer tried to get into a blind alley. He no longer thought of how to pursue Joan. Instead of saying that he had given up on her, the fact was that he had seen through all these.

If you really love someone, you will respect her choice. My biggest wish is for her to be happy. That's the only thing that matters. Caiden cast a smile at Joan without saying anything.

That particular smile made Joan stunned momentarily, for that was the sincerest smile she had ever seen. That was a real smile of a true friend.

"Thanks a lot for breakfast!" Joan tried to collect herself from emotions.

"Welcome. You should go and wake Lucius, or else he might be late for school," Caiden reminded.

In truth, he is also a good family guy! Joan smiled back at Caiden before heading towards Lucius's room.

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"Dad, you're back." Out of a sudden, Lucius greeted from behind with sleepy eyes.

Caiden was startled but immediately resumed to normal expression.

"I'm not your Dad. I am Caiden!"

Meanwhile, on the other side, Keith commanded angrily into the phone. "Ask Caiden to answer the phone."

Jaden was recoiling in fear. "Mr. Owens, Caiden is still in bed. I will ask him to call you back when he wakes up."

Keith remained silent for a few moments. I bet he's not in bed, because he's not at home at all!

"Jaden, be frank with me. Caiden did not come home last night, did he?" Keith's sharp judgment drained the color from Jaden's face.

"Mr. Owens, he's back. Don't worry. He's still sleeping now." Jaden failed to come out of another answer.

This son of the b*tch is still lying! Keith clenched his fists tightly while trying to suppress his rage.

"Fine, I will go over now to wake him up!" Upon saying that, Keith was about to hang up.

"Wait, Mr. Owens. Actually, Caiden is not back." Jaden had no choice but to confess the truth.

If he waited for Keith to come over and discover the truth, he feared that not only Caiden but he himself would also be a victim of Keith's fire of fury.

Upon hearing that, Keith abruptly hung up the phone without saying anything.

Caiden! When will you wake up from your stupidity? Are you going to be manipulated by that b*tch your whole life?

Keith angrily grabbed his coat and left the villa.

Back in Delilah's house, the four of them had finished a pleasant breakfast and were getting ready for their separate ways. Caiden headed to his office, whereas Lucius went to the school. While Delilah went into the garden like usual, Joan was left alone in the living room with her embroidery.

It was a new hobby that she picked up lately, supposedly to distract herself from the recent chaos.

"Ouch..." Just then, she accidentally poked her finger with the needle, and flesh blood streamed down instantly. At that moment, she suddenly had a strange feeling that something bad was about to happen.

It doesn't feel right. She stared anxiously at the embroidery and her bleeding finger. She had never been so careless before.

Knock! Knock! Out of a sudden, someone was knocking on the door fiercely.

Who is it? It couldn't be Larry or Caiden. Neither could it be Ms. Young nor Lucius. Could it be Caspian? This knocking pattern does sound like Caspian.

Joan rose and stepped to the door, but she opened to a shocking scene that made her froze on the spot.

"Who are you guys..." She choked on her words discovering a couple of strangers standing at the door.

"Good morning, Ms. Watts. Mr. Owens would like to talk to you. This way, please," One of them greeted.

"It's me!" A familiar face poked out from the car parked not far away.

It's Caiden's father. Why is he here? She immediately put herself on guard while trying to guess the old man's intention for the unexpected visit.

A successful man like Caiden's father should be busy with way more important stuff. What makes him interested in talking to an ordinary woman like me?

"Good morning. How may I help you?" Joan walked over to the car cautiously.

"Get in the car." Keith's tone was relatively indifferent.

"We can talk here. I still have some errands to do." Joan soon detected his motive was anything but reassuring.

Who does he think he is to command me like that? This is hilarious. Is he seriously expecting me to get into his car submissively?

"I will repeat once again. Get in the car now. Please don't challenge my patience," Keith said rigidly.

Now, who is challenging whose patience? I have finally starting to forget about the last incident, yet he comes now to start another. I have enough with his tricks!

"If there is nothing important, then I'll go first." She started to walk back into the house.

At that instant, Keith, sitting in the car, signaled a gesture towards his bodyguards. Before Joan could react, she was captured by them and forcefully pushed into the car.