## Chapter 11

They did not hang around after dinner—John sent Richard home to his babysitter first before returning to the car and sending Cordy home.

"You didn't have to go through so much trouble, Mr. Levine. I can actually take a taxi home," Cordy said politely.

"It's no trouble," John said flatly. "I'm not driving anyway."

Despite what he said, the chauffeur felt a little awkward and thought that he should just disappear just then.

Cordy could not say anything against it either.

The journey back to North Garden was quiet.

As Cordy opened the door, she remained sluggish since walking with crutches was really inconvenient. Naturally, John could walk around the car and help her up in gentlemanly fashion just as she got out.

Cordy held her tongue and she said gratefully, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," John said as he helped her out.

Cordy started to limp away until she suddenly paused, looking him in the eye and saying, "Mr. Levine."

"Yes?"

"What they said were true," she said, her voice too quiet to read how she was feeling.

"Yes?"

"I got pregnant at eighteen and had a child out of wedlock—umph!"

Cordy's eyes widened as John suddenly wrapped his arms around his waist and leaned in to kiss her lips.

She was so surprised she forgot to resist!

All she felt was that unfamiliar sensation over her lips and it seemed to be getting hotter...

Cordy abruptly pushed John away, finally realizing what he was doing!

Her cheeks were hot, but she could not tell if she was embarrassed or angry.

"I thought you said you're not that type of person!" she exclaimed.

"I had to demonstrate that I don't mind, Ms. Sachs," he replied, looking utterly composed and not embarrassed at all.

"You didn't have to! You can use your mouth instead!" Cordy cried indignantly.

Still, she noticed her poor wording, she quickly corrected herself, "I mean, you can use words instead!"

On the other hand, John seemed to be smiling under the nightlights.

It was a bewitching sight that could leave the world spellbound.

Then, he said, "I was worried that you'd doubt me."

"I don't doubt you..."

"Good." John cut her short.

Cordy was left glaring, feeling as if John had duped her somehow.

"Since you believe me now, Ms. Sachs, you don't have to reject me with those excuses."

Cordy stared at John—how could he call those things excuses?!

Any man would mind, even Kyle!

Still, John gave her a gentlemanly nod and said, "It's late now, Ms. Sachs. Good night."

With that, he turned and returned to his ostentatious Maybach, and the car quickly drove off.

Cordy bit her lip, the sensation of his lips seemingly lingering over it.

No matter how she thought about it, it felt like John was bragging that he had won this round!

Taking a deep breath, she thought that she should just pretend she got bitten by a dog.

Back in the car, John's phone was ringing.

Once he answered it, Bob Davis started to complain from the other end. "Damn it, John! You'd eat alone at my family's restaurant alone and stand me up repeatedly? I also heard you had my people chase our guests away! Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Thanks," John said flatly.

"Oh, save it. I heard from a manager that you were dining with a chick?"

"Yeah."

"Is the sun rising from the west?!" Bob cried in shock. "And here I thought Dicky was manufactured."

John said nothing to that, so Bob said, "When are you going to introduce me? I'm really curious about the character who could melt your cold heart."

"She hasn't agreed to date me yet."

"What?!" Bob exclaimed even louder just then. "I'm even more curious now!"

"I'm hanging up. Call from work."

"Shi—"

John hung up before Bob could finish that expletive and he answered the other call.

"Mr. Levine? We really are sponsoring a tv series where Mandy Jessop will be the female lead," Randy Martin reported. "The project belongs to a subsidiary of ours called Windmill Pictures and they will start shooting next week."

"Change the female lead," John told him.

"I-Is that really fine?" Randy asked awkwardly.

"What was that?!"

"Yes, sir, right away sir," Randy said, afraid to breathe another word.

The Jessops only had themselves to blame for getting on the wrong side of his boss!

Over at Jessop Villa, Mandy was throwing a hissy fit the instant she reached home.

She only got more upset the more she thought about it—she was the daughter of an important family and a star celebrity! If anyone heard that she was chased out of a restaurant halfway through her dinner, she would be humiliated!

Kyle was on the couch, staring at his phone. Glancing sideways at her, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Their parents—Dandy Jessop and Allie Larson—turned toward Mandy too.

Mandy hence told them everything, naturally sexing up the part where Cordy brought a man to the restaurant.

Kyle's expression darkened the more she spoke.

"I've said before that Cordy Sachs is nothing good. To think you were almost ruined because of her..." Allie scoffed in disdain, not at all grateful that Cordy brought their family business back to life.

"Wait, did you just say you went to Davis' Kitchen?" Dandy asked Mandy.

"Yeah. It's expensive and the paparazzis can't get inside. That's why I met Noel there."

"Isn't it owned by the Davis family?" Dandy sounded puzzled. "I don't think there's any dispute between us, though..."

"The Davis family? You mean Bob Davis' family?!" Mandy exclaimed as she came to a realization. "He must be trying to humiliate me after I rejected him back at high school! He's still so childish!"

With that, Dandy simply treated the incident as young people being young people and did not take it to heart.

Mandy's mood improved afterward, too.

She simply presumed that Bob did it because he was still not over her, and that he was trying to get her to meet him.

While his moves certainly improved, Mandy was adamant—if she did not like him before, she would still not like him now!

That was when her phone began to ring.

Seeing that it was her manager, she snapped impatiently, "Don't call me day after day! I know the script backwards!"

In reality, she had yet to even read a page of the script, and it had been half a month since she had it.

Nonetheless, her manager ignored her and asked directly, "Mandy, what did you do?! The production office just called, saying that they're taking away your role!"