Chapter 12

Mandy almost jumped. "What?!"

The other Jessops were starting to get annoyed with her antics, but Mandy's eyes went red right after her call with her manager ended.

She had been drifting along the lines of becoming a B-list actress and that TV series was supposed to solidify her status as one!

"What now?" Kyle asked impatiently.

"My manager called me, saying that the investors want another actress for my role."

Kyle frowned. "If I remember correctly, it's Windmill Pictures, which is owned by Levine Ventures, isn't it? Did you upset anyone from their family?"

"No way! I don't even know them!" Mandy quickly denied it, and cried in agitation, "I don't care what it takes, Kyle—get that role for me! It's important for my career!"

Kyle was puzzled too—casting choices would not be changed once decided.

Still, he suddenly remembered a little detail.

"I heard that Bob Davis and John Levine were childhood friends, and that they remained very good friends although John usually stays abroad. Maybe Bob asked for John's help to harass you..."

"Bob is so despicable!" Mandy snarled viciously, not doubting Kyle's words at all.

"If you want the role, I suggest you talk to Bob... or go straight to John," Kyle suggested then.

"What are you talking about?"

"Dad just said a few days ago, didn't he, that John was interested in meeting you? Wouldn't it be easy for you to get that role once you marry him?" Kyle explained.

"No way! I don't want to be a baby mommy! Not in this lifetime!" Mandy promptly refused. "I'd rather talk to Bob than John!"

Kyle said nothing to that—his sister had been pampered since a child and no one could ever force her to do anything she did not like!

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"Achoo!"

Bob suddenly sneezed in his luxury private room at the extravagant Regent Club.

Who could be missing him this late at night?

"What are you spacing out for?" Sam Saunders hurried him then. "It's a rare occasion for the great John Levine to join us. Drink!"

"Amen. No one is leaving without getting drunk," Bob quickly chimed in.

In the room with them were John Levine and Jay Parker—all friends who grew up together, but rarely gathered together since John spent most of his time abroad.

In fact, the last time all four of them gathered was when they welcomed John's return eight years ago.

He drank a lot that night, and then disappeared.

"And with that, he was gone eight years," Bob murmured, feeling sentimental for once.

However, just as he was about to clink glasses with John, his phone suddenly started to ring.

A little upset then, Bob answered it since he did not recognize the number. "Who is it?!"

Earlier, Mandy had returned to her room and decided to bear with all the misgivings she had about Bob and called him.

However, her face fell when she heard Bob being so nonchalant.

She never changed her number—how could he not know?!

Was he not doing this on purpose?

Men were always so disgusting!

"It's Mandy Jessop."

Bob was left spacing out for a while until he remembered her existence. "What is it?"

"I know you're harassing me because you can't get over me, but don't you think you're being childish? I'm telling you—I'll never be interested in you. The more you harass me, the more I'll hate you—"

Bob hung up right then. He was not about to let some crazy woman bother him while he was having fun.

On the other end, Mandy was left staring in disbelief at her phone screen.

[Call disconnected.]

Bob hung up on her?!

She was so incensed she almost threw her phone across the room!

Still, she gritted her teeth and sent him a furious text.

[I'm coming to meet you tomorrow. Don't you run away!]

Bob glanced at the text then, and decided Mandy suffered from delusions and a princess complex just then.

"Who is it?" Sam asked offhandedly, noticing Bob's reaction just then.

"Mandy Jessop," Bob said with a scoff.

"...I thought you liked her back in high school? What, are you over her already?"

"Like, you say?" Bob snorted nonchalantly. "Didn't we all fall for every pretty face back then? If anything, I prefer Cordy since she's the fairest of them all!"

John's fingers clenched over his glass then.

Jay glanced at him, a vague smile appearing on his lips.

Meanwhile, Sam started gossiping. "Now that you're mentioning Cordy, her wedding with Kyle Jessop really turned south, huh? I heard the man's family are using that as an excuse to annul it."

"They're probably unhappy with her past," Bob said as he took a sip of his drink. "I mean, it's normal for men to take issue with it, but if Kyle does, he shouldn't have taken a pass at Cordy at all! She sacrificed everything for Jessop Corp-hell, I saw her getting drunk socializing with their partners with my own eyes, vomiting her guts out and even bearing with men copping a feel. I thought then that Kyle would be subhuman if he doesn't marry her... and he has turned out to be one!"

John's fingers clenched even tighter over his glass then.

Still, Bob was quick to smooth things over. "Oh, let's stop mentioning the Jessops at all. Jinxes, all of them! Drink up, drink up!"

He never spoke much about anything that affected everyone's mood anyway.

Even so, John seemed to become quieter as they continued to drink, and eventually, Jay put down his glass and beckoned, "Let's go out for a smoke."

They both stepped out of the private room and headed to the balcony garden for a breather.

As they each smoked a cigarette, Jay spoke first. "I've run into Cordy a few times myself. She actually suffered from gastrointestinal bleeding on one occasion and I had to rush her to the hospital."

John slowly breathed out a large puff of smoke, letting it swirl before him, hiding his face.

"Still, I could tell that she's tough," Jay added calmly. "Most people won't even take her down."

John finished his cigarette surprisingly quickly, snuffing out the butt and changing the subject. "I'll let you in on a tidbit: Zoe York will replace Mandy Jessop as the lead actress in a TV series project under Windmill Pictures."

Jay blinked and replied right away, "She'd never work with Windmill."

"That's not up to her. Just get ready." In fact, Zoe had tried to resist but failed.

"Yeah," Jay replied.

"I'm going now. Tell the others for me," John said, and left.

In his car, all he could think about was what Bob and Jay said about Cordy...

Suddenly, he said, "Change of plans. Head to North Garden."

"Yes, Mr. Levine," the chauffeur replied as he turned the car around.

Once they arrived, John headed straight inside the apartment block and stopped outside Cordy's house before ringing the doorbell.

After a while, Cordy opened the door.

The sight of his flushed cheeks and the alcoholic scent swirling around him told her that he was drunk.

Did this mean that he went drinking after they had dinner together?!

Cordy's rationality told her that John was dangerous right then. It was very late, and there was no one else with them...

However, when she tried to close her door, she suddenly found herself falling squarely over a firm, warm chest as he gathered her tightly in his arms.

Comments (1)