

Chapter 4

Kyle headed to Sachs Mansion after leaving the hospital, with Simon Sachs asking him urgently, "Did Cordy agree to annulling your engagement with her?"

Kyle shook his head, his eyes fixed on the adorable yet docile Noel Sachs as he said mildly, "We've broken up. The annulment would just be a matter of time. Sorry to keep you waiting again, Noel."

"No, it's alright." Noel shook her head, her eyes twinkling with tenderness. "I'll be happy as long as I'm with you, Kyle."

Kyle's heart certainly turned into mush from her tameness—he was right to choose her!

Still, he restrained himself and said, "I was just going to visit Cordy, but she was with another man—that firefighter from last night."

"Old habits die hard, huh? You should have dumped her from the start! She doesn't deserve you!" Simon snapped shortly.

Kyle nodded—Cordy was certainly too filthy!

"Honestly, let's not bother with her already. She can do whatever she likes—I'll just pretend I never had such a shameless daughter!" Simon scoffed ruthlessly at the mention of Cordy before changing the topic of conversation. "I heard a while ago that John Levine, the scion of Levine Ventures, has just returned to the country. You should meet as Starstream Group's CEO when you have the chance, Noel."

"Are you letting me take over the company, Dad?" Noel asked a little excitedly.

After all, Cordy's mother was the one who founded Starstream, and this meant that she would be taking what Cordy desired most.

"Thank you, Daddy! I won't let you down!" She hurried and showed her determination.

"Of course I trust you," Simon said affectionately.

"By the way, the Levines are the richest family in the city, aren't they? John was also said to have a child abroad, but there's nothing known about the mother?" Noel asked in curiosity.

Simon nodded. "Word is that his grandfather Alan Levine was taken ill, and Alan has asked John to return and take over the family business. John's been bringing the Levines' business in the foreign market to new heights, and his acumen for business was said to match even Alan's. You're around the same age, Kyle, so try to make his acquaintance—the Levines basically own North City, after all."

"I've spoken to my father about it myself—I will visit the Levines once John formally takes over," Kyle said humbly.

"He's only twenty-seven, right?! But he's already so young and successful... I wonder what he looks like?" Noel murmured to herself just then.

"It's Alan Levine's seventieth birthday next month. We'll be able to meet him then," Kyle said as he watched her. "What, are you interested in him?"

"No way!" Noel denied it, purring, "I'm only interested in you, Kyle... I think he must be ugly, which was why he got dumped! He probably looks like those middle-aged men with those giant bellies. In North City, only you have it all, Kyle: looks, success, and family connections."

Kyle could not help smiling at that, as they seemingly nonchalantly changed the subject.

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The bleak ward where Cordy was staying was a stark contrast to the cheerful atmosphere in Sachs Mansion.

Cordy was a little hungry, though she did not expect herself to cry over an hour over Kyle, who was absolutely not worth it.

Still, before she could order her food, a man in his fifties entered the ward, followed by two ladies who looked to be in their twenties.

"Good day, Ms. Sachs," the old man greeted her respectfully. "I am John Levine's valet, but you can call me Winston."

As Cordy blinked in confusion, Winston introduced, "This is Flora, and this is Scarlet. They are professionally trained maids that Mr. Levine has brought to assist you, and you may order them around as you require while you're staying here."

Then, he instructed, "Girls, present Ms. Sachs' lunch, please."

Flora and Scarlet swiftly brought over the lunchboxes, laying out an assortment of dishes that would serve as Cordy's overly scrumptious lunch on her overbed table, even holding out her knife and fork with both hands, respectfully. "Please enjoy your meal, Ms. Sachs."

Cordy actually thought then that John was overdoing it—he did not have to go so far for her, especially since the fire at his hotel must have inflicted serious damages.

Still, she took the knife and fork while saying, "Thank you."

Though the food tasted far beyond expectations, Winston suddenly put on a pair of reading glasses and whipped out a little notebook, recording everything while observing Cordy closely. "Apologies if the food isn't to your taste. May I ask if you have any sort of preferences, or ingredients you don't like?"

Cordy was stumped for a moment, but she then slowly said, "No."

Winston did not press her further, but simply observed her quietly nearby, while writing down in his notebook: Ms. Sachs prefers fish, but is averse to carrots and onions...

As he wrote, he looked up again at the dishes Cordy ate, and summed things up: Refer to Mr. Richard's preferences.

After Cordy finished her lunch, Winston presented her with a box.

It contained a mobile phone equipped with a SIM card.

Cordy thanked Winston, and he left without lingering since his job was done.

On the other hand, Flora and Scarlet stayed since they were supposed to attend to her.

"Don't mind me," Cordy said as she got into a wheelchair and wheeled herself out of the ward.

She had agreed to visit Richard and it was a principle of hers to keep promises, not to mention that there were matters she felt she should discuss directly with John.

As she knocked on the door to the next ward, it opened.

John's towering form appeared before her.

His shoulders were broad, his waist muscular, and his legs long—the sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up, revealing his chiseled hands.

Still, Cordy noticed just then that he was bandaged around the wrist...

And he had carried her in his arms!

Averting her eyes, she asked, "Is Dicky in?"

"Yes, but he's having a nap." John replied.

Cordy wondered to herself if he was trying to keep her away from his son, and she pursed her lips. "I'll come by later..."

However, Richard seemed to hear her from inside. He suddenly asked out loud, "Are you there, Mommy? Can you sleep with me?"

"I need to step out for the moment. Please keep him company if you're not too busy, Ms. Sachs," John said right away before Cordy could say anything. "Dicky just had an appendix surgery and his doctors have insisted on bed rest. Help me coax him to sleep if you can."

With that, John left without waiting for her to agree.

On the other hand, Cordy was mystified by his behavior. Was he not afraid that his adorable son would be affected?!

"Mommy?" Richard called out sweetly to her just then.

Cordy inhaled deeply and refrained from correcting him. "Alright, just take a nap. I'll be here with you."

"Thanks, Mommy," Richard said, wrapping his little hands firmly around her arm and holding it against his chest.

Then, he closed his eyes and yawned, falling asleep at the very next instant.

She was certainly envious of the child's ability to doze off with such ease—she had been taking melatonin pills for years.

Still, seeing that he was asleep, she drew her hand out of his grasp.

No sooner had she done that when Richard's little pudgy hands tightened around her, even as he murmured, "Mommy, don't leave me..."

Cordy decided that she could not help it—even as she looked at Richard's tiny, adorable cheeks, she wondered how heartless his mother could be to bear to abandon him.

She could not help leaning in and giving him a kiss.

As she looked up, she suddenly saw that John had returned to the ward, his dark gaze watching her every move, but his thoughts impassive.

Cordy felt caught in the awkwardness right then, because she had been caught red-handed kissing another person's child...