Chapter 6 "Of course!"

Cordy certainly came to like Richard a lot after spending a week with the boy. "I've left you

my number, so call me anytime you miss me. I'll even come to meet you when I'm free." "Liar, liar, pants on fire..."

Cordy dropped to a crouch then, which took her considerable exertion.

Nearby, the nonexistent man was left frowning as she tenderly tousled Richard's hair from the same height as the latter. "Yes, pants on fire."

Richard beamed adorably then and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"I have to go now," Cordy told Richard with a tender look.

"Okay, Mommy. Don't run or you might fall," Richard called after her sweetly—the boy

The nonexistent man frowned even harder then.

simply refused to stop calling her that even after a week.

When Cordy tried to, Richard would become alarmed, thinking that she was abandoning her, his little eyes turning red and welling with tears from misery.

anyway. As she limped out alone from her ward on her crutch, John kept following her.

It certainly stopped Cordy from being stubborn—the boy would get it when he was older

She wanted to stop him more than once, but she held her tongue.

However, he simply walked past her, opening the door of the black Maybach parked in front

It was not until they reached the main entrance that she spoke. "Mr. Levine..."

of her like a gentleman. As Cordy frowned, he said, "I'll give you a ride home."

"I shouldn't trouble you. I can get home by myself." "I have a car," he insisted simply.

He seemed to have this mystical ability to stop her from refusing, though refusing was just

As she got into the luxurious sedan, John asked, "Where do you live, Ms. Sachs?"

"It's no trouble," he added.

Cordy genuinely found it difficult to talk to him, but she compromised regardless.

going to be a waste of time—it would never work.

"North Garden," she replied.

called family never cared.

Cordy stared at him. Was he bragging?

"Yeah," John said, giving the chauffeur a look.

She never returned to Sachs Mansion ever since she returned to the country, and her so-

She was startled even though she was clearly wary—John had always kept his distance.

She did not notice that she was doing that,

That was when John suddenly leaned toward Cordy.

The chauffeur quickly nodded and slowly drove out of the hospital.

Cordy promptly looked down.

As the awkwardness of the situation unfurled, John added, "Don't worry, Ms. Sachs. I'm not

After he was done, he said evenly, "You don't have to clench your fists, Ms. Sachs."

Still, she looked on as he helped her put on her seatbelt, and she was left pursing her lips.

the type to sleep around."

How narcissistic could he get?!

Unable to hold back just then, she blurted, "How did you get a kid if you really were?"

She regretted it almost as soon as she said it—she was not close enough to John that they

Cordy was dumbfounded—something like that could happen to a burly man who measured

However, just as she thought about changing the subject, John said, "It was against my will."

"She doesn't like me."

without an ounce of sentiment.

Cordy frowned—he was certainly volatile.

John nodded. "Take care, Ms. Sachs."

"Yeah," Cordy replied, while feeling relieved inside.

could joke like that.

Cordy was speechless.

up to six feet tall?!

"She was on that day." John nodded, glancing at her again with his dark gaze.

Cordy was dumbfounded again—someone dumped a man as gorgeous as him?!

Indeed, John turned to look at her and held her gaze for a long while.

"I guess she's quite assertive." Cordy tried to play along.

Somehow, Cordy felt like their conversation was not that dull.

Cordy touched her own cheeks self-consciously. "Mr. Levine?"

"Thank you," Cordy said as she maintained her distance from him.

"And? How did you two end up separated?" Cordy asked, trying to change the subject—she was also curious as to why Richard's mother would leave them.

"If she doesn't, why would she bear your child?" It just did not make sense. "She never wanted Dicky," John said coolly. "She was actually going to abandon him after delivering him."

Cordy's heart actually felt as if it was cut by a blade right then. She did not even want to

"It's right to separate yourself from a woman like her," she said earnestly. John pursed his lips and stared fixedly at her, as if there was something on her face.

John turned away and kept the back of his head to her for the rest of the journey.

imagine the scene where a newly born Dicky, so young and defenseless, was almost dumped

would be in a bad mood. The car was silent until it stopped outside Cordy's apartment

She had to admit that she was slightly worried that John would insist on walking her to her

apartment unit. Her tolerance toward strangers was already at its limit after he brought her to

Still, considering that she mentioned his unpleasant relationship, it would make sense that he

her apartment block. He was certainly considerate, and she actually felt less wary toward him—even though she should be very wary against him.

returned at all if his grandfather did not coerce him with his own mortality. And if he did not, he probably would not have met her again.

He rarely returned to North City following his parents' death, and he would not have

Cordy put on a business suit and light makeup, while letting her silky hair loose

nonchalantly over her shoulders. Even though she was still on crutches, it did not hamper her

mother's most trusted employees. When Simon took over, he went on a major reformation,

His position and influence in Starstream certainly went without saying from that fact alone.

"Mr. Lang." She nodded. Stephen Lang, the deputy general manager of Starstream Group, was one of Cordy's

"Let's go," Cordy said without delay.

Even so, Cordy said coolly, "It doesn't matter."

"Actually, Ms. Sachs, today is..."

"I just got the news when I came in today. The board chairman... I mean, your father is

going to appoint Noel Sachs as CEO of Starstream Group, giving her full authority over all

Meanwhile, in the car, the chauffeur called out to John. "Sir?" Cordy was already gone from sight, but John was still staring at the direction from which she left, while his phone had been ringing for a while. John eventually turned away, remaining impassive as he answered the call. "Grandpa." "Isn't Dicky getting discharged today? Why isn't he here?" Alan Levine asked. "We will arrive soon," John replied. "But I must be clear—we won't be staying at the manor."

"Why?" Alan sounded clearly upset. "Dicky's introverted—he doesn't like having too many people around. I'll bring him over to meet you, and then leave with him," John said staunchly.

weathered yet beautiful appearance. Her lawyer, Andrew Jacobs, accompanied her to Starstream Group.

A man quickly approached them, greeting Cordy. "Ms. Sachs."

swapping out much of the old guard—only Stephen remained.

"At least have dinner before you leave."

It was Alan's final compromise.

"...Sure," John agreed.

Monday was a clear day.

Cordy frowned at Stephen's hesitation to speak.

company affairs. They're actually holding a succession ceremony now."

Simon Sachs and his daughter were as despicable as they were shameless!