

A Life Debt Repaid Free Online

- Chapter 811-820

Chapter 811

Whenever Bob and Zoe had finished chugging, Sam would quickly follow up and goad Zoe into chugging another glass.

Sam was clearly eager to mess with her, and those two were clearly conspiring together despicably... and against one woman at that!

And to think that a fine woman like Quinn was married to one of them.

Naturally, Quinn could tell that Sam was eager to mess with Zoe, and she knew the extent of Zoe's alcohol tolerance.

While she could handle Bob alone just fine, it was virtually impossible to win against Sam.

When it came to Sam's ability to stomach alcohol... How should Quinn put this? She never saw him actually drunk.

Bob, we never drink much together usually," she said, picking up her glass as well. "Let's drink more tonight to get to know each other better. If there's any legal advice you might need-

"Hold it," Bob stopped her right then. "I'm really hoping I never have to seek legal advice."

Quinn was left feeling awkward-she never took part in social dinners like this much, so she hardly knew what to say.

"Oh, cut the chatter and drink!" Zoe naturally could sense that Quinn was caught in an awkward position, and so beckoned Bob, "The lady already asked, and you're trying to drag your feet? You call yourself a man?"

Bottom's up!" Bob certainly could not resist Zoe's challenge and chugged his glass, and Quinn drank hers quickly as well without hesitation.

They drank for a couple hours like that, the four of them getting all enthusiastic with their drinking while Jay watched them slaughter each other like some outsider.

He simply stayed with them, showing no inclination to leave, but he did not try to talk them out of it either or show any sign of impatience.

As Zoe headed to the washroom, she was swearing under her breath that she had no idea Sam was that good a drinker.

She had wanted to focus down on Bob, but it was her who would end up drunk with Sam's protection.

In fact, she was on the verge of vomiting.

Appearances could certainly be deceiving when it came to Sam, just as Zoe wondered how Quinn was doing—she helped Zoe when those two kept challenging her and must have drunken far beyond her alcoholic tolerance tonight.

Nonetheless, after vomiting and rinsing her mouth, Zoe was ready to step out again to fight Bob 'to the death'.

If she were to be honest, she could not control herself just then—once she started issuing challenges, it meant she was too far gone.

Nonetheless, she suddenly felt someone catching her wrist and saying her name. "Zoe."

Zoe turned to find Jay standing there, having appeared out of nowhere.

She must have been too drunk to notice him there.

"It's late," he said. "I'm taking you home."

"Take me home for what?!" Zoe snapped, and shoved him.

She was drunk, and like most others, did not have a measure on her strength.

Jay almost fell from that shove, and promptly held himself steady with his cane so that he did not look too haggard in front of Zoe.

Zoe watched him, her consciousness blurred yet somehow lucid.

"You're disabled?" she asked.

"Yeah." Jay nodded.

"Prosthetic?" She pressed, staring at his leg and not sparing him an ounce of dignity.

“No,” he replied. “But I can’t feel a thing there, let alone move it.”

“You don’t feel a thing at all?”

“More or less.”

“Really?” Zoe suddenly got up close, the alcoholic scent that swirled around her streaming into Jay’s nostrils, and his chest clenched in turn.

At the next instant, he was pursing his lips as he watched Zoe reaching out to poke his right leg.

After doing it repeatedly for a while, she looked up and asked, “Felt that?”

“Nope.”

“What about here?” Zoe kept trying around his leg.

Like most people who were drunk, delicate, precise movements were impossible.

For example, Zoe ended up poking Jay’s thigh when she intended to poke his kneecap and somewhere else when she actually reached for his thigh...

Chapter 812

Looking utterly curious, Zoe asked Jay, “Still nothing?1

Jay was blushing, though it was not obvious under the dim lights.

“I did feel that,” he replied.

“Oh, so you feel something here, but not elsewhere...”

Jay stiffened as Zoe was starting to grope him and was left wondering if he should actually move.

Zoe was clearly so drunk she had no idea what she was doing!

“Z-Zoe?!”

Quinn just happened to arrive at the washroom as well-her stomach was churning and she was almost going to throw up-

However, she completely forgot about that when she saw the sight that greeted her.

Was Zoe... teasing Jay?

Was she so drunk she could not see straight?

She could see Jay flushing crimson, while Zoe was still enjoying herself.

Hearing Quinn then, Zoe turned toward Quinn and exclaimed excitedly like a child finding a new toy, “Quinn, come check this out!”

Quinn was bewildered.

How could Zoe say something like that?! And she could clearly see Jay’s face turning green!

Nonetheless, Zoe was still at it. "See? He can't feel anything aside from this spot because he's disabled. Want to test it out--"

Quinn was so scared she ran away right then--a drunk Zoe was simply scary! The last time Zoe was that drunk, she dragged Quinn and Cordy to a graveyard and then almost ended up setting the entire hill on fire! And now, she was molesting Jay?!

Was there anything she could not do when she was drunk?!

Quinn stared at her own reflection in the mirror and saw that she was completely flushed, though she was not sure if it was the alcohol or from witnessing Zoe's... savagery!

She gained epiphany then--she must never do anything she wanted just because she was drunk!

Outside the washroom, Zoe felt someone grasping her wrist, prying her hand off himself.

Zoe frowned at Jay, who appeared a little angry.

But she told herself that he had always been that petty, constantly refusing to share what was his--he was just disabled in one leg, was he not?

"Zoe..."

Suddenly, Jay leaned forward, bringing his lips beside her ears...

But just as he was about to speak... 1

"Blargh!"

Zoe was retching again, and she could feel her stomach churning.

She promptly pushed Jay aside and dashed inside the washroom too.

Damn it! To think that she ended up vomiting from challenging Bob to a drinking game!

And with that, she ended up vomiting repeatedly alongside Quinn as if they were harmonizing in a duet.

They certainly looked haggard when they were done, though they were laughing as they traded glances.

It was as if they were back to their younger days!

While they laughed, they heard someone knocking on the door.

"Are you two alright? Come out. I'll send you home."

It was Jay, who probably was the one sober person around here.

Still, after Zoe and Quinn had a breather, they both stormed outside the washroom, declaring at once, "We can keep going!"

Chapter 813

Zoe and Quinn knew that they must not lose in spirit against their opposition.

Hence, despite being drunk, they returned to challenge Bob and Sam.

Bob was actually drunk, and the more he was, the less he could stop himself from drinking.

As for Sam, the man had always been loyal and always stood with his friends to the end of the line.

Seeing that they were all completely letting loose, Jay made a call to Cora. Bob was the heart of the party, and once he left, the rest would have to leave as well.

Cora showed up in under half an hour and suddenly felt upset when she saw the people around the room.

All of Bob's most important friends and even Zoe were there, but not her. Was this what they thought? That she would never replace Zoe? That Zoe was their friend, while she would never be?

"Cora?" Jay called out to her just then.

Cora withheld the displeasure she felt, noticing right then that everyone else in the room was more or less drunk aside from Jay.

Quickly walking up to Jay, she greeted him. "Uncle Jay."

"We just ran into the ladies by chance," Jay explained. "Bob invited Sam and I to dinner, then we ran into Zoe and Quinn, so we had them join us."

"Yeah." Cora nodded.

She had noticed long ago that Jay was meticulous and considerate toward the feelings of others.

Did he anticipate that she would feel uncomfortable? And here she thought that she hid it well.

She never showed hostility toward Zoe because she did not want others to find her petty, but Jay knew anyway.

"Bob definitely drank too much tonight," Jay told her then. "You should get him to They are all not exactly young-their health will suffer if they keep drinking."

"Okay." Cora did not say anything else, but just as she got up to leave with Bob, something occurred to her. "You weren't drinking?"

"Not much."

He was always the one who never drank much whenever they gathered.

Everyone knew that he was bad with alcohol, so they would not push him.

"Who are you going home with?" Cora asked then.

Jay's eyes narrowed right then.

"I can take Zoe," Cora said bluntly right then. "I won't stop you from anything, Uncle Jay, since you are an elder and I

have no right to interfere. However, I'd rather you be more considerate toward my mother-she's already lost too many loved ones in the last few years, and she doesn't want to fight you over someone... pointless."

"Just take Bob with you."

"Please..."

"Your mother has no right to meddle with my affairs, and you have even less right to do so," Jay said staunchly.

Cora gritted her teeth.

In reality, she held great respect for Jay—he was her elder, and even if he was adopted to the Levine family, she understood that her mother was genuinely good to him, and she followed suit.

There was also his ability—he could help her strut in showbiz given his talent and position.

That was why she had no reason to argue with Jay, and at this very moment, she decided to bear with it.

Her mother would not abide by this anyway, and she really doubted that Jay could be so callous and uninterested in the Levines' estate, i

Cora walked toward Bob, who was singing while drinking and dancing—too busy to even notice she was there.

In fact, the others did not notice her either.

That might not be the case for Sam, since he was not that drunk.

Chapter 814

Finally noticing Cora, Bob exclaimed, “What are you doing here, Cora? Burp—“ He suddenly breathed a large belch.

Cora never liked alcohol.

She used to take part in social dinners when she was an extra, but she did not have to once she became the heiress of the Levines, just as no one ever forced him to drink.

She in turn developed a distaste for alcohol and was naturally a little annoyed now.

“You know I hate alcohol, Bob. Why would you drink so much?” she asked a little angrily.

Bob was beaming nonetheless. “It’s a rare occasion. I’ll cut it down next time. Burp—“

“Come on.” Cora pulled his arm, intent on taking him away.

“But I’m not done drinking.” Bob refused to leave, even determined to drink more. “I’m beating Zoe tonight, or I’m staying forever!”

Cora refused to waste her breath with him and kept trying to pull him along, but he was not budging at all.

He was resolved to get drunk with Zoe, was he?!

Cora wheeled on Zoe right then, whose gaze looked unfocused—she must have drunk a lot too.

“Zoe York,” she said sternly. “I hope you won’t drink with Bob anymore. He always gets sick afterward.”

“You tell him that. It’s his freedom who he wants to get drunk with—what’s the point of telling me?” Zoe snorted.

She really did not want to ruin things for Bob and Cora, and she sincerely hoped that Bob would be happy.

And yet, she could not stand Cora's
Even if she would regret this to no end tomorrow, that was something to worry
for tomorrow!

On the other hand, Cora was left stumped by Zoe's retort.
She never spoke much with Zoe, let alone getting so confrontational against
her.

Moreover, she could see that Zoe had restrained her fiery temper Actors on
Set and actually looked a little too submissive.

But this was how Zoe talked to her?! So that was all just a pretense, was it?
Pretending to be downtrodden, so that Jay and Bob would feel sympathetic
toward her?!

Cora knew that Zoe never got over being chased out of the Levine family—
how could she? It was only natural that anyone would want a piece of the
Levines' vast family fortune.

So, Zoe was now seducing Jay just to make her return, was it?!

What a cunning plan! She really was not as simple as she looked!

"Pretend I never said anything," Cora said then, having no intention to argue.
After all, she considered Zoe beneath her now, and she had no reason to lose
face because of Zoe. i

Instead, she turned toward Bob and said, "Let's go, Bob, or I'm going to get
upset."

Bob stiffened when Zoe suddenly said, "It's late. I should be going too."

"You're stopping?" Bob exclaimed in agitation.

Beside Bob, Cora's face fell—was Bob that eager to please Zoe too?!

"I was puking my guts out, y'know." Zoe snorted grumpily.

"So you're admitting you lost tonight?" Bob said smugly.

"You're such a kid."

Zoe rolled her eyes and tugged at Quinn.

She had passed out from drinking, and sensing someone tugging at her,
murmured, "Is it over, Sam?"

Sam?!

Sam was smoking a cigarette nearby, and his fingers clearly twitched just
then.

Chapter 815

Zoe was a little speechless. "I'm not your husband."

How drunk was Quinn, really?

Zoe could admit to herself that she was drunk, but at least she was not this
drunk!

"Time to go," she told Quinn nonetheless.

Quinn still felt muddled as she rose from the couch and was soon tumbling as
her body felt limp.

Zoe tried to pull Quinn up, but she could not!

However, Sam suddenly held out a hand to hold Quinn, and before Zoe realized what was happening, he said, "We're going home."

With that, Zoe could only watch as Quinn's limp form was being carried off by Sam, not quite wrapping her head around the fact for a long while!

When she finally did and was about to rush outside to take Quinn back from Sam, she felt someone catching her wrist abruptly.

Zoe turned to find Jay, who told her, "I'm taking you home."

"I'm going home with Quinn," Zoe retorted determinedly.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Sam will take her home."

"Exactly! What do you think he's going to do?!" Zoe became further agitated.

"They're married..."

"But--"

"And they just moved out of Saunders Mansion. They're living together now."

"Wait, what?!"

"It's pointless for you to go with Quinn."

Zoe actually was left speechless, while Jay added, "Can't you see that Quinn is learning to accept Sam too? Won't you be getting in their way?"

Wait, was that really the case?

"Come on. I'm taking you home," Jay said, holding her up by her arm then.

Zoe's head was already spinning from all the alcohol, and Jay only left her even more dizzy.

She allowed Jay to lead her out of their private room while Bob and Cora were still there.

The man was still complaining about not wanting to leave, having not drunk enough.

This was the first time Cora saw him behave like this too- he was playful, but never this playful.

She could not make him budge at all.

"Wake up, Bob. We should leave already-the others are all gone," Cora told him.

Bob blinked, his gaze completely unfocused.

"Zoe's gone?" he asked, his breath heavy with alcohol.

Cora was annoyed-why did he have to keep mentioning her?

Did he really not understand that she did not like Zoe that much?

"Let's go."

"Did she leave with Jay?" Bob murmured, and there was something in his tone that sounded hurt.

“Why do you keep trying to help Zoe hook up with my uncle? You’re my boyfriend, Bob-you should be siding with me.” Cora finally could not resist venting her displeasure.

Moreover, Bob was drunk, and he might not remember what she said when he woke up.

And she really could not keep everything in right now.

Because they love each other.” Bob laughed.

Though he was laughing, his tears were falling from his eyes too.

Yes, they loved each other.

And what did he amount to?

“How would you know... Wait, are you crying, Bob?” Cora asked, suddenly noticing those tears.

Bob quickly wiped his eyes, and they really were wet.

It’s been years, but he was still crying for Zoe.

That cruel woman...

“What’s wrong? Does it hurt anywhere?” Cora asked worriedly-how much did he really drink that he was starting to cry?

“Here,” Bob replied, pointing at his chest.

“Your heart? Are you having a heart attack?!”

Cora quickly fumbled for her phone to call an ambulance...

Chapter 816

That was when Cora heard Bob say, “Zoe, my heart hurts so much...”

She froze, thinking she misheard.

Did Bob just call out to Zoe while drunk?

Cora always thought that they were just friends and playmates since they were children...

She smiled savagely then.

So that was why Bob mentioned her so much?!

Zoe fell asleep in Jay’s car, though not immediately.

She just did not want to talk to Jay, nor did she have any idea what they could talk about. She simply leaned in a corner and eventually dozed off.

She always did fall asleep easily whenever she got drunk and could not stave off her drowsiness.

She was actually sleeping more soundly by the time they reached her apartment, and Jay could not wake her at all.

After hesitating for a moment, he told his chauffeur to get the electric wheelchair from the trunk, which he always kept there by habit.

Jay alighted and sat on it, then headed over to Zoe’s side of the car.

The instant he opened the door, she started to fall out, though Jay managed to react in time and catch her right then.

Somehow, Zoe never woke up despite the ruckus—she probably would not know if he left her at the curb.

Nonetheless, he put her on his lap, positioned her head over his shoulder, and steered the wheelchair into the apartment.

That was when he remembered that he did not know what unit she lived in, and he had to ask her.

Zoe fidgeted uncomfortably over him, annoyed as usual that someone was disturbing her in her sleep.

“Zoe, what’s your apartment unit?”

Still dizzy, Zoe blurted the numbers and fell asleep again.

Jay did not want to wake her, and gently patted her on the back after she told him, as if to coax her to sleep.

Soon, they arrived outside Zoe’s door, and Jay mused to himself a little before typing Zoe’s birthday on the password panel.

And the door opened.

Jay chuckled—it had been years, but she never grew wary.

As he steered the wheelchair into the apartment, he immediately spotted a figure.

They were both startled, while Zoe also jolted awake.

She opened her muddled eyes, muttering, “What is it?”

Then, her eyes widened when she saw Clara, and she glanced in shock between Jay and Clara.

Clara had always been frugal and never turned on the main lights unless she had to, so Zoe almost had a heart attack when she saw the two silhouettes in the darkness.

She yelped loudly in surprise!

However, Clara soon recognized the man. “M-Mr. Parker, was it?”

Jay calmed down as well when he recognized Clara, and said, “Yeah. I was just bringing Zoe home.”

‘ Why are you on a wheelchair-“

“How did I get back?!” Zoe suddenly came to a realization when she found herself in familiar surroundings.

“Mr. Parker brought you home,” Clara told her.

Zoe turned to find her own face inches away from Jay’s before realizing that she was sitting on his lap.

She promptly leapt off, but did so a little too forcefully and ended up falling again.

Clara quickly caught her, just as one of the bedroom doors opened.

Yelena was walking barefoot, rubbing her eyes and probably woken by the commotion.

Before she could call out to Zoe or Clara, however, Zoe charged at her, scooping her up in her arms at top speed and taking her back inside her room while slamming the door shut with a loud bang!

Chapter 817

Yelena had still been groggy from sleep, but Zoe made her wide awake. Blinking her large innocent eyes at Zoe, she asked, "Was that daddy?" "Nope."

"But he's outside," Yelena retorted, pointing at the door. "I want to greet him." "He's not your daddy."

Yelena simply ignored Zoe while exclaiming happily, "He must have come to visit me."

"How many times have I told you that he's not your daddy?!" Zoe yelled a little loudly just then.

She was already in bad shape after getting drunk, but Yelena insisted on messing with her!

"Bad mommy!" Yelena scowled, her little face contorting with indignation.

"Yes, I'm the baddest person there is, so go back to bed and sleep or I'm giving you a spanking," Zoe snapped, making herself look as menacing as possible just then.

Yelena pouted but tamely got in bed.

Naturally, she was utterly upset even as she lay down, thinking the worst of her mommy who stopped her daddy when he came to visit her.

She decided that she must find a way to see daddy.

Zoe sat beside her bed, not knowing what her baby girl was thinking. All she could hope for right then was for Jay to leave soon, while praying that he never saw Yelena.

Jay was just so smart. He had been topping grades when they were children, and if, just if...

No, Zoe told herself—she would not let him find out, nor did she need him to take responsibility.

After a while, Clara entered to find Zoe spacing out as she sat on bed.

She was not sleeping even after getting drunk just because she did not want to deal with Jay?

But the man was carrying her in his arms as he brought her home...

Still, Clara was not one to pry. She said, ' Mr. Parker has already left. He wanted me to remind you to drink honey, which would help with your hangover headaches.'

"Yeah," Zoe replied.

She started to leave, but Zoe soon could not help but ask, " Did he ask anything else?"

When Clara appeared confused, Zoe asked, “Did he ask about Yelena?”
“No.” Clara shook her head. “He probably didn’t see her, since it was very dark.”

Zoe was relieved at that, while Clara urged her, “You should get some sleep. You’ll feel better tomorrow, and I’ve already put a glass of honey in your room.”

“Okay,” Zoe nodded. “Thanks.”

Clara smiled-Zoe was distant to her even after all those years.

Nonetheless, after taking a shower, Zoe was unable to sleep at all even as she tossed and turned in bed.

She tended to quickly get sober right after napping, and was wondering to herself... What if Jay actually saw Yelena, even if Clara said he did not? She was utterly uncomfortable.

How did he end up bringing her home? How did he find her apartment unit? Unable to take it anymore, she quickly called Quinn... but Quinn had her phone turned off.

Quinn never turned off her phone! But could it be...

By the way, was she really getting along with Sam like normal spouses?!

However, Zoe was too worried about herself to care about others and decided to call Cordy instead.

Even if Cordy was away from North City, she could at least answer Zoe’s call even in the capital, right?!

On the other end, Cordy promptly answered Zoe’s call when she saw it.

“Zoe?”

“I knew I could count on you, Cordy. Quinn abandoned me now that she has a man,” Zoe started complaining right away.

Cordy could tell that Zoe was drunk right then—that was not how she behaved these days.

Chapter 819

When Zoe finally coaxed Yelena to sleep, she could not help leaning in and giving her daughter a peck on her pudgy cheeks.

Thank goodness she did not take after Jay, or she was never going to explain herself.

Eventually, she dozed off... Until she woke up with a start from her ringing phone.

She still had her eyes closed as she reached for it, when she suddenly felt her phone being passed in her hand.

She opened her eyes and saw that it was Yelena, and she felt warmth in her heart.

Giving her a peck on the cheek, she then answered the call.” Why did you call me so early, Quinn?”

“Early?! It’s 11 AM! Time for lunch.”

What?!

Zoe sprang up from bed in disbelief.

She had been sleeping for that long?!

Zoe then turned to look at Yelena and saw that her daughter had already changed into fresh clothes, clearly having gotten out of bed for a while and only returning to bed to pass her her phone.

“Why did you call me so late last night?” Quinn asked.

“Did I?” Zoe asked, before remembering that she did without thinking much about it.

“How much did you drink, honestly?!” Quinn sighed.

“Pot, meet kettle. Did you know that you were calling for Sam in your sleep?”

Zoe exposed her right then.

“Did I?” Quinn blushed from Zoe’s words.

Though she did not remember how she made it home last night, she more or less remembered being carried.

Her initial thought was that they would do whatever they wanted while she was out like light.

However, even though she could not tell since was really drunk, and even if she wanted to accuse them, she realized that she had not been touched at all. Still, she was a little unhappy about being teased and retorted, “Forget about me for a second. Do you know what you were doing last night while you’re drunk?”

Zoe frowned-did Quinn know that Jay carried her home?

“Do you know what you did to Jay while you were drunk?” Quinn asked.

“What can I do to him?” Zoe thought nothing of it.

“You were touching him.”

“Shut up. I’d never do that.” Zoe snorted in disbelief.

She always avoided Jay like the plague, let alone approach him on purpose. And yet... Jay was the one who carried her home.

Well, she was asleep and did not know what happened, so she was not the one who started it.

“You don’t remember anything?” Quinn asked tentatively then.

Nope. Why would I?”

“You were saying that Jay felt nothing below the waist,” Quinn reminded her then. “And you were inviting me to join in too.”

Zoe frowned as the memory of that slowly grew vivid.

She just wanted to find out what was wrong with Jay’s leg, whether it was disabled or whatnot....

There was no way she would touch Jay anywhere else.

'Sh*t.'

She could remember it then, and worse still... the sensation on his finger still lingered!

Zoe almost dropped her phone.

"Zoe? Zoe?! Zoe!" Quinn kept calling out to her.

"Why did you have to remind me?! You could have let me forget about it! Jay is my instructor now, so I can't even hide from him-how am I supposed to face him?!"

She really wanted to just end herself right then and there.

"You were the one who teased me first," Quinn said a little softer then.

Zoe really felt like crap and would cry if she had the tears.

To make things worse, Jay was not drunk last night, only she was!

Chapter 820

Everything Zoe did, Jay would know all too well...

Zoe froze just then.

By the way, why did he not stop her?

"Actually, Jay has been good to you. If you're still into him, you should-" Hold it," Zoe stopped Quinn right then. "Absolutely impossible. Not on my life."

"You're really petty," Quinn said, speechless.

"Revenge is a dish best served hot."

"It's 'revenge is a dish best served cold', girly."

"It's the same," Zoe replied nonchalantly. "Anyway, I'm hanging up. I need to get some rest."

"It's actually fine. Who knows, Jay might be enjoying it..."

Zoe hung up right then.

Quinn was such a pervert-she had really changed after three years'

Zoe put away her phone, noticing then that Yelena was still beside her.

Yelena always made a ruckus, but she was now so silent Zoe completely forgot about her.

So... she said a lot of child unfriendly stuff, did she not?

"Mommy, are you done with your call?" Yelena asked.

"Yeah."

"Can I use your phone?" Yelena's eyes were wide with expectation.

Zoe frowned-she usually was not this addicted to watching YouTube.

Still, Zoe tolerated that. "Get Grandma's phone if you want. She doesn't usually use hers, and I have to take a lot of calls. It'd be inconvenient."

But I want to use yours," Zoe said stubbornly.

"Be a good girl, Yelena..."

Don't you love me anymore?" Yelena's eyes were immediately red and wheeling with tears.

And with her little pout, she looked utterly miserable.

Zoe was melting right then—she knew that Yelena was just faking it, but her little girl was that good at acting.

She wondered if Yelena got that from her or Jay... though it was definitely her, since Jay was no actor. 1

"Alright, alright," Zoe said and passed Yelena her phone." Give it back to me in ten minutes. I'm going to nap again."

She needed time to cool off.

Yelena was beaming right then and happily took the phone away before running back, saying, "You didn't unlock it, Mommy."

Zoe used her face to unlock it.

"Thanks, Mommy," Yelena said and gave Zoe a peck on the cheek before running off again.

Zoe felt warmth over her chest—Yelena was definitely her little angel, and thank goodness she was not emotional when she made her choice back then. Naturally, she just did not know what Yelena was up to.

Meanwhile, Yelena was carrying the phone to the living room -she was still young and did not know what to do other than browse YouTube.

However, she was much smarter than her peers, understanding more while they were still in the dark about everything.

And she especially knew how to charm others.

"Grandma," she called out to Clara.

"What's wrong, darling?" Clara smiled—she really reserved all her tenderness for her granddaughter.

"What was the name of the man who came last night?" Yelena asked.

"Oh you saw her too? He's Jay Parker, your mommy's colleague, I guess. What about it?"

So her daddy's name was Jay Parker-Yelena remembered that.

She then said, "Grandma, could you help me look through mommy's phone and find Jay Parker's number? I want to save it."

"Why?" 1

"I want to call him," Yelena replied, still too young to know how to lie.