

## A Life Debt Repaid Read Online Free

Chapter 1181

John stayed calm and said, "Yeah, I am."

Cordy realized with a start then and snorted coolly, "So you were playing me? Was it that fun?"

"You must have misunderstood, Ms. Sachs. I wasn't avoiding you, but my schedule was packed full and your visit had been sudden," John said before beckoning at Randy. "Please show Ms. Sachs my schedule for the day—"

"I don't mean today," Cordy growled through her teeth, working hard to make herself stay calm.

She was willing to believe that John did not have time the whole day, since he would definitely be very busy with his company, which was expanding into multiple territories simultaneously.

What she wanted to ask was something else instead. "You deliberately arranged for the shopping center to reshuffle the leases, didn't you?"

"It was deliberate, yes," John admitted.

"You."

"But that's not an orchestrated effort against you."

Cordy merely stared at him, so he turned to Randy again. "Bring our project plan for KPW."

"Yes, Mr. Levine."

Randy quickly ran away to fetch it, panting heavily as he returned. John took it and held it out to Cordy. "Please take a look, Ms. Sachs. It's the background analysis, plans, and intended effect our company put together for KPW's invitation to tender."

Cordy shot him a look, took the document, and browsed through its contents.

It was a trade secret, but she had no reason to refuse when John was showing it to her so willingly.

And she certainly combed through it, but everything about the invitation to tender was comprehensive, from its factors to analysis.

It appeared that they would also implement further change after the reshuffling, and they expected a ten percent of additional revenue following the adjustments.

That level of profit would spur anyone to get it done.

Still, Cordy read it for a long time before returning the document to John.

With that, she turned and strode off, intending to leave without a word.

Nonetheless, John reminded her, “The deadline for the tender is next month. Please prepare by then, Ms. Sachs.”

Cordy pursed her lips and wheeled on him. “This is all a game for you, isn’t it?”

“No, it isn’t,” John replied solemnly. “This is corporate action and the fruit of labor of the many individuals working here at SYX

Corp. I have an obligation to the company as well, so I must ask your misunderstanding should your interests be affected.”

Cordy merely leveled a cool glare at him before turning to leave again, her rage all too obvious.

It was a long while after she was gone that Randy finally could not help asking, “Ms. Sachs is furious, sir. Everything would go down in flames if this is your plan to win her back—”

He was suddenly silenced as John shot him a look, but he was getting impatient too, since he knew all too well how much his boss loved Cordy.

“Confirm my dinner with Gareth Bryant tomorrow,” John suddenly said.

Randy did a double take.

Were they not just talking about getting back Ms. Sachs? Why was the boss talking about work again already?

Was he not being a little too rational here?!

John raised an eyebrow since Randy did not respond. “Is there a problem?”

“N-No,” Randy promptly replied.

“Also, spread word about said dinner.”

“What?” Randy was left mystified—what was the boss playing at?

However, John left without offering any explanation.

In spite of everything else, he had to admit that he had been too busy because of work.

As he stretched his back by habit, he suddenly felt a sharp pang of pain on his arm—he had yet to fully recover from that gunshot.

## Chapter 1182

John could barely exert much strength with his right hand, and he was so busy he almost forgot that he was half a patient.

His doctor did insist that he rest frequently and attend rehabilitation sessions regularly.

The next day, Cordy was working in her office at Starstream Group when Robin entered. “We just received a tip, Ms. Sachs...”

“What is it?”

“The CEO of SYX Corp is going to have dinner with Gareth Bryant tonight. He’s the board chairman of Future Tech.”

“So?” Cordy asked, frowning—she was unusually irritated whenever John was mentioned.

“Well, Future Tech had been trying to gain a foothold here in North City with a physical outlet. They had one in a rather remote location, but performance has not been ideal for them. Recently, rumor has it that Gareth was trying to get a lease in KPW Shopping Center, but that went south too... Therefore, it’s reasonable to speculate that he is having dinner with SYX’s CEO to discuss a lease

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Cordy scowled, naturally understanding what Robin was hinting at. He was concerned that Gareth had his eyes on their lead lot in KPW Shopping Center.

There would already be considerable competition given that the lot was at the centermost spot of the shopping center, and the reshuffling therefore affected them the most.

She put away the documents she had been reading, feeling even more indescribable irritation.

She had already lost sleep when she got home last night, having no idea if John was scheming against her.

Still, she must admit that business folk inevitably prioritized their interest, and John must have been working so hard to grow his estate.

There was no reason to harass her, and he might be over her too.

After all, he never showed up around her even though it has been a while since Patrick left him at the altar. In fact, he neither received a text nor a call.

Taking a deep breath, Cordy said, “Find out where they will be having dinner.”

“You mean...”

“Let’s bump into him.”

“Yes, Ms. Sachs.”

Robin left and soon returned with the address.

Cordy left work early for the day and went straight to the restaurant, having booked the private room next to where John and Gareth would be dining.

She arranged for someone to watch the door as well, and when both John and Gareth arrived at the restaurant, she stepped out, running right into them.

There was a smile on John's face for a split second before he appeared surprised.

"What a coincidence." Cordy greeted Gareth right then. "It's been a while, Mr. Bryant. Are you dining here?"

"Yes. Are you here to eat too?"

"Yes. I've booked this room, in fact."

"Oh, we're right next door," Gareth smiled. "I've heard that you're well-informed, Ms. Sachs, but I didn't expect you to be that well-informed." Cordy would naturally rather die than admit it. "You flatter me, novelxo Mr. Bryant, but this is just a coincidence. And since it's such a nice coincidence, why don't we eat together?"

"Well..." Gareth glanced at John.

John shrugged. "I'm fine either way."

Gareth nodded. "Let's eat together, then."

In the end, no matter how much scheme and plot behind the scenes, business folk could never afford to get on anyone's bad side.

And with that, Cordy easily joined John and Gareth at dinner, and they sat down, with Gareth sitting between her and John while their subordinates sat around them.

As they got started, Cordy raised her glass, "I heard your AI tech has been applied to business a while ago, Mr. Bryant. I was just thinking about asking if there's anything that suits my company's needs, since I'd like us to develop technically as well."

## Chapter 1183

"Of course," Gareth quickly said, and he and Cordy promptly went into an endless discussion, leaving John neglected.

And after dinner, both Cordy and Gareth were a little drunk, while John was perfectly sober.

In fact, Gareth was starting to feel sick and left immediately with his assistant.

Once he was gone, Cordy wanted to leave as well, only for Robin to whisper into her ear, "I'm sorry, Ms. Sachs, but our car broke down and was sent for repairs. Just wait for a moment—I'm calling for another car." "If you don't mind, Ms. Sachs, I can give you a ride," John said then. "No." Cordy refused right away.

But with that, John did not press the issue and turned to leave with Randy.

Along the way, Randy could not resist speaking up again. "You could have insisted on giving Ms. Sachs a ride, Mr. Levine. It's an opportunity to earn her favor."

"You wouldn't get it," John told him, grinning.

Randy was of the opinion that John was the one who did not.

Meanwhile, Cordy was left with a feeling she could not quite describe as she stared at John leaving so quickly.

And afterward, she waited with Robin for at least half an hour before their ride finally came.

Her head was spinning, her stomach was queasy, and her heart was uneasy.

Therefore, when she returned home to see John and Richard having a cheerful time in the living room, her irritation flared.

Why did she have to see John showing up so pompously in her own house?!

"What are you doing here?!" She rushed at them, visibly angry. "Hadn't I told you before? Don't come here without permission!"

"Alright. I'll be more careful next time." John nodded.

His tone was perfectly neutral, showing no anger or tenseness because of her outburst.

He was just so... cool about it.

Then, he added, "It's the weekend tomorrow, so I'll be taking Dicky back to Levine Manor for the day."

"Couldn't you have called me?" Cordy retorted, a little shrilly.

"But Mommy, Daddy did it several times," Richard said softly. "He was worried you'd be upset if he didn't tell you, so he waited for you to comeback."

Cordy frowned and took out her phone to see that there were indeed several missed calls.

It was put on silent, but she was dizzy and her stomach was churning too much for her to actually check her phone.

“You could have waited outside,” she said stubbornly nonetheless. “It was raining, so I let Daddy come in,” Richard said. Cordy naturally knew that, since she had just returned. “Doesn’t he have a car?”

Richard was going to argue when John yielded yet again. “It’s fine—I won’t come in next time. Apologies for imposing. I’ll be leaving with Dicky now, if that’s alright with you?”

Cordy absolutely did not want to agree to it, but Richard was already eleven years old and could make his own choices in many affairs. Turning toward the boy, she said, “It’s your own call.”

“I’ll come home Sunday night,” Richard said bluntly.

Richard’s undisguised affection for John only left Cordy further irritated—she had to take deep breaths and tell herself that blood ran thicker than water.

“Fine.” Cordy agreed to it and turned to head upstairs. She did not want to let Richard catch on to her irritation and burden her own son, which was why she had been walking too quickly. Coupled with the fact that she was already dizzy in the first place, she barely got two steps up the stairs before she slipped. She was about to fall, but somehow the only thought in her mind was how much she did not want to embarrass herself in front of John. However, the pain she expected never came, and she only felt herself falling squarely into a firm embrace.

## Chapter 1184

Her heart pounding, she looked at the man before her and saw that he was not looking composed either.

In fact, his face was pale, as if he was more scared than she was. Their eyes met for a couple seconds, but just as Cordy was about to struggle out of John’s arms, he scooped her up in his arms.

“What do you think you’re doing?!”

“Carrying you back to your room.”

“I don’t need that. I can walk fine on my own.”

“Keep moving, and we’d both fall.”

Cordy gritted her teeth, but she had no choice but to take it since she could not move, even though she suffered considerably from it. Still, John quickly strode up the stairs with her in his arms and took her to her room.

He put her in bed and left immediately after, as if she would sully his modesty if he lingered even for a second.

Cordy pursed her lips.

John was already gone, but she did not get to vent her grief at all!

“You’re back already, daddy?” Richard exclaimed in surprise as he watched John come downstairs.

“What silly ideas are you cooking now?” John patted Richard’s head as he walked past the boy. “Come on. We’re going to Levine Manor.”

“Are you sure you’re not going to stay? Mommy’s drunk—aren’t you going to take care of her?”

“She can take care of herself.”

“But…”

“Come on.”

With that, he left with Richard.

Cordy worked overtime over the entire weekend in Richard’s absence, since it meant she did not have to spend time with him.

“Ms. Sachs,” Robin greeted her as he handed her their tender proposal. However, it was obvious that Cordy was distracted—something that never happened before.

After all, she was always tireless and completely focused, so what had gotten her today?

“Yeah. Put it there—I’ll look through it later,” Cordy told him. “Also, it’s the weekend. You really don’t have to work overtime with me. You should spend more time with your family.”

Robin stared at her in surprise for a moment before quickly saying,

“Okay. Thank you, Ms. Sachs. Do take care of yourself.”

“Yeah.”

After Robin left, Cordy was left alone in her office, and she soon decided that she was in no mood to work.

She was simply feeling too restless.

She got out of her chair and stood before her glass wall, wondering if she was suddenly gripped by a sense of loneliness.

Patrick was not going to show up in North City for a while after returning to Rocktown, and Richard was away for the weekend with John.

As for Zoe, she would naturally spend all the time she had with family, while Quinn was busy with several lawsuits.

Was this how being single at thirty felt? It was certainly a feeling she has not experienced for years.

She turned and pored over her work again until her phone suddenly rang.

It was John.

“Can you come to Levine Manor to take Dicky home? Something came up for me this evening, so I can’t send him home myself. Though you don’t have to come if you don’t mind me asking a chauffeur to take him...”

“I’ll come,” Cordy said without hesitation.

“Great. See you soon.”

“Yeah.”

Cordy hung up, and drove straight to Levine Manor, where John was waiting with Richard at the gates.

It did not escape Cordy’s notice that John was dressed smartly in a suit, and it was obvious that he had made an effort to look good. So what big occasion was he attending this time?

Chapter 1185

“Thankyou,” John told Cordy politely.

However, Cordy said nothing and left with Richard.

On the way home, however, Richard suddenly asked, “Mommy, don’t you think Daddy looked good?”

Cordy’s fingers clenched over the steering wheel, but she said nonchalantly, “I wasn’t paying attention.”

“Really?” Richard murmured before adding, “He’s going on a blind date today.”

Cordy blinked and glanced at the boy.

“Are you upset, Mommy?” Richard quickly asked, sensing Cordy’s stare right then.

“No. Just a little surprised,” Cordy said nonchalantly.

“Well, Grandaunt Nancy arranged the meeting for him,” Richard said.

“He didn’t want to go, but she insisted.”

“He wouldn’t dress up for the occasion if he was really reluctant.” Cordy scoffed.

“I thought you weren’t paying attention, Mommy?” Richard smiled in amusement.

Cordy pursed her lips—she could not afford letting her guard down around Richard these days now that he was all grown up.

“Grandaunt Nancy prepared the suit and everything,” Richard added.



“Let’s not talk about your daddy, okay? What would you like for dinner? I’ll treat you to something good,” Cordy said, changing the topic right then.

After all, whatever John wanted to do was his business and had nothing to do with her.

“I was just craving the steak at Perkins House.”

“Alright.” Cordy agreed to it without hesitation and took Richard straight there.

A waiter led them to a window seat, and it was not until they sat down that Cordy turned to find John sitting opposite a young woman at the next table.

Richard followed her gaze and saw John too. “I didn’t know Daddy was having his blind date here, Mommy.”

Cordy turned towards him with a faint smile, leaving him biting his lip—it was an awfully specific denial, after all.

Still, Cordy did not expose him even as he lowered his head in silence, since she understood how he felt.

Even so, they missed out on each other, and that was that.

Still, even as they ordered their food and started eating, she inevitably looked up to see that John was having a pleasant time with the young woman.

She could clearly see the interest in her eyes too.

“I’m going to the washroom,” she told Richard then.

“Okay.” He nodded tamely.

Cordy entered the washroom.

When she stepped out from one of the cubicles, she found John’s blind date talking into the phone excitedly. “I really hit the jackpot today—he’s rich and handsome, although he’s just a little older...”

“That’s good. Older men will pamper you more,” her friend teased. “And they are especially good, if you know what I mean...”

They both laughed then, the meaning all too obvious.

“Yeah, but I don’t think he’s that easy,” novelxo John’s blind date said, frowning then. “He’s nice and gentlemanly, but he’s also quite distant. I mean, among all the men I’ve met over the years, he must be the first who’s so uninterested in me.”

“And I suppose you suddenly find that... challenging?” Her friend giggled.

“Of course,” John’s blind date exclaimed excitedly. “I intend to seal the deal tonight.”

“You can do it, girl.”

Chapter 1186

John’s blind date laughed. “Well, I’ve never failed thus far.”

“By the way, are you really not going to settle down?” her friend asked, her tone turning slightly serious. “It’s just been one blind date after another—are you really just going to play around like that?”

“Settle down? I’m only twenty-four! That’d be a waste of my youth. And you know that I won’t ever get my parents to shut up unless I attend these blind dates. And what’s the harm when I might find some top-quality stud while I do?”

“Older men are not that playful, y’know,” her friend warned. “He might want you to take responsibility.”

“Don’t worry—I’m a veteran,” John’s blind date said nonchalantly. “That said, I don’t mind hanging around to play a bit more with this one. You have no idea, but he’s the best-looking one I’ve had yet. He’d even give movie stars a run for their money.”

“Really?”

“I’ll send a photo over later.”

“In bed, I hope.” Her friend laughed.

“I’ll do my best.” John’s blind date did not reject the idea.

“You better do, sister.”

“Don’t worry—I change lovers, not besties. You can pickup what’s left after I’m done.”

“That’s a deal.”

The two women spoke a lot more after that, and it was not until John’s blind date hung up that she noticed Cordy standing beside her.

She did a double take, finding Cordy a little familiar just then.

And it was only natural to take a second look at another woman that was gorgeous—out of an instinctive competitiveness between females and not attraction.

She then remembered that Cordy was sitting at the next table with her son, who appeared around ten.

‘What a shame, wasting her youth like that.’

Still, she greeted Cordy. “What a coincidence.”

“Yeah,” Cordy replied.

“You’re married quite young.”

“I’m not actually married.”

“Then, domestic partnership?”

“Nope.”

“Divorcee, then.”

Cordy had no idea what to say to that.

“Well, I feel for you. Having a child at such a young age is a little regrettable,” John’s blind date said. “You should’ve enjoyed yourself a few more years, then understand the pleasures of life.”

Cordy remained silent, since everyone had their own opinions on how to live life.

Moreover, John’s blind date was at the fickle phase of twenty-four, so she had no input in mind for that.

As for John’s blind date, she fixed her makeup and left nonchalantly despite what she said.

And as she returned to the table, she was once again docile around John—a far cry from the wildcat speaking over the phone in the washroom just now.

Cordy returned to her table as well, and seeing that Richard had almost finished his food, she asked, “Shall we head home?”

“Yeah.” Richard nodded, and Cordy asked the waiter for the check.

That was when Richard got up and walked up to John’s table, speaking clearly and audibly, “Mommy and I are heading home now, Daddy.”

The woman was charmingly sipping on her fruit, and she spat it out right away when she heard Richard.

John and Richard were both left staring at her, and Cordy actually felt second-hand embarrassment even as she looked on.

Still, John’s blind date quickly wiped her lips, staring fixedly at John and then at Richard...

And finally, Cordy.

The awkwardness showed obviously on her face as she said nervously, “Y-You’re married... but you still came on a blind date?”

“I’m not married. I’m actually single, although I do have a kid,” John explained.

“B-But...” John’s blind date could not manage another word.

Cordy promptly beckoned at Richard in turn. “Time to go, Dicky.”

Richard returned to her side, but before they left, Cordy turned and said, “He’s really single—there’s nothing between us, so you don’t have to feel burdened about us.”

And with that, she left with Richard, leaving John and his blind date staring at each other.

## Chapter 1187

John's blind date stared at him, unable to say a word for a long while. Eventually, she began, "I think we should just end it here. We're not right for each other—"

"I disagree," John said, cutting her short.

The woman did a double take but quickly shook her head, remembering all the nonsense she had spouted in the washroom while Cordy was right beside her. "No, I must assure you that we're not..."

"You just want a good time, and the same goes for me," John said bluntly.

The woman was left gaping at him.

How could he tell? And here she thought her maidenly act was impeccable!

Even if Cordy was going to tell him, she could not have done it so quickly!

"You're still fooling around? At your age?!" she exclaimed in disbelief.

John simply stared at her, speechless.

"Wait, I don't mean you can't," the woman quickly said. "I mean, shouldn't you be settling down by now?"

"I should."

"And you're still coming on to me?"

"More like coming to you for help."

"What?" The woman was left further confused.

"Once it's done, you will be rewarded generously," John said, cutting to the chase right then.

"With what, money?" The woman frowned. "I'm not exactly short on cash—"

John simply slid his phone up to her, having typed an amount on the screen.

The woman's eyes went round as she gaped, her jaw dropping so far down one would wonder if it would ever close.

"Would that do?" John asked.

"Of course... but that's a little too much, don't you think?" the woman exclaimed, staring at him in disbelief. "Wait, you're not selling me your kidney, are you?"

John chuckled. "No kidney is worth that much."

The woman thought about it and had to agree.

Still, she smiled. "I mean, I don't mind a form of compensation that's more... physical. You really don't have to pay through your nose like that."

"Surely it's my freedom to pick the form of compensation. You just have to decide if you're agreeing to our deal."

"Yes, you have a deal," the woman quickly said. "I'd have to get my brain checked if I refuse something like that."

John chuckled and told her his requests.

The woman took time to let all that information sink in and concluded,

"So, my task is to help you get back together with your ex-wife?"

"... Technically, she's not my ex-wife."

They never managed to get married, after all.

"So that beautiful lady is the mark?" the woman said with a look of understanding. "Don't worry—I may be more experienced when it comes to men since I spend most of my time with them, but I'm also profoundly aware of what different women care most about their men. You've found the right person, coming to me."

"Then here's to a productive partnership." John raised his glass.

"Indeed."

A month later, Cordy was at the executive meeting room at SYX Corp, waiting with other businesses for the invitation to tender.

John, however, arrived late.

He apologized when he finally showed up, saying that something came up out of the blue.

Cordy thought that given his personality, he would never be late for anything arranged this early in advance.

However, it was also a fact that people change, and she did not believe that she knew him that well.

And since John was the first party, everyone had to defer to him, and no one said a word.

That said...

Cordy had not seen him ever since she bumped into him during his blind date.

There were times when he would take Richard to Levine Manor, but he was always polite enough to text ahead of time. If she agreed to it, he would send a chauffeur over to fetch Richard, so he did not have to show his face around her.

Naturally, she thought nothing of it... although she was a little unaccustomed since things were obviously different from usual. Maybe she would get used to it with them. Nonetheless, the invitation to tender soon began.

## Chapter 1188

Cordy was actually confident.

Having built a partnership with Gareth Bryant, he naturally had to defer to her. As such, he was basically going through the motions when he showed up here.

Moreover, she had looked into the competition as well, but the only side that might compete was Gareth, and no one else had any chance of winning.

That was why her confidence showed during her presentation.

Two hours later, after everyone presented their proposals, the results were announced on the spot.

To no surprise, Cordy retained the best spot in KPW Shopping Center, extending the contract for ten years this time.

That basically meant she did not have to worry about her flagship outlet in the immediate future.

Still, John politely offered a handshake after agreeing to the partnership. "Congratulations, Ms. Sachs. Here's to a fruitful partnership."

Cordy merely stared at his hand hesitantly and did not take it.

John did not seem to feel embarrassed by that and simply lowered his hand.

Nodding instead as a way of greeting, he promptly turned and left.

Cordy watched as he did, able to feel how distant John was toward her. And after he left, the other business owners also filed out of the meeting room.

That was when Cordy heard someone joking, "Your CEO's really busy, Martin—he came late and left as soon as he could..."

"Well, he has really been busy lately, but today..." Randy smiled meaningfully.

"Don't tell me. Are those wedding bells I'm hearing? Though I heard through the grapevine that he's been single for years..."

"I guess," Randy said, lowering his voice mysteriously. "His girlfriend came early in the morning to see him, and she's still waiting in his office now..."

Everyone else realized with a start. "Oh. Well, no surprises there."

“So, I would ask everyone to be a little understanding,” Randy said, quickly defending John just then. “It’s been a while since he was dating, but he still has a lot of work to do every day... so, unfortunately, the only place he can do anything is in the office.”

“Understandable. Just don’t forget to send us an invitation to the wedding...”

“That’s a promise.”

Cordy was among the crowd as they left the building, chatting openly about John’s personal life.

So, in the end, John ended up hooking up with his blind date.

And here she thought...

To be fair, everyone has different tastes, and John probably had no idea what that blind date of his was going for.

And in the end, his blind date was young and beautiful.

Cordy returned to her car and headed back to her office.

Although Robin was giving a report along the way, he noticed that she was clearly not paying attention and called out, “Ms. Sachs?”

Cordy came to her senses and smiled apologetically, “Sorry, I think I worked a little late last night, so I’m a little tired. If you don’t mind, report to me again when we’re back in the office. I’ll sleep a wink for the time being.”

“Of course. Don’t let me keep you up, Ms. Sachs.”

Cordy nodded, closed her eyes, and reclined against her seat.

However, all she could see was John and his blind date, and all she heard was that woman’s conversation with her friend over the phone...

Cordy took a deep breath and told herself not to get affected by John.

It was normal for him to have his own private life, and he deserved it if he allowed himself to be deceived.

Suddenly her phone started ringing.

Cordy glanced at the screen before answering. “Zoe.”

“Are you free tonight? You should come have dinner at my place.”

“Is there a special occasion?”

“Not really. I just missed you—it’s been awhile, and I have no idea what you’ve been up to.”

“Are you sure we should eat at your place?”

“I mean, Jay has a limp. It’s inconvenient for him to go outside.”

Cordy was speechless—Zoe really showed no regard for Jay’s feelings!

Cordy brought Richard along as she headed to Zoe and Jay's apartment right after she left work.

Zoe was excited to see her. "Welcome, Cordy! Come in, Dicky- Yelena's waiting to play with you."

Richard had not actually met Yelena on that many occasions, but it was clear that the little girl liked him.

And in spite of Richard's haughty nature, he was surprisingly patient with Yelena.

Blood relations were a funny thing, no?

In fact, just as Cordy and Richard entered, Yelena already came and pulled Richard away.

"Isn't Quinn coming?" Cordy asked, since it was always the three of them whenever they gather.

"She's going to be gone for two weeks. She has a lawsuit to deal with," Zoe said regrettably.

Cordy nodded, feeling the same way.

The three of them had been too busy to gather lately.



“Where’s Jay?” Cordy asked just then, since she only saw Clara working in the kitchen and greeted her.

“He’ll probably be back soon,” Zoe replied.

As she spoke, the door opened.

Cordy turned to find Jay entering in a wheelchair.

John was with Jay and his blind date.

They were certainly looking perfectly comfortable with each other.

Cordy pursed her lips then and turned toward Zoe.

Zoe quickly explained, “I really didn’t know Jay would bring him.”

Cordy was skeptical—Zoe was obviously lying with that twinkle in her eyes.

Still, Jay stepped in then to help back up Zoe. “I was at John’s office to help him with work. It happened to be time for dinner when we’re done, so I invited them over.”

Cordy almost rolled her eyes.

These two were getting more cunning by the day, no?

“You don’t mind, do you?” Jay asked just then.

“It’s your home. What you say goes,” Cordy said through gritted teeth.

“Oh, this is Johnny’s girlfriend. Why don’t you introduce us?” Jay told John then.

Before John could speak, the woman said eagerly, “We’ve actually met a month ago when I first met Johnny on our blind date, Ms. Sachs. Do you remember?”

“... I do.” Cordy smiled gingerly.

Cordy must admit she was impressed—she had clearly overheard the woman saying all that crap at the washroom, but the woman was still so composed?

“I’m Wendy Crane, but you can just call me Wendy,” the woman said as if they were friends already. “Can I call you Cordy? You’re Dicky’s mother, after all. It’s too formal to call you Ms. Sachs.”

“I’m fine either way,” Cordy replied neutrally.

Wendy did not spend much time on Cordy either and quickly turned toward Zoe, looking her from head to toe excitedly. “Oh, I finally get to meet you in person, Zoe! I really like you—I’m a big fan!”

Zoe actually blushed a little despite usually being so thick-skinned.

Wendy continued, “I was going to have dinner with Johnny anyway, so I insisted we come to Jay’s house because I really wanted to meet you. You look even better than on TV... Can I have an autograph?” “Okay.” Zoe nodded, actually left awkward by Wendy’s enthusiasm.

“How about a selfie too?” Wendy whipped out her phone, looking hopeful just then.

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“Of course,” Zoe replied.

Wendy promptly opened her camera app and took a selfie with Zoe before suddenly calling out to Cordy too. “How about we take another one together?”

Cordy was left staring at Wendy, wondering how carefree that woman could be.

“Come on,” Wendy kept urging nonetheless.

Cordy joined them in the end, since she did not want things to get awkward.

However, after taking the selfie, Wendy was muttering, “Oh, it’s not surprising that Dicky is that handsome—he really got some good genes from his parents. I wonder if Johnny and my kids would look that good.”

“Wait, you guys are getting married?” Zoe was a little agitated at the prospect.

“Not that soon—we just met a while ago,” Wendy smiled, chagrined, though she soon added meekly, “But if Johnny proposes, I think I’ll say yes...”

As she spoke, she glanced at John, who did not answer directly and said instead, “Time to eat. Go wash your hands.”

Wendy stuck her tongue out at him. “You’re coming with me.”

John did not refuse and headed to the washroom with Wendy.

Zoe sighed at that. “Honestly, why did John have to get a woman that young? And he has to pamper her so much—”

She promptly cut herself off mid-sentence and turned toward Cordy, explaining, “I-I just thought he changed a lot lately. He usually is so dull...”

Cordy pretended not to hear, and Zoe asked deliberately, “You don’t mind, do you? You did part ways with him amicably now.”

“Yeah, it was amicable,” Cordy replied.

Zoe frowned ever so slightly—Cordy could really be difficult. When dinner was ready, everyone sat around the huge dining table. Zoe sat with Jay, while Cordy sat beside Zoe, and John and Wendy sat together opposite Cordy. Clara sat with Yelena, who insisted that Richard sit with her. And the atmosphere around the table was alright, since Yelena kept prattling all the way through. Her eyes lit up as she pointed a pudgy figure at a piece of grilled meat. “I want that, Dicky.” Richard patiently put it on her plate. Then, she pointed at a fish. “I want that, Dicky.” Richard followed her orders yet again. Clara could not bear to look. “Yelena, I’ll help you get what you want, okay? Dicky still has to eat.” “No, I want Dicky to do it,” Yelena cried as she tugged at Richard’s sleeve, before wheeling on Zoe and Jay. “Mommy, Daddy, can you give me a brother? I want one who looks just like Dicky.” Zoe really wanted to snap at her, though Jay said seriously, “We can only get you a younger brother, Yelena.” “Hmm... Well, okay,” Yelena agreed to it after some thought. “Well, when can I have a younger brother?” “Don’t talk while you’re eating,” Zoe snapped grumpily. Yelena pouted. “Bad Mommy. Daddy and Dicky are so much better.” As she spoke, she snuggled up against Richard, who did not push her away and actually fed her attentively. Cordy watched them, suddenly wondering if Richard was lonely as a single child and whether she should get him a sibling... That was when she noticed John and Wendy flirting, and she felt stressed just then.