

## A Life Debt Repaid Read Online Free

### Chapter 1191

“Cordy?” Zoe had to call out to her several times before she came to her senses and realized that she had been spacing out.

“What’s with you tonight?” Zoe asked, perplexed. “You’re looking at Yelena one second, and then at John and Wendy the next.”

“Was I? I was just thinking, not really looking,” Cordy replied halfheartedly.

“Then what were you thinking?” Zoe pressed relentlessly.

“I was just thinking... Yelena is really cute,” Cordy hastily came up with an excuse, giving in to Zoe just then.

“So you want a daughter too?” Zoe asked.

Cordy frowned—so it was a trick question!

“Can’t I just like Yelena?” she snapped grumpily.

“I like you too, Godmother!” Yelena quickly exclaimed loudly.

“Well, your daughter would definitely be very beautiful,” Zoe pressed on nonetheless.

“I refuse,” Cordy said flatly. “Dicky is enough.”

“You can do it,” Richard suddenly said. “I want a younger sister too.”

“Me too!” Yelena promptly raised her little hand since Richard had spoken.

“Ask your daddy if you want. He’s getting married soon, no?” Cordy said nonchalantly.

John seemed to look her way just then but stayed silent.

“Sure.” Wendy agreed to it right then. “How many younger sisters do you want, Dicky? We can have two if one’s not enough. I could even get you a basketball team if you really want more siblings.”

Richard was stunned for a moment and quickly said, “A couple is enough. I won’t be able to take care of too many.”

“Alright. That’s two, at least,” Wendy said cheerfully.

She was the youngest at the table barring the children, but she was also the most open-minded.

“Okay.” Richard nodded.

At that instant, Cordy profoundly felt how accepting Richard was toward Wendy.

And John had been taking him to Levine Manor regularly... so her son had become close with Wendy while he was there?

Cordy told herself not to get petty about it, since John was going to get married eventually, and Richard would get a stepmother.

And despite Wendy's disagreeable behavior, she was still a good person...

Cordy lowered her head and pored over her dinner.

She thought it would be just her, Zoe, and Jay here, and things had to get so awkward instead...

After dinner, Jay and John were having a chat while Richard patiently played with Yelena.

Meanwhile, Zoe, Cordy, and Wendy were on the living room couch and watching TV.

Cordy wanted to leave after dinner, but Yelena refused to let her and Richard leave.

Unable to steel herself and make Yelena cry, Cordy had no choice but to stay.

"Cordy," Wendy suddenly called out to her.

"Yeah?" Cordy asked, turning toward Wendy.

"You never married Johnny?" Wendy asked seriously.

"Didn't he tell you?"

"I think things would get sour if we talked about our exes." Wendy smiled.

'Then why are you asking me?!'

"We were never married."

"Then Dicky was born out of wedlock?"

"Yeah."

"Well, why didn't you two marry?"

Cordy was really reluctant to talk about the past, while wondering if Wendy really did not feel any awkwardness at all.

"Wait, don't tell me... You're incompatible in bed?" Wendy blurted. Cordy was speechless.

## Chapter 1192

Before Cordy could speak, Zoe was already excited and asked, "Is John impotent?"

Cordy was speechless.

Did Zoe really just ask John's ex—right in front of John's current girlfriend—about how he was in bed?!

She thought to herself then that Jay had really been pampering Zoe to no end.

“Shouldn’t you ask Wendy about that instead?” she asked.

Zoe came to her senses and turned toward Wendy.

“Of course we are compatible.” Wendy smiled gingerly. “I mean... John is such a stud.”

Zoe was actually a little embarrassed just then.

The young really did not watch their language these days, did they?

She then turned to find Cordy looking perfectly calm.

“Sorry, I need the ladies’ room.” Wendy excused herself right then, worried that the topic was spiraling out of control.

After she left, Zoe kept staring at Cordy.

Cordy was speechless again. “What are you staring at me for?”

“No, I wasn’t.” Zoe denied it. “I just thought it’s nice being young.”

Cordy knew that Zoe was deliberately messing with her, but she was still young.

After all, all men were loyal... as long as their partners stayed in their twenties!

“It’s late now. I should go—Dicky still has to go to school tomorrow,”

Cordy said, checking the time. “You should talk to Yelena.”

“Okay.” Zoe was reluctant to see Cordy go, but school was important.

Still, it took her a while to coax Yelena back to her room and take a shower.

Cordy left with Richard, but just as they were about to get in the elevator, John and Wendy followed.

Cordy had thought John was going to keep talking with Jay for a while.

“Daddy, are you free this weekend?” Richard asked.

“Why?”

Richard’s voice became a little quiet. “My school has a vlog project, and we’re supposed to film our family for a day. I don’t want anyone to find out I’m from a single family...”

“I’ll make time.” John agreed immediately.

“Mommy, can you let Daddy in the house for a day?” Richard asked Cordy then.

“I see no issue,” Cordy said generously. “I’m just not sure if Wendy would agree to it...”

“Oh, of course I’ll say yes. Children’s homework always takes priority,” Wendy said. “I mean, I don’t mind showing up although I’m a lot less photogenic.”

While Cordy pursed her lips, Richard seemed not to notice her reaction and quickly said, “Thankyou, Wendy.”

“Oh, we’re family. Don’t get so polite now,” Wendy said, patting Richard’s handsome head just then.

Richard did not seem averse to her touch, and Cordy had to avert her eyes.

She must not be petty—she had already failed to give Richard a complete family, but she could do well not to make him feel burdened. Soon, the elevator arrived downstairs.

Richard got into Cordy’s car, while John left with Wendy.

It was very obvious that he was distant toward Cordy now.

Men.

Cordy, however, did not care much about that—still, something else weighed down on her mind.

As she drove, she tried to ask as uninterestedly as she could, “Wendy seems to be a good person.”

“She really is,” Richard quickly said, his expression becoming animated right then. “She’d always play with me whenever I head to Levine Manor with Daddy. We’d play video games and Lego, and she even takes me to amusement parks. I think she has even more fun than I do then.”

“Do you like her?” Cordy asked.

Richard was sharp enough to notice it and told her, “I just think she’s nice, Mommy. I still love you the most.”

However, most people would only say something like that when they had completely accepted their stepmother!

Chapter 1193

Tilting his little head just then, Richard asked, “Mommy, do you not like having Wendy around?”

“I’m fine with her,” Cordy said generously.

“Oh,” Richard replied with a tinge of disappointment.

Cordy did not dwell on it, simply dismissing it as John’s issue that had nothing to do with her.

Saturday morning soon arrived, and Cordy only woke up when it was already 10 AM.

She had been working late on Friday and came home so late it was long past midnight when she got into bed.

She decided to sleep in, considering that she did not have work tomorrow.

When she finally woke up, she stretched her back and headed downstairs in her pajamas, wondering if Richard had any arrangements for the day.

She was still yawning just as she arrived downstairs, where she found Richard and John in the kitchen, with John cooking and Richard filming with his phone.

Cordy was stunned for a while before remembering Richard's school project—the family vlog.

“You're up, Mommy!” Richard exclaimed as she turned the camera on her.

Cordy quickly tidied her hair while saying, “I'll get changed.”

“But you look fine. Don't you agree, Daddy?” Richard asked John just then.

“Yeah,” John said before adding, “But it's better to get changed for appearance's sake.”

Cordy felt unusually upset to hear John say that.

She knew that he was right, but felt just then that he was showing her contempt for not being self-aware.

She turned and hurried back upstairs rather quickly.

When Richard saw that she was gone, he quickly told John, “Daddy, I think Mommy's really angry. You should say something nice to make her happy...”

John simply chuckled. “That can wait.”

Richard sighed—he certainly could not!

His mommy did not seem to take exception to Wendy's presence, and now, she did not seem to care about his daddy too.

Nonetheless, Cordy took half an hour before finally returning downstairs. Not only did she change her clothes, but she put on makeup as well and looked a lot more attractive right then.

“Did you put on makeup, Mommy? You look so beautiful!” Richard exclaimed sweetly, and he remembered something else just then. “You put on makeup for Daddy, right? I recently learned that girls like to look pretty for the people they like.”

Cordy rolled her eyes. What was her son learning at this delicate age?!

She denied it right away. “No, I’m doing it because I’m on camera. It’s natural that I should look good and win some points in your favor.”

“But you’re still most beautiful without makeup,” Richard quickly said. Cordy smiled from Richard’s flattery—no one would say no to flattery, after all.

“Go wash your hands. It’s time to eat,” John said.

Cordy glanced at the dishes he cooked and exclaimed, “That’s a lot of food. Is that breakfast or lunch?”

Were they really going to finish all of that this early in the morning?

“Daddy said you can have brunch since you didn’t have breakfast. We’ll also be making cake for the afternoon, or did you forget, Mommy?”

Richard said enthusiastically.

“I actually did,” Cordy said flatly.

“Then Daddy will make more,” Richard said.

“Sure,” John agreed.

Cordy was left speechless in turn.

Soon, they gathered at the dining table, and Richard continued to capture a video of himself explaining, “We’re going to eat now.

Daddy made Mommy’s favorite. Good work, Daddy.”

He put down the phone when he was done filming and said, “Mommy, Daddy, let’s eat.”

Chapter 1194

“Okay.”

Cordy picked up her knife and fork and started eating slowly.

She was going to argue but noticed upon a closer look that the food really were all her favorites.

“You didn’t have to make my favorites exclusively,” she said, seemingly offhandedly. “I’m not picky with food...”

“I feel guilty imposing on you today, so take this as a token of gratitude.”

Cordy said nothing else at that and treated it as an actual polite gesture.

“By the way, didn’t Wendy say she was coming? Why isn’t she here?”

Richard asked.

Cordy looked up at Richard just then—her son really liked Wendy, did he not?

“She always sleeps in. Leave her be—don’t disturb her now,” John said flatly.

Cordy somehow thought she heard a tinge of tenderness in his tone.

“Okay.” Richard nodded. “What about the afternoon?”

“That depends if she has other arrangements. novelxo She’ll be here if there aren’t any.”

“Okay.”

And with that, they finished brunch, with Richard and John conversing intermittently, while Cordy remained silent.

When they were done, she offered, “I’ll wash the dishes.”

Richard had sent the servants away earlier.

“It’s alright,” John said politely. “I can do it. You can go about your business.”

Cordy said nothing else, since she had a video conference scheduled for the afternoon and she did not want to be late.

She headed straight there after brunch and before returning inside, she told Richard, “Come get me in the study if you need more content for your vlog.”

“Okay. It’s alright, Mommy. You can keep working,” Richard quickly said. Cordy was miffed—Richard seemed to be understanding, but it somehow felt like she was imposing.

She took a deep breath and told herself that it was normal that Richard loved playing with John. After all, John was the one who raised him as a child, and Richard worshiped John.

Cordy returned to the study to work, and after the video conference, it was already 3 PM.

She ended up disappointed, since Richard never came looking for her. It seemed that on most occasions, it was not the parents who were reluctant to leave their children—it was the other way round.

Cordy took a deep breath and left the study.

She just got downstairs and found John, Richard, and Wendy smiling and chatting.

John was baking something, and Wendy was learning but failing, which caused John and Richard to roar with laughter.

Cordy wondered if she should not show up just then.

“Mommy,” Richard called out to her as soon as he saw her.

She never could avoid him.

He exclaimed excitedly, “Hurry over here, Mommy. Daddy is teaching Wendy to bake. We made a lot—you have to try it. It’s great!”

Cordy was reluctant to curb Richard’s enthusiasm either, and she walked over to see rows of confectionery on the countertop.

Everything looked positively salivating.

“Try this, Mommy. It’s matcha pie—Daddy made it for you since you like the flavor.” Richard picked a slice up and held it beside her mouth.

Chapter 1195

Cordy quickly said, “No, it’s not made for me.”

She could understand that Richard meant no harm since he was still a child.

But with Wendy around, saying something like that was inevitably inappropriate.

“No, it really was made for you,” Wendy said bluntly then. “I told Johnny to make it for you, since Dicky said you like it. Why don’t you have a taste?”

Cordy pursed her lips, surprised that Wendy was that magnanimous. In contrast, she felt petty.

Nonetheless, she opened her mouth and ate the slice.

It was much softer than those purchased, and its sweetness melted in her mouth right away.

In fact, Cordy had not been feeling an appetite, but she was suddenly seized by an impulse to start gluttoning.

“It’s good, right?” Wendy asked her expectantly.

“Yeah.”

“That’s what I’ve been saying,” Wendy said sweetly. “I’m so lucky to have met Johnny. He’s rich, handsome, kind, and a good cook.

He’s just so perfect...”

Cordy was going to tell her that she did not have to go that far just to brag about her boyfriend, but Wendy seemed to realize it herself. “Sorry, you don’t mind, do you? I didn’t mean to brag.”

“No, I don’t.” Cordy smiled faintly.

“By the way, Mommy...” Richard suddenly called her, remembering something just then.

“What is it?”

“My teacher told us to include some family photos as well.”

“Family photos?”

Richard turned toward Wendy just then. “Wendy, can you take a photo of our family?”

“Of course.” Wendy agreed to it right away, seemingly not taking offense when Richard said ‘our family’.

Naturally, Cordy could not refuse either.

Richard then suggested, “Let’s do it in the backyard.”



“Okay.” Cordy and John agreed to it, and John started to take off his apron.

Wendy headed over and helped him out of it, looking just like the perfect couple.

Cordy held Richard’s hand and headed outside first, and it took some time before John and Wendy came out as well.

They were chatting and laughing, with Wendy mainly doing the talking, and John smiling in turn.

It felt like she was just messing around, while he played along with her antics.

“Daddy, over here.” Richard beckoned at John eagerly just then, and he left Wendy to walk toward Cordy.

She carefully stepped aside, letting Richard stand between them to keep her distance.

Wendy was happily holding up Richard’s phone.

“Three, two—”

Before she said one, she lowered the phone, leaving Cordy frowning.

What was Wendy playing at? Her smile was starting to get unnatural!

“I think the way you’re standing is unnatural,” Wendy said nonetheless.

“It’s a family photo, not a passport photo. Relax, and try to look more like a happy family.”

John patiently asked, “Well, what should we do?”

Cordy could not help looking at him then.

He never liked taking photos or wasting time, but he was surprisingly tolerant of Wendy.

“Dicky, don’t stand between your parents. Stand in front of them,” Wendy instructed.

After Richard did so, Wendy told John, “Move closer to Cordy, Johnny. At least let your shoulders touch.”

Cordy pursed her lips.

Was Wendy that naive or magnanimous?!

Even if she was not John’s ex-wife, they were exes and had a child together, but Wendy did not seem to mind at all.

“Move closer, Cordy,” Wendy said seriously then. “You’re too far— it won’t look good in the photo.”

Cordy gritted her teeth and moved closer.

She would be the petty one if she started to nitpick.

Moreover, Wendy was already sacrificing herself so much...

## Chapter 1196

Understanding that she should be grateful, Cordy moved to stand next to John.

Wendy raised the smartphone again and said, “Three, two, one, smile!” She even took several more after that.

“Alright!” Wendy exclaimed when she was done, and she passed Richard his phone back “Check it out. Are they good?”

Richard scrolled through them and quickly said, “It’s great, Wendy. Thank you.”

“Oh, it’s nothing,” Wendy replied.

Things were perfectly harmonious, and Cordy felt like she was not a part of it.

However, Richard would always reach out to her, always paying attention to her mood like he did now.

“Mommy, can I film a video of you and Daddy working together?”

Cordy was going to say no, but John agreed to it right away. “Sure.”

Cordy glanced between John and Wendy, the latter who shrugged nonchalantly. “Of course—anything that makes you happy, Dicky.”

“You’re the best, Wendy.”

“Of course,” Wendy said smugly. “And I’ll treat you the same even after I have a soccer team with your daddy.”

Dicky was a little embarrassed by that and quickly turned to Cordy.

“Are you okay with that, Mommy?”

She nodded—could she say no when everyone agreed to it?

With that, they headed to the kitchen and started baking.

As Richard filmed them, John told Cordy, “Separate the yolk from the white.”

“Okay.” She nodded and quickly broke an egg, using a glass rod to keep the egg yolk from the egg white.

John had actually finished with his task when he eventually turned and saw what Cordy was doing.

He chuckled, and Cordy promptly looked up at him, frowning. “

What are you laughing at?”

“You don’t know how to separate the yolk from the white, do you?”

“I’m doing my best, aren’t I?” Cordy snapped in displeasure.

And why was it so hard?! Both were so smooth and slippery she just could not separate them...

John's smile broadened, and he handily picked up a plastic bottle from the side.

"Take this," he said, holding it out to her.

Cordy was perplexed but took it anyway.

"Aim the mouth of the bottle toward the egg yolk," John instructed.

Cordy was mystified but did as she was told.

"Now, suck it."

"What?" Cordy was confused.

"The bottle."

"How? With my mouth?" Cordy asked.

John laughed at that, which angered her further.

"What are you laughing for?" she demanded a little angrily.

She had never done this before—there was nothing funny about it!

John did not get upset, however, and simply walked over to her, wrapping one arm around her waist and placing both hands on the plastic bottle.

Cordy was starting to feel a little uncomfortable, but before she could resist, John told her, "Don't move."

Then, she felt his fingers pressing on the bottle, which instantly sucked in the egg white.

Startled, Cordy looked up at him with clear delight and a sense of accomplishment.

However, just as she did, John was leaning downward, and they pulled very close...

## Chapter 1197

Stunned, their eyes met for seconds before Cordy quickly pushed John away and turned her back on him.

They had been so close she spaced out for a moment, but she still felt John's hot breath becoming rushed.

She could also feel her own heart racing wildly, while her cheeks burned.

She took a deep breath to calm herself, deciding that she had been a little careless just then.

"That was great, Mommy! Do your best!" Richard quickly exclaimed just then, cheering her on as he noticed the awkwardness between his parents.

Cordy slowly calmed down as well and seriously learned baking from John while quietly keeping his distance.

Naturally, he did not step out of line either—in fact, he was paying considerable attention not to get too close since he felt her aversion. Soon, they finished making cookies, which were a little charred but tasted good.

Cordy felt a strong sense of accomplishment, especially with Richard munching while flattering her.

“Wow, your cookies are wonderful, Mommy!”

“You’re amazing, Mommy! This is so delicious!”

“Wendy, you should try my mommy’s cookies too. It’s her first time, but it’s really good!”

Wendy had some too, and she did not hold back from praising Cordy as well. “It’s really good—it’s is much better than what I made. You have a gift, Cordy.”

Cordy was actually embarrassed from all the unrestrained praise.

It was fine coming from Richard since he was her son, but it was definitely awkward coming from Wendy.

Did Wendy not mind that Cordy used to be with John?

After she was done with the cookies, Cordy got a call and excused herself.

It was actually nothing important, but she really could not stay immune to the atmosphere in the room and the complicated web of relationships between everyone in said room.

She returned to her study and kept working—she had no idea how long Richard would film his vlog, but she figured that they would not be staying for dinner.

She dilly-dallied until it was past six before finally stepping out of her study.

There was no one around by then, and she wondered if everyone had already left.

She could not quite describe how she felt just then, novelxo but she was definitely a little upset that everyone left without telling her.

And most of all, did Richard leave with them, thus leaving her alone?

She took a deep breath, telling herself once again not to get petty.

However, just as she arrived downstairs, she suddenly overheard someone speaking over the phone.

Her voice was soft, and it seemed to be Wendy... so they were still around?

Although Cordy did not have the habit of eavesdropping, she suddenly heard Wendy exclaim excitedly, “A six-foot tall slab of muscles?!”

Cordy pursed her lips but stopped in her tracks.

“Well, I can’t make it. I’m not done over here,” Wendy whispered. “I mean, you girls could send me more photos... Yeah, I’d really like to be there!”

## Chapter 1198

Wendy continued, “Oh, stop teasing me. John is handsome and great in every way, and I’m lucky to have him, but I can’t help it, y’know? My preference for freshness and excitement is inborn. There’s no stopping me.”

“Oh, don’t give me that crap. I’ll try to slip out later—I won’t miss out on such a stud.”

Wendy kept chatting for a while, laughing mischievously from time to time.

Cordy avoided her in turn and headed out to the back garden, where she found John and Richard setting up the barbecue set.

The back garden had also been decorated elaborately to look romantic and homely.

Richard eagerly called out to her, “Mommy! You’re finished with work? Daddy and I have prepared dinner—it’s almost done now. I was just going to get you.”

“Yeah, I’m finished with work,” Cordy replied and walked up to them.

John was focused on preparing the food, while Cordy could not resist sliding several glances at him.

Richard laughed just then. “Mommy, why are you staring at Daddy? Do you find him handsome?”

At those words, John looked up and just happened to lock eyes with Cordy.

She promptly turned away, her heart raising as if guilty.

However, she subtly took a few deep breaths—what was she panicking about? She was not cheating on anyone!

Just then, Wendy stepped out of the mansion and asked with a smile, “Is dinner ready?”

“Yeah, Wendy,” Richard replied.

“Oh, it looks so appetizing,” Wendy exclaimed dramatically in front of the meat. “I’m drooling. You’re such an amazing genius, Johnny.”

As she spoke, she leaned against his arm, brushing her cheek against it like a spoiled child.

John flashed a tender smile. "As long as you like it."

"Hove it."

"Good. Now sit before you eat," John beckoned.

Cordy and Richard sat down, occupying each side of the rectangular table, while John sat with Wendy.

Wendy was certainly being intimate with John.

This Wendy was certainly innocent and adorable, a far cry from the woman who was talking over the phone just now, mouthing all sorts of obscenities...

It was certainly weighing down on Cordy's mind, and none of the grilled meat seemed particularly appealing because of that.

"Is it not good?" John suddenly asked Cordy.

She did a double take, before realizing that she was not really touching the chunks of meat in her plate.

"No," she shook her head. "I think I might've had too many cakes and pies in the afternoon."

"But I ate a lot in the afternoon too, and I'm still famished. John's meat is really incomparable!" Wendy exclaimed in satisfaction, and pointed at a steak on the grill. "Johnny, I want that too."

John got up and took it for her, putting it in her plate and slicing it into small bite-sized pieces for her convenience.

"Oh, you're wonderful, Johnny," Wendy exclaimed in bliss. "What have I done to deserve you?"

John smiled mildly. "Hurry up and eat already. It'd be bad if it gets cold."

Cordy stared at the look of tenderness on John's face just then but decided to bear with it and averted her eyes.

Halfway through dinner, however, Wendy left the table to take a call.

When she returned, she said, "Johnny, my friend just got dumped and she's throwing a fit. I'm really worried something might happen to her—I think I should check on her."

"What, right now?" John asked.

"Yeah."

"Alright. I'll take you there."

"No, it's fine." Wendy quickly rejected his offer. "You've been busy with the grill and hadn't eaten at all, and you can't drive since

you've drunk a little. Just ask your chauffeur to give me a ride, and make sure to eat some more—you know I wouldn't be able to bear seeing you get skinny."

Chapter 1199

John rose to his feet nonetheless. "I'll walk you to the front gates, at least."

He really was meticulous when it came to Wendy.

"Okay," she smiled sweetly in turn, before turning to Cordy and Richard, "I'm sorry. I have to leave since my friend's in trouble.

Enjoy your meal."

Cordy said nothing, while Richard nodded cheerfully. "Okay, Wendy. Come again next time."

"Of course I will."

"See you."

Wendy gave him a pat on the head before leaving.

When she was gone, Richard could not help sighing. "Wendy's so nice."

Cordy felt a little miffed at that but thought to herself that she really was not jealous this time.

She was just conflicted—should she expose Wendy here?

It took John a while to return after walking Wendy to the gates, and Cordy presumed that they must have gotten a little frisky.

They were still in the honeymoon period and were perhaps reluctant to be apart even for a second.

Cordy looked at John, who felt her gaze and asked, "Do you have something to say?"

She quickly averted her eyes and shook her head. "Nope."

She did not know where to begin and whether she would be ruining a relationship if she spoke up.

"If you don't like me around, I'll leave right after I clean up," John said just then.

Cordy was left stunned for a moment before realizing that John thought she still disliked having him around.

But the truth was that she did not feel averse to him, and they were gathered here for Richard's sake as well, so she quickly said, "I don't mean anything like that. We're doing this for Dicky, so you don't have to worry about it."

"Yeah," John replied, and he seemed to smile faintly just then.

They kept eating, and the grill session lasted a while just like any would.

Naturally, it only tasted better with alcohol.

“Things are going strong with Wendy, I see,” Cordy mentioned offhandedly just then, like normal friends conversing about one of their love lives.

“It’s alright, I guess.” John nodded. “She’s young and can get immature occasionally, but she’s lively and adorable, even naive.”

Naive.

Cordy seemed to use the word in her head just then, wondering how John would react if he knew Wendy’s true nature.

The dilemma was killing her too—should she tell him or not?! Would he think that she was trying to cause a rift between him and Wendy?

“She hasn’t been a bother today, has she?” John asked just then. ”

That’s just how she is—she’s instant besties with everyone she meets.”

“No.” Cordy shook her head. “She’s nice. It’s just...”

“Just...?” John raised a brow.

“It’s nothing.” Cordy ultimately stopped herself from saying it.

John did not press her either.

In fact, it was Cordy who spoke to him throughout dinner, while John mostly spoke with Richard and basically did not talk to her.

It was nine when they were finished eating, and Cordy cleaned up since John was the one who cooked.

He and Richard headed to the living room, and by the time Cordy was done cleaning up, she turned to find John asleep on the couch, his cheeks flushed.

She remembered that he had been drinking alone, and he had drunk a lot.

She walked over to him...

## Chapter 1200

Richard saw Cordy and quickly put a finger on his lips so she would stay quiet.

He certainly looked upset and was reluctant to have John woken up.

Cordy pursed her lips and said softly, “We can’t let your daddy sleep on the couch the whole night...”

“I’ll ask him to sleep in one of the rooms,” Richard quickly said.

“No, what I mean is, shouldn’t we ask Wendy to get him? He’s drunk, and he needs someone to take care of him when it’s this late. 11

“Can’t I do it?” Richard asked, a little disappointed.

“You’re still a child.”



“Can’t you do it?”

“That’s inappropriate considering our current relationship,” Cordy said seriously.

Richard was unhappy about it, but he nodded tamely regardless.

Cordy texted Wendy, since they exchanged numbers earlier.

However, Wendy did not answer, so Cordy called her.

It took a while for Wendy to answer, and it was very noisy on the other end for a while before things finally quieted down.

“What is it, Cordy?” Wendy asked.

“John got drunk and fell asleep. Could you come get him?”

“I’m still with my friend and I can’t leave at the moment. Can’t you let him stay the night?”

“Do you think it’s appropriate to let your boyfriend stay the night at his ex’s place?!” Cordy snapped, her temper flaring right then.

Her tone was severe, but she had been feeling stressed the whole night.

The thought that Wendy actually left to mess around with other men was more than what Cordy’s principles could take.

Nonetheless, Wendy retorted with righteous indignation, “What’s inappropriate about it? John is Dicky’s father—what’s wrong with sharing a roof? I mean, you’re being cruel if you don’t let them hang out...”

“A-Aren’t you worried that something would happen between me and John?!” Cordy was bristling—was Wendy that naive, or did she simply not care?!

“What could happen?” Wendy shot back, seemingly even more nonchalant. “I mean, would you have broken up before if there was something that could? You’re definitely apart since you don’t like each other, and that means I would have nothing to worry about... Oh, Cordy, just be kind and let John stay the night. I’ll come first thing tomorrow once I’m done here, okay? Thanks in advance!”

And with those words, she hung up before Cordy could get a word in.

Cordy was left staring at her screen, speechless.

Richard came to her, leaving the living room just then—Cordy had left earlier since she was worried about waking John.

“I think Daddy is feeling sick, Mommy,” he said nervously. “Is Wendy coming back soon?”

Cordy pursed her lips. “She said she’s busy. She can’t make it.”

“Well, what should we do? Do we send Daddy home?” Richard asked before muttering, “But I also heard it would be uncomfortable for drunk

people to be moved around, and Daddy might vomit along the way. He looks really sick to me.”

Cordy inhaled deeply and finally said, “Help your daddy to one of the rooms. He’s sleeping here tonight, I guess.”

“Really?!” Richard exclaimed, excited right then. “You’re the best, Mommy. I’ll help Daddy to the room now.”

He quickly ran off too, as if worried Cordy would change her mind.

Cordy sighed but followed him to the living room, where John was still completely unconscious.

‘Honestly, why would anyone drink so much?’

She watched as Richard worked hard to help John to his feet.

Even if he was not particularly fat, John was tall and muscular, making for a heavy mass.

Cordy was certainly well aware of that, and Richard would not actually move him far despite his growth.

After hesitating for a while, Cordy eventually walked over and put one of John’s arms over her shoulder.

As they lifted him, he opened his eyes, his gaze unfocused while he wobbled with them up the stairs to his room.