

## A Life Debt Repaid

### Chapter 16

It was now Cordy's fourth day at work.

Things did not go smoothly like she thought, but it was not so bad that she could not manage.

While the department heads did submit their respective department summaries after the meeting, it was perfunctory at best-Simon Sachs must have put them up to it.

Fortunately, she had always stayed in touch with Stephen Lang, who constantly updated her on details about Starstream Group. She merely called the meeting to get a read on the department heads-that would make dealing with them easier down the road. Nonetheless, Cordy was scowling at the moment because she received a call from a number she abhorred.

She waited until the very last moment before answering, and she was immediately scolded from the other end. "Not answering my calls?! Your mother never taught you manners, did she?!"

"Your call!? Sounds more like a dog barking to me," Cordy scoffed.

"Did you just call me a dog?! You insolent little wretch! You'll get what's coming to you!" Plum Lang's voice became shriller by the minute.

"Then shouldn't I stay away from you? Don't need collateral now, do we?"

"You little..." Plum was left speechless from utter aggravation just then.

That was when Simon took over and barked furiously. "That's enough from you, Cordy! Watch your attitude -that's your own grandmother you're talking to!"

"Then what attitude should I have?" Cordy asked in return.

Was she supposed to be smiling and fawning a woman who abused her and her mother?!

Simon did not waste his breath arguing, and cut to the chase. "It's her birthday this Saturday and she's inviting you home to celebrate. Be there or be square."

Cordy actually smiled.

Plum did not invite her to her seventieth birthday, but the old lady had somehow ended up making her the laughing stock of all North City.

And now, Plum was kind enough to extend an invitation?!

Still, Cordy just happened to have a bone to pick with the Sachs, so she quickly agreed to it.

"Sure," she said.

Though Simon was puzzled that she was suddenly so agreeable, he hung up right then without another word.

Cordy simply put away her phone, already accustomed to the Sachs' abusive behavior toward her.

Unfazed, she continued working all the way until 8 PM.

She put down the papers she was holding and got out of her office.

Fiona Lamb's seat was already empty.

It did not matter how busy Cordy was-Fiona would never stay a second overtime, leaving work on the hour.

That in turn allowed Cordy to quietly sit in her chair and turn on her computer

She remained impassive even as she keyed in Fiona's password and unlocked it, and started to look for anything useful.

Half an hour later, she unplugged the USB thumb drive from her computer and left.

The next day, Cordy was woken by yet another call.

She checked the caller ID before deciding to ignore it and return to sleep.

The calls kept coming, however, and eventually Cordy answered it out of sheer frustration.

“Where have you been, Cordy Sachs?! Why aren’t you here?!” Plum yelled.

Cordy checked the time and saw that it was just 7 AM.

“What, are you mute?!” Plum continued.

“What’s the hurry? Am I late for your funeral?” Cordy asked icily.

“W-What did you just say?!”

“If it isn’t, I’ll go over when it’s time.”

With that, she ignored Plum although she might be having a stroke, and hung up.

However, she was left stretching and tossing around in bed, unable to fall asleep again after being yelled at.

She got up, abruptly noticing the only photo she took with her mother

Even as she gazed upon her mother’s beauty back in her youth, she wondered how blind Simon was that he would be seduced by the likes of Sue Yorkman.

Taking a moment to compose herself, she took her sweet time getting out of bed to wash up and put on makeup.

It was 10 AM when she arrived at Sachs Mansion, and there were already a handful of guests, all relatives of the Sachs. It seems that they decided to keep it private since they were not holding a full-fledged banquet.

Naturally, no one came to greet Cordy even when they saw her, and some were even looking at her with disdain.

She was given those exact same looks growing up.

Some would bully her for not having her mother and others would mock her for her loose morals, while there were also those who mocked her for being so much less than Noel....

But even if they had more insults, Cordy was used to it.

She strode into the hall with composure, where Plum was seated on the couch dead center, with sycophantic relatives hovering around her.

Simon was greeting guests with Noel and Sue at his side, though everyone turned toward Cordy once she arrived.

Though it has been a couple years since she saw Cordy, Plum merely spared her a brief glance without really looking at her, and started throwing shade at Cordy. “You’re late even though it’s my birthday, huh? Those who didn’t know would think that you’re not a Sach.”

“Sonny isn’t here either, is he?” Cordy retorted.

Sonny Sachs was the son Sue had with Simon, and two years Cordy’s junior

He was the reason Sue easily made it into the Sachs family.

And once Cordy mentioned Sonny, Plum snapped at her righteously, “How dare you mention Sonny! He’s just a child, and he worked overtime last night with your father! He just needed to catch up on sleep!”

Cordy snorted.

Sonny, going to work? More like locking himself in his room with his video games.

But at the end of the day, the Sachs were quite simply your typical patriarchal family.

Noel was therefore smart in a sense-knowing that she would never inherit the Sachs’ estate, she set her crosshairs on Starstream Group instead..

“It’s alright, sis. Sonny’s always been a sleepyhead, so leave him be. Come on, sit here,” Noel said, playing nice and appearing kind and understanding.

Naturally, it was just a performance for their relatives’ sake.