

## A Life Debt Repaid Read Online Free

Chapter 1171

‘W-What are you...’

Patrick was too agitated to speak when he saw Sean.

How long had Sean been sitting beside him?

How long was Sean watching him make a fool of himself?!

Was Sean watching all the while he cried?!

How could someone be so horrible?!”

In fact, Patrick was so furious he could have a stroke.

However, just as he was about to yell at Sean, Sean clasped a hand over his mouth, denying him the chance to speak.

Patrick’s eyes widened and reddened, clearly infuriated.

“Shush,” Sean told him calmly nonetheless. ‘ Don’t make too much noise— you’re on a plane.’”

Somehow, Patrick thought that Sean was messing with him on purpose.

He was so furious he could murder, and he promptly bit on Sean’s palm at that instant as hard as he could.

He put so much weight into it he was shaking. Patrick wanted nothing less than to kill Sean or at least bite a chunk of his hand off.

Sean frowned, clearly in pain but not making a sound.

He merely bore with Patrick’s venting, and even Patrick had no idea how long he was biting Sean—he could taste blood when he finally came to his senses.

Taken aback, he seemed to calm down right then and stopped biting down on Sean.

Sean did not pull his hand away, however. “Have you calmed down now?”

Patrick did not say a word and simply turned aside as if pouting.

“As long as you’re calm now,” Sean said and pulled his hand away.

Gruesomely deep teeth marks were clearly visible over it, and blood was seeping out.

Patrick glanced at it and felt a little guilty.

Still, he remembered that Sean was deliberately messing with him, and he was too furious to talk to Sean.

On the other hand, Sean slowly wiped the blood off his palm and seemed not to care about it anymore.

Patrick gave him a look. "That's all?"

"Or, what?"

'Aren't you going to clean it?' Patrick asked grumpily.

"I did. It's not bleeding now."

While Patrick was left speechless, Sean smiled faintly. "Or what, are you going to disinfect it for me?"

Patrick rolled his eyes. "I'm not a doctor. I don't carry bottles of antiseptic around with me."

"Your spit can do the trick," Sean said.

"Are you a deviant, man?"

"Shush," Sean put a finger on his own lips-Patrick's voice was already making some passengers around them scowl.

Patrick sighed lengthily and held his tongue, but he turned aside and looked like he did not want to talk to anyone.

Sean pressed the service bell in turn, since there would always be first aid kits ready onboard.

However, he had just pressed it when Patrick suddenly picked up his hand and licked his palm.

Sean was left blinking at the warm sensation and looked at Patrick in disbelief.

He was also blushing up to his ear, since he only said that without meaning it and did not believe Patrick would have done it at all...

Patrick was left embarrassed by Sean's stare and let go of his hand while growling coolly, "Don't make me feel like owe you. I hate owing people!"

Sean simply smiled-he just could not help it.

Patrick blushed from his reaction. "Don't be nice just because you got a goodie. I'm just-"

Before he could finish...

Chapter 1172

An air stewardess arrived. "Good evening, sir. How may I assist you?" "I accidentally got bitten," Sean replied. "Could you help me disinfect it and bandage it?"

'Of course. One moment, please.'

Once she left, Patrick's face almost turned green. "Were you messing with me, Sean?!"

His voice was shaking from restraint, and every word was growled through clenched teeth.

Sean simply flashed an outrageous smile at him-Patrick never saw him smile like that and started to shake with rage and murderous impulse. However, he had to bear with it since he was on a plane and turned his head aside, not wanting to look at Sean twice.

Soon, the air stewardess had cleaned and bandaged Sean's palm, and neither man spoke along the rest of the journey.

Nonetheless, Sean kept following Patrick after they disembarked, leaving Patrick almost hysterical. He certainly did not want to see Sean for another second after what happened on the plane. "Why are you following me?"

'Cordy told me to keep you company.'

Patrick's heart stung at the mention of Cordy-she was a thorn in his heart that could not be pulled out for the rest of his life now.

'Don't need it. I'm fine,' he said nonetheless.

'Then I need your company,' Sean said bluntly.

'And why should I keep you company?!' Patrick snapped angrily-he was suffering heartbreak, and he still had to keep the man company?!

"You traumatized me severely when you left my dear cousin at the altar. I need to adjust."

"Could you be more shameless?" Patrick asked viciously. "And what trauma are you talking about?! It wasn't your wedding!"

'Can't I mourn for my cousin?'

Patrick rolled his eyes, refusing to waste his breath. "Do whatever you like.

Just stay away from me."

'I've never been to Rocktown.'

'Then get on the next flight home.'

'I lost my ID.'

'I don't believe you.'

'But I really did.'

Patrick started giving Sean a pat-down, searching every nook and cranny where he might have hidden his ID.

For his part, Sean did not push Patrick away, allowing Patrick to touch him as much as he wanted.

Two young women-a university student-who saw them nearby were smiling meaningfully. The looks on their eyes were obviously...

'Hey! What are you looking at?!' Patrick snapped at them right then. Startled, they bolted right then, though not before they said, "Be happy together for the rest of your lives!"

"What..." Patrick was so incensed he could swear.

Still, Sean stopped him. "Calm down. We're in public. Be more aware of your image."

"Then let go of me!" Patrick snapped at him in return.

'Who, me?'

It was only then that Patrick noticed his hand was still placed on Sean. After that tussle just now, he seemed to have wrapped his arms around the other man.

'Sh\*t!'

Patrick promptly leapt away from Sean by a few paces, though his eyes suddenly caught something when he did.

'What the hell is in your hand, Sean Cranston?!' he demanded, bristling with rage.

Sean turned to see that he was actually holding his own ID.

"You mother—"

Before he could finish, Patrick watched as Sean handily threw his ID into an robotic electric cleaner, which soon dashed away.

## Chapter 1173

Patrick was speechless. "What the—"

Sean simply pulled his arm along. 'Come on. Rocktown is your turf—it's your turn to be host!'

'I never agreed to this!'

Patrick was exasperated, but Sean was too strong and basically dragged him along.

Moreover, since Sean could not check in at a hotel without an ID, Patrick had to let him stay in one of the apartments he owned.

However, the instant they stepped through the front door, Sean asked, "I'm a little hungry. Do you have anything to eat?"

Patrick almost had enough.

'It's almost 7 PM,' Sean said nonetheless, pointing at the skies darkening outside. 'I haven't eaten anything for a day.'

Patrick realized then that he had not eaten either, as he was caught in his misery.

Sitting on the floor just then, he asked Sean, "What would you like to eat?"

‘Anything’s fine,” Sean replied, stretching his back as he sat on the couch.” A little alcohol would be good, though.”

As Patrick looked up at him, Sean said, “No? It’s been a tiring day. Drinking would help with sleep.’

Patrick said nothing and simply ordered a ton of food to be delivered before heading out to the spacious balcony for a cigarette.

He was already irritated, and Sean had to impose like this!

Could a man not have his silence?!

Inside, Sean turned to look at Patrick cutting a lonely figure and smiled faintly.

Perhaps this was just fate at work.

Half an hour later, the doorbell rang and Sean received the delivery, putting everything in an orderly manner on the tea table.

The thought of sitting on the floor and eating skewers while sipping beer was quite enjoyable.

After putting everything down, he headed out to the balcony, where Patrick was still leaning against the handrail with a dark look on his face.

Sean told him, “Dinner’s here.”

Patrick turned to glance at Sean. “I’m not feeling an appetite. Eat yourself- Hey!”

Before he could finish, Sean already started dragging him away-the man was just too strong!

Was he actually a bear?!

Nonetheless, Sean dragged Patrick to the tea table, put a cushion on the floor, and had him sit before cracking open a bottle for him.

Patrick snorted. “I don’t drink.”

‘It’d be boring if I drank alone,” Sean said.

‘That’s your business-“

‘Drink.” Sean refused to give Patrick a chance to resist, pouring him a glass and holding it beside his mouth.

Patrick frowned at Sean indignantly. Sean said, “Drink away your sorrows.”

Patrick took a deep breath-it certainly took a lot of self control not to grab the glass and smash it over Sean’s head.

He always felt like Sean always led him by the nose...

Still, he angrily grabbed the glass and chugged it, while Sean smiled faintly as he drank as well.

Patrick actually did not want to drink since his body would hurt afterward, in addition to his already hurting heart.

And yet, the more he drank, the more he could not stop himself.

Taking Patrick's glass just then, Sean said, "You should eat something.'

He clearly noticed that Patrick was going to drink himself to death.

'I don't want to eat.'

'Be good now,' Sean told him sternly and held a meat skewer beside his mouth.

'Honestly, Sean, when would it be over with you?!' Patrick snapped, while Sean watched him with composure. "Who are you to me? Why would you want to boss me around like that? My dad? Or my mom? You were going to be an in-law, but now you're not! Don't push me, I'll never eat anything you give-off!"

Patrick's eyes widened as Sean stuffed the meat skewers into his mouth.

Patrick could die from sheer exasperation right then!

'Eat. It's good.'

Patrick bit off a chunk and growled, "Don't my words make sense to you, Sean Cranston?!"

Sean kept drinking nonchalantly, looking as if he was completely ignoring Patrick.

## Chapter 1174

Patrick gritted his teeth and told himself not to get petty with Sean.

Either way, he could make Sean leave tomorrow.

With that, he started chomping down on the skewers and drank.

As the night stretched over the skies, the lights of the city lit up.

Sean must have drunk a lot.

Still, he was usually rational enough not to get drunk, and he stopped when he was about to reach his limit.

He went outside to the balcony, standing where Patrick stood for a breather.

Sean had never been to Rocktown, only ever coming on business trips and certainly not to gaze upon its sights properly like this.

Somehow, he found it rather beautiful and enjoyed the touch of the breeze against his face as he took in the scenery.

There was no telling how long had passed, and he felt a little cold as his drunkenness subsided.

He turned to look through the sliding door that Patrick had already drunk himself silly and was sprawled over the table.

He knew the man would get drunk tonight anyway but did not lift a finger to stop him at all.

He did help, however, since it would hurt a lot more getting drunk on an empty stomach.

Striding into the living room, he scooped Patrick off the floor, who felt as if he was suddenly weightless and floating in the air.

Was he drunk, or was he drunk?

'I think I'm sick,' Patrick mumbled.

'You'll be fine in bed after a while,' Sean assured him quietly.

Patrick frowned but ultimately did not resist as Sean put him in bed.

But the instant he did, Patrick felt his stomach churning and started retching a couple of times. "Bleugh..."

"Hold on,\* Sean told him. 'Til take you to the washroom right away-"  
"Blargh!!!"

Patrick ultimately could not stop himself and vomited all over the floor, getting some on Sean as well.

Sean sighed heavily in turn-taking care of a drunk person was really a pain.

'Is there more where it came from?' Sean asked nonetheless.

'No,' Patrick replied, tossing around after causing all the damage all over the floor and falling asleep.

Sean had no choice but to take off the clothes that Patrick dirtied, throw them into the trash bin, and then clear the floor.

After that, he headed to the bathroom for a shower... only noticing afterward he had not brought a change of clothes.

He saw the bathrobe on the rack in the bathroom and put it on-it was clearly a little small for him, but he could not afford to be picky.

Once he stepped out, he found Patrick tugging at his own shirt even as he lay in bed, clearly uncomfortable.

He was still in his white bridegroom shirt, and Sean walked over to help him take it off.

After some thought, he took off his pants and socks.

He was just finished and about to bring a hot towel for Patrick when the man suddenly opened his eyes, staring straight at Sean with his jet-black, crystalline eyes.

It actually left Sean a little... embarrassed.

‘What are you doing?’ Patrick asked him.

That was when Sean looked down and found his bathrobe hanging loosely...

Before he could explain, Patrick kicked Sean, knocking him to the floor beside the bed while he leapt off, dashing straight for the bathroom in only his boxers...

## Chapter 1175

However, Patrick had not made it inside the bathroom for even a moment when Sean heard a violent crash.

Stunned for a moment, he dashed inside immediately to find Patrick laying on his back, and motionless.

Worried, Sean hurried to him in fear that he broke something, only to hear his regular, rhythmic breathing.

Sean was left speechless-the man would rather sleep on the bathroom floor than on his huge, comfortable bed?

He arched his back and tried to help Patrick back to bed before changing his mind, putting the man in the bathtub and helping clean him up instead...

The next day, Patrick opened his eyes when the sun was high overhead and felt his body aching all over, including his head.

He felt a little hangover and was unable to remember just then how he ended up in bed, let alone fell asleep.

He wiggled a little, and his heart skipped a beat when he realized there was someone behind him.

What was more, his back was pressed firmly against their back, and he could clearly feel their warmth!

Patrick almost suffered a nervous breakdown right then-what was he doing last night?! He could not remember at all!

Nonetheless, he carefully turned around, and immediately found himself staring at a pair of very broad shoulders and scratch marks over it.

Patrick clasped a hand over his mouth, taking deep breaths and repeatedly trying to calm himself just to stop himself from screaming!

What the hell did he do last night?!

He slowly got up, fearful that he would wake the person beside him.

But he at least had to sneak a peek to find out who it was, right?!

Patrick pushed himself up and craned his neck to look, but the man’s face was half buried under the blanket, and there was no way to see his face clearly.

As such, Patrick gingerly tried to lift the blanket with trembling fingers. It took considerable effort just to reach the blanket, while his heart threatened to leap up to his throat.

When he lifted the blanket, the man turned slightly, revealing his face right then.

S-Sean...?!

Patrick could die right then.

To make things worse, Sean suddenly opened his eyes even before he could react, staring at Patrick for a moment with unfocused eyes before calmly saying, "Mornin'."

As soon as Sean spoke, Patrick rolled out of bed in shock, leaving Sean frowning.

Was he that scary when he just woke up?

But just as Sean was about to pull off his blanket to help Patrick up, Patrick promptly turned his head aside and yelled, "Don't take off the blanket! I don't want to see!"

Sean was mystified—what had gotten into Patrick this early in the morning?

Was he still drunk?!

"Last night, did you..."

Patrick tried to speak just then but trailed off as he could not finish his sentence.

"Last night, what?" Sean asked.

Patrick gritted his teeth—he had to be pretending, no?!

## Chapter 1176

'You were drunk last night.1

Sean stretched his back, putting a pillow against the headboard to cushion himself as he sat up, sighing emotionally. "Urgh, I'm really sore all over."

'Shut up!" Patrick bellowed at him.

Sean was left confused as to how he upset Patrick.

It took him great effort just to bathe the man last night, so that he could sleep comfortably... only to throw a fit at him first thing in the morning?!

Did he even remember how terrible he was, flailing around like a child while Sean bathed him?!

Not only did Sean have to coax him just like with a child, he even scratched Sean as he resisted.

"You're still drunk, aren't you?" Sean asked, studying him just then.

'Yes, yes, yes, I'm still drunk!' Patrick admitted to it right away. "That's why I had no idea what I did last night at all! So I refuse to take responsibility!"

Sean was left staring at Patrick again.

'Refuse to take responsibility?'

Still, Sean understood in an instant.

So Patrick was presuming what happened last night was...

Sean smiled ever so subtly at that, if a little cunning.

"Not remembering doesn't mean you never did it," he countered. "The law punishes you even if you were amnesiac, as long as you're found guilty."

'W-What do you want?!' Patrick blurted, glaring at Sean as regret seized his guts.

Why did he have to drink too much last night and give in to Sean goading?

Come to think of it, Sean seemed to tell him to keep it moderate...

No.

If Sean never offered him that alcohol, he would not have drunk so much, let alone getting a hangover and into so much trouble!

'What do you think?' Sean asked in return.

'Don't forget that you're married. You have a wife!' Patrick snapped a little too loudly, somehow finding the spine to argue. "Let's pretend nothing happened last night. I won't tell anyone-or ruin your marriage!"

'But I can't pretend nothing happened...'

'This is for your own good! What more do you want?!' Patrick cried, flustered-why did Sean have to look a gift horse in the mouth?!

'We're married in name only,' Sean said bluntly just then.

'What?! It was a sham?!' There was disgust in Patrick's eyes right then.

Sean was actually impressed by how conservative Patrick was. "Look, my wife's actual love interest used to be a good friend of mine who sadly passed away in an accident. She was already pregnant by then, and I married her so that his child would have a family-at least nominally."

Patrick stared blankly as Sean explained everything.

Wait, why was Sean telling him that?!

Just then, Sean continued, "But both my wife and I know in the years of our marriage that living together would only remind us of the pain of losing my friend. That's why she's been planning to take her child overseas and start fresh—we're finalizing our divorce as we speak."

'Why tell me all that? What does that have to do with me?' Patrick asked impatiently.

'That means you have nothing to worry about when you take responsibility for me now.'

'What...'' Patrick was left stumped for a moment before snapping, "Sean Cranston, are you saying that you're-"

'I am,' Sean admitted shortly. 1

Patrick was stunned.

He had never heard any such rumors, and he certainly could not tell!

'You kept it well under wraps in your own case, no?' Sean asked in return just then.

Patrick did double-take

Sean was right, and yet...

He never could tell that Sean swung that way.

'That's the long and short of why I can't take over the family estate and why I'm working so hard to groom another heir—I can't produce an heir,' Sean added.

Patrick suddenly could not say anything against that.

After a moment, Sean asked, "So? How will you take responsibility for me?"

"I-I... it's not my first time. And here I thought you were a virgin-"

'It is my first time. And I'm forty,' Sean said bluntly.

'No way...'

After all, chastity never mattered to the likes of them.

'I'm ready if you want to launch a full-scale investigation,' Sean said with considerable composure.

Patrick's heart skipped a beat.

What kind of clusterf\*ck did he just get himself into?!

Chapter 1177

A week passed.

In North City, Cordy took the time to adjust and was more or less back to normal.

Emotions would flare when she occasionally remembered what happened, but the issue was not at all major.

And when she showed up at work, the employees would scarcely dare to act like something happened.

After clearing a load of work for the day, Cordy decided to call Sean after some thought-she was convinced that she could be friends for life with Patrick, even if they could not be husband and wife.

And although Sean had left to soften the blow for him over the week, he never called or texted her, so she had no idea how Patrick was doing. Soon, Sean answered, though he was clearly drowsy as if he had still been sleeping.

And it was almost 11 AM-since when did he wake up so late?

'You're still not up yet? What were you doing? Did you stay up the whole night?' Cordy asked, puzzled.

'Yeah, I just woke up,' Sean rasped before adding vaguely, "Well, it's technically not the whole night..."

Cordy did not press the issue and instead asked, "Where have you been the whole week?"

'Why? What is it?'

"Did you forget you were supposed to talk to Patrick for me? Don't tell me that you're back in the capital already?" Cordy was a little disgruntled just then.

"Uh..." Sean could not say anything to that.

Cordy had a hunch right then. "Are you hiding something from me?"

"Uh." Sean neither confirmed nor denied.

'You didn't talk to him at all, did you?' Cordy snapped, a little angry just then. "At least tell me you weren't going... Urgh, whatever. I know you're busy. I'll call him myself."

With that, Cordy hung up, gritted her teeth, and called Patrick in the end. He picked up right after one ring. "Cordy."

He somehow sounded panicked, even though he answered so quickly Cordy felt like he expected her call.

Something just felt out of place.

"How are you doing?"

'Nothing,' Patrick promptly said.

While Cordy was left speechless, Patrick corrected himself. "I mean, I'm fine. No issue over here. What about you?"

"I'm fine too."

"Well..." Patrick had no idea what to say.

Well, what could he say?

It was not like he could just say it...

He shot a glare at the man beside him, who was smiling gleefully as he made a fool of himself.

He had no idea how he fell right into Sean's hands, and it left him thoroughly indignant.

'Still friends?' Cordy asked, smiling and trying not to put Patrick in an awkward situation.

'Of course.'

Hell, they might be in-laws soon.

'Alright, I shan't impose. There's a partnership in the works here, so come over and check how things are running if you have the time,'

Cordy said, as if it was only natural. "We'll leave the past behind."

"Yeah."

'See you.'

'See you.'

Cordy put away her phone at that and sighed.

Chapter 1178

Cordy felt disappointment inside even though she could hear that Patrick sounded fine.

Their relationship was neither deep or shallow, but it was over regardless.

In the afternoon, when Robin Tate-one of Cordy's executives-arrived for a routine update, he instead said, "I'm afraid I have bad news, Ms.

Sachs."

'What?'

'The lease of our flagship outlet in KPW Shopping Center that was due for renewal in October has been repealed, and a new lease tender is due immediately. We approached the manager yesterday, but they told us that someone bought the entire shopping center and is reevaluating the lease of every outlet starting next month.'

Cordy's eyes narrowed.

Everyone was doing fine at their respective outlets at KPW Shopping Center. Why the sudden chaos and reevaluation of leases?!

Not even a change in owners should lead to such a major reshuffle- forget the enormous workload that involved, it would also cause serious discontent among the businesses involved.

Was the new owner not interested in making money, or...

Perhaps someone was making a serious push for one of the outlets, and for fairness' sake, KPW's management decided on a reshuffle just to see who could offer a better lease tender.

As a matter of fact, the Starstream Fashion outlet occupied the centermost and best spot in the shopping outlet. Since it was their flagship physical store, it stood tall regardless of the decreasing popularity of all physical outlets and boasted significant sales. Most importantly, they must retain the brand effect to keep up appearances and must never lose it.

From that trail of thought, if anyone was interested in any outlets, their first choice would definitely be where Starstream Fashion's flagship outlet was right now.

Having understood that, Cordy told Robin, "Make an appointment with KPW's manager. I'd like to have a personal discussion with him."

'Yes, Ms. Sachs. I'll have it done right away.'

After Robin left, Cordy crunched the numbers, including KPW's current circumstances, the brand outlet's revenues, and the rest-whatever happened, they must not lose the flagship outlet at all.

Soon, however, Robin returned. "I'm sorry, Ms. Sachs, but the manager kept saying that he is too busy to make time."

'Too busy?'

'For the entire week.'

Cordy's gaze turned cool-that reaction only further proved her hunch that the manager was intending to give their lot to someone else, which was why he refused to meet.

'Give me the information on the company that recently acquired KPW Shopping Center and its key executives.'

'Okay.'

Soon, Robin returned with a dossier, and Cordy stared at the first page for a moment before flipping through it.

SYX Corp.

When did this company start operating in North City?

But if they were able to acquire the KPW Shopping Center, it meant they had deep pockets.

'When was it founded?' she asked.

'Just three months ago,' Robin replied. "And they hit the ground running, immediately cutting a turf for themselves in North City's business scene. You might have been too busy with your wedding to notice..."

Robin trailed off, afraid to continue.

Cordy pursed her lips in turn-but it was true.

She may have been working too, but it was mostly internal affairs and nothing external.

'Go on.'

'Oh, okay-well, SYX Corp has been acquiring many other companies of moderate scale since, first land lots and now shopping centers," Robin quickly continued. "Their reach has spanned a vast area, and rumor has it that they are a foreign conglomerate since the person in charge was never revealed, but the key executives are all famous foreign business folk.'

Cordy continued reading through the dossier as she listened, genuinely impressed by such rapid progress SYX achieved in such a short time. In summary, aside from capital, the person in charge must have been outstanding as well.

'Do you have an address?"

'As in fortheir headquarters?" Robin asked.

'Yes."

'I do," Robin replied. "It's in Peach Garden, and it looks like they recently moved there, but we can't make it in without an appointment. One of my contacts even told me that no one has ever made it in the building."

'Arrange for a car to bring us straight there." Cordy made up her mind right then.

## Chapter 1179

When Cordy arrived at the lobby of SYX's office building, the front desk receptionist intercepted her.

'Good morning, ma'am. May I ask for the purpose of your visit?"

'I would like to meet your CEO," Cordy replied politely.

' Do you have an appointment, ma'am?"

'No.'

'Then I'm sorry, ma'am. You can't meet him if you don't have one-he's really busy,' the receptionist said mildly.

Cordy pursed her lips, but she could imagine how busy a newly established company would be, especially since they had their hands in so many cookie jars.

And barging in might affect the CEO's scheduling, so after some thought, she asked, "What time does he usually leave work?"

“There’s no telling. Sometimes early, sometimes late—there were occasions where he stayed overnight,” the receptionist replied. The man was really giving it his all, was he not? It was hardly surprising that the company developed so rapidly.

‘I see. Thank you,” Cordy said politely.

“You’re welcome.’

Cordy left the front desk but not the lobby.

Robin, who was with her, was surprised. “Ms. Sachs?”

“We have no choice but to wait.”

“But the receptionist just said he might work overnight—”

“And we’ll wait overnight.”

Robin said nothing else at that, knowing all too well that Cordy was the type who never rested until she got what she wanted.

In that sense, it was not surprising that she carried Starstream Group to the pinnacle of North City’s businesses on her own.

Cordy settled on the guest’s couch, bringing out her laptop and continuing to work since she was prepared for being denied a meeting with the CEO.

In the spacious and extravagantly decorated office on the top floor of the building, Randy was reporting, “Ms. Sachs is waiting for you downstairs.” John paused just before he signed a piece of paper, his lips curling upward right then.

He expected her to come to him... to be precise, he had arranged for that, though he was surprised he would move that quickly.

“Bring her coffee and something to eat,” he instructed.

Randy was left stunned for a moment. “You’re not letting her in?”

He was well aware of why his boss arranged for the reshuffling—what else could it be, other than goading Ms. Sachs to go to him?

And yet, he was not meeting her now that she came...

Nonetheless, Randy replied, “Yes, Mr. Levine.”

“And don’t let her see you.”

“Yes, sir.”

Randy quickly told the front desk receptionist to bring Cordy coffee and confectionery, even adding telling her not to tell Cordy that it was brought specifically for her.

Cordy was actually surprised by the service, and the front desk receptionist told her mildly, “It’s just the hospitality for guests here at SYX Corp. Please enjoy.”

“Thank you,” Cordy replied and turned toward Robin. ‘Remember to tell everyone to learn from SYX’s hospitality.’

“Yes, ma’am.”

In the afternoon, the receptionist approached Cordy again, this time bringing her a lunch box filled with scrumptious food. “Please enjoy.” Cordy was left staring at it, wondering if SYX had too much money to spend -what other company had such profound standards in hospitality? And after that, she was served tea with decorum expected of five-star hotels and an exquisite dinner in the evening.

It would have been no different if she were fine dining at some expensive restaurant, and she wondered if SYX just wanted to avoid outside criticism while showing the public how great their hospitality was. And soon after dinner, she was brought more tea and dessert, along with supper at 10 PM.

Cordy turned toward Robin then. “How much do you suppose all those meals cost?”

Robin shrugged and asked gingerly, “Should we follow their example too?” “I’m not that crazy.”

Chapter 1180

Robin quickly nodded. He certainly had to agree that SYX was a little depraved since they were too rich.

Nonetheless, he asked, “Are we going to keep waiting for their CEO?” Cordy glanced at her watch, wondering if the man was really that hardworking.

She really doubted he would work overnight and therefore said resolutely, “Yeah.”

Robin had no choice but to stick with his boss.

Soon, it was 11 PM.

On the top floor, Randy reported, ‘Ms. Sachs is still waiting, Mr. Levine.’ John smiled-she really was as tenacious as ever.

‘Should we keep her waiting?’ Randy asked. “The air-conditioning downstairs is in full force, and it’s getting cold at this hour...”

John looked up at him, and he quickly said, “I’ll ask someone to set it warmer.”

However, John suddenly said, “Show her upstairs.”

“Really?”

“Take her to the waiting room.”

What a difficult boss.

‘And make sure the room temperature is just right. Bring her fruit, snacks, warm milk—’

‘Yes, Mr. Levine.’ Randy promptly left to make the arrangements.

At the lobby downstairs, the front desk receptionist told Cordy politely, ‘Ma’am, our CEO will be getting off work soon. If you’re still going to wait for him, you may do so at the waiting room outside his office. He can afford you 20 minutes after he is finished with work.’

‘Okay,’ Cordy said, agreeing to it immediately—finally, there was hope! She quickly went to the waiting room with Robin and immediately found it even grander than the waiting room.

The lobby had gotten very cold just then that she was starting to give in, while the waiting room was warmed just right.

And there was more fruit, snacks, and even warm milk?

There was something as being too attentive, no?

‘Enjoy, ma’am,’ the front desk receptionist told her politely.

Cordy could not help asking, ‘Your company’s hospitality is amazing. Isn’t your boss afraid of losing money?’

‘Well...’

‘My boss is only being this nice to you, though...’

Cordy simply smiled in turn, since ordinary employees would have no such concerns. ‘Thank you. You should go back to work.’

‘Okay.’

The receptionist left, leaving just Cordy and Robin in the room.

They settled down on the soft couch and had some fruit, while Cordy quickly finished the warm milk since she was feeling a little cold.

And with that, it was more endless waiting.

There was no telling how long they had to wait, and Cordy was starting to get drowsy as she reclined against the couch.

On the other hand, Robin always napped in the afternoon, but he did not have the time to do it since he was staying at his boss’ side the whole day.

Now, however, he was asleep soon enough.

Both of them hence dozed off, not noticing at all that someone was standing at the doorway, watching them.

‘Mr. Levine? She might get a cold sleeping there. Should I bring a blanket?’ Randy asked.

‘Yeah.’ John nodded.

Randy turned and hurried off to get one, and John tiptoed over to tuck in Cordy.

However, he just did so when Cordy suddenly opened her eyes, staring at the man before her and feeling for a second that she was imagining things ... until he started to turn and leave.

“John Levine?!” Cordy called out to him.

John pursed his lips in turn and stopped to turn toward her.

‘It’s you? You’re the CEO of SYX Corp?’ Cordy understood right then.

She was presuming that SYX was foreign instead of domestic, and there was no question that Levine Ventures used to have such capital!