

A Life Debt Repaid Free Online

- Chapter 881-890

Chapter 881

John didn't tarry and kept going, even though he had already reached his limit.

"I'm getting out. I'll pull you out from outside," he said, and crawled out of the car window.

Nana had been standing there, watching as he slowly but surely rescued Cordy, putting his life on the line the entire time.

By the time he got out, his whole body was dyed red in blood; yet, he seemed to not notice.

In fact, he never stopped to look around when he came out, and was keeping his eye and mind all on Cordy every second of the way.

He leaned in through the window, using his body to block out the glass fragments still sticking around the window frame as he carefully carried Cordy out of the car.

She was bleeding all over, but he prevented her body from touching the glass shards at all-only he suffered the cuts.

Beside them, Nana watched with bloodshot eyes, unable to stand John going that far for Cordy. Despite her growing jealousy, she clenched her jaw and bore it.

At the same time, John carried Cordy out of the car and gently placed her on the ground nearby, saying, "Just wait for a moment. I'll pull Sean out too."

Cordy nodded, noticing that the traffic was easing up and the vehicles nearby were starting to move off.

From a distance, she could see the ambulance moving towards them.

Plus, John was a lot less careful about helping Sean-he was simply arching his back as he pulled Sean out.

Still, Sean didn't make a sound and simply bore with the pain as John dragged him along.

At that instant, a black-clad man approached and strode past John.

John immediately let go of Sean as if by instinct, dropping the latter back inside the car while he dashed towards Cordy.

The black-clad man suddenly whipped out a knife from his coat, and swung it at Cordy's head.

She noticed the danger too, but she couldn't move at all—all her limbs were numb from the accident, and she was covered in injuries.

She watched for a moment as the black-clad man, also wearing a baseball cap and a face mask, stabbed the gleaming knife at her heart; then, she closed her eyes.

She thought she was dead, and many memories flashed in her mind right as the thought came to her.

She didn't want to part with Dicky, or John.

And yet...

The pain she expected never came.

When she opened her eyes, she found a bare hand grabbing the edge of the knife, stopping it inches away from her heart by sheer force.

John's palm was bleeding freely, his blood trickling off the edge of the knife and dripping over Cordy.

Before she could respond, her assailant launched a vicious kick at John, catching him off guard and knocking him backwards.

The back of John's head hit the car nearby with a loud bang, and he almost blacked out as he started to bleed from the head.

Chapter 882

However, John didn't stop and promptly got back on his feet to fight the black-clad man.

Beside them, Nana was left stunned in fear.

When she tried to run up to John and stop him, he had already leapt forward at the black-clad man, whose knife was covered in his blood.

"John, no!" Cordy shrieked—he would never win against the black-clad man, not when he was unarmed!

She could only watch as the black-clad man swung his knife at John's heart, and her face sank in terror.

"No!"

There was a dull thud as the edge of the knife met flesh, but John wasn't stabbed.

He found himself staring in disbelief as Nana jumped in front of him, and the black-clad man plunged his knife into Nana.

It could be lethal whether it was her chest, and the world turned silent right there and then.

And after dealing that potentially lethal blow, the black-clad man turned and fled into the crowd.

“Nana!” John shouted.

Cordy was staring fixedly at Nana too, watching as the latter’s face turned pale.

“L-Lucas...” Nana smiled feebly. “You’re safe... That’s all that matters...”

“Nana...”

Nana fainted, and John yelled again, “Nana!”

Cordy watched beside them as John cradled Nana in his arms; soon, he fainted by the road as well. There was no telling if he was in too much grief, or was too hurt...

Somehow, the two people uninvolved in the accident were in an even more serious condition...

The ambulances arrived quickly enough, and rushed everyone to the hospital.

Sean’s poor chauffeur was declared dead on the spot-he never had much of a chance anyway, since the front of the car was almost nonexistent from the crash.

Both Cordy and Sean weren’t hurt in the vitals or missing any limbs despite their serious injuries. As for the four people in the other two cars in the pile-up, three were dead with one seriously injured, since their cars offered less protection.

John remained unconscious; the doctor said that the reason was a serious concussion, while sustaining shallow cuts over the rest of his body.

Nana was rushed straight to surgery-she wasn’t stabbed in the heart, but she might not be able to survive such a serious injury with her unique physical condition.

Two days passed. Cordy could get out of bed, but remained wheelchair bound.

Dicky wheeled her to the ICU.

He had been staying with Cordy after he was brought to the hospital, staying by her side constantly aside from visiting John occasionally.

They saw John lying motionlessly in his bed, his face frighteningly pale.

The doctor said that John should be conscious for all intents and purposes, but there were still uncertainties. If he didn't wake up for a week, he might end up in a vegetative state.

That was why this week was vital.

The doctor added that talking to John might help him wake up, but Cordy had no idea what to say when he forgot so much of his past.

Their more recent encounters were also too recent for him to remember anything of significance.

Nonetheless, she said, "John... I'm still calling you that, you know? You're not Lucas-you're John Levine, the former scion of Levine Ventures, the father of my son, and the love of my life."

John didn't respond, but Cordy continued, "I've been waiting for you all these years, even if I didn't know that you were actually alive. That's why you can't leave me now. Don't be so cruel, John... Don't leave me again when I'm full of hope..."

Chapter 883

Cordy spoke at length, her tears gushing as she did.

Dicky's heart ached for his mother as he watched, but his father just wasn't responding.

He won't be able to take yet another departure from his daddy, let alone his mommy.

Nonetheless, Dicky quietly hid his tears-his mommy was already badly hurting, and he didn't want her to feel more hurt because of him.

"Mommy," he called out to her.

"Yes?" Cordy replied, subtly wiping away her tears.

"The doctor said visiting hours are over," he reminded her.

Cordy nodded, and stared at John's pale face.

He remained unresponsive, and so she left unhappily.

She never noticed his fingers twitching as she did.

When Dicky wheeled Cordy out of the ICU, they found Sean waiting for them outside.

His injury was relatively minor compared to Cordy's, and he wasn't wheelchair bound. However, the doctor still advised him not to move around too much, given the long list of injuries he sustained.

"What are you doing here?" Cordy asked him.

"It just occurred to me that you might be here. You weren't around in your ward."

"Is something the matter?"

“Yes, there are things I would like to discuss with you,” Sean said, before adding, “Patrick’s here too.”

Cordy stared at Sean, who admitted, “Yeah, I called him here, it Sean’s intentions were exceedingly clear—he wanted Patrick and Cordy to get together.

After all, it didn’t matter if Nana survived or died as they risked the Lynds’ wrath whether or not Cordy and Lucas were actually in a relationship.

Moreover, Sean earnestly felt that Patrick was the better choice if Cordy had to choose, even if John did put his life on the line to save them.

Sean could see that John would only bring trouble on Cordy.

Cordy said nothing, however, as she understood Sean’s considerations. She had no reason to be cross with someone genuinely wanting the best for her.

They returned to her ward together, where Patrick was waiting anxiously for her—he only received Sean’s message that they were at the hospital after getting involved in an accident, with nothing specific.

Given the Cranstons’ position and influence, no media outlet would report anything carelessly. Therefore, only the insiders were aware of the accident.

When the door opened, Patrick turned to find Cordy in her wheelchair, covered in bandages.

Sean didn’t fare any better, but naturally seemed like he was doing well considering that he could walk on his own.

“Cordy!” Patrick ran up to her when he saw her, asking worriedly, “How are you doing? Does it hurt anywhere? Is it serious? What did the doctor say? Would this be permanent? It

When Cordy said nothing, he exclaimed in panic, “Don’t tell me... You hit your head and suffered brain damage?”

Cordy rolled her eyes, but said calmly, “I’m fine. They’re just flesh wounds, and the doctor told me I can leave the hospital in a few days.”

Patrick remained worried regardless. “Really?” “Yes.” Cordy nodded.

Chapter 884

“That’s good...”

Patrick breathed a sigh of relief, but soon asked, “How did you get into another accident again? Why is it always car accidents?”

Cordy frowned. She didn’t get into car accidents that frequently...

Though granted, she was in the same car with Patrick in the last one.

And the memory was still fresh in her mind...

"Let's sit down and talk," Sean told Patrick.

Patrick shot him a look in turn and snapped unhappily, venting all his frustrations on him right then. "You were in the same car! Why did Cordy get off worse than you? Were you even protecting her? And you call yourself her cousin?!"

"It happened in a matter of seconds. It was too fast for anyone to react," Cordy immediately defended Sean.

Not to mention, she didn't want anyone to protect her with their lives.

"I'd definitely have protected you properly if I was in the car," Patrick said assuredly.

"As if I didn't have an accident when I was with you before," worse than his.

"I mean, I hadn't fallen for you at the time," Patrick argued, then added ambitiously, "Hell, that accident was the moment I realized I was in love with you-"

"Zip it," Cordy snapped, cutting him short.

"Right. There's people here, so I won't say too much." Patrick winked at her.

Cordy pretended not to see it, and turned to ask Sean, "What do you think caused this accident?"

Sean actually came here wanting to discuss this very thing with her, but was surprised that Patrick had arrived so quickly-he must have hurried here once Sean texted him.

His concern for her was only too obvious.

Cordy glanced at Patrick, since what she really meant was whether Sean wanted to talk in private.

While Patrick could be a little goofy around Cordy, he was still a politician with considerable power and authority, as well as a shrewd mind. He naturally could tell what Cordy meant immediately, and started to leave.

"It's fine," Sean said. "It doesn't have much to do with him, anyway."

Both Patrick and Cordy were surprised-Cordy was especially shocked that Sean would suddenly treat Patrick so differently.

Is he considering Patrick to be family even before she agreed to date Patrick?

Still, Cordy didn't pause for too long and said bluntly, "I think the plan was to have me killed."

Sean nodded. That much wasn't obvious before, but the attempted murder on Cordy made that very clear.

"Have you made any enemies here in the capital?" Sean asked her.

"No. I've never met anyone aside from our family, so there's no way I've upset someone," Cordy replied. "Even in North City, my business rivals or others with conflicting interests would never come all the way here just to attack me."

A bold thought reached Sean. "...Could it be Nana?"

Cordy and Patrick were stunned, and Sean quickly explained, "She's very hostile towards you, and like I've said before, she'd do anything to get what she wants."

"I won't deny that she does have motive and has the ability, but I don't think it's her," Cordy said, offering a fair assessment. "It's simple, really-she's going to marry Lucas either way, providing there are no surprises. She has no cause to gild the lily, let alone gamble with her own life."

Sean nodded, agreeing that Cordy was making sense-even if his immediate reaction was that Nana carried the most suspicion in this incident.

"Nana saved Lucas with her life. No one will be on his side if he dumps here now."

"But she won't. To be precise, not before her own wedding," Cordy said confidently. "Of course, if it didn't go smoothly, it wouldn't be surprising she'd do it given her wit and radical nature."

Chapter 885

It was the timing that made Cordy certain the car accident had nothing to do with Nana.

"I agree with your opinion," Sean replied. "Though I'm just stating facts." Cordy blinked-so Sean was just telling her that John was going to marry Nana.

Caught off guard, she suddenly felt a thumping pain over her chest. She wondered if she could actually face that day when it comes...

"But if we eliminate Nana, the only culprits possible would be our own family," Sean said solemnly, bringing the subject back to the right track. Patrick was left gaping beside them. That was one shocking revelation they just spoke off, and it seemed that they really were treating him like family.

He actually felt proud for some reason, and suddenly felt that his 'cousin-in-law' wasn't at all bad.

“I also suspect it’s the same person trying to hurt our grandfather,” Cordy told Sean.

“I think so too,” Sean nodded.

“Does my presence affect the culprit?” Cordy theorized.

“I don’t know. Maybe Grandfather mentioned you in his will?”

Cordy’s heart skipped a beat-it never occurred to her that Jesse would name her in his will.

She knew Jesse felt like he owed her-or her mother, to be precise, and was keen on making amends. However, she didn’t think that Jesse would go that far, and would at best give her some money and showered her with extra concern.

Money certainly wouldn’t be the only thing to drive the culprit to kill her, either...

Cordy felt a mess of emotions rushing in her-she had been cold towards the Cranstons and refused to bond further with them, since certain bonds were simply taxing.

She was stressed enough, and didn’t want more burdens.

But now, she was unable to act as carefree as she had been. She breathed a deep sigh at the thought that her grandfather was still bedridden.

There was a vortex of emotions in her, so much that she felt crushed and almost unable to breathe.

“We were careless,” Sean continued. “We were dead sure the target was Grandfather, and kept him protected with airtight security... But they simply turned their crosshairs on you.”

Cordy didn’t anticipate it, or that terrible car crash would not have happened at all.

“Do you have the autopsy report on your chauffeur?” she suddenly asked.

“Yes. There’s a certain sedative found in his bloodstream- that’s why he kept blacking out while he drove.”

“He took it? When?!”

“Probably while he waited for us at the basement car park,” Sean theorized, “when we were visiting Grandfather. He was fine when he dropped us off.”

“In other words, someone made him take it while he waited.

We could check the cameras.”

“By sheer coincidence, the camera covering that specific

Naturally, it was less coincidence and more sabotage.

Whoever they were, they never left clues behind.

It was therefore not surprising at all... Which further begs the question: which Cranston was it?

“Do you think the culprit would turn back to Grandfather after failing to kill me?” Cordy suggested.

“Push too far, and even the calmest man would lash out,” Sean said with certainty.

“Then... Should we keep waiting for the culprit to take the bait?” Cordy asked.

“Yes, but let’s turn things up a notch.”

“How?” Cordy asked.

Sean simply sneered.

He really doubted that the culprit could pull anything amazing when he was watching!

Patrick was stunned by the extent of the internal strife within the Crantson family, though it wasn’t that surprising now that he thought about it.

After all, the Stuarts’ own infighting had been equally bloody.

Nonetheless, Cordy was tired after discussing such serious matters and soon returned to her bed.

Chapter 886

Sean was ready to go back to his room, novelxo and Patrick was self-conscious enough to stay and take care of Cordy.

‘Patrick,’ Sean suddenly called out to him.

“What is it?” Patrick asked.

‘Where are you staying?’

“Here, of course. I’ll stay wherever Cordy is, and I can take care of her at night as well. You know she can’t move around freely with the state of her legs,* Patrick said, as if it was only natural.

“No, you’re staying at a hotel,” Sean rebuked him sternly.

“Look...”

“It’s not up for negotiations.”

“You just don’t want us in the same room, do you?” Patrick growled, a little irritated.

“Of course. There should be proper social distancing between men and women.’

Patrick gnashed his teeth in annoyance; although he had yet to earn his title, he wasn't about to leave the hospital.

Making up his mind, he said to Sean, 'Til sleep at your ward.'

Sean stared at him incredulously, and Patrick flashed an evil grin at the former. "What's the matter? novelxo You're not going to turn me down when I'm just trying to take care of you, right?"

Sean kept an impassive look as he said, "Whatever."

He strode off, while Patrick looked on smugly as he left.

What a kid-did Sean think Patrick would be deterred so easily?

Cordy was speechless as she looked novelxo at the smug look on Patrick's face too, but simply lay down to sleep.

The instant she closed her eyes, however, she saw John unconscious on his bed...

Meanwhile, John was removed from his ICU.

He felt like he had been sleeping for a long time, novelxo and only woke up to find that many things had changed.

The doctor checked him from head to toe, novelx.o ensuring that he was fine before sending him back to the standard VIP ward.

At the same time, Nana also woke up, having survived the most critical period. She was already asking to see him.

The Lynds had arranged it so that she was staying right next door to John, probably knowing that Nana would never leave him.

John entered Nana's ward to find her lying in bed, novelxo looking feeble like a candle in the wind, her face stark white.

Her eyes flooded with tears as novelx.o soon as she saw him, and she murmured softly, "Lucas..."

She was too feeble to talk, but she still used every strength she had to call out to him.

"Yeah," John replied.

"Thank goodness you're alright..." Nana teared up, filled with emotions.

"Why are you crying, Nana?" Keith rebuked her sternly. "You just cheated death! The doctor said you should be staying calm, but look at you! I won't let you see Lucas if you keep acting like this."

"No!" Nana snapped angrily.

"Okay, okay, I was just joking. You can see anyone you want. I'll even buy you the moon if you want it, okay?" Keith comforted her lovingly.

"Dad, I want to talk to Lucas alone.'

Keith shrugged feebly. "Chicks always have to leave the nest, I guess."

He gestured for everyone else to leave, novelxo and clapped John on the shoulder heavily as he did.

It was both a reminder and a threat.

Chapter 887

When it was just Nana and John in the ward, she reached out with the intention of taking John's hand into hers.

However, he stayed three feet away from her and firmly out of grasp.

He gulped, his body instinctively rejecting Nana and his hands unwittingly clenching into knuckles.

Nana stared at him in surprise. "Lucas...?"

Even if he never got close to her on his own before, he wouldn't reject her touch either.

Now, however, novelxo she found him to be a stranger more than ever before as he stood before her.

Even now, he looked at her as if he didn't recognize her.

"Lucas?" Nana's tears sprang out again, and the heart rate monitor attached to her beeped irregularly in warning as her emotions ran high.

Nonetheless, novelxo John eventually walked up to her and took her hand. Nana's emotions calmed immediately, her heart rate turning stable in turn.

She sobbed in joy, "You're alive, Lucas... I was so scared I won't ever see you again. I can't live without you."

Her words were earnest, novelxo but John never reacted at all.

"What's wrong?" she asked, sharp as ever and noticing that he was acting strange.

He was never this cold to her-even when he asked to break up with her, saying he didn't love her anymore.

She just had to play up her frailty, and he would be overwhelmed.

However, he was now as distant as a stranger even though she almost died trying to save him.

Why would he act this way? Shouldn't he be more emotional?

No!

She refused to let him leave, and held on tighter to him.

John felt the firmness in her grasp, but ultimately stayed silent.

"Aren't you going to ask me how I'm doing?" Nana asked, trying to find something to talk about.

"How are you doing?" John asked in turn, his voice hoarse.

That wasn't it either... Even his tone was the way one would speak to a stranger.

"The doctor said that although my heart wasn't hurt, I still bled too much and the toll burdened my heart anyway. I was told to stay in the hospital until I made a full recovery and ensured that there were no issues with my heart," Nana said. "It might delay our wedding."

There was slight relief in John's eyes as he watched her, but she pretended not to see it and continued, novelxo "But I said no."

John narrowed his eyes, but Nana simply smiled. "I know my own body, and I know we can have the wedding as scheduled a week later.

Marrying you is more important than my life."

John swallowed—he was choking with so many words, but he simply couldn't say any.

"You're marrying me, right?" Nana asked naively. "You won't abandon me, seeing that I've put my life on the line to save you?"

It was emotional blackmail, and Nana knew she was acting thoroughly despicable.

However, she wouldn't hesitate when the other option was to lose him.

Even so, John didn't reply to her and remained silent for a long time.

In truth, he was no angel himself.

He rarely allowed himself to give in to threats, let alone emotional blackmail.

But seeing that her heart rate was clearly turning irregular again, he knew very well that she would kill herself novelxo right in front of him if he rejected her right now.

Chapter 888

John could've stayed indifferent to Nana—if she never tried to save him with his life.

However, if he could stay unmoved when she didn't hesitate to protect him in the face of a mortal threat, he would be completely inhuman.

And yet, saying yes to her also meant abandoning his previous life.

Cordy's face appeared in his mind at that very moment; he suddenly felt as if he was stabbed in the chest, unable to breathe.

He had regained his memories, suddenly remembering all his past in a split second.

It turned out that he really was John Levine, the same man who earnestly loved Cordy to a fault.

Alas, when he woke up to that fact, he was already someone else's fiancée.

When John and Jessica got on that boat rigged with explosives, he fought back once he ensured that Cordy and Dicky were safe.

It turned out that Jessica still had one iota of humanity, despite her terrible cruelty—she didn't order her bodyguards to die with her, and it was just her and John who got on the boat.

And since it was just two of them, that made things easy.

However, John had underestimated how much Jessica was prepared to die. The explosives triggered the instant he leapt out of the boat, and the shockwave sent him flying into the sea, unconscious.

When he woke up, he found himself in an unfamiliar hospital with no recollection of anything.

His family were complete strangers to him back then; though now, he realized that they really were strangers.

He had no idea how he turned into their son; perhaps he could find out the real reason when they come to the capital in a couple days to attend his and Nana's wedding.

"Lucas," Nana called out to him again, though refraining from pushing him to say yes.

Instead, she said, "I'll love you for the rest of my life. You'd definitely realize that I'm the one who loves you the most in this world."

"Just rest," John didn't answer her directly, and she was smart enough not to push him anymore.

Right now, she didn't have to resort to anything radical—emotional blackmail was enough.

She was surprised that Cordy's accident helped her instead, as she had been worried that Lucas—or rather, John—would annul their engagement.

She had no idea how long threatening John with suicide would work, or if he would really abandon her for Cordy's sake.

For the time being, John bore a lot of guilt towards her. Even if he could get over that, he would be scorned by many if he left her now.

Even Cordy probably didn't expect Nana to come out on top from this accident; that made Nana feel all the more cathartic.

Still, she maintained her pure and innocent facade as she asked, "Are you leaving if I fall asleep?"

"Just sleep." John avoided responding to her directly again.

Nana tamely complied—he was marrying her one way or the other, even if he didn't feel comfortable about it.

She didn't have to get petty now. Plus, being magnanimous would only make John feel even guiltier towards her.

With that, she closed her eyes and slept comfortably.

John stayed in her room, but not to keep her company. He simply had no idea what he should do at the moment...

Chapter 889

John ultimately left Nana's room, but she wasn't letting go of his hand even in her sleep.

He had to firmly pry her fingers off, not caring that he seemed to wake her when doing so.

He turned and headed outside, his feet seemingly weighing tons.

The last three years suddenly felt like a dream; yet even though he had woken up from it, he was unable to escape.

He paused just outside a ward.

He had no idea that Cordy was staying in that ward, and was simply taking a stroll on a whim.

Yet he ended up here anyway, and he couldn't leave once he arrived.

He stood outside the door, watching as Cordy got out of bed and into the wheelchair beside it.

Dicky was just typing the password on his laptop when he heard the commotion. He turned towards her and asked, "Mommy?"

"I'm fine on my own, don't worry," she told him softly, not noticing the man at the door.

She just slept for a while, though that was a lie—too much was weighing on her heart and suffocating her, so she wanted to relax.

But even that would make her miss John more.

In fact, she couldn't help wanting to see him again now and stay with him every waking moment.

She was about to wheel herself out when she saw Patrick sound asleep on the couch, exhaustion registering on his face.

He really had been sweet on her, and there were times she truly felt a soft spot for him.

She returned to her bed, pulling the blanket off it with considerable effort, and gently laid it over him.

He sensed it and wiggled, murmuring, "Don't worry, Cordy. I'll always be at your side... Cordy..."

Cordy felt an aching in her heart.

After all, he was still flesh and blood. If there was anyone whom she owed anything in this world, it was definitely Patrick.

Alas, she couldn't reciprocate his feelings.

After laying the blanket on Patrick, she turned and headed towards the door, only to see John standing right there.

She thought she was hallucinating for a moment, and was actually afraid to get close in fear that she really imagined it.

They stared at each other for a while, until Dicky broke the silence.

"Lucas! You're awake?" Dicky ran up to John excitedly, leaving the laptop.

John studied Dicky, noting that the boy had grown much taller in just three years.

He nodded. "Yeah. Been up a while, too."

"How are you feeling? Are you sick? Did the doctor allow you to walk around?" Dicky asked in concern, his delight nonetheless irrepressible that his father was fine.

"The doctor said that everything's fine."

"That's great! Mom and I were so worried. Mommy kept visiting you, y'know?" Dicky told John excitedly.

John's pupils turned towards Cordy, and found her eyes welling with tears of joy.

"Yeah," John replied, turning back to Dicky.

Cordy bit her lip.

It was a subtle gesture from John, but she sharply noticed that he was being distant towards her.

So, he gave in to Nana even if he did save Cordy with his life.

"Aren't you tired? Want to come in to sit a while?" Dicky invited John eagerly, eager to hang out with him.

Chapter 890

John refused. "No, I should go back to my room. The doctor did tell me not to move around too much. I just came to tell you I'm fine, and there's nothing to worry about."

Even as he spoke, he started to turn and leave.

"Lucas," Cordy called out to him just then.

John flinched slightly—he knew Cordy was actually aware of who he truly was, because he heard her saying that to him while he was still supposedly unconscious.

He recovered quickly because of her voice too, but he was afraid to admit that he had already remembered everything at that instant.

“Let me see you off,” Cordy said, not waiting for John to say no and wheeling herself out to follow.

They silently and slowly strolled along the long walkways of the hospital, neither of them speaking.

The silence between them was deafening, until they both stopped in front of John’s room.

John turned towards her, watching her pale cheeks, her body that was covered in bandages, and her scrawny form...

He had to work very hard to suppress his impulse not to pull her firmly in his arms and never let her go.

“You never did give me an actual answer,” Cordy said bluntly.

John felt a dull ache over his chest.

He knew Cordy all too well-she would never demand anything from others. If she realized her relationship wasn’t as solid as she believed, she would take the rational choice and step away instead of remaining stubborn.

Thus, she would give up on him if he gave in and married Nana.

Although she should have turned to leave without needing him to say anything, she chose a radical novelx.o method like this instead.

John pursed his lips-he and Cordy kept reaching out to each other, only to keep missing.

When he loved him, she kept running away.

When she accepted him, he was ‘dead’.

And now, when she made the choice to be with him, there was another woman with him now.

Were they really destined to be apart?

“You love me, don’t you?” Cordy asked him before he could answer.

Yes.

She was beginning to fight for her own happiness.

She always believed that novelxo she could restrain herself, that she could quietly accept John marrying another woman, since a relationship went both ways.

As such, she didn’t think that just one person could maintain a relationship.

Yet, novelxo she realized that she feared losing John more than her need to maintain appearances and prestenses.

As such, she was willing to give up on her dignity, her principles, and her common sense just to reach out to him.

“You just feel responsible for Nana, no. velxo don’t you?” Cordy pressed. As long as he said he loved her, no. velxo she wouldn’t mind that he wasn’t with her.

She was willing to take anything, even if she had to suffer the world’s scorn or even the apocalypse.

But John never did answer her; merely stared at her quietly, turmoil evident in his gaze.

He seemed to have read her mind—that he just had to nod, and she could abandon everything for his sake.

John couldn’t help gulping.

Nonetheless, the silence between them continued, as if time itself had stopped.

The hope in Cordy’s eyes soon faded away...