

A Life Debt Repaid Free Online

- Chapter 891-900

Chapter 891

Cordy suddenly said, "It's alright. You can take your time to consider it. I'm in no hurry."

There was a smile on her face, even as she stubbornly restrained the tears in her eyes.

She could wait-she wouldn't mind waiting for a couple of days, as it was nothing compared to the years she waited.

She understood John; anyone in his shoes would hesitate.

Most importantly, Nana was no pushover; hell, she just might be smarter and more ruthless than Cordy's sister Noel. Not to mention, Nana was better at manipulating a man's heart.

It was only natural she had leverage against John.

And with those words, Cordy prepared to turn and leave.

"Cordy." John suddenly stopped her.

Cordy's heart skipped a beat; suddenly, she was afraid to confront his response.

After all, she was merely avoiding the problems when she said she could wait and could afford him time-now, she wasn't completely confident John would choose her.

"I'm afraid I'd disappoint you again," John said, his voice clearly restrained.

Cordy felt like her heart suddenly shattered.

So in the end, he chose Nana and was rejecting her.

In reality, she didn't have to feel upset-his recent actions had already made it very clear, and she was already prepared for it.

But when he actually said it, the sadness she felt in return still caught her off guard.

Still, it didn't mean she had to give up.

"We can face this together," she said. "I admit I was arrogant before, that I didn't want to get involved in someone else's relationship and refused

to be a third-wheeler. But now, I'll set my principles aside because I love you."

John averted his eyes, for they were welling with tears; he didn't want her to see the emotions in them.

"Lucas," Cordy said, reaching out to him; her fingers brushed against his fingertips, and she saw that his fingers were shaking ever so slightly. He clearly had strong feelings for her, but was doing his best to repress them.

She held on to his hand tightly, the familiar touch therein all too memorable in their minds.

"Let's face this together, okay? Don't leave me like this...not when this is worth fighting for," Cordy continued, staring at him dolefully.

John refused to look into her eyes, because he really might get caught in her emotions.

Once he relented, he would remember Nana. Now, he was familiar with her; it was no empty threat when she threatened him with suicide, and she really could kill herself right in front of him.

Moreover, she saved him.

John had never been this hesitant, even if he didn't love Nana at all.

She simply had all the leverage to blackmail him emotionally, preventing him from ignoring her completely.

Before John could respond, he heard a frail voice calling out to him.

"Lucas..."

Cordy and John turned, only to find Nana standing at the doorway of her VIP ward.

John narrowed his eyes.

Chapter 892

At that very moment, Cordy held on tighter to John by instinct, not willing to let him leave and go to Nana's side.

John's fingers twitched in turn, naturally sensing the pressure in Cordy's touch.

However, he didn't push her away.

He could never do it.

"Lucas, we're getting married soon..." Nana's voice remained soft and feeble, as she calmly told them about reality with an expectant look in her eyes.

Even so, John refused to go to her.

He wanted to stay with Cordy, and love her and her alone for the rest of his life.

Be it before and after his amnesia, or after he regained his memories, he only ever loved Cordy.

All he felt towards Nana was only responsibility-but at a level that could crush him.

Nana, upon seeing that John wasn't coming over to her, and that he wasn't pushing Cordy away and was holding her hand firmly, flashed her usual innocent smile; this time, it carried a hint of reluctance.

She slowly walked towards John, saying, "It's fine. If you won't come back to me, I'll come to you."

Nana stopped right in front of him, and tried to pull Cordy's hand off him. However, Cordy stubbornly held on tighter to John.

No one could make her let go-be it Nana or anyone else!

Nana, who was enfeebled in the first place, couldn't muster any strength to her wrist.

She gave up, and said, "Lucas and I are engaged, Cordy."

"You forced him." Cordy looked her in the eye without flinching.

"You're imagining it—"

"You know very well who he loves. Feelings can't be forced, and coercing him like this won't make you happy."

"That's my business, and it's not up to you to teach me! And don't you think it's inappropriate that you're holding on to my fiance like this?"

Nana snapped, irony lacing his tone.

"Fiance?" Cordy scoffed. "Do you know who he actually is before that?"

"I don't have to know," Nana retorted stubbornly. "For me, Lucas will always be Lucas, even if he changed. And he will be with me for the rest of my life!"

"What if I told you I insist on taking him with me?"

"You'd never be able to," Nana said staunchly and confidently, even reaching out to take John's other hand as she did. "Lucas, you just promised to sleep with me. You shouldn't break promises."

Nana started to pull him along; yet he refused to budge, seemingly having made his choice.

Nana laughed despite herself, finding herself laughable.

So he refused to care if she died even if she did it for his sake, and would rather stick to Cordy?

Was everything she did pointless to him?

No.

She never lost once when it comes to claiming ownership of everything and anything she desired.

It was no infatuation she had towards Lucas-she was madly in love with him, and therefore would not allow anyone to take him away.

She said very slowly and clearly, ‘ Lucas, do you really want to watch me die?’

John reacted ever so slightly to that, and Cordy felt it too.

“Don’t you think it’s despicable, novelxo threatening him with suicide?” she snapped.

“No, because I’m not joking around.” Nana smiled with considerable composure. “On the other hand, are you willing to lay down your life for your love?”

Chapter 893

Certainly, Cordy wouldn’t lay down her life for just about anyone.

That was being irresponsible to her own life; plus, she wasn’t despicable enough to threaten someone with her own suicide.

“In other words, your feelings for Lucas don’t compare to mine!” novelxo Nana smiled even broadly, her scorn even more obvious.

“That’s not love-that’s selfish obsession. You have no idea what love is.”

“No! I love Lucas more than anyone else, and I can’t live without him,”

Nana retorted, looking Cordy straight in the eye. ‘You can still live happily without Lucas, so don’t try to take him from me, okay? Spare my life.’

“Your life is your own and has nothing to do with anyone else’s. Don’t try to threaten me with emotional blackmail,” Cordy said coolly, immune to Nana’s pity party.

“But I’m not.” Nana smiled faintly, turning back to Lucas. “We’re just distant relatives and ultimately strangers—how novelxo could I threaten you? I’m just threatening Lucas.”

As John stayed dead silent, Nana pressed, “Let go of Cordy now, or I’ll be a corpse the next time you see me.”

John glared coldly at her, his eyes bloodshot.

Nana, however, did not seem to feel his rage at all. In fact, she was actually smiling beautifully at him. “I’ll count down from three, and then leave without looking back.”

“Three.”

“Two...”

Just like that, novel.xo John let go of Cordy's hand.

Cordy felt her heart being cut to the quick, but this was simple reality—whether John loved Nana or not, he couldn't abandon her; that made him vulnerable to Nana's despicable threats.

And Nana had to be insane enough to die, just to have him all for herself.

"Let's go back to our room, okay?" Nana smiled smugly, since hiding her true nature was unnecessary now.

She claimed Lucas in the most despicable way possible, but she didn't care—her only concern was that Lucas belonged to her.

She held out her hand in front of Lucas, waiting for him to take it.

John stared coolly at her hand that was so pale, it seemed not to have a drop of blood underneath.

Nana didn't hurry him, and quietly waited for him to take it.

Amidst the stalemate, John slowly raised his hand...

"John Levine."

Cordy spoke up at that moment, saying his real name.

As John's fingers twitched as she continued, "Don't go with her. Her death is on her, and has nothing to do with you. novel.xo You shouldn't feel threatened at all, let alone deny your feelings because of her!"

"I'm not denying your feelings. I'm giving all my passion to you!" Nana's eyes flashed determinedly.

In her mind, Lucas lost nothing because she loved him, and that was the best for him.

Refusing to wait, she reached out to take John's hand.

John avoided her touch, clearly denying her control.

Nana's face dropped right there and then.

"John..." Cordy called out to him again, feeling a hint of hope.

However...

"I'm sorry, Cordy."

Cordy thought she heard her own heart break.

In the end, John abandoned her again.

And with that apology, he no longer hesitated and left with Nana, even though he refused to touch Nana.

In the end, he chose Nana.

Cordy's tears started gushing out without control, and she watched as John strode off into the distance...

Chapter 894

Cordy opened her mouth to speak, but swallowed her words. What could she say to stop him anyway?

She couldn't threaten John with suicide, because she wasn't that despicable.

"Cordy."

As John and Nana disappeared from sight, a familiar voice sounded beside her.

Cordy had no idea when Patrick arrived, how long he had been there, or how much he had seen.

She couldn't say anything at that moment.

"I'm taking you back to your room," he told her, and wheeled her around.

That was when Cordy saw Sean as well.

They must have arrived together, staying behind and quietly watching her misery.

She couldn't control her tears, and kept crying despite the irony of it all.

When they returned to her room, Patrick brought a box of tissues to wipe her tears for her, but she refused and took the box instead.

She slowly calmed down, refusing to let Dicky see her being vulnerable.

She always appeared invincible, and rarely showed how she truly felt to others.

It was after a long time that she finally stopped crying.

When she did, she became immeasurably calm, as if nothing happened just now at all.

"I told you to give up on Lucas before," Sean said after ascertaining that she had calmed down.

When Cordy didn't respond, Patrick butted in, "When did that happen?"

He was asking when Cordy fell for that man.

He had been chasing her around for three years, but he couldn't match a man she just met for three months?

He could accept that he lost to John Levine, that he couldn't replace that man even if John was as dead as a doornail.

But Lucas Lynch? What gave him the right? How was he better?!

There was an order to things, and it should've been Patrick!

"Don't butt in," Sean snapped at Patrick, a little impatient.

"How could I not? This concerns my happiness for the rest of my life! I

don't get it, Cordy-if you can accept a man other than John, why can't

you consider me?!" Patrick ranted with rising agitation.

Sean was scowling, and threatened, "One more word, and you're out of this hospital."

"What the—"

"And I never compromise," Sean glowered.

Patrick gritted his teeth, but he had no choice but to bear with it since he was on Sean's turf.

Seeing that Patrick was staying in line, Sean turned to Cordy. "I'd rather not meddle with your private affairs, but Lucas is out of the question. I've given you too many reasons, and I won't repeat myself-hell, as long as it isn't Lucas Lynch, I can knock him out and bring him over giftwrapped."

"You can do that to me right now," Patrick said eagerly, all too willing for that to happen.

Sean rolled his eyes. "Honestly, you—"

"Lucas Lynch is John Levine," Cordy said, very slowly and clearly.

Chapter 895

The ward was suddenly dead silent, and even the air seemed to stagnate.

Both Sean and Patrick were gaping at Cordy, wondering if they had misheard.

"Lucas Lynd is John Levine," Cordy repeated very slowly and clearly.

Being the calmer one, Sean regained composure soon enough. "How did you know?"

"Parental test," Dicky suddenly said, seemingly noticing that his mother was in a bad state as well.

As Sean turned towards him, Dicky explained with logic and in no uncertain terms, "Lucas looks different from my father, but everything else about them was identical. I've been with Daddy since I was a kid, so I'd know that it really is him. I did one parental test just to make sure, and Mommy eventually realized it too and did another. Both tests proved that he's my daddy."

Sean was silent for a while. "So that parental test... It's not you and Dicky? It's Dicky and Lucas?!"

"Yes." Cody nodded.

Sean was ultimately stunned. "But shouldn't John be dead? I even made inquiries to certain private sources! His chances of survival are almost zero."

"And yet, he's alive," Cordy replied staunchly.

“In that case, why is he living as someone else? Why didn’t he return to you when he’s alive?”

“We suspect amnesia,” Cordy replied.

Sean was silent again, putting the pieces together as he summarized, “And because he’s John, you can’t get over him.”

Cordy nodded silently-she would never go that far for anyone else, just as she wouldn’t love anyone else other than John.

Sean didn’t know what to tell Cordy, but looked up at Patrick just then to see that he looked more miserable than anyone else.

It wasn’t surprising, since Patrick would be one who got the worst hit amongst them.

“I need some time alone,” Cordy said after a while.

It never coursed her mind to ask for their opinion or support, since no one could decide on this for her.

When it came to a relationship, it was up to people involved to decide if it was worth it.

“I’m going back to my room, then. Just give me a shout if you need me,” Sean said.

“Yeah.”

Sean turned to Patrick just before he stepped out. “Aren’t you leaving too?”

Patrick pursed his lips, but slowly left with Sean.

Both men returned to Sean’s room. Patrick planted himself on the couch, staying motionless as if paralyzed.

He was always so talkative, but he wasn’t saying a word now, spacing out even as he reclined against the couch.

Sean didn’t disturb him-Patrick probably needed time to accept the reality that John was still alive.

Patrick knew all too well that nothing would happen between him and Cordy as long as John was alive.

Instead of bothering Patrick, Sean asked a care worker to buy some drinks and snacks. He put everything on the dining table in his ward, and started to eat alone.

“Are you crazy? You’re drinking in that state?” Patrick snapped furiously; it took him a while to realize what Sean was doing.

Sean simply chuckled without saying anything, even though Patrick was clearly snapping at him.

One must never get petty with a man who was just dumped, after all.

In fact, he gestured invitingly. “Care to join me?”

Patrick walked over, standing opposite him and demanding, “Did the doctor say you can drink?”

Chapter 896

Sean said, “Being able to enjoy yourself anytime is part of being alive. If you live too miserably, you’ll regret it if you suddenly die.” “Who the hell is dying?!” Patrick snapped in displeasure, pausing for a moment before adding, “Well, I guess you’re worried since you’re not exactly young.”

Sean was speechless—Patrick was no older than him, novelx.o with the man being in the thirties and he himself just reaching forty.

Nonetheless, Patrick took the beer and glass from Sean. While Sean stared at him, he said, ‘It’s no big deal if you die, but I’d be blamed if you died near me. I won’t be able to take the novelxo responsibility when your whole family comes for my head.’

With that, Patrick took a sip from Sean’s glass, clearly refusing to let Sean drink.

Sean didn’t fight back since he rarely drank, though he considered that any vice was fine in suitable doses.

And now... Whatever. He didn’t want to argue with Patrick at the moment.

Hence, Sean watched as the man started from sips until he eventually chugged entire glasses.

Sean didn’t stop Patrick—even if alcohol wasn’t a good way to ease one’s sorrows, he couldn’t come up with better alternatives for the time being and decided that this had to be it for a moment.

Patrick was drunk soon enough, and lay sprawled over the table while staring at Sean with a muddled gaze. “Do you know how much I loved Cordy?”

“No.”

“But you know I prefer men,” Patrick mumbled.

“Yeah,’ Sean replied.

“But I love her anyway,” novelxo Patrick groaned, his eyes welling with tears. “Hell, I think I’d love Cordy regardless if she’s a man or a woman.”

“I know,” Sean said, playing along.

“I always thought I had a shot,” Patrick mumbled, more tears gleaming in his eyes; he looked just like a wounded maiden. ‘But John Levine just had to be alive. How the hell did he survive? Shouldn’t he be blown into pieces?’

Sean shrugged, novel.xo but John was probably one of those insanely lucky types.

“Well, I guess I’m not going to spend the rest of my life happy,” Patrick muttered miserably, as if he was destined to be alone for the rest of his life.

“That just might not be the case,” Sean said quietly.

“All you ever do is mock me, huh?” Patrick snapped indignantly. “You have a baby and a happy family. novel.xo You’d never know what it’s like to be alone forever, let alone understand what it’s like being dumped...’

“But I do,” Sean said very quietly, but too soft for Patrick to hear as he continued ranting...until he fell asleep in no time at all.

Sean chuckled-here he was, wondering how long Patrick’s tears would last.

This was it, huh?

Sean moved over to help Patrick get to his feet, but the latter refused to budge and even shoved him impatiently. “Don’t touch me.”

“You can sleep on the bed.”

“No,” Patrick simply shifted his posture and lay sprawled on the table again.

“Be good.”

“I refuse.”

Sean had no choice but to lean in and help Patrick up again.

His care worker knew his condition, however, and quickly went up, saying, “I can do it, Mr. Cranston.”

“It’s alright,” Sean refused.

“But you’re-“

“Just bring some honey for his hangover,” Sean said.

“...Yes, Mr. Cranston.’

Chapter 897

After the care worker left, Sean pulled Patrick up to his feet and off the table.

Patrick was already dizzy, and the motion almost knocked him out.

He opened his dazed eyes at Sean, all the while feeling that his own body was being dragged along. Sean’s hand was so forceful that he could die from the pain at that very moment.

“Can’t you be more gentle?” he snapped indignantly.

“I’m never gentle.”

“Your wife must suffer a lot because of you.’

“Yeah, she does,” Sean replied, and helped Patrick to the bed with considerable difficulty.

He was just about to let Patrick down when Patrick grabbed his clothes, catching him off guard and pulling him down in bed.

As Sean fell on top of Patrick, the atmosphere seemed to stiffen even though Patrick was smiling smugly. “You didn’t expect that, didja?!”

“...You’re incorrigible,” Sean snapped coolly. “Let go.”

“No,” Patrick retorted, and held on tighter to Sean.

“Patrick Stuart!”

“Threats won’t work with me!” Patrick looked utterly dauntless. “You won’t kill me and bury me in some unmarked grave, anyway.”

Sean told himself not to get petty with a drunk man, and quickly tried to get up.

However, Patrick caught him again; he was very strong despite his somewhat delicate appearance.

When Sean couldn’t move at all, Patrick bragged smugly, “Can’t go anywhere now, can you?”

“You better not regret this.”

“R-Regret what?”

Patrick’s eyes were wide open, but he was probably drunk-and unconscious at that.

Why else would he hallucinate something like this?

It took a long time for Sean to manage to get away from Patrick, who suddenly appeared more docile.

Perhaps believing that he was dreaming, Sean fell asleep after some time.

However, Sean watched him quietly as he slept for a while...

In the next ward, Cordy was quiet as well.

Dicky was going to speak to her a few times, but ultimately stopped himself.

He understood that his mommy didn’t want him to worry about her, even though she was really unhappy.

Because of daddy? Because daddy was going to marry another woman?

“Mommy, I’m going to Uncle Sean’s room.”

“Okay.” Cordy nodded without asking what he was up to.

After all, Dicky had always been sharp even as a young child. He wanted to let her have the room to herself when he noticed her plummeting mood.

In reality, Dicky was going straight to novélxo John-even if his daddy was amnesiac, he was convinced his daddy wouldn't get over his mommy so easily.

He had to look around for a while until he reached his daddy's ward, but his daddy wasn't in there.

He then looked at the next ward, and saw his daddy staying by Nana's side.

He was upset, let alone his mommy.

Shouldn't he be staying with mommy right now, especially when she was so depressed?

Both John and Nana saw Dicky at the door, and Nana didn't hesitate to stop John. "Don't."

John glanced at her, but said nothing as he strode off as he looked on. At that, Nana gritted her teeth in anger.

Chapter 898

Nana was frustrated by John's indifference towards her, but she bore with it since it wasn't Cordy.

In the very least, John chose her and not Cordy-that alone was enough for her to celebrate for a long while.

Outside the ward, John stood before Dicky, studying his much taller frame and asking, 'Were you looking for me?'

"Yeah."

"Is something the matter?"

"I don't want to stay here. Can we go to your room?" Dicky asked bluntly, his contempt towards Nana not disguised at all.

"Okay," John replied, and led Dicky to his ward.

Once inside, he asked, 'Want a drink? Or some fruits?'

"No," Dicky replied.

John didn't force the issue.

Then, Dicky asked directly, "I heard you're marrying Nana. Is that true?"

"Yeah."

"Don't you love Mommy?" Dicky was a little agitated-hearing it directly from his daddy hurt even more.

"Sometimes, adults can't make all their choices."

"What are you talking about? Was that because you were dating Nana first? The truth is that you've been with Mommy for a long time, and you're just amnesiac!" Dicky quickly explained. 'You're really my daddy,

and I have our parental test results. I'll get it for you if you don't believe me, or we can go to a DNA test center—

“No, you don't have to.”

“You don't believe me?” Dicky asked, depressed.

“I believe you.”

Dicky's eyes widened, and saw John nodding in affirmation.

His expression, even the look in his eyes...was just what it used to be, when Daddy was Daddy!

“You remember now, Daddy?” Dicky exclaimed in surprise.

John didn't respond directly, but he didn't deny it either.

Dicky knew all too well that it was confirmation, since he grew up in John's care and understood the latter's personality all too well.

“Daddy...” Tears welled in Dicky's eyes as he said that.

John pursed his lips to repress his surging emotions, just as Dicky brought the conversation back to the subject at hand. “Why would you marry Nana if you remember? Don't you love Mommy anymore? She's been waiting for you all these years!”

“Like I said, adults can't make all their choices.”

Dicky glared at John. “You never compromise yourself like this, Daddy.”

“No, but I no longer take risks lightly because I've suffered a lot.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Dicky had the feeling that he meant something else.

“Anyway, just take good care of Mommy while I'm not around.”

“Then, when are you coming back to us?”

“I can't give you an answer, Dicky.”

“Mommy's really sad.”

“I know.”

“Daddy...”

“Dicky,” John said, his voice turning quiet.

Dicky had no doubts about that—he knew his father remembered everything now, and with no uncertainty.

“Don't tell your mommy you came here, and don't tell her what I told you,” John said to Dicky.

Dicky bit his little lip.

He couldn't argue against Daddy—the blood connection between them was one that bound and compelled him.

“Go back, and stay with your mommy,” John continued.

“Daddy, you’re coming back to us eventually, right? Back to our side?” Dicky asked gingerly—he would listen to everything as long as John returned to them.

“Yeah.” John nodded.

At that, Dicky beamed.

His daddy always came good on his promises, and he would never doubt the man.

With that, Dicky left happily, while John looked on in silence.

He just hoped that everything could go smoothly.

He would never allow the mistakes of the past to happen again!

Chapter 899

The next day, when Sean arrived at Cordy’s room alone, she asked, “Where’s Patrick?”

He hadn’t shown up after he left her room last night, which was definitely not his style.

Even if Patrick knew that John was alive, he had no reason to avoid her.

“He’s asleep.”

“Is he sick?”

“No, just drunk.”

As Cordy stared at Sean, he shrugged. “I saw that he was taking it very hard, and I bought him a drink. After that, he’s out like a light even until now, so I didn’t wake him. I can get him if you want him for something.”

“No, it’s fine,” Cordy said quickly, since she was just asking.

However, she was still staring fixedly at Sean.

He simply returned her gaze and asked, “What?”

“You care a lot about him,” she said, knowing that Sean wasn’t one who meddled in the affairs of others.

“I mean, he’s family now,” Sean smiled faintly.

Cordy, however, thought that might not be the case. Not to mention, Sean had clear dark circles under his eyes; he clearly didn’t sleep well last night.

Maybe he couldn’t sleep with Patrick staying in his room?

“Anyway, back to business.” Sean immediately changed the subject.

“Tell me.”

“I found a body double for Grandfather,” Sean said.

Cordy was left a little surprised, and he added, “I’ve screened through plenty of candidates, but there’s no doppelgangers like I hoped. The one I picked only resembles him in stature and presence, but there’s hardly

any resemblance in the face. Anyone could tell that he's not our grandfather from up close."

"So?"

"Til move grandfather somewhere secure today, while the body double will pretend as if he just woke up. I'll arrange the specifics-you just have to know that," Sean said.

Cordy didn't ask further questions.

What Sean wanted was for her to play along, and she just had to do it.

"So? What are your plans for John?" Sean asked in the end.

He didn't ask yesterday because he needed time to let that bombshell sink in, though now, he would like to know her plans.

"I'll fight." Cordy didn't hide it from Sean, since he would find out anyway.

"Have you considered what you'd be facing if you do?"

"It doesn't matter." Cordy remained determined.

"Then do what you will."

"You're not going to tell me to stop?"

"Would that deter you?" Sean asked in return.

"No."

"Then there's no reason to make either of us upset. Actually, I'd hate it more if you started to hate me," Sean said bluntly.

Cordy loved Sean, and she would be lying if she said that she wasn't emotional about his affection for her.

He had always stood by her unconditionally across the years.

"Thank you."

"It's fine..."

"Sean," Cordy suddenly said.

Sean stiffened and stared at her in turn.

That was the first time he heard such affection in her voice.

Chapter 900

Sean understands that Cordy was emotionally distant towards everyone in the family, and therefore treated everyone with indifference.

That applied to him as well, even though he was always around her.

"Are you recognizing me as family now?" he asked calmly after a while.

"I always did."

"And you're only showing it now?"

"I just didn't want you to get ahead of yourself," Cordy retorted.

Sean smiled—mushy words were unnecessary for them, or it would make things more awkward instead.

“Just focus on getting better for now,” he told her. “Health is vital for everything, whether it’s to deal with John or family troubles.”

“The same goes for you.” Cordy nodded, when something occurred to her. “Right. If Patrick does wake up, tell him to come over. I need to clear the air with him...”

“I’m here,” Patrick suddenly spoke from the doorway.

As both Cordy and Sean turned towards him, he shrugged. “I didn’t expect that I’d actually sleep in. And I wasn’t eavesdropping either, until the last part.”

“It’s fine even if you did. It’s nothing hush-hush,” novel.xo Cordy said nonchalantly.

“I’m going to make the arrangements for our plans now,” Sean said, clearing the room for them. “Care to join me, Dicky? You’ve been stuck here for days.”

“Okay!” Dicky was sharp enough to read the room too.

Soon, it was just Cordy and Patrick left in her ward.

Sighing, Cordy said, “You know what I’d choose.”

“So I’m sentenced to death?” Patrick said, but there was a lightness in his tone.

He refused to let her see his misery, no.velxo because he would never make things awkward for her.

“You shouldn’t waste your time on me,” Cordy said bluntly.

“It never was a waste, and this doesn’t feel like a death sentence,” Patrick said with a determined tone.

While Cordy frowned, he asked gleefully, “So? John’s giving you the cold shoulder, isn’t he?”

Cordy rolled her eyes—he had to hit her exactly where it hurts.

“He’s marrying Nana soon. Are you really that confident you could take Nana away from him? Nana’s no pushover, you know. Moreover, if he really marries her, are you still going to save yourself for him? Don’t you think it’s unnecessary? Forget the years you wasted while he’s dead—he had someone else for years, and you’d be the naive one if you keep pinning your hopes on him.”

Though Patrick’s words were sharp and cut her, novelxo Cordy was actually left speechless.

“Look, I get it,” Patrick continued solemnly. “John’s survival isn’t all that for me. I mean, if he was really dead, you’d never get over him forever. But the reality here is that while he’s alive, he’s dumping you. And you’re

still obsessing over him after that? Anyway, you're going to accept me once you get over him, right?"

"Why are you so sure I can get John back?"

"Because you're not as despicable as Nana Lynd," Patrick said, hitting the nail on the head and leaving Cordy speechless again.

Suddenly, he said, "So, how about we make a deal?"

"What deal?"

"If you really can make John give up on Nana and be with you. I'll leave without a word right away. But if he ultimately chooses her, novelxo you'll start dating me, and I'll help you tend to your wounds."

"That's unfair to you," Cordy refused.

"That's up to me to decide," Patrick said staunchly. "I will always desire you, Cordy Sachs-even if John doesn't."

"Patrick-"

"Don't say no," Patrick said, cutting her short and pleading, "Okay?"

He was the child of a very important family, and anything else he wanted was always within reach.

There were countless women who loved him, but he had to keep making himself single because of her.

"Okay," Cordy agreed to it nonetheless.

There was no other reason; Patrick was such a good man, she couldn't reject him.

Moreover, why would she hold on if John really gave up on her?