

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 11 - 20

Chapter 11

They did not hang around after dinner—John sent Richard home to his babysitter first before

returning to the car and sending Cordy home.

"You didn't have to go through so much trouble, Mr. Levine. I can actually take a taxi home," Cordy said politely.

"It's no trouble," John said flatly. "I'm not driving anyway."

Despite what he said, the chauffeur felt a little awkward and thought that he should just

disappear just then.

Cordy could not say anything against it either.

The journey back to North Garden was quiet.

As Cordy opened the door, she remained sluggish since walking with crutches was really

inconvenient. Naturally, John could walk around the car and help her up in gentlemanly

fashion just as she got out.

Cordy held her tongue and she said gratefully, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," John said as he helped her out.

Cordy started to limp away until she suddenly paused, looking him in the eye and saying,

"Mr. Levine."

"Yes?"

"What they said were true," she said, her voice too quiet to read how she was feeling.

"Yes?"

"I got pregnant at eighteen and had a child out of wedlock—umph!"

Cordy's eyes widened as John suddenly wrapped his arms around his waist and leaned in to

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kiss her lips.

She was so surprised she forgot to resist!

All she felt was that unfamiliar sensation over her lips and it seemed to be getting hotter...

Cordy abruptly pushed John away, finally realizing what he was doing!

Her cheeks were hot, but she could not tell if she was embarrassed or angry.

"I thought you said you're not that type of person!" she exclaimed.

"I had to demonstrate that I don't mind, Ms. Sachs," he replied, looking utterly composed

and not embarrassed at all.

"You didn't have to! You can use your mouth instead!" Cordy cried indignantly.

Still, she noticed her poor wording, she quickly corrected herself, "I mean, you can use

words instead!"

On the other hand, John seemed to be smiling under the nightlights.

It was a bewitching sight that could leave the world spellbound.

Then, he said, "I was worried that you'd doubt me."

"I don't doubt you..."

"Good." John cut her short.

Cordy was left glaring, feeling as if John had duped her somehow.

"Since you believe me now, Ms. Sachs, you don't have to reject me with those excuses."

Cordy stared at John—how could he call those things excuses?!

Any man would mind, even Kyle!

Still, John gave her a gentlemanly nod and said, "It's late now, Ms. Sachs. Good night."

With that, he turned and returned to his ostentatious Maybach, and the car quickly drove off.

Cordy bit her lip, the sensation of his lips seemingly lingering over it.

No matter how she thought about it, it felt like John was bragging that he had won this round!

Taking a deep breath, she thought that she should just pretend she got bitten by a dog.

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...

Back in the car, John's phone was ringing.

Once he answered it, Bob Davis started to complain from the other end. "Damn it, John!

You'd eat alone at my family's restaurant alone and stand me up repeatedly? I also heard you

had my people chase our guests away! Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Thanks," John said flatly.

"Oh, save it. I heard from a manager that you were dining with a chick?"

"Yeah."

"Is the sun rising from the west?!" Bob cried in shock. "And here I thought Dicky was manufactured."

John said nothing to that, so Bob said, "When are you going to introduce me? I'm really

curious about the character who could melt your cold heart."

"She hasn't agreed to date me yet."

"What?!" Bob exclaimed even louder just then. "I'm even more curious now!"

"I'm hanging up. Call from work."

"Shi—"

John hung up before Bob could finish that expletive and he answered the other call.

"Mr. Levine? We really are sponsoring a tv series where Mandy Jessop will be the female

lead," Randy Martin reported. "The project belongs to a subsidiary of ours called Windmill

Pictures and they will start shooting next week."

"Change the female lead," John told him.

"I-Is that really fine?" Randy asked awkwardly.

"What was that?!"

"Yes, sir, right away sir," Randy said, afraid to breathe another word.

The Jessops only had themselves to blame for getting on the wrong side of his boss!

...

Over at Jessop Villa, Mandy was throwing a hissy fit the instant she reached home.

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She only got more upset the more she thought about it—she was the daughter of an important family and a star celebrity! If anyone heard that she was chased out of a restaurant

halfway through her dinner, she would be humiliated!

Kyle was on the couch, staring at his phone. Glancing sideways at her, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Their parents—Dandy Jessop and Allie Larson—turned toward Mandy too.

Mandy hence told them everything, naturally sexing up the part where Cordy brought a man to the restaurant.

Kyle's expression darkened the more she spoke.

"I've said before that Cordy Sachs is nothing good. To think you were almost ruined because

of her..." Allie scoffed in disdain, not at all grateful that Cordy brought their family business back to life.

"Wait, did you just say you went to Davis' Kitchen?" Dandy asked Mandy.

"Yeah. It's expensive and the paparazzis can't get inside. That's why I met Noel there."

"Isn't it owned by the Davis family?" Dandy sounded puzzled. "I don't think there's any dispute between us, though..."

"The Davis family? You mean Bob Davis' family?!" Mandy exclaimed as she came to a

realization. "He must be trying to humiliate me after I rejected him back at high school! He's still so childish!"

With that, Dandy simply treated the incident as young people being young people and did

not take it to heart.

Mandy's mood improved afterward, too.

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She simply presumed that Bob did it because he was still not over her, and that he was trying

to get her to meet him.

While his moves certainly improved, Mandy was adamant—if she did not like him before,

she would still not like him now!

That was when her phone began to ring.

Seeing that it was her manager, she snapped impatiently, "Don't call me day after day!

I

know the script backwards!"

In reality, she had yet to even read a page of the script, and it had been half a month since

she had it.

Nonetheless, her manager ignored her and asked directly, "Mandy, what did you do?!"

The

production office just called, saying that they're taking away your role!"

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Chapter 12

Mandy almost jumped. "What?!"

The other Jessops were starting to get annoyed with her antics, but Mandy's eyes went red

right after her call with her manager ended.

She had been drifting along the lines of becoming a B-list actress and that TV series was

supposed to solidify her status as one!

"What now?" Kyle asked impatiently.

"My manager called me, saying that the investors want another actress for my role."

Kyle frowned. "If I remember correctly, it's Windmill Pictures, which is owned by Levine

Ventures, isn't it? Did you upset anyone from their family?"

"No way! I don't even know them!" Mandy quickly denied it, and cried in agitation, "I don't

care what it takes, Kyle—get that role for me! It's important for my career!"

Kyle was puzzled too—casting choices would not be changed once decided.

Still, he suddenly remembered a little detail.

"I heard that Bob Davis and John Levine were childhood friends, and that they remained

very good friends although John usually stays abroad. Maybe Bob asked for John's help to

harass you..."

"Bob is so despicable!" Mandy snarled viciously, not doubting Kyle's words at all.

"If you want the role, I suggest you talk to Bob... or go straight to John," Kyle suggested

then.

"What are you talking about?"

"Dad just said a few days ago, didn't he, that John was interested in meeting you?

Wouldn't it

be easy for you to get that role once you marry him?" Kyle explained.

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"No way! I don't want to be a baby mommy! Not in this lifetime!" Mandy promptly refused.

"I'd rather talk to Bob than John!"

Kyle said nothing to that—his sister had been pampered since a child and no one could ever

force her to do anything she did not like!

...

"Achoo!"

Bob suddenly sneezed in his luxury private room at the extravagant Regent Club.

Who could be missing him this late at night?

"What are you spacing out for?" Sam Saunders hurried him then. "It's a rare occasion for the

great John Levine to join us. Drink!"

"Amen. No one is leaving without getting drunk," Bob quickly chimed in.

In the room with them were John Levine and Jay Parker—all friends who grew up together,

but rarely gathered together since John spent most of his time abroad.

In fact, the last time all four of them gathered was when they welcomed John's return eight

years ago.

He drank a lot that night, and then disappeared.

"And with that, he was gone eight years," Bob murmured, feeling sentimental for once.

However, just as he was about to clink glasses with John, his phone suddenly started to ring.

A little upset then, Bob answered it since he did not recognize the number. "Who is it?!"

...

Earlier, Mandy had returned to her room and decided to bear with all the misgivings she had

about Bob and called him.

However, her face fell when she heard Bob being so nonchalant.

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She never changed her number—how could he not know?!

Was he not doing this on purpose?

Men were always so disgusting!

"It's Mandy Jessop."

Bob was left spacing out for a while until he remembered her existence. "What is it?"

"I know you're harassing me because you can't get over me, but don't you think you're being

childish? I'm telling you—I'll never be interested in you. The more you harass me, the more

I'll hate you—"

Bob hung up right then. He was not about to let some crazy woman bother him while he was

having fun.

On the other end, Mandy was left staring in disbelief at her phone screen.

[Call disconnected.]

Bob hung up on her?!

She was so incensed she almost threw her phone across the room!

Still, she gritted her teeth and sent him a furious text.

[I'm coming to meet you tomorrow. Don't you run away!]

Bob glanced at the text then, and decided Mandy suffered from delusions and a princess

complex just then.

"Who is it?" Sam asked offhandedly, noticing Bob's reaction just then.

"Mandy Jessop," Bob said with a scoff.

"...I thought you liked her back in high school? What, are you over her already?"

"Like, you say?" Bob snorted nonchalantly. "Didn't we all fall for every pretty face back

then? If anything, I prefer Cordy since she's the fairest of them all!"

John's fingers clenched over his glass then.

Jay glanced at him, a vague smile appearing on his lips.

Meanwhile, Sam started gossiping. "Now that you're mentioning Cordy, her wedding with

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Kyle Jessop really turned south, huh? I heard the man's family are using that as an excuse to annul it."

"They're probably unhappy with her past," Bob said as he took a sip of his drink. "I mean,

it's normal for men to take issue with it, but if Kyle does, he shouldn't have taken a pass at

Cordy at all! She sacrificed everything for Jessop Corp—hell, I saw her getting drunk socializing with their partners with my own eyes, vomiting her guts out and even bearing

with men copping a feel. I thought then that Kyle would be subhuman if he doesn't marry

her... and he has turned out to be one!"

John's fingers clenched even tighter over his glass then.

Still, Bob was quick to smooth things over. "Oh, let's stop mentioning the Jessops at all.

Jinxes, all of them! Drink up, drink up!"

He never spoke much about anything that affected everyone's mood anyway.

Even so, John seemed to become quieter as they continued to drink, and eventually, Jay put

down his glass and beckoned, "Let's go out for a smoke."

They both stepped out of the private room and headed to the balcony garden for a breather.

As they each smoked a cigarette, Jay spoke first. "I've run into Cordy a few times myself.

She actually suffered from gastrointestinal bleeding on one occasion and I had to rush her to

the hospital."

John slowly breathed out a large puff of smoke, letting it swirl before him, hiding his face.

"Still, I could tell that she's tough," Jay added calmly. "Most people won't even take her

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down."

John finished his cigarette surprisingly quickly, snuffing out the butt and changing the subject. "I'll let you in on a tidbit: Zoe York will replace Mandy Jessop as the lead actress in

a TV series project under Windmill Pictures."

Jay blinked and replied right away, "She'd never work with Windmill."

"That's not up to her. Just get ready." In fact, Zoe had tried to resist but failed.

"Yeah," Jay replied.

"I'm going now. Tell the others for me," John said, and left.

In his car, all he could think about was what Bob and Jay said about Cordy...

Suddenly, he said, "Change of plans. Head to North Garden."

"Yes, Mr. Levine," the chauffeur replied as he turned the car around.

Once they arrived, John headed straight inside the apartment block and stopped outside

Cordy's house before ringing the doorbell.

After a while, Cordy opened the door.

The sight of his flushed cheeks and the alcoholic scent swirling around him told her that he

was drunk.

Did this mean that he went drinking after they had dinner together?!

Cordy's rationality told her that John was dangerous right then. It was very late, and there

was no one else with them...

However, when she tried to close her door, she suddenly found herself falling squarely over

a firm, warm chest as he gathered her tightly in his arms.

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Chapter 13

*John...”

“I’m sorry I was late,” John said.

Cordy frowned, wondering if she was imagining it.

Somehow, this John was different from the usual John, who was more aloof.

Now, he seemed to feel emotions like humans do

Still, she wiggled against his hold, not sure what he was talking about.

“Did you get the wrong door? Let me go...”

Seemingly not feeling her resistance, John whispered into Cordy’s ear,

“Now, I’ll always be here for you.

It sounded just like a promise.

“Look, just... ah!”

Cordy suddenly yelped as John abruptly scooped her up in his arms

Does he have some sort of fetish for carrying people?!

“You’d hurt your leg,” John said quietly into her ear just then.

Cordy was left speechless.

She actually thought that he was really drunk, but she somehow noticed her foot injury...

So, he was actually not drunk?!

Once that clicked, Cordy did not wait another moment and she started to struggle violently!

While John was not drunk, his body still felt a little floaty. Carrying her was no issue, but it was strenuous carrying her while she flailed around.

“Stop,” he said with restraint, but threateningly nonetheless.

“Let me down. I can walk on my own,” Cordy protested nonetheless.

She disliked being this intimate-and did he not assure before that he was not the type who messed around?!

Liar!

Naturally, she could not care less about what he said and she continued to struggle against his hold.

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It certainly took John considerable difficulty to carry Cordy into her room, but just as he glimpsed her bed, she shoved him so firmly that he stumbled.

“Ah!” Cordy yelled again, left feeling dizzy as they fell on her bed.

The man before her was like concrete-she could not make him budge or get away from her at all.

John growled threateningly then, “Please don’t test my patience, Ms. Sachs.”

He was trying to catch his breath, and there was an indescribable stress in his voice.

Cordy finally settled down

In the end, adults could always get the hint

“Finally stopping, huh?” John said, watching her as she stayed quiet in his arms.

There was an almost imperceptible blush on her fair cheeks, and he wondered if he should be happy about that.

Still, he could not even come up with an excuse to tease her now.

“Let me go.” Cordy protested again.

“Just let me have a breather,” John said quietly.

Catching the hint, Cordy bit her lip and stopped moving.

John took a few deep breaths before getting off Cordy.

The room seemed to be rife with hormones by then, and the temperature looked like it would only rise instead of fall.

Cordy flipped around, and reached for the remote for her air conditioning from her bedside drawer. “Achoo!” John sneezed-it was just early spring, and the nights were still cold.

And with the burst of cold air from the air conditioner, he felt his stomach churning after drinking so much.

Clutching his mouth, he asked Cordy, “Where’s the washroom?”

Cordy pointed to the right and John promptly rushed toward it, and she soon heard unrestrained puking Cordy was left stumped. Did she make him vomit?!

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However, the washroom soon turned quiet, but John never emerged.

Cordy quickly got out of bed-it was in the news just days ago that someone drank themselves to death, and she did not need a dead body in her house!

And yet, she had just reached the doorway when she heard the toilet flushing, while John turned toward her when he heard the door open....

He was just taking a leak.

As their eyes met, Cordy blinked and quietly shut the door.

John looked down, measuring himself just then.

Was it really that insignificant?!

Still, he stepped out after a while and explained, "I needed to go urgently."

"Yeah," Cordy said, before adding sternly, "See you, Mr. Levein."

John wanted to speak further, but eventually decided to stay silent and leave, closing her front door behind himself.

Cordy did not watch him leave.

Her hands were clenched into fists for a long while before she eased up.

She needed eye bleach. And it would take up to a month to clean it off!

Cordy woke up the next morning with dark circles under her eyes.

She had always been vulnerable to insomnia, and it was worse last night after John woke her up in the middle of the night.

Still, she did a double take just as she opened the door-John was working in her kitchen, her pink apron tied around his waist.

Noticing that she was awake, he calmly greeted her. "Mornin'."

Cordy wondered if she was still asleep just then!

She was left staring even as John lay a scrumptious breakfast on the table, asking. "Try it. See if it's to your taste"

"Why are you still here?" she asked as she came to her senses, her tone unhappy

"I'll be going right now," John replied as if it was only natural before taking off the apron to put on his wrinkled suit.

At the door, he stopped and said, "Please enjoy your breakfast. It's to make

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up for last night.”

With that, he was gone, leaving Cordy feeling more than slightly annoyed. It had been a while since she lost it at anyone but John was really being so casual around her! Nonetheless, she ate it anyway since she did not want to waste anything.

After breakfast, Cordy left her house-she was going to Jessop Corp, since there were things to be settled. However, she just got outside her apartment block when a man approached her, greeting her respectfully “Good morning, Ms. Sachs. I’m Walter-Mr Levine sent me to be your chauffeur”

Cordy could not say anything, and she got into the car with him.

When they arrived and she alighted, Walter handed her a business card.

“My number is on it, Ms. Sachs. You can call me anytime you need a rideMr Levine told me that I’ll be your full-time chauffeur starting today

Cordy was speechless again. Would she even get to refuse?

Still, she took the business card and entered the building, her appearance drawing everyone stares instantly

She remained uninterested as she limped on her crutches to the elevator, and everyone above floor was staring at her too.

She simply headed straight to her office and opened the door to find Noel in her seat, kissing Kyle as he sat at her desk

She did a double take then, and finally understood why everyone was looking at her funny.

Although her wedding with Kyle had been called off because of that fire, they never announced their break up... because Noel had already taken her place!

Naturally, Cordy interrupted them when she opened the door, and Kyle glowered right then. “Why didn’t you knockBefore he could finish, his face fell when he saw Cordy.

At the same time, Noel panicky hid behind Kyle, looking just like a victim as if fearful Cordy would run at her and hit her.

She was certainly quite pretentious.

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Chapter 14

Kyle shielded Noel behind himself, looking utterly protective as he asked, “What are you doing here. Cordy?”

“To get my things,” Cordy said coolly—she really was numb to this pair, since they were not worth getting upset over.

Hence, she simply ignored their presence and walked straight to her desk, while asking Noel, “You really like hand-me-downs, huh? Why don’t you get a new one instead?”

The ambiguity of her words left Noel flushing, while Kyle tried to explain, “Noel is here to check out our fashion products for the new season. I only brought her here to visit your office—don’t get the wrong idea.” “Then what’s the right idea? To see you and her in bed?” Cordy sneered.

“I’m talking about work, not my relationship with Noel. Don’t get weird about this.” Kyle pursed his lips, even adding generously, “Like I said yesterday—you can return anytime you want. I will keep your position here, as a way of compensation.”

Cordy actually laughed.

Did he not understand that the only reason Jessop Corp was standing now was because of her?

Did he actually believe that she was reliant on them, and that she should be slobbering over his generosity?!

“Save it,” Cordy growled even as she held his gaze. I’ve already submitted my resignation to HR, and from now on, both you and Jessop Corp and me will have nothing to do with each other!”

“Do you really think you can do well without us? Kyle threatened her in return.

“Calm down, sis—don’t be so harsh to Kyle. There aren’t many people like him who care about their exes after breaking up.”

“I’m doing this for Noel’s sake too. I don’t want things to get awkward because we’ll be in-laws.”

The pair’s ability to harmonize left Cordy laughing despite her frustration.

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“So this is what people mean by a bitch in sheep’s clothing.”

“Cordy Sachs!” Kyle snapped.

“Sis...” Noel murmured.

Even so, Cordy kept glaring at Kyle icily. “The only acceptable behavior from an ex is if they play dead- and I don’t need any compensation from you.”

Turning to Noel then, she continued, “As for you, don’t think what you’re up to. You would like me to stay here so that you can steal Starstream Group, don’t you? Don’t even think about it!”

These two were certainly delusional, trying to make her work for Kyle while trying to take away her inheritance?!

That was not going to happen!

“How could you think of us like that, sis? We’re earnestly doing this for your own good. You don’t want our goodwill because of that firefighter, right?”

Noel said then, while Kyle chuckled.

Such was Noel’s true strength—with her naive, innocent demeanor, she could say anything she liked while appearing to show goodwill.

And she was doing just that now.

“Sis, no matter how bad it goes, you shouldn’t sink so low. I mean, he even has a kid...”

Cordy smirked. “At least I can be with him openly. Could you say the same about yourself?”

“Who comes first doesn’t matter in love—what matters is whether there’s love in the first place,” Noel retorted righteously. “And Kyle and I really love each other.”

“You’re right, but I’m sure morals play a part as well. What can I say when neither of you feels shame?”

“That’s enough!” Kyle certainly could not stand it any longer

“Fine. I don’t need this stuff anyway,” Cordy said, and she suddenly stopped packing altogether “It’s all filth now.”

With those cool words, she left.

Noel’s eyes were welling with tears.

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Cordy was supposed to be down and out! What gave her the confidence to still strut?!

She really wanted to tear Cordy's face apart just then, hers, as if she would never bring her down!

"Noel." Kyle pulled her lovingly into his arms just then. "Don't mind her She's just upset that we're happy together

Cordy heaved a loud sigh of relief after leaving Jessop Corp's headquarters.

There really was nothing for her to get sentiment about or take home with her

She returned to Startream Group's headquarters then and headed straight into the board chairman's office.

Somehow, it was clean and tidy.

Cordy had no idea if Simon Sachs had given in to her threats or had something she calmly took her seat and called in the secretary. "Come to my office."

"Yes, Ms. Sachs."

Soon, the secretary—Fiona Lamb—entered.

Cordy noted her flamboyant dressing, and thought to herself that Simon really never changed his poor tastes in women.

Without another look, she told her, "Inform all department heads meeting at 2 PM. Have them prepare summaries of each departments' current tasks and..."

After elaborating the specifics on the reports, Cordy asked, "Did you note everything down?"

Fiona's handwriting was as flustered as it was scrawly—she took a long while before replying, "Yes, Ms. Sachs."

"After you send the word out, make me a cup of coffee. I take mine black."

"Yes, Ms. Sachs."

With that, Fiona turned to leave.

"What's your name?" Cordy asked.

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“Fiona Lamb.”

“Alright. You may go now”

“Yes, Ms. Sachs.”

Fiona was scowling the instant she got out of Cordy’s office, and she quickly returned to her seat, typing furiously with her bedazzled nails.

[She’s so annoying!]

[What?]

[Your daughter She gave me a buttload of work and even pulled rank with me!]

[What is she planning?]

Simon was smirking even as Fiona sent him a list of tasks Cordy had her do.

He thought that Cordy was actually smarter than she thought since she knew enough to find out about the company before getting to work.

It was just a pity everyone in that building worked for him and Cordy would never stay long enough to order them around.

That was when Fiona pouted. [Aren’t you going to comfort me?]

[I’ll wire you three grand. Get yourself a nice handbag]

Fiona was beaming right then and she started to fawn over Simon instantly Still, she did not forget to add: [You said you’d be back in three months at most. I’ll entertain your daughter in the meantime—not one day more. You know you’re the only one I want to entertain.]

[Oh, you minx.]

At 2 PM, as everyone gathered at Starstream Group’s conference room, Cordy went right down to business.

“It’s my first day here, so there’s a lot I wouldn’t know. Please give a summary on your respective departments’ present tasks and plans—starting with HR.”

However, Hank Rogers—the Head of Human Resources—said, “I’m sorry, Ms. Sachs, but my department couldn’t prepare a summary in such a short time. However, I can submit it personally tomorrow”

As Cordy looked at Hank, the man remained calm and composed as he

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returned her gaze

Still, she stayed calm and called up the next department. “Corporate.”

“We actually have too many projects. My people are still sorting out the mess.”

“Marketing?”

“The head of the department hasn’t returned. I’d rather not supersede his authority,” the man’s deputy said, as if it was only natural.

“Finance isn’t prepared either, I presume?”

“No.” The man could not even be bothered to be polite.

Cordy turned toward Noel then—after she was denied the position of CEO, she remained the head of the

fashion design department, even though it left the position of CEO vacant.

Noel stood up then, saying tamely, “I’m ready, sis—I mean, Ms. Sachs.”

Cordy nodded, but she was not about to get emotional.

After all, Noel was used to playing up her seemingly harmless nature to everyone else.

And after Cordy’s nod, Noel spent the next hour elaborating at length about her new designs.

“Will production start next month?” Cordy asked.

“Everything’s ready aside from marketing.”

“There’s no need to rush things. I see room for improvement.”

There was a subtle flash of displeasure in Noel’s eye then—she knew Cordy would harass her.

“What needs improvement?!” Hank snapped right then. “Noel’s design has always started trends in the market, and yet you’re pulling rank with her when you don’t know a thing?!”

“This season’s design draws inspiration from present trends, too. It will sell!”

“You really shouldn’t meddle with the design department, Ms. Sachs. Noel won the fifth prize at an international competition, and she’s the second best in Asia. Her pseudonym is Lilac, and that alone would allow us to inflate our product prices by tenfold!”

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Noel was Lilac?!

Cordy had certainly heard of Lilac before, since she had worked in the circles for

“It’s a shame that I can’t be the best in Asia,” Noel said humbly then.

“Isn’t the best in Asia the best in the world too? Cordy asked directly then.
years.

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Chapter 15

Noel was left feeling awkward right then.

In reality, the mysterious Lovely who ranked first globally had retained her crown for three consecutive years. Noel was far from reaching her level, and it was by sheer luck that she won fifth place last year.

However, that was enough for her to become a miraculous being at Starstream, with every employee worshipping her blindly.

Even so, Hank Rogers concluded among the murmurs of disapproval toward Cordy. “Why don’t you just be a macro manager instead? It’s easier for everyone.”

Noel was laughing to herself as he mocked ‘Cordy openly.

After all, she knew Cordy would not have it easy even after she reclaimed Starstream Group. Aside from Stephen Lang, everyone here were lapdogs to her and her father—they did not mind affording Cordy three months until she gave up.

“When I worked at Jessop Corp...”

“Sure, they are designers of high fashion here in North City, but you only worked in PR back then.” Hank continued to throw shade at Cordy, not even allowing her to finish. “You had nothing to do with designing. so it’s two different issues altogether. Please don’t bother to push yourself”

Cordy rose from her seat then, but while everyone thought that she would storm off after having enough, she remained perfectly calm..

Whipping out a USB flash drive, she plugged it into the conference room laptop and presented several slides.

“These are all Starstream fashion lines over the past two years. It’s very obvious that nothing much has changed over each passing season in the last two years, and the design Ms. Noel Sachs presented is now at the point of being identical. I’d think she was showing me last year’s draft if not for the change of dye.” “It’s been the trend for the last two years.

Noel wanted to argue, but Cordy scoffed. “Didn’t you get any inspiration while you were visiting Jessop Corp today?”

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“I’m a professional. I won’t plagiarize another company’s work,” Noel said righteously.

“And I’m telling you that since this spring, the trends have been changing drastically. Here—take a look at the brochures of planned releases from several major international brands. I’m sure it’s not that difficult to tell that your designs bear zero resemblance to those trends.”

Cordy was ruthless, but that was because she could not bear with what Noel was doing.

Sticking to a single draft and milking it for two years? It was no surprise that Starstream’s performance in the market kept failing.

Noel’s expression darkened even as Cordy shut her down, but it was true that she lacked inspiration and had not been putting an effort in her designs over the last two years.

Naturally, once Cordy exposed her in front of everyone, she had no retort. In fact, even though the other heads of department were all loyal to with such solid evidence thrown in their faces.

Silent, they all felt as if Cordy slapped them in the face.

With that, Cordy told Noel, “From now on, all drafts from your department would only go into production. after my assessment. Also, you have one week to prepare a new draft. Submit it personally to me by next Tuesday.”

Then, turning to the rest, she announced, “Since none of you prepared the summaries I asked, I want them on my desk by nine in the morning tomorrow. If it isn’t submitted by that deadline, your respective departments” performance will be marked as null.”

And with those imposing words, she left.

While Stephen hurried after her, everyone else was left gaping by her charisma and gravitas.

Did she just boss them around? But she was only twenty-five, and a woman at that!

After returning to her office, Cordy told Stephen, “Every department manager is Simon’s lapdog. shake up the entire company and bring in new blood.”

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“A shake-up would actually make it difficult to win loyalty, and organizations need its members to work as one,” Stephen pointed out worriedly

“So we just fire a handful as a demonstration to the rest. That said, the priority is to get rid of Fiona Lamb, or Simon would have eyes and ears on my every move.”

Stephen actually did a double take, though

His loyalty stemmed from an obligation to repay his debt to Cordy’s mother, but Cordy’s performance left his jaw dropping.

It was almost like seeing Cordy’s mother at the helm again.

Meanwhile, over at the CEO’s office in Levine Ventures HQ, Randy Martin was standing behind John. Randy had this nagging feeling that his boss was distracted, but did not dare to ask.

After all, he was very much aware that his boss did not like to be interrupted while he was working. “Randy,” John said, suddenly putting down the document he was holding.

“Yes, Mr. Levine?”

“How are things over there?” John asked right away.

Over there?

Over where?!

The north? The east? The south? Or the west?!

Randy’s mind seemed to travel around the globe for

But did John not say to trust her? That was why he did not keep tabs.

Still, Randy was quick on his feet.

“I’ll go ask,” he said and left.

He returned soon after, and reported, “Mrs. Levine called for a meeting of the executives, but things

probably did not go smoothly. That said, it was not a defeat, since the executives were fuming after the meeting, and one of our people was saying that Noel left the conference room with puffy eyes.”

John’s lips, which were pursed for most of the day, finally relaxed.

Picking up the coffee beside his hand and taking a small sip, he then

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asked, “Mrs. Levine?”

“...Right?” Randy asked with a slight quiver in his voice.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself.”

Randy almost wanted to complain because John was grinning ear-to-ear. To no one’s surprise, men in love all saw the world through rose-tinted glasses.

“By the way, Mr. Davis called you while you were at that meeting earlier,” Randy said, suddenly remembering that.

“What did he say?”

“That Mandy Jessop charged into his office like a rabid dog, wreaking havoc and almost giving him a stroke. He also asked how many upset you to do that to her, but I didn’t tell him.”

“Just tell him that I’m helping him discipline Mandy... for the contempt she showed him all those years ago.”

Randy was speechless—Bob was not about to buy that!

At 10 PM, Cordy was stretching her arms when she realized that she had worked very late

Still, she was used to this back when she worked at Jessop Corp.

Putting the past behind her, Cordy picked up her cup of coffee and stood before the glass window to enjoy the night view of North City.

All she wanted right now was to set her mother’s company on the right track and to keep it from falling into the Sachs’ hands.

But although she thought to herself that she had already forgotten about love... a certain man’s face suddenly appeared in her mind.

He was tall, aloof and domineering, but had this hidden tenderness at the same time....

Cordy pursed her lips, but she eventually chose apathy—she held no expectations toward anyone these days.

Putting down her coffee, she left her office and returned home, only to find a delivery boy waiting outside her door

“Ms. Sachs?”

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Cordy was surprised—she did not order any delivery.

“One portion of heart-healthy chicken soup. Please sign here!” the delivery boy chirped and held out a pen.

Cordy was about to turn him down when she saw ‘Dicky’ on the order.

Coming to a realization, she signed it and brought it into her house.

As she drank the delicious broth, she mused to herself if she should thank John... but she eventually put away her phone after struggling with herself for a while.

Once bitten, twice shy.

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Chapter 16

It was now Cordy's fourth day at work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cordy actually smiled.

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

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

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

“Sure,” she said.

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

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

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

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

Fiona Lamb’s seat was already empty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The calls kept coming, however, and eventually Cordy answered

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it out of sheer frustration.

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

Plum yelled.

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

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

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

“W-What did you just say?!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was given those exact same looks growing up.

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

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

She strode into the hall with composure, where Plum was seated

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on the couch dead center, with sycophantic relatives hovering around her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cordy snorted.

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 17

Cordy did not humiliate Noel with their relatives watching.

Still, she made sure to sit on the very edge of the couch, looking just like an outsider.

That was when Molly Sachs asked her pointedly. “Cordy? You didn’t bring your grandmother a present, huh?”

Molly was Simon Sachs’ younger sister, and her family worked for Simon when he ruled Starstream. She was very close to Sue Yorkman as well, and was instrumental in Sue’s success in seducing Simon back then.

Cordy was laughing inwardly, as she suddenly remembered that Mandy Jessop was also instrumental in Noel’s success in seducing Kyle Jessop. The girl really took after her mother!

“Who would want anything from her?” Plum scoffed with a look of pure disdain. “Just look at her. She literally screams poverty-she’d never afford anything!”

“Don’t say that, Granny. She just inherited Starstream Group, and the company has been developing in recent years. Also, I ran into her at Davis’ Kitchen. Any dining session there would cost at least four figures, and I wouldn’t have gone if Molly did not insist on buying me dinner...”

Noel only stopped after blabbing all that, as if realizing she had misspoken.

“You really know how to enjoy yourself, don’t you?!” Plum snorted.

At the same time, Molly suddenly looked like a proper elder “That’s really terrible of you, Cordy. You’d rather dine like a king than buy your grandmother a present... Honestly, even I can’t take your side now “Yeah! Do you even have a conscience, Cordy?! It’s only once a year...”

“Just look at Noel. She bought a set of clothes for Grandma she personally designed-I mean, how good it looks on her!”

Everyone in the hall clamored to throw shade at Cordy.

However, while she would bear with it in silence in the past, she was now long past the age of being pushed around.

“But if I remember correctly, those clothes are Jessop Corp’s SW-series for

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the spring season... Last spring, to be precise.”

Noel’s face turned pale.

But even before she could retort, Cordy added, “To be fair, that seasonal line didn’t really sell well for old folks, so not many were aware. Hell, back when I was working at Jessop Corp, I remember thousands of those exact same clothes kept in their warehouse... Wait, did Kyle give these to you?!”

Noel was left glowering.

Exposed by Cordy, she was utterly humiliated.

She just wanted to get it over with, only for Cordy to expose her in such fashion...!

Still, she quickly tried to smooth things over. “That’s not it, Grandma! I just gave these to you because I know it’d suit you. Moreover, trending doesn’t mean it’s the best, and you have this special air as a person that sets you apart from the rest. Ask Aunt Molly if you don’t believe me-it looks good on Grandma, right?”

Molly was naturally on Noel’s side, and she quickly echoed, “I’ve been saying since i came that it fits you, Mom. You always appear noble, and no one else would bring out the breathtaking aspect of those clothes.

“Yeah! Noel has such good taste! Aunt Plum looks so good in those clothes.”

I’ve never seen anything that gorgeous either...

However, even though the flock of sycophants began to fawn over Plum without end once more, she was certainly discontent.

How could she be pleased, when she was given clothes that could not sell?

While she did not show it since she would just be embarrassing herself, she was now decidedly unhappy with Noel.

Meanwhile, Molly was not about to give up on a chance to embarrass Cordy.

“So? Where’s your present for your Grandma, Cordy? She asked.

Before Cordy could say a word, however, Plum snapped in disdain, “I don’t need it!”

If Noel knowingly gave her such rubbish, she could imagine how worse

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Cordy's gift would be.

She would rather not take another slap on her wrinkled face!

Still, Cordy looked at Plum and sighed regrettably. I actually brought you something."

Plum was unconcerned... until Cordy drew a gift box out of her handbag.

The box itself was unremarkable, but when Cordy opened it, everyone was left awestruck,

A ruby necklace lay within, and anyone could tell instantly that it was worth a fortune

"Isn't that a noble's relic that was put on auction?! Molly could not help exclaiming in shock right then. It was sold for five million dollars, too... How did you get it?!"

She was at that auction herself, and she had her eyes on the very same necklace too.

"It's just a counterfeit, isn't it?" someone suddenly said.

"Aunt Molly, you know your antiques. Why don't you verify it?" Cordy asked Molly just then.

Molly certainly did not want to admit that it was real, but lying would only tarnish her reputation if word of it gets out.

As such, she braced her cheek and said, "It's real."

The hall was left in an uproar at her words, with many relatives suddenly getting up close and personal with Cordy to get a good look.

In fact, even Plum was left captivated by the necklace.

Only Noel was left with a look of utter suspicion. "Where did you get it?"

Why would she have a treasure of such worth? She even heard her own mother and Molly talking about it countless times!

Cordy raised a brow. "Would you be kicking yourself if I told you that Kyle gave it to me?"

Noel's pupils dilated-her eyes were red with jealousy.

Kyle actually gave Cordy a treasure of such worth?!"

Cordy, however, did not seem to notice Noel's reaction as she slowly put away the necklace. "Well,

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Grandmother since you don't need it, I won't force you to take it ”
Plum's mouth opened just then, but she stopped herself
She had already said loudly and vehemently that she did not want it.
Asking for it would be no different from slapping herself in the face!
While her face contorted with rage, Cordy pretended not to see it and put
the box back into her bag, since she was not giving it anyway.
Even Molly was now tactful enough to shut her mouth,
was nothing short of an absolute disaster Not only did they fail to humiliate
Cordy, but she had also humiliated Noel instead while making Plum watch
as indisputable treasure slipped through her fingers! Fortunately, more of
their relatives arrived, and they took to greeting them, once again leaving
Cordy out.

Later, the celebratory feast began.

Simon had a makeshift podium made at the vast backyard of Sachs
Mansion for the purpose.

He and Plum were a dynamic duo, a symbol of mother-son affection in front
of their relatives.

While everyone was busy, Cordy got up from her seat and made her way
backstage.

“Here. It's a surprise Simon prepared for Plum Lang,” she told the
technician in charge. “Play this before you play the one you were given
earlier ”

“Sure,” the technician quickly replied.

Cordy quietly returned to her seat after that, and waited for the drama that
was to come.

Simon appeared exhilarated as he stood at the podium, and eventually
announced thunderously, “And now, if everyone would turn to the big
screen, here is my birthday blessing for my mother this year.

Everyone was at once focused and curious.

Soon enough, a grainy video began to play on the screen.

While everyone present might not necessarily recognize the female lead,
there was no question that the male lead was Simon himself.

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As the entire crowd fell into stunned silence, Simon was still looking smug! After all, everyone knew that he was the best son in all of North City, having earned that title for the boundless affection he showered upon his mother after his father's death.

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Chapter 18

Simon was still under the impression that his relatives were all impressed by the video he put together and he was relishing the thought until he noticed Plum glowering.

Noel quickled dashed up the podium just then, anxiously pointing at the screen. “Dad, Dad...”

Simon turned around and almost got a stroke when he saw what was playing on screen.

It was all records of his affair with Fiona Lamb!

There were not just photos and videos either, but also records of their cringeworthy text conversations.

It was such a thorough expose that Simon had zero dignity left!

He eventually came to his senses after a long while and barked at the technician, “Shut it down! Shut it down!”

Stunned, the technician quickly did as he was told, but everyone had already seen what they needed to see

“Who did this?! Who?!” Simon was bellowing in rage up at the podium.

Below, Plum was turning pale from fury:

It was her birthday party, but she somehow ended up thoroughly humiliated in front of all their relatives! Sue Yorkman, who was sitting beside Plum, certainly could not vent her feelings despite the ignominy

All she could do was shed endless tears of grief..

“Dad...” Noel tugged at Simon’s shirt just then in an effort to have him calm down.

Simon was gritting his teeth, but seeing that all his relatives were there, he simply snarled, “Everyone, dinner will now be served. It’s obvious I was framed, and it’s all just some high-quality photoshop! Don’t let this nonsense affect my mom’s birthday!”

And with that, he made a beeline to his seat, huffing and glowering.

Plum was growling through her teeth, “I don’t care what you do out there,

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Simon, find out. But this? In front of everyone?! I don't want you to see that woman ever again!"

"Mom, it's just-

"No excuses!" Plum snapped. "Sue, you'll deal with that woman. Make sure that you root her out!"

"Yeah," Sue murmured through tears and grief.

"Now, eat!" Plum snapped again.

Today was supposed to be her birthday's celebration, only stock.

What a disaster!

Simon kept scowling, but he had to bear with it with so many of their relatives watching.

Meanwhile, Cordy was seated at another table with Noel.

It was the Sachs' family rule that the most senior members of the family sat at the main table, followed by sons and grandsons, which meant the likes of Simon and Sonny.

However, Cordy was taking her time as she ate-the Sachs always were extravagant, and that meant really good food

She was in a chipper mood as well, so she ate quite a lot.

A man took the empty seat next to her just then, but she spared him just one brief glance.

After all, she did not know him, he was not good looking, and the Sachs had nothing to do with her

She simply remained in her own little world, enjoying her food and wiping her lips with a napkin when she was done.

She politely excused herself from the others who shared the table and started to leave-there was no reason to stay another second with her objective achieved.

But while she headed towards the front gates, Noel suddenly appeared behind her, asking. "Where are you going?"

Cordy turned to look at Noel in her white dress, appearing mild and

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demure.

Kyle was at Noel's side-having arrived late, but sticking with her ever since.

The Sachs considered their relationship official already anyway.

"What is it to you?" Cordy asked icily.

"It's Grandma's birthday. She'll scold you if you leave early, so I'm just worried-" "Do you think she wouldn't if I stayed?" Cordy raised a brow

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Chapter 19

While Noel could not manage a comeback, Kyle stepped up

“Cordy Sachs, why are you being so hostile and cold? Noel just cares about you, and even if you’re uncomfortable after our break up, we would still become in-laws eventually

“Kyle Jessop, how many times do I have to tell you that you give yourself too much credit? You hold no sway on me at all now, and my spite for Noel has nothing to do with you.

Cordy paused for a moment just then, and said, “Actually, it does—it stacks, so I hate you even more now. “Sis, you can say anything you like about me, but not Kyle-”

Cordy simply turned to leave again before Noel could finish, and it certainly stung!

Noel almost wanted to just let loose and scream as she glared at Cordy from behind.

Kyle was not doing any better, as he seemed even more insignificant to her!

“Cordy Sachs Simon suddenly showed up and barked at her as well.

Cordy pursed her lips, but she turned around despite her impatience.

She knew all too well she would not get a clean escape from the Sachs if she did not deal with them right

away

“Come with me,” Simon said and strode off

Cordy restrained her ire and followed.

She actually had a hunch that the Sachs did not just invite her here to mock her

They must be up to something else.

After they arrived at the balcony garden on the second floor of Sachs Mansion, Simon stopped and asked coolly. “Did you do it?”

“Do what?” Cordy asked innocently.

Simon restrained his temper as he growled, “That video!”

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“You give me too much credit, Father. I just started working at Starstream—there’s no way I would’ve found out about your affair with Fiona Lamb.”

“That’s enough!” Simon bellowed, too ashamed to hear the rest.

He certainly did suspect Cordy earlier, but he and Fiona had always kept their affair tightly under wraps. Like Cordy herself put it, she would not know a thing since she just started working at Startsteram, and Simon also refused to believe that Cordy would suddenly become that competent.

“I’ll introduce you to someone now, so properly make his acquaintance, Simon said, cutting to the chase. “You know very well that you can’t afford to mess around, especially with your... history.

A man in a suit and tie appeared then.

It was the same man who sat beside her just now

“This is Bryson Zimmer, a cousin twice removed, Simon said. “He’s thirty-five, so he suits you just fine. Cordy glanced at Bryson but said nothing.

Bryson offered a handshake anyway, “Hello, Cordy.”

“That’s Ms. Sachs to you.” Cordy did not take his handshake and appeared distant.

“Bryson’s family background is modest, but his future is bright because he works at Levine Ventures. He’s divorced once with a six-year old son. I’ve met the boy before, he’s a nice, obedient kid-

“If you think so highly of him, why don’t you introduce him to your precious Noel?” Cordy snapped. “Are you really going to give me something so magnificent for free?”

“Know your place, Cordy Sachs!” Simon bellowed, turning furious right then.

“I’m sorry, but I’m busy. I have to go now.”

“Stop right there!”

“Uncle Simon, why don’t you let me speak with Cordy in private?” Bryson suddenly said

With that, Simon leveled Cordy a warning glare before storming off.

Cordy stayed—but not out of respect for Simon.

She just felt it necessary to explain herself and avoid further trouble.

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However, before she could even begin, Bryson was bellowing at her, “Cordy Sachs! Everyone in North City knows that you slept around, and I wouldn’t have entertained the idea of taking you in if I didn’t have respect for your family! Where did you get the confidence to show such conceit?!”

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Chapter 20

Cordy paused and studied Bryson for a moment.

He was on the pudgy side, and his face so plain there was nothing worth noting.

“Do you even know who I am?! I am a top executive working at Levine Ventures and I draw a six-figure salary each year!”

While Bryson continued his angry rant slash brag, Cordy clicked her tongue at him and left without a care.

Bryson watched in confusion as she walked away—he was convinced that Cordy should be throwing herself into his arms given who he was.

But she did not seem to care!

In reality, Bryson was not that interested in her at first, but he could not turn down the Sachs since they carried influence in North City. However, when he saw Cordy in person, he was stunned to find her so much more beautiful than her photo!

With that pretty face, he would be fine with just a tryst even if he did not marry her!

While he grinned sinisterly, Cordy was still heading toward the front gates, intent on leaving and certainly not in the mood to find out what Bryson thought.

Sis.”

Hearing Noel call out from behind again, Cordy paused with a scowl on her face.

What was she doing, stalking her instead of her precious Kyle?!

Even so, Noel looked as if she was doing Cordy a favor as she told her,

“Bryson doesn’t have the looks, but he’s dependable and has a stable wage. He’s far better than your firefighter! And if you had to become a baby mommy, why don’t you pick one who offers more security?”

“What, is ugliness a guarantee of being down-to-earth?”

Cordy suddenly turned around and studied Noel from head to toe, and her stare gave Noel the creeps.

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“I mean, just look at you. You’re just vile.” Cordy laughed coolly and left with those words.

In fact, it was a long while after she left that Noel realized Cordy was calling her vile and ugly!

But even as she flushed, Cordy was completely gone from sight.

Noel was left gritting her teeth!

After all, they had invited Cordy here tonight to fix her up with Bryson.

Even though she and Kyle were now together, with their close friends and family being aware of the fact, they had yet to officially announce it. And Cordy was not about to publicly announce that her engagement with Kyle was annulled!

Noel certainly could not stand the fact that she was still the other woman, and her only option was to get Cordy to hook up with someone else. That way, she would no longer be the other woman, and she could even accuse Cordy of cheating on Kyle first!

Naturally, she thought about bribing that firefighter and having him get him enough to manipulate him. And to tell the truth, he was so handsome that Noel was still in denial!

How did Cordy manage to get herself a man better looking than Kyle? And even if she did expose their

affair, everyone would just be impressed by Cordy and the firefighter, a perfect match of heavenly beauty! People these days had no principles anyway. They put all their faith in their senses, so there was no assurance if sentiment would swing in Noel’s favor ultimately!

Her eyes narrowed at the thought.

Over the years, she had never failed to get what she wanted when it came to Cordy

And this would be no exception!

After the weekend, Fiona Lamb came to Cordy with puffy eyes and a resignation letter.

Since Sue Yorkman got her hands on Fiona, it went without saying how

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horrific a weekend Fiona would have
Cordy could even see the fresh scratch marks on Fiona's neck.
Naturally, she did not feel guilty at all.
Fiona made her bed.

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