

Repaid 30

Chapter 30

After Richard made the gesture, he noticed Cordy blushing and he looked at her in adorable confusion. "Mommy? Why is your face red?"

Cordy only blushed harder from his stare, finally understanding that children had no filter

She quickly said, "Wait here. I'll get my clothes-you can wear them for now."

"Okay Richard nodded tamely.

Cordy picked up a T-shirt that just reached his knees, dispensing the need for pants.

She carried him to her soft bed and blow-dried his hair, just as he became even sleepier and started nodding off.

By the time Cordy was done, Richard lay sprawled on her bed, asleep.

Cordy's heart was gushing with warmth at the sight of his adorable face.

She straightened his tiny frame and pulled a blanket over him, and leaned in to kiss him on the forehead.

After dimming the lights, she picked up her phone and texted John. "Dicky's sleeping. Why don't you come get him tomorrow instead?"

There was no instantaneous reply this time, and Cordy took no mind after waiting for a while.

She picked up her own bathrobe and went

Cordy hurried to the front door and saw via the monitors that John was outside.

Did he miss her text?

She opened the door and directly said, "Dicky is asleep."

John's eyes, however, darted straight to her attire.

Cordy looked down as well and flushed-she was still in her bathrobe, which dangled loosely from her body.

And she did not even wear a bra...

Bang!

John pursed his lips as the door abruptly slammed shut in his face, while Cordy raced to her room and changed into conservative casual wear Drying her hair a little and then tying it up haphazardly, she quickly rushed to the door again and opened it. "Sorry. Please, come in."

She handed him a pair of male loafers, though John glanced at them before asking. "Do you have shoe covers?"

"I think so," Cordy looked around, and found a pair

John put them on before entering.

"Dicky is asleep. Do you want me to wake him, or you're just going to carry him-"

"I'm hungry" John cut her short right then.

Cordy stared at him, and then at the large clock on the wall.

It was already ten.

They were very close, and suddenly, there was only the sound of the hairdryer and a pounding heart.

Cordy thought that John must be elite when it comes to relationships. So how did he fail to keep Richard's mother?!

Still, they were both silent until John turned off the hairdryer and said, "Done."

"Thank you."

"I'll come by at eight tomorrow to pick up Dicky."

"Okay."

Cordy walked John out the door, when John reached down to pick up the pair of male loafers. "I'll help you throw these away."

Cordy pursed her lips-she had bought those for Kyle, but he barely visited her here, only using those loafers once or twice

It was her money anyway, and she was not was not wasteful.

"Mr. Levine," she said, suddenly stopping him.

"Yes?"

"Are you a member of the Levines, who are a very famous family in this city?" she asked, staring at him.