

Repaid 391

Chapter 391

Fortunately, Jay only had flesh wounds—the car was stopped in time, and the collision was slight.

He had bled a lot on the ground, but his vitals were fine. However, his doctor insisted he stay the night at the hospital for observation.

Having issued his instructions, the doctor left, leaving just Jay and Zoe alone.

Zoe placed all the bills, papers and medication on top of his bedside drawer, saying, 'These are your receipts for admittance, and some of the medicine you need to take and apply. Also, your phone's broken.'

Jay stared at her then, with a distant and estranged gaze.

"Do you want to borrow my phone to call the Levines?" Zoe asked, holding out her phone to him.

"No," he said, shaking his head.

him either, since he never liked to

up his appearance to not cause

you need a care

refused. 'No. It's not that

"I'm leaving if there's nothing

turned to leave, Jay called out,

told her, "You

away, she had dropped

reddish from contact on

"I know,* she

"Right now, you-'

suddenly started to ring, and

Answering the call, Zoe then

Her lips curled up in a smile, and it was

Jay.

averted his eyes, even as he listened to her talk over her phone away, she asked him, “What were you say just now?”

replied, shaking

“It’s a little late. You should be home.”

boyfriend’s coming to get me,” Zoe

was obviously aware that she was with Bob

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Throughout the entire month, Cordy never met John, or received his call or text.

Naturally, she was expecting none of that either.

She had actually been busy as the Startstream High Fashion made a relatively easy venture into the market and drew plenty of attention. Their sales were rising by the day, and Starstream Group’s stock market value was in turn increasing like clockwork, catching up and even surpassing many other elite enterprises of North City. Naturally, they still had a long way from the top since those were legacies forged over multiple generations.

But one way or another, her rise was meteoric, and most amongst business circles touted her as the finest dark horse over the last decade.

However, she also knew all too well that the widespread acclaim was nothing good.

She always understood the principle that too much attention was never good, and even had a suspicion of a certain someone deliberately dragging her to the spotlight.

Naturally, she had to play along since she had no control over the situation —she had an obligation towards herself and her partners now.

In the month since she partnered with Patrick Stuart, they had often kept in touch since he was rarely in

revenue reports to him

other thanks to

weekly revenue report for

straight to the point, "Would you come to Rocktown?" It was after contact that she found out he was a swift

than most, and

to taking

Cordy

"My grandfather's interested in

Cordy

just interested

was not amused. "Our partnership is built around creating value in the

a common foe in Jessica Stuart. I wasn't told that

others."

My grandfather

"I'm sorry, but I have to refuse,"

of the family would be holding a charity ball in

Patrick suddenly said. "If my hunch is

raised a brow. "And I must be

them until then,

date with

set in stone, I guess you should give up on separating

calmly. "Why not focus on our partnership

tables with our

far more formidable than I gave

foothold in business if our partnership remained

in praise, though his tone soon changed sharply. "That said, it ain't over till

chance to turn things around, and I'm not inclined

give up

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"Why?" Cordy asked, working hard to keep herself calm.

"I'll explain when I get back," John replied.

“Are you going to announce your wedding date?” Cordy asked bluntly.

John was left silent for heartbeats, while Cordy made herself very clear.” It’s already expected. It doesn’t affect me at all.”

“That’s not all-”

“You’re scarily selfish, John,” she said, putting weight behind every word.

John felt his breath leave his lungs right then.

At the same time, Cordy continued, “Whether this marriage is by your will or otherwise, Jessica Stuart considers you her partner now. It’s a legitimate relationship, so why would you keep clinging to me? Is this fair to her? Sure, I’m not that much of a saint to sympathize with someone who wants me dead, but it still disgusts me how irresponsible you can be-to her and to me.”

“I will never marry Jessica Stuart,” John repeated, his tone somber and obviously repressing his rage.

“That’s your business,” Cordy snapped, losing control as well. “You can do whatever choose. I’m just doing my best to live my life, so me?!”

don’t come to Rocktown. I promise that from personal who sent me the invitation?!” Cordy demanded in William Stuart himself!”

“I know.”

you think I would still get to operate important thing for you to do is avoid the attention.”

you really think I won’t draw attention even if I did? I’m an eyesore no matter do now, John, and it’s all because will make

“I don’t need that!” Cordy snapped, refusing going on between you and Jessica

announcement of your wedding date or a shotgun wedding, it is no skin off

please just listen to

Do you think I want to go

that's a fact! If I didn't, I'd be disrespecting the Stuarts,

to coerce Patrick Stuart into

never should

snorted coldly-so John knew,

that I'm getting too much attention.

think I'd survive without him shielding

depend on him,'

reason to depend on you," Cordy retorted

"Either way, I'm not letting you attend the ball next

explanation when I can," John simply said,

was as stubborn as

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Jay said, "Johnny would never hurt you."

"Well, he's really testing the limits of my patience!" Cordy snapped, and shut the door

violently in his face.

Jay pursed his lips; he could see Cordy's rage.

He wasn't sure if John would ever earn Cordy's forgiveness from this.

Behind the door, Cordy's heart was ablaze even as she repeatedly told herself to calm

down and think of a way to leave.

She wasn't about to let anyone do whatever they wanted to her, let alone someone

like John!

Her eyes narrowing, she called Patrick.

"What time are you arriving? I'll be there to receive you,' he said, as forthright as ever.

"I can't make it.

Patrick paused for a moment, but soon asked,

"Yeah."

you need

“That’s right.”

be right there,”

“Okay.”

hung up, pinning all her hopes

the afternoon, Jay was

the bodyguards,

“Come in,”

He simply stared at her, so

did not reject her, and

“I can only make pasta, and nothing else.

“Thank you.”

made two bowls’ worth, and they both sat on the

as they

“You left the Levines?” Cordy asked

“Yeah.”

“You shouldn’t have. It’s certainly not

all water under the bridge,” Jay

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Cordy didn’t chase Jay away after lunch, nor did he volunteer to leave.

He stayed on the couch, watching the television while Cordy worked in her study.

It was an amicable sight, though Jay had been yawning many times as he sat on the couch.

He would never admit to himself that he had been losing sleep, even going sleepless on occasion.

Still, he shouldn’t be this sleepy...

Deciding that television might be too boring, he whipped out his phone to browse through videos and news articles, which were all obsessing over the Stuarts’ charity ball tonight.

Even as he browsed through everything, Jay's eyelid was drooping; he soon fell asleep with his phone still in his hand.

Cordy stepped out of her study and watched as Jay lay on the couch, his breathing turning rhythmic.

had spiked his pasta with sleeping pills-she had some ready sleep on

the pills worked faster than she expected. She had been under the at least thirty minutes to even an hour to knock sleeping well, and the pills do work quicker when was tired.

Cordy called out frowned, but didn't felt so heavy, he

he was out, Cordy made her way to the front door and took out of the blue, looking panicked as she

"Get in

The two bodyguards outside traded glances, but otherwise didn't

Cordy put more urgency in her tone. "Get in here, right now! We hospital! Who's going to

they could consider that, Cordy had already

see Jay lying motionlessly on

of the bodyguards called

hear someone calling him,

doing his best to try and

time, Cordy kept urging them. "What are you spacing out for? Take him

the hospital already! If it's a stroke, he could die if he can't get

really no waking Jay, a bodyguard quickly picked

started to follow when they were

her. "You

go? I'd be

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Two men emerged from the black car ahead, stopping their car.

The bodyguard in the backseat noticed, too. "I'll go take a look."

He got out of the car, intent on making things quick and leaving.

At the same time, Cordy's palm was sweating as she put it on the door handle.

She watched as the bodyguard alighted and walked several paces away, before opening the door and rushing out.

The other bodyguard in the driver's seat noticed immediately and got out to try to stop her, only to watch her run into the black car that had been tailing them for a while.

It sped away even as he tried to reach it; there was no way for him to chase the car down, especially since his car's way was blocked.

Scowling, he had no choice but to dial a number to report. "I'm sorry, Mr. Levine, but Miss Sachs escaped.'

Cordy's heart was racing even after she made it into Patrick's car.

herself. Patrick sat beside her with

frowned as she turned towards him, a little annoyed to
with such amusement.

your abilities,

keeping such a tight

Cordy didn't respond, but

succeeded simply because Jay wasn't wary of her, and

who trusted her.

her phone soon

followed Patrick and took his private jet to Rocktown,

best private hospital

"Come," Patrick said.

should trust you?" Cordy asked, folding her

not sure, but you decided to trust

Patrick smiled faintly, appearing a little proud of
but followed Patrick in the
would be visiting his grandfather
met him, and there were no photos
old man who was
dangerous.

Moreover, people become kinder as death
followed Patrick into
at best; certainly not a
that instant, many thoughts

Was John misinformed? Or

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Scores of people were gathered outside the Stuarts' charity ball even before the main
event; there were countless scores of journalists, fans, spectators, and security
personnel.

It was a grand sight that could beat any celebrity gala.

Soon, a black Rolls Roys stopped at the edge of the red carpet. Inside, Patrick was
watching Cordy, who sat beside him.

He was with her as she got changed after they left the hospital, and she was
breathtaking in that emerald gown-no man could resist staring.

And yet, Patrick wasn't any man-he showed focus, and remained respectfully distant
with Cordy.

"Shall we?" he asked.

Cordy pursed her lips, a little emotional.

every trick in her book in doing so, even though John did all
could to stop

no idea how he would react when he saw her...but she was not
care, either.

said confidently, looking up

her black eyes; they dazzled like
mesmerized.
“What?” Cordy asked, her
to his senses, and flashed a rather
the bodyguard riding shotgun alighted and walked over to
opening it for
got out, and stood in his upright gait as he drew
flashing endlessly on him while he walked around to the
offering a hand like a
was gently placed upon his; everyone present
anticipation of who
Who could Patrick Stuart have brought to the
seen with any
scandals, and there were even
Stuart-Patrick’s counterpart in the other
take photos of James’s private
person in question never admitted to it on
hand, Patrick

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Patrick kept smiling faintly, giving an impression of politeness and refined elegance.
“I feel like I’m really on the red carpet for the first time/ he whispered into Cordy’s ear
as he did. “And it’s all thanks to you. I’m sure John wants me dead now.”
“Eyes on the road,” Cordy snapped, though she was smiling too.
Patrick’s smile broadened, while journalists captured every moment of their
interaction, bombarding them with questions as they approached.
“Mr. Stuart! Why are you attending the charity ball with Miss Sachs? Is there a special
connection here?’
“Mr. Stuart! Rumor has it that your grandfather, Monty Stuart, was taken ill. Will he be
attending the ball?’

“Mr. Stuart! It was alleged that your family has a special surprise announcement in store for us, aside from the charity drive. Would you care to tell us what it is?”

“Miss Sachs! What’s your relationship with Mr. Stuart? Are you attending this charity ball as Mr. Stuart’s companion, or did the Stuarts extend a special invitation?”

you design that dress yourself, or is

“Miss Sachs! Starstream High Fashion had been leading sales numbers far country. Have you considered making a push for international market? Could you give a summary of your upcoming stratagems?”

journalists’ questions were endless, and Patrick the ball together as partners.

asked, “So, are rumors

Sachs’s Starstream High

“Half,” Patrick replied.

journalists

is no joint

is in charge of everything from brand

words were an undisguised acknowledgment

of all

Sachs that much,

mess things up if

making

in amusement, and the mood was certainly

more questions

fine. He just had a little cold a while ago, so he

since the doctors suggested he rest for a

make donations in his

surprise. Everyone will find out during the

anyway.”

being questioned

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Noel was attending the charity ball too, but as board chairwoman of Sachs Enterprises.

Sachs Enterprises would never make the list of the Stuarts' grandest annual charity ball, and it was Jessica who personally extended an invitation to Noel. Jessica said that since they were partners, she should give Noel more opportunities if it was within her abilities.

Noel was beside herself with joy, and went out of her way to brag in front of her family. After all, she was no longer staying at the family's mansion, having bought herself another that was much grander than theirs.

Still, Sue met her in private. She appeared to be happy for Noel, saying that she and Noel could finally hold their own in the Sachs family. She also added that Plum had been kept miserably in house arrest at the mansion by Simon himself.

Despite all her fawning, it was clear Sue wanted to win Noel over and take a cut of the Sachs's family estate. However, Noel was no pushover. She grew up watching Sue, and knew very well what Sue was scheming—once Sue earned Noel's favor, she would the shares on Sachs Enterprises that Noel owned returned to

didn't humor Sue, and had the latter thrown out

all disguises, screaming and cursing

would take even a

worked hard on her dress and makeup as she

red carpet of the Stuarts' charity ball, intent on stealing the spotlight

herself in that prestigious

was that none of the journalists were calling

despite her deliberately slow pace—or looking at

made headlines and caused an uproar in business when she

but since then, she hadn't received

she had already thought about what to say when she made forward to, no
She walked very slowly, even posing a summarily refusing to interview
Just as she wondered if Rocktown's journalists were harder to please, other end were suddenly bursting
Patrick and Cordy alighting from a black Rolls focus of the red carpet as everyone turned towards them.

eager that Noel

Noel considerably, but she assured herself that the journalists

enthusiastic about Patrick's

Stuarts' statuses were simply different-and

Noel owed

was when she heard countless journalists bombarding Cordy Sachs

of which

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While every journalist swarmed towards John and Jessica, Patrick asked Cordy softly,

"Are you alright? Can you walk?"

"I'm fine," Cordy said, pivoting her ankles a little—it hurt a little, but it wouldn't affect her that much.

"Don't push yourself," Patrick told her.

"I'm not," Cordy replied, determined.

"Okay."

Patrick shrugged, and said nothing else.

Cordy straightened herself in turn, and put her hand around Patrick's arm again and entered the hall.

Behind them, John and Jessica naturally saw them and the rather intimate exchange.

"I'm surprised my cousin's already so close with Cordy," Jessica said, seemingly nonchalant.

John didn't react at all, as if he didn't care.

Or perhaps he just didn't want to show it
herself in turn-she was going to announce the date
tonight, anyway.

month, her grandfather William Stuart had been determined to
himself had stayed at Rocktown
business.

To anyone else, their wedding was as good
he would have
reject the announcement

John her assurance that even
she wouldn't ask

As things were getting a little heated between Jessica's side of the
she would ask William for a secret divorce
win-and that she
how much John believed
accepted everything.

As for her, it didn't matter if he believed it or not. Her point was
going to get

and statuses to

John into the pit she

ultimately bury him.

journalists were peppering

you've been staying with Miss Stuart

that a

already helping Miss Stuart with management