

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 880

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Jason felt like crying and laughing at the sight.

He then turned to look at Corinne, who sipped her coffee peacefully.

“Corinne, I might never get a wife if word gets out about this. What woman would want to marry a man who has an incurable intractable disease?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“You were the one who asked me to get out of the arranged marriage. What happens after this is none of my problems,” Corinne replied nonchalantly.

Jason rubbed his chin and smiled at her. “That won’t do! You have to marry me if I can’t get a wife because of this!”

Corinne gave him a bored side-eye. “How can I do that when I’m married?”

Jason narrowed his eyes. “Oh, I’m not in a rush. I can wait until you’re divorced.”

Corinne took it as a joke. “And what if I’m never getting a divorce?” she asked after chuckling.

“Oh, you will,” Jason said meaningfully.

“That sounded more like a threat than a joke...’ thought Corinne. She turned to him and raised her eyebrow. “What makes you think that?”

Jason smiled mysteriously. “Because I know Jeremy. We’ve been friends since we were kids, after all.”

“That’s his reason for thinking Jeremy will divorce me one day?” Corinne scoffed. “Is that so? And you don’t mind marrying a divorcee?”

She knew most men would mind marrying a divorcee, especially when said divorcee used to be his friend’s wife.

Jason smiled coyly. “I will mind if it’s any other woman but you, Corinne... It’ll be like a dream come true for me if I get to marry you. In fact, it’s one of my biggest regrets to not know you sooner than Jeremy.”

Corinne was unfazed by his cheesy lines. “Oh, please. You can save it. None of what you said was even remotely funny.”

Jason’s expression became serious, and gone was his usual flirtatious smile. “Corinne, I was being genuine. If you break up with Jeremy-”

“Corinne, which of these bags look better on...” Francine suddenly ran over with a bunch of bags in her arms, but her expression faltered when she saw Jason talking to Corinne on the sofa. She even heard the words ‘divorce’ and ‘Jeremy’ from Jason’s lips.

Corinne calmly sipped her coffee while looking at the bags Francine was holding.

“All of them look good, though the color on the right suits you better. The one in the middle and on the left has a more mature -looking color.”

At that moment, Francine did not care which bag looked better on her. All her attention had been shifted to Jason. “Jason, what are you doing here?”

Jason smiled. “I just happened to be passing by.”

He thought it would be pointless to explain the whole arranged marriage thing to Francine.

Francine frowned. She did not like how popular Corinne was or how she was sitting so close to another man.

“Come here right now, Corinne Carew!” she demanded.

In truth, Corinne was not sitting on the same sofa as Jason. It was just that the two sofas they were sitting on were positioned quite close to each other, but it was not like they were the ones who placed the sofas like that. They were in a store, after all.

Not wanting to spoil Francine, Corinne remained seated where she was. "What do you want? Just say it."

Francine called Corinne over because she did not want her sitting so close with Jason, so she understandably became even

angrier when she saw Corinne still seated. Thus, she tried another tactic. She held up the bag in her right hand and said fiercely, "I want this one!"