

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 81

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Francine turned around to point her finger at Corinne. “It’s you! It’s one of your tricks again! You must’ve found this woman to take the blame!”

Corinne spread her arms innocently. “Francine, are you only going to be satisfied when I’m the escort as you’d hope?”

Francine replied unhappily, “What do you mean, as I’d hope? You are the escort!”

All of a sudden, a swift smack landed on Francine’s cheek, and it made a crisp sound.

Pamela panted, having slapped her granddaughter in rage.

“Are you not finished, Francine !? After the scene you caused at home, here you are in the police station, causing another scene! Corinne is your sister-in-law! Why do you keep on humiliating her like this?!”

“Grandma, did you just slap me?” The flabbergasted Francine raised a hand to lightly cover her burning cheek. She whimpered, “You never hit me since I was a child, yet you slapped me because of Corinne?”

Pamela’s heart went soft when she saw tears dropping from her granddaughter’s eyes.

Nevertheless, Francine had crossed the line. Through gritted teeth, she reprimanded strictly, “You should’ve slapped me earlier! You wouldn’t have behaved like a spoiled girl if I had taught you well. Apologize to Corinne now and seek her forgiveness!”

“Grandma, I’m not wrong! Why should I apologize?!” Francine had a meltdown and shouted like a crazy woman. “She’s the escort! I’m telling the truth! It’s her! Corinne Carew sold sex services at the hotel!”

Amid her rantings, she bolted toward Corinne, wrapped her fingers around Corinne’s neck aggressively, and shook her vehemently. “Just admit it! Admit that you were the escort at the hotel, you shameless, disgraceful woman!”

Corinne was unable to say anything when Francine kept on shaking her.

The police officers in the station quickly surrounded them. “What do you think you’re doing? This is the police station. Stop what you’re doing immediately!”

Pamela was so anxious that she nearly passed out. “Francine, stop it!”

Jeremy just finished his cigarette and entered the station, just in time to catch his grandmother from falling. With a cold glare, he ordered Francine, “Let go of her!”

Francine had always been intimidated by her brother from a young age. This time, she shrugged off the fear and blustered, “Brother, you can’t have this woman be your wife!”

Jeremy’s expression darkened. “Don’t make me repeat myself!”

Terrified by his demeanor, Francine immediately let go of Corinne.

Jeremy passed Pamela to Tommy. He strode and lifted Corinne’s face to check the red marks on her neck. “Are you an idiot?” he hissed. “Don’t you know how to avoid her hands?”

Displeased, Corinne’s eyebrows furrowed. “Mister, this is typical victim condemnation! She attacked me, so why are you not blaming her for attacking me? You’re even blaming me for not avoiding her attack? The Holdens are a bunch of unreasonable people!”

Jeremy’s tensed nerve was relieved because of Corinne’s reply. He pinched her cheek. “Look at you and that sharp tongue.”

Corinne pursed her lips. “Hmph! I just got choked and here you are, pinching my cheek! Like I said, you Holdens are a bunch of unreasonable people!”

Jeremy let out a laugh, his calloused hand rubbing her head. After that, he looked to the side to glare daggers at Francine. “You!” he growled. “Get back home, now!”

Francine could tell her brother was infuriated. She tried to ease his anger as she feebly

whimpered, “Jeremy…”

However, Jeremy did not bother to look at her anymore. Instead, he continued to examine the red marks on Corinne’s fair neck. He felt pained as though the pain was his. “Does it hurt?”

Corinne rolled her eyes. “Not as painful as when you pinched my face!”

Jeremy’s lips quirked up a little upon hearing this. “Be more attentive next time.”

Corinne’s lips stretched thin as she decided to ignore him.

The way Jeremy treated Corinne was jaw-dropping to Francine. He was never ever so patient and tolerant of other women. It only added fuel to the flame in Francine’s heart as she shot Corinne a deadly look.

Corinne managed to escape again this time.

‘You better watch out! I’m not going to go easy on you the next time!’ Francine hissed to herself.

Tommy helped Pamela to walk outside, and Francine followed after them.

Suddenly, two police officers escorted an obese middle-aged man into the station. The man saw Francine and rushed toward her like she was his savior. He grabbed her clothes with his cuffed hands. “Missus Holden! Missus Holden! Oh, it’s so nice to see you here! Please save me, Missus Holden!”

The man was none other than Richard Channing.

Francine panicked and avoided eye contact with him. “Ahem! What are you talking about? You have the wrong person! I… I’m not Missus Holden… -I don’t even know you!”