

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 162

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Since Corinne could not pull Jeremy's big hand off of her, she raised her other hand in a hurry and slammed the door shut.

Tommy was using his body to block the door to the stairwell, but Sherlyn turned violent and tried to push the door open with the use of the small gap.

The more she was prevented from entering, the more she felt that something about the entire situation was amiss. She had to go in and see what Jeremy was doing inside, and whether he was alone or if there was someone in there with him.

Tommy could not stand Sherlyn's antics any longer and warned her angrily, "Miss Sherlyn, I hope you don't blame me for having to take action if you continue to try and force yourself through the door!"

Sherlyn did not take Tommy's threat seriously at all. From her point of view, Jeremy's secretary was just a lowly role like that of her assistant. Since she never took her assistant seriously, it stood to reason that she viewed Jeremy's secretary in a similarly condescending light. "Who are you to show your authority to me when you're just a secretary? Once I make Jeremy mine, the first thing I'll do is get him to fire you!"

"Try it, then! If you dare to lay a finger on me, I'll start yelling that you're molesting me!"

"You..." Tommy had nothing to say when faced with Sherlyn's shamelessness. There was no point in reasoning with an unreasonable woman like her.

When Sherlyn realized that her threat was working on Tommy, she immediately had the idea of deliberately rubbing her body against Tommy and pushing her chest out to force him to retreat.

Tommy could not avoid her and felt extremely uneasy over what was happening.

He had no way of dealing with such a dirty trick, and he could not bring himself to hit her either. As Tommy was trying to avoid her, she seized the opportunity to push the door and force in.

After entering, she was stunned by what she saw.

Jeremy's tall body was leaning lazily against the wall of the stairwell, and his majestic expression seemed a little bored and fatigued. He had a freshly lit cigarette between his slender fingers, which he brought to his mouth to take a puff before exhaling a thin wisp of smoke.

Sherlyn was extremely captivated by the man's mature and handsome side profile as he smoked, and it took her a while to recover from her mesmerized expression and say, why are you here all alone? Won't you come back to the table for lunch?"

Jeremy raised his eyebrows and glanced calmly at her. "I have a nicotine addiction."

Mister Jeremy,

Sherlyn smiled, "I see... Well, do come and have lunch once you're done with that cigarette. Otherwise, the food will go cold."

Jeremy flicked the ash from his cigarette and said indifferently, "You can go back on your own."

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Even his small action of flicking the cigarette ash was so handsome that it made one's heart quiver. Sherlyn tried not to show the nympho side of her and said with a gentle, considerate expression, "It's fine. I can wait for you and we can go back together. I wouldn't want to eat before you!"

"I don't mind you eating first," the man said coldly.

Sherlyn thought that Jeremy was worried about her getting hungry, so she shook her head shyly and said, "I'm not hungry yet, though! I can always wait for you!"

An irritable expression appeared briefly in Jeremy's eyes, and he frowned before stubbing out the remaining half of the cigarette. His body then straightened and he strode toward the door, saying, "Let's go back to our table, then."

Sherlyn was stunned, and she felt her heart thump wildly. 'Oh, God! Mister Jeremy is willing to stop smoking just so I won't get hungry!!

She had been so preoccupied with making such wild assumptions that she paid little attention to everything else, and the angle at which she stood precluded her from seeing the fresh palm print on the left side of Jeremy's face.

After Sherlyn followed Jeremy out of the stairwell, Tommy closed the door of the stairwell.

At that moment, Corinne was sitting on the flight of stairs one floor below, and her palms were burning with pain.