

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 1011

“What?! Corinne’s pregnant?” exclaimed Pamela in shock when she heard what Rosie said. She quickly got up and walked over to them. “Jeremy, is this true?”

Jeremy had not announced Corinne’s pregnancy to his family as he was worried Pamela would insist on plying Corinne with all sorts of nutritious food. He knew Corinne would be too kind to turn down, and she would end up with dangerously excessive nutrients.

At this point, however, there was no need to hide the news of the pregnancy from his family. Thus, he nodded at Pamela.

This seemed to make Pamela even more worried as not only did she fear for Corinne’s life but also the unborn baby’s. All of a sudden, she was hit with nausea, chest tightness, and difficulty in breathing.

Jeremy reached out to steady his grandmother. Then, with a frown, he said to Francine, “You! Help Grandma to the chair.”

Francine did as she asked without protest, which was rare. She led Pamela to the waiting chair to rest.

Not wanting to be interrogated by Jeremy, Rosie followed Francine and Pamela over to the waiting chair too. After thinking about it, she said to the old woman, “Don’t worry, Grandma Pamela. There’s a high chance the baby Corinne’s carrying isn’t Jeremy’s. She didn’t give me a straight answer when I asked her who the baby’s father is, so I think—”

Slap!

Rosie was smacked before she could finish her sentence, and her ears began to ring. After the ringing stopped, she turned to look at the person who slapped her in wide-eyed disbelief.

“Lu... Lucas... Why did you hit me?” she stammered with her hand on her cheek. She could not believe the man she worshiped would slap her. She knew Lucas might be aloof most of the time, but he would never hit a woman.

Lucas looked down at Rosie angrily. “You better watch what you’re saying. Don’t you think it’s rude to talk badly about other people when they can’t even defend themselves?”

“But Lucas, I...” said Rosie weepily. That was as far as she got as she was at a loss of words.

Pamela did not understand nor did she care about the complicated web of relationships between the youngsters. Instead, she put all of her attention into praying. “God, please keep Corinne and the baby safe. God, please...”

At that moment, the surgery room’s light turned off. The doctor, whose forehead was slick with sweat, came out. He took off his surgical mask, shook his head, and sighed. “I’m sorry, but we did our best.”

The surgery had failed.

Pamela immediately passed out in shock.

“Grandma! Grandma!” shouted Francine in a panic.

Jeremy’s eyes widened in shock, but they quickly turned hollow. “What did you say? I dare you to say it one more time.”

The aura he was emitting was so threatening that it sent a chill up the doctor’s spine. Alas, it was not like the doctor could lie.

“I’m sorry, Mister Holden,” repeated the doctor, “but your wife was sent here too late...”