

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 1020

Lucas' pupils shrank. 'So he's finally come back to life,' he thought while looking at Jeremy. 'But what does he mean that Rosie doesn't need to turn herself in?'

Jeremy lifted his head slightly to look at Rosie. His eyes were hollow, yet the intensity in his eyes was enough to kill with just one look. He slowly walked toward Rosie, who was sitting on the floor. Once there, he bent down and lifted her by the collar.

"I'm going to make her pay with her life!" he roared before dragging her to the end of the corridor.

Anya's heart nearly jumped out when she saw how terrifying Jeremy was. However, her fright was quickly overpowered by relief once she realized she was safe. In fact, Jeremy getting rid of Rosie would work out in her favor since that meant she would not have to worry about Rosie testifying against her in the future.

Lucas watched as Jeremy, who was not obviously in his right mind, dragged Rosie away. As much as he understood how Jeremy felt at that moment, he could not let him commit a crime. Besides, Corinne would not have wanted Jeremy to kill a person because of her either. Thus, Lucas started chasing after them.

'No, Jeremy. Don't act rashly. Let the law decide what to do with her!' he cried internally. He hoped to reach them in time to stop Jeremy from killing Rosie.

Anya smiled in relief when she saw Lucas and Jeremy both gone. She was already in a good mood after getting rid of Corinne, but her mood only improved once she knew Rosie would be out of the picture, too. After all, she would not have to worry about Rosie taking revenge on her in the future.

'Now that they're all gone, I can finally check on Corinne! I have to admit that b*tch is prettier than me even without makeup on, but getting run over by a car should've damaged her face, right?' she thought.

She was about to push the door open when it swung open from the inside. A couple of nurses were wheeling a dead body covered in white cloth out of the surgery room.

One of them frowned when she saw Anya blocking their path. "Excuse me, miss, but could you move out of the way? We need to quickly take this deceased patient to the morgue."

At the words 'deceased patient', Anya first thought of Corinne. She glanced curiously at the dead body lying on the gurney, but the white cloth covering it made it impossible for her to tell who it was.

"Excuse me, nurse, but is the deceased patient you're wheeling to the morgue called Corinne Carew?" she asked.

The nurse nodded. "Yes. Are you her family?"

Anya shook her head. "No, but I knew her. Could I have a moment with her? You know, to say my goodbyes."

"Of course. But we can't let her stay in the surgery room any longer since another patient will need to use it soon. Oh, why don't you come with us to the morgue? If you find that place too scary, you can always say your last goodbye to her during the funeral."

Anya shook her head rapidly. "No, the morgue is fine. She was an important person to me, so I want to spend what little time we have together before she's put to the ground."

The nurse was moved by Anya's pure-heartedness and bravery. 'They must've been really good friends,' she thought.

"Very well, then. Please follow us this way," she said.

Thus, the nurses wheeled Corinne's dead body to the morgue with Anya following from behind.

It was freezing in the morgue. The air-conditioners were in full blast to keep the dead bodies from rotting.