

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 1021



The nurses left the morgue after they put Corinne's body on the stainless steel table.

Before they left, one of them said, "Miss, I know you're sad about your friend's death, but it's best not to stay in this place for too long. You can leave after you've said your goodbyes."

Anya nodded. "Okay. Thank you, nurse. Don't worry, I'll be fine."

"And whatever you do, don't lift the white cloth on the dead body, okay? I don't want you to be frightened by the patient's face; car crash victims aren't always pretty to look at. There'll be plenty of time to look at her after the morgue makeup artist works her magic on your friend," added the nurse.

Anya secretly jumped for joy, though she outwardly expressed sorrow. "Okay. I understand."

After that, the nurses left her in the morgue as they had other duties to attend to.

As soon as they left, Anya lifted the white cloth off Corinne's face—or, at least, what was left of her face. All she could see was a bloody pulp. It was a disgusting sight to behold. Anyone in their right mind would have puked.

Anya was obviously not in her right mind as she suddenly cackled. "Hahahahaha! Serves you right, Corinne! Who's the pretty one now? The car did a number on your face, huh?"

"Oh, what a pity you're dead. I would love to find out whether Jeremy would still love you with this new ugly face of yours if you survived! My guess is he wouldn't. In fact, he'll puke if he sees your face now!"

"After all, men are visual creatures. The only reason he liked you was because you were pretty. Tsk, tsk, tsk! Why did you have to die so easily? What a buzzkill. You must feel lucky to have died at a point where Jeremy loves you the most."

"Imagine if you didn't die but lost the baby, all while having to live with that ugly face for the rest of your life... You'll experience what it feels like to have Jeremy slowly get tired of you until he decides to abandon you one day. Oh, just the thought of it makes me want to jump for joy! It's a pity you're dead, Corinne. Hahahahaha!"

Anya did not feel any discomfort or fear at being alone in a room full of dead people—which contradicted her innocent, fragile image. She laughed louder and more maniacally until she stopped to look down and spat at Corinne's bloody pulp of a face.

"Tch! A country bumpkin like you will never be a worthy match for Jeremy. The only advantage you had over me is your pretty face, but even now, that's gone! What's more, I'll never forgive you for stealing the title of his savior from me, you b*tch!"

"Did you really think you can be with him forever just because you're his savior? Dream on! Jeremy is mine! I'm going to be with him forever and give him many babies! And there's nothing you can do about it 'cause you're dead! Hahaha!"